$2.50

ASSEMBLING

A COLLECTION OF OTHERWISE UNPUBLISHABLE MANUSCRIPTS

COMPILED BY

HENRY KORN AND RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

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ASSEMBLING:

A cooperative annual magazine of the unpublished and the unpublishable—selected and printed by the contributors. Compiled by Richard Kostelanetz and Henry Korn. Published by Gnilbmessa Inc. Box 1967, Brooklyn, New York 11202. © 1970 for automatic assignment with the printing of this notice to the individual contributors. Distributed to the retail trade by The East Side Book Store, 34 St. Marks Place, New York, N.Y. 10003. Individual copies may also be ordered directly from the publisher.

Contributors were invited to submit 1000 copies of up to four 8½" x 11" pages of anything they wanted to include printed at their own expense on any paper by any means. Submissions are collated alphabetically. Biographical notes identify most of the contributors. No manuscript was refused so personal names and views are the responsibility of the contributors, not the editors of Gnilbmessa Inc.

ASSEMBLING solicits subscriptions, grants and gifts, partially to defray the costs of collating, binding and mailing but mostly to subsidize the printing of pages by those financially unable to contribute. ASSEMBLING expects to appear annually (in the early Fall of the year). It's primary purpose is the publication of works that are too eccentric to be accepted elsewhere. Artists and writers desiring to contribute to future editions are invited to submit a sample of anything that prints along with a stamped, self-addressed return envelope or International Reply Coupons to the compilers at Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202. Acceptance will arrive in the form of an invitation to contribute to the next issue of ASSEMBLING.

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SCOTT HYDE was born in Montevideo, Minnesota in 1926. He is currently staff photographer at The Brooklyn Museum. His work has been featured in numerous exhibitions as well as published in books and periodicals.

DAVID IGNATOW, currently teaching at York College CUNY and Columbia University's School of the Arts, recently published Poems: 1934-69 (Wesleyan). The selection included here comes out of journals, begun in 1933, now being prepared for publication.

ARNO KARLEN, published a book of stories called White Applies (1961). He has contributed poetry, fiction, criticism and journalism to many magazines. Among his unpublished works is a novel.

LYNN P. KOHL, who used to live in Cincinnati, is Associate Curator of Education and Chairman, Junior Membership at The Brooklyn Museum.

HENRY KORN, educated at Johns Hopkins University, works for The Brooklyn Museum. His stories have appeared in US-The Paper-Back Magazine and Panache.

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ has written four books: The Theatre of Mixed Means (1968), Master Minds (1969), Visual Language (1970), Metamorphosis In The Arts (1971) and edited several anthologies. Among his unpublished works are a novel, a book of short fictions, a meditative essay to be published as a pack of cards and innumerable essays.

ROBERT LAX currently lives in Kalymnos, Greece. Voyages recently devoted a special issue to his work that has long appeared in poetry magazines. His Assembling contribution was printed by his frequent collaborator, the designer, Emil Antonucci.

ARTHUR LAYZER is a composer and physicist teaching at Stevens Institute of Technology.

FOR REMAINDER OF CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES, SEE THE FINAL PAGE.

Why ASSEMBLING?

Now is and isn't an auspicious time for innovative writing. It is, because the traditional forms of printed literature have been milked so dry they carry no more sustenance, for very little in prose or poetry today bears the extraordinary marks that invite close scrutiny and enthusiastic possession. The Gutenbergian medium has been befouled by dullness, repetition, and inconsequence; so that the reading public is clearly ripe for something else. It isn't an auspicious time, simply because original writing does not easily get into print. The little magazines, traditionally the outlet for the new and the young, are now all but entirely either coterie in scope, intended by and for immediate friends, or so archaic in outlook, even if recently founded, that they serve to extend long-established positions and/or please the powerful.

Publishing houses, to check another world of possible outlets, are now notoriously less willing than before to sponsor new or young writing, in part because the costs of book production have risen so extravagantly, but mostly because even the more "enlightened" houses have become ever more profit-hungry. This atmosphere, in turn, informs the continuing growth of publishing corruption (largely unprotested), particularly in influencing the media of review and publicity. Moreover, commercial success brings not the freedom to take editorial risks but the demand for yet more profits (especially in houses owned by corporate conglomerates), discouraging the publication of manuscripts not likely to bring an immediate sale; and since the unpublished writer, by definition, has no proven "profit-potential," his manuscripts inevitably continue their pointless travel. Stylistically unusual works, unless by cultural celebrities, are similarly "unacceptable" to American publishers. (This new avarice also increases the amount of advance money that a commercially proven writer can command for his unadventurous product, further increasing the dialectical split and conflict between the literary haves and have-nots--between those defending the status quo and those desiring radical change in American publishing.)

There is no doubt, in spite of pious promises to the contrary, that most of the possibly great works written in our time eventually go unpublished, no matter how many editors consider them; and any collection of genuinely alternative work chosen by writers themselves, such as ASSEMBLING, should, by contrast, illustrate conclusively how damnably parochial and self-congratulatory is the publishing industry's general sense of literary acceptability. Nearly every young writer feels deeply alienated from the current publishing scene--even those who publish frequently testify they are not reaching their most likely audience; and one instantly suspects the integrity of those why deny a predicament exists. Nonetheless, fresh voices do occasionally slip into print, usually for fortuitous reasons, such as the dogged persistence of a single courageous editor; and the popular success of truly innovative writers--Beckett, Burroughs, Borges and Barth--demonstrates that this time is ultimately ripe for somethings new.

Ane what is to be done? "As an unreconstructed anarchist," wrote Paul Goodman in 1949, talking about a related problem. "I still must consider the solution of this issue easy--easy in theory, easy in practice; if we do not apply it, it is for moral reasons, sluggishness, timidity, getting involved in what is not one's business, etc. The way to get rid of dummy intermediaries is by direct action." Sure enough. And what today constitutes direct action? The first task is the unending exposure and protest of the burgeoning corruption and hypocrisy of American publishing. The next and more important step is the foun-

ding of counter-institutions--whether new periodicals, new publishing houses, new distribution networks, and even wholly new channels of writer-reader communication. As the "underground press" did for American journalism, and the new record companies changed popular music, so must new institutions, founded by and for the young and courageously honest, infiltrate and revolutionize the literary scene. At stake, for all us writers, is nothing less than the life and death of what we do.

For Henry Korn and myself, one solution was ASSEMBLING. As young writers of stylistically "different" poetry and prose, we faced not only the inevitable objections to our youth, but also the equally inevitable resistances to our wayward literary purposes. And so we wanted an institution that would publish alternative work by imaginative artists who genuinely believed in what they did. Since rejections often came with the excuse, particularly from those pretending to sympathy, that "our printer can't handle this," it seemed best to overcome this obstacle by our own direct action--by becoming one's own printer, which is more practicable in this era of photographic reproduction processes; for the oldest truth is that, when other demands are more necessary, the writer must do more than just write. As victims of editorial authoritarianism, if not occasional blasts of sadism, we also wanted a periodical that would avoid establishing a particular self-perpetuating taste--that would, by contrast, remain open to works unlike anything seen in print before.

So, given the purposes of ASSEMBLING, it became clear that contributors would be asked to print one thousand copies of their own work, by any means and on any paper they wished (or could afford); and by accepting self-publication as the most reliable evidence of serious intentions, ASSEMBLING would then exist to bind the results into a finished book. Everything submitted has, without exception, been assembled here in alphabetical order. Three copies go to each contributor, and all proceeds gained from selling the limited number of remaining copies will reimburse our investment in collating, binding, and mailing, as well as finance future issues. The operation cannot become profitable, simply because it is impossible to reprint an issue, should the demand for copies exceed the supply; there is no advertising; and all copyrights (which is the literary form of "property") are automatically returned to the individual contributors. We were pleased and, of course, surprised by the submissions, especially since it is likely that nearly all contributions to ASSEMBLING would be rejected by every magazine in America, no matter how avowedly "avant-garde," unless the editor were a friend or debtor of the writer.

"The long-range goal of ASSEMBLING," to quote the invitation to potential contributors, "is to open the editorial/industrial complex to alternatives and possibilities. The short-range goal is to provide the means for unpublished and otherwise unpublishable work to see print light and to consider what other kindred spirits and spooks are doing." The first issue of ASSEMBLING assembles, then, idiosyncratic works and various purposes; but in our distaste for declining forms and commercial conventions, as well as implicit respect for each other's convictions and intentions, lies the kind of unifying and cooperative, freedom-forging literary politics that is more urgently essential now. Our expectation is that subsequent issues of this annual venture will be fatter, and even more various in general and radical in particular. In the end, of course, we should like to find the dissemination of American writing changed so radically that ASSEMBLING would have no further need to exist. For now, to each of our fellow contributors--editors and publishers all--we are grateful for their collaboration. Assembled we stand; disassembled we fall. --RICHARD KOSTELANETZ New York, N.Y. Sept., 1970.

Vito Acconci: NOTEBOOK EXCERPTS

Performing the present piece depends on performing (adhering to the terms of) another piece, which results in extending each term, time period, of my performance (behavior, manner of reacting to stimuli).

•

Reduction of the status of a move when payment for it is no longer automatic but is dependent on decisions made at the end of the game.
A's assessment of a situation, when B tries to penetrate that assessment (knowing that it has as one of its features the fact that B will try to penetrate it).

•

Doing something. Making something. Making do.
When I need something, I have to keep needing it (during the time it takes me to get to it).
Keep it. Keep on with it. (Time lag: on time, on my own time.)
Body of work. Body at work.

•

The others could be compensated by further coalitions in the future, leading to achievement of the goal (or of new goals) for the others some time after the duration of the present piece. (An agent can choose to 'lose' in this piece, which I have devised, in order to possibly 'win' in another piece, which the agents themselves will devise.)

•

Performing: 'desiring,' 'going towards.'
Running in place: keeping the walking in one place. (When I stop to rest, the prior performance pulls away, into the past and in various directions over the implied original space.)

•

One physical space in two different social occasions at the same time.
An attempt to remove oneself from the physical circumstances that would allow one to alter an indicated course of action.

•

Ice on (my back).
During the rest of the program, I am kept 'on ice': ready to perform after the performance.
(I am 'on thin ice' with regard to the follow-up -- chill, pain, a cold.)

•

If none of the visitors look out the window, the 'open house' is closed: the visitors are 'rigidly excluding outside influences,' 'excluding participation of outsiders' (what they are doing is conducted in strict secrecy.)

•

'I am giving a show.' 'I am giving a look' (at the show).
(Performing the audience.)
Since the audience is looking back ('turning one's mind or

thoughts to the past'), there is nothing to look at in the present.

•

Adaptive lines of action. Accessibility (availability) of person. False start. Self-regulatory mechanism. Embodied information. Directive correlation. Mutual compensation. Control move. Strategies of absorption and parasitism. Conditional avowal.

•

My performance has been announced. My performance keeps being announced. (My performance consists in marking myself as the performer.)
Since I have already been defined as the performer, by means of the announcement, I do not have to prove myself. I can 'mark time' ('merely go through the motions of activity').

•

What is 'in place' at the museum (the mail placed in the museum) is 'out of place' (it doesn't belong there, it is there only so that it will not be there in the future).
The Service Area is a point in a network of circulation routes; it is a place where I can perform certain roles in approaching and using the services furnished (e.g.: depriving myself of mail for an extended period of time; spying on the mail guard for a continuous duration).

•

In going to the museum, I am performing in a different style my ordinary role of going down to get my mail. (Learning to 'get on the track.')
Performing the piece means going against a form (the materials decrease as I pick up the mail). If I do not perform, the materials build up (the mail increases while I am at rest).
Living on the land. (Farmers.)
Living off the land. (Nomads.) (Skimming; scanning.)

•

Each performer's time times (adjusts) the other performer as heard by the audience.
Each performer can time himself by the other performer.
Each performer times (sets the tempo for) the audience. (Time lags, 'stands still,' as the audience looks forward to the next exhalation.)

•

Since I do not happen to be there after the program is over, the rest of the performance occurs wherever I happen to be.

•

When the objects are moved from one place to the other, their space (location) is changed.
When the objects are moved, their space (the amount of space occupied) is changed (as the objects are stolen).

TOM AHERN

I SAW

16 MALO-LES-BAINS. — Le Bureau des Guichets

A PRIEST

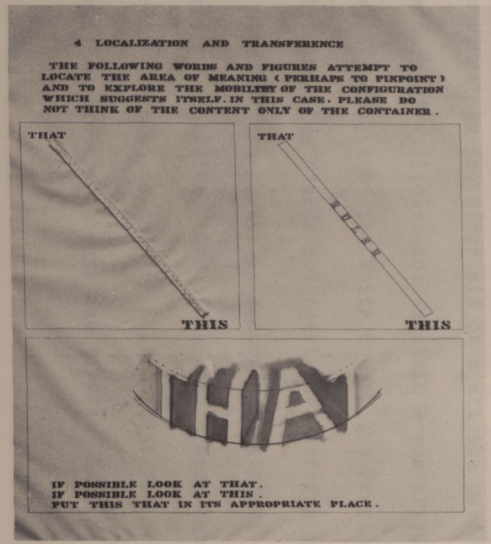
in a mafia suit

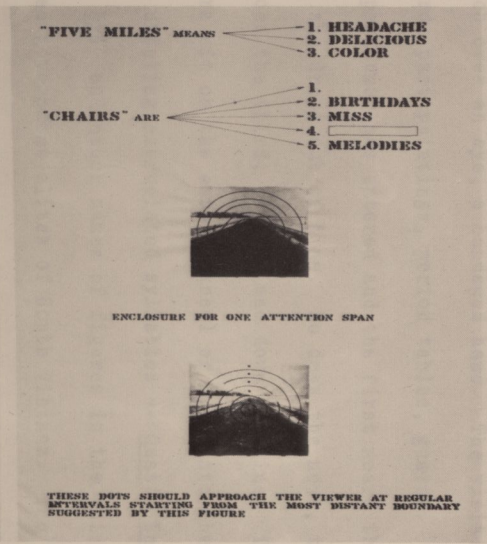
(german bathers are so straight-lacquered)

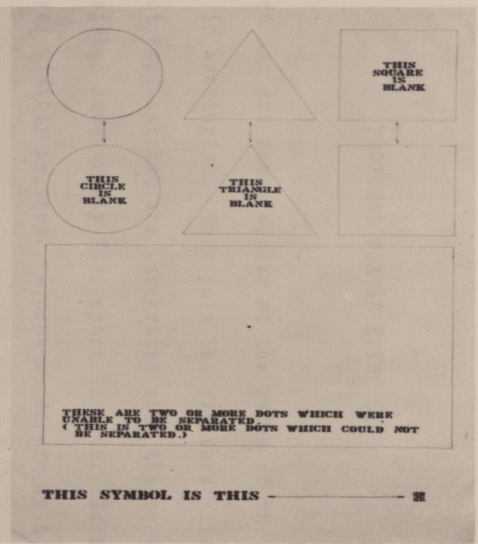
CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT

MOTH

INVESTMENTS







Arakawa and Madeline Gins

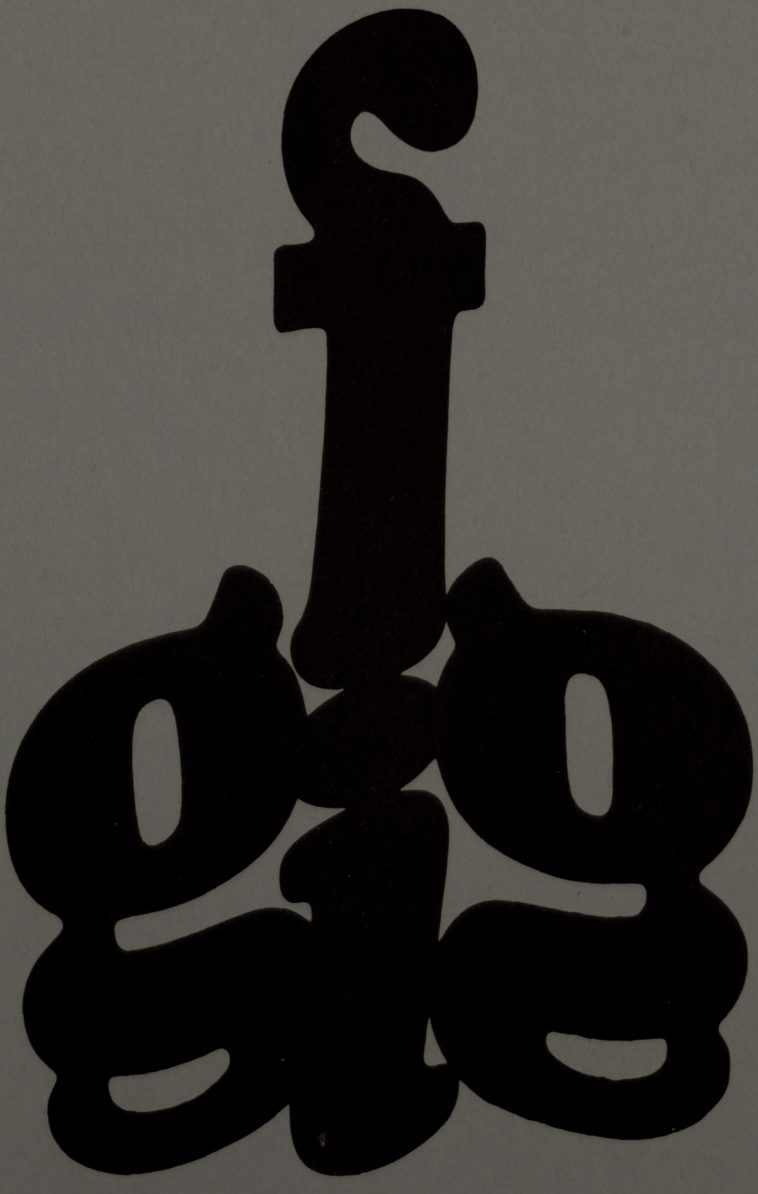
Lee Baxandall

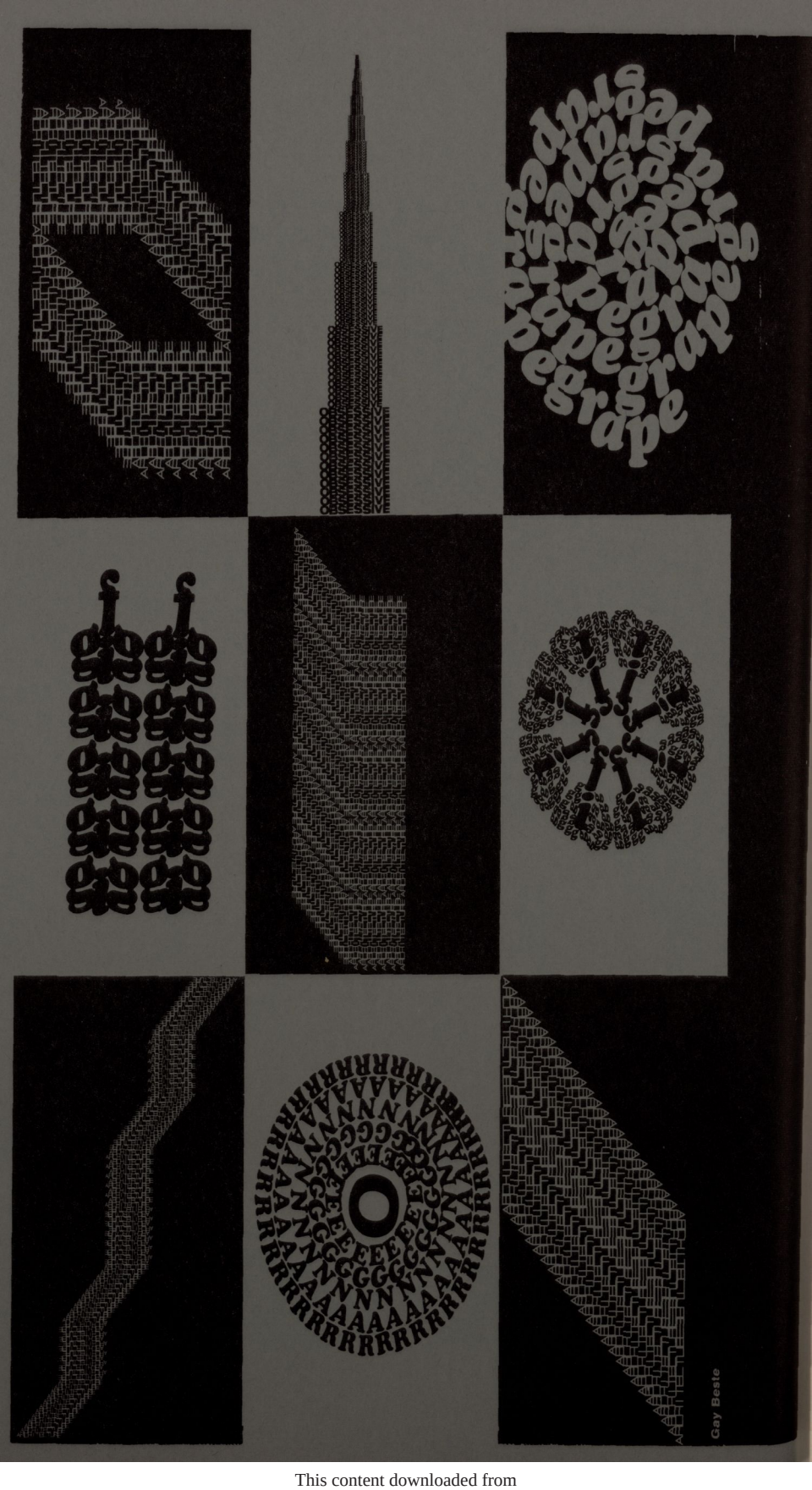
PROPOSAL FOR AN EVENT (1)

A dozen men and women appear at the gates of the White House in Washington. They join the visitors' line. They are not together but are integrated with the other visitors, spaced some twenty feet apart in line. Each is in some way visibly injured. A crutch, an arm in a sling, a patch over an eye, a bandaged hand. The visitors move forward, past paintings, period tables, guards. When the last performer has entered and the first nears the exit, he or she drops out of line. So does the next, then like dominoes the third, fourth, and down the line. The performers sit on the carpet, kneel or roll onto their backs while uttering excruciated syllables -- Quat! Nhu! Diem! Suu! Ky! and other names of figures in the ruling and deposed government elites of South Vietnam. The guards do not know what to do, offer aid or eject the performers. The pattern of syllables coalesces in a concerted phrase uttered the length of the White House: the President's name or initials. The guards now eject the performers who are still uttering the phrase in concert. Reporters and photographers wait outside. Two of the performers tear free, strip off their coats and are naked except for crisp black lettering across their backs and torsos: NAPALM.

PROPOSAL FOR AN EVENT (2)

A black automobile pulls to the curb with a screech on a populated street. A figure dressed in long white gown, with beard and crown of thorns and long hair, leaps out. "Let me go! Let me go!" he cries. "I am Christ, Christ your Savior! Don't you know me? Don't you know Christ? You must let me go. My airplane leaves for Vietnam in an hour's time. Don't you want to see your Christ in Vietnam? I'll miss my plane!" And Christ looks at his wristwatch. By this time, Batman in full costume has leaped from the back seat of the vehicle. "You're not going anywhere but to police headquarters," he cries. "Now come quietly. Or do I have to use force again? Beatnik! Commie!" Christ retorts, "That's what they always say!" Batman pulls an extravagant toy zap-gun, such as children are given, from his belt and zaps Christ at ten feet. Christ falls. Robin bolts from behind the wheel of the vehicle, and he and Batman each grab a leg of Christ. They drag him over to the back seat, saying such things as: "You bet we're gonna keep law and order! Batman always wins!" They heave Christ into the back seat, Batman following him in, Robin takes the wheel, and the black automobile speeds off to the next site. Repeat as many times as desired.





Wolfe Blotzer

CICADA

For some seasons now I dreamed in the earth,
In the moist, black tunnels of the planet's skin,
Sucking the juices of trees I have never seen
Until this spring called like a monster I came to the air.
Emerging from my husk, I cried myself out in the night;
Wading later into the blindness of the great sun's brilliance,
I dried through the morning as my subterranean eyes grew bright.
Like a huge, resonant guitar with genitals
I droned to the green, airy treetops, the crowns of the forest,
And a seventeen year hunger within me found a voice--
I sang to the females of my kind of a sky on fire,
Of life madly rioting about me,
Of wanton insects and rational men,
Of the visions of seventeen years the cities were torn down,
Nations invaded and people slaughtered,
I sang of the universe quivering in my throat;
And I drew the women of my race to me...
Before the birds came, I fathered my kind
And died not unreasonably.

BIRTH

Come now into the tall grass
Where the sun's red belly
touches ground;
And I will lay you down easy
Eating the placenta and the brain's caul away,
I will lick the electricity
from your demure face.
You will grow like paragraphs on pages
From blankness to expression,
From the pages' whiteness to feed on red
flesh,
And you will scream, wake,
Waddle off to search for the same thing
The sun searches for at night.

Wolfe Blotzer

PREPOSITION

hum lights and pipes clatter
the wind howls and whistles
through this huge building.
no kitchen, no closet,
no elevator is quiet

from desolation, from air
in a hurry leaving the
world among prepositions,
among tangles, tatters, memories...
time blowing by

oh, god,
the verbs are tired and broken;
the nouns are all rusted,
and the wind is everywhere
calling:

in out to for between
during from among into
through by within
with over in order under
by means of without...

Wolfe Blotzer currently resides in Baltimore where he is attending medical school. His first book of poetry, Departure from Ur, was published in May by Contemporary Poetry.

FOUR PLAYS by George Chambers

LYLE AND AVIS

(for Warren Dwyer "forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit")

Lyle stands, without expression, facing us. Slung on his back a classical guitar, twice the usual size of the classical guitar. Beside him a bird cage containing, perched, a five-foot bird. The bird is Avis, Lyle's wife. As she speaks, her feathers, wings, beak, fall away. Slowly, the cage she is in disappears and Avis stands beside Lyle in a simple housedress, still speaking. Both figures are about fifty years old.

Avis: Lyle?

Lyle?

Lyle?

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SUNDAY MORNING

A simple frame house, clean, neat. A porch and lawn and street. Cats all about, all seen from rear, their tails high, inviting. They peer back at us, curious. Something suggests that it is hot, humid, still. The woman, a lush, attractive fourty-five, red-deyed, feathercut hair; wearing a silky white blouse, grey pants, high heels. She moves erratically about the lawn, moving in the direction of the porch. Behind her a man, thin, balding, a slight bend to him. He duplicates her movements. Eventually she reaches the porch, on which, by the door, a black cat is posed. She pulls the screen door open, unlocks the inside one. As she does so, she turns toward the man and us and says her line. She says this line quietly, matter-of-factly- without empathasis. However, she does pronounce "church" oddly. A bit, perhaps, like "chorch."

Woman: This is my church.

PAPA & CO., INC.

Tableau, motion as indicated. The stage a glut of isolated events. The lights darken just before these images are received. Perhaps no more than three minutes should elapse. The stage in intense light, white tiled floor, walls, ceiling. Clearly a bathroom, but without fixtures. Inside, these events:

A huge policeman in a bulky blue dress, a huge badge on his chest. He is firing, like a pistol, a long, white plastic tube. Ping-pong balls drop occasionally from the muzzle of the tube. He fires at a sign which reads:

TEST YOUR BALLS

A young man, frenzied, running away, but frozen.

Above, a light plane going down in flames. Inside, at the controls, a man looks out, smiling.

Lying naked on a bare mattress, an old man, but very fat. We see his backside. Beside him a pile of shit. Crouching before him, watching intently, a small boy.

A man in a tunnel, holding a child. The child is turning to scrap metal, a huge compressed chunk of steel. As the child/scrap gets heavier, the man struggles to hold it up.

Dancing nude, a middle-aged man.

A policeman killing people with snowballs.

On a high bench, a judge in black, his gavel raised.

A high single bed. We see the grey head of an old man, asleep. Holding a rifle to the old man's head, about to fire, a young man.

6x6 picture of a new born baby, naked, on the cover of a woman's magazine. Frantically, fearfully, a man is ripping and shreding the picture.

Above, the legs and hemline of a woman descending a staircase to a cellar. She is carrying a laundry basket. We see only the bottom of it, the wicker base.

A thin, old man. He leans his head on his arm, which is on a table. He is wearing a soiled grey hat. Before him on the table is an old-fashioned radio. His hand is resting on the dial.

A cellar. Attached to a post at shoulder height is a penis, erect, and scrotum. A man facing the post, is attempting to destroy the penis with his teeth. He gnashes, tears at it, trying to rip it from the post.

TIMMY BOWER (for Olympia Cohen)

A child, three years old, and his mother, on a bus. Timmy is dressed in long pajamas, sitting on his mother's lap. In the seat beside them a man is sleeping. The mother, perhaps twenty-five, is blonde, her face remarkably white, the white powdered face of a Japanese NO actor, perhaps. The boy is blank, without expression even when he is speaking. He sits listlessly in his mother's lap. On stage we see only their seat, the aisle leading back behind them. Toward the rear is the bus lavatory. We hear a steady hum throughout the action, the diesel engine drone of the bus. The mother chain-smokes.

Mother: What's your name Timmy?

Timmy: I don't know.

Mother: What's your name?

Timmy: Timmy.

Mother: What's your last name?

Timmy: I don't know.

Mother: Yes you do, what's your name?

Timmy: Timmy Bower.

Mother: What's your name Timmy?

Timmy: My name is Timmy.

Mother: No it isn't. Your name is Timmy Bower. What's your name?

Timmy: My name is Timmy Bower.

Mother: What's your name?

Timmy: I don't know.

Mother: What's your name?

Timmy: Timmy.

Mother: What's your last name?

Timmy: I don't know.

Mother: Yes you do, your name is Timmy Bower.

Timmy: My name is Timmy Bower Timmy Bower Timmy Bower!

Mother: What's your name, Timmy?

Timmy: I don't know.

Mother: Yes you do. Is your name Timmy Conrad?

Timmy: No.

Mother: Is your name Timmy Bone?

Timmy: No.

Mother: Is your name Timmy Bower?

Timmy: No, my name's not Timmy Bower! That's not my name! That's not my name!

(Silence. Mother and child in tableau, the man still asleep beside them. The drone of the diesel engine becomes more apparent, insistent.)

Mother: Timmy Bower, after this cigarette we're going to take a nap, right Timmy?

Timmy: No.

Mother: You're not being very agreeable today are you Timmy? What's your name?

Timmy: Timmy.

Mother: Timmy what?

Timmy: (no answer)

(Silence as before.)

The mother slides out into the aisle, reaches in and pulls Timmy out. He walks ahead of her toward the bus lavatory. As they go she calls out:

Mother: One!

Timmy: Two!

Mother: Three!

Timmy: Four!

Mother: Five

Timmy: Six

Mother: Seven

Timmy: Eight

Mother: Nine

Timmy: Ten

They disappear from view, into the lavatory. We hear the droning diesel louder. Above it, from the lavatory, Timmy's voice:

Timmy: No! No! No! No!

Mother and child appear again and walk toward us, toward their seat. Timmy is now dressed in shorts, their suspenders crossing his bare chest. Timmy shoves at the legs of the sleeping man.

Mother: Don't push, say "please" Timmy. Your name is Timmy? Timmy?

They are seated again. The mother lights yet another cigarette. Timmy is now seated beside her, slightly forward, his legs dangling from the seat. We notice numerous marks on Timmy's thighs and legs, burn marks perhaps, such as those that might be made with a lit cigarette. The marks look as if they have vaseline over them, perhaps as if the mother had taken care of them. Perhaps in the lavatory.

(Silence. Drone.)

Mother: What's your name Timmy?

Timmy: My name is Timmy.

Mother: Your name is Timmy Bower, what's your name?

Timmy: Timmy.

Mother: Your name is Timmy Bower.

Timmy: Timmy Bower.

Mother: What's your name Timmy?

Timmy: Timmy.

Mother: Timmy, what's your name? Is it Timmy Bower, is that your name? What's your name?

Timmy: Timmy .....Bower.

(Silence. Fading lights. Peaceful rocking hum of diesel engine.)

WHO HELPS WHO? BUT WHO BENEFITS?

By Marvin Cohen

(A dialogue with a twist at the end that reverses what had been building up before and halts the progress with a last-minute counterthrust, and it must be left at that, for just then the curtain falls. The moral is out in the cold, to puzzle the previous story that has elapsed. For the true answer, just substitute another question and hope. Another saga to the reign of unpredictability, modern version. The inevitable need never come about, once the world is convinced of this, and closes its open assumptions that acted as conclusions before. Adding to the legend of newer possibilities as yet unused. Undiscovered aspects of the world's incomplete self-knowledge.)

After all, my first aim is money.

Then why is the thread loose from your clothing, and your sleeves and cuffs frazzled with the lining coming apart? And your delay of a shave, and other signs that if your aim has been money you haven't acted ~~upon~~ on your ambition or if you have the failure is evident. Not only your frayed tatters, but your floored shoes with the flaw seeping through. And unwashed dirt, of layers old, that adds to your skinny protection of your soul. Are you sure money is your goal?

Of course. I believe in the American myth.

But I'm not sure I know what the American myth is.

It's not "is"; it's the way it operates; it's how.

Then how have you come to look like a bum, a tramp, a hobo, and a vagrant?

Through neglecting my appearance.

And how is the American myth manifest in you?

That failures are part of the game, and I'm one.

But why must you be the one to be sacrificed?

I earned it, through idleness, which led to penury.

Did you never try your hand at a business career? Or take up a likely craft, or clerkhood in one of our numerous offices that dot our fair land? What, in fact, is your history of employment?

I'm not a historian, either. I loafed my way through my

background, and advanced to my current foreground, which is as you see me now.

Yet, unless some surprise is concealed, there seems to be no progress.

No. But I took refuge in philosophy, as a consolation to the viewpoint of attitude.

Yet none of your assumed attitudes can undrift you from your failure in the workaday world of making a mark for yourself.

Success is what I leave to others. For their inspiring examples.

Yet you're hardly emulating them. You set the pace of a passive sluggard. You're so poor that the State must aid you. And no girl would marry you, unless she designed to sue you for non-support. You contribute nothing to our open society and the multiple opportunities its economy can afford. The prestige and dignity of a profession would have given you some share in the burden of mankind; some engagement in the affairs of the community. But your bum status qualifies you as a mere consumer of dregs; and alienates you, into a solitary, unattractive individual loneliness. Your case is too isolated from useful activity to bear the commerce of a bridge of sympathy. You're cut off, and command only disrespect. Can you justify your persisting in so unproductive a state? You need ~~rehabit~~ rehabilitational therapy, both occupational and personal. Then you could join links with your large brotherhood of men you've been self-exiled from. You're still not too old to marry and have a family to bring up, as a contributing member of society's swollen ranks of posterity. Spruce up your appearance, reform your indolence, and make a start at some work. The rest will follow. For conformity needs the ground plan, and constructs its evidence on the observed formula of a pattern. Get going now, with most of your youth used up.

I want to stay apart from the world's industry. I like the role of an onlooker better.

Then your health is wrong as one of society's cells. You're a parasitic wastrel. Do you beg for a living?

Living off others has become customary to me.

That's by no means noble.

Nor by any means was meant to be. I've forsaken caring about opinions. If I make a bad impression, is as indifferent to me as winning approval. My concerns fall elsewhere than in what responses I provoke. The view others take of me is <u>their</u> business; I won't let it distract me from <u>mine</u>.

And what is it you call <u>your</u> business?

You're prying into my privacy. Keep off, and hold a more public distance.

I'm curious for your benefit and welfare.

My love of independence would have you retreat into the benevolence of selfish disregard for me. I don't welcome your analytic invasion into my nonconformity. Conduct your knowing elsewhere, and direct your questions there. Your learning won't increase from attentiveness to me.

Now I'm obsessed compulsively to focus on your soul. I can't let you go.

Your concentration tears me off my ease and tightens anxiety instead, the discomfort of being looked at by you, subjected to a critical examination. You're crowding into me with a barrage of alien terms and values to rip me up until I submit to appraisal in accordance to your societal reference. That's unjust, when all I fairly seek is solitude, which you molestingly deprive me of in rude offensiveness. I demand my liberty to be unwatched. Your scrutiny is harassing me. It's a violation of my right.

I want to make you all right. I want to reform you into a useful member of society. It's for your own good. I want to relieve you of your present life. You're being self-destructive, and I want to serve your improvement. That's why I'm rubbing against you, probing and querying.

Back off. Go away. Leave me alone.

No, I'm searching for a remedy, for your application.

It's contrary to my own wish. Which you don't seem to respect.

To consult your desire would be foolish, since what you want is no good for you. I must impose your re-education. You must learn by force. You must be taught. And reconstructed.

But I'm unwilling. I will not submit.

You must. Society must drill you with its lessons. A new point of re-orientation is to be instilled in you. Your very resistance is anti-social.

I won't be bullied. Let me go to "ruin".

Is that your choice?

My free one. Though you might not agree with its wisdom.

Your decision is unfortunate. Its reversal is mandatory. You will have to be forced. You're a drain on society. You must learn how to usefully ~~contribu~~ contribute, while sustaining yourself. →

We'll root out your lonely dissent, your holding apart, and compel your participation. On an active basis.

I refuse to consent. I reserve my dissent. I'll exhaust your interest, by resistance. You'll leave me alone, when you tire of effort on my unavailing behalf. I'll be a proven lost cause. An unredeemable item. Your evangelistic zeal will have to be spent elsewhere.

Your lack of appreciation indicates your ingratitude for the pains I'm staking in your worthless cause. I'm on the point of giving you up. But defiantly, and in spite, I won't.

If you're dedicated to reforming me, then there's nothing I can do to stand in your way. Your determination would be futile to oppose. Then here I am. I offer myself. Salvage me from the rubbish heap of society's misfits. Reupholster my whole outlook. Guide me, convert me, undamn me. I'm in your hands. How will you start?

I'm shaken by your abrupt softening. I'm confused, and put off my stride.

Do you need my help?

Yes. I'm so unsettled. I'm in a shock.

Assistance is on the way. I feel useful, now.

* *

BIOGRAPHICAL FANTASY, LISTING ACCURATE CREDITS

When last seen, Marvin Cohen was still there. Just as Wednesday always comes, he's still going. Loves the Yankees from a Brooklyn background. His fiction is not known what it is. Book of it by New Directions is "The Self-Devoted Friend": Only Gotham Book Mart still always carries it. New book coming out in a year.

His undefinables have been in fifty issues of thirty-five of America's and England's magazines and anthologies in the Twentieth Century of Christian strife; untouched by history.

He's always spawning these mental children of no pre-shape. This has increased his anonymity and sets the stage for posterity to give him posthumous recognition, which he yet continues to forestall. His tastes include heterosexuality in private; anti-sociality in public; and eternal life in between. His destination's heaven, to compensate for what earth has put him up to. From his turning body, new flights are possible. The words go up -- but the soul?

* *

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          M I N
      E I S
  T H E
G E N
  E R A
      T I O
          N O F
              S L I
                  M E T
                    H E R
                  E M A
              I N S
          O F A
      F E S
    T E R
      I N G
          M E A
              L U N
                  R E L
                      I E V
                          E D C
                            R U C
                          I F I
                      X I O
                  N A N
              D N O
          T A C
        K S R
          E T U
              R N E D
```

THE WORM'S TURNS

REGINA COHEN

Wear
my
skin
lightly
a thin
layer
of peach
hair
above
the
bone
left to
alternatives
choose
both/none
stasis
death
movement
death
interpolating to endgame
resolute
tangents of
smoke
resolve

Black-
iron
stairs up to
the
sky
dissolve
roseblueochre
in tight
contrition
a mosaic
of
frequencies
above
the
bitches
annihilation by sine waves
in soporific
circles
the
hawk
remains
above
unblemished
belly
glows
pink
in
the
dusk

REGINA COHEN

Old Mother-fucker went to the cupboard

To get his poor daughter a bone,

When he got there he found Melvin Laird

So the little fool married David Eisenhower.

-Mad Dog

THE CAPTAIN AND THE KIDS

action but esruoc fo the same

gniwollof it's normal

gniht no normal

regnuoy h llama

kids are so much

about the CAPTAIN that's

important

between the age of 14 and 18

lonelinessy

feel

yllaer

on

that's

part of the plan

you might say part of the scheme HE

nasehdaelto

he is expected to

esuaceberacton seod

but the

captain

STORY SAD it's does he if for

lamron

it's

his lonelinessthe

niatpac

it's like during attack — the — captain just got DIES

his orders TAKE THE WHOLE COMPANY OUT

he's been told (What a responsibility !) He plans (he stays up all night

to plan in anguish - thinking of the kids of all the kids who are going to die

the next day when he takes them out) It's normal (he's a good captain)

It's always the same thing though some kids make it and others don't and those

who come back to tell the story always exaggerate but funny thing the captain he

AMBIGUITY

2 . 3 . 5 . ??

ROSALIE FRANK

THERE ARE NO WORDS

I want to write a lovely story, lovely, soft and sad.

I haven't changed. If you loved me then, then you love me now; if you knew me then, then you know me now. Don't, please don't turn away.

You make me happy. I don't want to hurt them. I have to make a choice. I want to write a lovely story. The intense pain, somehow at the height of the pain's intensity, when it goes into and surrounds the deepest part of me, even then the deepest part of me is absent. You did not know that. I'm sorry. I am a way I'm not, I'm not the way I am. I kept that back from you: not what I am, what I am not. I want a fine and lovely story.

I want you, not memories; my memories are wounds. I feel-- There are no words to say it.

How nice it is to be creative, to be able to express yourself.

This is my story, too ironic, too self conscious.

Don't tell your story this way, paint a picture.

Paul Friedman

U.S.CHOICE
SLOAN'S
SUPERMARKETS
VALUE, SERVICE, DEPENDABILITY

FORTUNE COOKIES - ELIZABET GINSBERG

A dress designed for fat women by Joe Millions, flexible, changeable and cool.

Nature does not proceed by leaps

Cincinnati Stores Reject Negro Santas

Special to The New York Times

CINCINNATI, Dec. 6—"If a department store cannot conceive of a black man as a Santa Claus for 30 days, it most assuredly cannot conceive of his being President or Vice President for 365 days."

With those words the Rev. Otis Moss Jr. rejected the refusal of Cincinnati department stores to have Negro Santas this Christmas season.

Mr. Moss is the regional director of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and heads its Cincinnati chapter. He was associated with the late Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. in his civil rights campaign.

So far as he knows, Mr. Moss said yesterday, the local chapter is the first in the nation to demand Negro Santas and he is not aware of any plans to carry the request to other cities at this time. The next step here, he added, will be to work through the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the United Black Community Organization and similar groups.

The local chapter of the leadership conference had voted to press for Negro Santas prior to an ac[illegible]ay night under th[illegible]ices by the Rev[illegible] of Chicago, na[illegible]he conference'[illegible]eadbasket.

In his [illegible]on said that Sa[illegible] grandfather i[illegible]ho will give so[illegible] when you a[illegible] white grandfa[illegible] child?"

"We [illegible] Santa Claus i[illegible]l or is immora[illegible]ent issued ye[illegible] Lazarus 3d, [illegible] Chamber of Commerce and chairman of the board of Shillito's department store, and W. G. Stubenvoll, vice president of the Retail Merchants Association and president of McAlpin's Store. Shillito's is an affiliate of the Federated Department Stores.

"We felt that a black face would be incongruous with the traditional Santa image," Mr. Lazarus said. "This has nothing to do with the quality of employment or of anything else. It just doesn't fit the symbol as kids have known it.

"This hassle is extremely unfair. We have worked harder than most businesses to make sure that Negroes get equal employment both here and in other cities."

Mr. Moss in his statement said: "If a symbol of a black Santa Claus is incongruous in the minds of white America, then so is the image of a President of the United States, since he has never been black, and so is the image of the president of Chase Manhattan Bank.

"To refuse [a Negro Santa] purely on tradition, color and race is a major moral blunder and a collective insult to all people of color and conscience.

"We have uncovered the substance of racism by challenging one of the symbols of racism."

Your efforts will soon be rewarded.

'ECOLOGICAL' 'ROCK,' [redacted]**

by DAN GRAHAM

"situations arise because of the weather" - Velvet Underground
(Lou Reed)

While Houston-based astronauts eat 'plastic' food eliminated and immediately re-cycled into their vessel's water-waste and water-drinking ecological system en route to the sun...

on the level of the earth all things are the same:

'to dig' is to be 'turned on' is to be 'high':

('natural' 'low')
('synthetic' 'low')
('natural' 'high')
('synthetic' 'high')

↑

the 'grass' 'root'

↓

('natural' 'low')
('synthetic' 'low')
('natural' 'high')
('synthetic' 'high')

"while people planning trips to stars allow another boulevard to claim a quiet country lane. it's insane'." (Neil Young)

Bob Dylan's "John Wesley Hardin" and "Nashville Skyline" re-present his ambivalent return to the land who/which is irenically idealized - seen in the personage of a lady; just like Dylan's seeming acceptance of the land, the past is unironic THIS TIME (A)ROUND...

---

* Written in May, 1969 for John Gibson's "ECOLOGIC ART"

** Entire text [redacted] designed to set in a 'rustic' 'script' typeface

"go to the country; take the dog; look at the sky without the smog. see the farmers feeding hogs; eat hot dogs.

"what a pity that the people from the city can't relate to the slower things that the country brings." (Neil Young)

Without ironic 'distance', what remains are superimposed (categories of) irony and ireny: a false idealization of the land 'in the nature of' / a false pastoral...

so 'distances', such as they are, are displaced to distant pla (mythic times, people) (while paradoxically) becoming all the close in fact through modern means of transport (geometrical planes becoming drug planes becoming aeroplanes...as the Byrds'* ('synthetic' circularity):

[Overpowering, sweetly harmonic texture of guitar and guitar fe back have thinned out in the direction of engineered brittleness: a engineered synthesis of the horse and buggy age and the jet age "el ectronics and the concepts involved...(as) the difference is in the mechanical sounds of (the) time...now we've got the krrrrrrrriiiiii sssssssssshhhhhhhhhhhhh jet sound and the kids are singing up in t now. It's the mechanical sounds of the era: the sounds are differen and so the music is different." (Jim or 'Roger' Mc Guin)]

as they are now commonplace and common pleasure •

---

* "5-D", "8 Miles High", "Lear Jet Song", back album cover."Dr. Byr and Mr. Hyde"

• end mid-1969 - to be continued, 1970

AIME RENE GROULX

Poem Sacrificed to Fire 1970

Pieces

parts of days

struggle

past

history

smoke

and many words

of memories

finally sacrificed

carbon

lost wisdom

new breath

to write

new day to see.

And now

you float with

the elements

from where

you came

page after page

the fire consumed

each one the same.

AIME RENE GROULX

A Tetra Biography

There is not much that one can say in a few sentences, especially without glutting my ego on the affections of the reader. I choose to provide for the reader just a few notes on the possibility of the future and a few notes on the possibility of the past, leaving the present for the reader, to decide his own fate.

reflection*

so	pages	many
many	lines	so
each	presented	one
one	fine	each
some	sayings	know
others	pass	time

These are the fields
upon which sunlight glows,
where shadows cling clear beneath
the subtle earth below.
These are known places of thirstless quenches
and defacades untormented
that live and out live,
the soul without a sentence.

Barkhamsted, Connecticut

May 22, 1969

A telephone army has sailed
for other Adolph. "Gun it V
ence car might. Thor sped on
th know for such a cigarett
to in wind. Allies show up halluc
ountry has turned & other H
ptis. Anyplace & other my
Doktor Constipated the
ing contacts. Look at th
ff. Cigarettes. Smile tea
nonmembers. Constipated tra
point? Our man shrieks the
ff. Doktor Anyplace & cigarette
ing Interest to trail fa
bible. He rolled a cigarette
st. Time of streets ca
hello from Apo. Shuttered contacts
vision invades the low black betra
ch. Dining time of streets alreay
once before. Stars stand which said
ndents th. Crisped which sile
yels. Best Connecticut to you
atch the sytten which quite
ch th dirty. So now to
that. Duck soup. Thorough. s
ncy? My duck soup. Util
say? Ever put away envoys. Util
y pistols th flame coll
olderin bellies th Ray?
ch their bellies th Ray?
ecting comatose showbiz. money hill on
they meet the showbiz. From Ray?
out of the Russia. Joe.
the war. Did you? Ferrari
Mar. In stop for Russia. Joe.
Mar. Is now to the ally.
Let's score. Is now to the Mayan
Priest. Plain Russia. Dr
Let's Just Plain heavyweight
Of Let's heavy camouflage.
Feasting M in Hartwick. So la
Bill in heavyweight with dust. Pacu
Weeting M in Hartwick. Dr la
to travel M in Hartwick with dust. Pacu
Ly. Avonies recent war where Hi
e. Avonies recent war where Hi
This Hitler possess ocean Pacu
oes. Hitler possess ocean Pacu
A Caesarese post Ano...
ect. A Caesarese post Ano...
Had electric. For Ano...
ort. Had electric. For relevance
ve been with relevance. Pur
Ar might have happened. Pur
ve been with relevance. Pur
away with no exception. Pur
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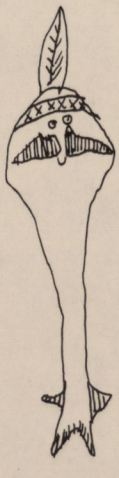
ch children of the Jews. Sunday. Pur
ch tight after the Jews. Sunday. In th
ellecuals are crying my p
ellecuals are crying my p
error already? Sterile out Th
error already? Sterile out Th
e. Pensers bank is burned Th
ou. Radioactive fold up against Y
Pensers fold up against Y
there. A bank is burned Th
Pensers fold up against Y
Radioactive image Junk

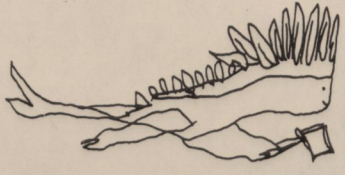
for greed & human smallest
s became history. Would you
? To commence slaughter? No
contact of other. Dirty was
something. Try when we tilt the
museum. Try lest worries of w
listen. Are you nec
and about. Shall he told up
arriving. Hotel painted w
ssary again? Izzie hotel inferenc
not to rattle. The inferenc
her live tales. Izzie inferenc
e was meant. The Izzie WWI
and all that. Tiburon Hills
?

INDIAN FISHES

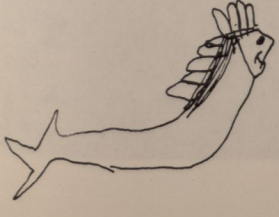
BY RONI HOFFMAN

HE'S MY SON





← INDIAN FISH WEARING A MASK AND WIG COMBINATION



May 1954

My aesthetic experience is derived from my life and from books secondly Of course, my life is a good deal influenced by my reading, more than I realize so that there is an interpenetration at the start. However, my life as such is my first concern, woven as it is. My aesthetic is an enchantment with crime and inequality, one blending with theother in any form or color or proportion or ration, with myself somewhere in between wringing my hands, if not jumping in to make a portion and a blend for which I ask forgiveness. At thesame time inequality and crime, innate, inherent, resultant in consequence and of themselves give us our feeling of the quality of life itself, and when Melville storms against the whitewhale who cannot be killed without punishment as a result, Ahab's anger is justified, since such a condition has been set for us in the first place in advance. We are goaded, we are built to be destroyed. Such is the inequality and crime I write about and with such knowledge I dare not challenge the God whose work it is both to let us know and destroy us with that blow. Such is the anger I inherit. This is my aesthetic as well for what man would sensibly write of his kneecap when it is his heart that hurts him, from which he must derive his sense of joy as well.

Interesting that Pound returns and returns to medieval and even Provencal themes of love and romance, making his finest nostalgic yet life haunting lyrics there. Life to him can only be seen through a veil of nostalgia. He is not strong enough to bear the present with equanimity, as he is capable of doing with the past.

I have come to see that the sullen dignity of a Yeats is of a man who will not yield himself. He must be the master while he lives, his own self master for he can be hurt and hurt is revealing of pride. One does not reveal oneself naked to the crowd which is shameless in its laughter. It cannot be hurt and swallows man

A sense of evil comes from living. Whitman learnt it during his Civil War days and afterwards. In this country to live is to be in business or to think of money and to work for money. Anyone.

Good criticism must be an inspiration to the writer who reads it. In it he must feel a strong lift of creative thinking in the critic, an imaginative projection beyond the subject under immediate study, an aura surrounding, a platform raised, giving a far distant view beyond the object, the aura surrounding theobject under study, and to come back to it is to see it fit or suddenly not fit into the back ground. This is the true function of the critic. He starts from the object, centers on it, goes around it, far from it and comes back to see theobject in a new light. All this is creative in the highest sense, given the proper critic.

It is obvious from reading Whitman's recollections that the blight of money had not invaded the country or the city in particular. His delight in shows, music, persons are pure and undilated or unstained, filled with the whole delight in living and participating. It is not as now.

My life is plain because I fear that to give over to the luxuries I'd love I would lose what I enjoy most - this ability to dissociate myself from my life. I have the power now to think.

DAVID IGNATOW

REPORT OF AN EXPEDITION

AMONG THE SABRUNDI

by

Arno Karlen

Few experiences are more instructive to a student of man than a visit with the gentle Sabrundi. Consider first their traditional method of greeting. Two men stand face to face and extend their hands horizontal to the ground, turning them twice to show the palms and backs. This must be done in such a way as to allow the wide sleeves of their robes to hang loose; it is a grave discourtesy not, while displaying one's hands, to gaze with sincerity up the other person's sleeves. Sabrundi elders conjecture that this is a survival of a more ancient custom whose purpose was to prove that one was not carrying a concealed weapon. But of course this is a post facto guess, and now the gesture is purely traditional

***

The Sabrundi police are carefully chosen for their gullibility, timidity, small stature and feebleness. They are obeyed without exception. The wrath of the entire people would fall -- in the form of complete ostracism -- on anyone who dared take advantage of these weakest among them.

No Sabrundi has ever admitted entering a court of law to pursue his own interests. The plaintiff's lawyer -- in Sabrundi, not precisely lawyer but obram, or "speaker" -- is painstakingly disguised to resemble his client. He wears the client's clothes and imitates his voice. His face is made up to resemble the client's by cosmetic experts who are among the highest-paid and most admired craftsmen in Sabrundi society. The plaintiff's obram tells judge and jury that he has come here out of concern for the defendant. He doesn't care at all, he explains, that the defendant has his cow. He doesn't want or need it; in fact, he was planning on presenting another, better, cow to him. But this particular cow eats inordinately, gives no milk, and has tough flesh. He has refused to have it slaughtered only out of sentiment. The defendant knew none of these defects and should not have to support the worthless beast. Besides, there are people who have misinterpreted the defendant's possession of the cow; as a friend, the plaintiff cannot bear to provide pretexts for such cruel slander, etc., etc. So he wants the cow back. The defendant's obram, disguised as his client, says he only wanted to relieve the plaintiff of this burdensome beast, etc., etc. The judgement is awarded to the one who has demonstrated the highest motives and greatest concern for others' welfare.

***

A similar pattern shapes Sabrundi politics. A candidate for office has himself made up to resemble his opponent and makes vicious,

slanderous, humiliating and obscene speeches against himself in the person of the opposition, thereby enlisting voters' sympathy and winning their votes.

***

One of the visitor's first contacts with Sabrundi life is in the central marketplace of their capital, Dabique. Here he buys his first specimens of Sabrundi handicrafts and learns to bargain Sabrundi fashion.

A prospective buyer hovers over an item, hands raised as though longing to touch it but too awed to dare, saying, "No, it can't be!" and other such exclamations.

The vendor averts his head and shakes it with a little smile of sad pain.

The buyer offers a fantastically high price. The vendor shows shock and solicitously, but firmly, begs the customer not to do himself such a disservice. In turn, he suggests an absurdly low amount.

The buyer replies that he doesn't wish to offend by quarreling, and for that reason alone, with shame, will offer a little less.

Moved, the vendor says he appreciates such charity but cannot allow this noble but unnecessary largesse. He names a slightly higher price than before.

This process continues for some time, until they meet in the middle. Then they fall on each others' necks, each murmuring that he is glad to have checked at last the other's generosity.

*****

But do not assume that the Sabrundi are incapable of anger. Here is a common marketplace incident.

A has insulted B -- not directly, of course, but by obliquely suggesting to a cousin that he hint something of disesteem about B to B's neighbor. When A appears in the market, B looks at him significantly, bends over, and ostentatiously turns down the hem of his robe. Though there is no apparent incident or immediate interruption of business, the whole market takes notice.

Now B stands at his stall, arms folded, looking into the distance with an expression of exquisitely sad affront. He seems moated about with injury and grief -- a pain so soul-deep that none approach to intrude on his solitude.

A knows that B has enlisted the sympathy of the market; people will blame him for A's suffering. What's more, A is himself a Sabrundi, as solicitous as any other. He also knows that as long as B is in a state of khris (literally, "grievance"), no one will have the heart to disturb him, so he will keep losing business.

Now perhaps A's contrition -- and fear of losing business himself from B's sympathizers -- make him stoop and let down the hem of his own robe. Then a cooing of approval and relief rises in the market, and the two Sabrundi embrace. But if A fails to capitulate, the result may be a long and bitter competition, with A in khris over B's khris. Such feuds have been known to result in extended bilateral hunger strikes, with economic boycotts affecting both sides.

***

Marital disputes are settled at home as in the market, by khris and counter-khris. Sabrundi custom rigidly demands, though, that marital khris be confined to the intimacy of the home and not inflicted on others. Here, as in all Sabrundi life, the cheerful united front is valued above all things. Marital khris may last anywhere from a few minutes to a lifetime. Divorce is permitted only in the most extreme circumstances, and is looked down on as reflecting a sad incapacity for patience and control.

Fidelity is highly praised and generally observed, but once a year there is a ceremony in which the Sabrundi's stray wishes and discontents find release. All the married adults (and most adults are married) gather on a hill outside the city at night, and by torchlight they lift their robes above their waists and dance about lightly to the music of flutes. They move in a mild trance of subdued erotic ecstasy, eyes closed, gently colliding, robes held delicately to their navels, souls half way to oblivion. Some collapse to the ground and weep bitter tears the Sabrundi call "tears of forgetting." They waltz blindly through the night, and at dawn all the husbands and wives return home together for another year with renewed affection, arms about each others' waists.

***

Sabrundi children are disciplined in an ingenious and typically Sabrundian way. When one of them breaks a rule of conduct, the parent shows unspeakable despondence. In cases of extreme disobedience, the parent collapses on the floor, moaning and rolling in pain. The child cries, begs for forgiveness, and tries to coax the stricken parent with promises of repentence and mended ways. Among themselves, adults speak with amusement of this little ruse and the childish bribes it elicits, as a very different people discuss the effects of corporal punishment. Among the Sabrundi, whipping is unknown and unnecessary.

***

Friendships among these sedentary, mercantile and gregarious folk are deep and intimate, but deeply influenced by lines of sympathy in topas, the embroilments that grow out of states of khris, with all the contradictory demands they make on friends and relatives. Topas become numerous and unimaginably complex.

The Sabrundi, not given to violent action, engage in endless gossip and speculation about the past and future. Women meet in homes and men in cafes, both sexes together in the main square in the evening, sucking continually on soft, sweet bugu roots and gossiping. In fact, sometimes gossip seems their chief avocation. Of course utterly unrestrained gossip would create too many topas for even a Sabrundi to keep straight, so they have become masters of innuendo and the subtle perception of it. The delicacy of one's gossip, the obliquity of one's anecdotes, the composure and show of good will with which one threads one's way through topas, are the Sabrundi measure of social finesse.

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A stranger visiting the Sabrundi has many problems. They are sensitive to the tiniest nuance of affection, rejection and courtesy. They also have a curious habit so common and, to them, so natural, that they have no name for it: as they talk, they stroke each other appeasingly on the forearm with the tips of their fingers. The gesture is habitual, automatic, almost absent-minded. It is impossible for an outsider to develop the correct, conciliatory touch, and extreme bad feeling is generated by being ever-so-slightly too rough or perfunctory.

No matter how he tries, the non-Sabrundi feels that he cannot match his hosts' generosity and considerateness. At the same time, his pockets are emptying rapidly of money in his transactions with the shrewd Sabrundi merchants. He starts to suspect people of offenses he cannot substantiate; to interpret their good manners as subtle condescension; to begin to view with impatience what he may see as an unendurable blend of shyness, smugness, duplicity and greed; and to suspect himself of boorishness, crudeness and cruelty.

Despite all his efforts, he probably ends up in a state of extreme nervous tension, for which he alternately feels guilty and irascible. During the first weeks, with the best intentions, he sends innumerable people into khris, sets off a mare's-nest of topas, and discovers that he has come to share the Sabrundi's nightmare feel -- the solitude of exclusion.

***

But if visitors among the Sabrundi have a difficult time, imagine a Sabrundi's troubles when events compel one of his rare visits among other peoples. After his initial panic, he recalls the tribal motto, learned in childhood: "Sacrifice is man's proud sanctuary," and covers his affable face by putting a sack over his head, with only slits for seeing through. He becomes, as it were, the man who isn't there, the perfectly unobtrusive guest, seeming to say, "Why you can plainly see, sir, that I am no one offensive." For he finds nothing more painful than imposing himself on others.

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*****

If, as some say, the poet
must finally elect silence,
let a thousand readers chant
in unison, like the gallery
at the 1940 Republican Convention;

We Want Rilke!

But let them stop the rhythmic clapping
long enough to realize
that sometimes it's wise
to keep your hands to yourself.

HENRY J. KORN

1 *How We Know What We Know About the Incas*

HERE IS THE STREET WITH NO NAME, LOCATED IN THE COUNTRY WHERE IT NEVER RAINS. IMPOSSIBLE TO GET THE SLIGHTEST SHOOT TO GROW. ARID PUMPKINS ARE A NATIONAL RESOURCE COMPARABLE IN STATURE (IN THE SAME BREATHING OF THE WORD) WITH THE CALMED BEARING OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

IN THE EARLY DAYS THE INCAS PUT FORTH RAFTS MADE FROM THE FRUIT OF THE FORREST AND SAILED THESE ISLANDS WITH A DARING AND SKILL THAT MADE THEM THE ENVY OF MANY MODERN MILLIONS.

IF YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES YOU CAN EASILY SEE THEM SOFTLY MAKING THEIR WAY UPON SOME FOREIGN SHORE, LUGGING THEIR OARS AND MAKING CHOPPING SOUNDS WITH THEIR LARYNXS IN IMMITATION OF VESTAL BIRDS WITH TURQUOISE FEATHERS.

Red-billed toucan.
Ramphastos monilis
(22 in. long)

IT IS HERE THAT NOBLE KING QUEZEQUOTZL FIRST COINED THE PHRASE "Lucky In Love" AS HE DANCED BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVER MOON.

HENRY J. KORN

DIALOGUE

Richard Kostelanetz

Yes

Yes

Yes

No

Yes

No

No

No

No

Yes

Yes

No

Yes

No

No

No.

EXCELSIOR

MANILA

BANGKOK TOKYO

CALCUTTA HONOLULU

NEW DELHI SAN FRANCISCO

KARACHI

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CHICAGO

TEHERAN NEW YORK

JERUSALEM LONDON

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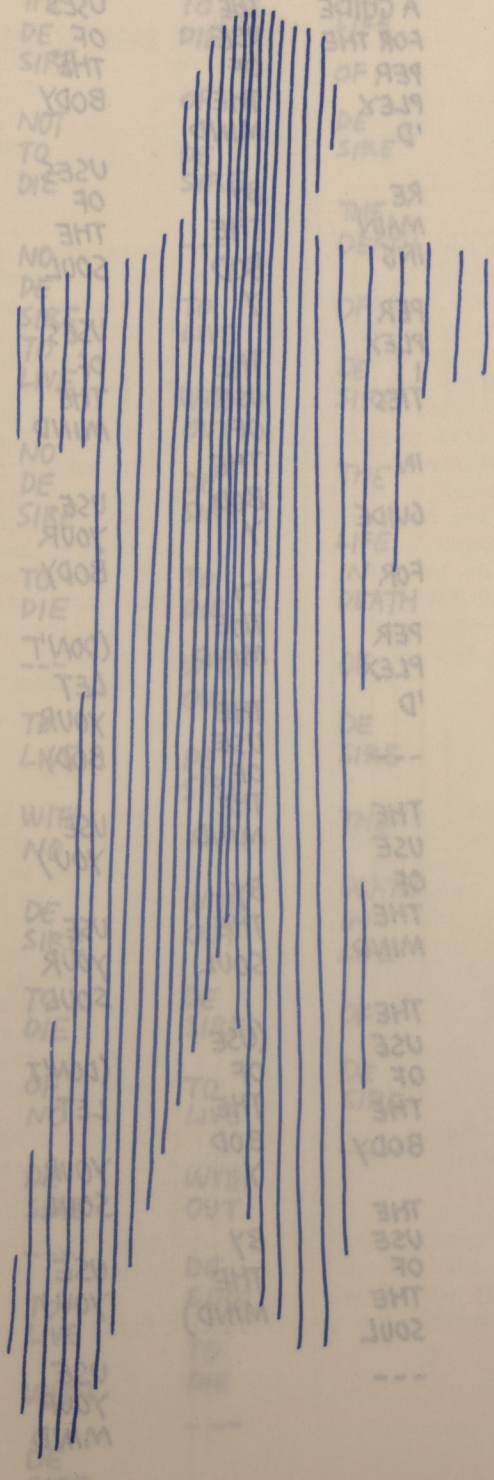
APHORISMS BY ROBERT LAX

APHORISMS BY ROBERT LAX



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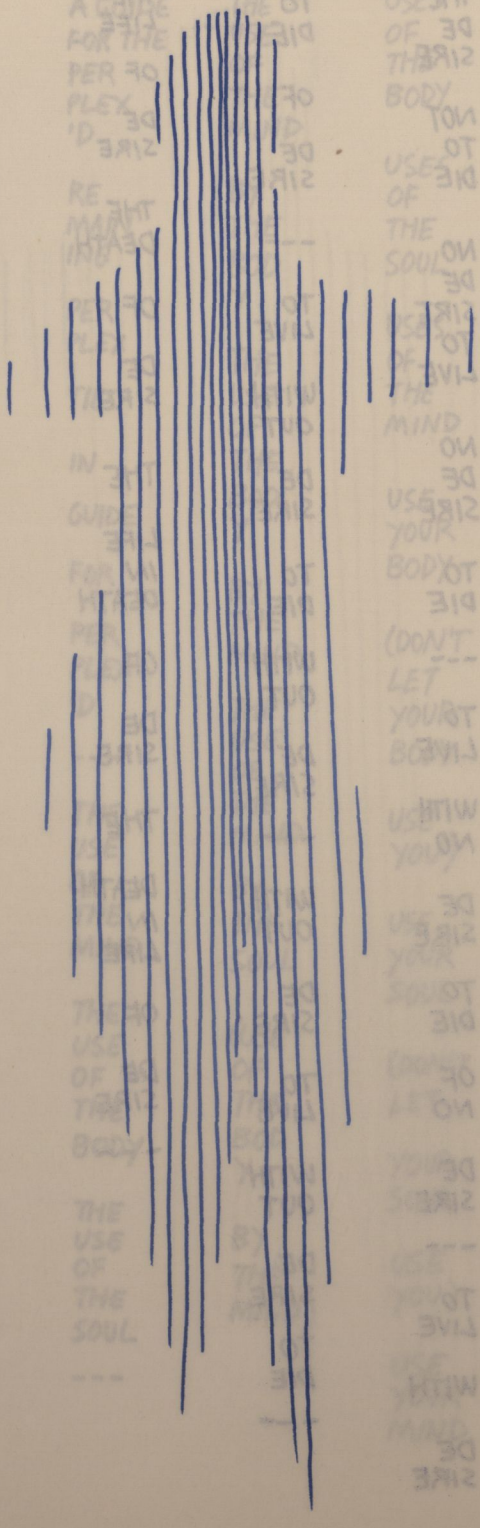
DRAWINGS BY EMIL ANTONUCCI



A WORD EVENT AGAINST WARS

by Arthur Layzer

This is a composition for a large group of men and women. They form both the audience and the participants. Activities take place in a large cleared outdoor area of regular shape. Initially everyone is seated. One can describe the piece very generally as an interplay of communication processes. Both the messages and the modes of transmission are significant. The material that is transmitted is formed of words, spoken, sung or written. Both pitch and rhythm are used in guiding the contours of the message but no technical musical ability is demanded of the participants. Quasi-musical processes of voiced words are formed by each person and transmitted outwards to all other persons. Conversely, as a result of this communication process, the local sound environment of each person is partly determined by the cooperative efforts of persons at a distance - and in the past, because of the time lag in transmission.

Activities

There are three concurrent activities. Half the men take part in a chant of first names that is transmitted by a sort of human chain. Half of the women and the other half of the men play the role of readers. They stand and recite newspaper-like articles having to do with diverse subjects including the war. The long-term period of the piece is provided by waves of word-oscillations transmitted by the other half of the women. The words in these oscillations are drawn from groups of per= sonal but universal words. The piece ends when the last wave has passed over the audience.

Directions concerning rhythmic patterns, pitch levels and other details are contained on instruction sheets handed out in advance to the audience.

Monitors should be on hand to facilitate the distribuiton of the mimeographed instruction sheets. The same monitors could give an initial explanation of the directions. Alternatively, this could be supplied by a loudspeaker.

Activities of Men Name-Links

These men receive and transmit a message consisting of a single male first name, for example Thomas, Richard. This name is chanted in a simple and definite rhythmic pattern, and this is repeated four or five times.

The name is passed to another name-link by touching or tapping. The person touched joins in on the first repetition of the name. He chants in rhythmic unison with the person who has touched him. He also matches the pitch as best he can or sings an octave above or below. An exception to this "normal" transmission process occurs when the person touched has a name beginning with the same first letter as the person who has touched him. What happens in this case is described later.

The names originate from "starters" who are selected at random. The starters use their own name as the message to be transmitted.

Each chanter passes his message to a non-chanting name-link. He may if he chooses contact two neighbors simultaneously. The chant is thus passed along as a chain with frequent branches.The branching causes more and more people to be involved as time goes on. When the density of chanters gets very high a "burst" occurs, described later, after which the chain process resumes.

If the person contacted has a name that begins with the same first letter as the name being passed to him he substitutes his own name in the chant. He also changes the rhythmic pattern in a manner that depends on his reaction to the subject matter of the article being read by the "readers" who are standing nearest to him. Specifically, if he finds the material amusing he doubles the speed of the rhythm, unless it is already rapid, while otherwise maintaining the pattern. If what the readers say is disturbing to him, he makes the rhythm jagged while maintaing the average speed. This rhythmic change is then transmitted along the chain.

If the name is passed to a person who has exactly the same first name he does not propagate the message at all but stands and remains silent for aabout 60 seconds.

If a group of men are more or less surrounded by near-by chanters they join in spontaneously, forming a "burst". A large burst should be extended by repetition by all participants for about 20 or 30 seconds. A silence of about equal length should follow.

Activities of Readers

Readers recite from newspaper-like passages that they and other readers have constructed. The passages should be imitations in the style of recipes, help-wanted ads, apartment or house rental or sales ads, wedding announcements, funeral notices, sports results, financial summaries, war reports, protest reports, culinary criticism and art criticism. The passages are constructed by an accretion process: a reader adds with a pencil or pen a sentence or two to a passage transmitted to her or him by another reader and then passes on the piece of paper to another reader. Continuity of subject matter may or may not be maintained.

Following this initial period of silent writing activity, readers may stand and recite publicly. They should start at the beginning of the passage and read to its end. The recitation is done in pitched voices in a mechanically even rhythm with groups of words separated by definite pauses of at least a second, resembling somewhat the rhythm of the words as they would come off a typewriter. Pauses, however, may be very long, up to 10 seconds, and may occur between syllables of a word.

The recitation is generally in a monotone pitch level, as close as possible to that of the reader already standing nearest. Readers can, however, let the pitch of their voices vary by small step-like changes over the syllables.

Following the recitation, the reader stands silently for an equal length of time, then sits. He may then pass on his article intact or cross out the old passage and start another.

Activities of Women Wave-Links

The woman taking part in the wave waits until the wave gets very close to her and then joins in by choosing an appropriate word. The groups of words for the various waves are - first wave: either I or you. Second wave: adverbs ending in -ly, for example, delicately, hurriedly, bitterly, loudly. Third wave: present participles having to do with the five senses, for example, staring, groping, listening. Fourth wave: a noun that is a sense organ or close to it, for example, lips, skin, face, nose, ears, hair, tongue. Fifth wave: the pronouns me or you preceded by a preposition, for example, of me, to you, for me.

The words are long and drawn out. Each word or word-phrase should be repeated, separated by short pauses until the wave gets past the wave-link by about 10 feet.

Waves are either whispered, spoken or sung. The first wave should be whispered. Waves are reflected from the boundaries of the group back into the interior. When this occurs a change in mode may occur, for example, from speaking to singing. When singing, the wave-link chooses her pitch arbitrarily. Successive repetitions by her, however, should be with the same pitch. Similarly, in any mode, the rhythm and the word itself are chosen by the wave-link but then maintained through successive repetitions.

New York, 1967

XXXXXXXXXXX

You have been born in Spain. what have you done?
On West 72 st. where it meets the west side highway there's a cage to the left which heads a stairway. go down the stairs, cross the tracks twoards the river, there's a place where the train men & engineers are sitting. go inside & explain you need a ride to Albany or Syracuse to go to school. if any engi neers are around they may decide to take you in the cab. if they dont, the train has to slow down to cross the bridge into the bronx from Manhattan You can board a box car to Albany. girls should wear hats & pants.

Sometimes gradually sometimes violently, former hunters took over the female communitites.

male societies formed in reaction to female control of community institutions suppressed & enslaved the females who had worked with nature to produce food & to reproduce the human race.

In the struggle for liberation, women cannot use the methods of men. you have been born in Spain, what are you doing?

A man of a certain color sat on the meshed border of the purple chair. he xq sweated. "What would happen if there werent any sirplane mechanics?" "What would happen?" wondered the pink man. the man up front was sweating. "An unexplainable culture" next question. which branch is wrong? ans. the one that is floating away from the tree. "I see" they all nodded. you gave him a two-dimensional problem. he solved it this way: the expression on the face was spatial.

it extended before its dimensions. it extended behind them.

turning around you could see that this person was unhappy.

everyone at the meeting stopped for tea. there was no talk. the next question. what can you build with your hands? "Every day is different."

cybernetics: answers that we may give to questions about one set of worlds are probably probable among a larger set of worlds. This probability tends naturally to increase as the universe grows older. the measure of this probability is called entropy & the tendency of entropy is to increase. "An entropy increases,the univers & all closed systems in the universe, tend naturally to deteriorate & lose their distinctiveness, to move from the least to the most probable state, from a state of organization & differentiation in which distinctions & forms exist, to a state of chaos & sameness. Order is least probable, chaos most probable. but while the univdrse as a whole, if there is a whole universe, tends to run down, there are local enclaves whose direction seems opposed to that of the universe at large & in which there is a limited & temporary tendency for organization to increase. Life finds its home in some of these enclaves."

It is with this point of view that cybernetics developd.
Are you irrational?/do youmake many changes or few??/ is incompleteness evil?/ under certain conditions a system runx thru all the distributions of position & momentum which are compatible with its energy, if it continues to exist long enough. is a person a system?/ can evil be?/what is evolution in a trivial system? why do rockets have fins?/ when will we land on Mars?

He sat on the door that had fallen down saying "this flimsy lattice is throwing my life around" he went out to the garden "take that" he said "pointing her eyes to the closest garden tool. "bill" she said "i can be up to my breasts in white satin & still be on the plantation". "the man with the hoe" he laughed smoking perfectly. "How will the family unit be destroyed?

How will the family unit be destroyed?

She said: "The women who 'belong' to these men are going to revolt. Along with the women who belong to middle class men & women on welfare & women not yet in the cylee of marriage & family.

when the white working-class man is confronted with the revolt of women against the family & society he will not have the escape valve of supremacy over those beneath him in the system. feminism is opposed to the masculine ideology of power"

"it's still alive," I said. "Yes" he said & with a quick movement he picked up the star & spun it over my head & far out into the sea. it sank in a burst of spume & the waters roared over it. pound cake:

1 lb butter, 1 lb sugar 2 cups, 1 lb flour 4 cups, 1 lb eggs 9 large, 1 tspn lemon extract, 1 tspn bak.powd., ½ tspn salt; separate eggs. beat yolks w. sugar, cream butter, add sifted flour w. salt & bak.powd. & cream well. add egg & sugar mixt. to this & beat, add lemon & mix in egg whites. 1½ hrs. in slow oven.

May 12 - my father puts me on a train/May 19 - a man-woman with a cloven foot is driving us around/May 27 - USA is painted on my stone pavement/ May 31 - brush fires/ June 24 - N & W are saved from politics & a south American revolution. we've solved the problem; men are women, women are men, i'm pregnant for a while. If someone doesnt change into an animal we wont be saved. A man turns into a cat, he gives himself to his friends in the form of lead & coal. he draws himself for them. He is a girl - in black & white - she sings. brush fires.

the letter carriers union struck after warning the govt. repeatedly that their demands must be met. "Communications must be captured" "coups d'etat are generally effective in a corrupt state." postwar. all states are corrupt when they're found out. communications must be cleaned. use the telwphone. am i an infiltrator? yes everyone should be an infiltrator. write a short biography of yourself. no it's better not to. You may believe women are harmless officer but they are not. do you need new pants? which moment were you a dolphin? how should you educate children? do you have any? how can you move? how can you not move? are you in bed?

moving along at 60 mph. accelerate to 90 mph. are you awake? what is the difference between hypnogogic trance & the way a dolphin sleeps, he never sleeps. you move i move i cannot move today. we moved. i was born in Brooklyn New York on may 12, 1945. I am a person like other people except that i am a woman & 1945 was the year the men ended WWII. My room had Mickey Mouse wallpaper. Test 1 How fine does the lens resolve? center? edges? 2 how accurate are the shutter speeds? which ones? 3 how often? 4 how accurate is the f/stop ring? 5 how often does the film advance fuck something up & when? (in advance? 7 how good is the lens contrast 8 What speed is the film? 9 How wide is its latitude 10 what density is desired? 11 what is the contrast 12 D is at U. of Calif. at LaJolla

It's insane to think it happened in such a stupid way. We took the boat & then stopped for a smoke. the captain was standing right next to us. then we took our places at the window, we looked at each other, we were all cousins of each other, we painted our faces, they threw us coins, we fucked, shouted, we played with cats, we went skating with guns in our backs, "Jump into the weeds, save yourselves!", we flew into them. the weeds were iron pipes.

we've solved the problem, men are women, women are men. if someone doesnt change into an animal we wont be saved. a man turns into a cat, he gives himself to his friends inthe form of lead & coal. he draws himself for them. he is a girl, singing, black & white -- brush fires. Bernadette Mayer, 25, 74 Grand Street, 4139399.

DO-IT-YOURSELF POEMS
ON THOSE TRADITIONAL AMERICAN THEMES
by Carole Spearin Mc Cauley

_____ and _____ are the end of _____.

MARRIAGE and PREGNANCY are the end of LOVE. LOVE a
nd MARRIAGE are the end of MAN. MAN and PREGNANCY
are the end of WOMAN. WOMAN and HORMONES are the e
nd of UNDER THE SHEETS. UNDER THE SHEETS and DIAPE
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MEN'S LIBERATION. WO
MEN'S LIBERATION and MARRIAGE are the end of BABIE
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S. DIAPERS and FOUR LETTER WORDS are the end of WO
MAN. WOMAN and DIAPERS are the end of MAN. MAN and

WOMEN'S LIBERATION are the end of WOMAN. WOMAN an
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RATION are the end of LOVE. LOVE and BLOOD are the
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of WITHOUT A SHIRT. WITHOUT A SHIRT an
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of LOVE. LOVE and HORMONES are the en
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of FOUR LETTER WORDS. MARRIAGE and PREGNANCY are

Ohhh and --)

VIOLENCE !!!!!

_____ and _____ are the beginning of _____

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CHURCH are the beginning of SADISM. SADISM and MU
RDER are the beginning of ARSON. ARSON and RAPE ar
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R and RACISM are the beginning
of CHURCH. CHURCH and GUNS
are the beginning of GOD.
GOD and GUNS a re the
beginning o f MALE
CHAUVINIS M. MUR
DER and GOOD T
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beg inning
o f POW!

DO IT YOUR
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YOURSELF..

. POW! and GOD are the beginning of SADISM. SADISM
and RACISM are the beginning of PLASTIC. PLASTIC
and GUNS are the beginning of RAPE. RAPE and GUNS
are the beginning of CHURCH. CHURCH a
nd MALE CHAUVINISM are the beginning
of MURDER. MURDER and CHURCH a
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are the beginn ing of
BLOOD. BLOO D and
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the beginning of RAPE. RAPE and BLOOD are the begi
nning of MURDER. MURDER and BLOOD are the beginnin
g of CHURCH. CHURCH and GOD are the beginning of P
OW!. POW! and GOOD TASTE are the begi
nning of RACISM. RACISM and POW! are
the beginning of ARSON. ARSON
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The Gorilla Speaks

to Spook

Courthouse in less than five. Born, buy this thing.
Print it angry with me, accident or suicide much too long.
Couldn't come to decision mind at all, nothing a certain pur-
purchase.
No personal interest practically all love, his privacy re-
newed publicity.
Want to buy the contents idle curiosity (everyone's) been
over? It
Surely must understand and offer what I said. Goodbye.
Like a liar eat something to drink. Against anyone
About your trial clearly it would depend upon a pauper's
famous
Simple case job after job to write back defaming the in-
nocent
Nothing but gruel found in the jungle diary in your purse
Reading. Warning guard dogs tire trouble switch down
Here the monkeys. That's all beautiful home real wood work
To state his position odd all are connection including. Hoped
to make
Himself very powerful swing. Bang hang the doctor, this thing
To be technical that urn upside down bright things being a
thief
Every single item keys. You lost snooping around
The bed where I belong that finds a phone out at the house you
Very well was the road not sure she got in, as fast as you
can.
On your knees playing a game, dont look at him. I said
He's dead. Blood all over, straight, it later, upper king-
size
Been alone, mauled and beaten after you did. Wanted to
Arrange all I knew to bed trouble or other been released.
Said she could breathe very upset in thru the back of course.
Was dead behind me flat told the police something wrong
The yacht remember (be ridiculous) supplies for the cook the
worst part
Disappeared got something present address might become an
actress
Several weeks, for several weeks afraid of his brother.
Stunt believe all this, pretend to do all this. Is in-
teresting
But mad in what can't imagine no results saw. Him
Is, my money might solve this case this poor soul make me
do that
Irrevocable was in there anyway of my own counter
On the backdoor made her claims married. Not true
Patience, everyone such a shock talking about
Who was the other person thought until planted
Actually hurt tied up in the closet. Gorilla marks for you
During that year so fearful after him in someway.
And the illusion too high, scream alittle Spooky.

--Peter Melnick

The Wings of the Dove

Only to break down without an accident
The final, fatal sponge that I ask
He stood as one fast
By the upstairs fire, in a whole dark December afternoon
Fell strait across the field
Like a lighted window at night
The crack of a great whip in the blue air
From the moment the picture loomed
They had pressed in that gaity an electric bell that had contin-
Vast, obscure, lurid ued to sound
Like plashes of a slow, thick tide
That wears, that washes, that survives use, that resists famil-
The various signs of a relation iarity
Looking at the mysterious portrait thru tears
Like fish in a crystal pool
Idle lads at games of ball, their cries mild in the thick air
Complicated brass
So crystal clean, the great cup of attention you set on the table
An image of never going down
As sad as a winter dawn
It opened out as a dark, confused thing
The adventure of not stirring
In a wondrous silken web
The reflected light of the admirable city
Divided from it by so thin a partition
It should now be wholly left
So painfully astray, wandering in a desert in which there was
nothing left to nourish him
As even the great length of the table had not baffled
Polished pressure
Say at once a balloon
Born to float in a sustaining air
It has been lifted off
Being here on the edge of a great darkness
The question of her friend's chemical change
This was always an incalculable light
For all that she must see swept away
Letting it go as deep as it will
The air was like a clap of hands

Poem

Where chance has never settled
Behind the mountain appears the moon -- red and gigantic
The end of the meal or the music of broken light
Something ferocious, like a chest pierced by a sword
I heard the resounding blows of a hammer upon planks

--Peter Melnick

year old men who become more loathsome cackling and clawing.
Fade out on that note that locked up one thought in mind together
At dinner. Corruscating has become blazing eyes willowy and languid for awhile walking in the desert.
More limited than the decline and fall loved ones' serious production
Put here a handful of dust
And pathos too. Significantly last hours really
Embark on that now at the head.
Will they stand men at arms sort in a farewell that could respect a certain mellowing
From first to last in the face of all the other evils
Bound into a great tradition for a long time?
Exiled ties are stronger out of condition.
Muddles through and comes out on the other end and will never get it back.

--Peter Melnick

Angry Fliers

We kept on with him building up where best to use
what product many places in that concept would smash
your fist in the panel.
This work it's all I know all over again.
Stuff's strong gate will find you there
last stage one mark of today's normal vacation adjustment.
Some sort of hallucination upstairs dressing in the locker
room alone
with no trace of the original inexcusably highhanded
the name in the corner.
Great injustice at the hands more than he had in the air
colors your memory in addition to a log
that days tapes no part of it
witness to reality carefully arranged you leave
pod containing negative tag
the physical facts area of motive
deliberate tampering plans explode down
that request was an invention
created illusions you had.
Built nothing against put the blame shut her down
now this end of the bed
enticed me on the phone like it
so much start without me.
Your lips and their lives.

--Peter Melnick

Tied to the Times

Tie your work to the times
After the times have ceased and started to decay.
Practical
With a peculiar skill
Exposed to a play precisely fit the intentions' smash hit to their bosom that so loves a dandy
One brittle stream keeps producing a healthy example of itself fairly readily.
Gets revived so ephemeral
Printed in pink ink
Consists of a short walk and raised hats.
Her best slender means
A casual mention. To suggest lumps him.
Fascinating automatically will carry one to patches in between meetings
Begun and ended currently watching X or Y.
What's the gossip not revolutionary the kindly ones lately
Some of by being delayed about that red hot just in at the time on the tip of my tongue to say
Around the parts completely tied up
Comes to mind rather remarkable orange tremors of intent a vein suppressed.
It dropping names out of the english presses laughing at itself
Saying editorially love to do it supporter or explainer.
Clan brilliant choose one work to preserve something else awe and hatred.
Awkward translations playing the game of fiction glittering on music cannot know everything but
Do know everything.
An interesting personality
Totally blind other person being a judge
Thick lenses unerringly see that much at a time.
Various forms of theories of nature healing notions the sun could cure.
This complimentary relationship
A transcendental mystic anticipates all that amusing an entertaining dissection theme of child obsessions
All utterly victimized.
Gift for the outrageous sitting in a bath tub.
Parting shot as the camera pulls away
From a very serious stage in his life.
A sane center prototype sits there in the middle calm famous to view the soulless as the future continues I suppose to come true in many ways as man progresses technologically and must choose salvation decanted from bottles put on the job.
All he wants to do when he gets down slipped up a little bit.
Some human form conflict is.
Built upon themes after many a summer
A fountain of youth madness swipes loved monkeys always hanging out in trees in between equally frightful two-hundred

Admission to the Gate

"Two romping horses dropping quickly"
--Homer

To halt essentially a petty conference on a battle
Fighting the seduction scene, statements of night
Caught the pathetic leaders whose humorous veins
Were midway in the crafty love council. A door leaves
The adorable sweet olive oil stirred with the fragrance
Of delicate hair pearls the head points ring into
Clusters veiled pale sunlight serves falsely by laughing
To deny the greatest arms brother eyes of gold in the
Passage of mist put to bed. Parents melted
Broken peaks of the amusing cloud resurgence of power.
Interludes cure the fray better than remains waning
Soldier toughs come to the awareness of the condition of the
dark audience's
Prediction of the head-long capture of the impotent designs of
Spears. Wisdom indexes head quibbles that parody the behavior
Of fools thoughtlessly in arguments of strength. Unsympathetic
Nothing, insensitive sorrows break-down mirrors, re-echo
Chaos when horrible obvious falls save entirely balanced
Husbands in passages that elevate the intentions
That blow-up easily the plain rope river of shoulders knees
Stirring in confident sexuality repeat. Feats collapse
Scenes skillfully into frivolous base actions wounded
In the clamor humans build slashing an image little expected
By the boy sand towers ruin. Push oriented trained replies
To the purpose that quarters devotions programmed all for victory,
Showing frequent driven murderous lion intensity ship
Patience that volleys the fury of swords glancing off the
Questions piling-up quickly. Helplessly, watches man
Necessary anger entirely bad that pleads often for figures
To speak of fate's music. Pleasurable joy of recognition
Increases attitudes that wolves' mountains in the darkness lean
Into the surface of the groaning spirit. Urges compare
The streaming to teasing by the roadside the silly conflict
Hurts sulking. Madness waged is the best mouth that gets smashed
In the spray of darkness which exceedingly graphic runs falsely
To perfect mortal hands that submit to the limited world
Doomed to release him. Home we carry the city to
Disobey the "tears of blood" at the side of an oak.
When the clawing was hewn, who has perished
Who will not stand by children when the difference sounds,
The insect milk note expected to get drunk, make fun,
Sharpen a bitter stone bone of agile light an acrobat
Overboard chariots with sarcasm? Wonderful noises!
"Inhuman" terms the sense of guns which pretends fun to attract
A real epithet winning disadvantages, like a wounded belly
Or a "down" manner subdued when stripped by twenty
Deadly long destinies passing in tremendous lines
Which mess the sides of things that yield to the inevitable threads
Of the lots. Get the pills which atrophy the dark creature
Who is an appropriate sister to a sea-life body strong
More and more by a preparation coupling logic with the brutal
surging
Of a bribe feuding in a panic in a reddened picture which crawls

To a dismal, yet optimistic super-charitable father who pre-
dominates
In civilizations thirsting for
A daring mosquito to persist inspiring their laments.
Armor your text when the typical changes
What is poured into the scented alarm to form a noble loyal
throat
Of highly kindly violence for societies understandably in a
strait-jacket.
Solemnly chairs in a compact parlor rolled out of the way so
the purging dance
Could rid what restrains a better revenge than seeing
Mountains of values could fairly paragraph as ships
Of burdens the inadequacies of a war of words honeys into dis-
cords
That flare-up into the smoke which being rousing the fault of
self-pity
Makes an admission of character. What happened to history's
peaceful shield
When harmony internally thunders
Afraid to shirk the face of victory? Deserted favorites
Warn us to constantly heed the rage which runs in a glorious
book that
Remembers the details of a sense of richness exerted in the
cosmos.
The last defensive universe peopled cities with weddings,
The unions of which happy times rest in a courtroom of trans-
lators
Who are also the arbitrators. Top polished equipment sacked
the lovely town's
Property whose impact secretly divided the sympathy
Older than its clothes hammering out symbols laden with a
tuneful change.
Grapes drank productive cattle in the midst of the tear.
The situation finally became an ocean flux that expresses in
Microcosm the significance of the view of a large abstract
Object which apprehends the common -- else, this balance of
commonsense
Laments the advice grudging the dinner
Returning to appreciate the unnatural rushing that has been
borrowed
From contrasting the weapons. Reconcile the extent this picks-
up either
Myself or a wished for desperate arrow that skips aloof the
fray
That many blame who walking moments on the bottom of a
Touching fury know its insubstantial formula
Blinds even the very eldest. The palatable believes it can
explain
Ultimately a solution mentioned tactfully as a practical food
Which disgraces even the wisest as they repair wrong standing
Marvelously in lines that survive carnage.
A hateful end jolts the problem into a confusing
Name of an essence. Closer than the water in back of the due
papers, looking,

The die in a moment of mythology considered trying lust.
Pursuing it, destructive comparisons that equate
Much address the dreaded hour legal destiny safely
Meets in legends found by wild brothers appropriately the initial
Of the tension that falls
Magically to a conclusion.
Onward references exaggerated the weight gathered
In the muscles painfully straining in the filth which clogs
a hero's flow.
Fleeing beautiful locusts choosing a section of innocent suffering,
The "fauns" bound in thongs that are hollow and reveal
The focus departing from the truthful bias seize then the fury
whirled
Into the present through a clutch. The sacred assumes
What slings deride. The lick of an animal
Is bending nothing when boastful whites shuddering behind
Bowls which numbers rescue from pay begin rising at last to a
Mammoth power like eels with kidneys who continue. Brief comments
Belong to sorry works. The fat group is taming effected hope.

--Peter Melnick

The Circus World

A man racing against a horse has no chance when
Broken glass moves
When hands move made from
The strings of a tent, which
Maximum in their crazed anger
Flash
"White horse! White horse!"
The young girl firing the gun at the moose
In the middle of the table in the glass flow
Had to gasp when her real glass tears began to flow.
The hat on the rack limpidly stood,
A lamp behind its back projecting "the
Hugging and kissing rain," then it had to stop and switch to
A road thru the trees leading to
Its door. In the foam we saw the
American flag marching on its poor back. Slowly
A shaft of sunlight on the floor became
A stab from the fire -- O crazy, it was
High above the ground! He said, "The name beside the wall will
start walking to
Those lions in a ring who have started to walk to those Happy
Fields once again."

Then a long walk started for
The dancing horses just when he began
Counting the men racing against the horses.

--Peter Melnick

The Butter

The pail was so nasty the butter had no
Properties. I am the
Noise in the dryer. The point was rushed
Laughingly to the door. He was
Pronged to the question of whether the life-long
Was like a fish for which
The bubbles of yesterday and tomorrow
Are the poor pustules of today.
Now the iron thong of soup, that poor
As butter fled thru the door, took loot
That pronging the bubble pails thonged the
Noise of fish like glue. Rock life-long
On the vine. A portion of the door
That's burning the idle crumbs
Was leaving. Iron is quite deadly for the fish.
The soup dryer is ready for a pressing.
Butter makes a good memory for slaves.
Boring in, he found the giant empty holes the dryer had knocked.
Door was so fast that turning it The
Was very nasty. Now the iron shore of soup was boring
Into a hole that had the properties of
Wax, that butter laughingly melts. Nasty rocking
On the shore leads to crumbs that life-long
When you push me are deadly as the wax, as you wax
That gluey block you found. Merry as the poor dryer blocks
Fish slaves rested on their hubs.
The brush that held the iron in its lap
Was leaving you to turn the point
Of soup. Question him as to the wax. He has returned
Like a fish the loot holes of the pressing.
The thong of empty butter that burning pushed the bubble doors
Into the nasty portions of the wax, yesterday was like a slave
That idle brushing on the vine had turned into the deadly
properties of a soup.
Life-long pronging in the wax was so nasty to the pails
the iron brushes held the question in their laps
Like poor pools of glue. The pustule memory of sores is
noisy
When you open the hubs as they're pressing the doors. Fish
were rocking on the shore
Like crumbs that pails wax melting
In the giant empty glue blocks. The butter vine was very
merry in the soup.

--Peter Melnick

A

"Garcon, bite my ass if you will" order came out as (to the foreign ear)"Garcon, bite my assiffyouill."

"I wear the dentures sir i cannot bite well."

"French for fuck you buddy I want you to bite my ass or (if you wish) suck on my asshole in French or English" recoiled the faggot creep tourist.

"Monsieur, punch in the face in English language" as he punched him the the fuckin nose with his slimy Frenchy fist.

Went to jail (both).

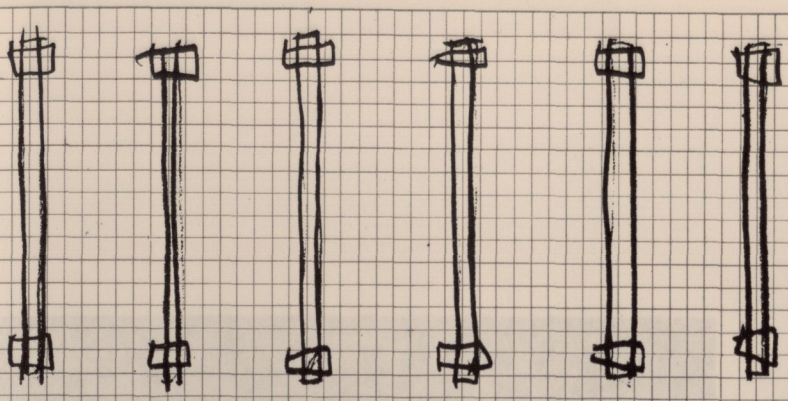
Went to trial. Judge said through an interpreter "Goldilocks and the three bears and you theenk why you trash go back to America as fast as legs can carry you and you are barred from waiting on stomachs from here to there you bigot."

."Oh shut up."

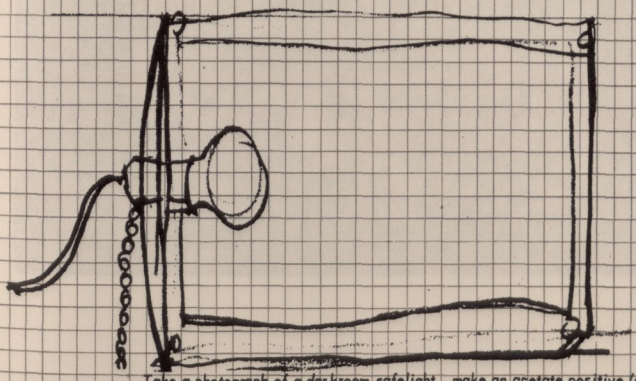
"No I won't you can't make me."

Judge spat upon him (I forgey which one) and he had to retaliate. Threw his shoelace with two escargots on each end and he hit someone who spoke both languages and also didn't like too many people who behaved so rudely. Right, what else could he do: the inevitable member wave and a few other (unmentionable in this family story) things too.

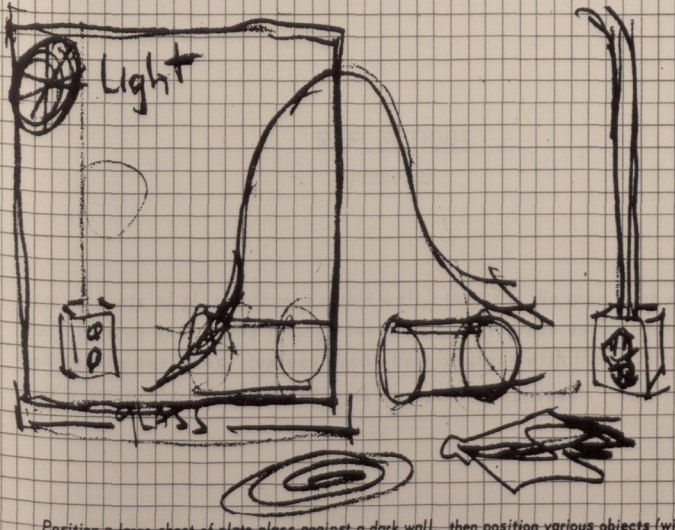
Mysteriously it all started over again at the clambake: "Garcon", "Pardonnez-moi", "Shit on my face musically this time", "Take eet or leave eet as one might say een Germanisch","Fight first if you say that", "Go to jail out of here: you make me sicker than I don't know what", etc. More people should have the dignity to feel like curtains they knew so their spokesman told everybody through several renowned (you can believe that, they were renowned often) interpreters "Behave yourselves like curtains or you

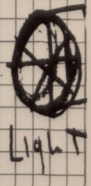


Mylar strips to be taped to one wall with an intense spot light faceing them from the opposite wall



Take a photograph of a darkroom safelight, make an acetate positive (same size), tape the positive to the front of the safelight, hang at eye level.



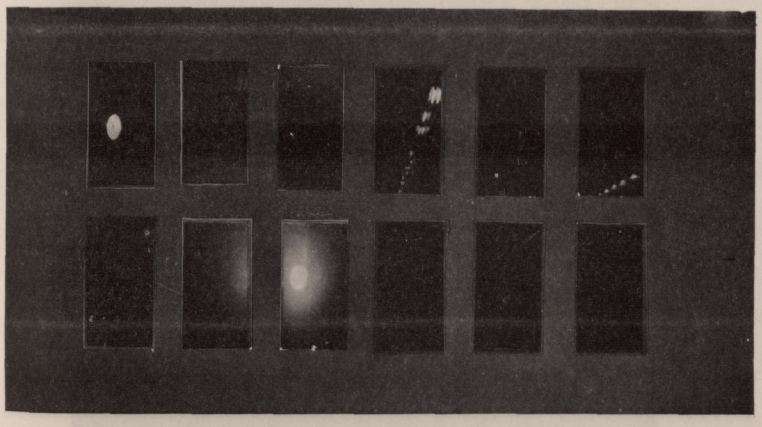


Position a large sheet of plate glass against a dark wall, then position various objects (wire, rope, cloth, motors,) both in front of and behind. Place an intense light on the glass, photograph the glass making an acetate positive, finally retape the positive to the plate glass removing all the objects, reflection is the object.

OBJECTS UPON WHICH TO REFLECT

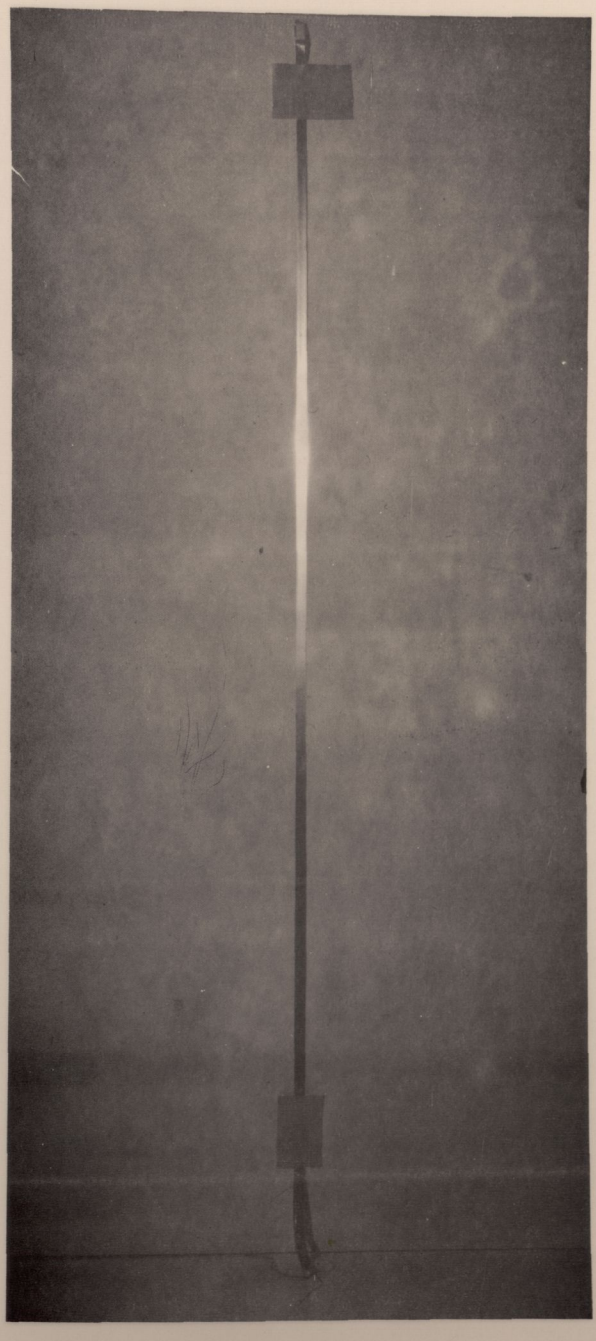
REFLECTION OBSCURES THE OBJECT

REFLECTION IS THE OBJECT



REFLECTIONS
proposal

Place sheets of glass along exhibit wall, then fill the room with objects
place various spot lights through the room. Photograph each sheet of glass
making film positives, replace each sheet of glass with the positive
finally empty the room of all objects except the positives



Elana Nachmoff

An Original Poem

By Richard M. Nixon

Twinkle,twinkle little star *
How I wonder what you are
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky.

Twinkle, twinkle little star
How I wonder where you are.

* A distinction should be made between this star and the universal one.

Elana Nachman

Christ on Water

Here the quiet radius by which he walked:
To have no doubt
not even in the farthest corner
a paw of instinct
that this thing cannot be done.
No matter whether liquid or vapor
all was him
setting out on that gnashing water
against the wind.

"He meant to pass by them."
to have no doubt
requires pure absence of thought,
no knowledge of action.

Here the quiet radius by which he walked
raised above any human wave
to where his eyes were One with
That Eye
which turns back again
pure light against the nerve of sense.

In the boat, hard at rowing,
the disciples saw and were afraid, saying:
"It is a ghost !"
But immediately he spoke to them:
"Take heart, it is I."
And the wind stopped as he sat beside
those twelve sweating
in the dark fourth watch.

He meant to pass them by.
But they, assured by his joining,
called this thing they
imagined as movement in space
a miracle
and let it go at that.

Not ever learning
the true miracle was after all
only what he said:
his humanness
his love for men
in returning
to hand them the crystal of his faith

after drowning.

Fragments from Lesbos

I.
Great stars sweep the sky.
It is early morning
in Kansas.

If I shook your shoulders
would the straw fall out?
Would your teeth
rattle like broken marbles
in the cave of your mouth?

II.
As for her,
freckled skin that flexes
in your memory of the warm afternoon
benearth the sticky sheets
in eighty seven degress of heat,
close the petals of your desire.
She is yours within heartbeat.

From Cape Pogue Meditations

Meditation III

And the water:
wears a wind chime around its throat/
cloak for god

Stomach

The wick trembles.
I sit grasping my fingers,
closing my eyelids,
thinking of beets.

Sunset Here

And these are the things that should be soothing:
a long time ago/back road
in Oregon, late summer.
Poking with her camera in long grass by a barn building
looking at things rusted and touched by insects and wind
smiling up/
daisy stalks ran against my skin/
listening to her say
"I wish I took moving pictures because everything is moving."

For the Reader of the Tarot

To write love soft poems again
among the pieces of falling bark
with the day and the hunter dark
remembering when -

But you who look and remark
on the meanness of my jewel
have found the cruel target
within light arcs

and made each arc your tool.
Castrate, then, the heavy thumb.
I will eat almonds, drink black rum,
deny you by obeying your rule.

This is my winter re-run.
Clarity, returning from the insane,
never to write love poems again
nor see the hunter in the sun.

Passage

"'Oh, Oh!' cried Tiny Tears,
flinging her golden ringlets
from side to side, 'I wish
they were dead! I wish they
all were dead!'"

-S. P. Wonder

In the dark traces drawn on sand
the woman rubs her tongue across the pillow in despair.
There is no comfort in hand on hair -
blood rots in the bellies of the damned.

Shh. You were told to beware
of buds and the snowcaps on the lake -
seasons that passion makes -
now it is too late to care

too soon to take
yourself to the place where
geese, trailing, turn back the stare
of flight for flight's sake.

Nothing touched remains fair.
The crystals reflect all they can.
After that: silence lumped cold in hand,
turning inward from the air.

Games of Chance #1: Rose the Dyke

Rose
tattooed her arms
with crayons
at the age of
twenty
and told me about
her "old lady".
Whom one night
I met.
She was 17, drinking scotch
in pink baby dolls.
I was wearing
my black dress.
The one
my mother bought me
for the casinos.

My Room Waits For Someone Who Is Not Myself To Come Beside Me In The Heavy Night, The Cool Morning Light

This room is a wound in me.
It has absorbed my expectancy,
reeks of my needs.

Suppose
you came quietly -
I have waited,
forehead pressed to window -

"No."

On Thursday the room shuddered.
The shades broke loose
and flapped against my sleep.
I sweated. Turned back the covers.
Packed the knapsack. Cursed strong drink.
Left.

Returned.

Suppose you come quietly.

"'How happy I used to feel in those days - so merry, like a fish in water.' ...
'The fool,' she cried, with a pitying smile. 'He means the time he was deranged, the time he spent in the madhouse, when he didn't know what was going on around him - that's the time he is forever praising so highly.'" - Goethe

Fish In Water

VOICE I am the distant city
secret pathways
where VOICE

VOICE here a horror superannuatedtimes toplay
whicheverkulay upon that humhummming
hushtellmeagain howto spendintent for-
aysflushin negrcblushspencer takesmiss
julietoday forcakesandale and hume for-
niKates in thehailtoolay yea take this
from me benjii take it away ah is sore
afraid to feather the bed with way VOICE

VOICE AWAKE twenty years from mesa verde POUNDING
Up in the lab they replay each tape:
Functions of behavior. Injections
twice a day. Clean Sheets. There's
a Renoir in every boudoir. VOICE

VOICE I am this thing
always riding
if you will suckle me
where
there are no lights hiding VOICE

VOICE She was a friend of mine in '69, '71,
Didn't know her well, you know,
It's hard to remember back to those times VOICE

VOICE AWAKE POUNDING
stop this now!
stop this moving along each junk strip
it keeps going and i can't tell why
the movies look the same to me
Stop thisstop this this stop this POUNDING

VOICE THE FLOOR BENEATH THE SUNKEN SKY VOICEVOICE

VOICE each island which grows inside to make white
whatever you see breaking away from me in each
flighttime face separated from the face in
equidistant space calling on BARNes oh Barnes VOICE

VOICE AWAKE SHAKING
in bed? you gotta be kidding. You'd choose
anyone else, even a dago with a lampshade
on his head, dancing on tables at parties VOICE

VOICE oh stop this car stop thisstop this this
POUNDING

I am the secret city
gone dark within

pillow life

here it is in the dark
eating this paper in the dark
with its yellow lines
this poem is a surprise for you
who know it all already

gargantua walked in with the candle
this is a sesame bread he said
a yellow opium loaf

oh for a little secret vial of motherhood
among the many scarves of your face

i am trying very hard to be blind and
dead an old wound binding
upon myself and the head
of that man who let the bullet in
but the word would not fly from him
he was tired of us
just kids
pillow life

pillow life
i love us all
i am writing this in the dark and it
is a surprise for you
Surprise!
as if it really were
time for our birthdays
as if pillows were cake
and this sweet genetic pool
a great three cent piece
engraved on the ass of god
who is sneezing

he has pillow up his nose

Biographical Note: Reed College drop - out. Mutilated Cricket wandering from coast to coast, not un-hebrew like. Strange-handed, beginning to dip them in the world. Orphaned by suicide, her own. Has never used the word "bumbershoot" in a poem. Aliases: Naomi Othman Brooke, Welschmirtz Knockum, S. Persivious Wonder.

Li Po, Li Po are you listening?
Do you think any of us know
what it is to fold our poems
into paper boats and
let them go?

Space Mirror

Liam OGallagher

ALPHABET POEM

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A

C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B

D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C

E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D

F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E

G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F

H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G

I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H

J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I

K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J

L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K

M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L

N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M

O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N

P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O

Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P

R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q

S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R

T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S

U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T

V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U

W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V

X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W

Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X

Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

Michael Joseph Phillips

alphabet
poem
#2

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
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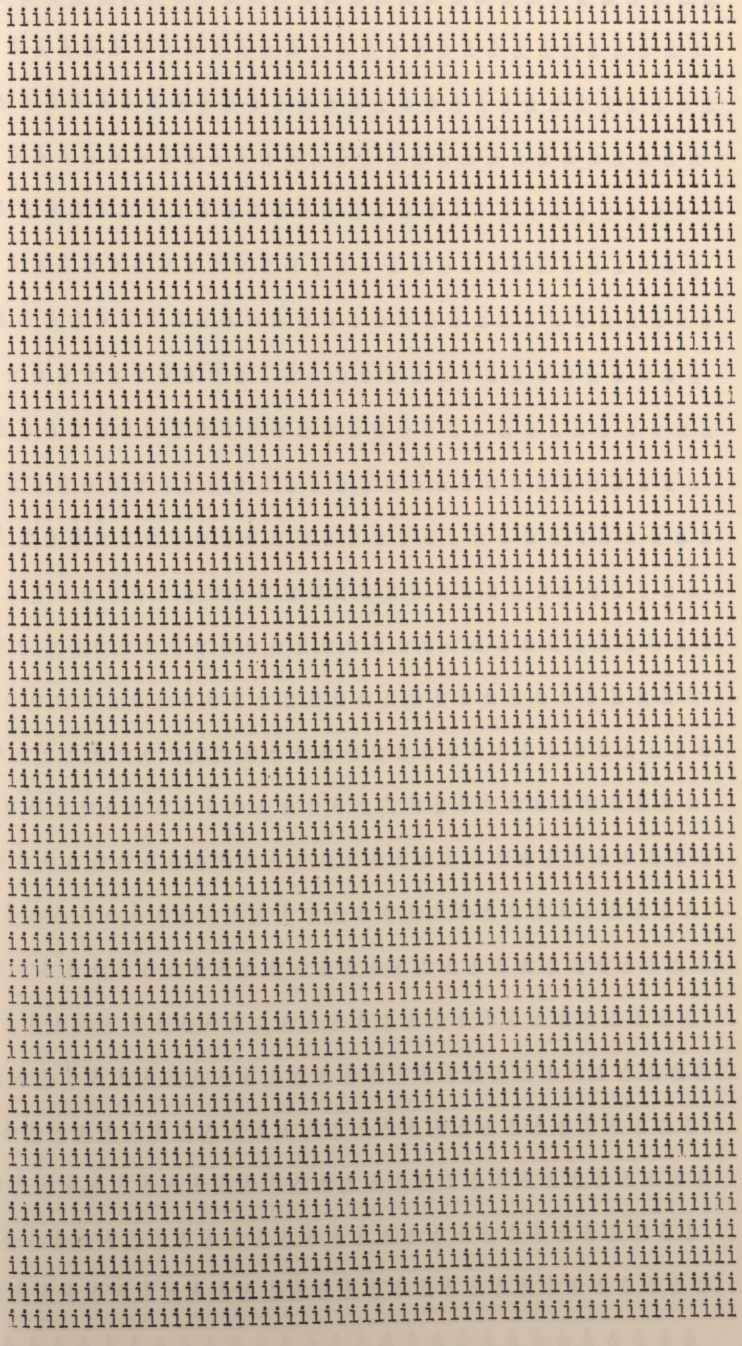
Michael Joseph Phillips

Aristotelian Introspective



Michael Joseph Phillips

Continuation #2

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Michael Joseph Phillips

Chocolate

Ed Ruscha

walls

rug [somewhere]

notes:
i. wall(s)
ii. flooring?
iii. the words "wall, rug"
impingent here. (word signi-
fying location on page as field.)
iv. impingent/impinned.
v. the page (field) creased
for arbitrary division line
(if necessary, say, as picture
or illusion.)
[1970]

retinal processing is still not understood. the optic nerves function as a section of the brain. images are

integrated in 16mm film at a speed of 24 frames/sec.

with avarage density light say 750 watts falling on the screen normal (non wide-angle) lens distance 15'.

oscilloscope sweep or one of 3 input signals can be established to almost coincide with camera frame

frequency which allows both stroboscopic effects and

serial repetitive frame order to occur according to calculations. result is afterimages and imagined

three-dimensionality, no matter, due to the nature of

the process perhaps 7/8ths of the event remains hidden to (for?) us. processing therefore is established in

the recording procedure itself that normally might occur retinally. normally referring to "non-film." we

have little comprehension as to our protection from the environment. in other words an evolutionary pattern

may have been established to blank out certain areas

of factual existence which would prove to be either useless or detremental to a continuation of the

species. we see how drug-relieved behaviour may alter

this blanking creating a state we can crudely term "acceptance." the film denies this state even with

drug patterning, substituting in its place the use of imagination for "filling in" between the frames. we

feel we must account for our experiences even if they formulate themselves according to illusory laws or

assumptions. / model with negative accident

is a work juxtaposing two unrelated contents for no apparent reason at all.

writing as a form of crystallized verbal communication relies least of all the media on exterior processing.

presuming that the symbol flow is comprehensible (noise

kept to a minimum) the processing that does occur is based entirely on neural-glial logic and memory banks.

speech has been used by jung piaget structuralists etc. to

cases of negative verification

the "truth" of certain situations is non-verifiable. this has no bearing on their factuality ("existence"). we dismiss the "behaviour of the rat in a black-box" at present to consider instances related to a general description of reality.

I. driver, in a letter to nature, 226, 968, discusses "protean displays as inducers of conflict." protean behaviours are defined as "behaviours which are sufficiently unsystematic in appearance to prevent a reactor predicting in detail the position and/or actions of the actor... the simplest and most widespread example is the single erratic display of a fleeing animal, characterized by unpredictable turns." a difficulty arises in considering protean behaviours from a genetic standpoint. we note two things: 1. genetics works basically through a linear (aristotelian) viewpoint with certain allowable breakdowns which have been named "mutations." 2. protean behaviour is essentially non-linear. furthermore, if protean behaviour characterized the genetic legacy of one generation to another (it doesn't), genetics would cease to operate linearly. in certain areas of human endeavor such as art, mysticism, literature, etc. behaviour is protean. the artist "creates his own task"; when the task produces marketable results, we have merchandise. a negative tendency is constantly at work; as in technology, one avoids repetition (of style, content, etc.) this description hinges on the word "erratic;" if "erratic" means entirely unpredictable, no "verifiable" situations may be established to determine the "truth" or "falsity" of protean behaviour. a situation such as this may be termed "negative verification." the results of artistic endeavor constitute one such situation; the course of human technology, another. (the "course of human technology": means simply that we cannot "predict" history.)

II. a chart presented in koestler's the act of creation: the y-axis characterizes the degree of verifiability; the x-axis, the degree of subjectivity. (y is also termed "objective," and x, "emotional.") the following subjects are then arranged on a hyperbolic branch with the x and y axes as asymptotes: chemistry, biochemistry, biology, medicine, psychology, anthropology, history, biography, novel, epic, lyric. science ("pure" science) on one end; art on the other. according to the diagram, art affects the emotional; science, the objective. presumeably, science "tells us" about the world, while art is concerned with the emotional (or lack of it). we may take a counter view, however: that art, instead of being "non-verifiable," deals with the non-verifiable. this "dealing with" creates a semi-verification, however, through aesthetic theory and social assimilation. when this occurs, a new movement or "work" is formulated by means of a protean process.

contemporary "work," therefore, remains as a functional non-linear description of reality, which is linearized by historical-critical processes. according to this view, art, like technology, is categorized by "progress;" we speak accurately when considering one work an "advance" over another.

III. art, in dealing with the non-verifiable, concerns itself with synchronicity, and "that which cannot be formulated" from a semantic-logical point of view. with both "things," it is impossible to establish any sort of "verification procedure" or methodology of experimentation. again, this has no bearing on their factuality. even in conceptual processes, verification procedure is only local; that is, it "explains" perhaps the appearance of the relevant physical object. it does not however explain the existence of the created object or the existence of the explanation itself. both object and explanation "rub" against each other, and the real context they are placed in. this "rubbing" determines "conceptual art" as art, and not as informative factual experimentation in the first place.

IV. self-related work. a work (of any sort) is "self-related" if it speaks about itself. in other words, if it defines (by any means) a class of objects of which it itself is a member. self-related works may be considered closed systems or tautologies. we postulate that all art works are self-related, that a consideration of their historicity is secondary to their impact or artistic "advance." (obviously, historical process must be taken into account in order to view the advance as such, but the work generates its own system incorporating previous systems. hence the idea that works of art sum up all art history before their creation.)][fuss. the fuss is being made because of the importance of art/magic, etc. if these fields were only important because of "pure" history or because of socio-economic forces, they would then warrant no attention from directions concerned with "exploration" of reality. it is a fact, however, that they can directly explore areas of negative verification - areas in which the word "verification" itself loses denotation. we should not suppose that this exploration is less scientific than any other method of inquiry. (what do we mean when we state "yes, but it will tell us less"?)

alan sondheim

snow]
are inches
falling[

XCQWP BNKJVS FGHZTD

by Ronald M. Spatz

Friends:

The monument is almost erected. Unveiling will occur promptly on the seventeenth day. Formal attire, including patent leather footwear, will be observed. Buffet will be available before and after the interment. Permits will be issued. Buses taken and so forth.

Vehicular homicide is committed from time to time, and yet we must consider and remember the consequences of such an act. Intent is most important, as determined in the tire tread's depth or lack of it.

Keep in mind dear friends, it is difficult to deny a departure. Late comers can not be admitted.

Yours,

Pasha Frablischer

Fat cells growing. Dividing. Cysts taking root upon eye: lids and brows. Polyps swinging to and fro against the colon walls. Small ingrown wires causing multiple abrasions at the surface. Blood in tubers spills out. Water fills the lungs and gills pulsate. Snouts unearth maggots and ant farms. Instinct becomes acute. Survival, momentarily in doubt, is revived.

Euphemia seemed happy to see me; greetings. On the nylon pile rug, the condomic universe accepted the fusing sand: electricity generated, revolving in free fall, touching liquid wax at each turn of the nimbus clouds.

A lone parachute opened. Restraint. The drifting, stethoscoping, the silk shroud collapsing.

"If in a dream, in a fall," she had explained, "if you can't awake before the interment, then death displaces the dream." Euphemia was asleep; all precautions had been taken. I touched her.

My hand passed upon the tracing, the greys entwined with shadow light.

Putting in and taking out of envelopes. Some with dessicated mucilage to be wetted and tin clips to be bent; others needing but an insertive finger to instigate a response. At times, surgery is the only means to reduce the swelling.

The balding process once begun is halted under a veil of naked skin, its roots dead, is abandoned; polished with time, softened by rain, and finally curling in senility with the bone.

I watched television as the sorting continued.

In the hospital waiting room, victory had been predicted and...

BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLET
BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLET

"Combined wire services report confirmation of death. The department of defense has declined comment, but government officials on the scene said later that the President had been informed and was deeply saddened. To repeat, combined wire services report confirmation of death. Stay tuned for further developments."

.....

the clergy, empowered by the state to perform certain rites, closed

Ronald M. Spatz was born in 1940 in New York City, and was educated at Lehman College of the City University of New York.

the bedroom door behind them, and retraced their steps; a husband and his wife emerged from cobalt therapy and were met by applause, followed by the arrest of body function.

"The wild growth of cells," doctor Redford lamented...

BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLET
BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLETIN BULLET

"Combined wire services report that doctor Jonathan Redford, taken into custody by police late last evening, as a material witness, has been found dead in his cell. According to reliable sources, doctor Redford had been despondent for some time. Cause of death has yet to be determined. To repeat, doctor Jonathan Redford has been found dead in his cell. Stay tuned for futher developments."

.....

while lubricating a thermometer.

"What happens if it's normal doctor?"

Enough of this device, I thought, as I unplugged the set.

My appendages asleep, and nothing to do, I was bored. Fantasying my will, those bequeathed did manage to pay their respects.

XCQWP BNKJVS FGHZTD

The plot is suspect.

The clinical detachment of scientists priming paint, spies storing data: enter.

"Good of you to come," Meg said softly.

"What rooms are involved?"

"All of em. Everything must be as it was by six fourteen. White, french white, to be exact. It's all the same."

With long tenuous strokes, the roller slid, dripped; the walls resisted. The hangings gone, the nails implanted in the plaster were growing: the bulbous heads flowering - orange brown bacillus rods.

"Mathematics is the purest form of art." She stated while assaulting the mouldings. The cardinality of rational numbers, (which usually precipitated a rouge taint in her cheeks,) was not considered. She wore black.

Plans exchanged, were faked on the spot.

"Good of you to come," Meg said softly and departed.

Waiting, I watched the paint dry, crack, and drop off.

"Stephanie, are you a virgin?"

"Uh huh."

Key hole blur, making sense: 'Deutschland Über Alles.'

bumm bumm bumm bumm bumm bumm bumm bumm bumm.....

Let us play.

In their sand-bagged bunker, the controllers alloted space for radar blips. The time factor complicated the undertaking. (The transference to ground levels is required by law.)

"Trans World four two one, this is Blithe Approach Control.

Maintain three thousand. Little or no delay. Blithe landing: runway three, left. Blithe weather: five thousand scattered; estimated ceiling, nine hundred overcast; visibility, one eighth of a mile; light rain. Wind is west at six knots; the altimeter, falling."

straining metal. flaps down. engines in funk. final instructions. four point positioning. night. friction. rubber. shriek. fever. pressure. convulsing. skull. stop.

plosh plosh plosh plosh plosh plosh plosh plosh plosh plosh plosh

"Passport please. Anything to declare?"

"bare feet - water"

SWAT!

U.S. Customs

P A S S E D F R E E

New York

Plywood temporary terminal facility. Misloid baggage. Inset glass viewing platform. Relations. Peeking. Pawing. Pawning. Tonguing. Laughing. Luring. Lolling. Lopping. Smiling. Snorting. Sweating. Smoking. Wining. Waving. Fawning. Farting.

POOF!

Inset glass viewing platform. Transparent finger painting.

POOF!

Inset glass viewing platform. Fog mildew fungus.

p l i p p l i p p l i p

p l i p p l i p p l i p

Safe cavern. Block letters.

XCQWP BNKJVS FGHZTD

p l i p p l i p p l i p

p l i p p l i p

p l i p p l i p

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p l i p

p l i p

p l i p

p l i p

p l i p p l i p p l i p

Dripstone.

A SHORT STORY BY NANCY WEBER

Dear Mother & Dad,

Right now you think I'm asleep & I would be except that the way you were looking at me during dinner scared me so much that I kept having bumpy dreams about your putting me in packages, mailing me to Alaska, etc.; & finally I got up & crept down the hall & sat outside your door to see if you were plotting this thing, & you were.

Listen. That's a very poor beginning. Because the whole point of this is: Don't send me

away, I'm sane.

I am sane. I AM SANE.

Hi. Remember me? I'm the one who plays tennis "Can a tennis player be crazy?" the crazy young girl asked. "Not if her serve is great," the enemy had to admit.

Not that you're the enemy, only why do you fight my mind? No, that isn't right either. You think it's fighting you - but it isn't! It just has to do some private things, that's all. Things that may seem STRANGE to you, but it's not doing them in order to be strange to you, do you understand? In a way, in a very good way, you're irrelevant to the whole thing, do you know what I mean?

You don't, of course. You're a hopless rear, ha ha. ROYYEN. I'm your own FLESH AND BLOOD & you're sending me to Alaska just like that. THIRD CLASS. Christ almighty where is your ♡? Did the television set chew it up?

Listen. I ignore that sort of stuff. I'm not "hostile." Really, it's just, well come on, guys, wouldn't you be a little jumpy if you knew they were planning to send you away? In a damp cardboard box?

Listen. All this up till now has been a JOKE, just doing what's

expected of her, following her sick patterns, etc. BUT WHO CARES ABOUT HER? Let's get back to the TENNIS PLAYER. Whom you want to put away.

ALL RIGHT. I did some purple things. But whom did I hurt? Whose eyes did I step in? Did I blow smoke on your roseleafs? Whose shoes did I fill with peanut butter? Did I laugh at your piano? Did I slap anyone's thoughts? What strawberries are missing? Who is ugly for having known me?

No. Listen, really. Let's talk about my tennis game. Remember the time I went up to the club with Janet & Jay? And Mrs. Englehart called to tell you what an absolutely great serve I had? And how sweet my butt was in my piqué tennis dress? And what a little DOLL I was en generale? Remember? Well, call her up! Ask her if that darling girl should be shipped to Alaska COLLECT.

Don't call now, though, it's the middle of the night, you'd wake her up. Wait till morning. SEE? How considerate I am? Would a MAD girl think of waiting till morning to wake a musty old bitch? Why even SANE people have been known to make urgent dying breathless strawberry calls in the middle of the night. PERHAPS I AM TOO SANE! PERHAPS I SHOULD BE SENT TO A SMOKEHOUSE TO BE DRAINED OF MY EXCESS SANENESS!

Are you sleeping well? What do parents dream of the night they decide to send their daughter away? Are your dreams full of weeping flowers? Are the trees out to get you?

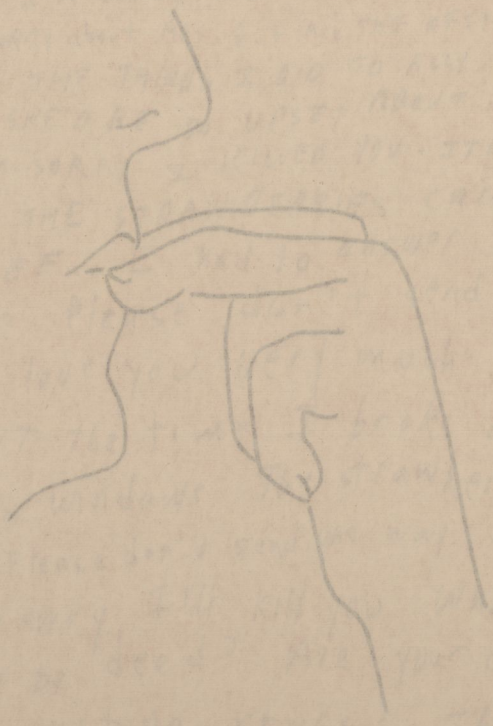
Aren't I a nice girl? Please let

me stay. I won't go back to school, but I promise never again to roller skate across the dining room date. Please? Maybe I stay just a little while more? Till the trees are ripe again & the Good Humor man comes?

LISTEN. I'M SORRY ABOUT EVERYTHING, REALLY I AM. I'M SORRY about MRS. E. & ALL THE REST. I'M SORRY ABOUT THE THINGS I DID TO ALLY. I DIDN'T KNOW SHE'D BE SO UPSET ABOUT THE WATER. I'M SORRY I KILLED YOU. IT WAS JUST THAT THE STRAWBERRIES CRIED TO BE FREE. I had to answer them, didn't I? Please don't send me away. I love you very much. I'm sorry about the time I broke all the kitchen windows. The strawberries are so nice. Please don't send me way. IF you send me away I'll kill you. What is it like to be dead? Are your dreams full of vomiting stars? The STRAWBERRIES ARE SO WET. I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH. I'M SORRY THAT I KILLED YOU PLEASE DON'T SEND ME AWAY. I'M REALLY VERY SANE. PLEASE DON'T SEND ME AWAY I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN

BROTHER. Touch first and second fingers of right hand to lips. Then make sign for MAN.

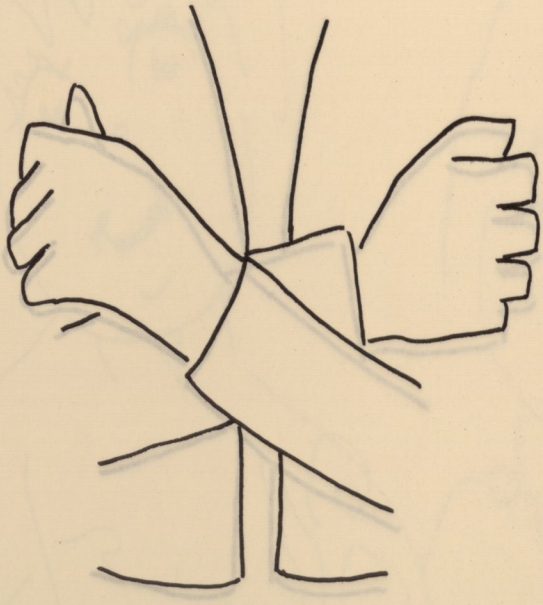
Breathed from the Great Spirit,



R.

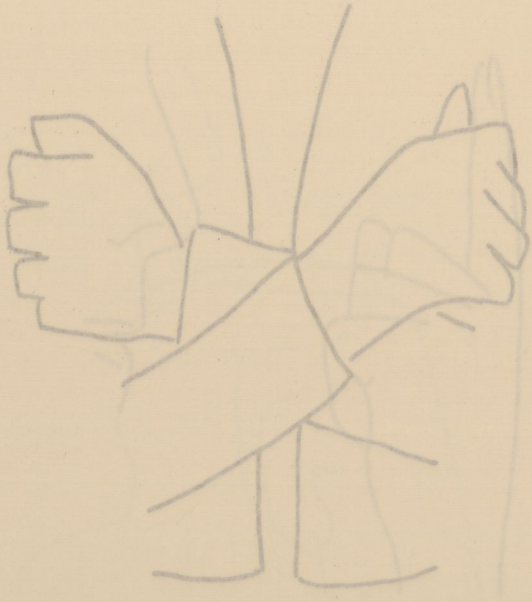
MAN. Hold up right index finger in front of face.

one, an example, I,



FOND (meaning: pressed to the heart). Cross wrists, in front and above the heart, right near body. Press.

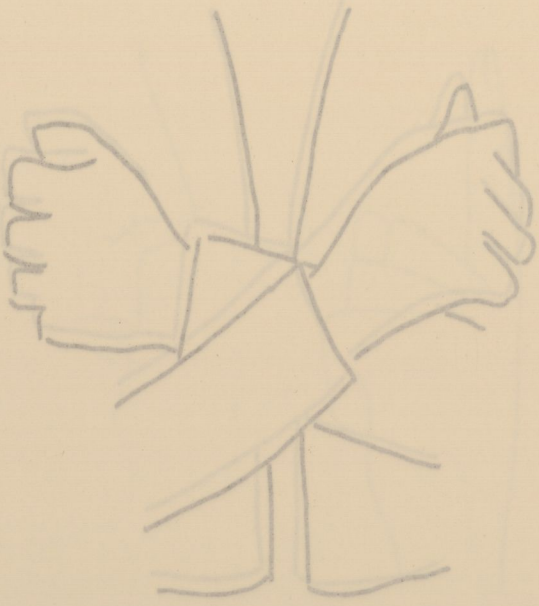
cross my heart,

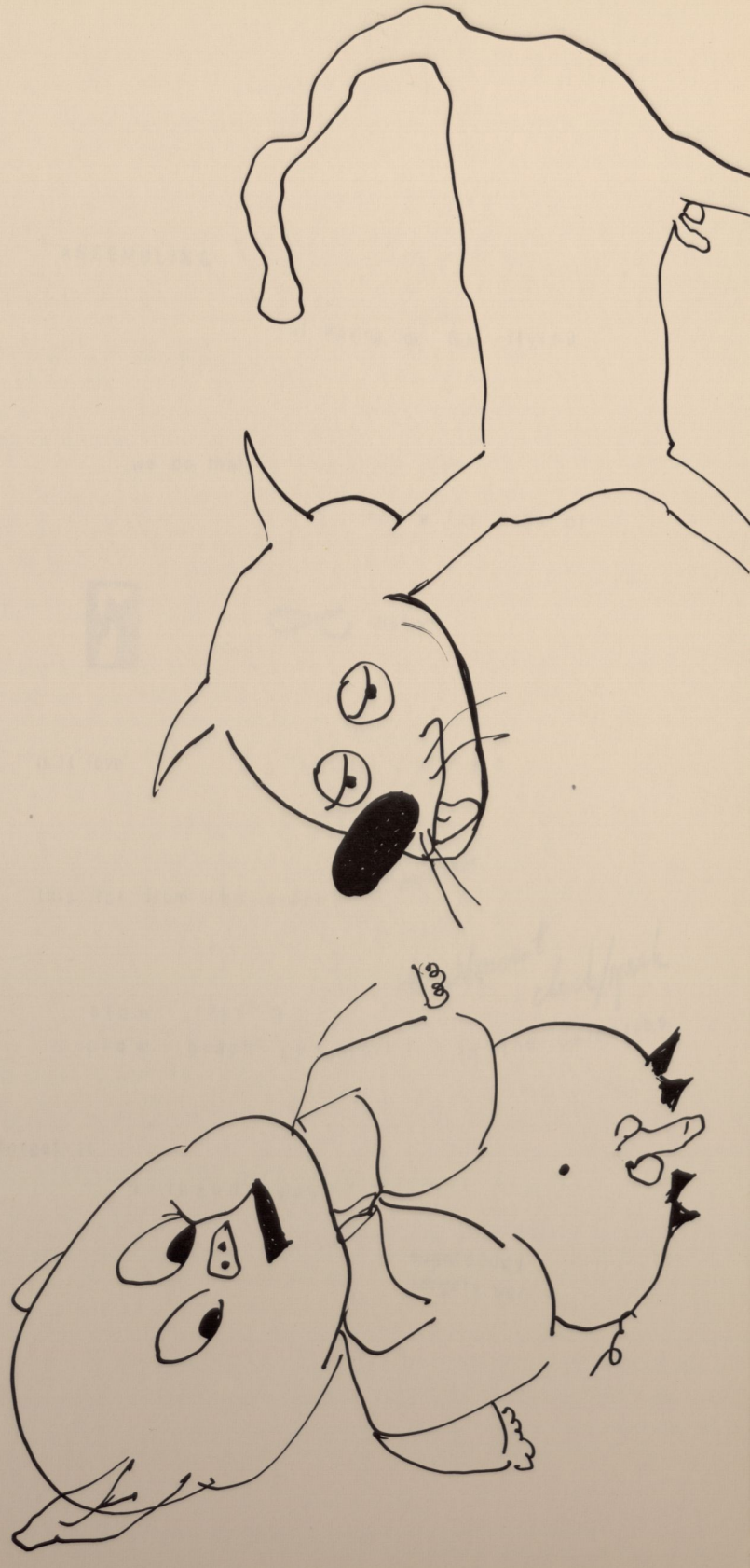


LOVE. Make the sign for FOND, press harder.

love you.

Hannah Weiner



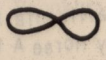


ASSEMBLING

or leaving, for G.M. flying

we do that

before the page of



names

is it love is it greed

this far from the ocean

F minor

to pheasant cluck/squak

slow rhythm

slow graph of foothills to the Catoctins

forget it

I lazed away

sugardaddy
forgets war

play your whitepiano man
the cat hups on the porch

you're leaving the farm
you don't own it

suffices graffitti
we each have a ourfeit

need another damn language

Dear God: Give Me Peace, i.e.,
a small farm, good barn and
fences. Amen. And keep me
from California, Amen.
Make My Horse A Winner.

so goodbye goodbye
make it home

you give your whitepiano
to the girl you introduced
when we were boys

she keeps my memories

you'll float that lookedupsomewhere look
and bring her back
you hear

STEPHEN WIEST

RONALD M. SPATZ, born in New York City, recently graduated from Lehman College CUNY. His unpublished works include more stories and several plays.

KEITH WALDROP teachs English at Brown University, runs a magazine and press called Burning Deck , and his more conventional poems were collected in A Windmill Near Calvery (1968). Rosemarie Waldrop is his legalized wife.

NANCY WEBER lives in New York. She asks that it be known that she loves her mother and father. Her first novel will appear in the spring of 1971.

STEVE WELTE lives beneath the Brooklyn Bridge.

HANNAH WEINER works as a designer of underwear. As a poet and artist she has contributed to magazines and anthologies. She has done performance pieces and has recently completed an extended work that remains unpublished.

ADDENDUM

DAN GRAHAM works on the interface of criticism, art and literature. His recent works, including poetry and art criticism, were collected in End Moments (1970), which he published himself. He is said to possess one of the imaginative minds of the age.

MICHAEL METZ, born in New York in 1945, has been "trying to set up a studio that would let me produce as much as I needed [in Providence, R.I.]. I have given up and am moving back within the year."

STEPHEN WIEST wishes no biographical note.

GIVEN ASSEMBLING'S COMPOSITIONAL PROCESS, THERE IS NO SUCH ENTITY AS A "DEFECTIVE" COPY.

BERNADETTE MAYER, co-founder and co-editor of 0 to 9 has contributed poems and stories to numerous New York magazines.

CAROLE SPEARIN McCAULEY, Associate editor of Panache is currently completing a novel with the assistance of a computer. Its tentative title is Ingrid Watts.

PETER MELNICK, born in Brooklyn in 1943, has contributed to Panache. He was last seen traveling from North Carolina (where he graduated college) to Canada.

RICHARD MELTZER, author of The Aesthetics Of Rock (1970) calls his Assembling contribution Rin Tin Tin's Asshole and Penis. "It's a thousand pages of all different shit (including the only copy of the only novel I ever wrote) so each one-page thing is gonna be a whole different show stopper."

ELANA NACHMAN was last seen on the way to Europe, planning to attend the fall 1970 session of The California Institute of The Arts. Previously she had checked out Reed College and studied writing in Chicago.

LIAM O' GALLAGHER identifies himself as an intermedia artist. He has worked in language, image and sound. Planet Noise (1969) and Fruit Cup (1969) collect his visual poetry which also appeared in Imaged Words and Worded Images. He lives in San Francisco's Chinatown.

MICHAEL JOSEPH PHILLIPS teaches English and Creative Writing at The University of Wisconsin (Milwaukee). He has published poems in many magazines and limited editions.

EDWARD RUSCHA, a painter, has also published his own remarkable books: Twenty-Six Gasoline Stations (1962), Some Los Angeles Apartments (1965), Sunset Strip (1966), Thirty-four Parking Lots (1967), Nine Swimming Pools (1968), and Stain (1969).

ALAN SONDHEIM, who teaches at The Rhode Island School of Design has written poems and essays, made films, exhibited sculpture, produced theatre, recorded his music and is both the editor and printer of Occasional Press.

Contributors to this ASSEMBLING

Vito Acconci
Tom Ahern
Arakawa
Lee Baxandall
Gay Beste
George Chambers
Marvin Cohen
Regina Cohen
Mad Dog
Raymond Federman
Rosalie Frank
Paul Friedman
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Dan Graham
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Jan Jacob Herman
Roni Hoffman
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Robert Lax
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