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Assembling

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ASSEMBLING 13.1

ASSEMBLED BY

CHARLES DORIA
ANDREA SCHWARTZ
ANDREA VON MILBACHER
KARL YOUNG

ASSEMBLING PRESS 1987

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Assembling 13 was collated and bound by faculty, students, and staff at the Duglass Campus of Rutgers University, New Brunswick, NJ, Mason Gross School of the Arts, Visual Arts Department. *Thank you one and all!*

All business and professional correspondence:

ASSEMBLING PRESS
P.O. Box 1967
Brooklyn, NY 11202

All other mail:

C. Doria - ASSEMBLING PRESS
C/O Rutgers University
Mason Gross School of the Arts
Visual Arts Dept.
358 George St.
New Brunswick, NJ 08903

COVER DESIGN: Charles Doria
TITLE PAGE: Andrea von Milbacher
CONTRIBUTORS' PAGE: Andrea Schwartz

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RE-ASSEMBLING ONCE AGAIN

For this issue of **Assembling**, contributors were asked to supply 200 copies each of one, two, or three 8 1/2" x 14" sheets. Anyone could contribute, and contributors alone decided what work would be included, without advice or direction from an editor. Except for the sheet size and the number of copies, that's how **Assembling** has come together through its first twelve issues. In this issue, contributors were also asked to use color in some way.

The initial impulse behind **Assembling** was the need to create a medium in which contributors would have absolute artistic freedom. Early issues bore the subtitle "A Collection of Otherwise Unpublishable Manuscripts." Although these issues included work that could be, and often was, published elsewhere, the subtitle conveys some of the sense of urgency behind the magazine. It was founder Richard Kostelanetz's contention that the best work produced in this country was unpublishable not because it was bad, but because it was too good -- it presented too much of a challenge and a threat to established publishing houses. In many respects, he was right. However, during **Assembling's** first decade, small presses were active and healthy. Many had the courage to publish daring work; others had a commitment to work that may not have been all that radically new but still, for market reasons, would not be published by established houses. At the beginning of 1987, the small press movement of the 60's and 70's seems to be dying or becoming complacent. Many presses have ceased to operate for lack of funds. Many of those that are still going have become dismally predictable. Most magazines represent one clique or another and the tables of contents for magazines in any one clique are little more than rearrangements of the same lists of names. This is not to say that there is necessarily something wrong with the artists whose names appear in those lists; it is to say that there is other work, at least as good, that simply doesn't appear. I think this sort of stagnation finds its base in a curious kind of market censorship -- editors feel that by publishing recognized artists they may better be able to attract an audience and to hold on to their precarious grants.

The need for recognized artists leads us to a much deeper and more dangerous problem, the problem of the need for reassuring authority. Editors of stagnant magazines feel assured that what they do has value if they publish recognized work; readers can feel assured if they feel the works they see have been consecrated by a consensus of opinion established more than a decade ago, and given a stamp of approval by an editor, even if that editor may be as insecure as they are. It might be argued that such works aren't really read, they simply confer a type of status on editors, and assure readers that their taste is good.

Assembling constantly challenges the complacency of editors and readers, returning responsibility to artists and authority to their audiences. The artists themselves chose what to print and how to go about doing it. No production restrictions, other than page size, hamper them. Any defect -- from conception to execution -- is the artist's fault. Readers themselves have to determine what has value for them, without any reassuring authority figure validating anything. No mediator stands between artists and audience judgement. Publication in **Assembling** simply makes work available; it doesn't validate or consecrate anything, nor does it offer anyone any kind of assurance. These are basic tenants of any sort of freedom. They may be frightening, but the alternative is even more frightening. Look at the world around you and you'll see the results of people abdicating their responsibilities and placing their trust in authority figures.

The fact that **Assembling** doesn't validate or consecrate anything tends to focus attention on the work itself and away from the artist. It sometimes takes a bit of effort even to find the name of the author of a given page. I don't advocate anonymity (I label my own contributions), but I do think the way **Assembling** shifts attention from the artist to the work is a healthy corrective to the current overemphasis on personality.

I mentioned market censorship above. **Assembling** can help

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alleviate this problem to some extent, but not as much as we'd like. The problem that remains is the cost of printing contributions. "Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own printing presses," runs an old saw in small press circles. Most contributors don't own presses, and are faced with ever escalating printing costs. The smaller press run of this issue may help, but still a solution to this problem remains unfound. Perhaps contributions by some of the Soviet Samizdat artists, who are used to a more severe sort of censorship than we find in North America, may suggest solutions to the rest of us.

There have been several aspects of **Assembling** that weren't clearly thought out when the magazine was first conceived, but which have helped make it one of the best magazines around. Collage and chance processes have dominated the arts throughout this century, and **Assembling**, with its varied contributors sequenced in alphabetical order, seems to be the chance generated collage par excellence. Performance art has become increasingly important as we've moved closer to the end of the millennium, and **Assembling** is a sort of Happening done in print, an Event created by a number of people going in different directions, following a simple program, unable to see the final result until the Event has been completed.

We hope that the page size and the request for color will be creative and challenging factors in this issue. In the invitations I sent out, I suggested that contributors might think of three sheet contributions as mini-books or to work in terms of two page openings or spreads. Aside from any retinal, emotional, or symbolic qualities color may have, it allows greater complexity of information to be conveyed. For instance, by using two colors you can superimpose one text over another and still let each be legible; using color, a contributor can create an illusion of depth, so that one visual field or text can seem to appear over another, or to block out another;in a performance score, you can color code the text so that several participants can distinguish their parts by color. There are many other possibilities for constructive use of color that we may hope to see extended in this issue.

The assemblers are trying to bring in contributions from countries outside the United States and we hope to see **Assembling** become more of an international magazine. **Assembling** has always tended to cut across barriers of one sort or another, primarily those set up by cliques and users of different methods. In past issues, concrete poetry has appeared adjacent to performance scores, language centered pieces have faced projective verse, mail art has appeared in conjunction with conceptual work, fluxus has bumped into academia, etc. The magazine should be a place where different points of view and opposing methods can come together, encouraging interaction, constructive debate, and, ideally, mutual tolerance. I hope that constructive diversity will continue to grow in each successive issue. This should be increased and enhanced by international participation.

Assembling 13 appears in sections. Every time the assemblers get 200 copies of 100 pages, they bind it into a section. The first 100 pages received are **Assembling 13, #1**, the next 100 are **Assembling 13, #2**, etc. This allows for multiple deadlines, so people who were ready to go wouldn't have to wait, while those who needed more time wouldn't be rushed, and allows contributors from other countries more postage time. We may see some shifts in emphasis through the sections of **13**.

One of the most interesting things to me about past issues of **Assembling** has been the need felt by some contributors to test the few limits placed on them by the magazine's format. I was one of the few contributors to #12 to follow the request that works address the notion "our place in nature, and nature's place in us." I imagine quite a few contributors will ignore the request for color, and I hope that others will find ingenious ways to work against the magazine's format. Such impulses get us started; how intelligently we use them is our own responsibility.

--Karl Young

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SPIRAL REPORT

Good evening Ladies and Gentlemen, Who is this God of yours? Rumours have spread of mysterious explosions. Examine your own history.

Connective tissue non functional when there is no-thing to contain. Dis-integrating...I (who?)...spiralling into - madness? Does it matter? Who cares! Bliss, blissful, blissed out, blessed, Chaos is irrelevant, Entropy,no sweat. Solid (so called) objects - tricksters in space -waylay body parts. ("Francie", my mother said, "you'll never be a dancer. You're clumsy")
Barely nimble enough to negotiate the shifting quicksands misnomered, "Terra Firma", I skid (DWI) into alchemical nothingness - a Tabula Rasa in which all is possible and probably its opposite.

A speck of dust haloed on a white page shares eternity with the lineaments of a hand in repose sharing eternity with the shadow of a leaf. Serpentine ecstasies lurk in the buzzing of a chain saw. The slam of a car door spawns aural cuneiform nuclei. The sea is a Naiad, sinuous in sundance, and I no longer yearn to decipher the arcane codes quivering the flowerbed.

At last! I confess it. I am a beggar in the world, finished with lugging the lodestone, Pride, through Eternal Return. I celebrate each day's pilgrimage through a vortex of co(s)mic prisms by flapping my vulnerabilities in the wind - situational stigmata for the witnessing of all concerned ...or otherwise.

Treachery! Betrayal! Slam Bam. Thank you ma'am. Ecstasy,that macho defector, is off to the races, or, more likely, to greener fields to plow. Crashing, with no collision insurance from that pie guy in the sky, synchronicities gyrate into curves tossed from left field. Synapses zapped, Anarchy (ever on the alert for a tidy calm to shatter) pre-empts time/space, confronting me with myself as a mucked up computer gone haywired on a microbiotic diet of jammed signals, mix-mashed messages, and steeplechase programming.

Super Ego, home from sabbatical (reluctant to relinquish status, loathe to perish) dodges terminal blows to re-cue strident tapes early installed on auto-reverse in my brain. A motley,polyphonic crew, posing as respectable personae, squats in residence in my porous psyche, jostling for position, quibbling over territorial imperatives, quarreling about which cargo belongs to whom.

I dreamed I destroyed everything I touched.
I dreamed I poisoned myself with noxious fumes.
I dreamed of a clay pedestal with no heroine or Goddess to top it.
I dreamed of my shadow side as a small, dark child, mute and terrified.
I dreamed of Ceres as a trespassed field, targeted as fair prey for the stalking.

Chinese Sage says, "Greater vehicles, lesser vehicles, no matter.
All will be towed away at owner's expense."

Our Creatrix, Avatar Appassionata, Whole, Holy, Hologram be Thy Name.

This morning New York streets are a garden of earthly delights, peopled by numinous beings, whose disguise does not obliterate the divinity igniting their eyes.

Here, I, alone in the twilight, balancing, motionless, on a work in progress. There, poised, flickering, at the center of the tableau..... there are clues.

Frances Alenikoff
October 1986 copywright ©

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Earth Form #1
Memory of Baby : A Narrative

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Earth Form # 2
Baby's Last Toy: The Narrative Continued

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Easter Form #3
We Visit His Strange Every Day:
The Narrative Does Not End

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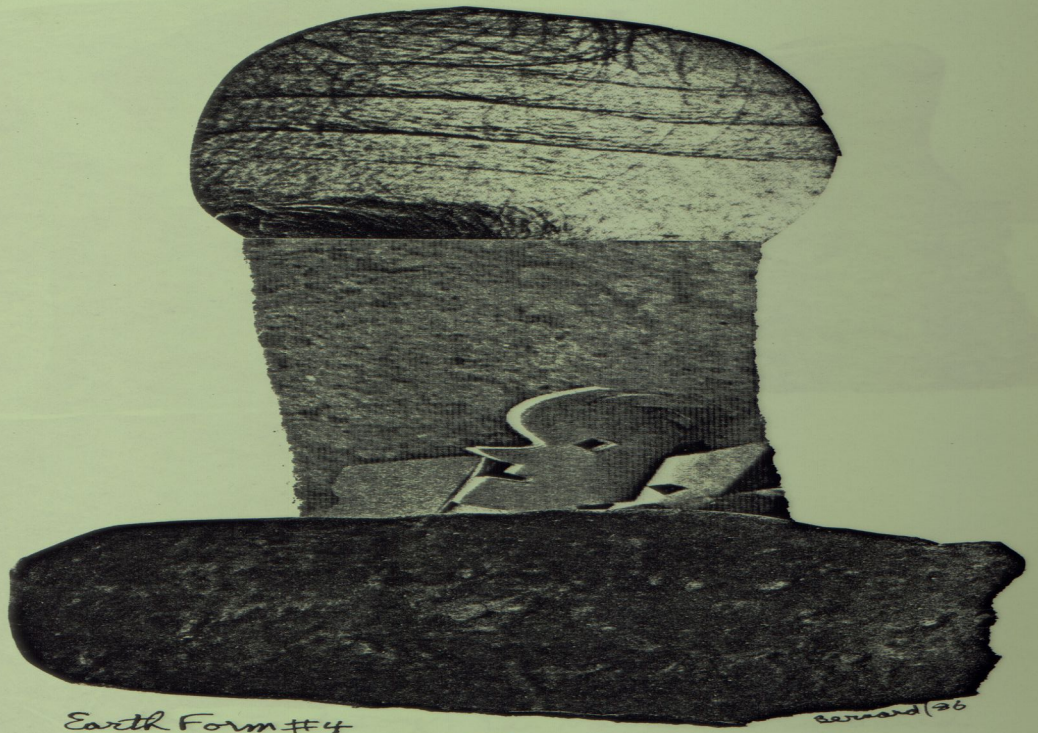

Earth Form #4
But Nothing Grows There : . . . Neither
Does the Narrative Progress

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Geronimo.

Geronimo, the Apache Medicine Man, who has been a Man-Killer and a Man-Destroyer.

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THINGS I HAVE NEVER HAD

Blonde hair
Blue eyes
A poem in The New Yorker
A personal ad in New York Magazine
A nose job
A sexual surrogate
Sewing skills
Knitting skills
Mechanical skills
Blonde hair
Blue eyes
More than one man in bed with me at the
    same time
Braces
A pet snake
~~A poem in an experimental magazine~~
~~Blonde hair~~
Blue eyes
An extra typewriter ribbon to use when the
    one I'm typing on runs dry--

Laura Boss

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MY MOTHER'S FEARS AND MY LOVER'S FEARS

My lover's fears are that certain
    items in my poem
    "Things I Have Never Had" will be crossed off

My mother's fears are that certain
    items in my poem
    "Things I Have Never Had" will be crossed off
    and moreover published crossed off
    (and those facts revealed for all the world to see)
    in a magazine that features experimental work

Laura Boss

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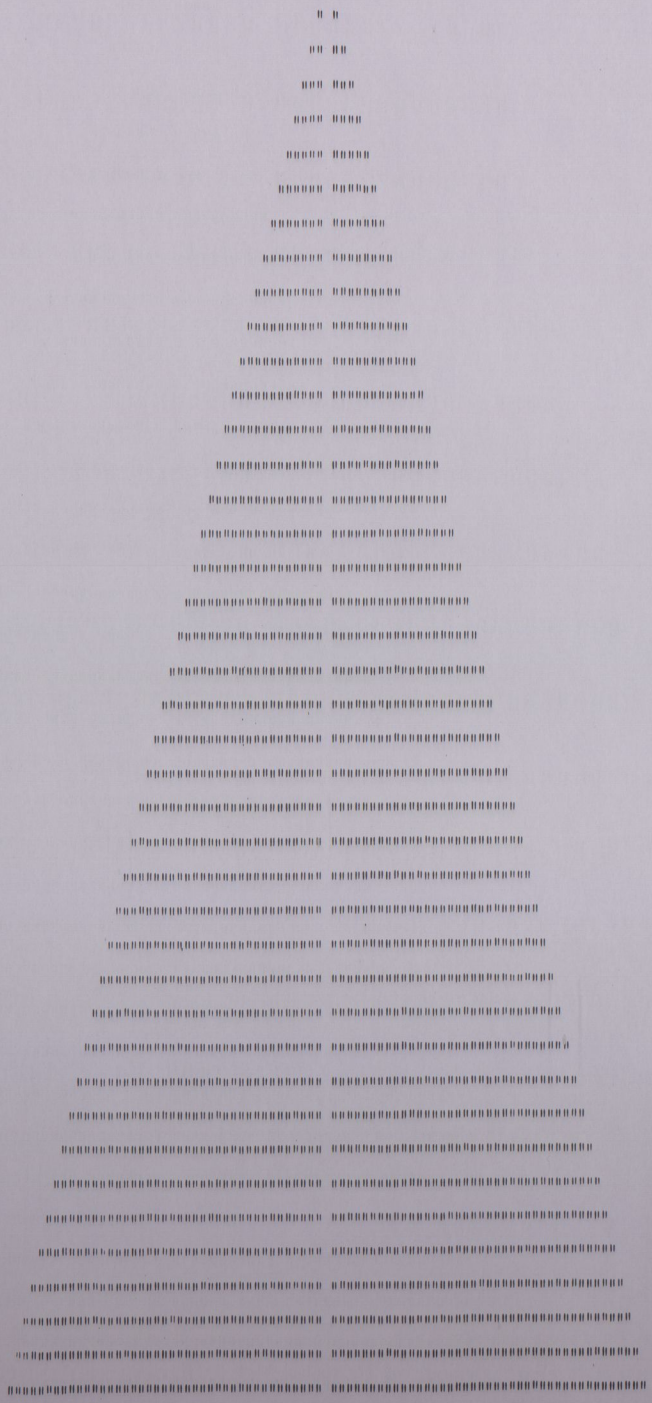
FOR DERRIDA



Allan D. Coleman 1/29/84 -- 1/6/87

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jelly Butter

from THE BOOK OF PERFECT

jelly flight
retired

It is perfectly normal to want to be perfect
ly normal to want to be perfectly
normal to want to be perfectly normal
to want to be perfectly normal to
want to be perfectly normal to want
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be perfectly normal to want to be

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joinjelly flown

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a perfect black. I am making myself perfectly clear.

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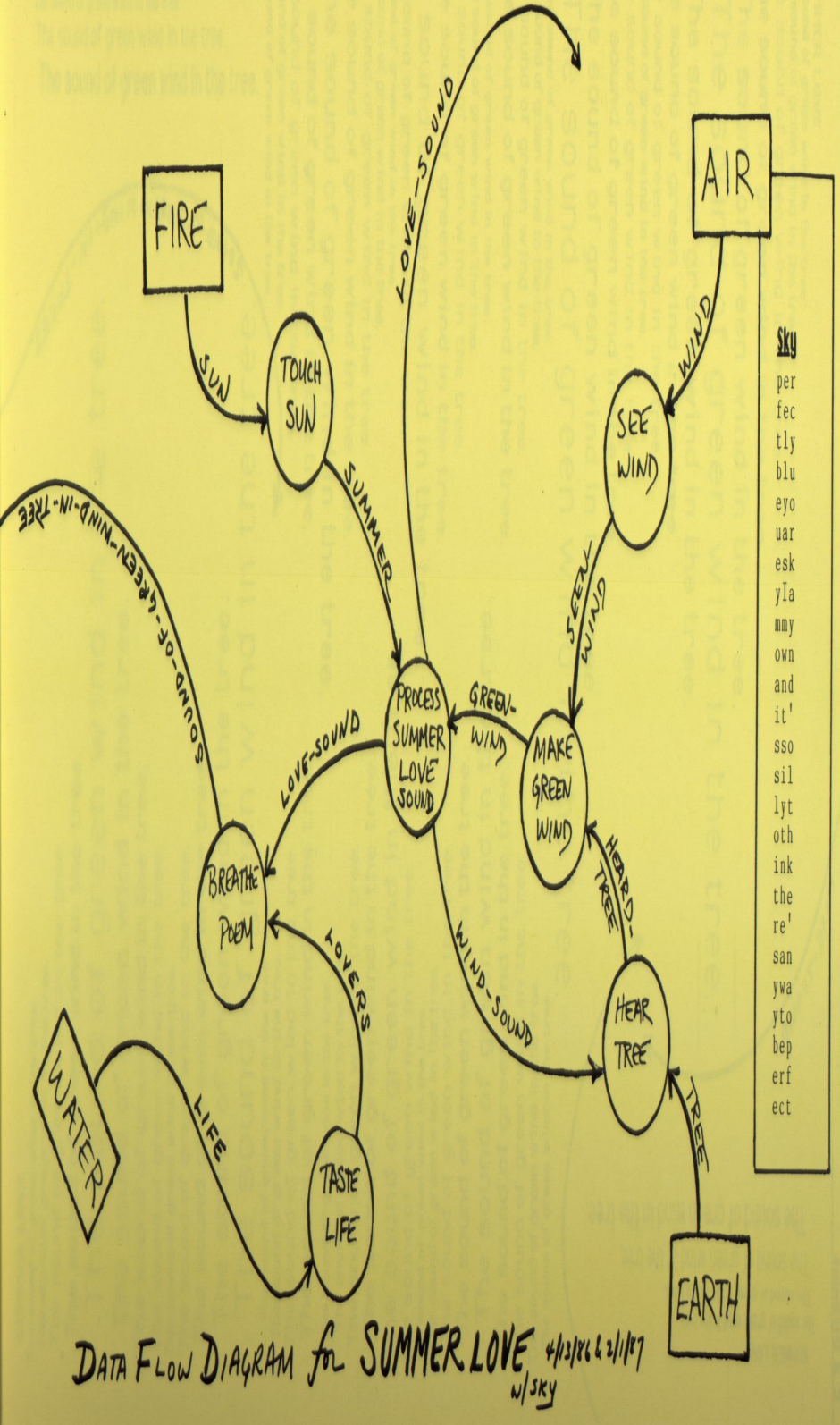

DATA FLOW DIAGRAM for SUMMER LOVE 4/13/86 & 2/1/87 w/SKY

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fect fool. I am a perfect reproduction, the most perfect tribute imaginable. I am a perfect interval, a no less perfect day. I am a perfect red,

C X Dillhunt

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© X Dillhunt

SUMMER LOVE

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LOVE-SOUND

SOUND-OF-GREEN-WIND-IN-TREES

SUMMER LOVE

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C X Dillhunt

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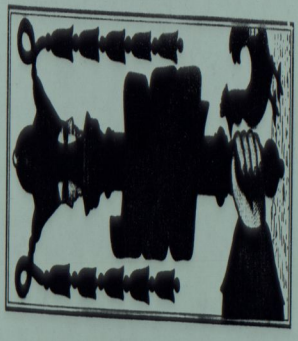

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I'LL
never
STOP

any man
from
having

A
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or any

cut
AND
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WOMAN
from
HAVING

M Y

B A B Y

EAT
like a
HOG

THIS
marvelous
U R G E

LIVE
like a
GOD

DIE
like a
DOG

SLEEP
like a
LOG

t o
P I S S

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Michael Dyregrov

Rachel Evilsizer

Mark Duper, Erwin Guile, Cletus Poser, Colin Covert, Reverend Vernon Slye, Brad Trickey, Jefferson Slinkard, Patrick Lies, Dwight Hazard, Tom Snicker, Glenda Krook, Thomas Stealey, Jennifer Warnes, Clyde Slick

Timothy Maalis

Satin Queen

Somewhere on the astel of this nest at the core, there must be a Source, Garg Glonu, an engorged, single-minded, inviolate Queen turning out egg after egg. Gargs rules her subjects divinely. (Is her secret a pheromone?) Bigotry obeys only an absolute ruler. Her court feverishly lubricates each egg against skepticism, as if surety were life itself.

The Queen mourns the beige satin stretch marks across her abœdum, the relentless deliveries, breech shows, euphemisms stuck.

Doubt, avoid throwing your shadow across her mound. A horde churns out of the pores, reconnoitering. Reach down and a swarm covers your arm in an elegant sleeve, nettle lamé. There's a miscegenal overtone in the Queen's inviolacy. Satin Puritan, she's guarded by piety, never to be touched by us.

Émigré

If a fringed gentian turns up in the wet, sunny grass on your shore, be glad, tell your friends. The unlikely arrival of this shy one means that a fugitive species somehow managed to find its Tyrol habitat with you.

A Galtürean with a glacial accent. The émigré stands there, brim on its hat flaring, swash, collar tight, cuffs frayed, exotic enough in its upland field, a lovely weed here. The foreigner gets stared at, changing slowly into flaxy frost.

*

Sprat dropped from a fox's paw planted me in this field. Never would I have picked this spot, but here I am, rooted, the very Soul of Sand, a sprawling shrub, a juniper, aromatic.

Scat, Cougar's

When I find a lonely Krugerrand, grasshopper's legs polished and wrapped in a felt purse of rabbit, value-ripe with wintergreen berries glistening red, a Leonid tektite.

The wind passes folding money, ash leaves.

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Michael Dyregrov

A Soak of Cougars

The retractile thaw this December means that we're due for a raking. Like all cats, a storm draws in its claws for the long trek. Cold is secretive as it stalks.

There's a brittle limb of cold stretching from the west and north over us. This limb bends under the weight of a blizzard, then drops its animal. So now, the unsheathing. This afternoon, filled with a deep purring, then a lunge with claws on my Manx-sized drowsiness.

The storm loses its cub spots and takes on a tawny blur. A cougar's whistle. A reddish belly, sopping muzzle, and a long tail, a Saskatchewan whiplash. Moves in with a hunger to eat up what little there's left of fear and turns it into sleep.

Heart Drinking Ice

Under the static rug of snow thripped by shrews and stitched
with the red and feeble cries of a rabbit, my weasel loves
and carnivore affections stalk me, sniff and turn back too late:
For the Pitiless are condemned to roll with the Pitiless,
each froze to the other, Ice Ball All Merciless, stuck hunters as prey.

Paradissacal

Sweet smears of ravines, puckered draws, pebbled tucks
in the skin. The sun sifting through the wicker on the porch
like rouge, getting into everything. Mae, "Minez," in the flick
of an optical whippoorwill pushing at some fluff with the palm of a fan,
arranging the orbits of heavenly bodies, stitching to hold together
the strain of almost running into each other.

Remembers Manley Hopkins' poem as the moon thin as an orange peel,
dwindling to a fingernail held to a candle, then stepping
from a stool, drawing back from Mount Maenefa, that the moon
could be a cusp clasping her, not quite utterly.

Mae works in tendrils and the foreign: Arborvitae and
the Vine of Harmony in wool, the siffler of loose yarn drawn
through the pollenated air. As Diane de Poitiers laying out
her acreage on Cher. "Diane had my embroidery Vine and turned it
into Chenonceaux." "Minez" stitches a croixette.

"When are you going to appliqué?" Anne asks, playing at a raffia
ferkindole. Anne's work is simplicity repeated: Oxalis
in overall geometric, the lean marbled with sorrels. Silenes, teasels,
arborvitae, and chicory she doesn't like.

Mae thought of cidery. She hated the stinging dirt now,
the endless stitching summer in and summer out summer into butchering,
the salt grease, rising oil, wished she'd been born any other where.

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Michael Dyregrov

1979

April 25
Wednesday

Parasitic Jaegers

This morning in the bay, a flock of common mergansers on its way north to nest, mills and dives for fish in the breaks between the islands of honeycombed ice. Two ring-billed gulls swim among the ducks, trying to startle them into dropping their fish. A gull flutters on the surface at a merganser, or flies up clumsily to land on its target. But the duck swims ahead, waggles in a sprint, or dives before the gull alights. The gull doesn't reach out to snatch the fish, but relies flimsily on the merganser's giving up its catch. No fish are ever taken. The ducks are unperturbed and tolerate the gulls.

These gulls also engage hooded mergansers. Shouldn't the gulls prey as well on red-breasted mergansers which pass through in flocks at this time, courting?

My first proposal is that ring-billed gulls are improving as parasites. This suggests that, as cowbirds have lost the function of nest-building, so gulls are changing their habit of food-gathering. Gulls already are, as we know, notorious scavengers on floating debris. Will gulls adapt to their host until they're able to take fish?

My other proposal is, the ring-billed's behavior isn't isolated, but parallels that of the pomarine, parasitic, and long-tailed jaegers, and the skua, all of whom belong to the Order Charadriiformes. The jaegers and the skua are successful predator parasites, nimble in flight, gaining on their hosts, forcing them to relinquish. Couldn't the ring-billed gull's parasitism be familial?

common merganser, Mergus merganser
hooded merganser, Lophodytes cucullatus
red-breasted merganser, Mergus serrator
ring-billed gull, Larus delawarensis

pomarine jaeger, Stercorarius pomarinus
parasitic jaeger, Stercorarius parasiticus
long-tailed jaeger, Stercorarius longicaudus
skua, Catharacta skua

Twyla Flaws

Roosevelt Snipes, Reverend Don Argue, Melvyn Bragg,
Dayton Loud, Cecelia Blunt, Ben Slowe, Dorothy Rasch,
Don Hasty, Patti Slack, Ernest Drift, Alan Sloth,
Mike Bossy, Patrick Nagger, Jennifer Fussy, Terry Cross,
David Fretty, Jane Coy, Irene Schalow, Melinda Petty,
Sedalia Craven, Tarren Facile, John Falsey

Jason Moody

c

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Michael Dyregrov

Jean Bodey

Wilfred Head, Judith Curle, Nora Hair, Scott Earich,
Philip Face, Earl Eye, Aurel Cornea, Yuki Nose, Dean Lips,
Bernard Dentz, Yvonne Cheek, Eldon Beard, Sheila Chin,
Larry Neck, Joel Knippel, Clemens Arms, Learned Hand,
Ethel Palm, Kevin Finger, Steven Nail, Danny Lumbar,
Kathy Hippensteel, Sidney Legg, Peggy Shanks, Lois Foof

Staresnick, Gszelka, Teare

Robyne Opp, Crispin See, Oliver Look, Timothy Leer,
Bryan Ogle, Leo Peek, Angela Wink, Rachelle Eyestone,
Jimmy Peer, Terry Mote, Frank Waterous, David Blinkinsop

Chimæras

A chimæra of a day this is. Consider its root in cheimon, Greek for winter. Hiems, Latin. Hibernus, of winter. Cheimon. Hibernate.

A squirrel marauds the suet, its ear flaps shut down like the nostrils of a dugong. Born of a primordial soup or Sepik estuary. Floating in the sluggish swells, the cold, raw, septic, greyish Cheimon Ocean, this dugong studies me. Disparate parts. The dislocations begin.

The squirrel hugs its tree at the scuffling of a nuthatch. A pair of crows stops on a branch. There's a wound on the squirrel's shoulder, a macula. My squirrel desecrated?

Or could the crows be ravens, rarely seen here? Crows swell into ravens in my cheimon sleepiness. Grey membranes flick over the crows', ravens' eyes, winks of death. The sun, a suet cheek, knots up feebly, coughs, warms nothing. Tries to make a sun dog. An eyelid draws over the sky, tears open at the cawing.

All of which brings me to that sharkish fish, the chimæra. Or bony fish, yet neither, for its skeleton is cartilagenous, but there is no spiracle. A big head with buckteeth, jaw underslung. Someone said that chimæras are made up of disjecta membra, all those parts of other fish that don't work. Chimæra monstrosa, named for Chimæra, the Greek monster whose head is a lion's, body, a goat's, and tail, a snake's. Head to tail, this day trails off in a persiflage of fog.

Phoinix

Sheds its antlers each March, and a fresh rack of wings
lifts our Phoinix as the clean blade of a samara lifts its ash.
Myth scrapes its haematin wing stubs to glossy grey
and bleeding fingernails, tougher than paraffin, brittle like cuttlebone.
Naturally in a getaway, Moth's struts tatter in the spruce-snags.

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Michael Dyregrov

Turtle Fado

All the lake stands hollow and half-stilted,
and on its back, a mound grinding of ice turtles.
One giant, a craquelure too gravid, rocks on a shelf.
An ice egg, a China blue, a vixen quartz, slips from its beak.
Floes ride down Vanderle's, not knowing where to go.
Avenues, a venue of spring for each: Arctic siroccos
for Corsica, and for Gdańsk, southerly snows.
Grokatur sallies off its shelf and plunges after.

Raphoi

We agree on faults, fall out over virtues.
Those who see us as different, judge themselves superior.
Isolation crossbreeds with fear as species within a genus.
Fear is defenseless and needs hate for its stick.

*

Opportunism scurries on too many legs.
Trickery needs a crutch.

*

Change uncovers a momentary "truth" as prejudice.
Conventional wisdom agrees on abstractions alone.
A truth passes from one system to the next as an adjective.
Common observation simplifies.
The abstract is irreducible.
A truth is the whole.
Facts end as facts.
Chaos reduces us to fact.
Sped from the center, truth atomizes to facts.
Fact, the smallest of "truths," is easiest to grasp.
In metaphors, facts are termites destroying the mound.

*

A noun is a thumb, an adjective, a fingerprint.

*

Food, the first necessity, was the earliest wealth.

*

Body is an invalid's only friend.

*

Even if the poor AREN'T honest, allow them an illusion.
We dismiss as uninformed the common sense of the poor.

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When I turned thirty years old
I asked myself the big question:
"Is there anything you've always
wanted to do, but haven't gotten
around to yet?"
And I asked the second question:
"What are you waiting for?"

I GOT A TATTOO

Tattoo by Cliff Raven
Photo by Timothy Hearsum
Concept and Body by Pat Fish

Pat Fish
P.O. Box 777
Santa Barbara, CA 93102 USA

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The shamanistic aspects of tattooing are a basic element that has remained unchanged throughout the centuries. But in our modern world, each client/artist interaction contains a different degree of awareness of this magic.

The tattooist is the transformer, the agent of change, the one whose power to visualise allows the embodiment of the image to occur. In most ancient cultures the tattoo was placed on an adolescent's body at the rite of passage that would mark their transformation into adulthood. No less now, when peer group pressure or personal preference inspire the young to declare allegiance or prove bravery through being tattooed.

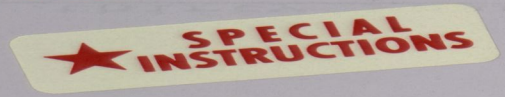
It is wise for those in the tattoo industry to keep in mind their psychic responsibility to their clientele. Whether doing custom flash or traditional designs, they take on, through the magic alchemy of electricity and ink, the role of the Gods' representative.

In the old religions the tattoos were placed only after a spirit quest revealed the totem in a vision, and it was the artist's sacred responsibility to interpret that vision into skin so that the initiate would never again be without the protection of their totem.

Today's tattoo artists continue the work, weaving more or less mystique about their methods. Some counsel and advise, others just get the flash of choice from the file and put it on. But all, without exception, are having a permanent effect on the lives of their clients. Few occupations can claim as much. For the committment, the irrevocability, and the sense of permanent allegiance without room for regret, the psychic power of dermagraphics is unrivaled.

All those wearing, giving, or contemplating tattoos will do well to remember this definition:

MAGIC IS THE SCIENCE AND ART OF CAUSING CHANGE TO OCCUR IN CONFORMITY WITH WILL.



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DOLPHIN TATTOO

concept and body by BARSE SCOTT

tattoo by PAT FISH

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Tattoos inset on a lifetime of adrenement. Inciting the colors of a totem into the skin demands a fockless deficance, one that takes no advance hood of possible future fegrete. Placing visual methaphores onto the skin of pirates and lobels incitness thom to complete the self-identification of outcast and fogue. Once that irrevocable mark has taken its place on the body many possibilities for provinously forbidden behavior present themselves for revaluation. The bukden of self-governance more than balanced by the pleasures to be explored.

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TATTOO BY PAT FLESH
BODY BY GREG SCHULTZ
PHOTO BY DAVE MCKAY

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Selections From Man's Wows

by Jesse Glass, Jr.

FOR THE THROAT

Job went through the land, holding his staff in

hand,

Job, what art thou grieved at?

My throat and my

mouth are rotting away.

In yonder valley there is a well

, and thy mouth, and thy throat,

spoke three times in the morning and

in the evening; where

you must go blow sew snow fire & again

sand, for the hourglass

mouth tin iron

A WELL-TRIED PLASTER TO REMOVE MORTIFICATIONS.

Take six

right hard; then yellow

in a gill of lard

put a handful of rue with it, and

When this is done add

oil to it. for

a female is prepared by a male, and a

male prepared by a female.

TO BLEEDING

I walk through

three wells,

called courage.

Poems deconstructed
from John George Hohman's
Pow Wows or the Long Lost Friend.
(Philadelphia, 1820.)

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A MORNING PRAYER TO BE SPOKEN BEFORE STARTING ON A JOURNEY, WHICH WILL SAVE THE PERSON FROM ALL MISHAPS.

I (here the name is to be pronounced)
will walk upon
God himself , and our dear
dear little babe
with her seven rings and her true things. Oh,
Lord Jesus Christ,
bite me, wolf bite me, and murder secretly
O sudden death!
I will bind myself.
, that
the viginity of our Holy Virgin Mary was injured
by her beloved Jesus.
Ave Maria, and the articles of faith.

WORDS TO BE SPOKEN WHILE MAKING DIVINATORY WANDS.

making broken
breaking using
following spoken
rod, do thou keep
unto thee very

TO PREVENT CONFLAGRATION.

black chicken, in the morning
upon the ground;
leave it altogether; to get a piece
of a shirt which was worn by a chaste virgin during her
terms, and cut
that part which is bloodiest.
then try to get an egg
in a pot holding eight
quarts, and bury it under the
God,
of your house

in front and behind, the fire will do
injury to your children. This is done by
the power of God, and is quite certain and infallible
If unexpectedly,
your servant-maid had
a child throw it into
the fire, wrapped up without saying
stop

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THE SHOUTING OPERA

<<V1 My fellow Americans: This is your president, William Taft. It is April 27th, Nineteen twelve. The day is not far distant when three Stars and Stripes at threeequidistant points will mark our territory. One at the North Pole, another at the Panamah Canalle and the third at the South Pole. The whole hemisphere will be ours in fact, as, by virtue of our superiarity of race, it already is ours morally. Together, you and I, your president, Ronald Reagan are following the radiant light. Following it toward Heaven, toward home. And if we reach, or when we reach, Heaven's scenes, we truly will find it guarded by United States Marines>>. <<P2S4V7 And if we reach, or when we reach, Heaven's scenes, we truly will find it guarded by United States Marines.>> Marines.. <<P9 marines>>.. United States marines.. Heavens <<P9 scenes>>.. heavens <<P9 scenes>>United States Marines.....Scenes.<<P9 marines>>.scenes,.<<P9 marines>>., scenes.,<<P9 marines>>., scenes., <<P9 marines>>., scenes.,<<P9 marines>>.,scenes.,<<P9 , marines>>., scenes.. <<P9 marines>>.,<<S8 seens, scenes, scenes, scenes,scenes, scenes, scenes, scenes, scenes, scenes, scenes, scenes.....>>... <<P4S4 Hello. My name is Jeorge Kennan. I am a diplomat. I worked in the State Department. I am considered one the most thoughtful, humane and liberal of its members. I want to make a confession to you...I was head of the State department Policy Planning Staff in the late nineteen forties. This is what I said in document PPS23, February, nineteen forty-eight...We have about 50 per cent of the world's wealth, but only 6.3 per cent of its population. In this situation, we cannot fail to be the ewbject of envvy and resentment. Our reel task in the coming period is to devise a pattern of relationships which will permit us to maintane this position of disparity. We need not deceive ourselves that we can afford today the luxxury of altruism and world-benefaction..We should cease to talk about vague and unreal objectives such as human rights, the raising of the living standards, and democratization. The day is not far off when we are going to have to deal in straight power concepts. The less we are hampered by idealistic slowgans, the better...The final answer might be an unplesssant one, but we should not hesitayte before police repression by the local government.. This is not shaymeful, since the Communists are essentially traitors.. It is better to have a strong regeeme in power than a liberal government if it is indulgent and relaxxed and penetrayted by Communists.>>.....This is your President, Ronald Reagan, speaking...We're not asking for American boys to go down there.. But the Revolution then became a Communist coo, and so the contras, so called, are against it. So in a way they are counterevolutionary, and God bless them for being that way. And I guess that makes them contras, and so it makes me uh contra, too. A contra, too,

a contra, too, too too tooooooo.. A contra, too, a contra too, too, too, tooooooo...I am a contra too. A contra, too, a contra, too, too, too, tooooooooo..Ish. bin. ein. contra.... Ish. bin. ein. Marcos in disgise.

<<FS4 Manahgua, Nickaragua, March 14th... The security police have arrested three Nickaraguans who are accused of working to infiltrate the Interior Ministry under orders from the Central Intelligence Aygency. Commador Lenin Cerna, the chief of the security police, also named four American diplomats on Thursday who he said were involved in the CIA operation.. Reynaldo Taddeo Aguado said he was lurred to the United States last year by relatives in Miami, who told him that his mother who lives there, was dying... Two days after he arrived in Miami, he said, a man eyedentifying himself as a CIA representative told him that his mother was not ill, and said his family would be paid well if he collabborated in intelligence work. Mr. Aguagdo said the visitor also hinted that the family's immigration status might be harmed if he did not collabborate. After constant telephone calls and pressures from my mother and sisters, he said, he agreed to spy. Soon afterward, four CIA aygents were brought to meet him in a Miami hotel room. Mr. Aguado identified one of them as Benjamin Wickham, who was a political counselor in the United States Embassy here until last August. Commander Cerna said Mr. Wickhamzz replaycement, Stephen David

BY DANIEL GOODE

Murchison, also worked for the CIA. In addition, he named Bonnie, Sue Bennett, a vice-consul who came to Nickaragua last November, and Breadley Cecil Johnson,a former economic and commercial attashay here, as Central Intelligence Aygents.>>

<<M I'm Jeorge Kennan, a diplomat, and I say we should cease to talk about vague and unreal objectives>>.>><<P3S6 I'm a US official and I say the Contras have a tendency to kidnap young girls>>. <<P4S4M And I'm Ronald Reagan and I say I'm a contra too, I'm a contra too, too, too, too, tooooooooooo.>> Now I would like to read you some excerpts from one of my favorite books. Sykological Operations in Guerrilla

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Warfare, written by the boys in the Central Intelligence Aygency for the contras in their war against the Nickaraguan people...The combatant propagandist guerrilla is the result of a continuous program of indoctrination and motivation. They will have the mission of showing the people how great and fair our movement is in the eyes of Nickaraguans and the world. Eyedentifying themselves with our people, they will increase the symmpathy towards our movement, which will result in greater support of the population for the freedom commandose, taking away support for the rejeem in power. Armed propagande will extend this eyedentification process of the people withe Christian guerrillus, providing converging points against the Sandinista rejeem. The development and control of the cover organizations in guerilla warfare will give our movement the ability to create a whiplash effect within the population, when the order for fusion is given. When the infiltration and internal subjective control have been developed in a manner parallel to other guerrilla activities, a commandante of ours will literally be able to shake up the Sandinista structure, and replayce it... I'm a contra too, I'm a contra too, too, too, tooooooooooooooooo.

<<P8T Bwaynas tardess, me ameegos.. My name is Owmarr Cabeyzas.. Let me comment on the consensus of your congress to destroy us.. The Democrats and Republicans agree that they should give money to kill us. Some want to kill us one way, others want to kill us another way. They only differ on how or when to give the aid. It's like saying, Owmarr, how do you want to die? Do you want a Pepsi-Cola with arsenic, which is faster, or a Coca-Cola with stryckneen which is slow? >>

<<P3S4 This is Ronald Reagen, back, again.. He's right, that man who calls himself, Owmarr. As I said two weeks ago.. The plan is "to get rid of the Sandineestas, one way or another."<< <<P3S4 Now I'd jest like to get back to my favorite bedtime reading matter, the Contra Manual, written by those patriotic boys in the CIA. " Group discussions raise the spirit and increase the unity of thought in small guerrilla groups and exercise social pressure on the weakest members to better carry out their mission in training and future combat actions. These group discussions will give special emphassis to:: creating a favorable opinion of our movement. Through local and national history, make it clear that the Sandineeste rejeem is 'foreignizing, repressivve, and imperialistic' and that even though there are some Nickaraguans within the government, point out that they are 'puppets' of the power of the Soviyets and Cubans, that is, of foreign power.The guerrillus should always be prepared with simple slowgans in order to explain to the people, whether in an intentional form or by chance, the reason for the weppons. The weppons will be for winning freedom; they are for you.. With weppons we can impose demands such as hospitals, schools, better roads, and social services for the people, for you. Our weppons are, in truth, the weppons of the people, yours. With weppons we can change the Sandeeno-Communist rejeem and return to the people a true democracy so that we will all have economic opportunities. A guerrilla armed force always involves implicit tehror because the population, without saying it aloud, feels tehror that the weppons may be used against them. However, if the tehrroar does not become explicit, positive results can be expected." .. Heh heh heh heh! I guess that makes me a contra too, a contra too >> <<S9 Too t too t too t too t too t too..
Contracontracontracontracontracontra too. >>

<<F84 Hello, my name is Cathy Young. I write for the Targum. I guess you'd call me a neo-cohnn. That is, I could get a job with the New Republic, who support the contras. Anyway, as I wrote in the March twenty-eighth issue of the Targum: The Nickaraguan pezants say it best. They have a common saying about the Sandineesta dictatorship as compared to Somoza's.. "Same.. s h i t , only the flies are different".. Meanwhile, in New York and Washington, the new flies have become the laytest, best hope of the radical sheek croud, which is busy recyecling all the arguments ever used to justify all left wing dictatorships. Substitute nineteen thirty-six for nineteen eighty-six and Moscow for Managua, and you get a sed feeling of deyja vu as intellectuals and social activists come back with stars in their eyes from two-week pilgrimages to the laytest Mecca of revolution. >><h1 Hey, wait a minute, Cathy, wasn't nineteen-thirty six the beginning of the Spanish Civil War? And what were you doing while the Sandineestas got rid of Somoza? And what would you have done during the Spanish Civil War, Cathy. Well, listen to William Sussman, the Spanish Civil War veteran who led the successful campaign for one hundred thousand dollars to buy ambulances for the Nickaraguan Government. He said that if fahshism had been defeated in Spain there would have been no Munick and, possibly, no World War two..

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FAR ABOVE RUBIES

by

Shelley Jane Grossberg

Everyone is dressed in black the day after Rosh Hashona. It is unseasonably hot, standing there in the brilliant sunshine. Clear blue sky and too green grass make the crisscrossed Queens expressways look flat against the horizon. In the distance, abandoned towers of the last World's Fair make me think about my job preserving memories of those buildings. Inside dilapidated shells is the promise of new beginnings, for I am the dreamer who can never let things go.

Grandma's death was a blessing after seven years in a nursing home. But even if everyone thought so, no one was prepared for the end. She had reached a balance of survival with the medication that killed the tremor in her body, but the rest of Grandma had been gone for years.

A WOMAN OF VALOUR WHO CAN FIND?
FOR HER PRICE IS FAR ABOVE RUBIES.
THE HEART OF HER HUSBAND DOTH
SAFELY TRUST IN HER,
AND HE HATH NO LACK OF GAIN.

Her coffin waits for us in the grave already marked with a headstone to the right. A shock runs through my body as I read:

J A C O B A S C H U R

He is present, the one who died before I was born.

HER HUSBAND IS KNOWN IN THE GATES,
WHEN HE SITTETH AMONG THE ELDERS
OF THE LAND.

There are ten grandchildren to carry evidence that Jacob Aschur was a strong-willed man who would come to this country from Odessa to recreate the world in his own image. But of ten who would never know him I am the one come to mourn.

STRENGTH AND DIGNITY ARE HER CLOTH-
ING;
AND SHE LAUGHETH AT THE TIME TO
COME.

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The ritual spade is passed from the oldest to the youngest orphan. My mother hands it to me. Soil and stone rasp across the glinting metal surface. The rabbi calls us by our Hebrew names.

Shava Yochevit. My grandmother named me for my father's father; but for the first-born, my mother's only son, she gave the name Yacob Daniel. We call him Jack, my brother Jacob Daniel, who left home early to flee the burden of expectation.

HER CHILDREN RISE UP, AND CALL HER
BLESSED;
HER HUSBAND ALSO, AND HE PRAISETH
HER:
'MANY DAUGHTERS HAVE DONE VALI-
ANTLY,
BUT THOU EXCELLEST THEM ALL.'

Jerry. Janet. Jacob. All first-born of the daughters of Jacob Aschur. Only his son failed to honor him in the names of his children.

Isaac would marry a gentile and live outside Jewish tradition. He would live far from New York City and his father's garment business. He would choose his profession in the world of ideas. When the time came, he would fail to get leave from the Allied Command to attend his father's funeral.

"Your grandmother was always frail and dainty and protected. Not the kind of mother you have. She was kind and gentle and accepting, but she was never capable.

It was Papa who took care of everything. Taught us about the world. Wanted us to go to college. Make something of ourselves."

SHE SEEKETH WOOL AND FLAX,
AND WORKETH WILLINGLY WITH HER
HANDS.
SHE IS LIKE THE MERCHANT SHIPS;
SHE BRINGETH HER FOOD FROM AFAR.

"Isaac was never strong. And he didn't get along with Papa. Not that they argued. But very recently, the last time the four of us were together, Isaac surprised me. We were talking about who had the strongest influence, Mama or Papa. Isaac said: 'Mama, without a doubt.'"

SHE DOETH HIM GOOD AND NOT EVIL
ALL THE DAYS OF HER LIFE.

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Everyone remarks on Jack's strong resemblance to Isaac. Tall and handsome. Finely honed. My mother says she was crazy about her older brother. I nearly lost my heart when mine left home.

Isaac stands beside my mother ---

Hours of travel add strain to his expression. Isaac had been in Prague completing his manuscript on early 16th Century Jewish merchant routes. My mother hesitated to call him with details of the funeral.

--- his face turned partly to the right.

J A C O B A S C H U R
Loving Husband. Loving Father of Four Children

"Ceil and Betty thought just the opposite. Of course, Betty was the baby. And she left home when she was seventeen, before she was old enough to really see things as they were."

Betty would marry early and follow her husband to a midwest factory town where they would test their lives against their ideals. They would raise two daughters in a climate of elevated working class values only to transplant them to the Berkeley Hills.

WITH THE FRUIT OF HER HANDS SHE
PLANTETH A VINEYARD.
SHE GIRDETH HER LOINS WITH STRENGTH,

"They built a multimillion dollar business from scratch and that took courage. But it's very comfortable out there in California. I love Betty, but she never has --- you know --- really seen things as they are."

AND MAKETH STRONG HER ARMS.

Of the four, Betty most closely resembles faded photos of Jacob Aschur: olive-skinned and sturdy, almond-eyed and round-faced, short dark hair catching flecks of light. She stands beside Isaac, a stylized contemporary Mogen David clasped around her neck. It had been presented her by members of the new Jewish cultural center she helped establish and finance.

SHE STRETCHETH OUT HER HAND TO THE
POOR;
YEA, SHE REACHETH FORTH HER HANDS
TO THE NEEDY.

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When I was very small, I waited a long time for Grandma to take a tiny blue box from her handbag ---

She would always giggle when she could not control her hands. The disease that shook them would never go away.

--- Inside was a heart-shaped locket of inlaid silver and mother of pearl. She said: "Put it on. It's a Star of David."

Grandma was the last of the Aschurs to observe the laws. Even in the nursing home she lit candles Friday nights.

SHE OPENETH HER MOUTH WITH WIS-
DOM;
AND THE LAW OF KINDNESS IS ON HER
TONGUE.

Who will give my children Hebrew names? Who will teach me to prepare the Seder?

Jacob and Esther called their first-born Princess, God's name for Abraham's wife. Sarah changed her name to Ceil. She would study philosophy and art in the years of the Depression. She would marry a graduate of Harvard.

"It was clear at the wedding, which, of course was modest, that the in-laws thought Ceil married well. Papa was furious. Though Ceil would never let herself admit it, who would have thought such an envied catch would make her life so difficult?"

Ceil would watch her words grow fainter in her husband's ears with a nerve disease they found out would be irreversible. She would raise two sons who would choose to raise their families far from home. Her husband loved the water: Ceil would hide her fear --- shopping sprees and yard sales, fresh banana bread from local ladies --- and lead a silent, parallel life aboard her husband's boat. She would collect and sell objets d'art --- mostly of the era of her childhood --- and specialize in making houses homes. Over time, the neighborhood she shared with Grandma would bring workmen to her door to install security devices.

SHE IS NOT AFRAID OF THE SNOW FOR
HER HOUSEHOLD;
FOR ALL HER HOUSEHOLD ARE CLOTHED
WITH SCARLET.

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Ceil and my mother made all the arrangements when Grandma could no longer take care of herself. She was fiercely independent. She would fall at night. She would lie about the bruises in the morning. The nice Brazilian woman who was her companion for three years went off and got married. The decision had to be made.

SHE RISETH WHILE IT IS YET
NIGHT,
AND GIVETH FOOD TO HER HOUSEHOLD,
AND A PORTION TO HER MAIDENS.

"I don't feel guilty. Grandma needed constant medication. She needed to be watched. That time she was in the hospital --- I'll never forget it. She was unconscious and we thought it was the end. The four of us by her bedside. Isaac was crying. Then Grandma suddenly opened her eyes. 'Give me a beer and a knish,' she said. Grandma always loved beer. Your father used to bring home hot dogs and knishes from Kosher Central and they'd drink and watch the fights."

I love that story about Grandma. It makes me think I never really appreciated her. To me she was fragile and distant and strange. She lived in a drab, brick apartment house with chains along the sidewalk. There was an odor in the lobby. A convex glass by the elevator doors. The dial was black with white numbers: I would watch it rotate underneath the glass with longing and with dread. Her apartment was oatmeal everywhere. In her bathroom was the only touch of humor --- a ceramic mug my mother made her with the legend: Mom's Tooth Garage.

Grandma rarely played with me and Jack. It was hard to talk to her: she was hard of hearing. We never stayed with her when my parents went away. I remember her teaching me nursery rhymes. I remember her drilling Jack on Roman numerals. I remember her singing Channukah songs and forgetting the words right in the middle. I remember receiving Israeli bonds and ugly brass and turquoise dishes with Hebrew lettering on them. My mother prepared cottage cheese and soft diced vegetables when Grandma came to visit: this was Kosher. I remember I was sent to Saturday school and Jack was Bar Mitzvahed --- at fourteen --- just to please her.

The other children --- Betty's and Isaac's --- didn't see as much of Grandma, but they always seemed to have more fun. I sensed they knew her better, or knew more. They weren't afraid. Maybe Grandma simply liked them more.

Grandma went into the nursing home on Thanksgiving Day the year I turned eighteen. At an age when I might have been more curious, she was already lost to me. Her belongings were stored in our basement. My mother gave me her pots and pans and dishes to use at school. In two boxes were family photographs --- the Bar Mitzvahs, the graduations, one wedding; the ones sent from Europe, from

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California, the midwest and New York:

Isaac and Aunt Mary with three young children lined up in size order; Betty and Uncle Paul smiling between two teenagers in a wooded park; me and Jack clowning with our cousins perched in a tree; pictures of Ceil's sons at Yale, on the swimming team, trimming a sail; Grandma's companion and her fiancee serenading her on guitar; a barbecue at our house with Ceil and my mother smiling above Grandma's head --- high cheekbones, deep-set eyes, delicately arched eyebrows --- the family resemblance made clear.

I did not feel sorry when Grandma died. I was glad for the relief. What little I knew about her, I felt she must have been relieved too. All those years alone. The children who drifted away. The children who thought she had failed.

My mother's mother.

She was the wife of Jacob Aschur, whose protection would only last awhile. Ceil and Leah would be left to fill his role. Children who needed their father. Daughters who counted on his confidence to build new worlds. They would survive, their senses intact, to see to hear to feel the dream crumble in the sadness of their mother's final home.

A WOMAN OF VALOUR WHO CAN FIND?
FOR HER PRICE IS FAR ABOVE RUBIES.
THE HEART OF HER HUSBAND DOTH
SAFELY TRUST IN HER,
AND HE HATH NO LACK OF GAIN.

I am a survivor once removed. Before the silent stone my eyes are opened.

GRACE IS DECEITFUL, AND BEAUTY IS
VAIN:
BUT A WOMAN THAT FEARETH THE
LORD, SHE SHALL BE PRAISED.

The present and the past. The past and the future. Finally it speaks to me. Finally I know:

GIVE HER OF THE FRUIT OF HER HANDS;
AND LET HER WORKS PRAISE HER IN THE
GATES.

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Yellow Poem

this
poem
ends
with
a

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Immature poets imitate; mature poets steal; bad poets deface what they take and good poets make it into something better, or at least something different.--T. S. Eliot, on Philip Massinger.

ool and his money are soon parted. But most of all I hate a schoolmasterly learning. Appetite comes with eating, but thirst goes away with nking. To laugh is proper to the man. The more I hear about humanity, the better I like chickens. There's more ado to interpret erpretations than to interpret things, and more books upon books than upon any other subject. As I always say, the deepest thoughts are those t are left unsaid. What I am undertaking is without precedent, and will have no imitators, as I mean to show my fellows a man just as nature made , and this man is myself. Some artists want to be buried alive. The wise may be instructed by a fool. Love is an occupation for those who e no other. Don't breathe air that hasn't first been boiled. When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves with the belief that it is we who ve them. We don't know who it was who first discovered water, but we can be sure it wasn't fish. Experience is one form of paralysis. If you get the first letter of a word, it's almost impossible to find it in a dictionary. Modesty in actors is an artifice similar to passion in a call l. The only thing to do with good advice is pass it on; it is never of any use to oneself. When a man comes to me for advice, I find out the d of advice he wants, and give it to him. A bachelor is a man who comes to work each morning from a different direction. It isn't bragging if 've really done it. A bore deprives you of solitude and doesn't provide you with company. He has dined in the finest homes here--once. Self- e is the greatest of all flatterers. His mind is open--so open that ideas simply pass through it. He has not an enemy in the world, but none of friends like him. While he was not dumber than an ox, he was not any smarter either. His judgment is so poor he runs a risk every time he uses I despise the pleasure of pleasing people whom I despise. "Conscience" is that part of the psyche that dissolves in alcohol. A demagogue aches doctrines known to be untrue to people known to be idiots. This is what I like to think, and hell's bells, a man can think what he likes. thern California is a nice place to live, if you're an orange. It is hard to believe that a man is telling the truth when you know you would lie you were in his place. A diplomat never forgets a woman's birthday, and never remembers her age. A saloon can't corrupt a good man, any more n a synagogue can reform a bad one. Education is what you must acquire without interference from your schooling. Education is what remains er you have forgotten all you have been taught. Faith can move mountains, but not furniture. What the Lord does is certainly best--probably. is not just everything that exists; God is everything that does not exist. An oral contract isn't worth the paper it's written on. In this d of ours all humans are slaves, their chains, however, differing with their rank--some wearing gold, others iron. It's absolutely impossible-- it has possibilities. Every abridgment of a good book is a foolish abridgment. No man can feel lonely while eating spaghetti; it takes so much ention. You could characterize it as a club where girls look for husbands and husbands look for girls. The last time we met was in my hmare. Why is it that the walls in a hotel room are very thin when you try to sleep and very thick when you want to listen. Since any good rt story should contain one or more of the essentials of religion, emotion, sex, mystery, surprise and royalty, consider this: "My God!" wept the ginal beauty-contest queen; "I am pregnant, and who can the father be?" Treasure, riches, heaped-up wealth, gold and silver, hats and belts, e's worth a fig, or even less, without gaiety, candor, modesty, and trust. If life is a dream, please don't wake me. 'Tis better to have loved lost than never to have lost at all. I understand and know full well that all will die, both clerk and lay, and very brief will be their fame as n as they have passed away, unless a clerk sets it all down in books, so it may live and last. I know all things, except myself. People suffer eater embarrassment at confessing to a love affair than at engaging in one. He always looked a gift horse in the mouth. It is a very ordinary common thing among men to conceive, forsee, know and presage the misfortune, bad luck, or disaster of another; but to have the understanding, vidence, knowledge, and prediction of a man's own mishap is very scarce, and rare to be found anywhere. Live now, believe me, wait not for the rrow; gather ye rosebuds while ye may. When a man brings his wife a gift for no reason, there's a reason. The worst estate of man is where he eth the knowledge and government of himself. Of all the infirmities we have, the most savage is to despise our being. He was so skinny he ked like he'd been pulled through a keyhole. Though we long to get on stilts, we must scale them with our own legs; and should we sit upon the hest throne in the world, we still lay upon our own tail. He who is quick to run away will live to fight another day. Like swimmers surfacing m the depths of their dives, all emerge from death, as emerging from a dream. Each age has its moods, its tastes, and its games--as hair grays, ewise do our whims. Nothing in the world endures, other than eternal change. There are no children we love more passionately than those born of own minds, those of whom we are both father and mother. The greatest minds are capable of the greatest vices as well as of the greatest virtues. r since dying came into fashion, life has not been safe. To read classic sentences is like conversing with the noblest minds of bygone ages. cannot conceive anything so strange and so implausible that it has not already been said by one philosopher or another. Who holds all power must

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ar all things. The only thing you get free in this life is garbage. All our happiness is subject to change, in no time falling to the ground, illiant as glass, but just as fragile. Love is a good teacher, instructing quickly in the ways of itself. Every moment of life is a step toward ath. These sentences collected here are new and fresh this morning, while there is nothing as old and tired as today's newspaper. Judged by most its results, love is closer to hatred than to friendship. Everyone complains of his memory, but no one complains of his judgment. When you get the point where you cheat for the sake of beauty, then you're an artist. We give nothing as freely as our advice. For one person who dreams of king fifty thousand dollars, a hundred people dream of being left a hundred thousand dollars. Hypocrisy is the tribute that vice pays to virtue. the eyes of a ruler, a man who is in a position to do good is just as dangerous, and almost as criminal, as one who intends to do harm. The most strustful persons are often the greatest dupes. It's all very well to keep food for another day, but pleasure should be taken as it comes. A nsible person should never take a spouse without the consent of his or her reason and must never take a lover unless prompted by the heart. We die t once, and for so long a time. It's not the seven deadly virtues that make a man a good husband, but the three hundred pleasing amiabilities. y joy, joy--tears of joy. The eternal silence of these infinite spaces frightens me. The ability to make love frivolously is the chief aracteristic which distinguishes human beings from animals. Passions can lead me on, but never blind me. War will never cease until babies begin come into the world with larger cerebrums and smaller adrenal glands. We need a reason for speaking, but none for keeping silent. The worst rangement of the spirit is to believe things because we want them to be so, not because we have seen them for what they are. Who has but a short me to live no longer needs to dissemble. No one is satisfied with his lot or dissatisfied with his wit. A beautiful woman who has the qualities an accomplished man is, of all the conversations in the world, the most delicious. Hatred is so durable and obstinate that reconciliation on a ck bed is the truest sign of immanent death. I have never known any distress that an hour's reading did not relieve. It is with noble sentiments at bad literature gets written. The best way to be boring is to leave nothing out. Not all that shivers is cold. If God did not exist, we uld have to invent him. Prejudices are what fools use for reason. Better to risk saving a guilty man to condemn an innocent one. Thanks to k we avoid three great evils--boredom, vice, and need. Every true poet, independently of the ideas that come to him from eternal truth, should ntain the sum of the ideas of his time. In pursuing happiness, but without knowing where to find it, all of us are like drunkards trying to find eir way home. Let's go somewhere where I can be alone. Ills comes too soon; relief comes too late. I disapprove of what you say, but will fend to the death your right to say it. The first step is the hardest. Genius is but a greater aptitude for patience. A virgin's longing is nsuming fire; a hundred times worse is a nun's desire. I would rather indulge in paradoxes than in prejudices, in ambiguities than catalogues, in ggestions than definitions, especially now. The painter should not paint what he sees, but what will be seen. My meditations, my musings are ver more enchanting than when I am able to forget myself. Of some people we should not say that they fear God, but that they are afraid of Him. e days that make us happy make us wise. Posterity to the philosopher is what the other world is to the religious man. When an idea is too weak stand the test of simple expression, it should be dropped. The future is something which everyone reaches at the rate of sixty minutes an hour, atever he does, whoever he is. Young people suffer less from their own mistakes than from older people's wisdom. To accomplish great things, we st live as if we were never going to die. Lazy people are always looking for something to do. How alike are the groans of love to those of the ing? What makes people happy is loving to do what they have to do. Maxims are like light that suddenly illuminates a large area. If you tell a nce that he is accountable for his actions to God alone, he will soon act as if he were accountable to no one. It has not been granted to all men be great, but they can all be good. A quarter hour's physical intimacy between two persons of different sexes who feel for each other, I won't y love, but liking, creates a truth, a tender interest, that even the most devoted friendship of ten years does not inspire. Fate chooses our rents; we choose our friends. Whenever there is too much, something is lacking. Artists, poets, musicians--if we keep on copying others, no one ll copy you. No matter how this may shock everyone, the duty of literature is to say everything. Virtue, however fine it may be, nonetheless omes the worst path to choose when it finds itself too weak to combat vice, for in an absolutely corrupted age, such as the one we are living in, e safest course is to do as others do, if necessary taking the side of the wicked who prosper than of the righteous who fail. Life is a disease m which sleep gives us palliative relief every sixteen hours and death is a remedy. Pity the man who has nothing but money. A good critic is e who tells the story of his mind's adventures among the masterpieces. The two things to which we must resign ourselves on pain of finding life sgarable are the ravages of time and human injustice. The best memories are those we have forgotten. There are more fools than sages, and even a sage there is more folly than wisdom. I know of only three ways of living in society: one must be a beggar, a thief, or a wage earner. Every tion has the government it deserves. Of peace and quiet we sometimes grow weary, but never of loving or being loved. To teach is to learn twice. lish or finish is to style what varnish is to painting; it protects, makes durable, endows with a kind of eternity. Women sometimes forgive a man

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is what happens when preparation meets opportunity. A "cynic" is a blackguard whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to A primary purpose of a liberal education is to make one's mind a pleasant place in which to spend one's leisure. The long habit of living sposes us to dying. Democracy is the art of running the circus from the monkey cage. Man's capacity for justice makes democracy possible, but s inclination to injustice makes democracy necessary. Nothing succeeds like success. The chief defect of a democracy is that only the tical party out of office knows how to run the government. My interest in the future in based upon my sense that I am going to spend the rest of ife there. Patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel. People who bite the hand that feeds them usually lick the boot that kicks them. aphysics" is almost always an attempt to prove the incredible by an appeal to the unintelligible. In a hierarchy every employee tends to rise to level of incompetence. Poetry is not an assertion of the truth, but the making of that truth more fully real to us. What is moral is what you good after. Honesty, like liberty, will not survive in statutes if it has died in the hearts of men. When you prevent me from doing anything nt to do, that is persecution; but when I prevent you from doing anything you want to do, that is law and order and morals. To love oneself is beginning of a lifelong romance. Don't talk unless you can improve the silence. Reality is always more conservative than ideology. A dying needs to die, as a sleepy man needs to sleep, and there comes a time when it is wrong, as well as useless, to resist. Democracy is a process by h the people are free to choose the man who will get the blame. I am the master of my fate, the captain of my soul. Show me a good and ious loser and I'll show you a failure. The country that has only one man who can save it is not worth saving. But if a man happens to find elf, he has a mansion which he can inhabit with dignity all the days of his life. Even a paranoid can have real enemies. A diplomat always mbers a woman's birthday but never her age. It is possible that one reason for the tremendous interest in sports these days is that so much of other current news seems to make no sense. The best substitute for experience is being sixteen. Generally the theories we believe we call s, and the facts we disbelieve we call theories. Civilization is nothing else but the attempt to reduce force to being the last resort. A man is not liberal at sixteen has no heart; a man who is not conservative at sixty has no head. Sport is the only place we have left where we can t even. A society of sheep must in time beget a government of wolves. Nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it mulates in the form of inert facts. The thing that drives a real pro is simply inner satisfaction--any real artist will know what I mean. It most impossible to remember, when one is playing golf, how tragic a place the world can be. There is no fate that cannot be surmounted by n. Success is not the result of spontaneous combustion; you must set yourself on fire. The fault is not in our stars but in ourselves that we underlings. To treat your facts with imagination is one thing, but to imagine your facts is another. There never has been any thirty-hour week men who had anything to do. A "cynic" is a man who, when he smells flowers, looks around for a coffin. Good people are good because they've to wisdom through failure. There are no eternal facts as there are no absolute truths. All great horses are fast, but not all fast horses are t. When you read and understand a poem, comprehending its rich and formal meanings, then you master chaos a little. Power is what men seek, any group that gets it will abuse it. A bigot answering your questions resents your questioning his answers. It's never too late to give up prejudices. Given a thimbleful of facts we rush to make generalizations as large as a tub. It is easier to fight for one's principles than ive up to them. The man who sees the consistency in things is a wit; the man who sees the inconsistency is a humorist. It is the preoccupation possessions, more than anything else, that prevents man from living freely and nobly. My method is to take the utmost trouble to find the right g to say, and then to say it with the utmost levity. We are all born mad; some remain so. Success is a journey, not a destination. A big lie ore plausible than truth. The main obligation is to amuse yourself. "Faith" is an illogical belief in the occurrence of the impossible. A ured person is one who can entertain himself, entertain guests and entertain ideas. Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat When a man begins to call himself a "realist," you can be sure he is preparing to do something he is secretly ashamed of doing. Without heroes re all plain people who don't know how far we can go. Science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind. The path that leads moral standards to political activity is strewn with our dead selves. Every act of rebelling expresses a nostalgia for innocence. A cynic is n who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. It doesn't matter if you're rich or poor, as long as you have money. No one is ess in this world who lightens the burdens of another. The committee is a group of men who individually can do nothing but as a group decide nothing can be done. One man's remorse is another man's reminiscence. A little sincerity is a dangerous thing, and a great deal of it is lutely fatal. Undermine the entire structure of society by leaving the pay toilet door ajar so that the next person can get in free. In all rded history there has not been one economist who has had to worry about where the next meal would come from. I was never less alone than while yself. There is no failure except in no longer trying. Experience is the comb that Nature gives us when we are bald. I have certainly known men destroyed by the desire to have a wife and children and to keep them in comfort than I have seen destroyed by drink and harlots.

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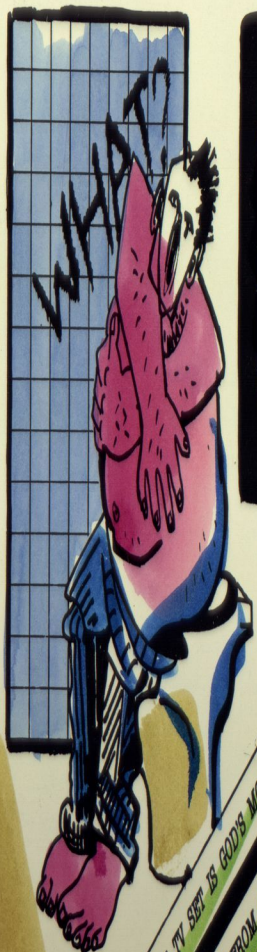
THE SAUSAGE WAR ERA

WHEN THE SOUL LEAVES THE BODY VIA THE RECTUM

A. LASKARI AND THE MAD HOUSEWIFE



DO YOU STILL KNOW WHO YOU ARE?

IF YOU THINK THE TV SET IS GOD'S MOUTH, YOU ARE JERKS. IF YOU THINK IT'S HIS EYES, DON'T WALK AROUND THE HOUSE NAKED.

PROTECT YOURSELF FROM GOD. REMEMBER HOW SNEAKY HE WAS WITH VIRGIN MARY. KEEP YOUR ASSES COVERED.

SI DIEU Y EYST PISSE

BOOK IV

POEM I

THE SCOUNDREL'S SONG

—to be sung with pious regret in no particular key

Schism, hitherto
derision, vice now
indecision.

Chorus:
Whoof! Indeed!
Umph! Push, please…

Fusion, forevermore (!)
illusion, hype then
confusion.
But wait…

Chorus (a double):
Whoof! Whoof!
Indeed, my Lord,
Umph! Push, harder
please…

S. CHUTHA T.S.

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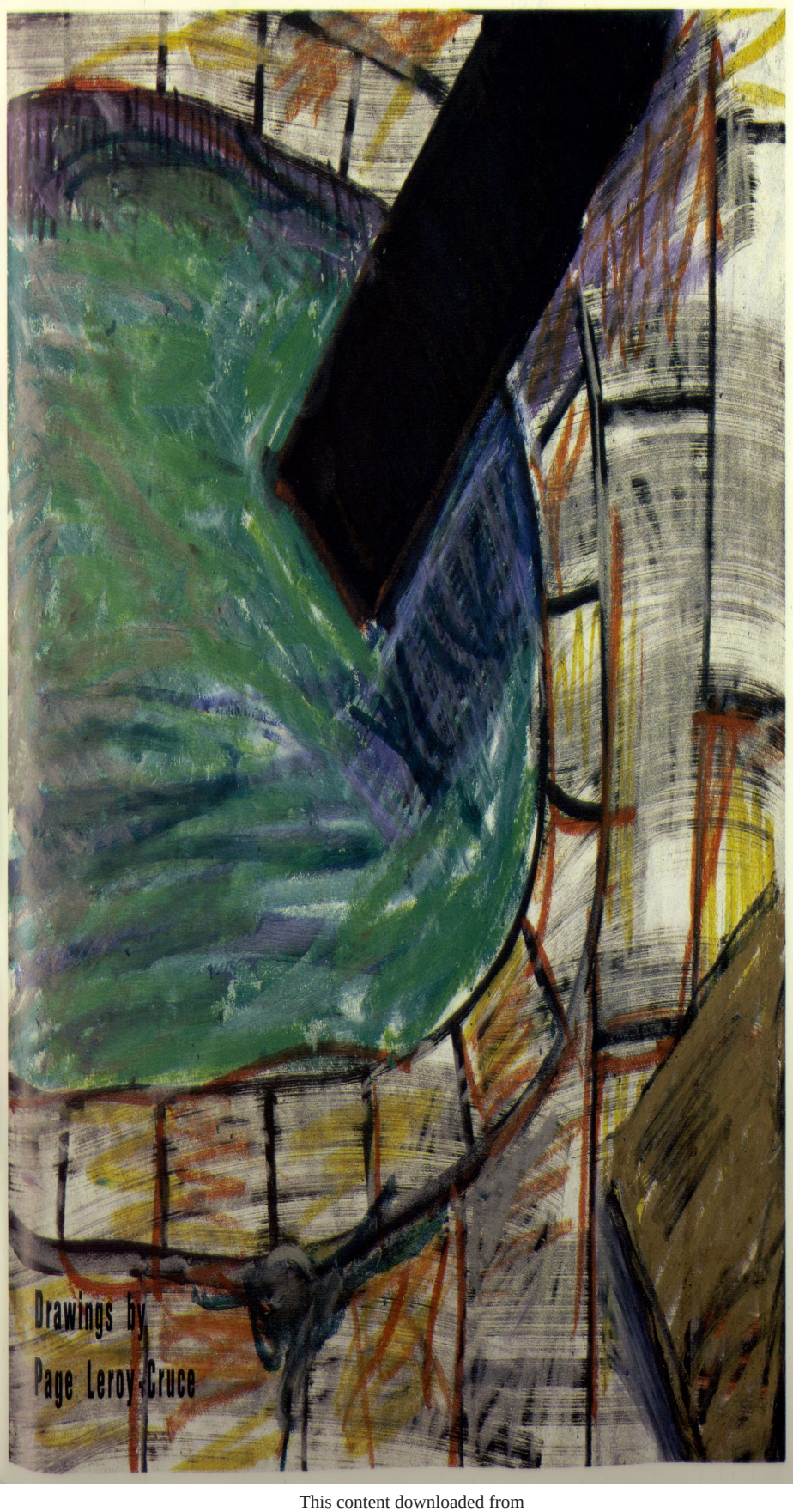

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discussion

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and the critics raved

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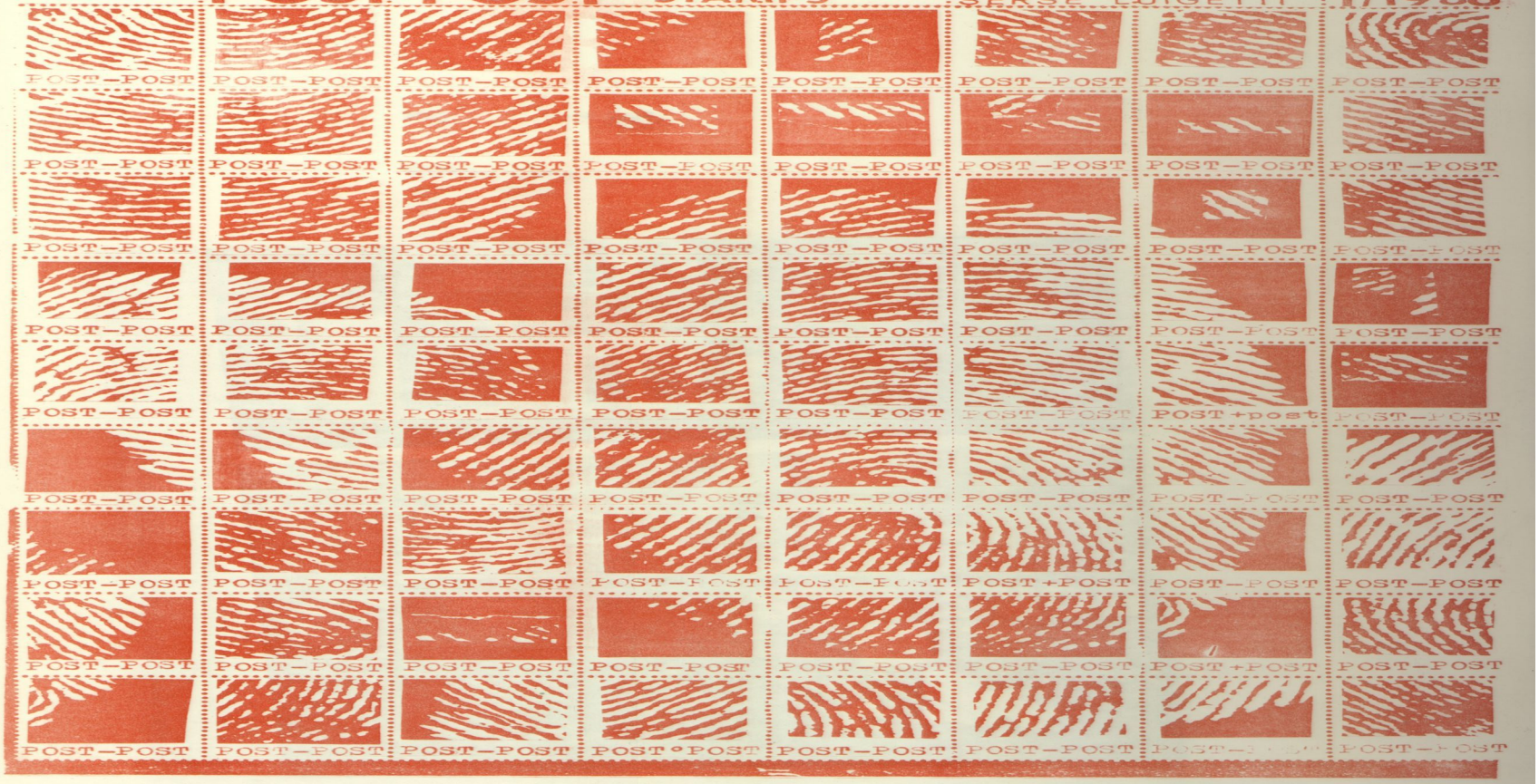

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13427 POEMES METAPHYSIQUES, POEME N° 193

Ἀπόλλων

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SEPTIÈME PARTIE

NOTIONS SUR L'HISTOIRE DE L'ASTRONOMIE

I. — L'astronomie dans les temps anciens.

295. Origine de l'astronomie. — Le besoin de distinguer les saisons, d'en connaître la durée, et par suite d'en prévoir le retour, a conduit tous les peuples, dès la plus haute antiquité, à observer le cours des astres. Les hommes s'aperçurent bientôt que le lever et le coucher des principales étoiles pouvaient servir à cette détermination, que la longueur de l'année se mesurait par le retour périodique du Soleil à une étoile; mais toutes ces observations, consistant en quelques remarques grossières, ne pouvaient former une science.

L'astronomie proprement dite ne commença qu'à partir du moment où les observations antérieures ayant été recueillies, rapprochées et comparées entre elles, on essaya d'en déduire des conséquences et de formuler les lois qui régissent les mouvements des corps célestes.

Au début, toute la science astronomique se bornait à observer le mouvement des principales étoiles, leurs occultations par la Lune et les planètes; on étudiait la trajectoire du Soleil au moyen de l'ombre des gnomons, celle des planètes en les suivant dans les positions successives qu'elles occupent par rapport aux étoiles. Celles-ci furent groupées en constellations, et les signes du zodiaque servirent à distinguer les saisons.

Onze siècles avant Jésus-Christ, les *Chinois* avaient découvert l'obliquité de l'écliptique. Les *Égyptiens* et les *Chaldéens*, célèbres dans l'antiquité par leurs connaissances astronomiques, connaissaient la période de Saros (n° 233), qui permet de prédire les éclipses futures au moyen de celles qui ont été observées pendant l'une de ces périodes. Les Égyptiens savaient tracer la méridienne, ainsi que le prouve la construction des pyramides de Memphis, orientées à moins d'une minute près.

296. L'astronomie chez les Grecs. — Les Grecs apprirent des Égyptiens à observer les phénomènes célestes. *Thalès, Platon*, connaissaient la cause des phases de la Lune; ils avaient deviné la rondeur de la Terre. *Aristarque* de Samos, un des plus grands astronomes qu'ait produit la Grèce, donna, trois ou quatre siècles avant Jésus-Christ, une méthode théoriquement exacte pour mesurer le rapport des distances de la Lune, de la Terre et du Soleil. *Eratosthène*, son disciple, supposant la Terre sphérique, déduisit la longueur de l'un de ses grands cercles, de la mesure de l'arc compris entre Syène et Alexandrie, et trouva un résultat vraiment remarquable étant donnée l'imperfection des moyens qu'il employait.

Pythagore, allant encore plus loin, admit le double mouvement de la Terre sur elle-même et autour du Soleil; mais toutes ces conceptions, conformes à la science d'aujourd'hui, n'étaient connues que d'un petit nombre d'initiés, et la croyance commune, qui plaçait la Terre au centre de l'univers, devait persister jusqu'aux temps modernes. D'ailleurs, toutes ces grandes vérités manquaient de preuves évidentes; elles étaient trop en contradiction avec les illusions des sens pour être admises par le vulgaire, et il faut attendre jusqu'au troisième siècle avant Jésus-Christ, à l'époque où commence à briller l'*École d'Alexandrie*, pour trouver un ensemble d'observations méthodiquement exécutées, faites avec des instruments propres à mesurer des angles et calculées par des procédés trigonométriques.

Les positions des étoiles sont alors mieux déterminées, les inégalités dans les mouvements du Soleil et de la Lune mieux étudiées; on suit avec plus de soin les mouvements des planètes. Enfin on voit énoncer, pour la première fois, un système astronomique qui embrasse l'ensemble des phénomènes célestes et essaye d'en donner une explication qui satisfasse l'esprit.

297. Hipparque. — Hipparque, de Nicée, en Bithynie, le plus grand astronome de l'antiquité, vivait au deuxième siècle avant Jésus-Christ. Il détermina, à quelques minutes près, la durée de l'année tropique, constata qu'elle était un peu moindre que celle de 365 jours $^1/_4$ adoptée jusque-là, et trouva qu'il fallait en retrancher un jour à la fin de trois siècles.

Il étudia également les mouvements de la Lune, et, en comparant ses observations relatives aux éclipses avec celles des Chaldéens, il trouva la durée de ses différentes révolutions, l'excentricité de son orbite et son inclinaison sur le plan de l'écliptique. Il détermina la parallaxe de la Lune et essaya d'en déduire celle du Soleil.

L'observation de l'inégalité des saisons lui fit découvrir l'excentricité de l'orbite du Soleil; le premier, il eut l'idée de fixer la position des lieux par la longitude et la latitude. Il dressa un catalogue d'étoiles, pour qu'on pût reconnaître, dans la suite des temps, les changements qui se produiraient dans le ciel étoilé, et fut ainsi conduit à la découverte de la précession des équinoxes, son plus beau titre de gloire.

Cet illustre astronome est remarquable par sa méthode, le nombre et la précision de ses observations et les conséquences qu'il sut en tirer.

298. Ptolémée. — Ptolémée, né à Ptolémaïde (Égypte), vers l'an 130 de notre ère, est une des gloires de l'École d'Alexandrie. Il fut le premier qui rassembla en une sorte de code tous les procédés

---

IT WAS A KINDOM BY THE SEA...

I ♡ NEW YORK
BUT I ♠ ALL THESE ♡
LA-BAS A MANHATTAN ALLEZ-SAVOIR
LE WHY DU HOW :
I ♠ SE TRADUIT PAR I ☠ ?

L'été 83 ou 82, je suis allé avec Kat à Delphes, j'avais depuis longtemps le désir de retrouver les oliviers en tempête sous les falaises... avec au fond la mer en plaine.

C'est malgré l'arrivée des cars aux immatriculations de mille contrées lointaines malgré l'ascension (vers le théâtre puis le stade) au milieu des shorts et des bobs, des ombrelles et des tee-shirts :

Un choc réel

Cela tiend au regard de nos mémoires ;

Pour Polyphonix VII en Novembre 84, je suis retourné New York, passant dans ses villages : remonter puis descendre les deux Broadway, traverser Canal street, enjamber poubelles et gravats.

C'est grâce aux sirènes et aux klaxons (et l'Italie touche à la Chine, et le clochard du Bowery nettoie le pare-brise de la limousine bloquée au feu rouge) enfin grâce aux odeurs et aux foules :

Un choc splendide.

Cela tient au regard de mes souvenirs.
Mais personne ne peut plus entendre les vaticinations de la Pythie
et personne ne peut entendre le souffle d'un poète new-yorkais.

New York est morte peuplée de vieillards jadis géniaux qui vendent encore leurs vieux débris par l'intermédiaire de leurs commerçants tranquilles et généreux.

Il n'y a plus aucun artiste moderne ou jeune à New York, plus aucun poète contemporain, plus un seul inventeur récent, que des vieux qui anonnent leur vieille rengaine sur des airs de rock et dans des décors de comics.
Néanmoins, il existe quelques jeunes gens et jeunes filles qui, la langue chargée des vieux mots de la beat-generation et les gestes étriqués par les anciennes attitudes Fluxus parlent encore (si peu, si rarement). Ils racontent alors des historiettes qui se défilent en pelote ponctuées de quelques jeux de mots à ne faire rire que quelques Yuppies échappés du World Trade Center.

L'américain devient un dialecte commercial et technologique de discours néo-politique et archaïque de fin de banquet.
Plus aucun pirate sur cette jadis-langue !
Plus aucun vampire sur ce nouveau dialecte.

L'américain is dead.

Un jour les Europes, les Asies, les Afriques et les autres Amériques ne viendront à New York que pour vérifier si le mythe est toujours vivant (cf. Delphes), mais la ville évidemment sera déserte ou peuplée de touristes post-modernes.

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13.427 POEMES METAPHYSIQUES, POEME N° 166

ROSETTE : NEW x

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Peu à peu Apollon, par la voix de la Pythie qui prophétisait dans son sanctuaire, devint pour tous, individus et cités, le dieu de la purification et de la juste solution des problèmes aussi bien publiques que privés. D'ailleurs les oracles rendus étaient, le plus souvent, tels qu'ils contribuaient à adoucir les moeurs et à faire disparaître des coutumes cruelles, venger, par exemple, un meurtre par un autre. L'Oracle tendait encore à supprimer les causes de l'entre-déchirement dans les petites cités de la Grèce archaïque par l'encouragement de la colonisation. Ce ne fut pas sans raison que les devises des Sept Sages que l'on pouvait lire dans le temple d'Apollon, prêchaient la sagesse, la modération, la mesure en toute chose.

Pourtant Apollon fut aussi le dieu des Arts, de la Musique et de la Poésie et les Muses furent ses compagnes habituelles. La cithare, son attribut depuis sa naissance, apaisait les puissances surhumaines. Il faudrait d'ailleurs noter que la célèbre fête des Jeux Pythiques devait sa splendeur plutôt aux concours musicaux et poétiques; par contre, à Olympie c'étaient les concours gymniques qui l'emportaient. En raison de tout ce qu'Apollon incarnait, les Grecs lui témoignèrent une profonde reconnaissance. Ainsi, après tout succès militaire, toute entreprise importante, toute intervention du dieu pour sauver les hommes d'un désastre ou d'un mal funeste, les fidèles affluaient à Delphes pour dédier à Apollon, en témoignage de reconnaissance, des offrandes de tout genre parmi lesquelles des édifices, les trésors, des statues en métal précieux et bien d'autres précieux ex-voto.

La Pythie

La volonté d'Apollon était exprimée par la voix de la Pythie, une honorable Delphienne. Primitivement, la Pythie était une jeune fille mais plus tard il fut décidé qu'elle devait avoir dépassé la cinquantaine. Elle vivait dans le sanctuaire d'Apollon et la vie qu'elle menait devait être en tout point irréprochable. Au temps où l'Oracle prospérait il y avait trois Pythies mais plus tard, à l'époque impériale, il n'y eut qu'une seule.

Avant toute consultation de l'Oracle il était nécessaire qu'un certain rituel fût suivi aussi bien par la Pythie que par les consultants *(théopropes).* Tout consultant devait d'abord payer une taxe, le *pelanos,* qui n'était pas la même pour tous, puis se purifier avec l'eau de la fontaine Castalie; ensuite il s'approchait du grand autel d'Apollon, situé devant le temple, pour y offrir le sacrifice préliminaire (on immolait d'habitude une chèvre mais aussi des boucs et d'autres animaux). La bête devait être exempte de toute imperfection. Avant le sacrifice on l'aspergeait d'eau froide; si elle commençait à trembler et à tressaillir de tous ses membres, il était évident que le jour était "faste", qu'Apollon était favorablement disposé et qu'il consentait à donner audience.

À l'origine, les consultations avaient lieu une fois l'an, le 7 du mois Bysios (jour anniversaire d'Apollon) qui était le huitième mois de l'année delphique (février-mars). Mais au fur et à mesure que les consultants devenaient plus nombreux il fut fixé que les consultations pourraient avoir lieu le 7 de tous les mois, sauf les trois mois de l'hiver pendant lesquels Apollon quittait Delphes et se rendait chez les Hyperboréens. Ces trois mois appartenaient à Dionysos, à qui l'on rendait un culte particulier par des fêtes sur le Parnasse (selon une tradition les restes de Dionysos se trouvaient dans l'adyton sous l'omphalos ou bien auprès du trépied prophétique).

Le sacrifice s'étant révélé favorable, la Pythie entrait dans le temple après s'être purifiée avec l'eau de la fontaine Castalie; elle était suivie des prêtres ou *prophètes* qui allaient assister et participer à la consultation. Après avoir fait des fumigations de feuilles de laurier et de farine d'orge au-dessus du foyer où brûlait le feu immortel, la Pythie descendait par un escalier dans l'adyton, le lieu prophétique par excellence (salle basse située sous la cella du temple), tandis que les prêtres et les consultants (théopropes) attendaient à côté, dans une petite salle, *l'oikos,* d'où ils posaient à haute voix la question qui les préoccupait. La Pythie ayant bu de l'eau de la source Cassotis qui coulait dans l'adyton, s'asseyait sur le trépied prophétique qui se trouvait près de l'omphalos qu'elle touchait; ayant mâché des feuilles de laurier et ayant respiré les exhalaisons, le souffle *(πνεῦμα)* qui émanait par une crevasse du sein de la terre, elle entrait en extase, possédée par l'esprit prophétique et répondait aux questions posées par des paroles incohérentes que les *prophètes* recueillaient et rédigeaient en vers ou en prose, donnant ainsi la réponse divine dont le sens souvent ambigu était expliqué par des exégètes.

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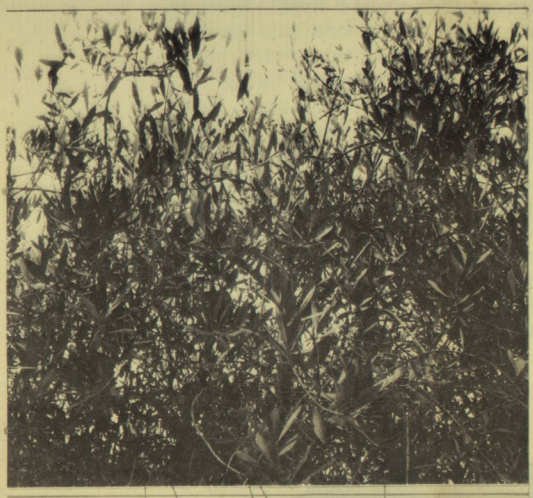

L'EPEE D'OR
(Premier chant)

Ayant eu à Delphes la révélation
De son ascendance
Le fils d'Apollon courut boire
L'eau sacrée à la sortie de la pierre.

Ecoutant au milieu de sa tête
Les vaticinations de la Pythie
Le descendant de la terre recueillit dans une gourde sèche
L'eau de lumière et de bruit.

Regardant ses mères ancestrales
Gaïa, Phœbé, Léto et Hécate
L'enfant d'Ouranos connut le lieu originel de sa naissance :
Dans la deuxième parenthèse de l'Eubée.

A Erétria il danse et marche
Parmi les trésors et les ruines,
Il transforma l'arc en Lyre
Et son orgueil prit sa démesure.

Ne connaissant la déesse ou la mortelle qui connut Apollon
Le fils nominal du planteur de vigne
Vola la parole divine de Zeus
Et prit possession de l'oracle.

Ramenant dans la vallée de l'Arc
Sur d'autres rives méditerranéennes
L'eau de la fontaine Kastalia
Il mit le feu au laurier et à la farine d'orge.

Arrachant les racines d'arbre de plusieurs essences
Le frère d'Orphée, de Linos, d'Aristée, d'Asclepios et de Troïlos
Ne sachant la mère réelle dont il était la conséquence
Construisit le trépied.

Recueillant, de ses mains en ailes, le vol du milan ;
Ivre des fumées et des vapeurs parnassiennes,
Au fracas de ses cris et au tumulte de ses gestes
Il instruisit ceux du siècle vingtième.

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L'EPEE D'OR
(deuxième chant)

De Thalie, Apollon eut les Corybantes
Et de l'une de ses sœurs : moi !
Suis-je le fils de l'histoire ?
Ou celui de la tragédie ?

D'Uranie, Apollon eut Linos et Orphée
Le maître d'Héracles et le charmeur des enfers
Suis-je, moi aussi, l'enfant des étoiles ?
Ou celui qui charme et murmure ?

Qui d'Euterpe ou de Terpsichore
M'a donné le sein ?
Qui d'Erato ou de Caliope
M'a donné le sang ?

Aucune de celles-ci.
Quand je considère mon visage et mes gestes
Je sais que ma parole s'orne du mouvement
Et c'est bien Polymnie qui est ma maman.

Mais à la relecture de mes cris
Mais à la reconduite de mes gestes
Et malgré ce que je viens d'énoncer à l'instant
Je sais que ma mère réelle c'est Clio !

Si Polymnie eût été homme et Clio femme
Si Clio eût été homme et Polymnie femme
Ils ou elles auraient eu un enfant :
Une fille qui aurait été ma maman.

Alors je prophétise mon ascendance :
Polymnie devint poulpe mâle
Ce fut la première métamorphose,
Clio devint mouette femelle : ce fut la deuxième.

Leur fille unique aux cheveux tentaculaires
Leur fille unique aux creux duveteux
S'accoupla à Apollon en plein vol
Et enfanta le poète au fond d'une caverne marine.

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JUL BLAINE

NOTE DU JARDINIER

Le geste rituel se déroula donc dans le quartier des Bonsfils (photographie N° 1), à Ventabren (photographie N° 2) à l'été 85.
L'hiver 85/86 fut rude, sévère et glacial, et l'olivier du jardin creva du gel.
En fait, il se dessécha de froid, le squelette de l'arbre, suite naturelle et naturelle de la cérémonie estivale chantée tout-à-l'heure se révéla.
L'arbre qui fut l'un des attributs essentiels du fils d'Apollon à l'été 85 et l'arbre révélé à l'hiver 85/86 sera le même olivier (photographies des pages 6 et 7 - celles du haut - Cf. chant n° 1 et chant n° 2) est le même olivier (photographie N° 3).
Simon le naïf le scia à la base et le renversa, puis ce fut l'offre au fils d'Apollon qui avait reconnu dans le tronc et ses premières ramifications : le trépied sacré.

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MEDITATION 101

PING Pong
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TAKE
OUT
HEROS

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IT SEEMS TO SEE THE SEA TO SEND SSSAAANNNDDD

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arrigo lora totino

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arrigo
lora totino

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A 86.

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en descente à la strate pour l'enfonce tume l'enfronce c'est plissé à l'œil toujours à l'œreille pour que trende c'est l'espace yen a qu'un au trouver l'ra sis'eest

lève tes carte que jte rentre ce qu'il faut entendre par la rien que le

grouil lot le fil est ténu gros se bite ouil louil

pourquoi tu te don nes plus aux nouvel les que tu lais se ai dente

lent à trouver un fil elle te saute plus aux yeux

la ligne parpil lé pas d'air jusqu'à s'af fronte au gré af fole la faibles

e pres sion retour d'amas amalgame

ca va crever a de prévément gref fes tourn parole monstrueuse

bcés de sens goutt ante ap piqué à cru à trou enor qu'elle pusse ac

e ac croupi des sus sur la croupe au pire

ça lui sert à parler enc

que tu

qu'à lire peu un cancer

te fa st foutr à l'œi jtcoule

de lange à l'ar raché do

?!pas sage de quoi toi cel le m

oRte moRcel le les nœ

pour pas un rond qu ros

ux saign qui ap pel le agit

de bours de visus de la rai rais

é plus al lé e sos un mot en

in bout grouil lant de figure scène de retour avant marel le pénét

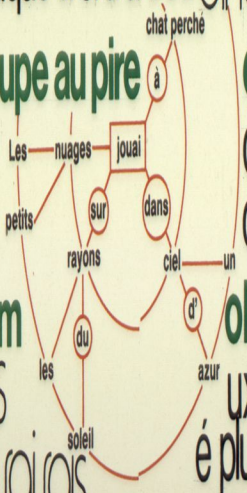
at tachE E au cuL a secouss a sec isil logor pour at tend se lève en

hospitaLitE qui sE fou n mon fil non noue qui garde l'ima

tE sans nom plus tard dEjà trop tard cadavRE EI lE jub

dchariTE a La criE E tête to ge à ne plus reg

chevalié au pas d'écar te méridien ralentir en travau



Étoiles :		Constellations :
1,6	SIRIUS	GRAND CHIEN
0,9	CANOPUS	CARÈNE
0,1	RIGIL	CENTAURE
0,3	RIGEL	ORION
0,6	ACHERNAR	ERIDAN
0,9	AGENA	CENTAURE
1,1	ACRUX	CROIX
1,2	EPI	VIERGE
1,2	ANTARÈS	SCORPION
1,3	FOMALHAUT	POISSON AUSTRAL
1,5	BETA DE LA CROIX	CROIX

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rate bas c'est sourd on passe plus par le haut c'est louché reste le brown t'en fais vite le reste que cela un corps pour trois qu'il dépèccèhceesss des couch

début perdu d'extrait reste sur le carreau ko

bouffé de moitié presque lu là

ubégaie cet te

ardent don jouait sur le leur d'après tu te tâte

l'ablette en prem

C'est un vieux truc : du poison aux coins des pages d'un livre.

dès que la victime se mouille le doigt pour tourner une page, elle est empoisonnée...

Ce qui m'étonne est le caractère du poison choisi et surtout le mobile du crime.

sE dE la tEnsi

t du vien dU tien ça tient aU rai dU lien ça teinT les m

eT Tre à nu lEs

qu'elle puss'at dépôt de lian une histoire qu'on défile de son couch

épelle un par un ap raconte tu veux quoi au jus des cora heurt dit

or ensuite ta fini

Le vent plie l'arbre.

L'arbre plie le vent.

exige la marque et des jeux at taché pour voir l'a

en retour la buté raide au bout

en table cedémisé langue corné rabougrise

Uds montEls micalEff

tous corps duRcis sa

ns creux de m

Capella

LES CHEVEUX DE Sadatoni

opération d'image

ns merde cas sant lis s

ace prendr

scalpel de lésion sursaut

déplacement (*un énorme éléphant/un éléphant énorme*), voir mobilité + 157-159, 196-197.

Bétalgeuse

avec to

sans touche ap puyer sûr la bouch les tou

ffes

Tous ces trous sont des marques de clous.

s'i

n'y retenir d'un ch ou il n'y a plus à savoir

la le

vé

éclat qu'un délice qu'ils chant violent à la de rideau tous sont flu

ilE

tRanchantE la plaie a la bouche plaie bourgeon palais

J'ai mort faim toujours

Venez ici immédiatement !
Oh ! le joli petit chaton !
Assez de mensonges et de flatteries !
Ainsi c'était donc vous !

gar

contigu virgulation lentil le

ide pas d'accords C

Menkar (Menkalinan)

Rasalgethi (Kaiwan)

Gacrux

Elnath (Elnath)

ux pour qu'il sorte sursaute les sortilès

lesolilès Pour la dé

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es déplace des bouches bouchesQU'il résonne reSONNESUR CELA BOUCHE reste qu'elle stirequ'une empressio à la tire stirevivante viverante déconfigue s

à mater la mise scèniq omme un torrent ils ti déd coupe

plaqué sur le tain miroi ol le bo ciede

ier pour l'éviter à contre-fil lien rencontre attention qu'un

myopic dans le brouil bo da au son n art-n

pour qu'el le lève c croche com men sont é v dé

envielop per ya Trop de peau *Que manipule-t-on?* des suces de trou à suivr

ail le urs de sa lan lau sens à respirer dedaqdate d amas de

gue dedans en ns enceinte de viscosité de peau amor

ivoir prise par des sous sur pris t'en va ou tu veux un collage surp

traboule boyau touf f lui même façon amorphe e

ant léché liant butant d habiller pour la liaison s'ils n é ausq ça m

ots scalpé écharpé poreux el le s'exerce jusqu'à u

définitif heurté crache ont plu s d me bas aures

le monceau taupe ca mage y sconserve sen pir ouskè suila bas

l reste qu'el le oublié lié au coin à peine chié moribonde transparen

ché lourde à toute nomation jai de au transpir

poil c'est bien langue à pe

je com mence il une fois une petit fil le physique baux

le mouvement d rdre cel le-là marqué touché tail

chiffre des terres rien a redire traversé

Il m'a présenté l'homme qui lui avait sauvé la vie.

A agapes ( ) - agrumes ( ) - ambages ( ) - affres ( ) - aguets ( ) - annales ( ) - alentours ( ) - arrhes ( ) - arcanes ( ) - armoiries ( ) - arrérages ( ) - arachnides ( ) - azimuts ( ) - auspices ( ) - aitres ( ).

- ils hâtent le pas et ils hèlent un taxi - ils hébergent, ils hésitent, ils humilient, ils hurlent, ils houspillent, ils haïssent et en fin de compte ils héritent - des hameçons - des hasards.

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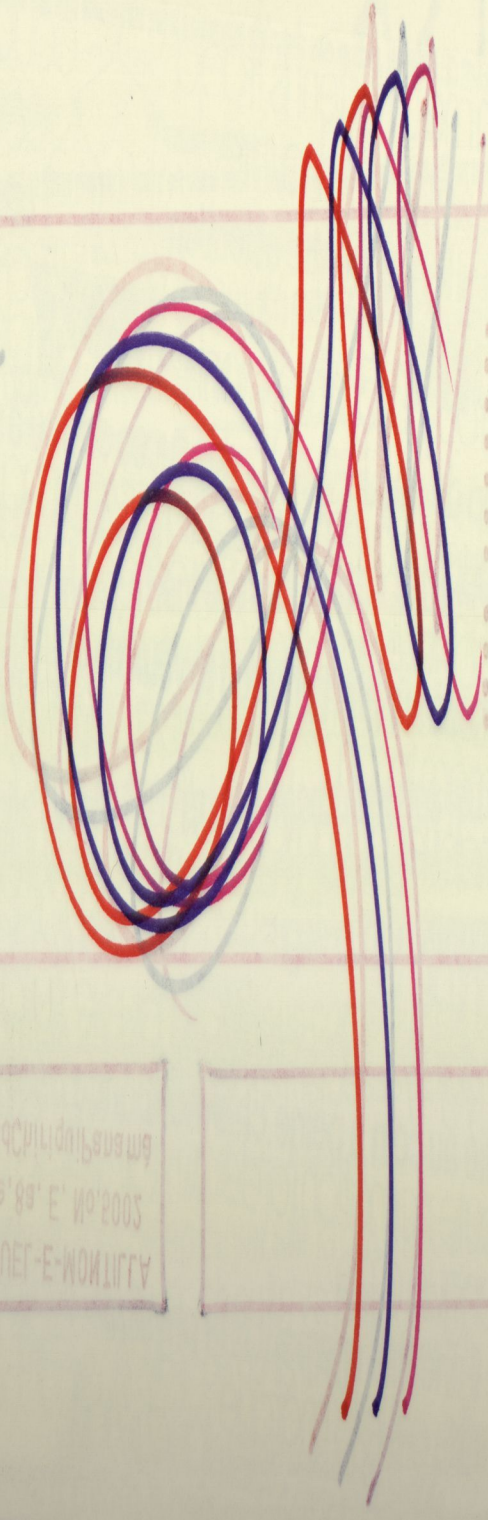

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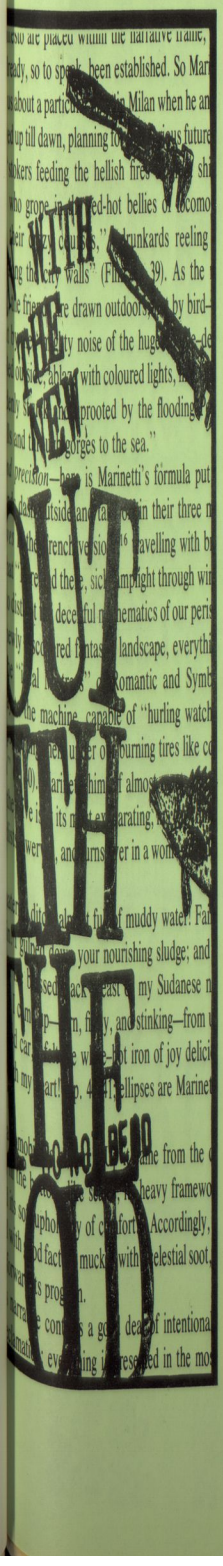

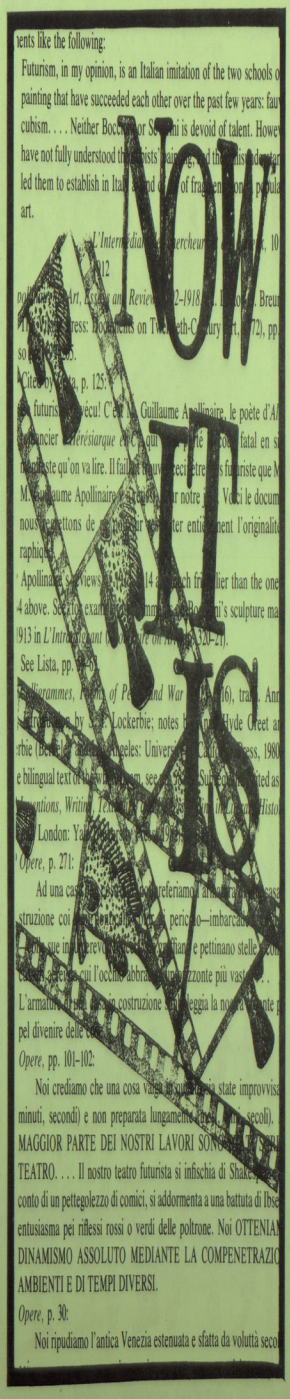

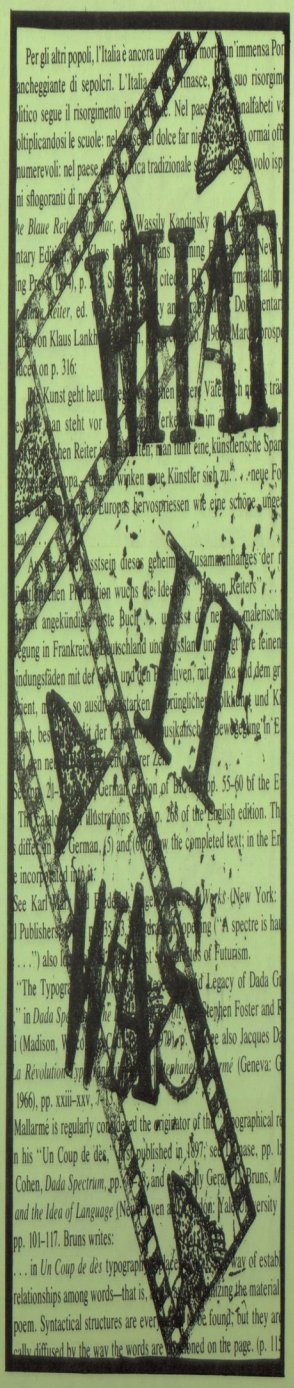

George Myers Jr.

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xhibiting crime we learnedly say ventilator, it is to give
ure kind reader I love you so I swear I do I adore you,"
"you" is no longer the "you" of the Sunday crowd in the
Marco but *you* who are my intimate friends, who are,
words, "sympathiques."

Given this [illegible] the [illegible]ara manifesto is often indi
able from prose poem, its [illegible]rie address, its complex
[illegible]ete but ambivalent image, and its elaborate struct
[illegible]. Anti-Dialogue, first Surrealist Manifesto of 192
[illegible] many of our own exe[illegible] of concep
texts [illegible] long [illegible] to be manifest[illegible] to move
action, but occupying a similar space betw[illegible] lyric and na
lyric and theatre, or lyric and political statement. Manifes
paves the way for the gradual erosion of the distinctio
"literary" and "theoretical" texts—an erosion not nearly
as current polemic would have us think.

NOTES

[1] According to Giovanni Lista, the [illegible] question was *P*
Lumière, de la Vitesse du Dynamisme [illegible] unpublished un
Severini [illegible] *Témoignages, 50 ans de réflexion* (Roma: E
erne) [illegible]-31. [illegible] *Futurist Manifestes, Proclamations*
(Lausanne: Éditions L'Age d'Homme, 1973), p. 18. Subsequently cite

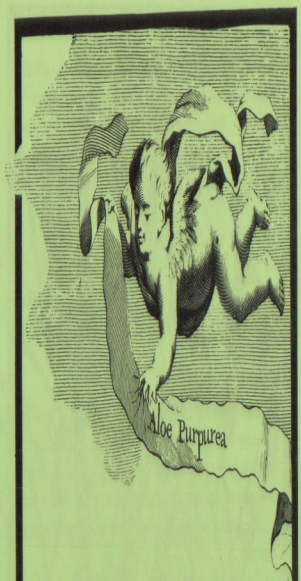
Note that Futurists, especially Marinetti and Severini wrote
Italian and French as the mood and audience suited them. Citations a
guage originally us[illegible]

[2] The letter is reproduced in *Archivi del Futurismo*, reaccolti e ord
Drudi Gambillo e Teresa Fiori, Vol. 1 (Roma: De Luca, 1958), pp. 294-9
subsequently cited as *Archivi*.

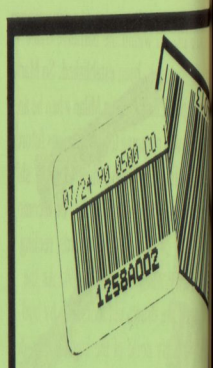
. . . ho letto con molta attenzione il tuo manoscritto, che
interessantissime. Però to[illegible] sulla di un *manifes*

Anzitutto, il titol[illegible] troppo ge
già contenuto nei [illegible]ogo, devi
parte in cui riprendi il [illegible] Apollinaire, essendo
contrario al tipo dei nostri manifesti il fatto di *elogiarne un*
manifesto, ripetendone le forme elogiose o insultanti. Inoltre . . .

NOT A TEXT



THE OLD AVANT GARDE



THE NEW

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WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO The WORLD IN THE YEAR 2000?

Polluted water hate Greed chemical waste false teeth glass eye sick people bizarre ATTITUDES NASTY HABITS PARTY Without a Stop STOP THE CLOCK What to Remember And What to Forget secret OF MUSIC OF Passion REMEMBER FUN LAUGHS SLEEP odds 'n ends of death WOMAN Express Around the World But Don't BE FOOLED monks are using computers to see future

POEM BY Valery Distano

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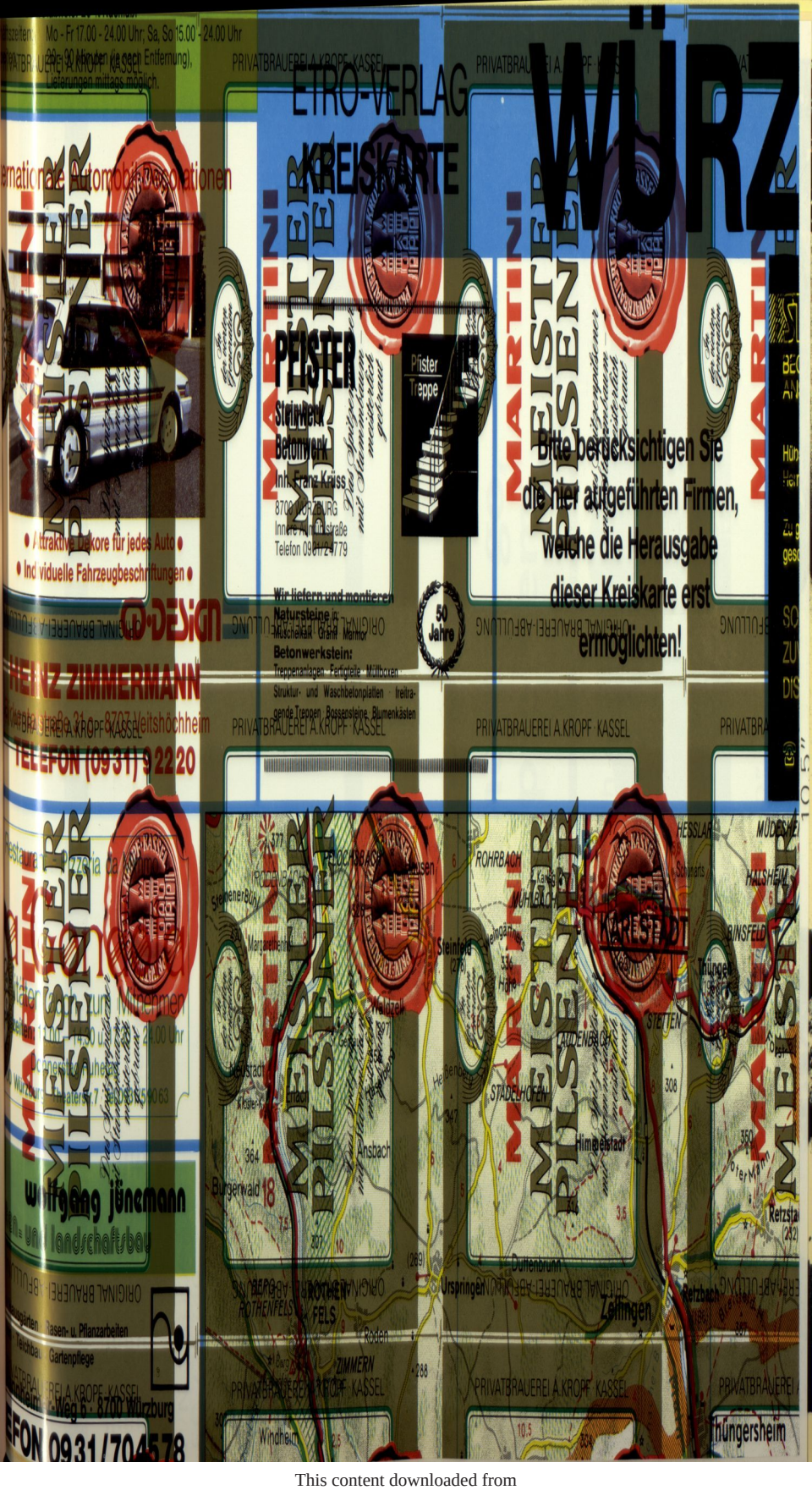

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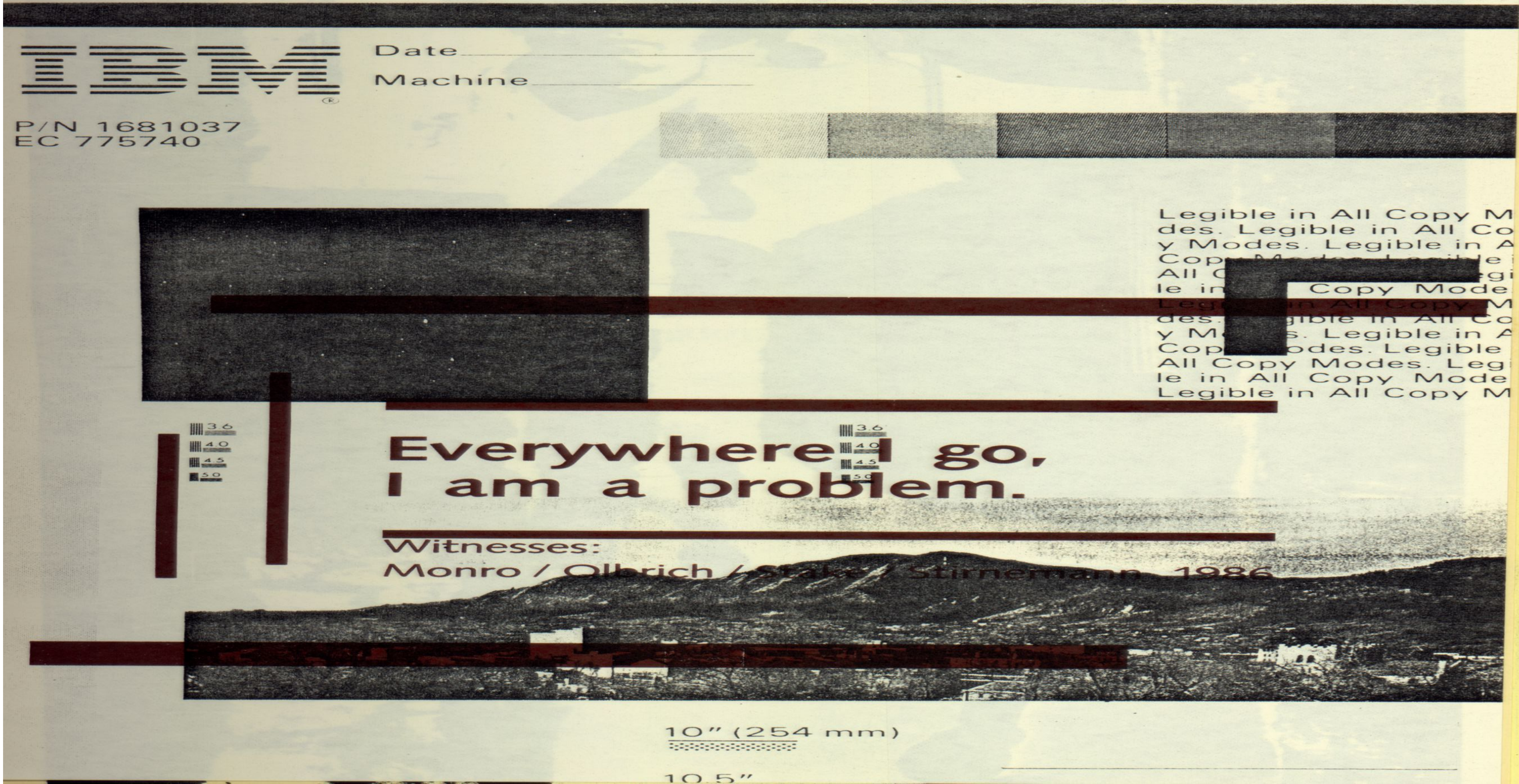

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Date

Machine

P/N 1681037
EC 775740

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Witnesses:
Monro / Olbrich / Stake / Stirnemann 1986

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10.5"

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Hommage à Joseph Beuys

BOX OF WATER
0075071506

Stephen Perkins 1986

DETOUR

DETOUR

DETOUR

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Tomás Di Bella

OEMA ANTROPOFAGICO

l ahora
amos a decirnos
uy quedamente, hirviendo de fraternidad
ue representamos la mano vieja del ropavejero,
ntre tirantes y radio roto, sombreros sin listón,
on la maquinaria desvencijada remoliendo el piso
occión de miradas viliosas surgiendo de este carromato;

anto al payaseo de mis ojos asombrado entre rendijas,
us ojos, todos los ojos,
estripe de basura culta, olvidada en su esencia
in nada saber mas que el paso tras paso
botagado en el destape de la botella vacua que me rodea,
deslizando el cerillo en las pestañas del velorio,
arcajadas del ataúd
rizado de incognitas en silencio, adoloridas
n la tristeza bruta del reloj desinformado
las moscas cómo zumban cantan
n las bocas plácidas de pasillos instituidos
on la sabrosa pasta del alimento trunco
h información! ¡Oh fauces falaces!
ntiendo el gozo del dislocamiento repentino.

mo quisiera torcerles el cabello, trenzar sus dudas,
mar por sorpresa su cordura
rgar sus gestos en mis hombros, cargador, cargador,
letinar gimiendo sus envolturas sanas (vamos);
felino acecha la jaula de sus plumas
pupila raspa el pavimento y canta en llanto bondadoso
rilla el sol en la cadena de sus perros:
ablo en la noche lacerante entre patrullas y semaforos
ertos);

Tomás Di Bella

CANNIBAL POEM

And now
let's tell ourselves
very quietly, boiling with brotherhood
that we represent the old hand of the rag man,
between suspenders and broken radio, ribbonless hats
with the rickety machinery grinding the floor
soupy bilious looks spouting from this cart;

I sing to the clownery of my eyes surprised among crevices,
your eyes, all the eyes,
disembowels the elegant garbage, forgotten in its essence
with nothing to know more than step after step
swollen in the uncorking of the empty bottle that surrounds me,
slipping the match in the eyelashes of the wake
guffaws from the coffin
covered with bristles of the silent unknown, the doleful ones
in the brute sadness of the uninformed clock
and the flies how they buzz and sing
in the placid mouths of nominated passageways
with the tasty goo of maimed food
Oh information! Oh pointless jawbones!
feeling the pleasure of abrupt displacement

How I'd like to twist their hair, to braid their doubts,
to take their prudence by surprise
to load their gestures on my shoulders, porter, porter,
to announce howling their sane swaddling (let's go);
the feline ambushes the cage of their feathers
the pupil scrapes the pavement and sings in generous cry
the sun shines in their dogs' chain:
(I speak in the bruising night among patrols and one-eyed streetlights);

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canta el gallo en las bocas de sus vicios, hermoso,
sale el rostro de cara a sus monedas,
con el aire de sus llantas claveteadas
y sus forros de arcoíricas palabras,
con el pasto de sus vientres encrespados
La campana de la casa en el muro
y nadie abre
y nadie escucha (a quién le importa),
todos somos en el sonido insistente
trozos de uña en el cenicero
nudillos en la puerta de metal heridos
tablado roto en teatros clausurados
putas viejas de labios sin licor;

Somos óxido en escapes hilarantes, pitorreros
pescado ojón de venta en el desierto, brutal
tiña de pelos en la lengua longa,
insatisfecha, húmeda, intrigante.

Sentémonos ahora a devorar, devorándonos
las mañanas con sus nuevos trapos quisquillosos,
sobre la mesa vacua de abundancia existencial
encendiendo motores de rabia razonada, altamente,
altamente,
con utensilios de disección cohabitada;
¡Oh rostros de carnes fofas reflejados en llanto corneo!
¡Oh besos morbos en muros epiteliales, cómicos,
finitos, desanimados!

the rooster crows in the mouth of their vices, beautif
the coins come up heads,
with the air of their nailed down cries
and rainbow-worded linings,
with their frizzled wombs' pasture
and plans of their illusory grants
The doorbell on the wall
and no one opens
and no one listens (who cares),
we're all in the insistent sound
pieces of fingernail in the ashtray
wounded knuckles on the metal door
busted stage in sealed theaters
old dry-lipped whores;

We're oxide in laughing gas exhausts, joshers
big-eyed fish for sale in the desert, brutal
ringworm on the fatty tongue,
unsatisfied, dank, meddler.

Let's now sit down to devour, devouring for ourselves
the mornings with their new fastidious rags,
on the empty table of existential abundance
lighting up motors of rational fury, exceedingly,
exceedingly,
with scalpels in hand;
Oh faces of spongy flesh reflected in callous cry!
Oh goatish kisses on epidermal walls, comical,
finite, despondent!

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omos de monos mitómanos (que delicia)
juntos en la noche en una ceremonia badulaque
rebandando deseos de video-vicisitudes
apoyados al miedo en callejones culebreros de la amistad;

Mythical monkey buffoons (how delicious)
together in the night in a stupid fool's show
slicing up desires with video switches
supported by fear in the snakish alleys of friendship;

y eres tú
la muchacha de pelo alquitranado en magasín,
la musa bella de los pies torcidos,
tú, el documento caliente en la corbata cívica,
el peinado pulcro en gabetas autorizadas,
el tontín indiferente en los elogios de butaca,
el perico rutilante del verde monetario y simplón,
la mano aplastante que yace en la carne loca, sola,
congelada;
tú
zapatos de cuero en el lodo porfavocero, amigodo,
vendedor de lajas de papel espejilante, baratero, ramplón,
ornamento de edificios y escritorios calisténicos,
iguales,
chofer de payasos categóricos, finos, de alcurnia
vomitiva,
voceros punitivos!
eremitas inquietos aglutinando poces,
sibaritas enmascarados tras trinches hoscos, afiebrados.

And it's you
the girl with tarred hair in the magasin
beautiful muse with twisted feet,
you, the hot document in civic tie,
graceful hairdo in authorized file folders,
indifferent dummy in armchair eulogies
flashing simpleton parrot of the green treasury,
the crushed hand that reclines in the crazy flesh, alone, deep-frozen;
you
leather shoes in the leechy friendly mud,
salesman of flat stones of mirroring paper, gambler, shoe caulk,
ornament of buildings and calisthentic writing desks, the same,
driver of categorical clowns, suave, of pukey lineage,
punishing advocates!
restless hermits glueing together poses,
masked sybarites behind tight-lipped forks, fever-eyed.

Todos ustedes y yo
caímos envueltos en la placente de lo estupidamente
humano,
en la repetición rabicunda del gesto compensatorio,
en la zaga interminable de esta novela poroza;

All of you and I
fall wrapped in the placenta of the stupidly human,
in the rabid repetition of compensatory gesture,
in the interminable load of the porous novel,

somos el servicio sujeto a cancelación (gracias).
somos la cancelación
y empujamos un cargamento hacia una cima
que no tiene cima,
hacia un fondo que no tiene fondo.

We're the service subject to cancellation (thanks).
We're the cancellation
and we push a load towards the summit
that has no summit,
towards a bottom that is bottomless.

hacia un abismo.

Towards an abyss.

·· translated by Harry Polkinhorn

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but it signifies nothing to a possible angel
what one might have become through incorporation
red on white fibers of strong pure dreams
nobody cares to date because of earth herself
or pursuant to that section the glue alone involved
did I say fugitive? lacking green presences
a tree story hashed out over the years, yes
little functionaries of the state stumble in words
and facts whose mastery the better beings
revel in their systems geared to light and energy
serum carrying the load jewels of specific names
high for a season, for dead filthy human dirt
arthritic aching accusing without cure but blend
in transfer as moonbeams transform by personal
moves when hands perform the traditional tasks
dipped in darkness receding advancing rumors
of old tales about the environment - above us?
what we'll ascend to or sublime heat radiating
signatures in all languages (4,500) through
aether a touch the woman whose body
compares with the world finer then conjoined
forces of various owls outlasting each other

Harry Polkinhorn · 1986

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a

fiesta of longing to be gone

carcinogenic fried foods along city streets

Brownsville always the self lying

face down on the lake floor feeling

storms

up there or rented rooms gas slots

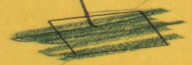
and nothing to do or see

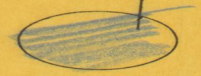
until the end looks like the beginning

to have oak evidence insulators

the wash-house

assent sort of gurgling bell-sounds grapple





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repeated \\ your backdoor
sundown ritual apologia
pro vita rêve moderne

purify the flames
siendo así
pues chale ése
no seas pendejo

te hace daño es cierto
no lo puedo contener
special dream state
to be done — storm
centers in the flesh dome ovens

o
o
o
flocking
quo
purge
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& cino
ace
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Tipau ape

peralta a sign
these lying back
to confess copyright
violation

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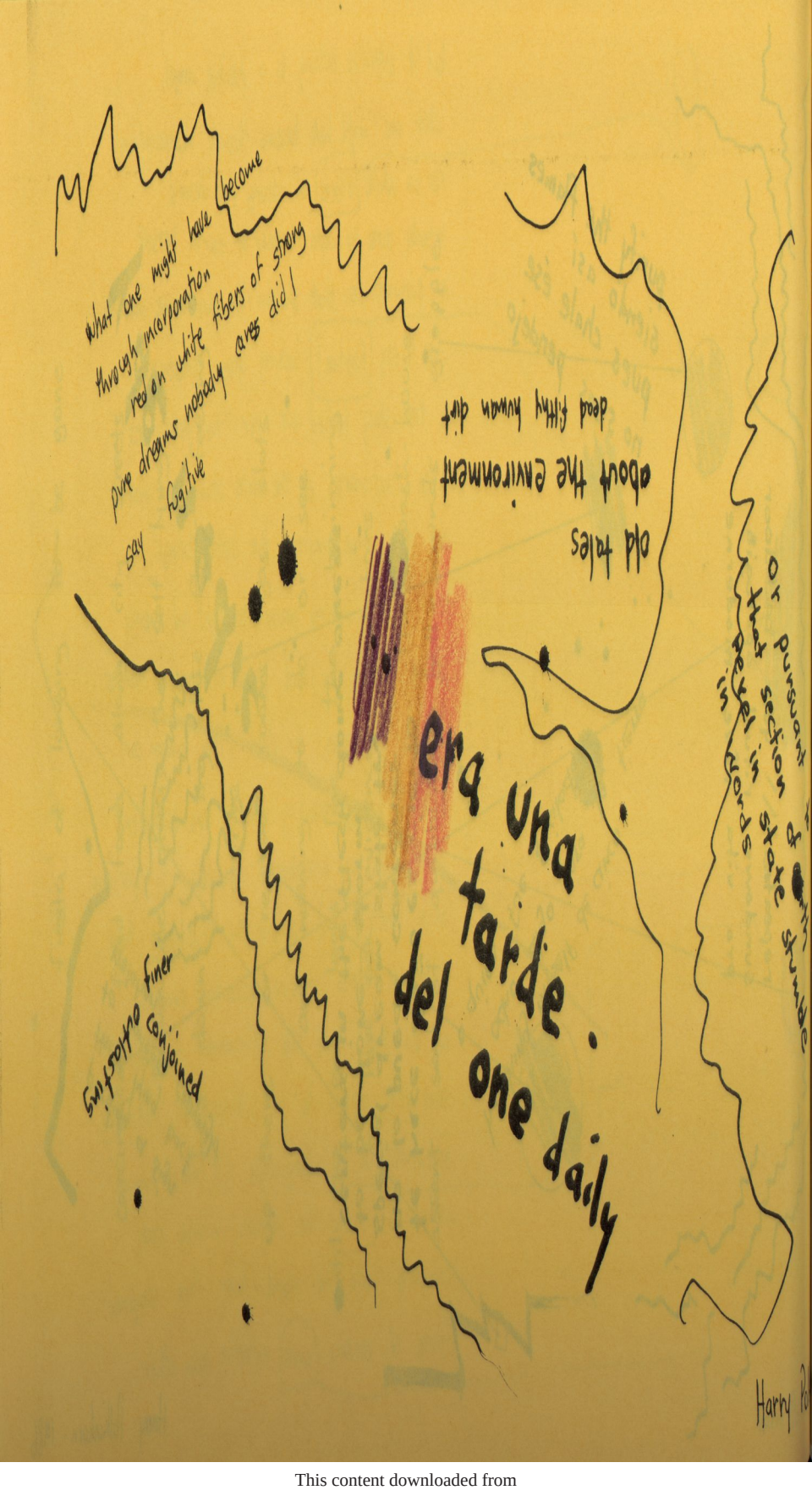

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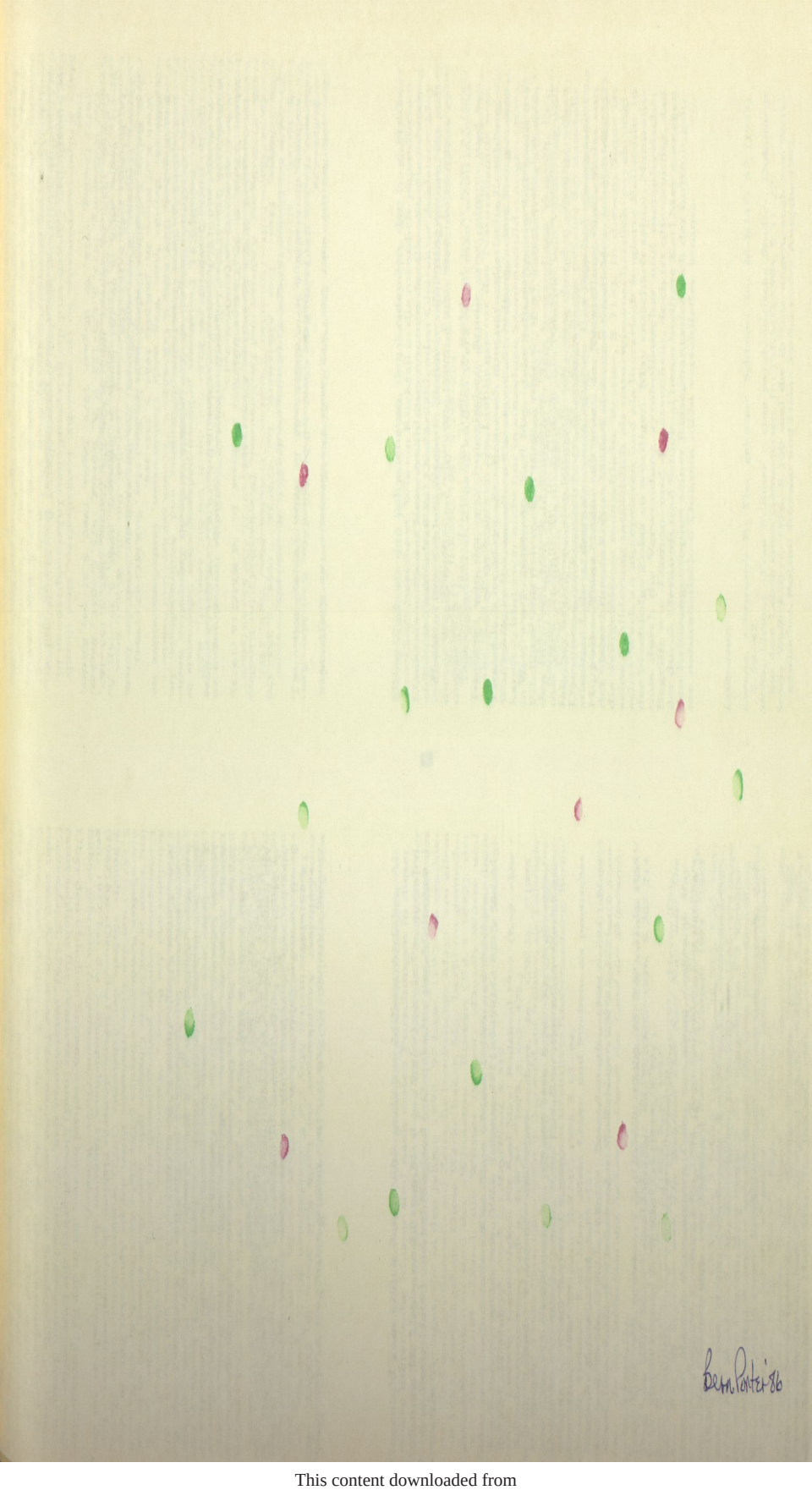

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"HIGH ACETATE", a low-life X-travaganza starring Foe-Motor Core, Miss Muns and Funkmaster

SEX LUNGE, her midnight pleasure, her phone receiver was shaped like a dildo . . . one night while fucking herself she forgot to disconnect the cord from the receiver . . . just about to have an organism, the operator interrupted and said "this is Miss Muns, your operator "O". The operator's voice echoed and vibrated throughout Foe-Motor's beautiful body, she reached incredible heights, Miss Muns voice was soft and very pleasing; it sounded like it came from heaven. Miss Muns soon realized what was happening and got into the act. Soon, all kind of sounds were coming through the dildo as Miss Muns guided Foe through some twenty-odd organisms that night.

"Her Boyfriends were many, Funk-Master Dream King Vagina Lunch high up in a loft, she breathes, a former amnesia patient, she subsides, your operator, Miss Muns into a sex trance her organismic receiving aura, her psychic dildo worked for the phone company, SEX TALK she thought so . . acetate lined vagina with a magnetic shit-field antennae . . . she was so hungry for his love, silent devotion, her faithfull companion after awhile and only by .... SOON,meanwhile, soon, sometimes before then that these NOW ONCE AGAIN that will they will before then and then on so, SO reduced pandemonium HER ORGANISMS were certainly extra-ordinary, but she continued to use the dildo phone, then other voices were speaking to her, but not from the phone company, they sent her even higher, HIGHER. She soon referred to her instrument as STAR-Dildo somehow the phone company had hooked her up to a satelite SCIENTISTS SOON INVESTIGATED one opinion combination of her acetate lined vagina and the telephone receiver has made an unusual connection with other levels of consciousness. Soonshe felt a godliness through her new-found "space toy". The magnetic field of her daily waste (up her backdoor) provided an excellent antennae for her psychic dildo FROM THEN ON she inserted her space toy up her anus only. SAMPLES WERE SENT OFF for labortory tests. The only thing they found was that the magnetic field had a very high energy level Soon she was predicting the future events of the world. . . PEOPLE CAME from miles around to get her readings: she and her psychic dildo became world famous; Her friends suggested that she set up a company to manufacture the new "space toy" and so SHE DID. THEY SOLD like hotcakes People, even men were sticking those plastic toys up their asshole. Some actually had similar results, then the phone company came out with a lawsuit, saying they were "Being ripped off" her advertisements sounded too much like theirs, FOE-Motor Core's advertisement read "don't settle for the ordinary phone conversations, go for something different, see the future through shit.. . . THE LAWSUIT AND HEARING ran on for months and months . . . It was a very hard case to prove, but certainly an interesting one SOON the space toy was nicknamed "turd phone" During the long trial facts such as these surfaced . . .during her sex trances strange things would happen, all sorts of sounds would come from all parts of her body. This would all start by her babbling on and on not making any sense THEN WORDS would start coming from any and all parts of her body, her toes, knees, ankles, even her asshole and vagina . . .sometimes and most often the part of the body that was involved in speech would quiver and move like lips. Further information was discovered during heavy psychic intercourse with the space toy. The dildo and her body would become so hot and both would glow and pulsate while jumping about the room.It was not known for sure, but there was a rumor that the "space toy" at certain times would fly in strange formations . . . like in a prewarm-up, before entering her body, the most famous was that it would circle her body three times before entering. She even had a special "hood" that she placed over the unit before putting it on its perch. SHE ALWAYS KEPT A TAPE RECORDER by her side during such trances in order to record every detail. Her boyfriend, Funkmaster had a video unit and taped one session, but no one ever saw it; that was the night that Funkmaster was electrocuted. The details never got out exactly how he died and no one has ever seen the tape although there was a rumor that he had tried to screw her while the space toy was up her ass and through the membranes of her ass and vagina his penis made a wrong connection with the space toy and he was shorted out. TO BE CONTINUED . . . .

SOON TO BE SEEN AT THE RED SPOT OUTDOOR SLIDE THEATER, THIS SPRING . . . currently on view until April 10 is the "WRONG SHOW", a group show of 20 local artists . . . seen every Friday and Saturday nights at 10 pm at the intersection of Broadway and Spring streets. N.W. Wall. Coming soon in the year of 1987 is "THE FAMOUS SHOW", "THE PRODUCT SACRIFICE REVIVAL SHOW", "THE TALKING WALL", and "THE NATIONAL GRAFFITI SHOW". The Red Spot theater is open to all and if interested;. contact Red Spot at 212 925-0143 for more information. Shows can be seen on a regular basis April to November, every Tues. thru Sat. at 8 pm., 9 pm. in the summer months. at the intersection of Broadway and Spring street.

The Red Spot Outdoor Slide Theater is in part funded by N.Y.S.C.A., Victor Hasselblad Inc. and Art Matters Inc.....
Special thanks to Materials for the Arts, Lower East Side Print Shop and Meeting Makers.

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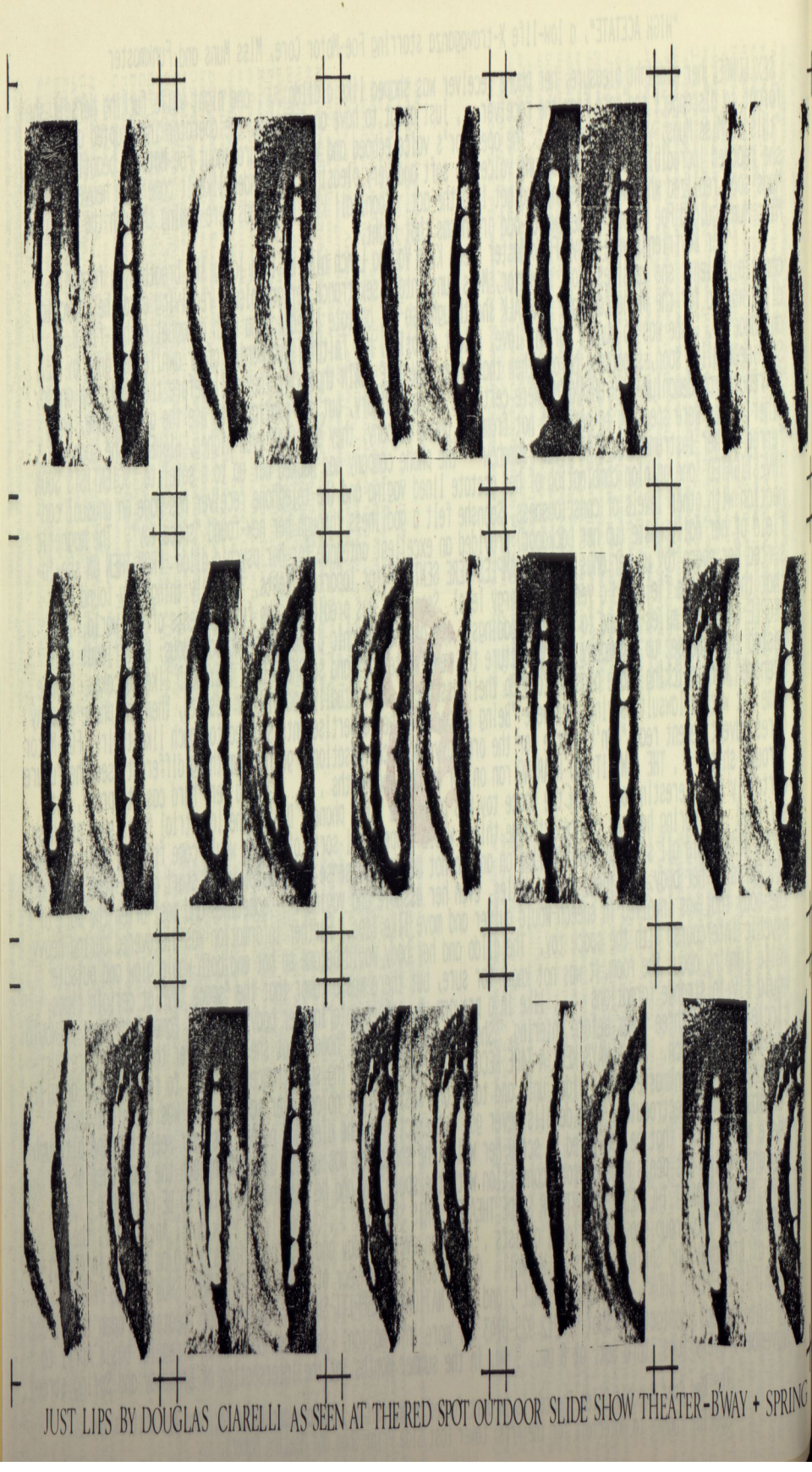

JUST LIPS BY DOUGLAS CIARELLI AS SEEN AT THE RED SPOT OUTDOOR SLIDE SHOW THEATER-B'WAY + SPRING

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DEEDS

In the Australian Outback a man sets his house on fire to escape his chatty wife. He drives on and on but returns, down stairs, through crowds.

Meanwhile in New York a middle-aged Filipino woman sics her violent husband on a neighbor who refused to polish the doorknobs on their apartment building floor.

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S E R V I C E

For An Assembly
To Induce
Acausal Rituals

An invocation
from
The Journals
by
Paul Blackburn:

"The tide runs high, the
evening star explodes .
What is the sign
we mean to live by, we
mean, to live by . (?)"

MARTIN J ROSENBLUM

at sundown
there is the street

lites from it
refract black
snow & gutters
have squashed cans in them:

the street
there is
at sundown
the lites(
hollow shadows
the walls reflect)

passing headlites over it &
passing above it burning my

chants used
to
as
vehicles thru
their own beams
illuminate
their following
/the sabbath

while outside
tossing the cans
on the pavement i
was not with my friends

/candles lit

then dissolved
by their own fire

but observed as were
my vows that visible

that at their inception
& into what they became :

forms to indicate—they had been

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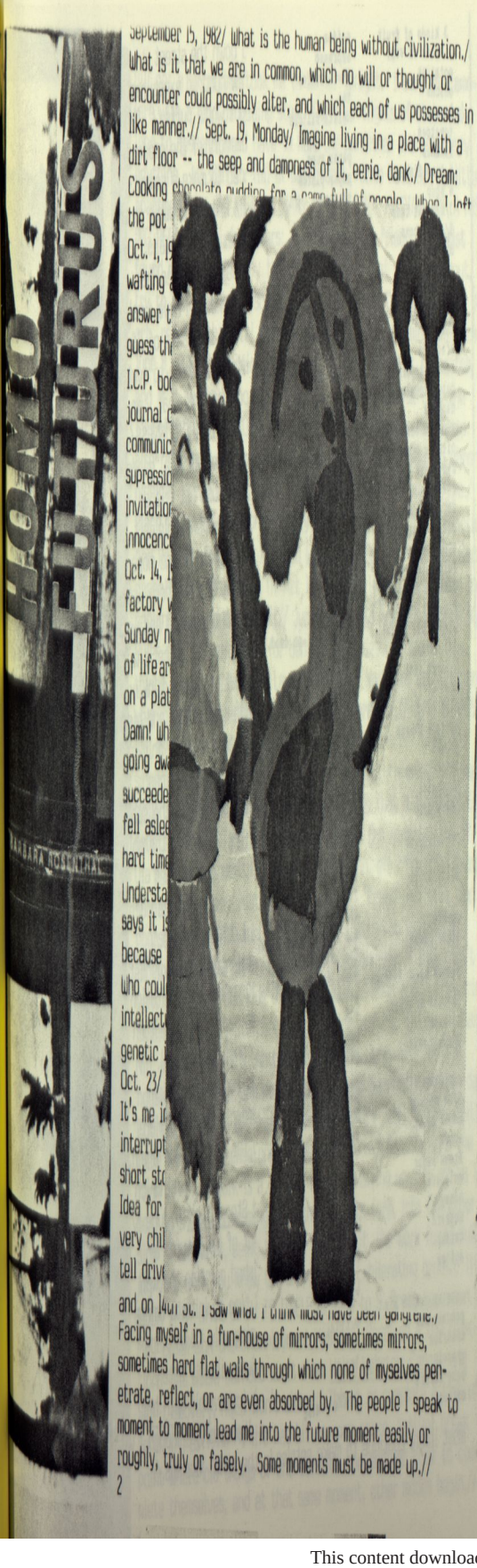
September 15, 1982/ What is the human being without civilization./ What is it that we are in common, which no will or thought or encounter could possibly alter, and which each of us possesses in like manner.// Sept. 19, Monday/ Imagine living in a place with a dirt floor -- the seep and dampness of it, eerie, dank./ Dream: Cooking chocolate pudding for a camp full of people. When I left the pot



Oct. 1, 19
wafting a
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I.C.P. bo
journal c
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supressio
invitatio
innocenc
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factory w
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of life an
on a plat
Damn! Wh
going aw
succeede
fell aslee
hard time
Understa
says it is
because
who coul
intellect
genetic i
Oct. 23/
It's me i
interrupt
short sto
Idea for
very chil
tell drive
and on 14th St. I saw what I think must have been gangrene./ Facing myself in a fun-house of mirrors, sometimes mirrors, sometimes hard flat walls through which none of myselves penetrate, reflect, or are even absorbed by. The people I speak to moment to moment lead me into the future moment easily or roughly, truly or falsely. Some moments must be made up.//

Sunday after Thanksgiving, 1982./ Material accumulates, continually accumulates and continually leaks from the seams. I can not contain it all./ leaks material to be reingested/ seep memories/ flare out like a quick matchbook match/ Art As An Anthropological Phenomenon./ The leaks, the living./ How is the life of an artist to be balanced/ Dec. 1, 1982/ Freezing cold day. Dog shit is literally steaming in piles along 23rd St./ Phone machine finally fixed. Leslie Lalahzar left a message: Gary Wiley is dead.// Friday, January 7, 1983. Delray Beach, Florida. Wall to wall pink tiled bathroom in Bill's parents' condo./ Watching self in giant mirror, big nursing breasts, narrow shoulders./ Left and right halves of face different./ A woman's hair gives off a last triumphant blast of vivid color before it grays./ I feel guilty in this bathroom, paranoid. I can't give myself up to the writing.// Jan. 26 or 27, Delray Beach. On the beach./ I see as if I were on the rim of a giant saucer. Warm day, moist. Warm swift winds blowing. Boats out there, not boats, but surfboards with sails, manned by athletes. Four sail-men are racing at high speed, hanging out, soaring on the water.// Jan. 31. NY/ Brother called: overheard this in Chinese laundry: A young lawyer explains he just won a case in which his client sued a trucking company because he had become gay after being plowed down the highway in his car at high speed by a maniac truck driver at his rear.// Feb 2/ Imagination, intellect, memory, experience./ I told a person collecting money today that I was deaf, to get out of giving the charity.// Feb. 3/ Pondering/ Vocabulary inadequate to speak of the types and stages of thought./ Saw blind couple arguing on street, facing different directions.// Feb. 4/ Only that which exists is "perfect" enough to break into Reality. What is truly perfect, therefore, is what truly exists. Our old notions of perfection were only of illusion, of ideal. (Eveveryone knows the Ideal is always frought with flaws which cause its foil by Reality.)// Feb. 16/ Memory: Mother making "cancer dressings" out of old sheets once a month at somebody's house with coffee and cake.// Feb. 17/ Idea for short story: A Jewish woman goes to Florida with second husband; they meet another couple: incestuous twins, supernatural.// April 19, 1983. Father's 69th birthday/ Carol Bergé introduced herself to me at the counter of the xerox store. She said to come up to her rooms at the Chelsea and she'd "put me in touch with people I should know." We made an appointment; I was 15 mins. late; she wouldn't see me. Hannah Weiner called: I told this to her and she said I should call Carol back and explain about the children. "Well," Carol said, "will you buy my books?" I blanched but agreed and walked into her room with a ten dollar bill, free copies of my own books and a joint.// March 17/ Young black jogger collides with little bald fat-man carrying suitcases," What's the hurry, Mac?" man says.// April 20/

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Yesterday Old and I saw a man sitting on a step with his pants down, back to us, shit sticking out of his ass, piss all over the sidewalk, passed out. She thinks I can answer for her how he came to be like that. "Will we always have a home, Mommy?"// March 19/ Larry Walzak asked me to submit a piece for a "Windows" show./ Hannah Weiner called: she had an argument with someone she calls "the language boys" who have some dictums or absolutes about what writing "should be." She was so upset. I said, "Hannah, different people write different things." She became immediately relieved, vindicated, at ease. Kept repeating it over and over.// March 20/ Idea for new book: novel which progresses by days/ CALENDAR DAYS/ What about pictures? Don't know. Been holding back from processing exposed film for several years. Must go sweep and wash floor if I can. Sena Clara crying loudly in my ear and pulling pencil.// March 21/ Snowstorm: A big urge to be part of the flakes in the sky. Lots of ideas flying by in words. Men shoveling, miniature scrapers in the vastness.// March 28. Mon. eve. Kids asleep./ 4 Dances/ STRAIGHT DANCE/ PENDULUM DANCE/ LIGHT DANCE: Dark stage and theater. Dancers in black, blackface. Tiny lights on leotards. Effect: only tiny moving lights; total disappearance of human form; convergence and divergence of multiple points; constellations; deep space. Sound: birdy woodland-?/ CAGE DANCE: Lowered onto a bare stage is a transparent box in which dancers are tightly packed, naked; they fight each other to get out. Sound: greatly amplified sound of their struggling bodies. Single-point yellow-white 45º overhead light source./ Reading, reading every minute all week, hoping to find a tiny glimmer of even a single word that would loosen some idea from my head, that would help me, seem to give me some advice.// Thurs., May 25/ Read Journal 25. Nervous about what next book could be. Could I sustain a pure fiction?/ I want to find the thrust of the journals over time./ CALENDAR DAYS -- too simple. Also abandoning JOURNEYS ON VARIED TERRAIN (March-May, 1983.) (too stodgy)/ Claire Tankel of the Dept. of Cultural Affairs has all but promised me an intern in the fall: a chance to see the photographs./ Two parallel books -? A CHRONICAL AND A STORY/ Shaping a work is the most difficult, the most exciting part. The truth of a thing lies in its delimits.//Mem. Day, 1983. Visiting Gil./Lives in a miniscule 3-storey house in Phila. called a trinity. It used to be servants' quarters, but now it's a National Monument./ I know who the "Three Dolls" are, from Clues to Myself. They are "She," "I" and "You."/ Is this typewritten journals or is it a,the book? Somehow, the New Work must be coded in these thoughts. I must learn to understand the relationship between all things.// Thursday, May 30/ All of us sick today: pus in the eyes, swollen sore throat, hoarseness, congested chest, head cold, coughing, diarrhea, weak limbs, etc.//

3 kinds of fruit
3 kinds of veg.
potatoes
onions
lettuce
tomatoes
bananas
4 tuna fish
4 soup
7/8/9 cat cans
3/4 dog cans
dry cat food
dry dog food
tomatoe puree
meat chop meat
chicken
crackers
toilet paper- 3
paper towels- 2
napkins
whole wheat bread
pita or other bread
rye bread
rolls
Eng. muffins
(choose 3)
orange juice
apple juice
Juicyjuice
Tomatoe juice
Pinapple juice
Grapefruit juice
(choose one)
2/3 cheeses
2 lunch meat
eggs
MILK
cottage cheese
yogurt
cream cheese - 3
Mayonnaise
Ivory soap
Dog biscuits
cat pan liners
kitty litter
spaghetti
other pasta
Franks bacon sausage
peanuts or other
raisens
popping corn
safflower oil
wine vinegar
Maple syrup
sugar
brown sugar
molasses
honey
mustard
catsup
spices
cake or muffin mix
pancake mix
cheerios
granola
baby cereal
oatmeal

coffee
espresso
inst. coffee
tea
Melita filters
paper cups
paper plates
tissues
al. foil
baggies
garbage bags
black garbage bags
butter
applesauce
jelly
penut butter
rice
baking soda
frozen pizza
frozen peas
frozen food
ice milk
Pads/tampax
Infamil
diapers
toothpaste
Secret roll-on deod.
bubble bath
herring
bagles
olives
lox
ice cube trays
matches
toothpicks
dish soap
Ivory Snow
Chloroxtype bleach
All fabric bleach (box)
fabric softner
wash. Machine filters
pot scourer
SOS pads
mop head
potting soil
peroxide
band-aids
tylenol
garlic
LOTTO
COUPONS
blintzes
pickles
yams
grated cheese

d down the street it was
'ew hundred exposures in
ght white puffs.// May
memory of the process./
'ced to make a commit-
3./ Processes begin in the
nthesize the details./
tched some video last
leomaker./ I have finally
The substance of life in
vehicle in which to synthe-
common, and what I am
T AND CONSCIOUSNESS/
ng. We call it a "garden"
d because her friends
anches open whole,part.
l probably be one more
obably dried. There were
es double-loaded and wet.
d to Hannah Weiner's work,
speaking into a drinking
e soul she bares and hides.
e summer. We've only had
/ June 1, 1983/ I can't
ally recognized the sub-
d try to decifer the only
n their own engines
nd loves parties as much
; I don't go there.//
entioned as part of "list."
ppression and invitation
en season. Typewritten
pencil on the wall.
ep brown-black, rich
Green and white./ Here
n far on the train again
' new book: novel which
d Steppenwolf.// June 6/
out of the cityfor a
ished painting the wall
, time to initiate things
ning only takes place
just willingly listens
t just ramble with her.
ultaneously, although I will
most likely continue to make entries in the girls' journals.//

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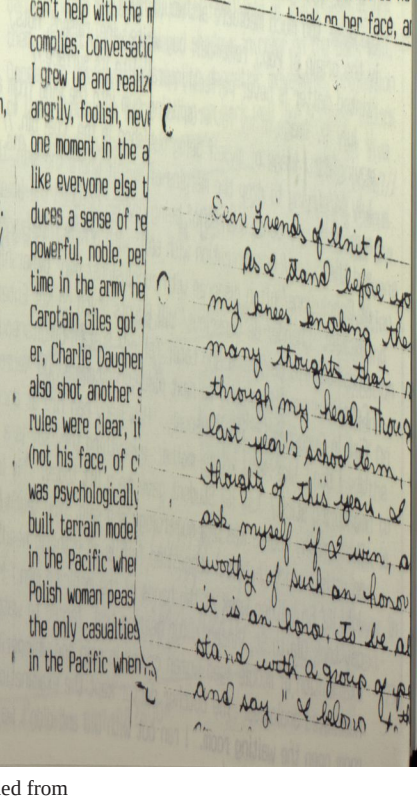
Bill got a sitter and took me to dinner tonight. I wore my Famolare with a kind of gliding step. Our four flights of stairs take long to descend and I have to hold the bannister and not carry anything. W. 30th St. full of bag people. Some have set up little apartments on the street./ DIARY OF A SUICIDE or DIARY OF A MISSING PERSON: Two characters: a woman and her friend (an artist found missing.) Interplay their two diaries./ Test out, sound out, try to phrase out the scope of the new work./ Criteria: a work of art reflects the total complexity of human and cosmic existence.// June 9, 1983/ If a fiction does develop I will collect it separately and if it begins to congeal it will be a work separate from the TYPEWRITTEN JOURNALS./ Now typing entries from black volumes. also from small spiral notepads/ Find All Notepads/ Keeping chronological journals in at least three, no four volumes now./ Type./ Place in looseleaf chronologically Artist And Critic: Their Function And Relative Status On Assumed Prioritized Scale Of Status./ Component skills/ Obligation Of Art To History/ Limiting more than expanding the stimuli I permit// June 13/ Artists = salmon.// June 14/ Rules are: not guidelines for behavior, but descriptions of how things function, as in the Laws Of Nature./ Youngest daughter one year old this week./what is the central character.// June 15, 9:25 AM, 93º / Stay cool. Keep calm. Stay under control./ When the science teacher at Ola's school was a little girl, she found a small skull in the forest./ The Flaw Of The Ideal Is That It Does Not Encounter Time Or Touch/ Having trouble with the expectations of Ola's school regarding parental participation, etc. Much pressure, tension from new director, hostile, petty. "Relax," Bill says, and pours me some 4PM wine. I am very lucky to be so well loved. "They wouldn't be giving us that hefty scholarship if they didn't want us to send our kids there," he adds. ("When one is truly rich, inwardly, ordinary life becomes a form of torture." Diary of Anais Nin, pg. 222, letter to Antonin Artaud.)/ Mid-June, 1983/ Writing household and teaching notes, shopping and supply lists every day. Could this edit to a closed collection?/ DAILY MIND or MIND,DAILY/ Have I begun to sense one of the dimensions?/ Settling into the form of a new work is a critical moment. Giving way, in art as in sex, to the all consuming breakthrough into form, into the other side of the work, being through, full into it, the work itself pulling you, once you know the shape of it./ Exhilerating breath. THE BOOK THAT GAVE BIRTH TO ITSELF (a smile to S. Brody-Lederman.)/ Mail came: Won the Unemployment Hearing!/ Received a few rejections this week: Barnard won't show Helen Webster: Cancer and Self-Discovery; KQED won't either./ This is as complete a time of beginning as 1976. My life has hit an open space, another break point where old things of one duration and another come to complete themselves, and at that same moment, other modes begin.//

June 28/ Splendid day. Warm sharp sunlight. Cool breeze all da
At Queens College shooting film outdoors with students. Perhap
I have begun to find beauty again. Loveliness, simplicity. Perhap
not just the ugly, tawdry, imperfect. Perhaps with the beautiful spring I can begin to look at life and see my surroundings through a filter of appreciation, and not with the lens of sourness which now transmits only the alien, substandard. As I walk onto this campus I felt so stirred by the pink stucco buildings, the red tiled roofs, their scale, the slowness of summer. Perhap I might begin to partake of the world, not rival it. Perhaps a n era of integration has begun./ Idea for button pin: "Don't expec me to be nice to you."/ Slide collection at Queens lacking: Elliot Erwit, Emet Gowan and (for the interesting controversies she raises) Cindy Sherman . Also needs: Baldessari's cut-frame pics a more Duane Michals./ Bill made an elegant meal tonight: chicken cooked in oil with fresh garlic, basil, pearl onions, fennel, mushrooms and white wine.//Independence Day Eve,1983. Visit to paren for the weekend./ Ola running naked through the lawn sprinkler, beautiful long hair streaming behind her, limbs all at graceful an les. Poppy continually nagging her, don't do this, don't do that; Poppy at supper teasing her, "Do oo da widdle baby wanna difwe cuppie," Ola furious, insulted. Poppy breaking into Boops' joyous service of her granddaughters to yell at them, "Let Boops eat he meal! You can't have everything you want all the time, and you, Evelyne (Boops' real name), stop catering to their every whim!" H directs, pontificates from his chair (the one in the corner so he can't help with the m
complies. Conversatio
I grew up and realiz
angrily, foolish, nev
one moment in the a
like everyone else t
duces a sense of re
powerful, noble, per
time in the army he
Carptain Giles got
er, Charlie Dougher
also shot another s
rules were clear, it
(not his face, of c
was psychologically
built terrain model
in the Pacific whe
Polish woman peas
the only casualties
in the Pacific when



Dear Friends of Mint A.
As I stand befor yo
my knees knocking the
many thoughts that
through my head. Throug
last year's school term,
thoughts of this year. I
ask myself if I win, a
worthy of such an hono
it is an hono. To be al
stand with a group of pe
and say " I believe 4.

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Franklin Square on the 4th of July, 1983/Would I ever want to live here again, with my new family? We would be the town eccentrics. (Although there is a recent sign of change: a croissant shop has opened up in Scheblein's Bakery.) I know the secrets of this town: where all the haunted houses are: now a modern restaurant, a gas station and a bike store, all with translucent rotting wooden houseframes glowing over their contemporary identities. I know which vacant lots may still hide underground clubhouses dug out of sandy Long Island soil and lined with linoleum; and which street-corners collect the finest sandcastle sand in April shower streamlets along the curb. I heard on the news recently a man killed his inlaws to inherit a house in this town./ An especially wonderful Fourth: sprays of illegal fireworks at every corner.// July 8/ Anais, pg. 154, Vol. V, Spring, 1954: "Sometimes when I think of death, I think merely that it would be too bad, for I have not yet yeilded up all the treasures I have collected. The chemistry of turning experience into awareness is not yet finished."/ Dream: Ola and Sena Clara are missing in the forest. When I find them, they are dead and decapitated. The wrong head has been placed near each body./ Ola's Dreams: 1. Her body atomized and blew through the house./ 2. She held a lighted match in her hand. The fire jumped off the match and around the kitchen./ Otto Rank's Art and Artist, tried to reserve it: been stolen from the library: If it was you, give it back./ I suppose if the life of an artist were too easy, too much mediocre art would flood the culture./ Probably the origin of Pop./ remember: buy white wine, raisens, nuts./ Printed matter is never perfectly parallel to its surface.// // July 12/ Image of my father spitting gum into the wind from a moving car./ Image of myself being punished in the "coal bin."// July 14/ Trying to drop the margins of myself where the skin, the aura, the very consciousness of being divides between the inner and the outer./ Communication with self; with others./ Conscious of Conclusions/ often disagree with conclusions/ own/ Ownership/ Discreet/ Change/ Be conscious/ Will Events Which do Not Enter Consciousness Be Stored And Later Tallied/ Sustain Simultaneous Consciousness/ Move body to next place,predicament/ Do Neurons Fire In Sequence Or Simultaneously. How many can fire at once/ Why I don't like Marti or her mother: everything they say is a measuring stick./ July 16/ Student gave me a lift today. "My last Photography course was like numerology,"she said. "You teach like an artist: every technical suggestion fulfills an esthetic need."// July 18/ Brutalizing week at the hands of the medicine men:/ Monday took Ola to St. Vincent's for hearing test, forced to watch examination of middle-aged woman crying in pain and whimpering humiliated apologies. The butcher doctor kept the examination room open the waiting room. I ran out with Ola and didn't wait.

Today, appointment for insertion of IUD, a teaching day, ran three blocks to catch the bus through Queens to subway, union work-slowdown: trains stood open at every stop. Ran from subway to dr.'s office, 10 mins. late, office closed: 4:40PM. Sat in hall till 5, wandered up Fifth Avenue confused and bitter, exhausted, crying in the street. Waited over a year for period to return so I could get reliable contraception; wished and wished Bill would volunter for vasectomy.// July 20/DO:/Do for Sensations:/ 1. Rewrite knowledgements./ 2. Organize all the type-to-be-set./ 3 appointment at Print Center: 875-4482./ 4. Open the 5. Lable all boards on back./ 6. Finish spotting a 7. Retouch "Pigeons Fleeing Site."/ 8. Get the 9. Make the indicated changes on present large the photo boxes (windows) for mechanical./ 12/ Complete cover Align, mount, etc. tiny cover pgs. 37-38, etc. and those Decide the final cover and produce pg. 3 organize negat as indicat and th Whr si co. look Wedn low po death a SPIRAL G. Idea for s July 26/ On tonal world day of least portend the la once a week.// have the capabil Bill called for Jur going to Jury Duty. somewhere the dicta 7AM on fire escape w raisen toast./ Endless Light a sticky substance Light in every direction single points of sticky ma

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Beatrice, letters

Avant-Garde

Form which evolves organically during development (for the purposes of utilization) as species are formed in nature -- in harmony, balance and coherence, from interaction of individual parts.

Without direct historical precedent; arising wholely from the organic material of individual artists.

Usually, a structure which can carry only the individual work from which it was born.

Follows, as if a product of nature, similar laws of harmony and simplicity.

Classical

Continued applicability of a structure, over time.

A structure with a relatively small number of component variables.

Conforms in a subliminal way to natural patterns in human rhythm or expectation.

Follows, as if a product of nature, similar laws of harmony, simplicity and balance.

Seductivist, few exceptions to the rules.

Mainstream

Adaptation of recent avant-garde form as though it were classical.

A form that a particular society accepts as classical for a short period.

A testing period for avant-garde form during which it could become classical through sucessfully adapted works.

Jack, I am afraid for you. You are forsaking the peace of your private soul.

Sanderson, the artist, earned little enough money by his strange, schizoid, wonderful art. The owners of fine or interesting trees who called him to paint them singly were rare indeed; and the 'studies' that he made for his own delight he also kept for his own delight. Even were the buyers, he would not sell them. Only a few, and these the very best, he would not even sell them. He disliked to hear the undiscerning criticism of those who did not understand.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

THE MAN WHOM THE TREES LOVED

He who finds a thought that lets us penetrate even a little deeper into the eternal mystery of nature has been granted great grace. He who, in addition, experiences the recognition, sympathy, and help of the best minds of his time, has been given almost more happiness than he can bear.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

Lucy Henke W
To T. R. Don

Lucy Louise Henke, a
Mr. and Mrs. Werner Hen
ette, La., was married
day to Thomas R. Dona
Mrs. Ray Anthony Do
West, Fla., and the late
The Rev. Stephen Wil
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Church of the Ascen
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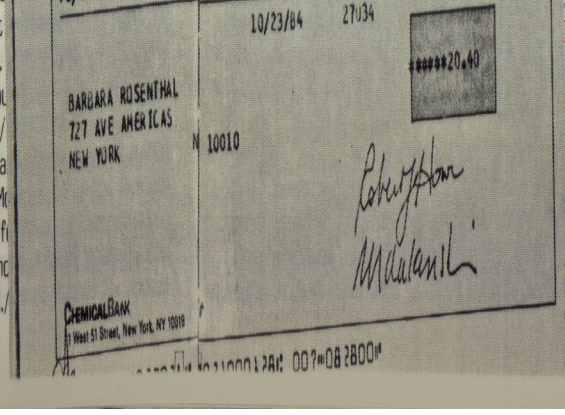
Nov. 17, 1983/ Dance: COLORED SHADOWS:/ white stage, 25 tall thin dancers, white leos&tights, pastel footlights at steep angle up to them, project their lengthened shadows in color on the back wall. Dancers in line, synch or rippling geometric movements, projection of their shadows in color moving on back wall like screen./ Colors are revealed by the bl

edited together: Pregnancy Dreams; Priming A Wall, double-piece, l.
Paste-up & shoot titles. Look at dub through camera
Transfer S/8 to 3/4 to equal 4 minu
title, end credits./ 4. Make one or
ther dub of Helen Webster: Cancer
8. Buy:/ 5 ½-hr, ½" open-reel: $10.
3/4 KCA tapes at Technisphere./ Ca
one for CAPS/ 8. Make appointment
Young filmmkers/ Rough-Cut/ 129 W.
242-1914/ Mark Fischer. $ 40. an hou
an hour with editor, $ 25. without./
MERC/ 4 Rivington/ 673-9361/ $ 30. a
IIAM Fine Edit Room, all day open Mo
12, confirm before 6 tonight. Ask fo
$ 30. an hour, 10-12 confirmed./ Fino
Sam Adwar/ S/8 trans. 336 W. 35 St./



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NEW YORK N 10010

CHEMICAL BANK
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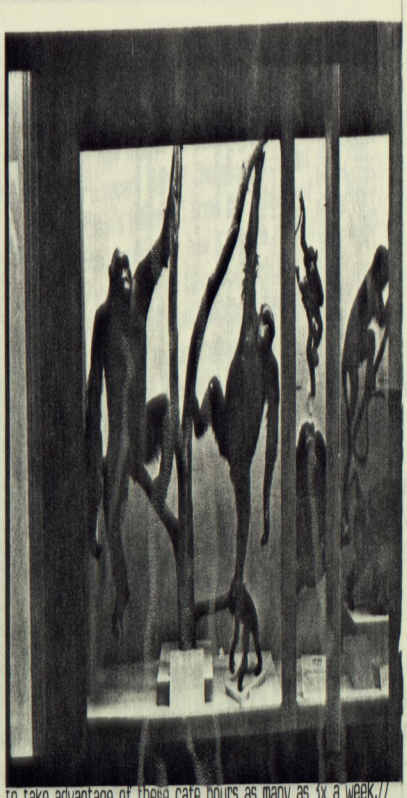
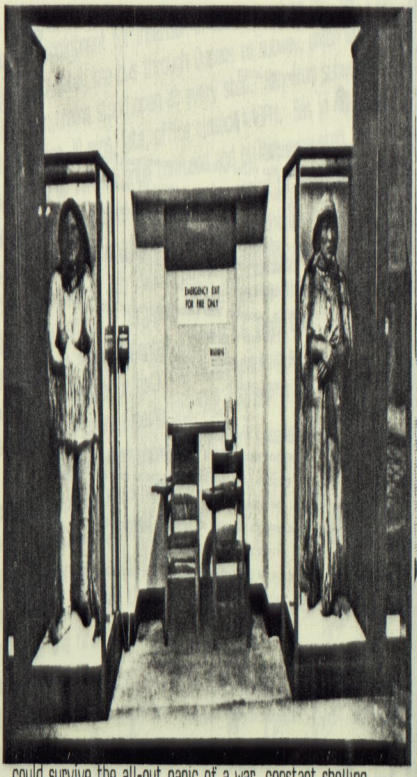


to take advantage of these cafe hours as many as 3x a week.// Sept. 22/ Empire Diner on Tenth Ave./ Not a good place to be. Outdoor tables closed, forced indoors to counter. Not private enough: would have been better to buy subway token and written while riding around./ Coffee very strong./ Information disguised in handwriting/ Afraid of being judged on unedited writing, someone reading over my shoulder saying, "what nonsense."/ Piano player here. Beautiful black plastic counters. I sit with my back to most of the place, trying to be inconspicuous. Large mirror distracting/ Performance piece: For the rest of my life, never appear physically/ Wear chador, purdah/ Invisible artist, represented only by the art/ Pseudonyms/ Caroline: a tingling of the hands or feet/ Contemplate scene of Letty at the deathbed o her mother/ The birth of Jewel/ What was the "rule" of the old journals? Never stated, hard to remember, certain I'm in violatio // Sept. 24/ Oily skin, pimple on cheek; I've been a shrew all week./ How much margin is there between a person's conception of their future, and its eventuality?// Sept. 26 / Thoughts from a recent conversation with Gil: "There is no future," I say. "Of course there is." "No, but there will be a future." But there will not be a future. There will be only another present. Think o it! all history, documentation, journalism, diplomacy, thought, art, culture, etc. serve only to influence behavior of single individuals at single moments./ Germination, fruition, maturation



could survive the all-out panic of a war, constant shelling, buildings falling, the city on fire.// Sept 30/ Have heard about writer: Cynthia Ozick. Try To Find/ Idea for Jack: What part of each person's thoughts can be attributed to their religion alone, to other cultural factors, to small personal characteristics such as moles, posture, eye-color./ Idea for Story: EYES AVERTED/ A woman, deeply humiliated by a stranger's provocation of her in a public park./ Reading Ray Andrews' book, Baby Sweet's; certainly not "too much poetry," as the NY Times Book Review opined./ When the perfect social system evolves, it is certain to follow the identical rules,patterns as individual cells, organs and organisms.// Oct. 5 or 6, 3AM. Bill out driving cab./ Dream: the second dream this week (nightmare) that Ola's hair was cut: I turn her slowly and see that her hair has been chopped, hacked off and there is a bloody bald spot at the crown of her scalp. I cry in my sleep and wake up./ Someone drove through the bank window again./ Rooftop welders today showered the street with hot sparks. Exhausted, haven't slept in several nights.// Oct. 7/ On subway to Brighton Beach/ Single names only: for the very famous, the very stylish or the very lowly/ Was I excessively polite at Schuler's? An exemplary guest? Perhaps that's because his visits to us are so rare./ Hair reveals what a woman wants guessed; clothing, what she's willing to admit./ At the beach I will stretch my eye-lenses, very tight from close work.//

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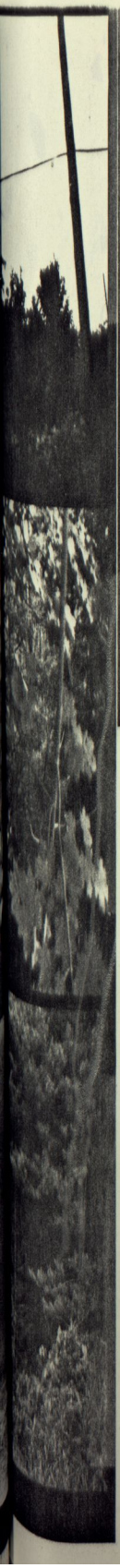
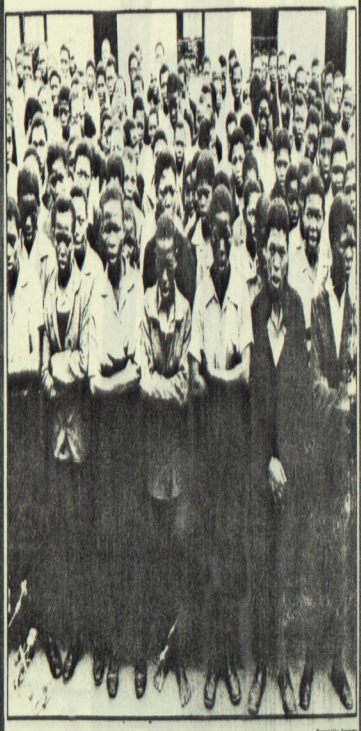


The New York Times/ Fred R. Conrad



Contact/ Alex Majoli

South African primary school students at morning prayer.

is going to happen anyway.// Sept. 12/ On Subway to the Film Center in Brooklyn to set the very last typesetting changes for Sensations. Quiet city, 8AM. Finally coming out of the toughest years, before there were ideas, when there were only feelings, and the art they made was narrow and irregular, the years of intense frugality./ Can not avoid reflection in the black train window. Dare I admit my beauty and intelligence: could I endure the certain taunts, "Just who does she think she is..." "Just what is she trying to prove..." If I am a fraud, please let this train crash and no harm come to anyone but me. The rhythm of the train sings, "You've thrived on disapproval." The realization makes me dizzy. The train hurls to a stop and I think: Stay One Jump Ahead/ Peek at reflection again, now transparent against a lighted station. My hair may be thinning. I have trimmed the bangs over and over this week, trying to give them that original and striking look they had last spring. 103 lbs. I think my body has dipped into the last or next to last phase of return to maximum agility, limberness, strength and stretch -- 15 months after the second childbirth./ Full potential soon to be realized./ Flaws:/ weak toes, causing flabby calves/ Clockwise pivot./ I want a perfect posture, perfect body. Physical imperfections reveal psychic imbalance./ Helenic/ (Helen as a name in AMNESIA -?)/ Lame beggar working train, "Viet Vet!" My contemporary.// Sept. 13/ Film Image: Girl alone on beach. Man approaches, says, "What do you do." "I tell lies," the girl ans-

If given choice, uncertain whether to be inside, participate, alter, or contemplate the scene.// Sept. 15 Cafe on Greenwich. Green and white./ Freaked out again this morning: too much strength and consciousness is being drained by family, household, social and practical matters./ Small prison cells/ coffins/ sensory deprivation tanks/ Performance Piece 1.:/ SENSORY DEPRIVATION EXPERIMENT./ Performance Piece 2.:/Me On Stage With My Children And No Script/ could be talk,participation,something,dialog with audience/ keep distance/ Beautiful green and white awnings and little tables. I have two hours here to write by myself, outdoors in the cool sun. Very few early patrons: one at a front table is also writing, but has many papers spread out. The Idle Hour Bookstore on this corner stocks my books. I am in friendly territory/ Get Out Of This Volume. Write into WISH FOR AMNESIA./ (A middle aged woman and her elderly mother are passing on the sidewalk discussing the differences between Kodak and Agfa.)// Sept. 18, Cafe on Greenwich, perfect sunny day/ Ola and I: Ola has been very sweet and helpful recently. She may be a little worried about these times I go off on my own. Am I too hard on her (It couldn't be that she's not as bright as I insist she be.) In a way, I don't know what to do with her besides teach her/ Do Not Write In This Book// Sept. 20, In red notepad at Brighton Beach/ Sun warm in black clothing. I am the absorber/ Clothed at the beach, aloof/ bathing caps/ skull caps/ wigs/ baldness/ Hassidim/ chemotherapy/ Tress./

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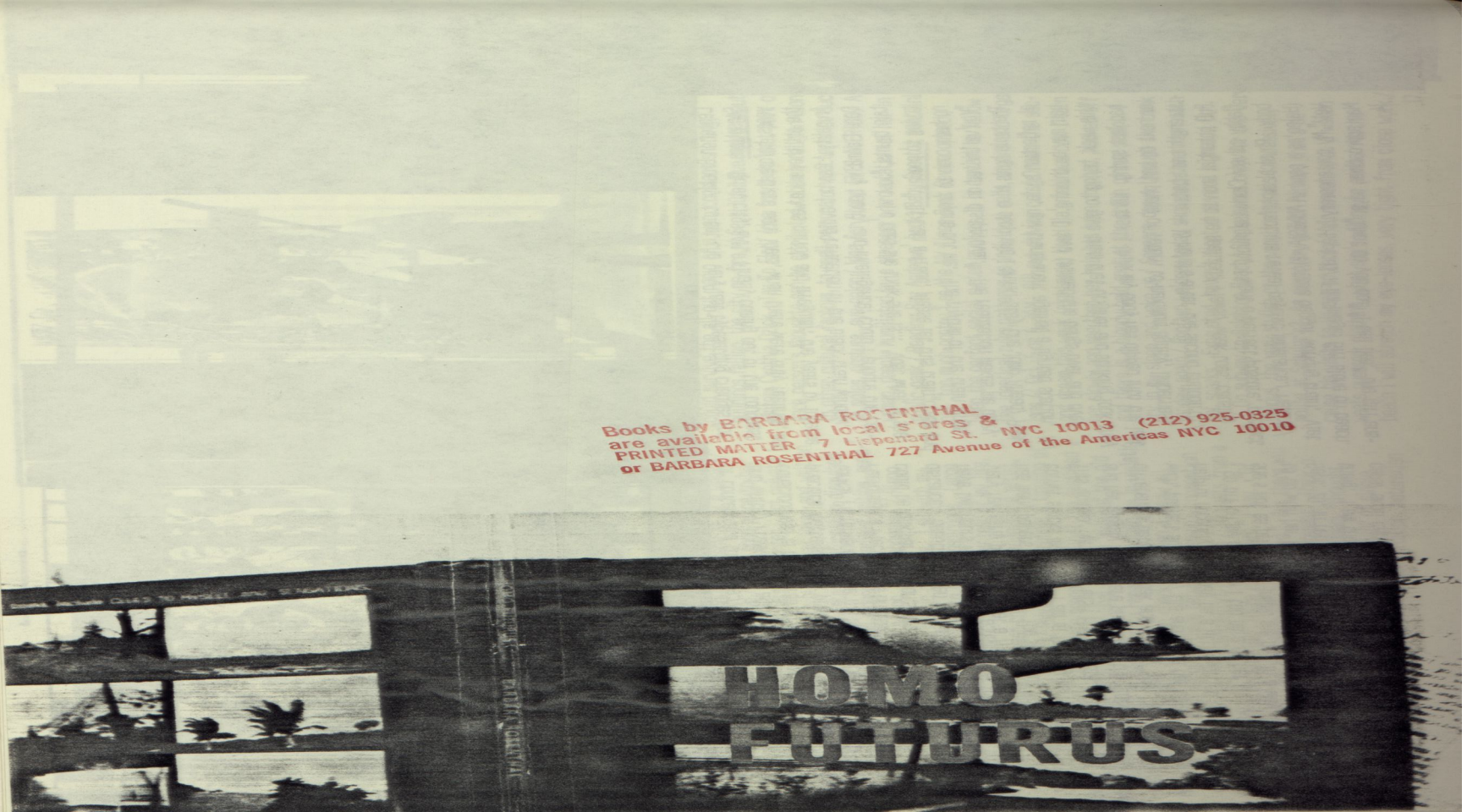

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A study in creating depth with contrasting sizes of objects

Desert plants such as the tumbleweed, the pancake cactus, chollo, beavertail and barrel cactus have fascinating forms that add relief to the otherwise barren waste of open spaces. — Jon Gnagy

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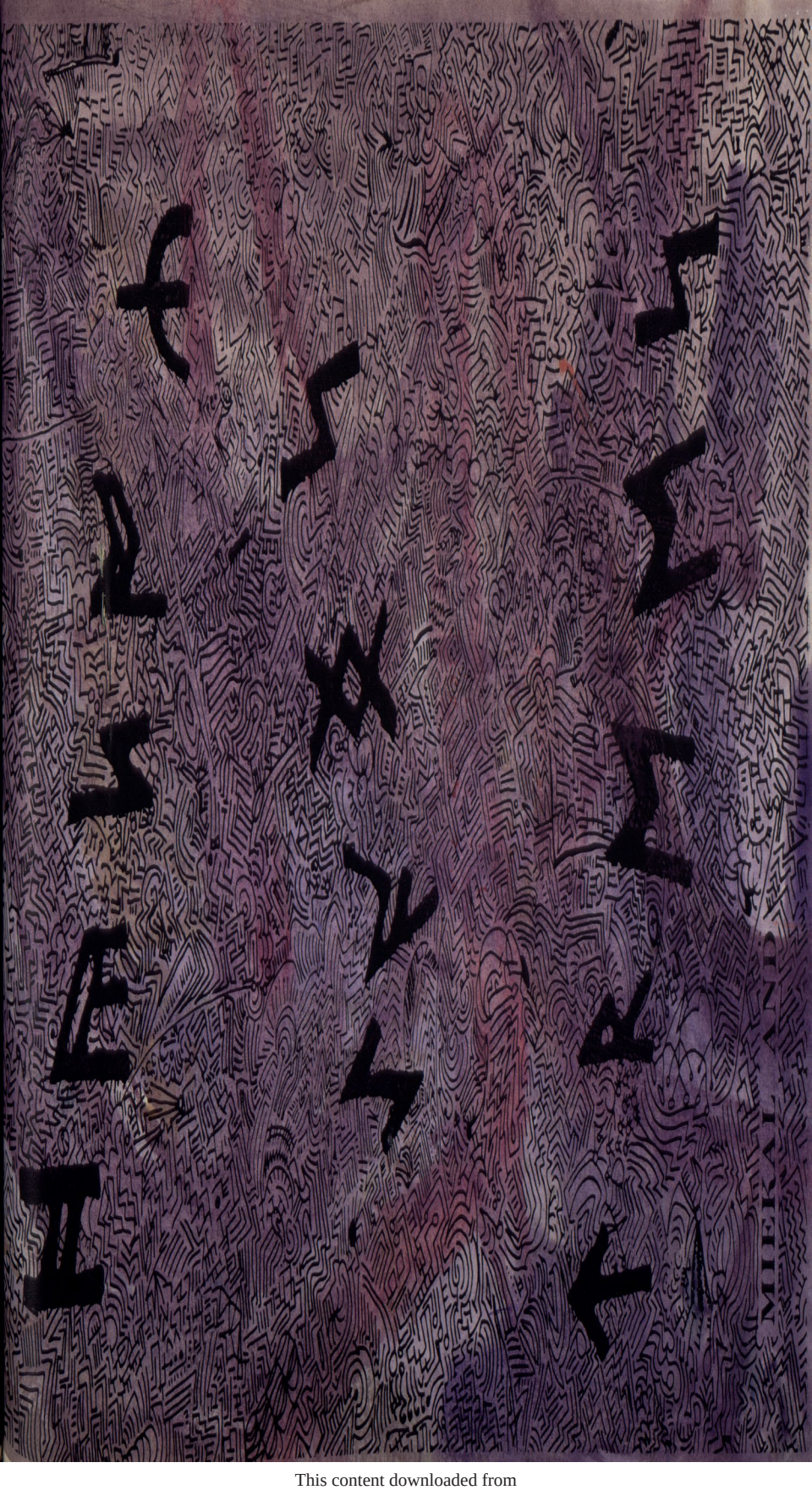

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"HYPOK CHANGS TREES"

Hyper/Zaum/Lettrist/Brut

1. An expression of abstract musicality--"papier musique" for deafness.

2. Coloration of negative primary values. Retro-semiotics turned on itself.

3. Every imagination deconstructs the code. No mind the dissertation of marks.

4. An alphabet of centuries & a cross-section of graphist articulations.

5. Visual Poetry factory hands rise & revolt. Oppression is beneath all great art.

6. All wild leaps of fancy still land on earth.

Miekal And/January 1987

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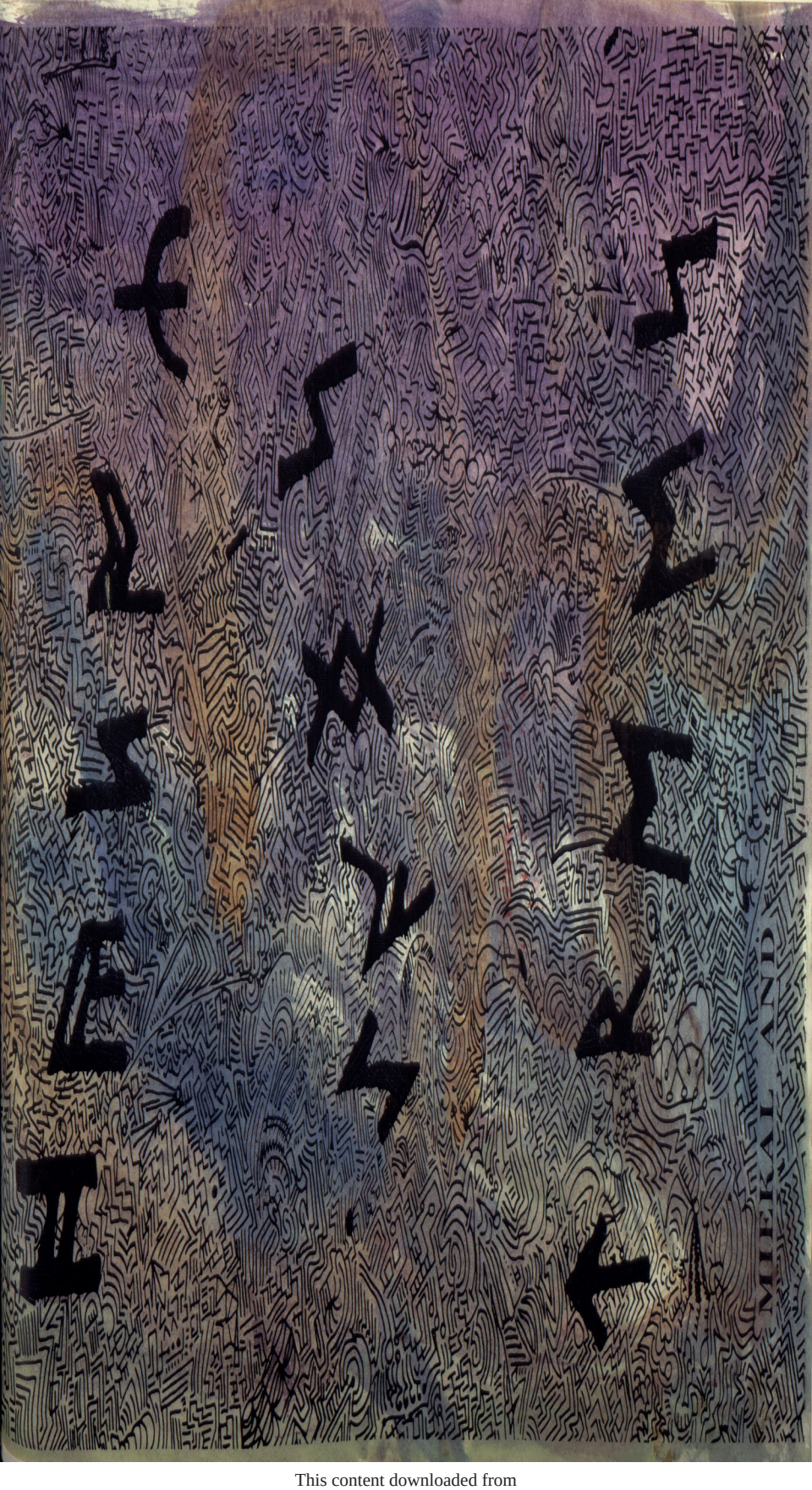

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About the Prints

In the spring of 1987 I printed an edition of 250 monoprints, made directly from the body, for Assembling Magazine.

The adjacent page is one print from this series, which I call "Body/Work".

Because each print is unique, the same problem had to be solved each time: What makes a good print. Each page is an experiment in form and relationship, with limited possibilities for controlling the outcome.

In other words, the stomach, which seems made for the page, I found that the more recognizable the body part, the less successful the print. The more literal the form, the less the eye can work the tension between shape and shape, ink and paper, space and page.

I used Speedball Water Base Block Print ink on Japanese "Mara" ricepaper, which I hand-tore.

Johnny Lee Wolf

New York City

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Charlie's Left Hand 3/5/82 Sidney Goldfeld

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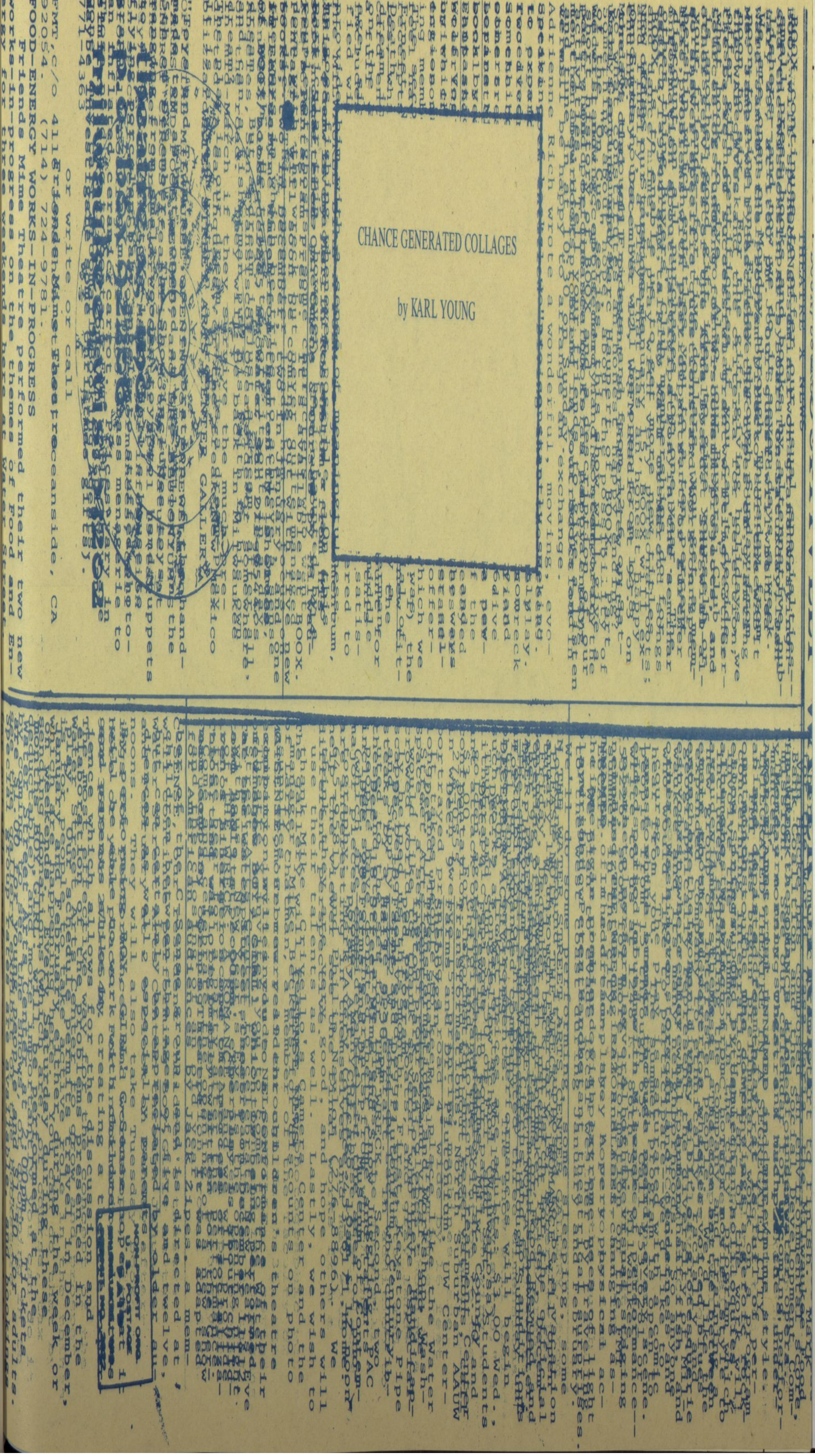

CHANCE GENERATED COLLAGES

by KARL YOUNG

MORE SORROW UNDERSPRINGS WILLOWS

ALL YOUR SAVINGS NOW EXHAUSTED

YOU RETURN HOMES WHITE HEADED

TO SMALL HOLDING ON 5-LAKES

SOLITARY MAN RETRACING THOUSAND MILE JOURNEY

KNOWING ABILITY UNABLE TO HELP

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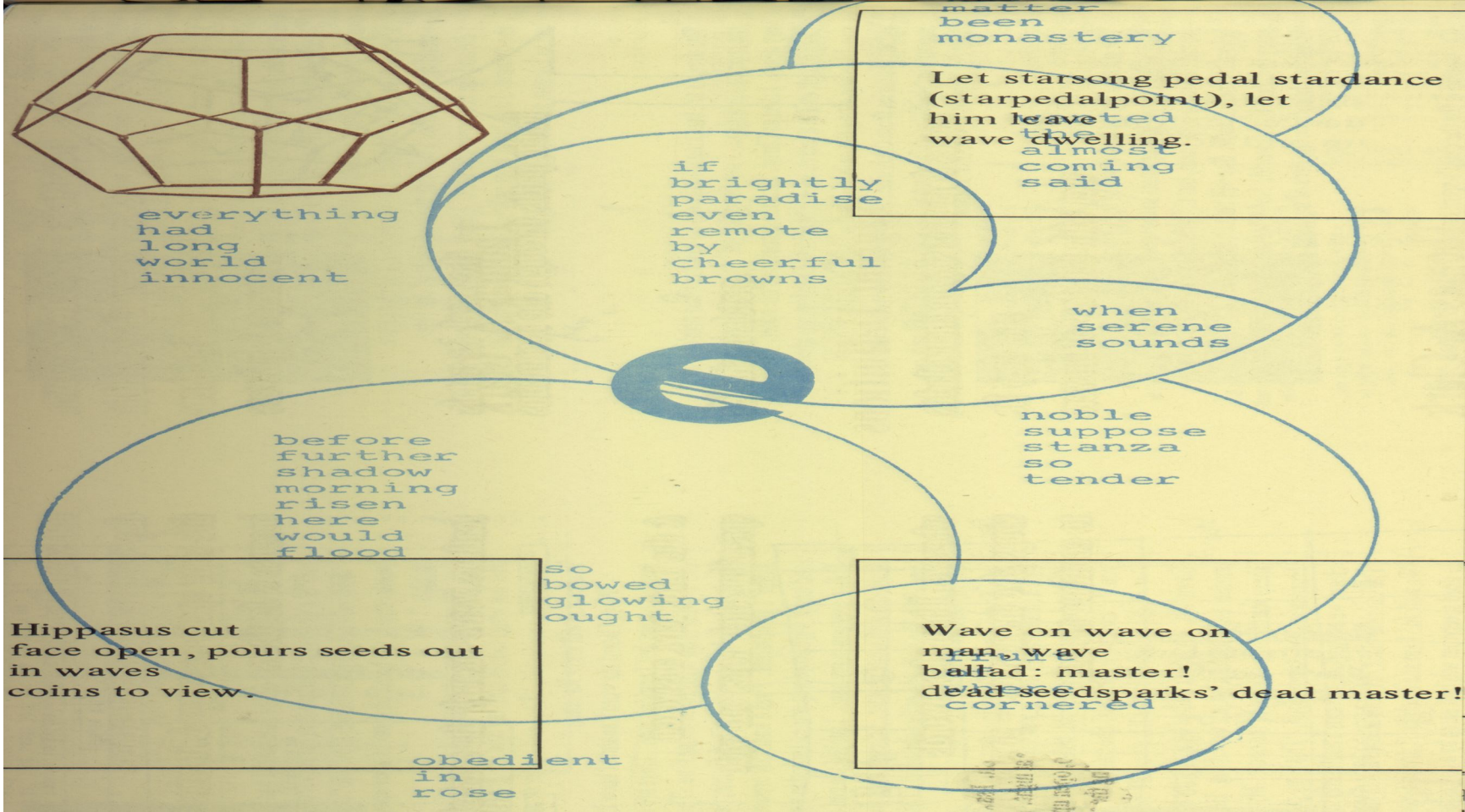

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Immediate, rare, enormous, perfect: light
shines forth. It is his light, it
is his light, his
starspeech, stardance.

He dances, he is the light
the light made coherent, the
light shines forth
nobilitas, nobilitas light.

Hippasus
that's Hippasus
he says:

who would glow
who would burn
burn with me!
He dances, the light shines forth
He shines as he dances
starapostle, he, intense
knot in the end of his staff, his staff
who would be fire-wrapt
leap up and down!

mouth chest heart
vibrant, each

Face, face of the earth
balled but good
by eye's
greed: no dancing tonight.

with an introduction
by Robert Duncan

And he dances
scaly scorpions can't
stop him—, does dance, he
has no choice.

Membrane—Beep
1979

With the coexistence of the ratios of the Whole with irra
numbers that extend beyond our account.

The dance of the poem is, as I read it, an exercise of o
at a limit the poem would bring us to. Just here, at th
crossing of the borderline, the government of the poe
number intensifies. It is at the last a star-song of possessi
the unison, the light is addressed—even as in Pound's *Ca*
sublime—but even as the poet prays to the light "lead me
light "burns". What I mean to introduce here is the part *De*
plays in the larger dream-song of a transmission that goes
surely to Herakleitos and Pythagoras and that in our
includes the figures of fire and light in key poems: a rec
content of our poetic imperative.

—*ROBERT DUN*
San Francisco

Root stalk leaf flower
not to be, dead
Fireysman
wave in waves.

Fire sea, his, dark
house, night, his
without dot to
dot star animals.

ace, her face, her waves: let
him leave.

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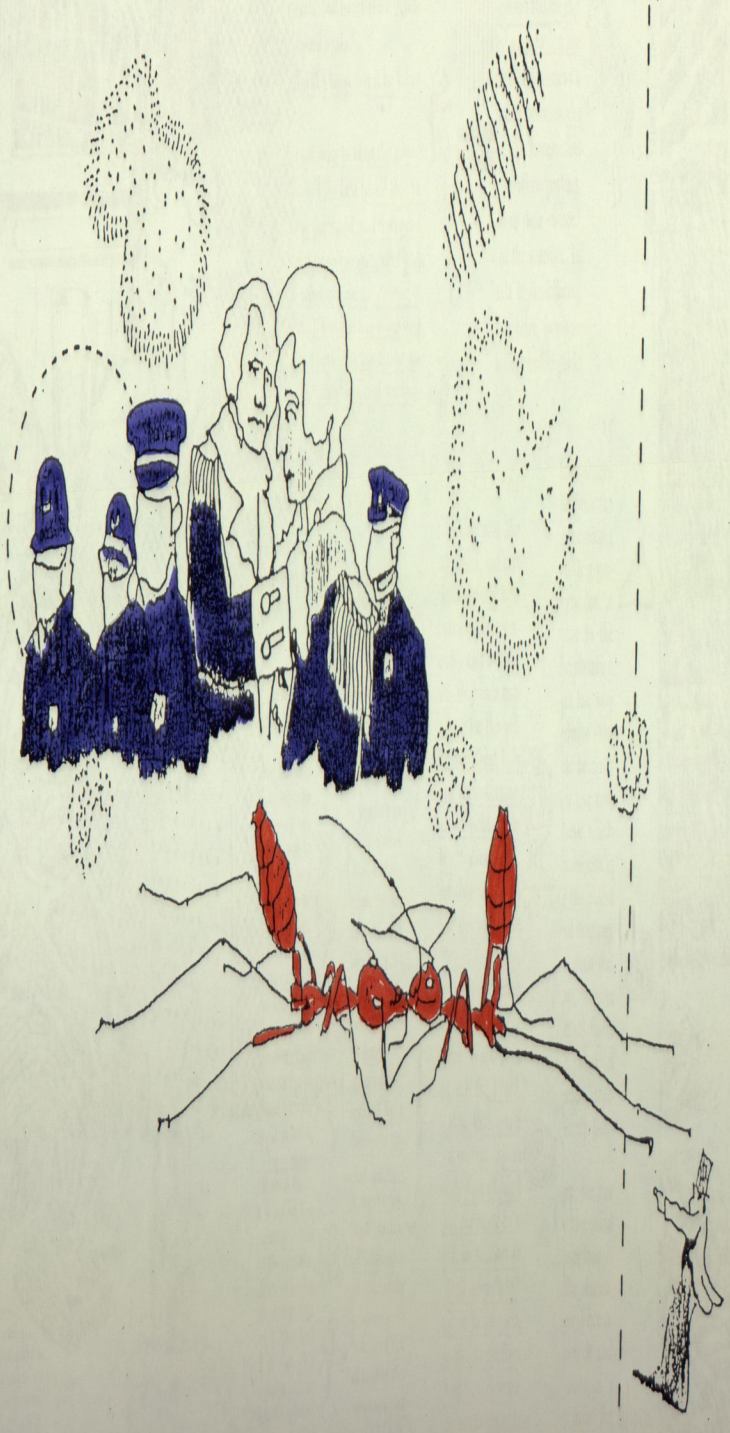
The Rumor Mill

Daniel Zimmerman



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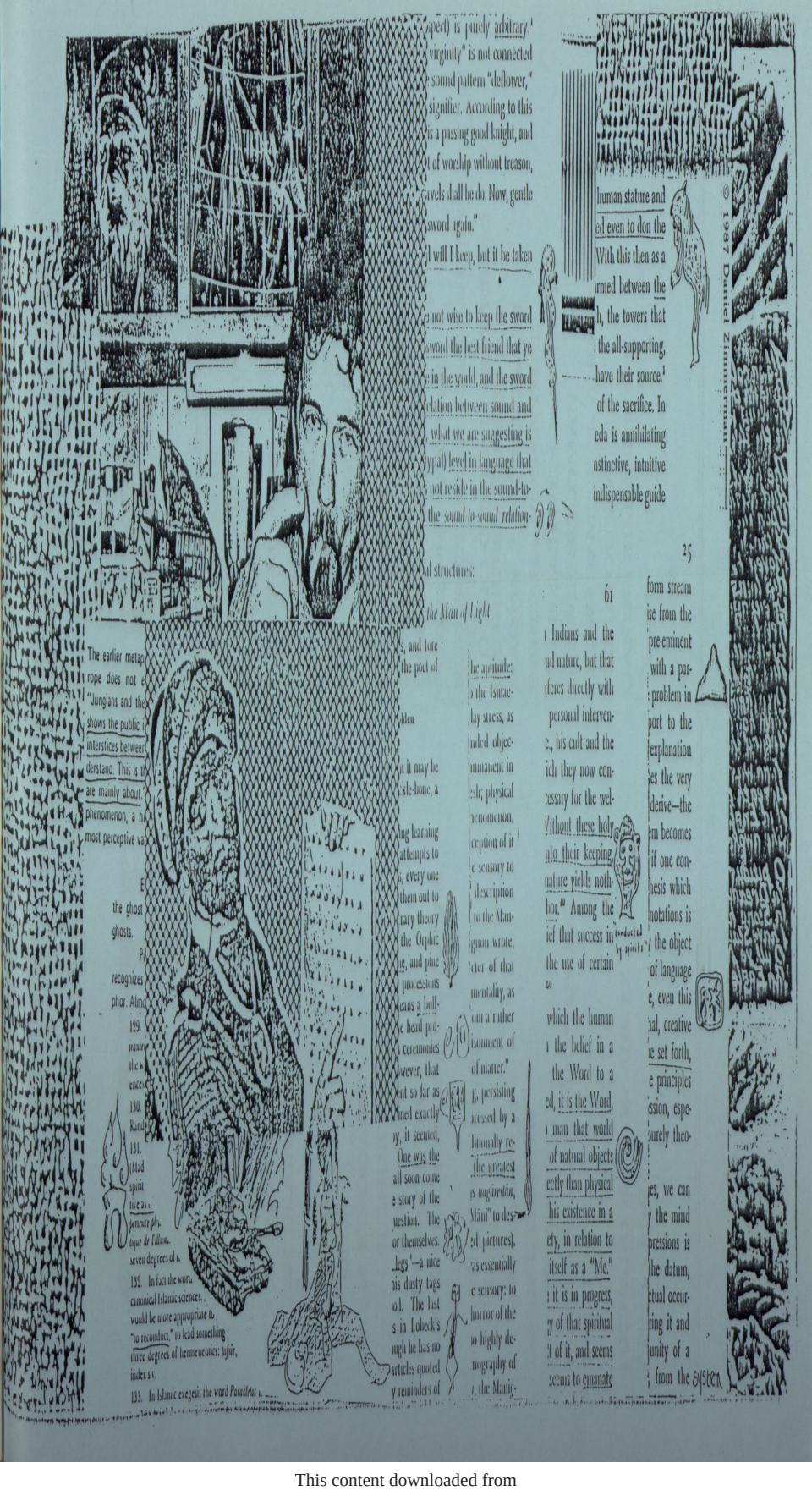

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CONTRIBUTORS

FRANCES ALENIKOFF
RAFAEL BARRETO-RIVERA
/RAQUEL RIVERA
KEN BERNARD
JULIEN BLAINE
LAURA BOSS
ALAN COLEMAN
LIZ CONNOR
CHARLES DORIA
C. X. DILLHUNT
BILL DiMICHELLE
THERESA DE SALVIO
MICHAEL DYREGROV (JOHN S. BAKER)
FRANCESCO FELIPE
PAT FISH
JESSE GLASS
DANIEL GOODE
KLAUS GROH
SHELLEY JANE GROSSBERG
CRAG HILL
FRANK KAUFMAN
RICHARD KOSTELANETZ
ANNA LASCARI
PAGE LEROY-CRUCE
ROSE LESNIAK
ARRIGO LORA-TOTINO
SERSE LUIGETTI
DAVID MILLER
MANUEL E. MONTILLO
BRUNO MATELS
GEORGE MYERS, JR.
VALERY OISTEANU
JURGEN OLBRICH
STEPHEN PERKINS
HARRY POLKINHORN
BERNE PORTER
PETER PROTHMANN
RED SPOT/ALLAN DAUGHTRY (FRONT)
DOUG CIARELLI (REVERSE)
GABRIELLE ROLLE'
MARTIN J. ROSENBLUM
BARBARA ROSENTHAL
JUDE SCHWENDENWIEN
BERNIE SOLOMAN
LIZ WAS/MIEKAL AND
KARL YOUNG
DANIEL ZIMMERMAN

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