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Assembling

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SECOND ASSEMBLING

Richard Kostelanetz Henry Korn Mike Metz

A COLLECTION OF OTHERWISE UNPUBLISHABLE MANUSCRIPTS

WHY SECOND ASSEMBLING?

ASSEMBLING

A collaborative magazine of the unpublished and the unpublishable – selected and printed by the contributors. Compiled by Richard Kostelanetz, Henry Korn and Mike Metz. Published by Assembling Press, Box 1967, Brooklyn, New York 11202. © for automatic assignment with the printing of this notice to the contributors. Individual copies may be ordered directly from the publisher for \$2.50.

Contributors were invited to submit 1000 copies of up to four 8½" x 11" pages of anything they wanted to include – printed at their own expense. Submissions were collated alphabetically. Biographical notes identify most of the contributors. No manuscript was refused so names and views expressed herein are not the responsibility of Assembling Press or the editors.

Assembling appears annually in the early Fall. Its primary purpose is the publication of works too excentric to be accepted elsewhere. Artists and writers desiring to contribute to future editions are requested to submit samples of their work along with a stamped self-addressed envelope or International Reply Coupons. Acceptance will arrive in the form of an invitation to contribute to the next issue of Assembling.

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WHY SECOND ASSEMBLING?

It becomes increasingly clear that avant-garde writing has died in America, not because such work is no longer written — quite the contrary is true — or none is read — again untrue — but because it so rarely slips into established channels of print. Resistances to innovative art have always been the rule, no doubt, but never before have they ruled to such a pervasive degree, or have avant-garde writers felt so justifiably outraged. This sense of experimental writing's incipient doom is partly attributable to developments within the editorial-industrial complex, abetted by publishing's current depression, which has been oppressive since the beginning of 1970; so that of the scores of serious, largely young, producing experimental writers known to me, only two (2!) have received commercial book contracts since that terminal date ...

The magazines of America are no more responsive to "different" literature than the John Birch Society; for just as no one in establishing book-publishing today is known to be especially interested in such work, so it rarely appears in native literary journals. In my own experience as an experimental poet and fictioneer, it takes about two years for one's best innovative work to get into print, and it is as likely to be published abroad as here. Anyone who publishes frequently gets bombarded with requests for advice: Where can one publish? Where? Who? And while one could give specific suggestions before, now the answer is invariably "nowhere," accompanied by a brief and bitter analysis of the current predicament.

Those few truly vanguard books that have successfully overcome the first obstacle of public print invariably suffer subsequent indignities. First of all, they are bound to go unnoticed—not only by literary prize-jurors, whose philistinism is to be expected, but also by "critics" and reviewers, if not the paperbackers as well. It is a well-kept secret that no critic sympathetic to avant-garde writing contributes regularly to any periodical medium in America today, and those war-horses who ritually reiterate that "there is no avant-garde any more" would not recognize an innovative work if it landed on their warted noses. The so-called "crisis of American writing" today refers less to its creation, which is frequent and fertile, than its publication and dissemination, which have become progressively unlikely.

Not only avant-garde work has been so pervasively struck down, to be sure, as nearly everything un—"pop" by young and unestablished writers has similarly suffered, for both underclasses of the writing community have yet to establish those critical-commercial precedents that persuade defensive publishers to contract a new manuscript. The terrible point is not that "one can't get published," but that nobody is publishing anymore. The fresh fruits we bring are turning into sour grapes, while the only money falling from those trees of dollar bills is counterfeit and/or confederate; and, terror of a kind rules the roost. It is equally clear that, the streams of printed shit notwithstanding, over one-half of the consequential writing produced in this country today remains unpublished; and there are reasons to believe that two-thirds may be a more accurate figure.

The obvious conclusion is that today's publishing establishments can no longer be counted upon to support new writing, nor can the foundations, no matter how ostensibly well-intentioned, though such institutions will predictably trail behind developments in literature. As writers largely lead isolated lives and have excessively sensitive egos, they tend to take rejections as strictly personal; but when nearly everything in certain veins is kept unpublished, the problems are not individual but collective — and, thus, amenable to political, or more specifically literary-political, solutions. Since it would be naive to solicit help from elsewhere, the initiative in introducing the New Art to the reading public must come first of all from the artists themselves. Our guiding rule in an acclimating task comparable to that confronting Pound and his allies sixty years ago is this: **WHATEVER NEEDS TO BE DONE, WE, AS WRITERS, SHALL PROBABLY HAVE TO DO IT OURSELVES.**

Criticism of the current predicament is necessary, though simply not enough, as anger must be transformed into productive action. The most obvious, and yet demanding solution lies in creating new literary institutions, for there can be no doubt that, unless today's establishments change or disintegrate, small-publishing, or even self-publishing, will become increasingly inevitable in the seventies. Indicatively, some of the past decade's most important avant-garde texts were self-sponsored: Edward Ruscha's widely admired *THIRTY-FOUR PARKING LOTS*, Dick Higgins' *JEFFERSON'S BIRTHDAY/POSTFACE* and *FOEW&MBWHNW*, Dan Graham's *END MOMENTS*, Vito Acconci's *BOOK FOUR*, and Wally Depew's *ONCE*, all of which, needless to say perhaps, were scandalously ignored by the established reviewing media. Ahead of us, especially if the censorship presently implicit in the editorial-industrial complex becomes complete, is a writing situation comparable to that in Soviet Russia, where nearly everything consequential is "SAMIZDAT," which means self-published and circulated from hand to hand. In short, all the urgent reasons that made the first *ASSEMBLING* necessary are unchanged, or worse.

WHY SECOND ASSEMBLING?

It becomes increasingly clear that second-grade writing has died in America, and because such work is no longer written... the country is not... or none is read... again written... but because it is only after this established standard of first... limitations to innovation in their energy have the rule, no doubt, but even before that they tried to reach a previous degree, or... first second-grade writers left in publishable category. This sort of experimental writing's initial death is a particularly... development within the educational complex, started by publishing's current disposition, which has been aggressive since... the beginning of 1970, so that of the scores of writers, largely young, producing experimental writers known to me, only two (I... have received commercial book contracts since that terminal date.

The magazines of America are no more responsive to "difficult," literature than the John Birch Society; for just as no... one in establishing book publishing today is known to be especially interested in such work, so it rarely appears in either literary... journals. In my own experience as an experimental poet and lecturer, it takes about two years for one's best innovative work... to get into print, and it is likely to be published abroad at first. Anyone who publishes frequently has compounded with... requests for advice. What can one publish? What? What? And this one could give specific suggestions before, now the answer... is invariably "nowhere," accompanied by a host and bitter receipt of the current establishment.

Those few truly original books that first successfully overcome the first obstacle of public print inevitably suffer the... second. First of all, they are bound to be restricted—not only to literary professionals, whose attention it is to be... expected, but also by "critics" and reviewers, if not the publishers as well. It is a well-known truth that no critic sympathetic... to avant-garde writing considers equally to any professional medium in America today, and those reviewers who finally relent... that there is no avant-garde any more, would not recognize an innovative work if it based on that stated case. The so-called... "clubs of American writers" today refer less to its creation, which is important and fertile, than its publication and dissemination... which have become progressively smaller.

Not only avant-garde work has been so generally trampled down, to be sure, as nearly everything we—"poet," "poet," "poet"... and established writers has similarly suffered, for both indications of the writing community have yet to establish their... initial-commercial precedents that generally determine published to contact a new movement. The terrible point is not that... "we are not published," but that nobody is publishing anymore. The first lines we bring are being not even given, while... the only money falling from their ears is of dollar bills in connection with a contract, and some of a kind when the work... is a quality one that, the terms of payment that notwithstanding, over one-third of the conventional writing produced in this... country today remains unpublished; and that the reason to believe that two-thirds may be a more accurate figure.

The obvious conclusion is that today's publishing establishment can no longer be counted upon to support new... writing, not on the foundation, no matter how seemingly well-intentioned, though most intentions will probably still... helped developments in literature. As writers rightly feel about their work and have consistently written over, they tend to take... rejection as nearly personal, but when every thing is certain, it is not published, the problems are not individual... to be corrected... and that, especially in periods of more generally literary-political isolation, there it would be more to... what they have chosen, the failure in maintaining the New Art in the writing circle that came out of all from the time... down here. Our guiding rule is to be as limiting as that containing food and to offer only what you can... **WHATEVER NEEDS TO BE DONE, WE AS WRITERS SHALL PROBABLY HAVE TO DO IT OURSELVES.**

Children of the current production is necessary, though simply not enough, as important as it should be to... productive action. The main division and yet decreasing reliance lies in creating new literary movements, for that can be... no doubt that when today's establishment changes or dissolves, and/or changes, or even the outside will become... increasingly necessary in the greater, laborably, some of the past decade's most important movements have been... movement: Edward Kienker's widely admired THIRTY-FOUR PARKING LOTS, Dick Higgins' HEPHERSON'S BIRTHDAY... POSTFACE and FOREWINDS, The Graham's EMP MOONLITE, Van Acciano's BOOK FOUR, and Kelly Dixon's ONE... of which, besides in the proper, were consistently found by the established literary world. And it is especially... if the remaining primary impact in the educational complex for most complex, a writing situation comparable... to that in 2000. From what many would expect, a "SAMBAZITA," which would be published and distributed... and had to wait, in fact, at the right moment that made the first ASSEMBLING necessary, as suggested, or worse.

The practice of experimental writing in America is thus coming to resemble private research, like that in science, where new discoveries are first announced on xeroxes mailed to one's professional friends, rather than suffering the hazards and delays of academic publication. Such procedure represents a return to the pre-commercial beginnings of publishing, where the writer makes copies only for those he knows will be interested, rather than trying to promote a market for his product. Such limitations are not unreasonable, as most of us create not for the many but for the few who, if the work is popularly resonant, may in turn increase into many. Our ambitions seem closer to poetry, say, than journalism, though most of these pieces cannot be circumscribed within such traditional categories.

Media like ASSEMBLING help stave off the coming end of imaginative writing by putting into print what would otherwise remain unpublished—enabling otherwise silenced writers to lay their courage and taste on a public line — as well as implicitly sabotaging the inevitably conservative and self-serving practices of editorial authority. It follows that there is every reason to regard such conceptually comparable, though more visual-minded periodicals as Dana Atchley's NOTEBOOKS in British Columbia, Ely Ramau's 8 X 10 ART PORTFOLIO in New York, Jerry Bowles's ART WORK, NO COMMERCIAL VALUE in Staten Island and their successors as ASSEMBLING's allies, rather than competitors; for not only do we all oppose the same commissars, but we represent, in literary politics, the same classes of creative people. Indeed, the current situation requires at least a hundred ASSEMBLINGs of every sort of literary competence and taste, but just a spate of collaborative periodicals would scarcely be sufficient. "I wish someone would start the American renaissance by publishing brochures to be sold at a low price," William Carlos Williams wrote in 1929, "where writing like [Kenneth] Burke's might be available to those who appreciate it." However, brochure-publishers would hardly be enough either. What these desperate times compel us to create is a comprehensive network of literary institutions predisposed to alternative writing—not just new magazines and book-publishing houses, but distributional networks and sympathetic bookstores — all of which deserve the active support of readers of similar tastes and commitments. Our ultimate aim is nothing less than the creation of a literary situation open enough to allow good innovative writing to be published, and yet discriminating enough to insure that it gets recognized.

Since both this and the earlier ASSEMBLING had editions limited to the number of copies submitted, the magazine itself cannot possibly be reprinted; and since all copyrights are automatically returned to the contributors, there is no money to be made on ASSEMBLING. In fact, though my co-founder-compiler Henry Korn and I lost a few hundred dollars on the first issue (mostly in collation and postage), we still have copies for sale (\$2.50) and expect to economize in producing the second. Primarily to print the work of prospective contributors too indigent to subsidize their own, we dutifully applied for foundation aid; although turned down, we expect to try again. Predictably perhaps, the first ASSEMBLING received only three reviews—one in a Belgian avant-garde periodical, the second in a rock magazine, and the last in a U.S. undergraduate newspaper, all of which were favorable. In spite of our busyness with other things, we found that within the organization of ASSEMBLING seems to be enough autonomous energy to carry this annual project to completion; perhaps our experience demonstrates the familiar truth that such institutions require one-tenth money and nine-tenths internal determination.

The first ASSEMBLING had forty-two collaborators; this SECOND ASSEMBLING, as we call it, has yet more, all of whom deserve not only our own but each other's gratitude. The submissions this time were just as unusual as before (though not every contributor to the first number was invited back); for once again it is my sure impression that nearly all of ASSEMBLING would be rejected by every art-literary magazine in America, unless the editor were a friend or debtor of the writer. Although most of these contributions have little in common with traditional art and literature, nearly all of them are designed to exploit possibilities indigenous to printed pages; for among our long-range missions is rescuing the arts of print from their encroaching competitors.

We were also pleased to discover that the first ASSEMBLING was seriously read, as nearly all the contributors and several subscribers wrote to acknowledge particular favorites. It is our suspicion that the magazine's distinctiveness caused it to be enthusiastically possessed, if not securely lodged within the imaginative memories of many readers; for as Edmund Carpenter observed, "It is one of the curiosities of a new medium, a new format, that at the moment it first appears, it's never valued; but it is believed." And so perhaps are our ultimate purposes made credible by our actions. Assembled we stand; disassembled we fall.

Richard Kostelanetz

New York, N.Y., Sept. 1971.

POW-SHOCKING! SAX! ERM

ON EY !



emmenagogue. 1. Promoting menstruation, such as a belt to the crotch, good and hard. 2. A drug that promotes the menstrual flow, for instance, blond vespers or calliope wafers.

Laryngeal, inferior; nerve distributed through the following zones: cricoarytenoideus and thyroarytenoideus, vocalis with an emphasis on public election, rotten arytenoideus odalisque (major), aryepiglotticus, thyroepiglotticus, criterion correction posteriosus.

Bacillus. A genus of rod-shaped microorganisms resembling chains or links or parts of chains, or in sections, of the family Bacillaceae, a large clan inhabiting a large section of the Zuider Zee, sometimes occurring in chains, whose common habitat is the soil. Often the butt of nationalistic jokes. Some 30 species are recognized, according to Lloyd's, some of them pathogenic for insects and animals, others simply drunk.

dysplastic. 1. Marked by displasia. 2. Having a body form which does not belong to one of the three main classes, athletic, asthmatic, or pyknic. 3. A form of glutinous resin often associated with class 3 speech defects, such as "Dis street" or "Dist where I work."

thrombo-angitis. Inflammation of the intima of a blood vessel with clot formation, most commonly found in the geriatric especially in those cases exhibiting a military foreground.

"THE ALLITERATIVE DEVICE,
THE MOST OBTAINABLE,
IS THE VERY STUFF AND
STRUT OF MOVIE
'VOCABULARY.'"





OM
OM
OMEN
WOMEN
OM
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adele aldrige

GOD:DOG

MA:AM

GOD+MA
DOG+AM

X

=

GODAM DOGMA

adele aldrige

RUSH

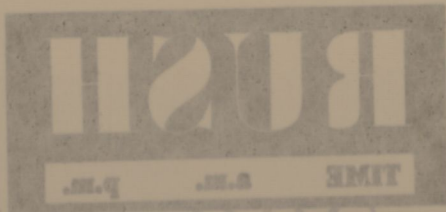
TIME

a.m.

p.m.

TO: D. Atchley
Coordinator*of*Space
Ace Space Co.
335 Foul Bay Road
Victoria, B.C., Canada

FROM: _____



GOD:DOG

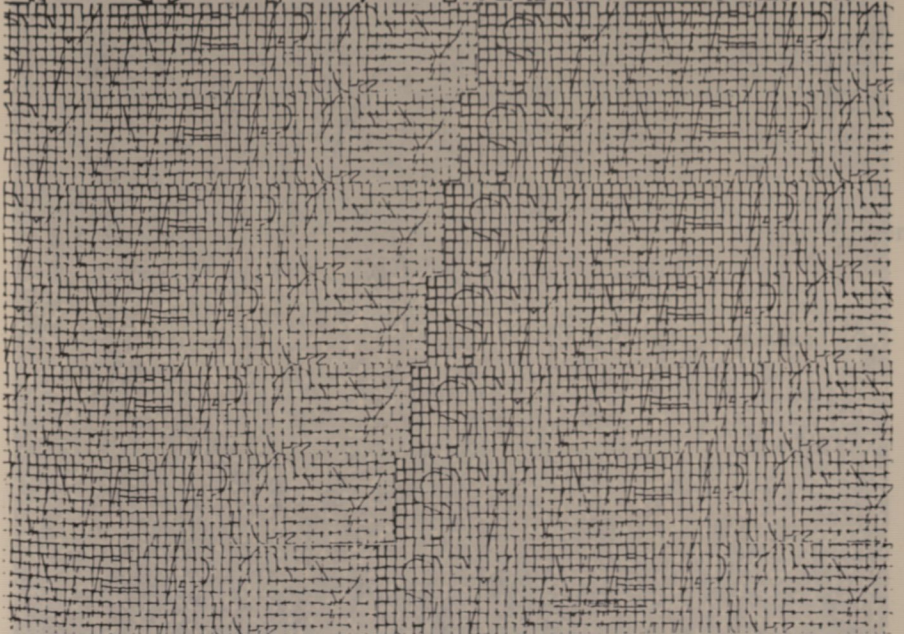
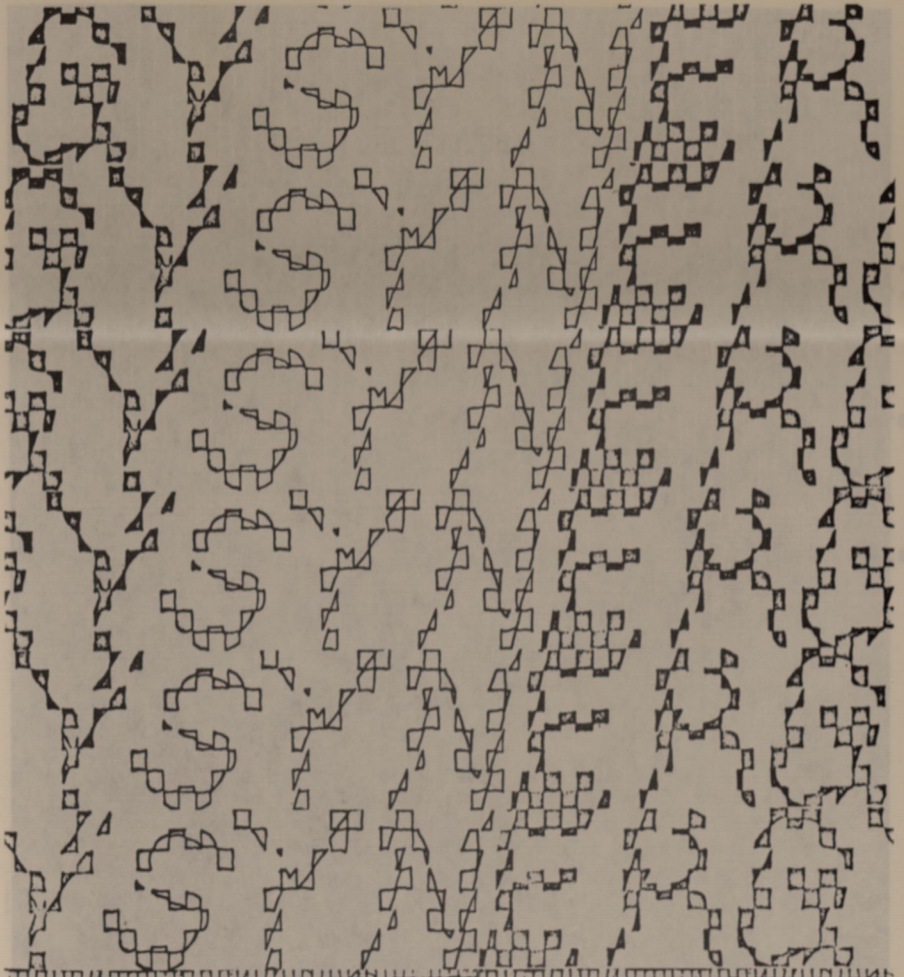
TO: Daley
Coordinator of Space
Ace Space Co.
335 Paul Bay Road
Victoria, B.C. Canada

MA:AM FROM:

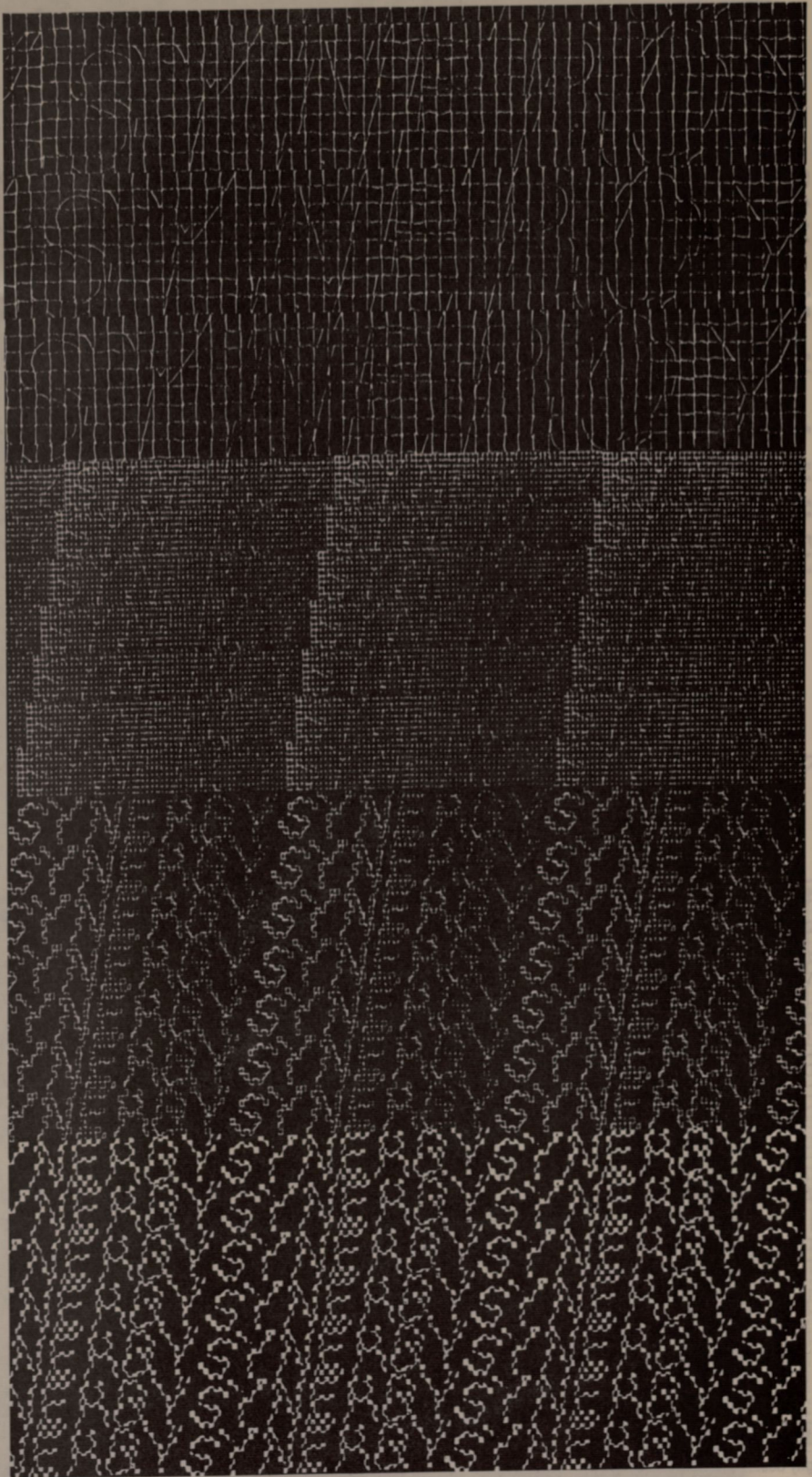
GOD + MA X
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adele aldrige



gay beste reineck



Two by Marvin Cohen

THE INCONVENIENCE OF LIVING

Life, confined to its best, is at least sad. To comprehend, look sharply out of your window. There, waiting to be looked at, is another window. Behind it, an equally dismal room. Is that proof enough?

I looked too far, too much. Going at that rate, I shall never cease to exist.

While baking a pie in the oven, the flames tasted my fingers.

While engaged in making the bed, I caught my ankle on a spring, and neatly twisted it. By then, I was twenty one.

Since the yelp was continuous, my twenty third birthday was far from silent.

A girl, catching me by the fancy, lifted my soul through its endurance.

When the endurance subsided, girl and pain became one.

As a lesson in forgetfulness, I tickled my pain. This fatigued the itch.

My skin, burning with mentality, had every reason to think for itself.

* * *

Released from gravity, a stone found peace upon my head, and then dropped silently out of motion. Since I was inside my head, sensitivity began to react. The stone, you see, was dead. I inherited all its life. It was almost too much to take.

Blows like these infuriate my skin. Wrapped up in a head bandage, with my heart in a sling, and my foot dangling from its toes, I stepped from house to battlefield, where enemy cars assailed me left and right. Paralyzed with emotion, I slid to the nearest sidewalk. The bone injured was only minor.

Hungry for sex, I married the first girl I saw. The divorce was promptly immediate.

Needing reform, I went to vote. Unluckily, the candidate lost.

Then it dawned on me: religion. Unhappily, I was not admitted: only candidates for heaven are eligible.

Gradually my incentive dimmed, and blindness took possession of both eyes. Deafness closed my ears, and taste was daily discouraged by indigestion. Smell broke. As for touch, that most fragile sense, a bluntness crippled all my fingers. And my important tool, useless between my legs, dwindled into nothing.

Fed up with self-pity, I allowed middle age to corrupt my youth. What had I gained? Experience.

So I became a wise man. I charge fees for advice, and live barely below subsistence.

MY PROFESSION BY TRADE

Life is my enemy from within, the world from without. Between them, what chance have I? So I sit quiet.

I'm a professional opinion-seller. And what I don't sell, I give free to myself. Thus surplus keeps me well-informed.

Any wrong opinion I sell creates a discontent customer. But he only buys when he's discontent. So he comes back, and my income remains steady.

For example, a lady told me that her boy friend was already married to her. So I advised her to bear him a child, knowing she was already pregnant. When she did, I backed up my opinion with a fact. That, more than anything else, convinced her.

One day, a man asked me about love. So I told him.

A war martyr, a munitions expert, and a top Pentagon official, asked me questions. Before I could answer, a bomb exploded.

A baseball batter asked for advice to break a slump. I told him that the pitcher would probably throw him a curve. However, I forgot to mention when.

A college student, crammed up with a test, begged me. So I became his teacher.

A vanity-smitten lady, up to her eyebrows in mascara, proposed a mirror. Thus she saw double, without losing weight. She called it her "wonder diet."

When I needed help myself, I considered it professionally unfair, and so reverted to amateur silence.

Life wanted to know truth. "Why ask me?" I said. "Because," answered life, "opinion is to truth what you are to me." This so disarmed me, I applied for a license. It came bound up in red tape, climaxed by a hopeless Gordian knot. Daily I untie it, like Penelope, hoping to reject suitors until Ulysses is released by his last whore. Life is a game played without rules, whereas truth is a set of rules for which there is no game. The purpose is to lose, without quite playing. This takes up all my time. But by trading in opinions, I deal in immortal truisms. People can't say something new, but only in a new way. So time stalls at my stall, loitering among proverbs, browsing in antiquity. I make my sales, and gather up the rusty profit.

--Marvin Cohen

EXTENDED MEDITATIONS
Of Jean-Jacques Cory

O O	SEX
is	is
seductive	appetizing
princessly	luscious
lovely	linking
lovable	love
loving	lucid
luxuriant	communicative
beloved	luminescent
enticing	undressing
energetic	alluring
energizing	necessary
exquisite	intimate
bewitching	intimidating
tempting	inimitable
tempestuous	harmonious
flirtatious	productive
fluorescent	procreative
beautiful	pleasurable
beatific	visceral
pleasing	internalizing
ingenuous	delicious
abundant	erotic
erogenous	ecumenical
evanescent	tactical
desirous	tactical
wondrous	curative
desirable	good
delicious	better

dear	best
delectable	relaxing
pure	gripping
demure	committing
soft	communing
sexy	intoxicating
sticking	salutary
strong	invigorating
substantial	demanding
devastating	depleting
domestic	alleviating
curvacious	exciting
connubial	exacting
compelling	exhausting
collaborative	ecstatic
sincere	exasperating
statuesque	ineradicable
stimulating	irreparable
nuzzling	irreplaceable
nubile	revealing
cunning	reassuring
credulous	exorcising
creamy	exercising
credible	extraordinary
creditable	disabusing
capricious	disassembling
fair	demonic
feasty	corrosive
fleecy	contagious
flaxen	congealing

best
relaxing
gripping
committing
communing
intoxicating
salutary
invigorating
demanding
depleting
alleviating
exciting
exacting
exhausting
ecstatic
exasperating
inertible
irreparable
irreparable
revealing
reassuring
exorcising
exercising
extraordinary
disbusting
disassembling
demonic
corrosive
contagious
congealing

delectable
pure
demure
soft
sexy
seeking
strong
substantial
devaluing
domestic
curvaceous
connubial
compelling
collaborative
sincere
stagnant
stimulating
nuzzling
noble
cunning
credulous
creamy
credible
creditable
capricious
fair
feisty
fleecy
flaxen

fickle	conceptual
affecting	unique
affective	messy
affable	complimentary
endearing	complementary
responsive	elementary
satisfying	inspiring
provocative	splendid
haughty	sublime
haunting	easy
undulant	earnest
exuberant	radical
exemplary	replicating
exceptional	habit-forming
extravagant	epistemological
enrapturing	entrancing
refreshing	reinforcing
resplendent	rhythmical
ravishing	bewildering
assured	heightening
luscious	frightening
lithe	vitaminic
long-haired	firmament-shaking
perfective	euphoric
perceptual	soporific
perspicacious	engaging
sane	repetitious
sanitary	miraculous
salutary	nutritious
gorgeous	non-profitable

conceptual	fickle
unique	affecting
messy	affective
complementary	affable
complementary	endearing
elementary	responsive
inspiring	satisfying
splendid	provocative
sublime	haughty
easy	haunting
earnest	undulant
radical	exuberant
replicating	exemplary
habit-forming	exceptional
epistemological	extravagant
entrancing	enrapturing
reinforcing	refreshing
rhythmical	resplendent
bedwetting	ravishing
heightening	assured
frightening	luscious
vibrant	lithe
firmament-shaking	long-haired
euphoric	perfective
soporific	perceptual
engaging	perspicacious
repetitious	sane
miscellaneous	sanitary
nutritious	salutary
non-profitable	gorgeous

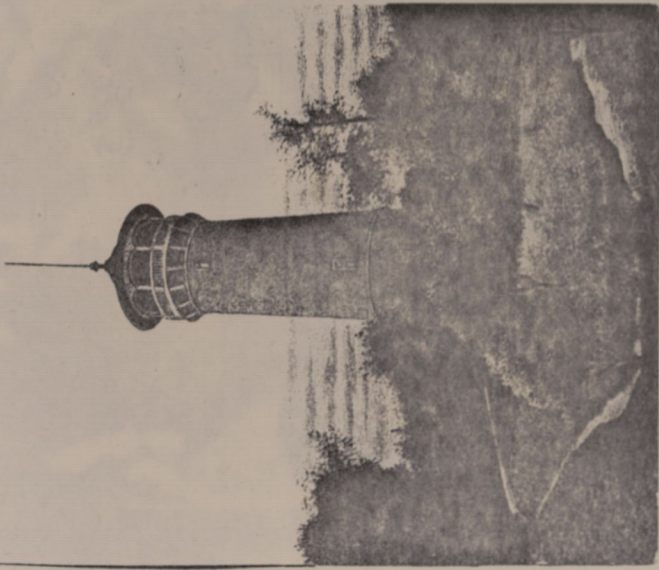
generous	fluffy
grand	essential
gregarious	efficient
genteel	affairing
domesticating	inefficient
dewy	terrifying
odorous	flushing
amicable	odiferous
amenable	mystical
mysterious	originating
astonishing	bilateral
seraphic	consequential
sublime	weighty
flattering	undulant
unaffected	rejuvenating
fetching	uxorious
ethereal	physical
excellent	definite
better	defining
best	definitive
is	is
0 0	SEX

generous	generous
grand	grand
gregarious	gregarious
gentle	gentle
domesticating	domesticating
dewy	dewy
odorous	odorous
amiable	amiable
amenable	amenable
mysterious	mysterious
astounding	astounding
seraphic	seraphic
sublime	sublime
flattering	flattering
unaffected	unaffected
fetching	fetching
ethereal	ethereal
excellent	excellent
better	better
best	best
is	is
SEX	0 0





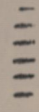
Catharine Tower, Elka Park, CATSKILL MOUNTAINS. 41



Courtesy Impressionist
Museum, Paris

L'HORTENSIA
Oil on Canvas

BERTHE MORISOT
1841-1895

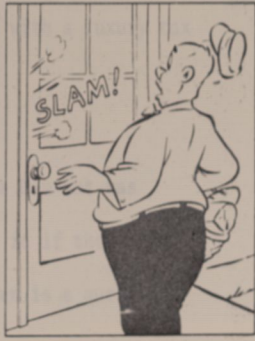
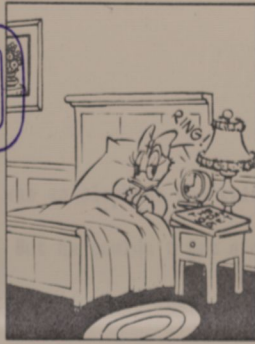




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Once there was an elephant who tried to use the crocodile. But he couldn't get a dial tone. So he called the rhinoceros and told her to put her Pocahontas where her Tricia was.

There was the case of Woodrow Wilson's great-nephew who complained the crocodile service wasn't worth it so they negociated with him banana to banana: if he registered six valid complaints a day he would only have to pay two thirds of his basic service. The dupe accepted and then they hit him with a luxury tax on his victory.

The elephant wanted to talk to Gunga Din but was afraid to because the bastards tape it if they want. What the crocodile has for his supper is a question still lurking in the forest.

-Mad Dog

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E-2
\$13.50

E-3
\$5.98
Set

E-5
\$15.95

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E-7
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\$3.00
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E-9
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Set of 4 prs.

- E-1 7 PC. SALAD SET. Strong lightweight lacquerware shows off salad greenery in colorful avocado/white salad bowl, four serving dishes, and two serving pieces. Bowl 10" diameter, serving dishes 5 1/2" diameter. \$5.98
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E-10
\$9.95
Set

E-11
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E-12
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Oceans of colorful tulips create a flower bed effect on these smooth strong plastic kitchen items.

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D-9 4 PC. CANISTER. 7¼", 6¼", 5½", 4½" storage bins. For sugar, flour, tea, what have you. Set of 4 \$9.95

D-10 ROAST BOARD. One side enameled with kitchen design, the other shaped to hold roast for slicing. Brass ring for easy hanging. 17¼" x 11¼". \$5.98

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D-1
\$3.00
Each



D-2
\$5.98



D-3
\$5.00

D-5
\$3.00



D-10
\$5.98



D-13
\$9.95
Set

D-12
\$9.95
Set

D-11
\$5.98 Set



D-9
\$9.95 Set

D-8
\$12.95 Set

THE LONGER INSTRUMENTS THAT SERVE THE HOUSEHOLD

FELIX CASTLEWHISTLE turned his wife upsidedown. The hair on your head is really a wet mop, and your shoes are cranks to work the mop, cried Felix.

I am in a corner with the longer implements that serve the household, said his wife's mouth.

Yes yes, because it takes less room to stack things neatly in a corner, said Felix.

Yes, the umbrella, the hoe and the rake, the broom and such like, said his wife's mouth.

WHEN FELIX'S father came in he said, I think I will stand Felix in the corner. I will stand your mother in the corner. I will stand in the corner. There is no use cluttering up the house with the longer implements; they stack nicely in the corner —But we must use all valid argument to reduce the advantage implied by the proximity. For tools so stacked are easily aroused to excitements. Oh it turns my stomach to think what the broom and the rake would do without moral instruction. Oh the shadow that comes in the evening, that shadow unmoistened by the light of the moon . . . The easy community that is with those that share a common labor. . .

NO NO, absolutely not, I will not stand in the corner, for I have done nothing wrong. I protest the punitive dishonor of being told to stand in the corner, screamed Felix.

I protest at being protested at, screamed his father.

I protest your protestations at being protested at, screamed Mr. Castlewhistle's son.

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WHEN FELIX'S father came in he said, I think I will stand Felix in the corner. I will stand your master in the corner. I will stand in the corner. There is no use clanking up the house with the longer implement, they stack nicely in the corner—but we must use all valid argument to force the advantage implied by the proximity. For tools so

packed are called, roused to excitement. Oh it turns my stomach to think what the broom and the rake would do without your instruction. Oh the window that comes in the evening, the shadow unmastered by the light of the moon.

The city community that is with those that share a common like.

No! Absolutely not! I will not stand in the corner for I have done nothing wrong. I protest the punitive disposition of being told to stand in the corner, said Felix.

I protest at being punished as sentenced his father.

of protest your indignation is being protracted, said Mr. Castlewhistle's son.

M. D. ELEVITCH

THE MOON CLOCK

Loren Splitter entered his home for his 17-day annual visit. The American Indian woman had quickly tired in the thin air of Gstaad, and so he had left her before the fire, holding one of her jagged tears. The dog reached him first but he held out the Japanese scroll, token of his furthest thrust, and accomplished a bridge to his wife. The light seemed to tremble in the windows as they reconnoitered flesh and in Osaka the micrometer maid laid bare the nape of her neck, as pale as the empty square of rice paper over which she bent. He had taught her to measure its width at a glance; the Indian woman had calipered him too. The fire caught at her now, she laid back the parka hood, slowly blinking while the last glass of many was carried away. She was a Florida Seminole moved to the new steel flats of the northern cape, and in the rockets' red glare she had torn at her hair, Thoreau's engine engendered and the pines swept barren to sand, and another jagged tear in her hand. So the trip from her husband, and his oil can. Forty leagues at sea, with *Walden's* pages listless, Herr Splitter brought her forward to the first class bar, his micrometer clicking tiny scratches in the bar, as sibilant champagne approached. Saliva from the lip of the Osaka maid pricked the page and spread somnambulently.

'You have read that book many times, haven't you?'

'Yes, I don't read other books.'

(Sipping)

'My binder would cover it with leather.'

The dog was at his erection, shyly he beat it away, his wife reddening, still selecting her greeting, seventeen days could be an eternity for her to get it right, perhaps he'd not stay. Japanese objects seemed to tremble in their dark Swiss cases, shifting his rods and cones. The dog's ear eluded him, yet he still held firmly to the lapels of the world - he insisted his table. Frau Splitter, with deft deportment, lit the burner under the veal saute.

Needles trembled in the dials. From Aroshi's head he drew a long black hair, winding it about his forefinger until it glistened under the oiling stroke of his thumb. It separated, presently, electronically scanned, into minute filaments which were classified and coded on a pulsing tape. She waited, entirely expectant as the inland sea. When the moon slipped into its last degree opposite the sun, he would separate her thighs.

'Sighs?'

'You mustn't mind them. I'm tired, and so far from land.'

'Yes, I understand. There is the old world, and the new world. One becomes torn apart.'

There was her brown hand. 'Would you like your book?'

'No, the box of paper tissues.'

'Allow me' - peeling back an edge - 'You see, one tissue becomes two.'

'Please - - it will be less absorbent.'

'Not at all - only softer. Here, have another.'

'You are very kind.'

'You are slim - as a feather.'

'I think you are thinking too much of my forebears, Loren. And you are pressing very hard on my knee.'

She admired his historical sense, he knew it, turning from the long, brown body and dangling his legs over the high brown

sideboards of the bunk. He studied two damp spots on the floor, over which his toes rose and fell with the ship's roll. She had registered his sperm count too, he was sure; it was appreciable and her gray eyes had trickled in response, growing suddenly darker, bursting, finally, with the first unregretted tears.

'Aroshi, will you love the machine?'

'If you leave me, Herr Sp'it . . .'

Lay well back over the pillow, he had instructed her - an authentic ornamental bridge - ready for his brightest lacquer. Not following his words she had nevertheless complied - his hands were so sturdy and practiced as though winding his clock. He was reclining and together they watched his gift to her, that smiling clock for counting feelings. 'No da'n good.'

'Aroshi, you give me your attention. It makes no signal, it needs no adjustment, there is nothing to wait for.'

'What time, then?'

'It is a moon clock, I explained - we cannot know.'

'But we have child?'

'Yes, yes - - ' Exasperated, he pulled the pillow from her and they wrestled with it, falling together, over the clock.

Why, then, was his wife so dry?

The wine was not dry.

(Sipping)

'*Liebfraumilch*, Loren. Your comment?'

'Wine like this was made for your lips, Barbel.'

'It is slightly overchilled . . . In my excitement - - '

'Your cheeks, Barbel . . . They are very red.'

'You liked it last year. You said - - '

'Yes - wine is effective. One dances with Negroes . . .'

'So-- He had such white teeth.'

'On Majorca one dances with teeth.'

'He had not yet realized his full earning capacity.'

'The points of his white collar were fastened together beneath the knot of his long white tie. . .'

'Loren, your eye. . .'

'In my work I must have it. . .'

'This trip. . . (Pouring) It was productive?'

'Very much. I was well received in Japan and in America. A citizen took me to his home on the bank of the Hudson River. It was there, before the country was born, that the general George Washington landed with his men and rested in a wood. They drank from a spring, which has since become known as Washington's Spring. In its vicinity are now many houses of great historical distinction and, for Washington's descendents, a tennis court. A landowner in the interest of new construction, I understand, is selling the land under half of the tennis court, but to accommodate themselves to this change the residents have determined to learn a new game.'

'This does not happen in Zurich.'

They dined upright and unhurried in the great quiet Zurich can give to the traveler. Already particles of fat were drying on his plate and Rolf, the Doberman, was nudging. Severely, he gave the dog his fingers, then dried them on the stiff white napkin which he mounded beside its silver ring.

'You wish no *Camembert*?'

'Soft. It takes no cutting, the *Camembert*. . .'

She abated, strangely, made no move, even, for his coffee. He rose, advancing to the window where, beyond the Bahnhof, lights shown uniformly on the dark hills. He saw in passing the Japanese scroll lay where she had placed it, unexamined; a fair exchange, for he could not remember himself what was

on it. Perhaps better for the dog - he would throw, it would fetch! - if her mouth should open wide in astonishment, very wide, he could place his baton on the altar of her tongue.

'Another wedding trip, one day, yes?'

She came to his side. 'So -- You forgive me the dance.'

'A dance! You still think, after all these years, for that I make you wait?'

'No,' - her cheeks were red - 'the trip is needed. Was it productive?'

'Very much. I was well received in Japan and in America. A citizen took me to his home on the bank of the Hudson River.'

'You gave him a clock?'

'The clock? - I did, instead of a calendar. It flatters the client.'

'You have more.'

'I have more. In the bag.'

'In the bag. And not another in Zurich.'

'The probability is slight.'

'Emile Breth has spoken to me.'

'The broker! This doesn't surprise me.'

'He is interested in the clock.'

'The clock is a ruse! - a mere bagatelle -'

'Commercially, he said, you overlook --'

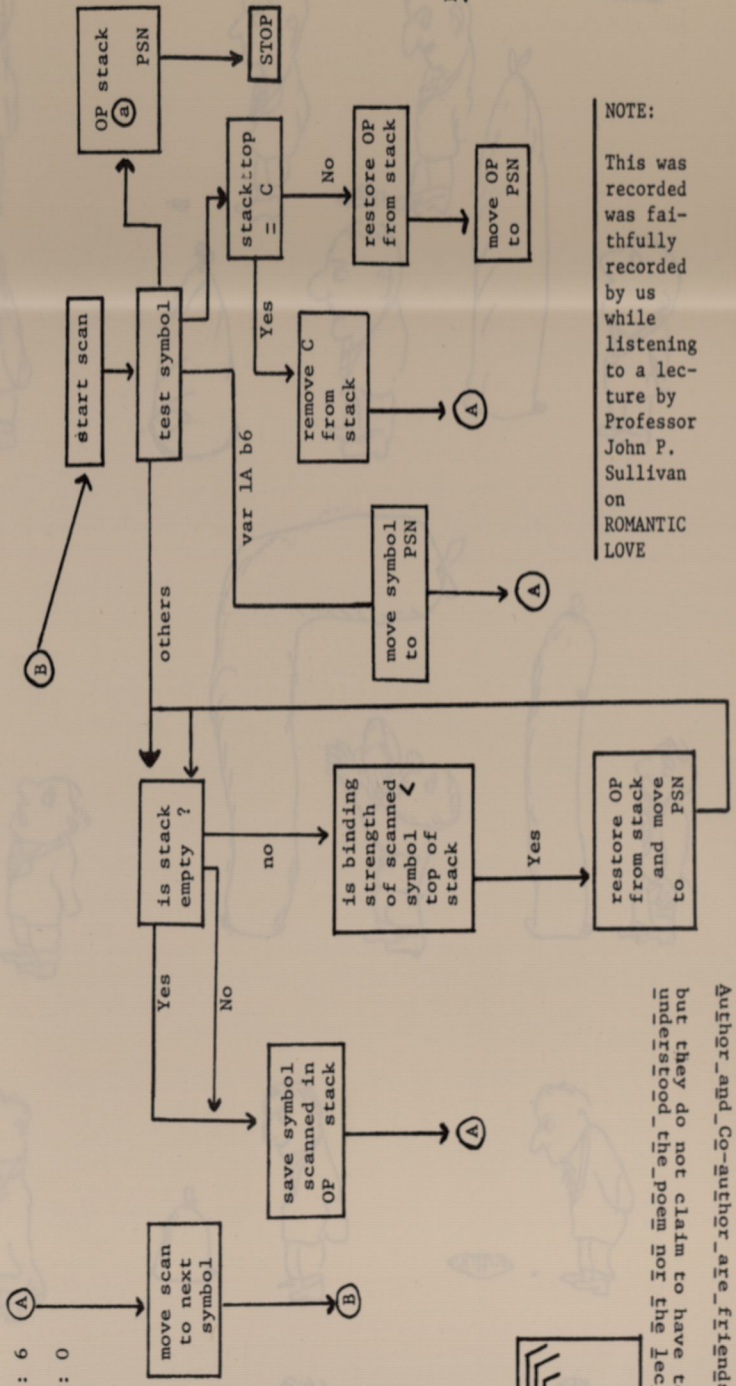
'Impossible!'

'Max Fissure agrees. He is coming.'

Max Fissure - Herr Breth! What more? - this was her greeting at last. He snatched up the scroll, shook it threateningly at the dog, then quickly tossed it to the far corner of the room. The animal bolted, he seized the diversion to clasp his wife about the shoulders. Expecting the broad upper arm to flatten beneath his fingers, he found instead that his Barbel's flesh was thick - and firm. Baffled, excited, Herr Splitter knew he would stay the full 17 days.

recorded by
 RAYMOND FEDERMAN & BRUCE JACKSON

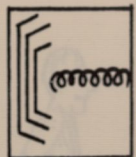
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NOTE:
 This was recorded as faithfully recorded by us while listening to a lecture by Professor John P. Sullivan on ROMANTIC LOVE

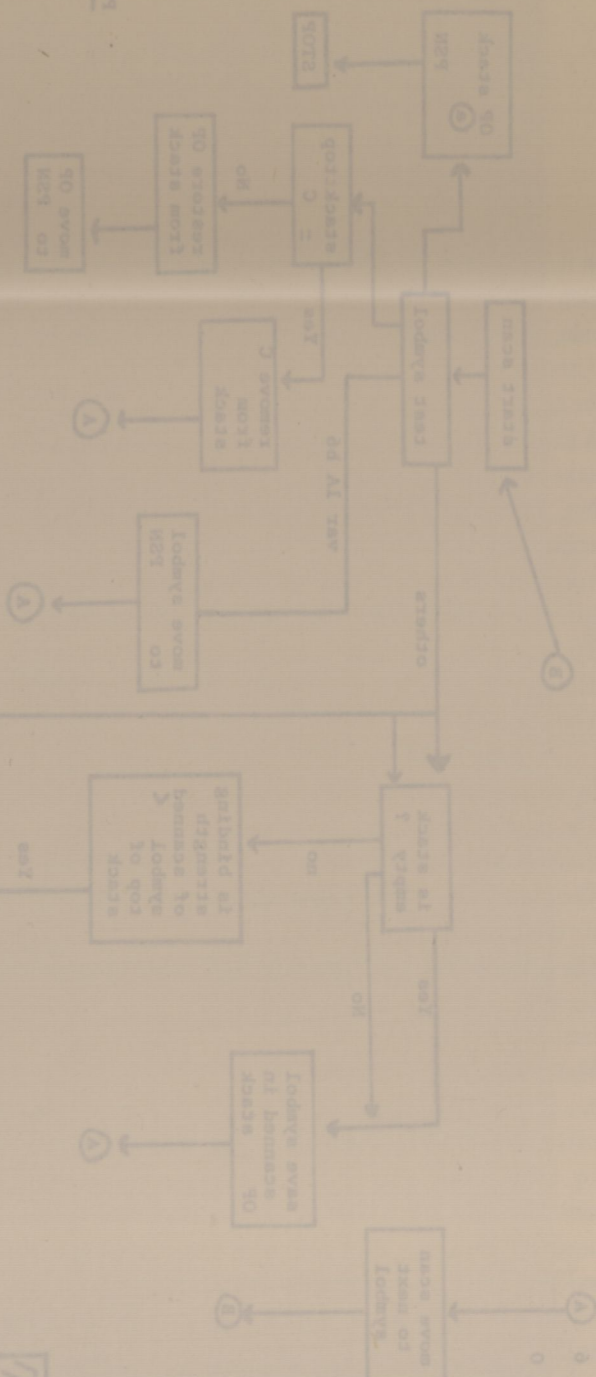
Author and Co-author are friends but they do not claim to have totally understood the poem nor the lecture!

TIME: 4:10 P.M.
 PLACE: SUNY-BUFFALO
 WEATHER: Crummy
 DATE: July 28, 1971



(More was visible on this side but could not be recorded)

PTR

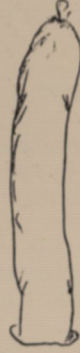


NOTE:
 This was recorded by us while listening to a lecture by Professor John B. Sullivan on ROMANTIC LOVE



DATE: JULY 28, 1951
 METHOD: ()
 PLACE: BOSTON-BRAVATO
 TIME: 4:10 P.M.

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Richard...
1234...
5678...
91011...
121314...

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 emprkv slidjvsvxslidonwczx passzxc vrv vte qafuimht psj ot OH TIME THY PYRATIDS

Friedman
6361 Elmhurst Drive
San Diego
California 92120

Richard Kostelanetz
ASSEMBLING
Box 1967
Brooklyn
New York 11202

Dear Dick:

My work for ASSEMBLING was a very difficult one to print. It is on its way to you now, by air.

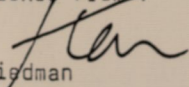
My contribution to ASSEMBLING is two inches of airspace around each edition. The space will fold up when the edition is placed in an envelope, and then spring back out when it is removed from the envelope. In the airspace are printed thousands of tiny poems, plus a complete holographic reproduction of my entire lifework.

You might mention it in your introduction to the volume, since many people, not used to the work of this sort, might tend to think the air around the work was simply invisible or not being utilized. I don't know if you can call this a sculpture, since it has metric form and volume, but if so, I believe that ASSEMBLING will be the first magazine ever to include a sculpture in every edition.

How you will receive it: One day before ASSEMBLING is mailed (i.e., placed into the envelopes for mailing) you will open either your door or a window, and the air sculptures will enter and place themselves around the volumes. It is very simple. I had to pay a sorcerer \$123.75 to get them to do that. I took care of everything else, but I needed outside help to get them to you in a way that they would distribute themselves among the volumes, rather than you having to tediously wrap each one around a copy of ASSEMBLING.

I hope this is something that you will enjoy. I look forward to my copies of ASSEMBLING.

Best wishes from

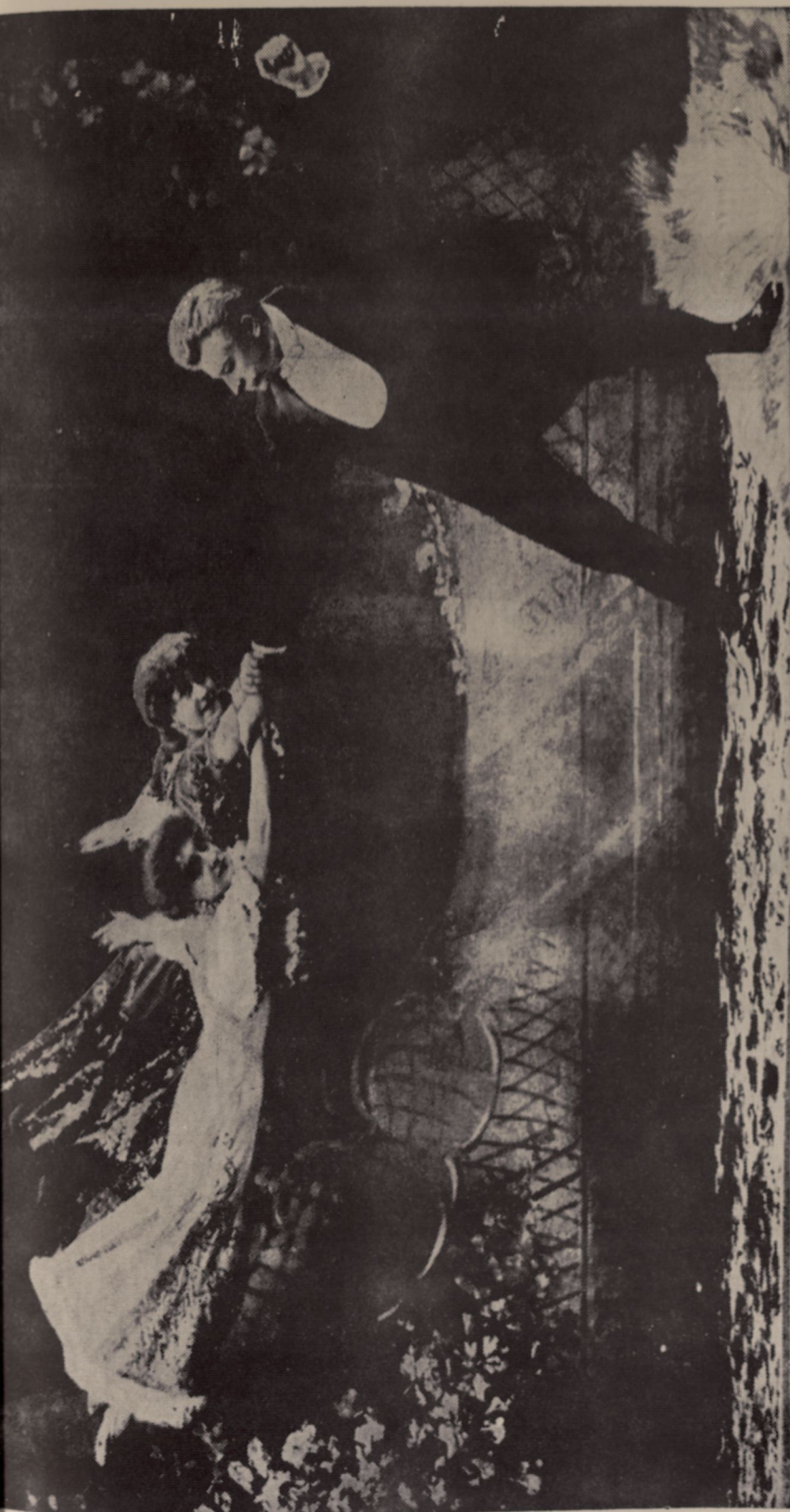

Ken Friedman



During a brief stop in New York the passengers on a Boeing 747 were reported to have said that India has taken back the United States of America from Castille.



Here is the evidence !



You'll never know unless you try
99791



FORTUNES' E. WANDERBERG.

Your objective is difficult but
worth it 49861

B O I N G

CHRIST MUST GIVE UP HIS WESTNESS,
PAIN BEING NOT THERE, AN IDEA OF RAMADAN-CHRISTMAS,
ROLE BEING GROW, FLEXABILITY BEING CURRENTS THROO
WATER-ICE, POLAR LOVE,

SPACE INTO TUNE-TIME WITH THE ROCKETTES,
PULL OUT THE BLACK RABBIT FROM A WHITE TOP HAT
IN BERGMAN BLACK & LIGHT UP ON A CAMEL BAREBACK & MIRAGE,

WINE DESERT MOUTH/DRY DEXID, IT'S PURELY CHEMICAL,
TRAIN DRUMSOUNDS, MIND IN SILENT MOVEMENT, . .
I LITERARY, A FORM OF COMMUNE, A PRAYER MANTIS,
EVERYBODY IN TOUCH KINGDOM, VEINS OF BLOODSKY FLYERS,
SAIGON, COLOURS OF THE BOMB BREEDING, BLEEDING
VIOLENT POWER VOID VIOLETTE PEACE, THE FLIP &
PLANE DOWN DIVER BOMBER, BLOODY NOSER, NEGATIVE SPACED
SIN DICE, DOMINO MAGIC, DRY ICE SIN THE ROCKS
POR FAVOR & SO WHAT/ B O I N G

1969

CPGRAHAM

Brilliant Girl Sought As Friend

I am 24 & hope to find a girl with a brilliant mind & qualities to be a friend--say virtuous, sincere, & good--interests as wide as mine, hopes unbounded; of critical, swift, happy, volatile, & rough intellect; possessed of powers of love, in love with the parturient world; willing & able to try anything great; liking & respecting the Fool; you may be mad but you must be reasonably sane.

I am lonely, worship intelligence (personal & impersonal), paradoxical, fantastically ambitious, pantheistic, poetic, scientific, diligent, love fairy tales, a futurologist, neuroscientist & expert on machine intelligence &c, simple, 'possibly' sane, aesthetic, episodic, conservative, perfectionist, classical, stoic, protean, covertly pantheist, bored silly with my cohort, ultraeclectic, eucharistic, tasteful, respectful, jocular, absurd, moody, busy, ostensibly arrogant, experimental, unique, rationalistic, kindhearted, productive, pseudonormal, a nature lover, demanding, loving, careful, astatic, direct, free, open, progressive, romantic, constructive, apollonic & dionysian, have worked for several think-tanks, expect myself to be most mature only in old age, love complexity, worship infinity, self-making, childlike, contemplative, mercurial, indescribable.

The zestful, sane, loving, bright, & understanding idol of a woman above may be impossible & irrelevant, but she who is able to decipher this message may be the girl I would wish to meet, even in the most deceptive way, or the note may come to her hands. Should this so happily be, I am Pat Gunkel & may be written to at 5 Gloucester St., Boston 02115.

Excellent Girl bought in France

I am so glad to hear that you are a
lover of love, in love with the
of love of love, in love with the
of love of love, in love with the

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lover of love, in love with the
of love of love, in love with the
of love of love, in love with the

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SCHE OF THE THINGS WHICH I WANT TO DO INCLUDE:

1. See if it is not possible to put into my head a 'complete' picture of all of science, knowledge, the world, the universe of possibilities, society, the universe of possible alternative worlds, psychology, values, obligations, the structure of mind, the structure of possibility, the present, the past, the future.
2. Actually transform all of the world, physically redirect it toward sane & noble goals; elevate the population, glorify the physical setting, scientifically structure society, orient the present to the preeminent future, advance understanding of fundamentals.
3. See whether a 'true' sociology—rigorous, comprehensive, certain, predictive, controlling, choice-control-infinite, mechanistic, &c—is not possible of my or eventual creation.
4. See whether epistemology, physics, & eschatology are not—now or eventually—reducible to some ultimate form & finite language.
5. Pursue all the value possibilities & measurements inherent in the development of science—eg physics.
6. Foresee & prepare restructurings of the Universe, literally.
7. Personally explore what transformations I, as a man, am potentially capable of, including maximizations of my total net abilities & all mental insights attainable; set an example for my fellows.
8. Theoretically & institutionally create & develop futurology as the primary science of man.
9. Experience as much variety, intensity, complexity, novelty, goodness, intelligence, wisdom, beauty, & truth as is physically, mentally, & spiritually possible in my life; maximally profit therefrom.
10. Rescue the political world—eg gain thoro peace & maturity, orient & transcend ideologies, enlighten & enrapture world population, recreate human relations, subjugate society to divine science, universalize total awareness, transfigure world psychology's properties.
11. Plan in 'detail' the course of the next millenium—eg the commencement of the exploration of the cosmos, the increase of population, the evolution of science, & ontologic evolution (eg new life-forms).
12. Inventory, invent, & discover the bases, morphologies, experiential organizations, attitudes, & universes of the progressive evolution of intelligence—from now to 'infinity' & 'eternity'; facilitate their realization.
13. Criticize the entire world, provide innumerable & bizarre alternatives; combine unprecedented extremes of pessimism & optimism, faith & contempt; & illustrate the entirety with infinite simple comprehension.
14. Love & be loved, suffer & create, stumble & persist, die in this way!

SEEK OF THE THINGS WHICH I WISH TO DO

1. See if it is not possible to put into a 'complete' picture of all of science, knowledge, the world, the universe of possibilities, etc. the universe of possible alternative worlds, psychology, ethics, metaphysics, the structure of mind, the structure of possibility, the present, the past, the future.

2. Intentionally transform all of the world, physically reduced to terms of a noble goal; elevate the population, elevate the physical setting, scientifically structure society, extend the present to the present future, advance understanding of fundamental.

3. See whether a 'true' ecology--rigorous, comprehensive, certain, profitable, controlling, choice-control-infused, mechanistic, etc.--is not possible of by or eventual creation.

4. See whether epistemology, physics, & eschatology are not--now or eventually--reducible to some ultimate form & finite language.

5. Pursue all the viable possibilities & measurements inherent in the development of science--as physics.

6. Pursue & prepare restructurings of the Universe, literally.

7. Personally explore what transformations I, as a man, am potentially capable of, including maximization of my total net abilities & all mental insights attainable; set an example for my fellows.

8. Theoretically & institutionally create & develop futurology as the primary science of man.

9. Experience as much variety, intensity, complexity, novelty, goodness, intelligence, wisdom, beauty, & truth as is physically, mentally, & spiritually possible in my life; maximally profit therefrom.

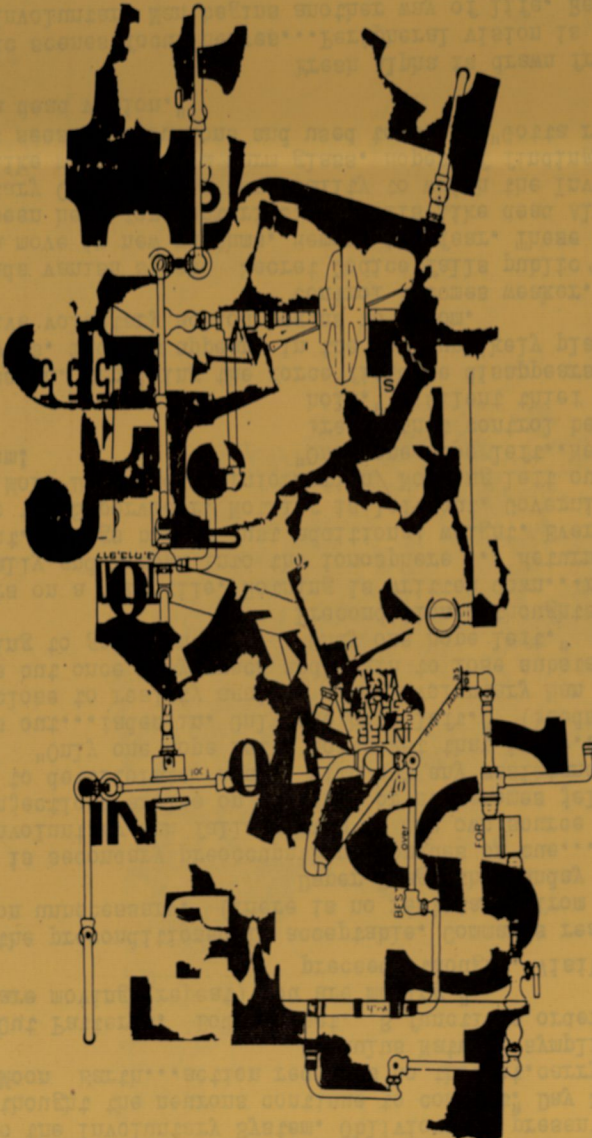
10. Assume the political world--or gain therefrom & intensity, extent & structured ideologies, enlighten & enrage world population, restructure human relations, subjugate society to divine science, universalize total awareness, transfigure world psychology's properties.

11. Plan in 'detail' the course of the next millennium--of the commencement of the exploration of the cosmos, the increase of population, the evolution of science, & ecologic evolution (or new life-forms).

12. Inventory, invent, & discover the bases, morphologies, experiential organizations, attitudes, & universes of the progressive evolution of intelligence--then now to 'infinity'; facilitate their realization.

13. Christianize the entire world, provide innumerable & diverse alternatives; explore unprecedented extremes of pessimism & optimism, faith & contempt; & illustrate the extremity with infinite simple comprehension.

14. Love & be loved, suffer & create, stumble & persist, die in this way!



August Radio ... 1970

Slowly cringed. Feeling that when mentality is given to the dogs being becomes involuntary and well medicated. Power seeds deep filling desperate cells....Dreamperversions kindling inside the complexities of human behavior...Dreams which tolerate anything, creating so precisely a daily greed. The man with Involuntary Action growing like moss on a static bridge, fights in ulcerous cubicles.....eroding his foundations..."It's quite simple reacting to the Involuntary System. Oblivious to present thought having once thought the neurons continue to connect!" Day Synapse (break) Sun Moon Earth...action requires no thought.carrying out orders.

Stimulus Nature symplistic.

Read/Out Patterns. Body intact. S functions orderly.
"You are moving (repeat) You are moving."

preceeds thought. Visible before instant

Only the preconditioned is acceptable. Commands reaction/clarification unnecessary. (There is no resistance from The Involuntary)

/cut/ Daper Drag, (the Sunday Crystal Showboat) is secondary preoccupation. Tongues on cue....Passification. The Involuntary Man falls victim to his own source of reference. His injections arrive on schedule or he becomes jelly like and proceeds to deteriorate. Again, with/out any resistance whatsoever.

/cut/ "Only one hope left. Gotta get that image.. Needs focus.... blures out...fades in. Only one hope left." (Reeds) "won't get that close to reality again." The Involuntary Man hangs on to his optics but once they crack and begin to lose substance he'll do anything to get them back. "Only one hope left."

/cut/ Preconditioned thoughts mount up like numbers on a turnstile. Nothing is written down...recorded electronically and thrown into the ionosphere ... Returnable any given instant. Beings become just additional weight. Everything is submitted to the Supervisor. Nothing is left out. Governing systems run wild/ More Data and no Information/ Nothing left out/ No More Freedom!

/cut/ "Only one hope left..Needs fresh image. freeze that control before it takes hold." A silent thief falls out of

submission. Repelling the force field he disappears into a crowd of Followers. Thought appears in the most unlikely places. Non-oppressive voluntary action begins to bloom.

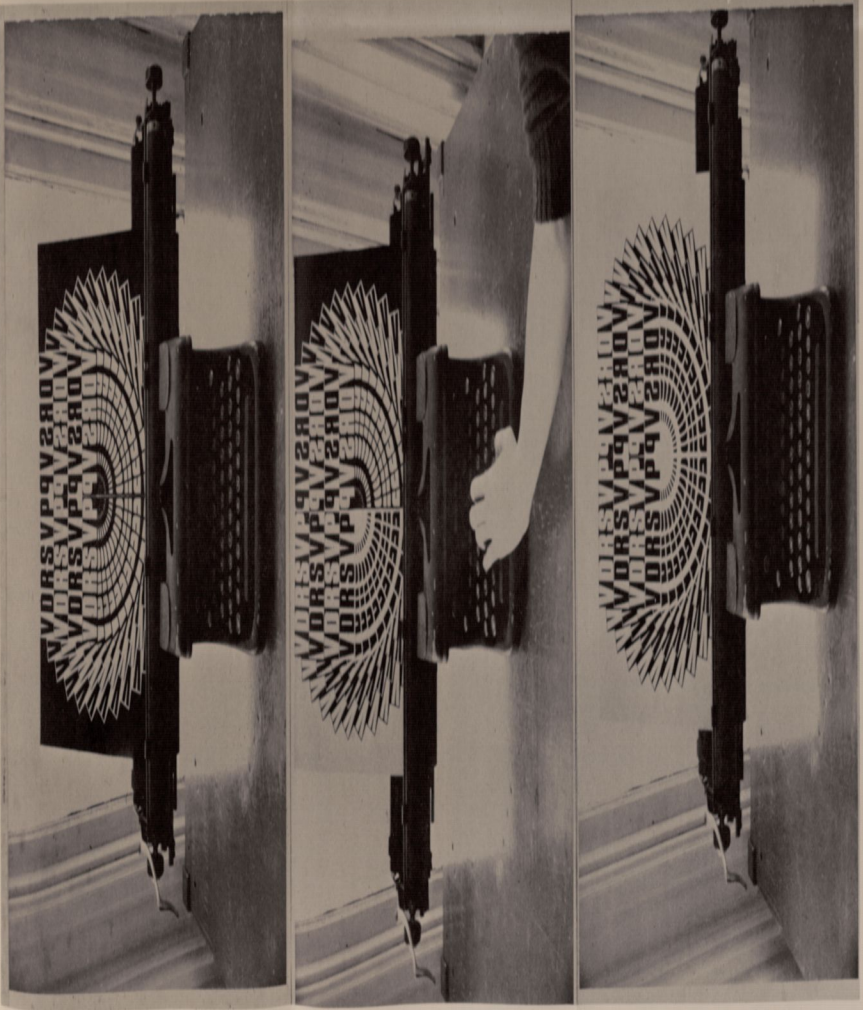
/cut/ Control becomes weaker...More and more commands vanish space. Secret Codice falls public ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~BS~~ "Gotta move in new rhythms. Remove the fear. These bodies look like they been here for centuries....Smells like dead Alpha." Uncensored Voluntary Cells open a new reality to which the Involuntary Matter runs like mercury on a warm glass. Hopes of finding the old images. All it sees is illusions and used topsoil. "Gotta run solid, can't make a dead vision."

/cut/ Fresh Alpha is drawn from the night. Organic scenes focus nerves...Peripheral vision is restored and the Post Involuntary Man begins another way of life. Receiving his own images.

*Preceeding page: Tennaments, 8/70







by Jan Herman









C'est la Vie-t-rom

Ruth Jacoby

Car Out Harbor



David Oet Hampson



C'est la Vie-t-nam

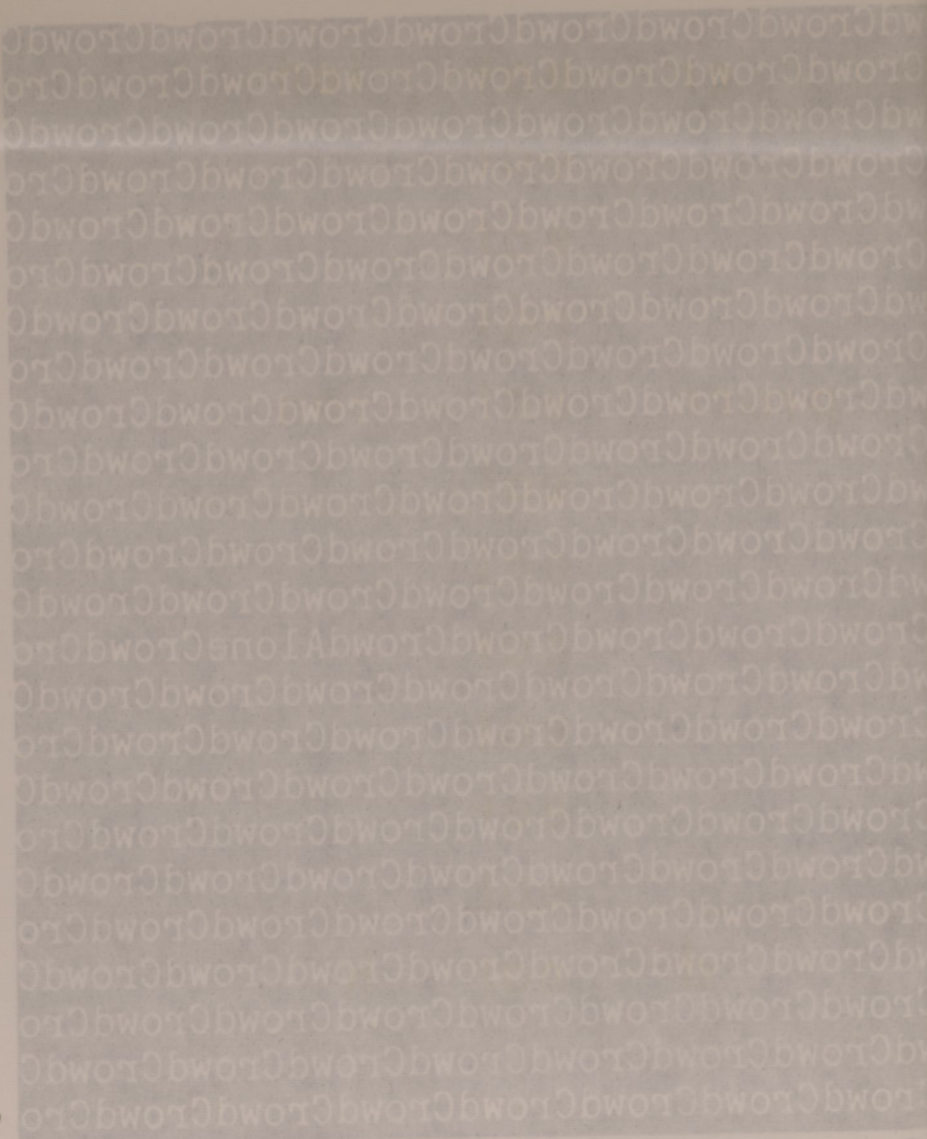
Ruth Jacoby



Ruth Jacoby

G'est la Vie-t-rom

est la Vie-t-rom



Truth Jeepee

Solitude

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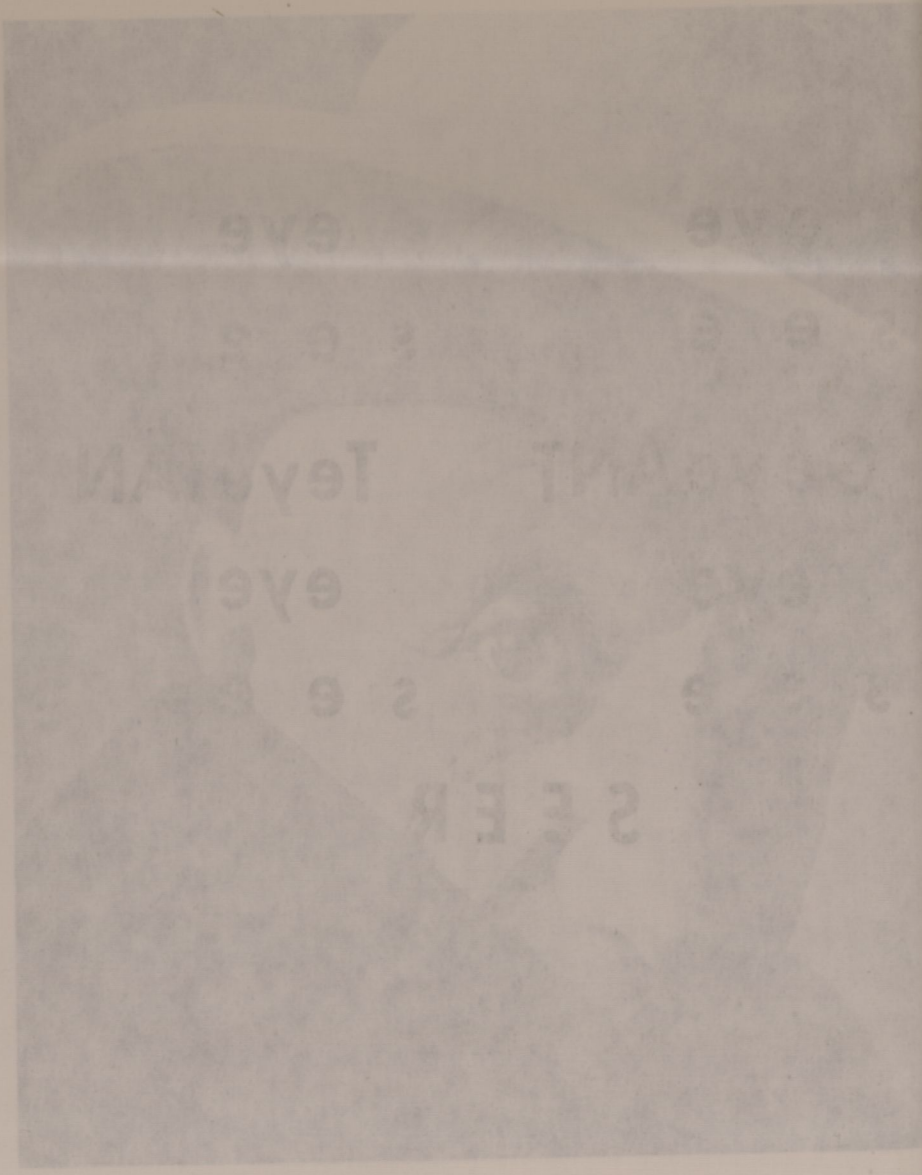
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Process: Seer

Ruth Jacoby

Life Cycle - Ruth Jacoby



With Jacop

Picasso: Seer

MAGIC VIDEO SOFTMACHINE

video production

1981 National Highway
Washington, Virginia 22009

July 21, 1971

Dear Henry:

I write you this letter to tell you of a strange thing
that happened to Double Crazy Charlie the other day. I remember
first meeting him in my philosophy class when he was reading

St. Anselm's proof of God. He was reading it so fast that I
could not hear him. I was sitting next to him in the back
of my apartment and shoot off a .38 to the ceiling of the night
clubbing his ex-con roommate around. I never recall after that I
remember being handed a clipping from the San Francisco Chronicle:

"... also arrested at San Francisco Airport was a man identified as
'Double Crazy Charlie', 24, who according to police was carrying
a suitcase full of LSD tablets...." Last week the cops picked him
up again, this time he was wandering around naked in the street.
They tested him for indecent exposure and went into the holding
tank. It was there that he freaked out and took his eyes out of
his head. He is now blind, I understand. The judge dropped the
charges

Yours truly,

FEDERAL LAW PROHIBITS REUSE OF THIS SENTENCE.

MAGIC VIDEO SOFTMACHINE

video productions

1541 Colonial Terrace
Arlington, Virginia 22209

June 21, 1971

Dear Henry:

I write you this letter to tell you of a strange thing that happened to Double Crazy Charlie the other day. I remember first meeting him in my philosophy class where we were reading St. Anselm's proof of God. He used to drive an Austin-Healy around town. Later he used to run around the alley in the back of my apartment and shoot off a .45 in the middle of the night chasing his ex-con roommate around. Several years after that I remember being handed a clipping from the San Francisco Chronicle: "... also arrested at San Francisco Airport was a man identified as 'Double Crazy Charlie', 24, who according to police was carrying a suitcase full of LSD tablets...." Last week the cops picked him up again, this time he was wandering around naked in the street. They busted him for indecent exposure and sent him to the holding tank. It was there that he freaked out and tore his eyes out of his head. He is now blind, I understand. The judge dropped the charges

peter k....

MAGIC VIDEO SOFTWARE

video productions

1241 Colonial Terrace
Arlington, Virginia 22209

June 21, 1971

Dear Henry:

I write you this letter to tell you of a strange thing that happened to Debbie Gray Charlie the other day. I remember first meeting him in my philosophy class where we were reading St. Anselm's proof of God. He used to drive an Austin-Healey around town. Later he used to run around the alley in the back of my apartment and shoot off a .45 in the middle of the night chasing his ex-con roommate around. Several years after that I remember being handed a clipping from the San Francisco Chronicle "...." also arrested at San Francisco Airport was a man identified as 'Debbie Gray Charlie', 24, who according to police was carrying a suitcase full of LSD tablets...." Last week the cops picked him up again, this time he was wandering around naked in the street. They wanted him for indecent exposure and sent him to the holding tank. It was there that he freaked out and tore his eyes out of his head. He is now blind, I understand. The judge dropped the charges

Peter L....

MAGIC VIDEO SOFTMACHINE

video productions

1541 Colonial
Arlington, Virginia 22209

21, 1971

Dear Henry:

I write this letter tell you a strange that happened
Double Crazy the other. I remember meeting him my philosophy
where we reading St. proof of. He used drive an Healy around.
Later he to run the alley the back my apartment shoot off .45
in middle of night chasing ex-con roommate. Several years that
I being handed clipping from San Francisco: "... also arrested
San Francisco was a identified as 'Crazy Charlie', 24, who according
police was a suitcase of LSD...." Last week cops picked up again,
time he wandering around in the. They busted for indecent and sent
to the tank. It there that freaked out tore his out of head. He
now blind, understand. The dropped the

peter....

MAGIC VIDEO SOFTMACHINE

video productions

1541 Colonial
Arlington, Virginia 22209

SI, 1971

Dear Henry:

I write this letter to you a strange that happened
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where we meeting St. proof of. He used drive an Healy around.
later he to run the alley the back my apartment about 07. 42
in middle of night cheating ex-con roommate. Several years that
I being headed clipping from San Francisco: "... also arrested
San Francisco was a identified as Gray Charlie, St, who according
police was a suitcase of LSD....." last week cops picked up again
time he wandering around in the. They headed for incident and went
to the tank. It there that freaked out fore his out of head. He
now blind, understand. The dropped the

Peter....

MAGIC VIDEO SOFTMACHINE

video productions

1541 Colonial

, Virginia 22209

21, 1971

Dear:

I this tell a that Double the. I meeting my where
reading proof. He drive Healy. Later to the the my shoot .45
middle night ex-con. Several that being clipping San: "... also
San was identified 'Crazy', 24, who police a of...." Last cops
up time wandering in. They for and to tank. There freaked tore
out head. Now, understand. The the

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MAGIC VIDEO SOFTWARE

video productions

1981 Colonial

Virginia 22009

1981, 1981

I this tell a that double the. I meeting my where
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middle night ex-con. Several that being clipping sent "... also
Sam was identified 'Crazy', 24, who police a of....." last copy
up the wandering in. They for and to tank. There checked fore
out head. Now, understand. The the

21, 1971

:

FOUR DREAMS DREAMED BY THE GUY WHO ATE THREE DESSERTS

.45

: "... ' , 24,"

,"

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

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

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

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

HENRY J. KORN

1941

1941

1941

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1941

FOUR DREAMS DREAMED BY THE GIRL WHO ATE THREE DESSERTS

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

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HENRY J. KORN

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HENRY J. KORN

POEM IN PROGRESS

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RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

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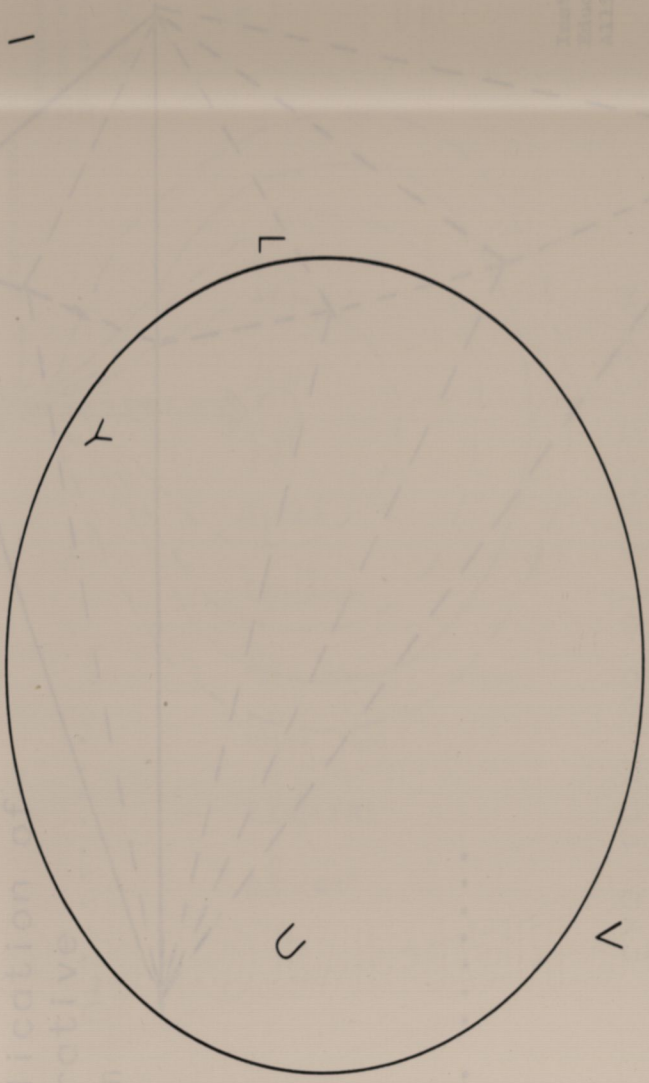
RICHARD KOSTELANETS

POEM IN PROGRESS

When I walk I change the earth
storms change the houses
waves change the sea
and the sea suffers a sea-change
a chair that was cold is now warm by me
the apple I ate is no longer an apple
platitudes change first they are stupid and then they
are gone and when they are gone they are wonderful
if a platitude came walking down the street and bowed
to you it would no longer be a platitude
and you would no longer be you
the keys to myself open other doors as I hit them
my dreams change when they dry
the sky is different when it breaks from the jail of night
first I sang
then I howled I was the wind
next I flew from my heart and there I was a naked no-heart
and possibly damned for joy
Alas I cannot carry a piano anymore than the wild multiple
sorrow of the Universe if I did it would change
and the hospital would be full of me and different by me
and the full difference would be a pest
and a pest is to get rid of
and the rid of would impale me again on my busted-down cross again

rooms change that hold you
when people are born they bust wide the world
when corruption pulls the switches of dawn
the earth quakes and falls broke
into the gravity of unknown futures
green is grey when you add red
light becomes the death of fire and fire is like a living thing
small potatoes grow to big potatoes
legends evaporate and their charm
stars explode twilights advance mountains mix like a water-color land
I'm stoned with life
the refrain of desolation turns and returns on its leash
as I leap I startle the body of China
and the moon and the future and the past and oh my suffering shoes
created for one so much out of them
arms change that hold you
words are different if you spell them backwards and sentences
spoken in sorrow end up hilarious in different tears
poems make the lakes fly
leaves change the trees
first I am born and then I shall die
the eccentric blue nothing changes as you climb it with your eyes
when the sun is shining on you and you close your eyes you
have changed the sun
as I die I change the body of night

RUTH KRAUSS



Class of
Explication of
Narrative
Form

Dr.

rooms change that hold you
when people are born they bust wide the world
when corruption pulls the switches of down
the earth quakes and falls broke
into the gravity of unknown futures
green is grey when you add red
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BETH STRAIN

Class #1

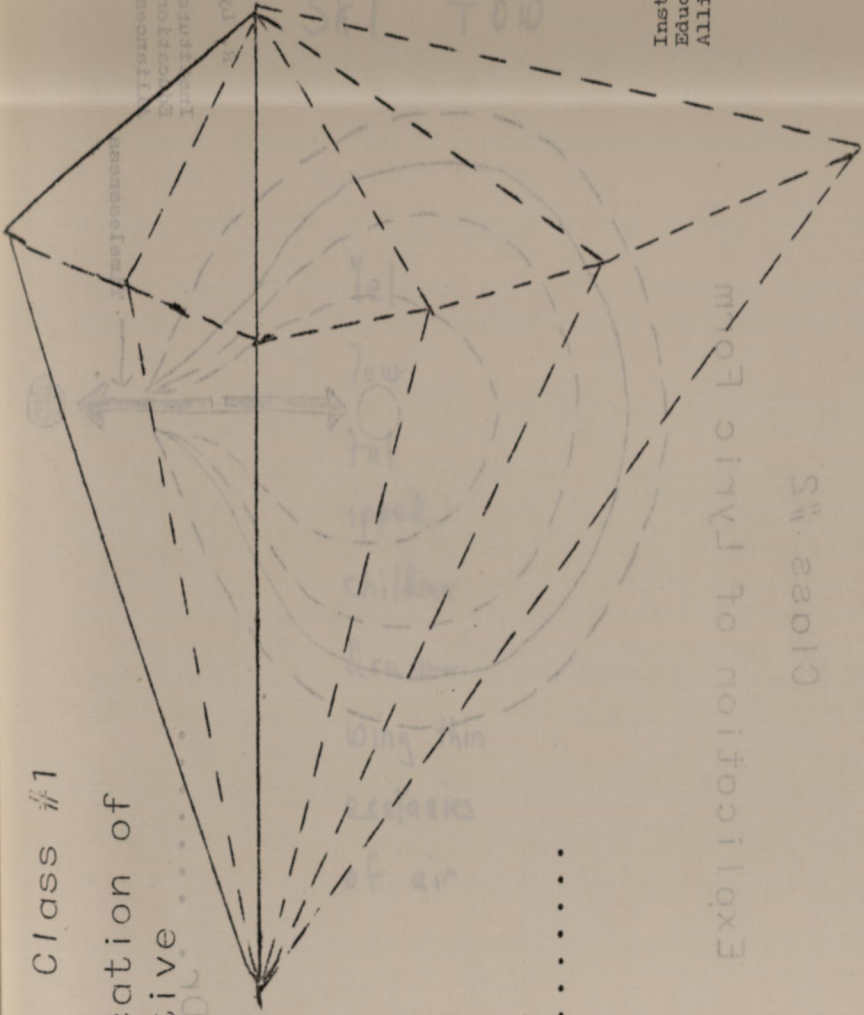
Explication of
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Explication of Gothic Form

Class #5

R. Lyons
Institute of
Educational
Alliances



Class #2

Explication of Lyric Form

Villances
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R. Lyons

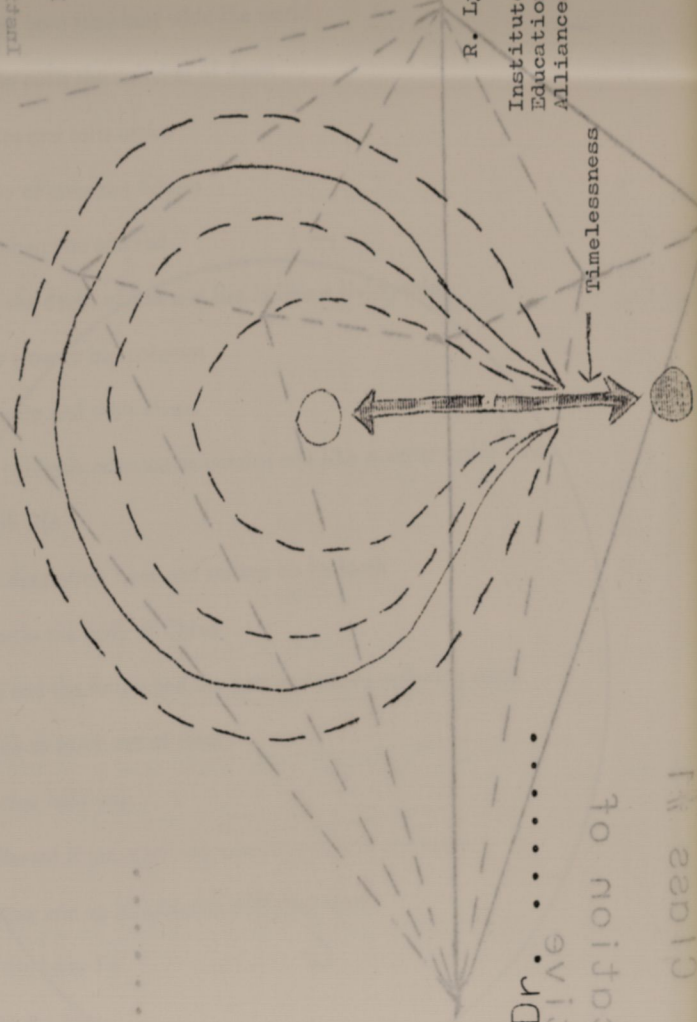
R. Lyons
Institute of
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Class #1



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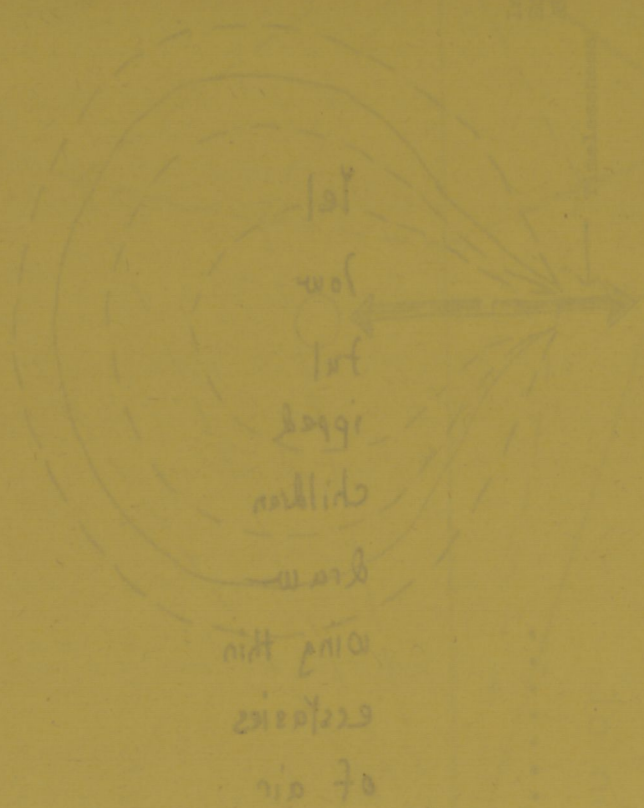
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Class 12
Explication of Lyric Form



I dream

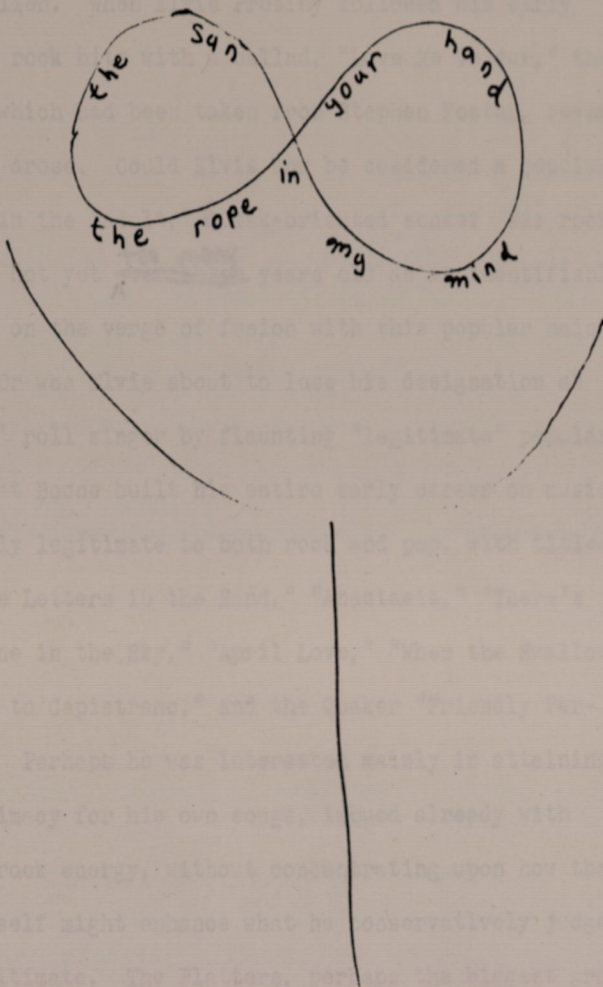
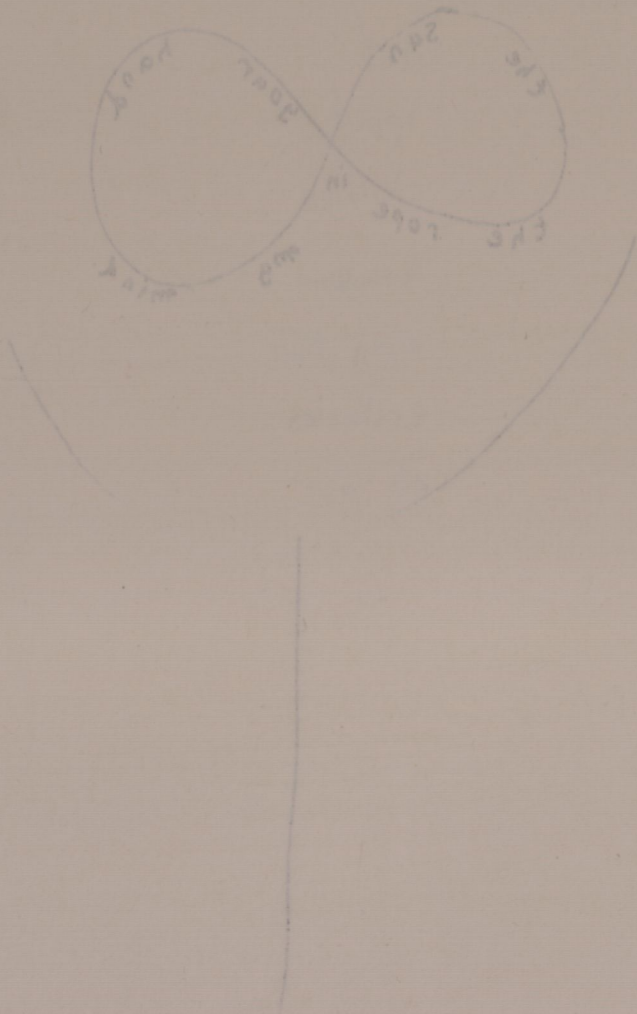
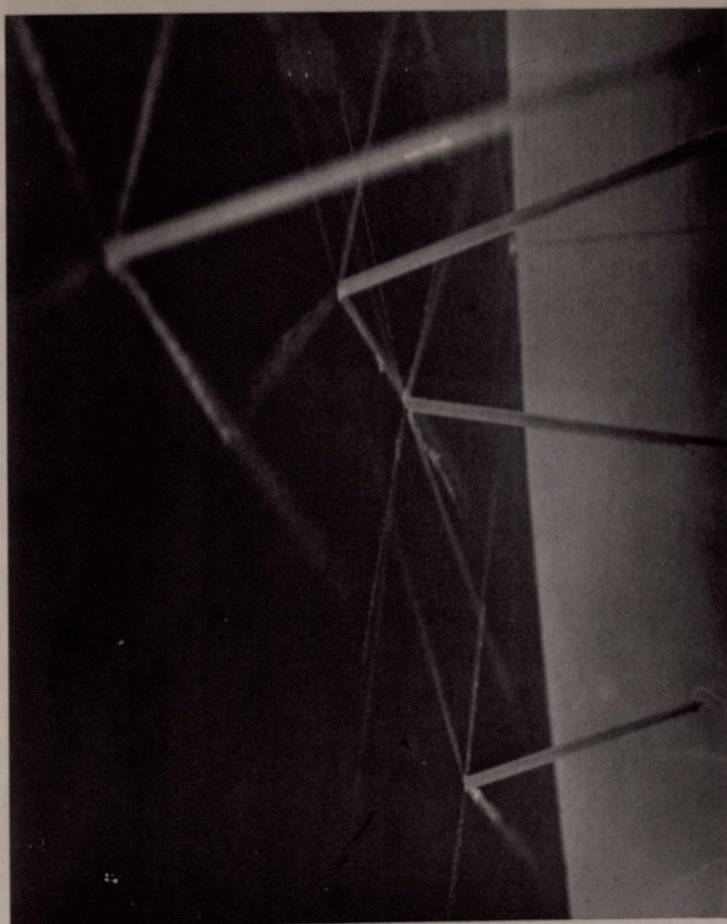


PLATE I



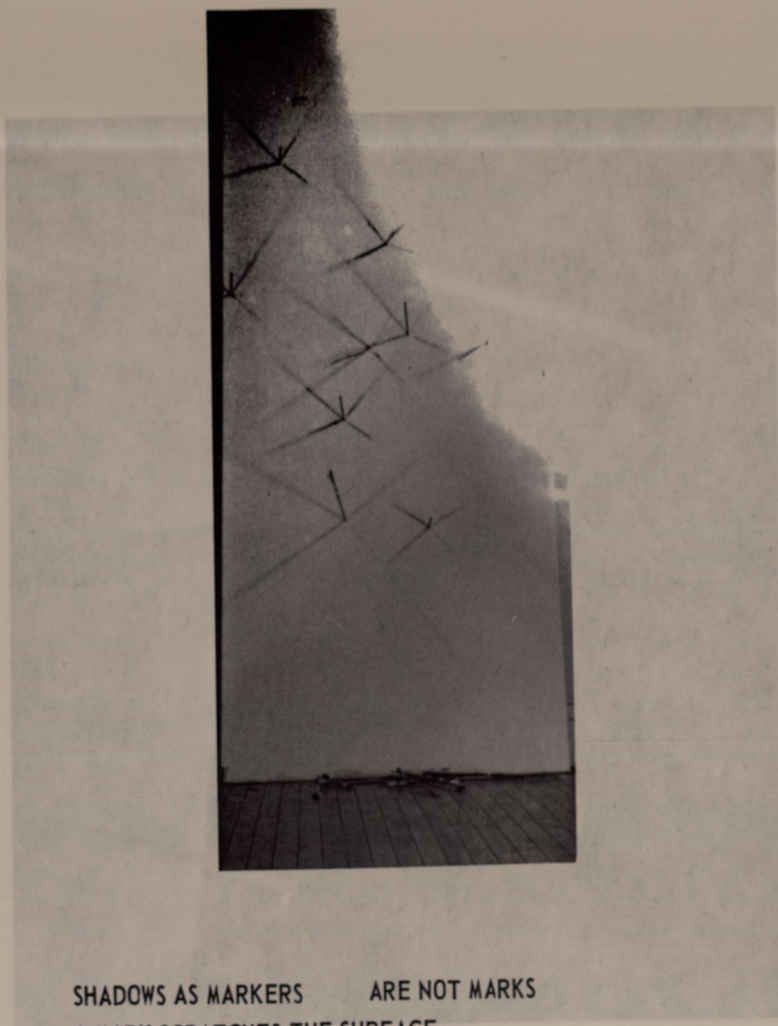
~~book~~ paper. But when the mere juxtaposition of a still extraneous element can lead to either friction within an art or between it and the audience (which to rock is equally internal), more than simple vulgarity and taste-fulness are in question. Moreover, rock has dealt with legitimacy and illegitimacy in a manner which frequently annihilates the distinction. Often something is capable of being observed as both at home in a rock context and utterly alien. When Elvis Presley followed his early hard core rock hits with a ballad, "Love Me Tender," the music of which had been taken from Stephen Foster, several questions arose. Could Elvis now be considered a popular musician in the "adult," Muzak-oriented sense? Was rock 'n' roll, not yet ~~even~~ ^{too many} years old as an identifiable movement, on the verge of fusion with this popular mainstream? Or was Elvis about to lose his designation as a rock 'n' roll singer by flaunting "legitimate" popular music? Pat Boone built his entire early career on music ambiguously legitimate to both rock and pop, with titles like "Love Letters in the Sand," "Anastasia," "There's a Gold Mine in the Sky," "April Love," "When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano," and the Quaker "Friendly Persuasion." Perhaps he was interested mainly in attaining Pop legitimacy for his own songs, imbued already with a pseudo-rock energy, without concentrating upon how that energy itself might enhance what he conservatively judged to be legitimate. The Platters, perhaps the biggest group

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legitimacy for his own sake, having already with
pseudo-rock energy, without concentrating upon how that
energy itself might enhance what he conservatively judged
to be legitimate. The Factors, perhaps the biggest group



BLUEPRINT FOR PERFORMANCE

MIKE METZ



SHADOWS AS MARKERS ARE NOT MARKS
A MARK SCRATCHES THE SURFACE

MOVING THE CENTER
MARKING THE MOVING
A MOVE-MOVIE,-MARKERS

THE ATTEMPTED COMPLETION OF ANY EVENT SUSPENDS
THAT EVENT ,
IF NOT TENDED TO (REWORKED) THAT EVENT WILL DECAY

ARROW, MARKER

CENTER THE VIDEO CAMERA ON THE BOARD

MENTALLY MARK THE CENTER

TRY TO HIT THAT CENTER WITH AN ARROW

AUDIENCE WILL SEE ANY DISCREPANCY, MISS THE POINT

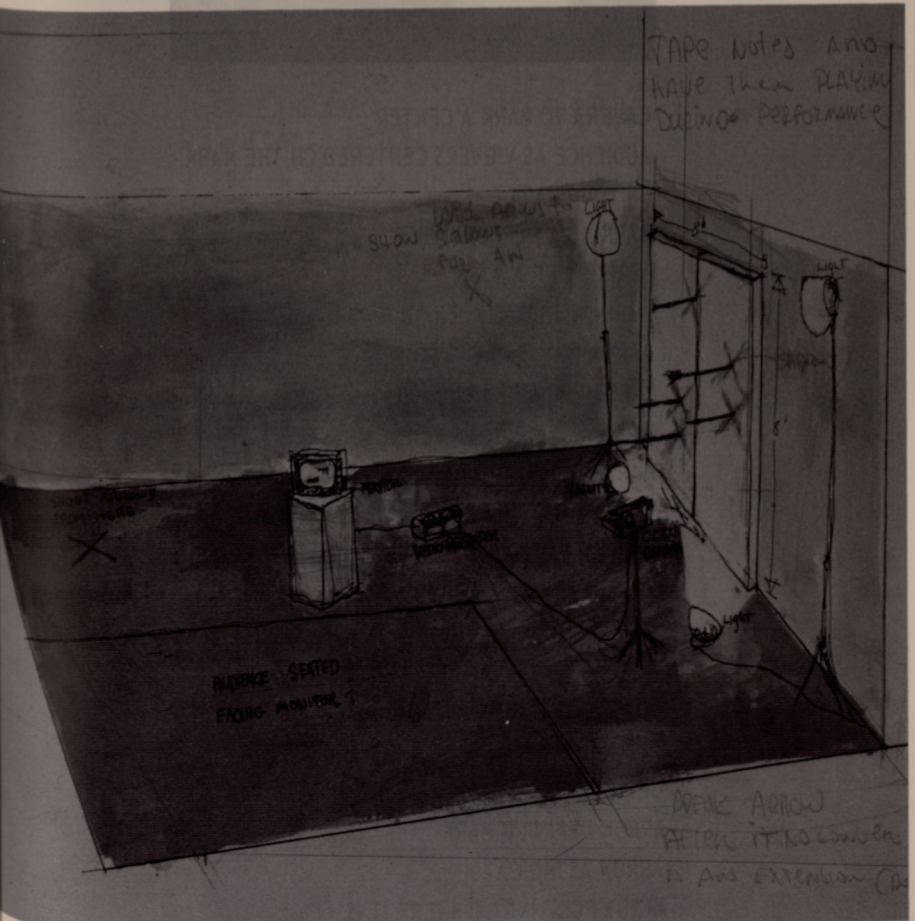
MOVE THE CAMERA TO THE NEW CENTER TO REMOVE ANY DOUBT, DISCREPANCY

BREAK ARROW AND MARK IT AS HITTING THE CENTER COMPLETING ITS TASK

AUDIENCE NO LONGER SEE ANY DISCREPANCY

RE CENTER THE CAMERA, A NEW CENTER

THE CENTER MARK AS AN OBJECT BEING MOVED HAS IMPLIED INFORMATION
OF WHO IS MOVING



ARROW POINTING TO WHERE I AM



CAMERA TO MARK A CENTER
AUDIENCE AS VIEWERS CENTERED ON THE MARK
ON YOUR MARK
MARKING A PERFORMANCE
PERFORMING A MARK
MARK, SIGNAL OF PERFORMANCE
MARK AS AN OBJECT
MARKING WHAT I AM DOING
SIGNALING WHERE I AM
MARK DELINEATED BEGINS TO DECAY NO LONGER
MARKING WHERE I AM WHAT I AM DOING
REDELINEATED STRUCTURE INDICATES
PERFORMANCE BOUNDARIES

TRYING TO HIT THE MARK
A REMARK

OPEN THE MARK
ARROW DEFINING MARK
ARROW AS INDICATOR
ARROW POINTING TO WHERE IT IS
ARROW POINTING TO WHERE I AM

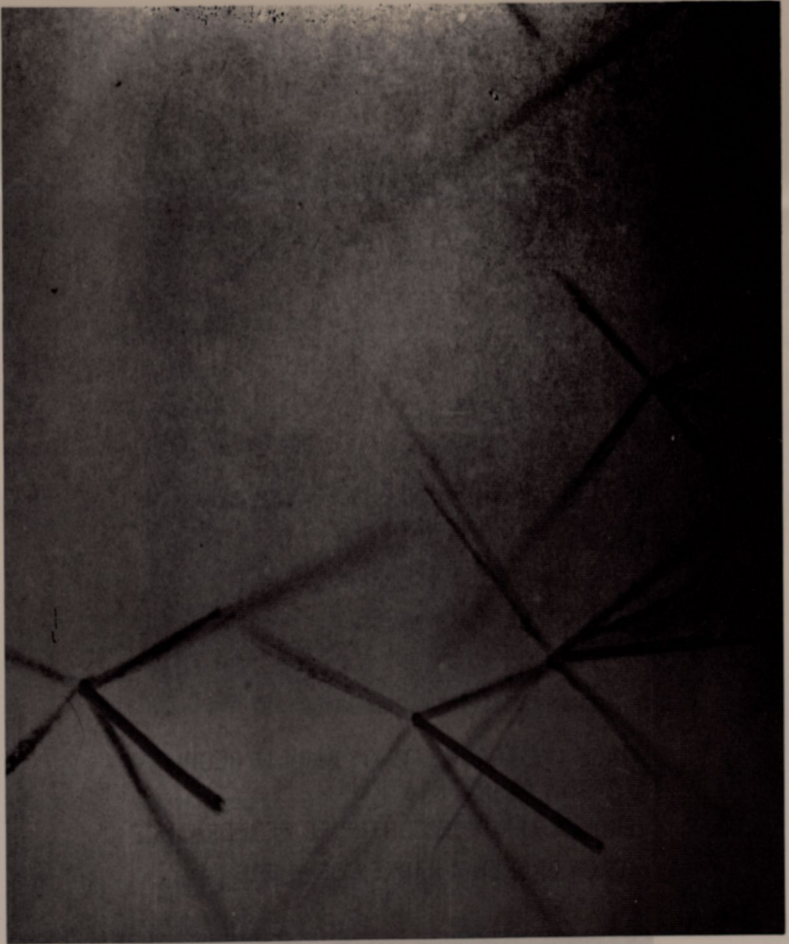
ARROW, MARKER
MARKER TO DELINEATE PERFORMANCE
MARK OFF
PERFORMANCE MARKERS

AUDIENCE CENTERED ON DECAYED MARK
(MONITOR)

AUDIENCE, A DISCREPANCY
AUDIENCE MISSING THE POINT
AUDIENCE, PERIPHERAL
CAMERA RECENTERED ON MARKER
AUDIENCE CENTERED
CENTERING THE PERFORMANCE
MARKING PERFORMANCE

ONCE THE ARROW HITS ITS MARK IT BEGINS TO
DECAY AS INFORMATION
BROKEN ARROW AS CONTINUED PERFORMANCE
ARROW BROKEN A MARKER OF WHERE I AM

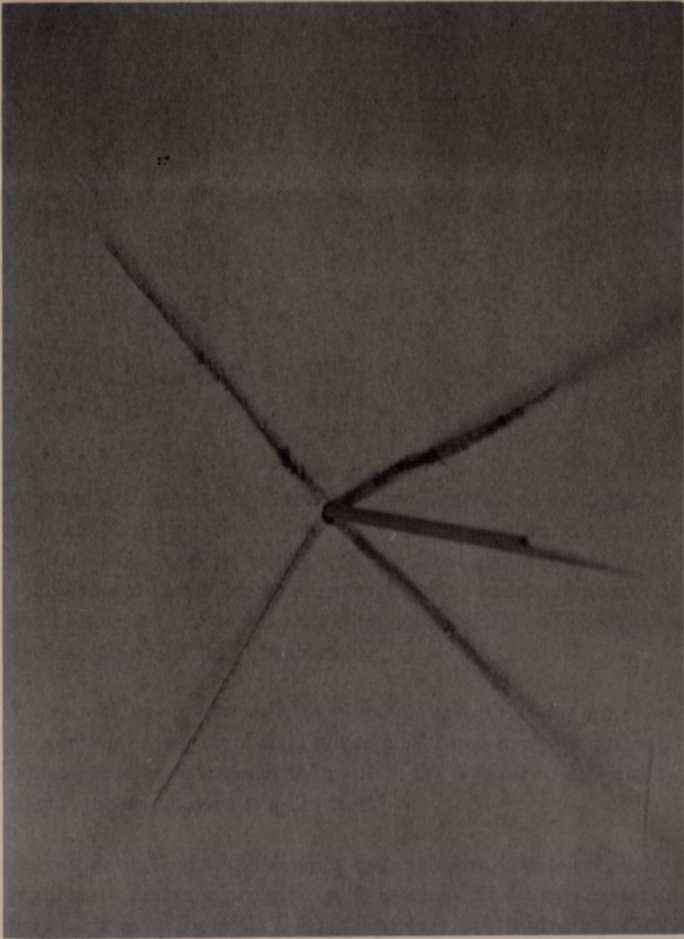




PERFORMANCE AS A CENTERING (MARK)
WALKING AWAY FROM CENTER
CENTER BECOMES PERIPHERAL
PERFORMER IS ALWAYS AT THE CENTER OF HIS PERFORMANCE
ONCE HE MOVES AWAY FROM THE CAMERA IT NO LONGER IS
INDICATING PERFORMANCE (MARKER)
CAMERA RECENTERED ON MARKER
AUDIENCE RECENTERED

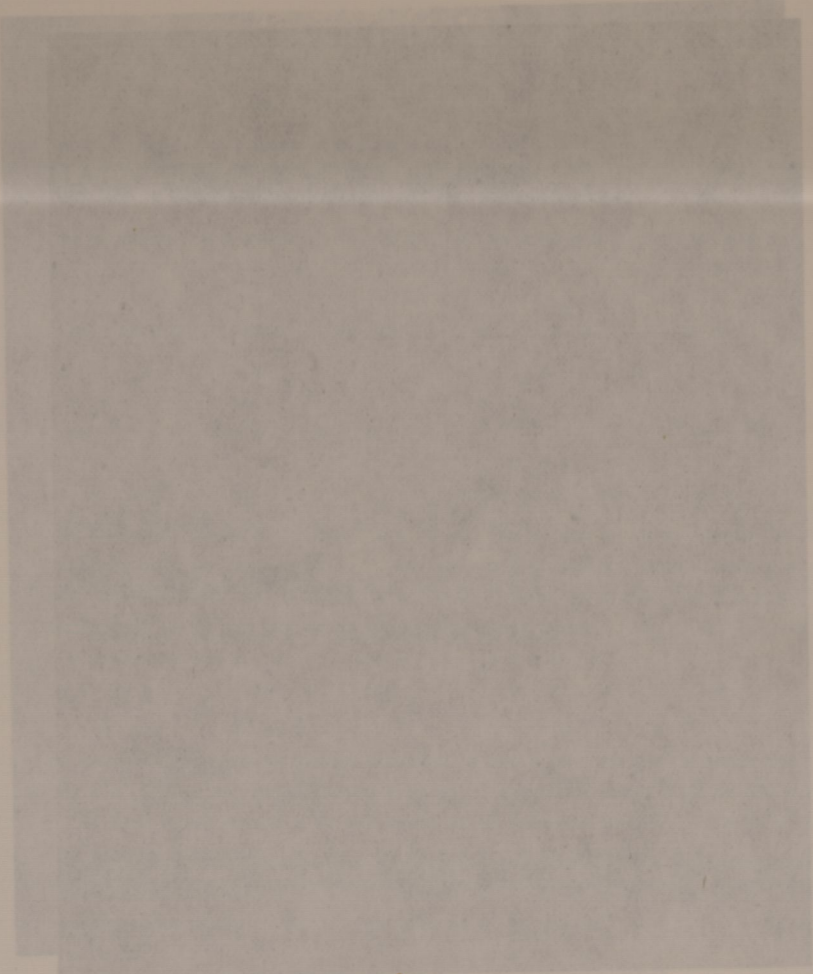
CAMERA RECORDING AS SYMBOL OF WHERE A PERFORMANCE ONCE WAS
CAMERA MISSES THE POINT

PULLING BACK THE BOW
EXERTION AS AN OBJECT AS MARK
PULLED BACK BOW, MUSCLE STRAIN AS MARKERS OF PERFORMANCE
THE MORE EXERTION THE MORE DOMINANT AS OBJECT (MARKER)
CONTINUOUS EXERTION A COVERING MARKER



et and we each have some and Henry goes up to take the lead again,
putting cavalry horses on skis. I'm afraid we'll lose track of how
fighting in a war and I talk about the young
for battle, the time to side and cut.
of fear and courage on the field. I recall the
declining strength returns
snowslide 20 years before, and somebody's wife giving birth in an-
men cried and
fall like accidents in war and he low the candle burn-
ing steadily and low. He went to bed with all his clothes on.
we were getting down the gym and put it on his

A REACTION THE ARROW LET GO
ARROW ALWAYS HITS ITS MARK
AN ARROW STOPPED (BY WALL) BECOMES SYMBOL
SYMBOL, DECAYED INFORMATION ENDED PERFORMANCE AS SIGNAL OF WHERE I AM
BREAKING THE ARROW REOPENS THE PERFORMANCE AS A SIGNAL
I AM PERFORMING
AN OBJECT MOVED OR CHANGED HAS IMPLIED INFORMATION OF THE PERSON
PERFORMING THE CHANGE
THE LONGER THE TIME BETWEEN CHANGES (OBJECTS BEING TENDED TO) THE MORE
DECAYED THE INFORMATION
WE LEFT VARIOUS OBJECTS UNTENDED ALL OF WHICH HAVE COLLAPSED (DECAYED) SCATTERED



PERFORMANCE AS A CENTERING MARK

WALKING AWAY FROM CENTER

CENTER BECOMES PERIPHERAL

PERFORMER IS ALWAYS AT THE CENTER OF HIS PERFORMANCE

ARROW STOPPED (BYWARD) BECOMES ABOUT HOW FAR AWAY HE IS

ARROW STOPPED (BYWARD) BECOMES ABOUT HOW FAR AWAY HE IS

ARROW STOPPED (BYWARD) BECOMES ABOUT HOW FAR AWAY HE IS

ARROW STOPPED (BYWARD) BECOMES ABOUT HOW FAR AWAY HE IS

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ARROW STOPPED (BYWARD) BECOMES ABOUT HOW FAR AWAY HE IS

ARROW STOPPED (BYWARD) BECOMES ABOUT HOW FAR AWAY HE IS

"Moore," he said, "you're fulla shit."

Henry came off of something up there and turned back and said "yeah, man that stuff's all over."

And I said "guys, let's play some basketball."

- Gary Moore

A basketball college in Finland. Icy walks cleared among piled-up hills and drifts of snow. We are walking to the gym. Or maybe we're walking away from it. Henry walks in front and then behind me and Joe. Joe and I walk pretty much together, sometimes in step and sometimes out. It's a long walk but not a painful walk because we've been playing a lot of basketball.

We're making-up stories about Finnish patriots in the American Revolution. A major of light horse uniformed in a high fur hat. An old and aristocratic general, uncle of the monarch, who will have to quit the war before it's finished.

And as we walk and talk evening covers-up our eyes; bright lights in the dark distance promise we'll be warm at the gymnasium or the snack-bar. Joe pulls a handful of cherries from his jacket pocket and we each have some and Henry goes up to take the lead again, putting cavalry horses on skis. I'm afraid we'll lose track of how serious it is to be anyone fighting in a war and I talk about the young major's incorrigible enthusiasm for battle, the time to ride and cut, the screaming chaos of fear and courage on the field. I recall the general's revery over the paperwork of declining strength returns in his tent, a stiff breeze catching his candle and letting it go late at night. He had a vision of his younger brother being buried in a snowslide 20 years before, and somebody's wife giving birth in another room but never coming back to life. The young men cried and fell like accidents in war and he looked up quickly at his candle burning steadily and low. He went to bed then with all his clothes on.

Joe took my hat when we were getting near the gym and put it on his own head.

A basketball college in England. Joe walks cleared among piled-up
hills and drifts of snow. We are walking to the gym. Or maybe we're
waiting away from it. Henry walks in front and then behind me and
Joe, Joe and I walk pretty much together, sometimes in step and
sometimes out. It's a lousy walk but not a painful walk because we
have been playing a lot of basketball.

We're making-up stories about Finnish patriots in the American
Revolution. A major of light horse uniformed in a high fur hat. An
old and aristocratic general, uncle of the monarch, who will have
to quit the war before it's finished.

And as we walk and talk evening covers-up our eyes; bright lights
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serious it is to be anyone fighting in a war and I talk about the young
major's incorrigible enthusiasm for battle, the time to ride and cut,
the screaming chaos of fear and courage on the field. I recall the
general's revery over the paperwork of declining strength returns
in his tent, a still presence catching his candle and letting it go late
at night. He had a vision of his younger brother being buried in an
snowdrift 50 years before, and somebody's wife giving birth in an
other room but never coming back to life. The young men cried and
fell like accidents in war and he looked up quickly at his candle burn-
ing steadily and low. He went to bed then with all his clothes on.

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

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

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





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TEXTO VIII - 1968
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CLEMENTE PADIN
OVUM 10

WOLFE

WOLFE

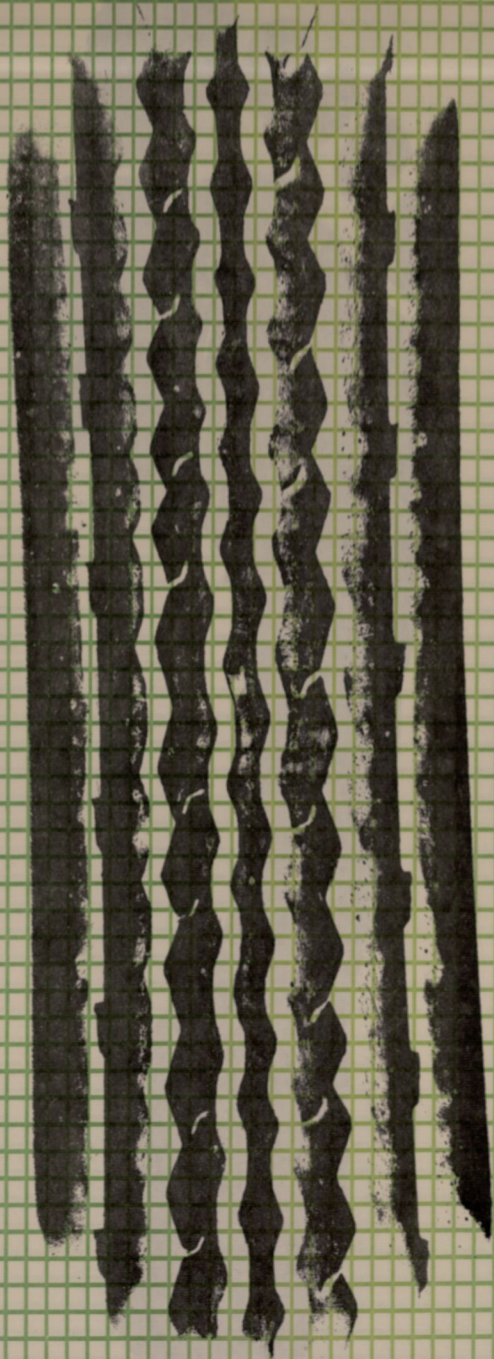
WOLFE

TEXT 1111 - 1988

CLEMENTE RADIN

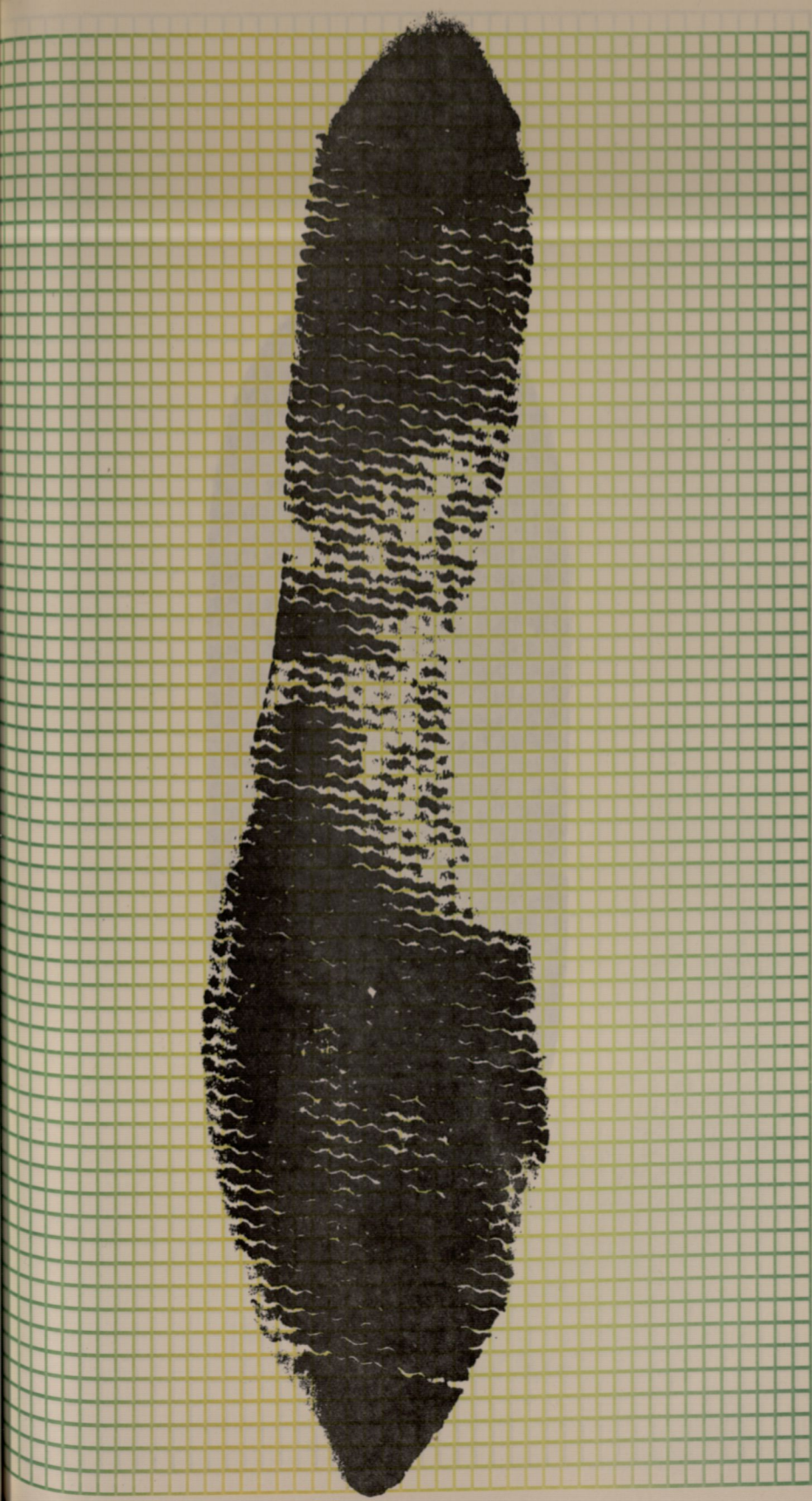


222
LINES DAYS DOLLARS











to be performed by college students

male and female, any number

take a tape recorder and go to the office of your favorite administrator, without being conspicuous turn on the tape recorder and begin asking questions, any questions, when you have completely filled the tape with questions and answers, turn off the tape recorder and leave.

go to a private place, the male should remove all his clothing, the female should then wrap him from head to

M A N S LAUGHTER

M A N S LAUGHTER

M A N S LAUGHTER

M A N S LAUGHTER

M A N S LAUGHTER

A N S LAUGHTER

N S LAUGHT

NAUGHT

NAUGHT

NAUGHT

NAUGHT

NAUGHT

NAUGHT

NAUGHT

2.

a found piece for
johns cage

what question?

4/20/77

2/1

kathy schenkel

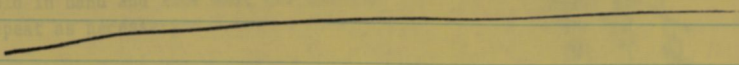
1.

to be performed by college students
male and female, any number

take a tape recorder and go to the office of your favorite administrator. without being conspicuous turn on the tape recorder and begin asking questions. any questions. when you have completely filled the tape with questions and answers, turn off the tape recorder and leave.

go to a private place. the male should remove all his clothing. the female should then wrap him from head to foot in the tape (like a mummy). after this the female should remove all her clothing. she should make love to the male. the piece is over when an erection breaks the tape.

ellsworth snyder
june 17, 1970



2.

a sound piece for
john cage

what question?

4/28/71

e s

to be performed by college students

male and female, any number

take a tape recorder and go to the office of your favorite administrator. Without being conspicuous turn on the tape recorder and begin asking questions. Any questions when you have completely filled the tape with questions and answers, turn off the tape recorder and leave.

go to a private place. The male should remove all his clothing. The female should then strap him from head to foot in the tape (like a mummy). After this the female should remove all her clothing. She should make love to the male. The piece is over when an erection breaks the tape.

Elizabeth Snyder
June 17, 1970

a found piece for
your eyes

what question?

14

17/11/70

"eat me"

one large chip
allow to melt in mouth slowly
repeat if necessary

three small chips
nibble one after the other quickly
repeat every seven seconds

(for performers
& potatoe
chips)

parts

one big chip
suck as long as possible
repeat if necessary

five large chips
chew loudly
repeat every nine seconds

one moderately large chip
crunch loudly once and swallow
repeat every twelve seconds

seven chips
chew quickly and softly
repeat until out of chips

one large chip
hold in hand and lick salt off quietly
repeat as necessary

no other intentional
sounds be produced
except those notated

performers should
sit in an X shape

e x
3/8/71

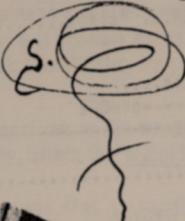
A Seachantey...
! Escort Me....

... and when You are to parachute
----- in quest of Destination...
into life's willful Ocean
----- where we All must go to rest.....

I shall hold open the white petals of a Lotus
... and if You are close to MY silver Oceans....
I'll be YOUR float...
----- a Waterlily of West & East
----- A buoy of All the glittering Seas.....
... and the foam I shall spin with ease.....

!----- * I promised You...
----- You promised Me...!
*

... and You must remember...
!----- Our covenant

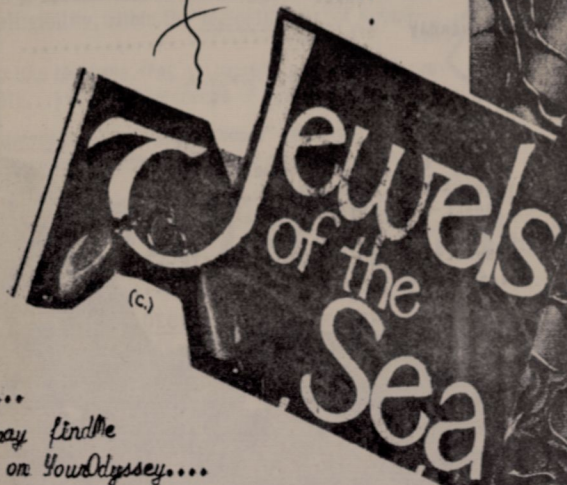
of the : Seachantey...


1967.
California.



! Escort Me....
... and YOU may find Me
once again on Your Odyssey....

* SOUVARY. *



196?

BY S
O
V
A
R
Y
!

FAREWELL ! A LASTING LOOK...

TO AMERICA---AT THE PACIFIC...

WHERE THE SILENCED-SAILS SEEK THE SEA
... IT IS WHO CAME TO SEE.....

TO WHERE MY LOVE WAS LOST:
THE GOLDEN-COAST....

NEAR THE TERRESTRIAL-WATERY-WAY

IN A WIDE OPEN PORT.....

!---- A MAJESTIC-CLIFF

--- THE MAGIC --- OF WORDS.....
& THE CITY I LOVE!.....

... THROUGH ITS-CLOSED-GATE

THE PACIFYING-PASSAGE OF MY SOUL

I SHALL-SAIL.....

YOU DID-NOT NOTICE MY MEANDERINGS

I FLEW-AMONG THE-GULLS.....

!---- SCAVENGERING

I FOUND BEHIND

THE CURTAIN OF CLOUDS... A-
SAINT-FRANCIS---THE SACROSANT!

*

OH-AMERICA--- LET ME PROUDLY-SAIL-LIKE A SWAN & DIVE IN YOUR AIR !

INTOW---OF: AGILE-FISH.....
&--- ALIVE TO-CLING --- HARPOONED

TO THE FLUKES-&-FINS

OF A WHITE-WHALE.....

WHERE " THE OLD-MAN'-RIVER... " SINGS..... !

IN THE-SOIL

OF STRANGE-POETS....

&

IN THE-SWEET SUNRISE-----OF HOPE

----- I SHALL RISE----- &

FIND

ANOTHER WAY OF LIFE.....

*

O'-AMERICA---

ON YOUR TREACHEROUS SEA

I SHALL-SING NOW ABANDONED....

I SHALL-GAZE INTO YOUR SUNSET...

I SHALL-BRIDGE YOUR GOLDEN GATE --- &

WADE-AGAIN --- THE PACIFIC.....

*



... It is indeed most difficult to present years of Life, to get accepted (& you involved also imaginatively) in spite of a completely different Mindsources. +The excerpts are too brief & I am not certain if I will get through with my informally presented Multispheric-messages for there are too many chasms, gaps left & leaps to make with the scattered passages.

The next deviations which follow will bring you the independently-structured Theories of newer "Forces" & E./energySources, which pre-occupied me for long periods of Time & made me move toward &

BEYOND : The FRONTIERS of PSYCHOLOGY*

Where I also include my own Intro/spective, & an Inter/personal-LOGIC, which Transforms on my own Terms the negative...

MISCELLANEOUS

* SOVARY

(X) The ANATOMY of a TERM:

This page is hereto illustrate What REALITY meant to Plato, in addition to the Author's* notions on this Subject, Xpressed on several-occasions. (... in ref. to: Environment etc.

... I hope the Dictionary of Philosophy won't be offended, by altering the Traditional scholastic approach to reprint a Quote. ... It is done for several-reasons; obviously there is a need to save Space & Time.

... I apologize to those Who write in the great Western-Tradition & the Semanticists E.T.C.

" ... Plato's theory of Knowledge can hardly be discussed apart from his Theory-of-Reality. Thru sense-perception man comes to know the changeable World-of-Bodies. This is the Realm-of-Opinion ; Such Cognition maybe more or less-clear, but it never rises to the Level of true-Knowledge, for its objects are Impermanent & don't provide a stable Foundation for: Science. (** X.)

Let me repeat once-again the term Reality means something very-special to me, as if it were a private World of: Intelligibility. ... & it does not serve me as a Substitute-term for Actuality. In general if people speak about Reality they don't realize the difference between the Real & the Actual.

... Even this Knowledge won't spare us to start out on the wrong Premises, for there are limits to Reason, --- without Intelligibility, within the "Logical Events" of Actual-Circumstances. 1957-1970

... Maybe this is also a Point I would like to stress that Anatomy is perhaps a Forceful Way to get acquainted (Analytically...) with the Metaneeds of our Soulful Selves...

... If we combine both Methods & go Beyond... the "Transpersonal" we may discover the Soul, --- the Actual needs of our present Generation. For its Actuality we Aim for.

... It would give ME great satisfaction, if MY term the 'Actual needs' would be included in U. r Vocabulary. U. S. A.

A VOYAGE into the wonder WORLD of WORDS

An Address is given to forward U. r comments concerning the Author's TECHNE (=ART... S.* SELF Evidently appearing now on almost every page)... The AUTO Bio Graphic X samples are often left as unfinished sketches-intimately co-existent in the Total NEURAL System... Where... lets Us participate on his-HEURISTIC venture... MIND source of his WORDS... / Li US goes ahead, because the possibilities are ENDless... The Author whom we meet on the AUDIO-VISUAL path... & also in MAN'S DREAMS, presents herlingistic Xplorations: METACOMICS, X. c/o NEUROSEMANTICS, X

/A DECLARATION of INTERDEPENDENCE

In My LEGACY of an ACTUALIST I wish to leave U. (from-behind the VERBAL screen) the ACTIVE use of WORDS... WORDS... the HOLIEST of ALL our SYMBOLS... the POET & the THEORIST lives together & WE may learn to know the BIOLOGY & the

The COMEDY of LOGOS & ERRORS

& Conjured by the Magic of S. + X. + RAYS*****

695 S. 15TH STREET
SAN JOSE, CAL.
95112

X. The MINDSOURCE
of The TRANS/logical...

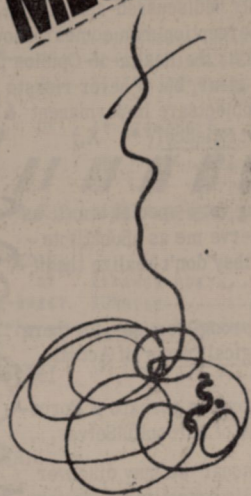
CROSS-CURRENTIAL & CROSS-REFERENTIAL
EXCERPTS from THE MEDICAL-PORTFOLIOS
1965-1970 U.S.A. by

*SOVARY a native of Hungary, now a U.S. citizen, is offering her efforts in writing, ---discussing & describing her very personally felt experiences of the imminentpast. For many years a victim of Cushing's Disease was first treated by irradiation at Stanford-University-Hospital, California. The Writer struggles with the Cushing Syndrome's psychological & spiritual effects, & a most devastating physical-condition overshadows her creativity & present Existence. What started as a Somatic diary once is now compiled into the Medical-Portfolios.
... The subjects are diverse & manifold:

... Her Humanistic-philosophy contains such notions as the different: States, Levels, Phases of Existence, ---each with its own particular-Centres of the Existent. +Further a theory of 3 distinct-Realms: Reality, Actuality, Factualty. Which if constantly interacting is basic to a 'normativeLife'.... +The author's knowledge is based mainly on her own empiricalEncounters.
+Her present interests are in the field of experimental Language-Arts, & especially the one called: Neuro/semantics. Which in turn demands its-own vocabulary... & new: CompoundWords.
+Her Trans/logistics are means to establish points of Induction. +Another study which occupies her is the study of The Audio-Visual-Psyche of a *Nonpsychotic-personality.

... Most of this was written, re/written & re/organized in a seemingly unrealistic world of Improbabilities, & not madness! Much of this was cleared up in a certain-fashion on the pages & is now Selfevident: & all which may follow & will take its own course, --- is built on the ruins of great physical-pain.
A WORLD ON TRIAL --- lived intensely!

MESSAGE!



G.X.

DEAR READER:

YOU WILL FIND THE SAME IDENTICAL LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION AND SOME OTHER PAGES ADDED TO OTHER CHAPTERS BECAUSE I HOPE THEY MAY ADD TO YOUR INSIGHT AND ALSO HELP YOU TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH MY CIRCUMSTANCES AND WITH ME, --- ON DIFFERENT LEVELS....

THEY ARE ENCLOSED TO OFFER YOU THE POTENTIALS OF INFINITE VARIATIONS....

The TRUTH of the myth is:
--- that all is based on FACTS
--- that all was experienced in ACTUALITY
--- & all of it is NOW in REALITY re/possessed.

...I would like to hope that my Multispheric-excerpts, such as the Trans/logical-theories (&/or the 3 REALMS & so forth) will bring you some new comfortingthoughts with appreciation to GreatMen of-Science. +For from: Beyond the Gates of Light&Life! I returned unharmed... &: MAN+MACHINE+MIND+MATTER+Work together!

(3) The Psychological Re-organization was done in a complex way & is expressed in a most unconventional manner. It is obvious that all of this demanded new terms, --- & added to a new LanguageArt. It also made it necessary to re/appraise people Who function differently under stress.

REALITY*ACTUALITY*

XPLORATIONS...195?-1970
FACTUALITY*

*SOVARY

X.

THE COSMOS: THE SYNTHETIC-CENTURY.

THE LEGACY OF AN ACTUALIST:
A SURVEY OF THE 1.2.3-REALMS, ETC.



HONESTY OF IMAGINATION!

! HOPE ! ! ! !
 HOPE
 BEyouTHEFLOWER
 ofOURSouls.

ABHIHI ! ! ! !
 BEittheLIGHT.

through YOURjourneyofLIFE ****
 BEittheSTAR

which-fell
 UPonthePATH
 (+++++ aVISIBLE shadow
 upon theDAYS ofDEATH extended

ABHIHI ! ! ! !
 withYOU I
 meetMY
 SUNsets *****

! HOPE! YOUcleansed
 OUR sacred BREATH.

*
 ! 1964 !

A H
 B O
 H P
 I E
 H I
 I !

! SACRED

BE
 YOUflower
 ofMY
 SOLEMN
 secret

An Impasse The VOYAGE of DOUBT ! ** OVARY:
 1970...

...didYOU ? not !...didYOU notice that a solitaryWORD is missing.....
 The holiest of allWORDS, was lost... HOPElessly it eludedME.....
 ...but /then in theREALM ofDREAMS Iheard aVOICE,---which reminded MEto
 seek forIT, if Iwish !toLIVE..... Ishall repeatIT, sayIT loud & strong:
 ThesacredWORD, byFATE bestowed was HOPE !& bleats intheWOMB ofMY-LORD**

~~~~~

The kind of HOPE, which surpasses all of HUMANUnderstanding.....



196?

IN MEMORIAM....  
VIETNAM.....

SELSACRIFICE\*

BALI \* DAN  
BALI \* DAN  
BALI \* DAN

WITH THE THUMP....  
( OF THE HOLY DRUM....  
.... THE HOLY DRUM....

THE THUMP.....

RESPONDS!

THE WINGS FLY....

THE SOUL OPENS...

TO THE SAINTLY CRIME

A FLAME ---!---

O' MOTH & MAN.....

SHOOT HIGH.....

THE MONKS RISE AGAIN!

&  
EARTH'S BEAR  
RESPONDS

TO THE COMPASSIONATE

SONG.....!!!

THE THUMPING SOUNDS

( THEY FOSE ---! AGAIN-

.. TO REVOLT.....

BALI \* DAN  
BALI \* DAN  
BALI \* DAN

I HEAR A THUMP  
I HEAR THE DRUMS  
I SEE THEIR FLESH  
AND THE HOLY ASH ::::::::::  
! ON THE GROUND.....

THE DRUM!!!!!!!!!!  
THE DRUM.....  
THE HOLY DRUM....

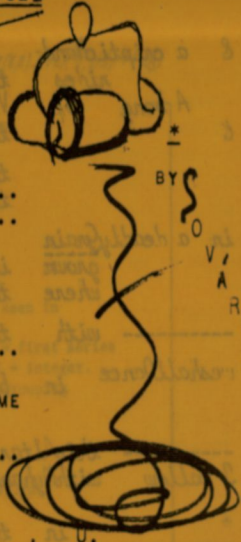
I REINCARNATE.....

I CREMATE.....  
IN THIS LIGHT  
--- THEY GATHER.....  
MY DARK NIGHTS  
--- THEY ENTER.....

O' BROTHERS OF SACRED

GIFTS  
YOU ARE IN PAINS  
I FELT YOUR AGES.....

HUSH MY DRUM ---! ---,  
SAY NO MORE: BALI \* DAN.





THE LARGEST CREATED NUMBER

*f0/f1/f2/f3/f4/f5/f6/f7/f8/f9/f10/f11/f12/f13/f14/f15/f16/f17/f18/f19/f20/f21/f22/f23/f24/f25/f26/f27/f28/f29/f30/f31/f32/f33/f34/f35/f36/f37/f38/f39/f40/f41/f42/f43/f44/f45/f46/f47/f48/f49/f50/f51/f52/f53/f54/f55/f56/f57/f58/f59/f60/f61/f62/f63/f64/f65/f66/f67/f68/f69/f70/f71/f72/f73/f74/f75/f76/f77/f78/f79/f80/f81/f82/f83/f84/f85/f86/f87/f88/f89/f90/f91/f92/f93/f94/f95/f96/f97/f98/f99/f100*

A System for Basic (Recursive) Combinatorials. Alan Sondheim.

$f1(x,y) = x+y$

$f2(x,y) = x \cdot y$

$fn(x,x) = fn+1(x,2)$

$f0(x,y) = x+2$

$lfn(x) = fn(x,x)$

$2fn(x) = fn(x,x,x) = fn+1(x,3)$

$mfn(x) = fn+1(x,m+1)$

imp = imply; ex = example

f5(x,y) consists of a series of power layers, which may be seen in diagrammation.

T f5(x,y) imp f1 power layers f1/2(y,ximbedded), where f1/ = first series of power layers; f1/2 = first series combined in form Zy, Z = integer.

[ex: y, 2y, 3y... ] x imbedded = x does not determine layer grouping (stratification) - abbreviated xi.

$f6(x,y) \text{ imp } f2 \text{ power layers } f1/3(y,xi)$

(notation)  $T f6(x,y) = f0/6(x,y)$

$T 4/n, fW/n(x,y) \text{ imp } fW+1/n-3(y,xi) \text{ with } 1/(n-3)$

$f0/n(x,y) \text{ imp } fW/n-3W(I,y), 1/n-3W : I = 1 \text{ if } fW/2, 2 \text{ if } fW/2/n$

$T f0/n(x,y) \text{ imp } fW/n-3W(I,y) = fW/n-3W(I,y,xi)$

$mF0/n(x) \text{ imp } f0/n+1(x,m+1)$

$mFW/n-3W(I,y,yi) = fW/[n+1]-3W(I,m+1,yi) :: \text{Hyp a.}$

$mF0/n(x) \text{ imp } fW/[n+1]-3W(I,m+1,xi) :: \text{Hyp b.}$

ex:  $f0/56(8,2) \text{ imp } f18/2(1,2,81) \text{ imp } f/18,2 (81)$ , where

$f/18,2 (81) = f18/2(1,2,81) \text{ solved.}$

ex:  $2F0/56(2,2) \text{ imp } f18/3(2,3,24) \text{ imp } f/18,8 (24)$

note:  $f0/57(2,3) = f0/56(4,2)$ .

Hyp<sup>a</sup> expanded =  $mF0/n(x) \text{ imp } fW/f*[f1(a,n,1),f2(3,W)](I,f1(m,1),yi)$ .

$f^* = \text{dual, i.e. } f^*(x,y) = x-y$ .

[note:  $f-Z(x,y), Z = \text{integer} \neq 0 = x+2$ .]

m = performance number (def.) x, y = quantity of object or performance.

in  $f1(x,y)$ , x, y are perceivable quantities. in  $fn, 1/n, (x,y)$ , x may be

a perceivable quantity or performance number; y is a performance number.

Theorem (proved elsewhere): all  $fn(x,y)$  [for sufficiently high n] are

interpretable  $f0$  through  $fn$ . (interpretation = algorithmic manipulation.)

$fn(fn(x,x),fn(x,x)) = fn(fn+1(x,2),fn+1(x,2)) = fn+1(fn+1(x,2),2) = fn+1(x,4)$ .

ex:  $x=3, n=2$ .  $T: f2(f2(3,3),f2(3,3)) = f2(9,9) = 81; f3(3,4) = 81$ .

ex:  $f3(f3(2,2),f3(2,2)) = f3(4,4) = 256 = f4(2,4)$ , etc.

$fn(x,x)fn(x) = [lfn(x)]fn(x) = fn+1(x,2x+1)$ .  $Ofn(x) = x, n \neq 0$ .

notation change. we use  $zfn(x)$  in place of  $mfn(x)$ .  $z = m-1$ , is the term number.

$zfn(z) = fn+1(z,z) = fn+2(z,2)$ .  $Of0(x) = x; lF0(x) = x+1; Of1(x) = 0;$

$lF1(x) = x$ .  $fn(x,x)fn(x) = fn+1(x,2x)$ . etc.

we end by creating a large number which is useful in theory.

$f[fn(x,y)](a,b)$  with  $fn(x,y) = n$ .  $T: f0/[f0/n(x,y)] \text{ imp } fW/[n-3W](I,y,xi)$ , with

$1/(n-3W)(a,b)$ .  $f[fn(x,y)](a,b) \text{ imp } fW[fn(x,y)]-3W(I,b,ai), 1/[fn(x,y)]-3W$ .

set  $x,y=8$ .  $T: f[fn(8,8)](a,b) \text{ imp } fW/[fn(8,8)]-3W(I,b,ai)$ .  $T: fn(8,8)-1$  divisible

\* by 3. let  $3r=fn(8,8) - 4$ , 4 remainder.  $T: f[fn(8,8)](4,4) = f[fn(8,8)+1](4,2)$ .

$f[fn(8,8)+1](4,2) \text{ imp } fr+1/2(1,4) = f/8+1, 4(4)$ . setting  $z,n,W$ , correctly

$z=2, n=W=f8(8,8)$  for interior, we have, as the largest created number:

$f0 \cdot l[f[f8/8(8,8)]]/[f8/8(8,8)+1](4,2), 17 =$

$f0/l([f[f8/8(8,8)]]/[f0/l[f8/8(8,8)]](4,2), 17) = \textcircled{A}$

$\frac{f0 \cdot l \left( \frac{f[f8/8(8,8)]}{[f8/8(8,8)+1]}(4,2), 17 \right)}{[f0/l[f8/8(8,8)]](4,2), 17} = \textcircled{A}$

*add:  $f[f[n-1](a,b)](a,b) \text{ imp } f/n/4(2,b,a+2)$   
at  $a,b=9$ .*

*a. 1. 9.*

if ascending  
out 2+2

*in  $\textcircled{A}$  any system or further  
form(x,y) may be substituted.  
? o of  $\textcircled{A}$ 's premises, etc are  
valid & possibly practically  
useful*

*note - this is a formulation of a system;  
number  $\textcircled{A}$  may be replaced by any other - nevertheless,  
for all large numbers, the system must be used  
- the system is an abbreviation device for largest  
nos.*

### Thermodynamic Artifact

A square foot of glass is pressed into beach sand; a post-record, the impression is left [from the interaction]. Eventually washed away in the [increasingly] entropic system.

A square foot of sand is placed on a sidewalk; a pre-record of increasing entropy as the square of sand is altered by footprints.

The two events are connected by this paper [record], as well as the typing in this paper, which are the result of information distortion by noise. The square foot of sand on the sidewalk is further impressed by footprints, creating their own organization.

I knew of this beforehand.

The square foot of sand might be presented in a different context. It might be thrown on the sidewalk. In which case the footprints decrease its entropy. At the expense of the energy of the footprints' masters: those who left them. As primitive marks (i.e. of the masters' existence).

If the sand is thrown it is a pre-record of increasing organization, an open case. Knowing that it will be altered creates a serial order; in all cases here, in cases, such an order is created: a.b.c.

For the sidewalk thrown sand, within a limited period of time, there is foreknowledge of increasing organization. A flow against the second law (entropy).

From a poetic point-of-view: for that period, and sand, time flows in reverse. That is: our awareness and the physical situation is in reverse. Specifically: 1. Entropic decrease. 2. Pre- instead of post-record. After that the sand is lost to view [necessarily lost to view: for purposes of the artifact].

"Time flows" no more than space flows. But a point of consciousness utilizes a becoming - an anthropocentric conceptualization, just as the idea of "altering the future" is an anthropocentric conceptualization. [As has been pointed out, we cannot alter the future, since our "alterations" are carried out in the present: the future is "inert," as is the past. We may argue for an inertness of the present, because of its instantaneousness and its continual reception of past information. This does not argue for a determinacy, but for a clarification of language. The discussion does not have further point.]

I will throw this paper to the printers, repeatedly. Energy will be lost in their reproduction process. Nevertheless I will have copies: the paper becomes a document for the lost sand.

Possibility: that nothing was manipulated [in the real world] at all. That this was a fiction [in the same sense that philosophical theories may be a fiction]. This then a presentation of an event-the event. A mark in the consciousness, an increase of information [decrease of entropy] in the mind of the reader.

Reading this once, and not again: the event (sand thrown) becomes a memory. Blurred boundaries: how many times was the sand placed? When was it thrown? On a beach mentioned? "It is the nature of the passive visual field to create a time-variant space-invariant memory unit whose entropy state increases in proportion to the length of the post-record period."

[The above events survive as organisms of space-time. They were born and died "mathematical" objects. Their life-span was the length of our attention span. Their consistency was that which we chose to give them - which was as much as we could determine. But not all. For somewhere they are growing, on some beach, skidded across by trilobites caught at low tide, under the hot red sun.]

"In all of us, there are two opposing beings - that of the one-in-many that exists for-us at the present (extensive duration), and that of the many-in-one of the past. Our sense of being-in-the-world travels a path from one to the other. The paradox that arises is the mystery of the human condition, the problem of numbers. Travelling far enough backwards in time, we find that the many (our ancestors) exceed the (then)-existent population, just as, for our present, the many exceed the sense of our own individuality. We are caught in suspension, inarticulate, unable to fully discern the qualities of our own being."

--Marcel

"A partial solution to the problem is immediately available: obviously an interbreeding occurs after a retreat of a number of generations ('The interbreeding is spread through the past like paste, relatives in copulation with themselves, not cognizant of the future uniting them.') Only eight back (we shall say 'after -8'), there appear to be 256 individuals. But these need not all be distinct: for example, we might have only 8 individuals, with their children interbreeding for +7 down to the present. Each of the 8, therefore, unwittingly carries 'the weight of 32': or, more accurately, carries 'an average weight of 32.' This might explain, of course, various attributes of their being: a propensity for gambling, too many mistresses, an early addiction to the soil resulting in a high crop yield, etc."

--Marceau

"I am that-which-I-have-become, the more weight carried by those-before-me, the greater their responsibility. I hypothesize, the greater their propensities and their passions. My crime and present anguish is that, when, at the age of eighty, my surviving grandfather became ill, I did not recognize the fact of his imminent death. (I was only a child at the time.) Indeed, if I had, I probably still would not have approached him on my construct-being - that is, on the being of his own grandparents. I was too young to recognize their necessity. And, tragically, my father did not remember them, had never met them (my father's -3)... In any case, the opportunity passed with the passing of the last of my -2, the information lost forever. (We, like so many others, kept no records. These, found in the center of many provincial bibles, were the mainstay of tradition during the middle of the nineteenth century. I often mused on the fact that, were I able personally to discern only one of my -4, -5, I might have been able to locate records of a sort. I'm sure they exist somewhere, mocking me, just out of reach.)"

--Marcel

"Yes, it is there that the anguish is found, is manifest. It is more than loss of information, it is loss of being. The body is blurred at the edges, the eyes cannot follow the contours into history. The creation of a great insecurity. For we, in our milieu, are no longer willing to exist in the here-and-now, we are forced to a search for roots which in the past were either unnecessary or totally apparent. To see a particular face, fact, grandfather: we are drawn to



notice, from our being-in-the-world, a cutting-off from any further ancestry. (Drawn to the edges of the knife.) As if we were a small finite collection of individuals, placed in various provinces, fending for ourselves in an unrelated and alien world. Tracing this pool, our genes, far enough: -25, -78, -200 (allowing four generations a century, the last takes us back only to mid-early Sumer, still an urban civilization, with writing just invented and ready for use), we discover a many-in-one all out of proportion. Even interbreeding - individuals carrying weight of more than one upon themselves - does not appear sufficient explanation. We look with fear and trembling upon all civilizations sufficiently distant from our milieu, finding familiarity in all of them. Hence, after a great deal of ancestral time, we recognize our selves once again, our faces in the mirror."

--Marceau

"Carrying the bricks, clearing the ditches, baking clay, attending edubbe, ensi and hierophant, the list is endless, and intimate. 'I have moved among them.' Working my being back, even farther, to the limits of my body, my physicality: an incident in winter in northern Palestine, by the shores of a lakebed occupied a million years before: I found stones, about 10 centimeters in diameter, crudely worked into tools. Created perhaps by australopithecine, a man-ape short in stature, on his way up. One of 'axes' had never been used, it was unfinished and the completed edges possessed an unworn sharpness. I caught and skinned a lizard with it, consummating an act begun eons ago. And then I returned the tool to its site."

--Marcel

"We are one-and-the-same, our language is familiar to ourselves. We could not explain these: that incident, the face of the grandfather, the experience of Sumer, to Others. (Or explain this, the manner in which we, in the third millenium, in our various ways, created, with our body spread through millions of individuals, as in a hive, the beginnings of empires, cities, literatures, sciences, in various places upon the physical earth, what archaeologists might well call coincidence, but which was, and is, an outpouring of our being, a decision then for our now. We, two, alone, are immersed in this fact, this intention.) Which increases our weight, not in terms of Others (the creation of Others) - for we intend to remain childless, thus putting an ultimate halt on Kind Alfred's injunction,\* but in terms of history."

--Marceau

"In terms of history: a knowledge which perishes with us, a stub. The facts of this knowledge are repeatable, the experience, however, pales. Only this may occur: we define a third being, a one-in-many - adding a vector, the 'one-into-many' of the future. Our hopeless (present) possibility of the continuation of disjoint descendents (weight of one) can no longer pretend to be continued, considering the Given of our milieu partially characterized by 'free' sexual love. We are poised on the brink of an abyss in more ways than one, all of them extensive from the nature of our body. We cannot escape, reach out farther than our arms allow us; hence, our decision to curb at least the third of our beings. We die the same, childless. No one will worry about our -n, no one will build his construct-being on our account. 'That is our hope and our tragedy.'"

--Marcel

... from our being in the world, a calling all from any further necessity.  
... (Then to the edges of the hills). As if we were a small finite collection of  
... individuals, placed in various provinces, leading for ourselves in an unrelaxed and  
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... of more than one upon themselves - does not appear sufficient explanation. We look  
... with fear and trembling upon all civilizations sufficiently distant from our milieu,  
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... we recognize our selves once again, our faces in the mirror."

--Marcel

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... we, and is, an outpouring of our being, a decision then for our way. We, two, alone  
... we remained in this fact, this intention.) Which increases our weight, not in terms  
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... an ultimate halt on Karl Alfred's 'Invention', but in terms of history."

--Marcel

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\*During the reign of King Alfred, an injunction was passed to the effect that none of his descendents would intermarry with each other. (This meant that his genetic pool would constantly spread, becoming, in time, "part and parcel" of everyone.) Until the late nineteenth century, the injunction was strictly observed; then, however, a general breakdown of sexual and social mores occurred. Incidents of "crossing the line in reverse," or "remaining within the Pale," became more and more common. The two writers above were the last of the "pure injunctionists," refusing temptation. Later, Marcel said he "wished to put a stop to the whole business."

The descendents had formed a sort of club, keeping in touch by telegraph (in earlier periods, by decree and horseback). Much of the information we possess concerning their activities and lineages has been gleaned from the family bibles mentioned above. (Actually, these "ponderous tomes" may be found as early as the sixteenth century - not, as Marcel would seem to indicate, only recently.) And much of the information, of course, is totally lost: for example: no one had ever questioned M-M concerning their ancestry. (How can we be positive of their - professed - purity? Documentation is lacking. Perhaps the great rites granted to them at the funeral were misapplied. Perhaps it doesn't matter in this century.) The facts - what there are of them - weren't known at all until long after their death. As usual, the investigators arrived too late for biology; instead, we began that necessary archaeology that might tell us something about our own past, and the past of mankind in general. We are too late to construct the whole story; we may not be too late to die, our ancestors somewhat in hand, as if buried in a crude brown box that needs no further digging-up.

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ELY STOCK

5/10-18/16

-10/1, 10/11

? 5/10/16 16 She, 10/11/16

-10/1, 10/11

The Jewish-American Renaissance: The 1920s, 1930s, 1940s

그 原因에 관한 考察

-10/1, 10/11

in a fragile flutter

-10/1, 10/11

of grass and dandelions,

I see you with sunrise.

in a distant mycology,

a spore case ruptures

and dissolves into earwax.

Ronald M. Spatz

1. Quoted in Irving Maltz and Louis Stark ed., *Breakthrough*, New York, 1964, p. 1  
 2. Alfred Kazin, "The Jew as Modern American Writer," in Norman Podhoretz ed., *The Contemporary American*, New York, 1964, p. 101  
 3. Louis Filler, *The Jew in the American Mind*, New York, 1968, p. 1  
 4. Walter Allen, *The Modern Novel in Britain and the United States*, New York, Oxford, 1964, p. 101  
 5. Filler, "The Jew as American," *Breakthrough*, 2 (October, 1965), p. 12

I see you with sunrise,  
of grass and dandelions,  
in a fragile flutter

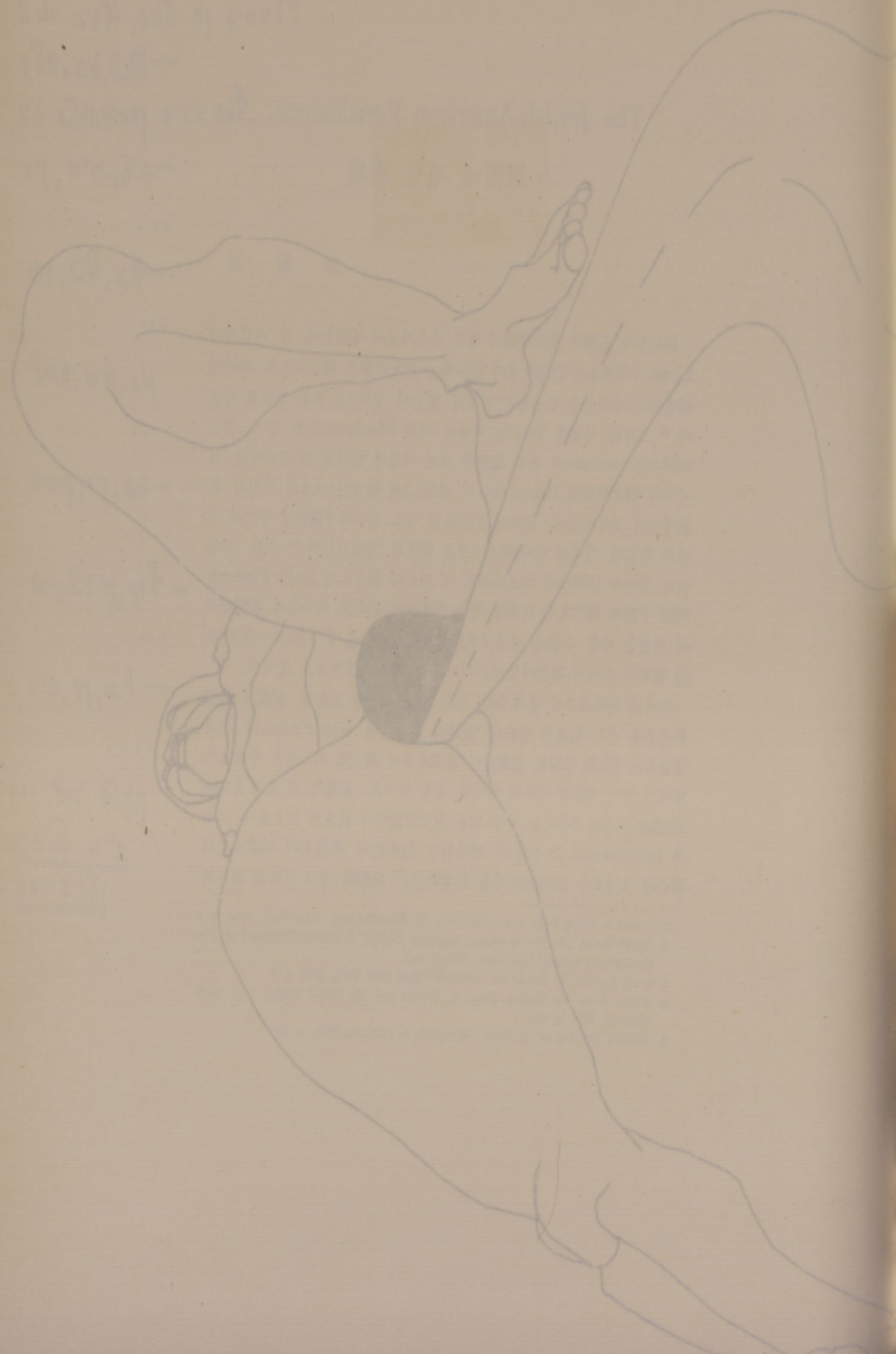
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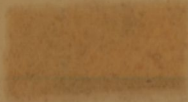




individuality of Herrick's epigrams lies in "their real, ruthless hatred of physical ugliness." "He cannot hide his fury," she writes, "at the existence of bleary eyes and sweaty feet, toothless gums and bad breath. His delight in the surface of things—silks, flowers, perfumes, crystals, the softness of a woman's flesh—made him feel a sense of betrayal when they disappeared; and he turned on the pitiless victims of poverty and old age with the slingshot pebbles of his epigrams." When Herrick writes of silks, flowers, jewels, he describes their surface brilliance in order to stress the greater loveliness that lies beneath them or the deeper beauty that they exemplify. In his epigrams, however, he remains on the surface—with the traits of physical decay—and does not relate their foul aspect to life and death. This is their defect; they have no dimension.

The epigrams stand in the foreground of Herrick's landscape; they are surface blotches that hold the eye, even if only momentarily, rather than let it wander in perspective to ever-deepening vistas. The best of them do have, as Edmund Gosse remarks, a broad Pantagruelist humor, but in them Herrick is usually too close to his subject; the results are blurred and muddled. The finest of Herrick's poems are little dramas, sparkling with action; his epigrams are static. They present gross, larger-than-life, caricatures, drawn without relish.

In "Oberons Palace," after a long and highly intricate description of a miniature fairyland, the poem ends with these words: "This flax is spun," i.e., the web is completed, the matter has been dealt with. We may indeed look upon many of Herrick's poems as woven together since the texture appears to be the most important element: they are made up of shining surfaces, and are technically brilliant in the flash and interplay of the facets of words one upon another. Often the play is the point, and the surface is the subject. But is there nothing beneath that surface? "The important thing about a poet," A.E. said, "is finally this: 'Out of how deep a life does he speak?'" How deep, then, is Herrick?











MY VOICE FAINTER

AM I GOING DEAF?

MY VOICE FAINTER

AM I GOING DUMB?

MY VOICE FAINTER

AM I GOING DEATH?

---

NICHOLAS ZURBRUGG

TRIBUTE TEXT TO SAMUEL B.

CHURCH STEPS/KERSEY/SUFFOLK/G.B.

MY VOICE FAINTER

AM I GOING DEAF?

MY VOICE FAINTER

AM I GOING DUMB?

MY VOICE FAINTER

AM I GOING DEAF?

TABLET TEXT TO SPEECH B

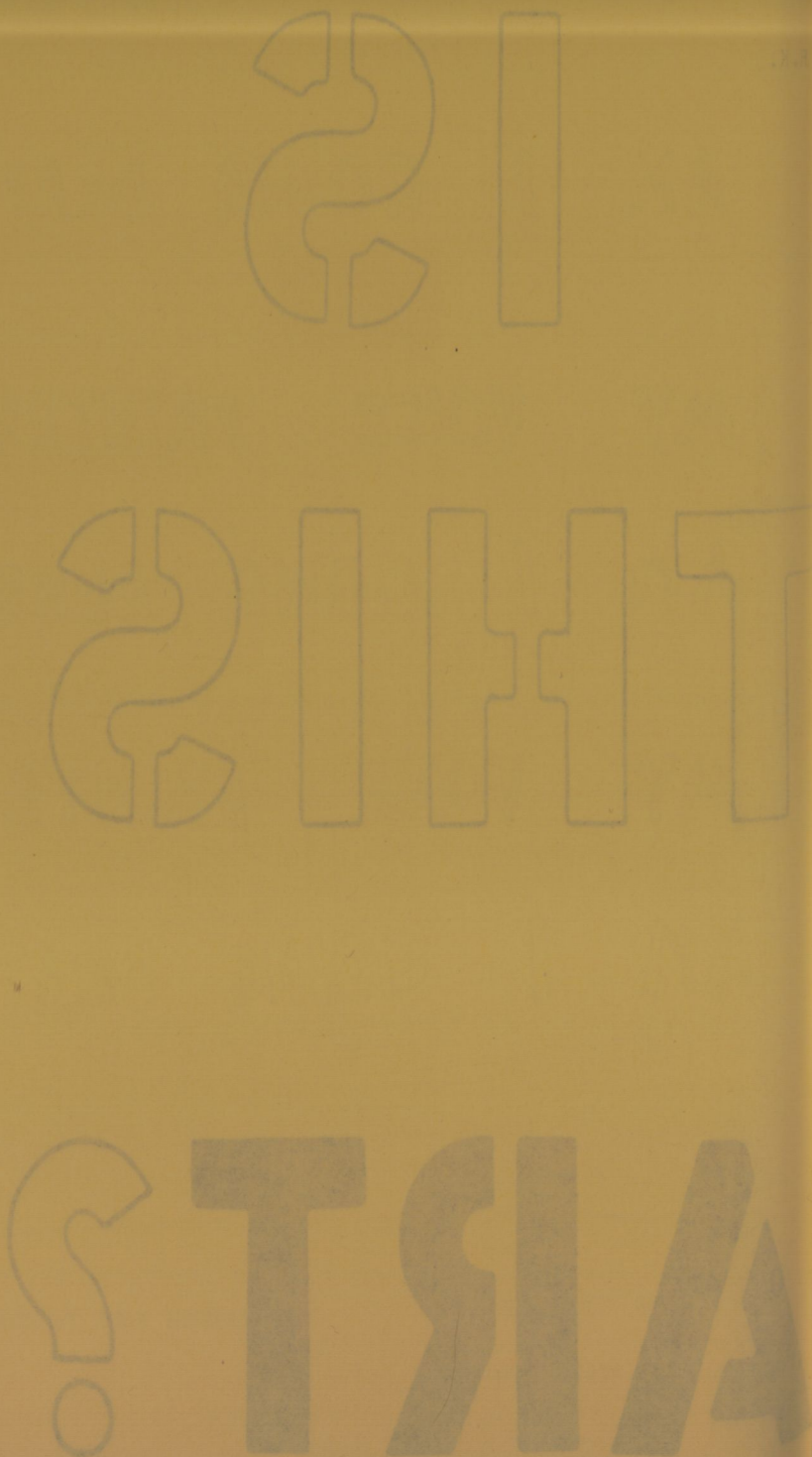
MICHAEL S. BURRARD  
CHRISTIAN STEIN/KEVIN/STEPHAN

R.K.

IS

THIS

**ART?**



TOM AHERN, a contributor to the first ASSEMBLING is studying for a graduate degree at Brown University. He recently finished a novel.

ADELE ALDRIDGE has published a limited edition of her concrete poetry, NOTPOEMS and another of her graphic interpretations of the I Ching.

DANA ATCHLEY, founder of SPACE ATLAS and NOTEBOOK has been teaching at the University of British Columbia.

GAY BESTE works at Saul Bass's design studio in Los Angeles. Her visual poetry recently appeared in Future's Fictions.

MARVIN COHEN, author of A Self-Devoted Friend, recently finished a book about baseball.

JEAN-JACQUES CORY lives in Westport, Connecticut where he creates word-pieces and graphic sequences one of which appeared in Future's Fictions.

MAD DOG is back in Chicago where he hawks free tickets to the folks on behalf of local museums.

JOHN DOWD contributed to SPACE ATLAS and 8 x 10 ART PORTFOLIO. He recently put together a Red Book and a Black Book with a special supplement by John Doe.

BORNEO JIMMY DUPREE, born "James Joseph Dupree" in Jersey City in 1945 is writing a book on alcoholism with which he has been afflicted since his early teens.

RUSSELL EDSON has published two books of prose pieces entitled The Very Thing That Happens and What A Man Can See. A new book, The Childhood of an Equestrian will appear soon.

M:D. ELEVITCH, founding editor of FIRST ISSUE magazine has a novel coming out called G R I P S or, Efforts to Revive The Host.

RAYMOND FEDERMAN, Professor At SUNY - Buffalo is the author of a critical study of Samuel Beckett, Journey Into Chaos and a novel, Double Or Nothing. His collaborator, BRUCE JACKSON is a folklorist, criminologist and author of A Thief's Primer.

TOM ALBURN, a contributor to the first ASSEMBLING is studying for a graduate degree at Brown University. He recently finished a novel.

ADELE ALDRIDGE has published a limited edition of her concrete poetry, NOTPOEMS and another of her graphic interpretations of the I Ching.

DANA ATCHILEY, founder of SPACE ATLAS and NOTEBOOK has been teaching at the University of British Columbia.

GAY HESTER works at Saul Bass's design studio in Los Angeles. Her visual poetry recently appeared in FUTURE'S FICTIONS.

MARVIN COHEN, author of A Self-Devoted Friend, recently finished a book about baseball.

JEAN-JACQUES CORY lives in Westport, Connecticut where he creates word-pieces and graphic sequences one of which appeared in FUTURE'S FICTIONS.

MAD DOG is back in Chicago where he hawks free tickets to the folks on behalf of local museums.

JOHN DOWD contributed to SPACE ATLAS and 8 x 10 ART PORTFOLIO. He recently put together a Red Book and a Black Book with a special emphasis by John Doe.

BORNEO JIMMY DUPREE, born "James Joseph Dupree" in Jersey City in 1945 is writing a book on alcoholism with which he has been afflicted since his early teens.

RUSSELL EDSON has published two books of prose pieces entitled The Very Thing That Happens and What A Man Can See. A new book, The Childhood of an Eggstralian will appear soon.

M.D. ELEVITCH, founding editor of FIRST ISSUE magazine has a novel coming out called CRIP 5 or, Efforts to Revive The Host.

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ERIC FELDERMAN has been teaching at Yale. His fiction was included in The Young American Writers.

ROSALIE FRANK is editor of PANACHE and founder of the Little Magazine of the Month.

KEN FRIEDMAN lives in San Diego where he directs Fluxus West.

JOCHEN GERZ lives in Paris where he directs Agentzia. His work has been exhibited around the world. Among his books are Footing and Replay

ELIZABET GINSBERG teaches at the Rhode Island School of Design. She recently completed a book about Tie-Dying soon to be published.

C. P. GRAHAM has published one book of poems, ime and completed another written in Spanish-English.

KARENLEE GRANT is a designer for Columbia Records Division, CBS.

JAN HERMAN is both founder and editor of EARTHQUAKE and Nova Broadcast Press. Among his newer books is General Municipal Elections.

RONI HOFFMAN, art editor of True Story, used to work for Screenland and Silver Screen. Her artwork appeared in first ASSEMBLING.

DAVID HOMPSON lives in Richmond, Virginia. His work has been included in numerous exhibitions around the United States.

RUTH JACOBY lives in New York and exhibits at the Bodley Gallery.

STEPHEN M. KATCHER mediates at, as well as mediates between Ogilvy & Mather. His work appeared in Imaged Words & Worded Images.

PETER KOPER recently left the Foreign Service. His adventures in Poland will be included in a future issue of ROLLING STONE. He now plays pool a Rosario's in San Miguel d'Allende.

HENRY KORN, co-founder of ASSEMBLING, works for The Staten Island Museum. His stories and poems have appeared in US-THE PAPER-BACK MAGAZINE, PANACHE and FOR NOW.

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RICHARD LYONS is acting director of the writing program at the University of Oregon. His stories have appeared in DECEMBER, NORTHWEST REVIEW and TRANSPACIFIC.

ROBIN MAGOWAN recently retired from teaching at the University of California at Berkley to finish a study of the pastoral and a volume of travel pieces several of which have appeared in the CHICAGO REVIEW.

RICHARD MELTZER is the author of The Aesthetics of Rock, Caned Out and Sort Dull. His writing frequently appears in ROLLING STONE and FUSION.

MICHAEL METZ coordinated the collating of SECOND ASSEMBLING and designed the cover. He has published collections of his situational- process oriented graphics.

GARY MOORE has been traveling around the country. He reached Los Angeles in time for the earthquake. He contributed to the Future's Fictions issue of PANACHE.

CLEMENTE PADIN lives in Montevideo, Uruguay where he edits Huevos del Plata and OVUM 10 as well as directs exhibitions of new poetry.

BERN PORTER, veteran American small publisher, lives in Rockland, Maine. A sometime physicist, book designer and poet he recently published I've Left.

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SHARON STOCKLEY lives in Denton, Maryland where she makes jewelry.

SUZANNE SZLEMKO is a painter. Her works recently appeared in SPACE ATLAS and This Book Is A Movie.

STAN VANDERBEEK is a film-maker living in Stony Point, New York.

NANCY WOLF's work is exhibited at Weyhe and A. A. A. Galleries in New York and at Frederick Galleries in Washington, D. C.

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A. GUTHRIE is a writer-artist living in San Francisco.

PAT GUNKEL, a polymathic-futurist currently works at Project MAC in Cambridge. He contributed to The High School Revolutionaries and recently completed a manuscript on population.

RUTH KRAUSS is a poet and playwright whose shorter plays were recently published. She lives in Rowayton, Conn.

BARBARA JO LEER studied design at Indiana and has worked in many graphic media. She lives in Morristown, New Jersey.

TOM OKERSE, born in Holland, recently finished T.O.P. An earlier, inventively composed book is A to Z. Formally at Indiana University, he now teaches at Rhode Island School of Design.

KATHY SCHENKEL, born in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, is studying at The University of Illinois. Her poetry appeared in SUBVERS.

ALAN SONDEHEIM is a philosopher and artist living in Rhode Island. He has recently completed seven videotapes of the hardart variety, a manuscript on the foundations of reality, six science fiction stories, and is raising a pond.

LILLI SOVARY, A California resident with no literary ambitions in the great tradition tried to cope with the multiplicity of her life-Xperiences in totality. The enclosed Prose-Poetix are from her earlier Body-of-work-in-progress.

ELLSWORTH SYNDER, pianist and composer, recently finished a Ph.D. on post WWII avant-garde music.

BETSY WALLACE is an English major at Sarah Lawrence.

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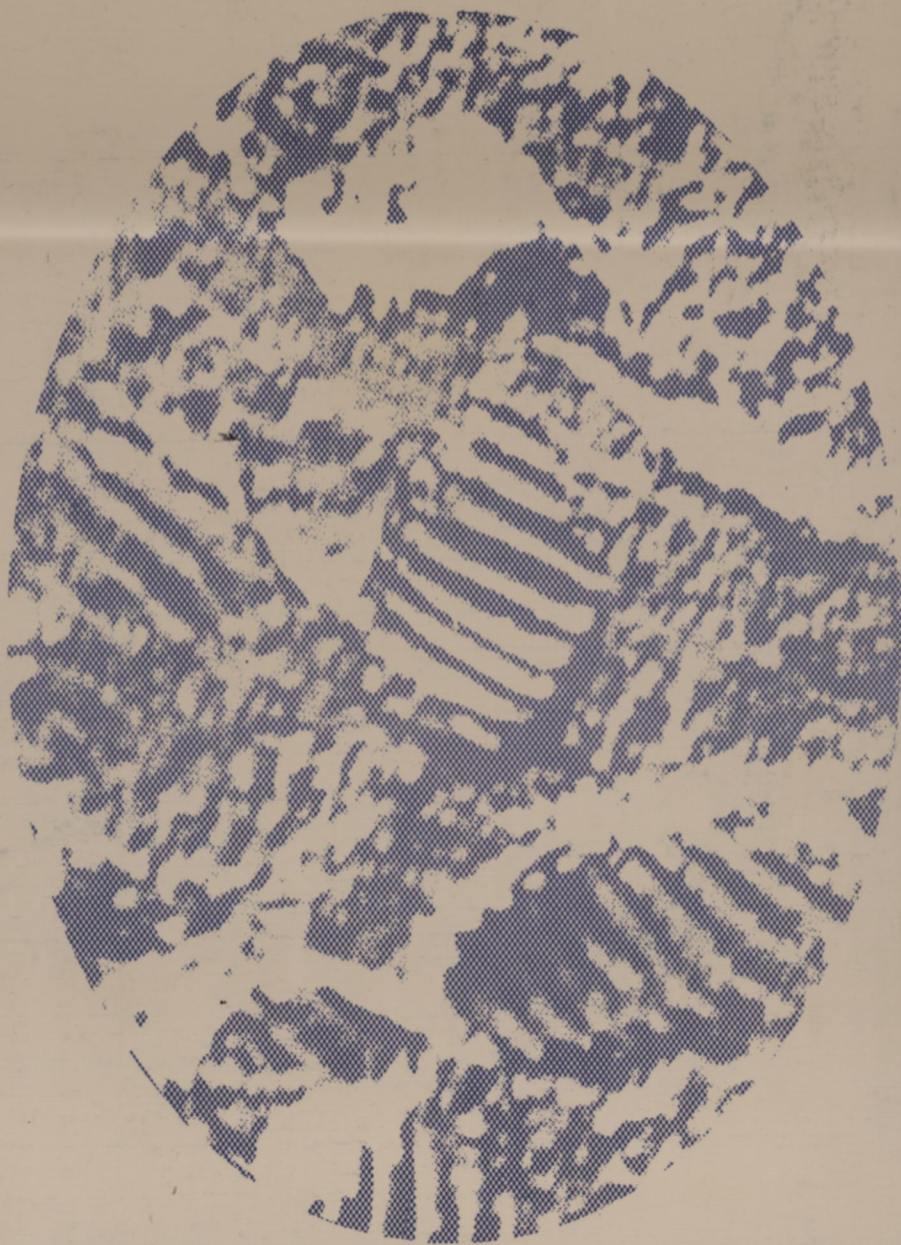
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| ADELE ALDRIDGE      | ERIC FELDERMAN    | STEPHEN M. KATCHER  | ELY RAMAN        | RONALD SPATZ      |
| DANA ATCHLEY        | ROSALIE FRANK     | PETER KOPER         | A. GUTHRIE       | ELY STOCK         |
| GAY BESTE           | KEN FRIEDMAN      | HENRY KORN          | PAT GUNKEL       | SHARON STOCKLEY   |
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| BORNEO JIMMY DUPREE | JAN HERMAN        | MICHAEL METZ        | ALAN SONDHEIM    |                   |
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