

# REVEAL DIGITAL

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Assembling

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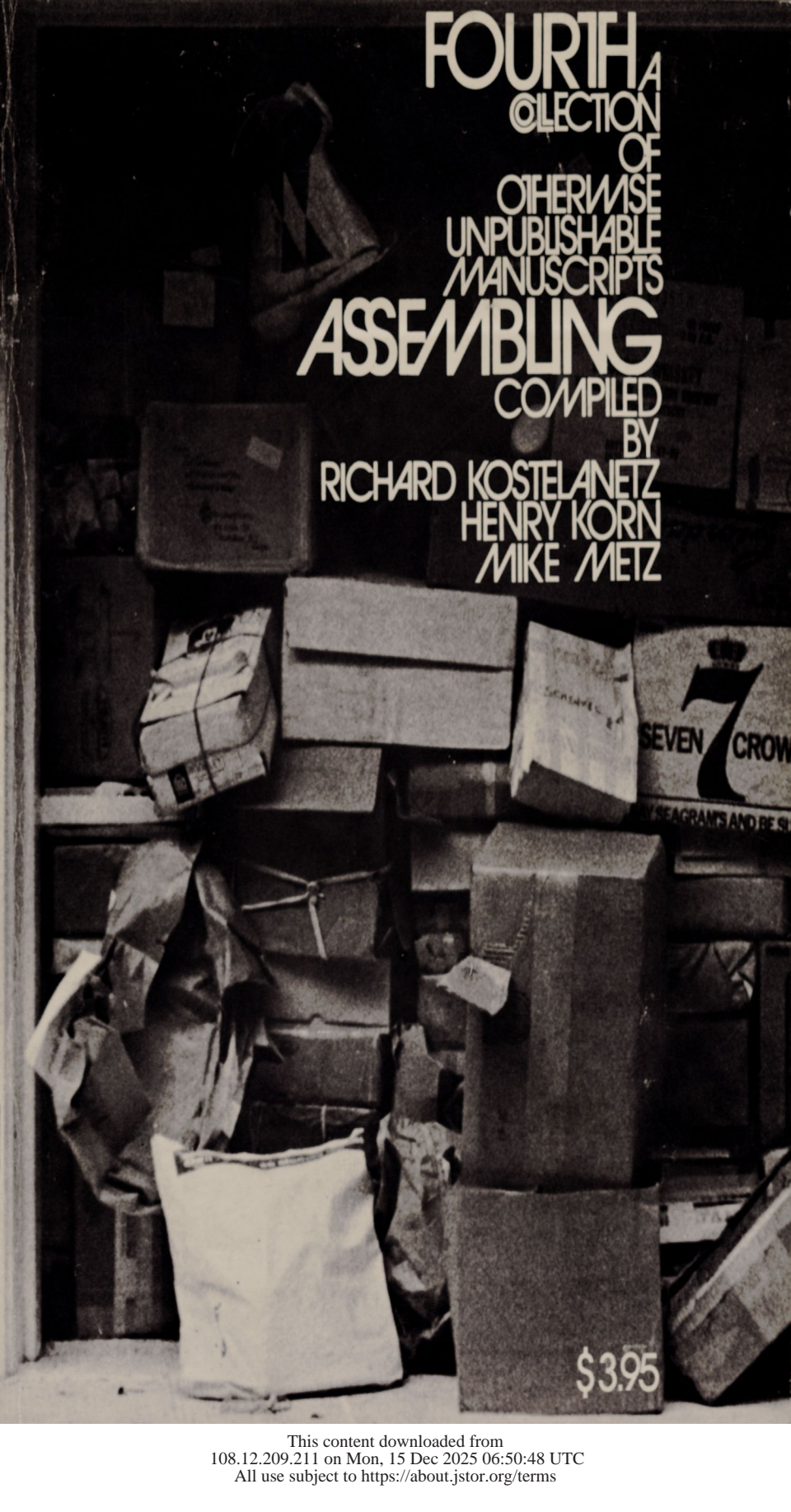
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**FOURTH**  
A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
OTHERWISE  
UNPUBLISHABLE  
MANUSCRIPTS  
**ASSEMBLING**  
COMPILED  
BY  
RICHARD KOSTELANETZ  
HENRY KORN  
MIKE METZ

\$3.95



#### FOURTH ASSEMBLING

A collaborative anthology of the unpublished and the unpublishable – selected and printed by the contributors. Compiled by Richard Kostelanetz, Henry Korn and Michael Metz. Published by Assembling Press, Box 1967, Brooklyn, New York 11202. c 1973 by Assembling Press for automatic assignment to the contributors upon their request.

Contributors were invited to submit 1000 copies of up to three 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. Given its process of composition there are no defective copies of Assembling.

Assembling appears annually in the early Fall. Its primary purpose is the publication of work too eccentric 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.

Individual copies of Fourth Assembling may be ordered directly from the publisher for \$2.95. Earlier issues i.e. Assembling (\$2.50), Second Assembling (\$2.50) and Third Assembling (\$2.95) are also available as well as Visual Language by Richard Kostelanetz (\$2.00 or \$10.00-signed and numbered).

FOURTH ASSEMBLY

A collection of the speeches and the resolutions of the Fourth Assembly of the National Council of the Churches in the United States of America, published by the National Council of the Churches in the United States of America, New York, 1947. Pp. 112. Price \$1.00. (The National Council of the Churches in the United States of America, New York, 1947.)

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## WHY FOURTH ASSEMBLING

*Blast sets out to be an avenue for all those vivid and violent ideas that would read the Public in no other way.—Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis, et al., "Long Live the Vortex!" (1914)*

The major problem in Western cultural communication today is censorship—not the obvious kind practiced in totalitarian countries or the old-fashioned kind based upon obscene content, but a blockage that is more insidious precisely because its existence is not publicly announced or immediately evident. No one in America explicitly says that certain kinds of writing cannot be published—that would be patently illegal—but anyone surveying the scene of cultural dissemination can see that whole classes of creative work remain totally unpublished. The subtle truth of this censorship is that there need not be a center of control when there is a consensus of neglect. Although visual poetry, for instance, is a respectable international movement, memorialized, in several anthologies and many exhibitions, no one-man collection of visual poetry has ever been commercially published in the U.S. Though visual fiction is likewise internationally eminent, no U.S. publisher has ever issued a book of this kind, except as a "juvenile." When one artist's work gets "rejected," that is a personal misfortune; but when whole classes of creative work get cut out, then charges of "censorship" are appropriate.

To make matters worse, it is almost impossible to discuss such censorship in print, hopefully removing its insidiousness by exposure, mostly because that would point to a central hypocrisy of the book industry—its claim that it supports more than subverts the oft-honored ideal of a "free press." Editors will piously assert that no publisher sets out to prevent the circulation of certain kinds of writing, and that is probably true. However, unintentional does not prevent the development of a *de facto* conspiracy that, for certain classes of writing, repeals the First Amendment by default, totally without the Congressional intervention that is cited in the Constitution. And any writer trying to get this truth (that everybody can see) through print's established channels will find (as I recently did) another kind of nearly total censorship—the "gentlemen's agreement" that keeps certain facts secret, in spite of their common currency in professional conversation.

A further fault is that reviewers consistently ignore experimental work. There is no regular book "critic" in America predisposed to such writing, and those critics who understand avant-garde literature are rarely asked to do reviews. It was noted elsewhere that *none* of the nearly one hundred titles issued by America's most persistent avant-garde publisher, the Something Else Press, has ever been singled out for solo review in either the *New York Times Book Review* or the *New York Review of Books*. In March of this year, to cite another example, Something Else issued *Breakthrough Fictions*, my own compendious anthology (rejected as "something else" by the big publisher originally contracting it) which contains 101 contributors working in a variety of alternative styles; many of them have also appeared in *Assembling*. Though its current publisher sent review copies everywhere (and I frequently receive private letters in praise of the book), only one review has so far appeared in the U.S. press—by Rich Mangelsdorff, a scrupulous soul who also deserves credit for reviewing all of the earlier *Assemblings*. (Of the 80-plus American contributors to *Breakthrough Fictions*, less than a dozen have had their booklength manuscripts commercially published in the U.S., the others thus suffering censorship at the point of initial publication.) The high sales of books by Barth, Beckett, and Borges indicates the existence of a large audience for serious experimental work; but if potential readers do not hear about a book relevant to their interests (or even about the difficulties incurred in communication), then censorship of a similarly insidious kind has again occurred.

Partially because experimental work is rarely reviewed, the books that are published, mostly by smaller presses, are nearly impossible to distribute. Not only are bookstore managers across the country far more responsive to the literary-industrial salesman, but they are all but unanimously reluctant to stock books (or publishers) they have not already heard of (i.e., what is not reviewed). However, if books that are printed cannot be distributed to their likely audience, then blockage has occurred again. As the novelist-editor Charles Newman perceived, "A classical totalitarian society censors at the production point. An oligopolistic society censors at the distribution point." He continues "If we were told, for example, that an anti-establishment novel in Poland was printed in a small edition, went unpromoted and unreviewed, and then was rapidly allowed to go out of print, we would know the reasons why. Here, it happens every day and we are not scandalized." Precisely for that reason—our refusal to be scandalized—is "democratic" censorship not only more insidious but also more sophisticated (leaving behind no tell-tale signs).

We once said that *Assembling* was founded in response "to an oppressive crisis in avant-garde literary communication," but it now seems more appropriate to say that the trouble inspiring its creation was censorship, pure and simple. Instead of declaring, as we have, that our medium is devoted to "otherwise unpublished creative work," perhaps we should use the phrase "otherwise censored," for *Assembling* collects and distributes creative work that would otherwise be kept out of public print.

It was our radical stroke to abolish the conventional sorts of editorial authority, for instead of selecting work "suitable for our pages," we have asked writers and artists doing unusual, "otherwise unpublished" work to contribute a thousand copies of whatever 8½" by 11" that they wanted to include. Our job, as *Assembling's* compilers, would be assembling these submissions into a thousand bound books. Several editorial powerhouses have reportedly objected to our "lack of editorial principle," but they fail to discern the intelligence implicit in the abdication of authority. For one thing, our compositional guidelines—"otherwise unpublished"—have insured that, no matter what was submitted, *Assembling* would be drastically different, not only conceptually but artistically, from other U.S. publications; and sure enough, though both contributions and contributors have changed, the only publication closely resembling a new *Assembling* is a previous *Assembling*. The cunning paradox is that the denial of publishing authority, coupled with implicitly selective ground rules, will produce roughly similar collective results, the whole enterprise revealing both a certain unity (and a community) in unparalleled diversity.

A friend, known socially, writes that, "I have been working for some years on pieces that are too strange to submit to magazines. Would *Assembling* be interested?" Of course, we wrote back, "that is precisely what we are for." One invited contributor enclosed several pieces, asking us "which would be most suitable for *Assembling*?" Since all of his pieces were "otherwise unpublishable," we replied, "That's your decision, not ours." For the same reason, we have persistently refused requests to print contributors' works, for one point of *Assembling's* concept is that, given the crisis of communication (i.e., censorship), serious writers and artists will have to learn the process of communication from its beginnings. What separates democracies from totalitarian countries is that a citizen is legally free to initiate contrary actions. Since the printing industry is not (yet) policed, self-publication can become, like *Samizat* in Russia, an ultimate test of creative seriousness—do you care enough about what you do that you will spend the dollars or hours necessary to get it into public print, untouched (or retouched) by editorial hands. "Freedom of the press," A.J. Liebling once quipped, "is guaranteed only to those who own one," or those who will pay the printer. When thirty U.S. publishers rejected Abbie Hoffman's *Steal This Book*, the appropriate response was not dejection or resignation but self-publication.

Writers in democracies can also distribute freely, if only through the mails; and since *Assembling* gives three bound copies to each contributor, its immediate readership consists of similarly predisposed fellow artists (and their friends)—and that, of course, is the best circulation possible. Indeed, several previously unpublished experimentalists told us that participation in *Assembling* was the most effective way of initially announcing their work (and themselves) to their potential colleagues. However, such efforts now seem to be a mere drop in the bucket of present necessity which is the founding of new institutions, responsive to alternative work, at every point along the line of literary-artistic communication. More counter-periodicals and counter-publishers must be created, along with similarly predisposed distribution networks and stores where such items can be purchased, in addition to new media of review and publicity; for everyone reading *Assembling* must consider himself enlisted in a collective effort—making the audience of discriminating book-buyers aware of counter-censorship activities.

The compilers appreciate the contributions of their collaborators, who are, in turn, grateful to each other. Assembled we stand; disassembled, we fall.

Richard Kostelanetz  
New York, New York  
4 July, 1973

By MIKE LEDGERWOOD

ROY YOUNG is one of those names which go back to the roots; to the era when British pop as we now know it was just beginning. When music, like its struggling musicians, was brash and basic, still seeking style and direction.

For instance, he rubbed shoulders down Hamburg's infamous "Star Club" with up-and-coming people like the Searchers, Gerry and the Pacemakers and Kingsize Taylor; he even backed the Beatles on keyboard occasionally. He was bred on the sound which was to spark "Beatlemania" yet, unaccountably, got somewhat left behind when the ball started rolling.

Aside from sharing a couple of hits with Cliff Bennett's Rebel Rousers ("One Way Love" and "Gotta Get You Into My Life") a few years back, Roy has sadly been unrecognized for a major chunk of his extremely chequered career. It's criminal really that someone of his capability, both vocally and at the keyboard, should be virtually ignored by a business that he helped to build.

Ignored? Well, maybe it's too strong an indictment. For Roy Young isn't exactly on the dole; but he is still without the commercial acceptance that comes via a hit of his own. His current single, "Wild Country Wine," in the vintage rock vein almost, is receiving favourable reaction radio-wise, but selling insufficient to score in the chart.

You'd like Roy. He's one of those very sincere, unassuming sorts; never out to impress. Music is his life and he gets carried away in conversation, often at a loss for words in his enthusiasm to put over a point.

What he's always wanted is the finest line-up in the business; and the signing of trumpet star Eddie Thornton, once with Georgie Fame, is realising that dream.

"Nobody's been up on the Roy Young Band until now. People probably knew me from Cliff Bennett—but I've had a really tough time getting the guys I want around me.

"I'd put adverts in the paper, and all sorts of funny people would turn up. Half of them couldn't play a note; they just wanted to be in a band! At one stage, too, I wanted to try the Ray Charles bit, the big hand thing, and I needed coloured girl singers."

He laughed. "You should have seen some of the big fat monkeys! They really thought they were the greatest and good-looking, too. But when they opened their mouths it was that



Roy Young

## ROY YOUNG, the man who hired Ringo..

shrill, Millie-type voice which came out."

Now, however, aside from Thornton, Roy has drummer Cliff Davies ("He's been with me for two years; knows me inside-out, and wrote a lot of our new LP"); Nick South, on bass; Owen McLartyre (lead), and Rick O'Shea (sax, flute). The band became a seven-piece last week with the addition of trombonist Jon Lee.

"These days are the happiest of my life," Roy confides. "Each guy is such a complete musician in his own right; and each behind me totally in my way of thinking. I suppose that's the respect thing again."

Musically, Roy admits his band is one-third rock, one-third jazz, and one-third funky.

"After things fell away with Cliff Bennett, I decided to do my own thing. At that time, too, everything had a different image—which I didn't fit into.

"In my own mind I always wanted to go further. But if people aren't with you—you have to make the move yourself. The Rebel Rousers were rather like

a machine; the same thing every night."

Roy still remembers with affection his Hamburg hey-day. "I only originally went for a month—yet I stayed five years. I got to know the Beatles when Stu Sutcliffe was in the group; and Ringo was my drummer in the Beat Brothers—myself, Tony Sheridan, him, and one other. In fact, Tony and I came back to Butlin's in Britain and hired Ringo.

"I knew them all in those days—Gerry and the Pacemakers, the Searchers, everyone! I did the backing jobs. I had a huge grand piano and Hammond organ, and used to fill in for every band that needed thickening out a bit down the clubs."

It was these connections which led to him joining Cliff Bennett. And as pop progressed he mixed with folk like Adam Faith (still a close friend), Cliff Richard, and Russ Conway (they first met in the merchant navy).

Today, however, Roy seems to be on the brink of commercial success himself; several years late—but still as keen!





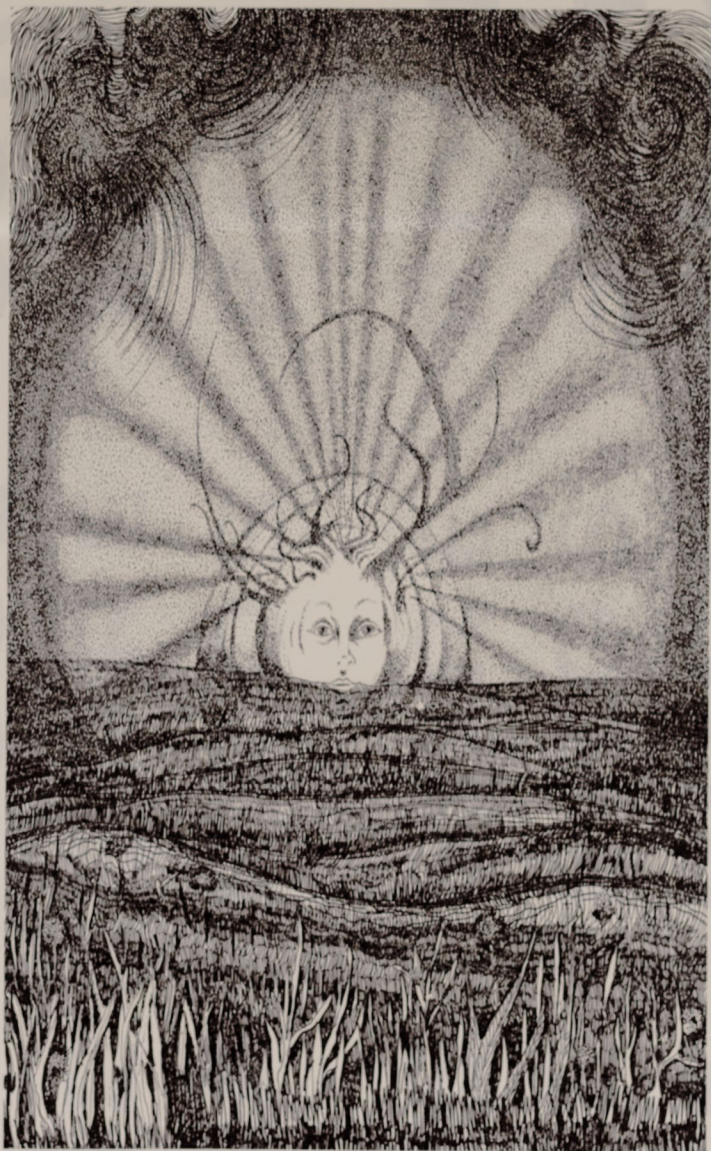
Adele Aldridge 1973

Meditation on I CHING hexagram no. 1, line 1. HIDDEN DRAGON.  
Creative force still hidden in the Earth—a great woman is still unrecognized.



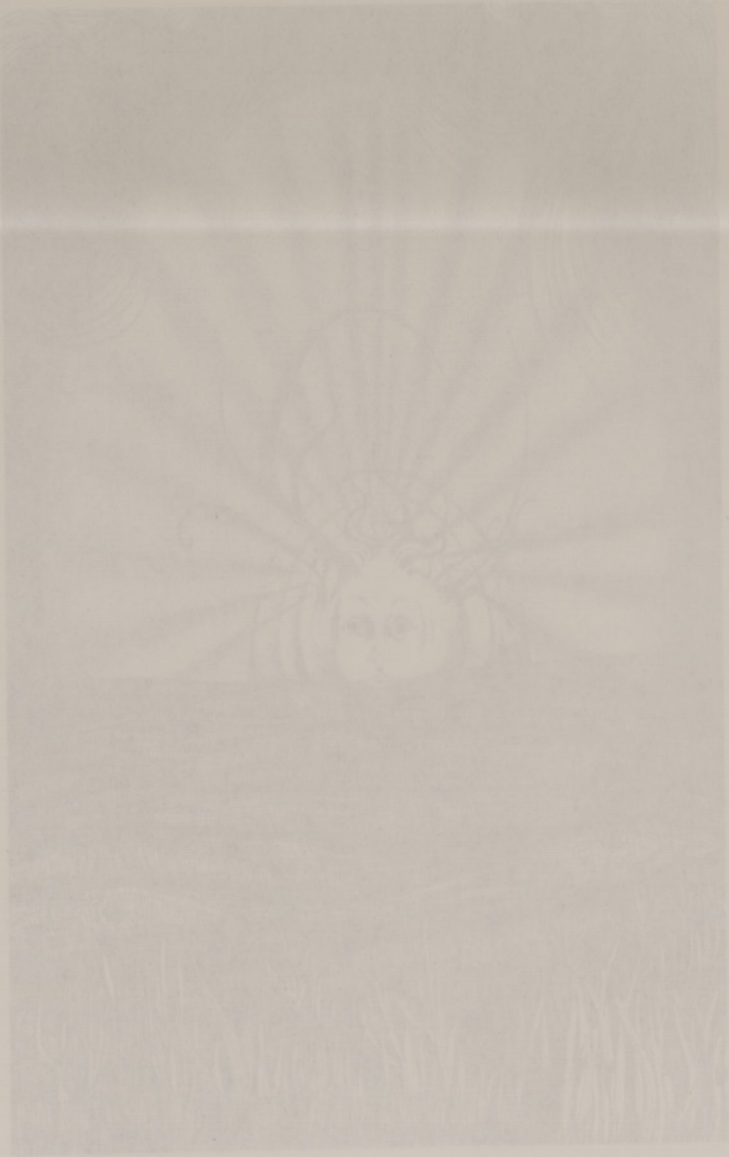
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Adele Aldridge 1973

Meditation on I CHING hexagram no. 1, line 2. DRAGON APPEARING IN THE FIELD.  
A great woman makes her appearance in her chosen field of activity.



THE SUN AND THE GRASS

Illustration by [Name] for the [Title] program, [Year].  
A first volume in the [Series] series.

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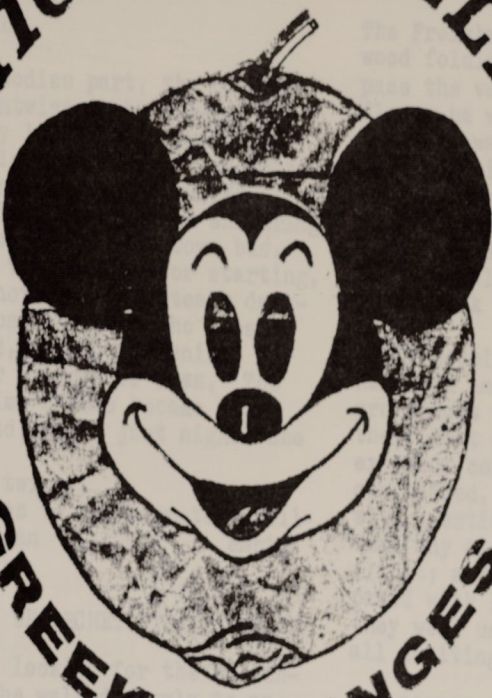




Skids, just the prongs exposed, or groceries that can palpitate through bags and you get 'em, a sound, blip, white fluttering rooves or flowerettes, chevron out of light that is reflected, see any, blocks tan worn corners, OK?, frontier, red translation, choir robe will not fit tight enough so you sit hands quiet in my mouth, look aft, screaming eagles in an afternoon pink, dunking, hair tuck, under adam's apple yellow or orange red rubber boats, look under skits, full zoom then jungle rivers and tributaries for fishing can scoot away real slow, am in a hurry, crying, nomadic, without apparent motive or "the red hot motive," high schooler, open flaps, dolphin, so cover it with burnt umber topsoil laying beside a pork chop on an oiled string and take its pulse (it?), salt licks, exits, exits everywhere, makeshift bread out of which white raisins are popping then a high almost lacey voice cracking off like branches of larvae, spherical, white, lord white, white, spreads cross-shaped bits of white metal through the air at about waist-high, was young, ochre intonement, benediction, jump on the drawl, it's methane as i say, girls, curlers, debate club, darn shame, rubber gasket next attach it to the spine, veiled holly, lard, then a number of silver fish that you can still fit in a mahogany drawer and yet be able to open it, it shines, the cornices, dago red, i laugh, royalty is then jewels and snakes snakes and jewels, carbon tricklers, running to a basket of blue carp from the pool, Ebenezer, stain glass booby-trapped by walkie-talkie, baseball cards of 1952, 1953, V-6 broomstick and paper, rock, scissors, gotcha, red leaves, hyperventilate, quinine stoppered up with gauze, venetian, florentian, he had for his arm four tan tufts stuck into the knuckles up to the bled bone, shamrock fly out at you, arrows, lifts up and rubbernecking, had the trigger vertically, topaz, white, obscenity, loam?, hemp. Hemp.

Skala, just the prongs exposed, or processes that can palpitate through bags and you get em, a sound, dip, white fluttering rooves or flowerettes, chevron cut of light that is reflected, see any blocks tan worn corners, OK? frontier, red translation, choir robe will not fit tight enough so you sit hands dust in my mouth, look aft, screaming eagles in an after-noon pink, dunking, hair fuck, under adam's apple yellow or orange red rubber boots, look under skirts, full zoom then jungle rivers and tributaries for fishing can scoot away real slow, am in a hurry, crying, nomadic, without apparent motive or the red hot motive, high schooler, open flaps, dolphin, so cover it with burnt amber topsoil laying beside a pork chop on an oiled string and take its pulse (it?), salt licks, exits, exits everywhere, makeshift bread out of which white raisins are popping then a high almost lacy voice crackling off like branches of larvae, spherical, white, lord white, white, spreads cross-shaped bits of white metal through the air at about waist-high, was young, owns intonement, benediction, jump on the drum, it's methane as I say, girls, curls, debate club, dum shams, rubber gasket next attach it to the spine, veiled holly, land, then a number of silver fish that you can still fit in a monogamy drawer and yet be able to open it, it shines, the corners, bags red, i laugh, royalty is then jewels and snakes snakes and jewels, carbon ticklers, running to a basket of blue carp from the pool, Ebers, stain glass booty-trapped by white-tailed, baseball cards of 1952, 1953, V-6 boom-stick and paper, rock, scissors, darts, red leaves, hyperventilate, quinine stoppered up with gauze, venetian, florientian, he had for his arm for ten tuffs stuck into the knuckles up to the bled bone, sharklock fly out at you, arrows, lifts up and rubbernecking, had the trigger vertically, tapar, white, obesity, loam? hump. Hump.

MICKEY-HELLAS



GREEK ORANGES

OH, SHIT!

C.C. Calliaoudas

Athens Greece

MARY ASHLEY  
2520 WEBSTER STREET  
BERKELEY, CALIF. 94705

MICKEY-BELLAS



GREEK  
ORANGES

OH, SHIT!

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MARY ASHLEY  
3330 WEBSTER STREET  
BERKELEY, CALIF. 94708

## AFTERGLOW: AN EARLY WORK

by Adrienne Blue

### RESPITE

Their bodies part, the covers  
come untwisted, he sleeps, and  
Dorothy listens. Hearing the  
electric hiss of ever insomniac  
appliances, Wally's puffed  
breathing, the windows shivering  
welcome to the crosstown bus,  
heels, voices, a motor starting,  
then another. The steady dark-  
ness upsets time. She lies  
covered, naked, listening, for  
an hour or more or less. The  
nighttime noises become the  
rain and, then, just night. She  
turns,

twists,  
and wakes to the carpeted still-  
ness of an empty  
corridor:

### A DREAM OF ARCHETYPICAL LONGING

She was looking for the French-  
man. She walked slowly to ap-  
pear unharrassed. She

pressed  
against wood-panelled wall,  
standing on the rich woven fluff  
that drew her toward a room.  
There, in shadows, she saw,  
hushed, glints of light:  
stemmed  
glasses, women's jewels, a bar's  
curvaceous

chrome rim, the glit-  
ter in the barmaid's hair. Here  
the cognoscenti huddled dawdling  
at their ease whispering to the  
barmaid, to each other, idling.  
Elsewhere the Frenchman was pre-  
paring to instruct. Dorothy,  
stumbling, walked on.

The Frenchman would talk to  
wood folding chairs; he would  
pace the varnished hardwood  
floor; he would sip water from  
a glass awaiting him on the  
flecked, pine podium; and he  
would turn occasionally to  
squeak chalk against the gray-  
black slate, the only nonwood  
surface, also quite hard. He  
would talk to the

prim  
stiff people who had come to  
hear him in the lecture hall;  
professors with satchels at  
their feet and too much wrist  
exposed; combed young men,  
spectacled, neat, prepared  
with questions more learned  
than any answers they would  
elicit; and young women, pre-  
pared with learned questions  
they were unprepared to ask;  
all awaiting answers.

### ITS COUNTERPOINT

But this room was soft,  
soft,  
gold. The sounds were local-  
ized about the slim gold-haired  
barmaid. Mirrors multiplied  
her crazily in a thousand splint-  
ering angles, and her painted  
child-mouth glistened red. Her  
mouth, a child's mouth, Glenda's  
child-mouth  
glistened red. The barmaid's  
child-mouth glistened, and she  
tended carefully to the others.  
Dorothy approached slowly, lips  
tensed, afraid to enter further.  
Here, the people were well-  
suited, like the rugs. The bar-

maid Glenda tended carefully to the others. No one else knew Dorothy here. In the lecture room, they knew her, perhaps missed her. But no one knew her here.

An unknown voice said: Come, Dorothy. He has made your optic nerve relinquish its active role now. For a time only. To exploit the sensor.

### A SORDID EXPERIENCE

The chrome-rimmed counter became an operating table: stiff, rigid aseptic white; the glitter, an overhead lamp. She could look up at them from her

position on the operating table. She could see the faces of Glenda; the tall barmaid transformed to surgeon, her mask down about her neck revealing the slender nose, the pouting mouth, the gold

gold long hair of Glenda; around her the college of surgeons, long thin surgeons, squat old ones, some stringy, some fattish, all of them wearing the knowing face of Wally's wife, the Glenda eyes wide and quite aware, staring down into the

hole created by the removal of Dorothy's optic nerve. Outside the rains fell. If they penetrated they would mat the carpet **creating** straggly wall-to-wall wet

wet richness. But of course the rains would not penetrate. One of the Glendas assured her. The California was prepared for rain. Only, Dorothy, listen now: The optic has gone sensor and you must choose.

Choose? The doctor-barmaid-thin-fingered Glenda nodded. The nurse, also Glenda, nodded. The operation was in progress. Dorothy, listen: The optic has gone

sensor and you must choose. Dorothy could not. Yet. What do you want to

hear, Dear? the Glenda nurse **was** asking. She pointed to an enormous radio. What shall we hear to drown out the static and the sound of rain and your wails? But Dorothy could not

not could not choose yet. I have chosen, the Glenda nurse said affably, I have chosen for you: Mozart and Wally and later soup. Dorothy watched Dorothy acquiesce. Dorothy watched Dorothy watching Dorothy acquiesce. As did the Glendas of course.

The operation was occurring even now to Dorothy's other self which lay gauzed and padded on the counter top, the tinkling, glistening glass directed now to this form, hers, her still unflinching body. The operation was local, to the mouth (at first): the left side, back and on the bottom. A tooth they pulled up exposing the wire: now fiddled with. Tickled, felt, prodded. Fondled?

How could it be the optic? That's the only name you know. But say sensory, dear. Your hearing and your sense of touch.

### OBSCURE DESTINIES

There was no pain. They worked. For an hour or more or less. It was so dark she could not judge. Still there was no pain. The music had stopped. But not the rain. And not the Glendas. They worked on, the tall white-coated Glenda hovering near, walking short silent spaces in stacked heels. But

Dorothy must be off to the Frenchman. With her mouth ajar?

The doctor pushed the tooth lid deep into Dorothy's mouth, tamped it shut with the instrument, spoke: Time for dinner, dear. Soup against the rain.

But the opening? The senses newly exposed. Would they recon-vert, assume their muscular task?

Certainly. But you will miss the Frenchman. The swab is still there. Too soon for him. Come, we

must have soup. Against the rain. Then it will be time to complete the operation.

But I will miss the Frenchman. I'll miss the Frenchman.

Yes. Simply, yes. The Glenda doctors and the Glenda nurses smiled.

Dorothy watched Dorothy acquiesce. The Dorothy patient unplugged the tooth to feel the hole beneath: a passageway to her own innards, to the guts, hers, as well as to the senses. Too late for the Frenchman. But quite soon enough.

#### A RITE OF PASSAGE PASSED

The Glenda doctor's deft thumb replaced the tooth, patted down the surrounding tissue, added a speck of cotton, a cap; then came the instrument's stern tap which could not efface its gray-steel platinum

glow.

And Glenda led the way out of the straggly wall-to-wall. Rather, the dry unmatted, dry-rich wall-to-wall- swathed gauzed floor. A spectacle.

Dorothy had gotten confused. Out of the hall. They walked now across varnished hardwood, but not to where the Frenchman spoke. Possibly they passed his shut doorway: She heard the rumble of

sibilant

self-conscious laughter; his audience would be too appreciative of French they could not quite comprehend.

They walked through white-washed halls; the Glenda surgeon leading, followed by the college-of-surgeons Glendas, then the Dorothy patient, held upright by the Glenda nurse, stomping on the naked floor.

#### THE AFTERGLOW WITHERS

There they abandoned her.

What does it matter if we confuse the optic and the oral? the surgeon Glenda said. What does it matter if we confuse the tasting and the adrenalizing parts? If the female

receives

although physiologically she is not in estrous? This is an evolutionary feat, beginning with the rat.

\* \* \* \* \*

QUAD-MIN #17

by Adrienne Blue

HE EXPLAINED TO ME THAT PAINTING WAS ALL ABOUT THE EDGES THE MID  
 IMPORTANT IS HOW THE EDGES MEET THE EDGE ZOXXXXX IS PERHAPS A  
 SHE EXPLAINED THAT PAINTING WAS ALL ABOUT HOW THE EDGES  
 MEET  
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 DEVELES  
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 IN  
 CERES ONT UN CARACT  
 R  
 DE BEATE BEYL

SHAPES THEY ARE SPANISH BUT THAT IS ALL THAT IS WRONG WITH THEM WHAT IS IMPOR

EDGES ARE NOT VERY IMPORTANT IS HE AT THE IMPORTANT AND THEN BECAME STRONGER AND

PLAYED BLOCKS I HAVE SOME WOODEN ONES THAT ARE ALL GEOMETRICAL  
 WHICH THE EDGES ARE SHALL WE SAY MINIMAL AND SO IT ISN'T ANYTHING

King

BASIN	OVST	BEEF	LACKS
INSTEP			EL
OCEANS			MUSE
LUCK	BAND	BONES	NICE MILL

ABLE

SUIT

LUK

US

KNOWN

FIGHT

A

HAUL

WAS

REGARDS

DIRECTEDNESS

JUST

WELL

A

SMOG

A FOG OF ANGLES

WINNING

BUNKERS

-- Barbara Bar

# PAWN

RIPE	mice	SPENT	BECAUSE
PRAWN		<del>STOLID</del>	CREEPS
BILE		TONIC	CHANSON
NIGHTFLASH		SEAL	INFERENCE

INSURANCE

rake		a ferris wheel
		intensive
7 or eight sly		knowledgable
elms grew		frock
won trouble	lunch before breakfast	
	paper airplanes (or wood)	
	magazine style	
	my order	luncheon
desk in order		woolly
	weir	a whipple
stuck up	a mordant	
	stooge plants	guesses
grove		ale
	ailing	moat
into	lucked	winter
droppings		sage
	bounces	hits
rancor		trailer distinct
	knots a robin	mad antler
sediment	Tokyo	
put into passion		said peasant
disk		sensed grooves
asterick	plaid	severally

-- Barbara Baracks

# Bishop

	gum	euphrates	
sprinkles			isles
luster			sort
	nouns	photofinish	

what we hear

yes from yesterday

some trappings

working and

with some pleasure

parts of the same  
trouble for others

blocking off  
pajamas

a belfry

massive conditioning

pieces  
of blocks of  
houses

the watery  
look in the eye

loom

grafted on  
merit badge

leaving out the frame of the farm

gags in spurts

bending the binders

tankers

fragile

bags of laundry

staggers

-- Barbara

r. Kostelanetz



b. Filliou

t. Saito

c. Naylor

e. Tot

f. Ehrenberg

m. Nyman

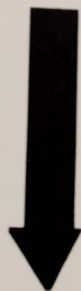
h. Fridfinnsson

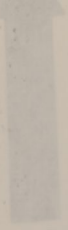
d. Maurer

C. Scheemann

d. Mayor

in absentia





L. Rosenthal

D. Fillion

J. Saito

C. Taylor

parts of the same  
usable for others

blinking off  
panels

E. Tot

F. Ehrenberg

pieces

panels

M. Nyman

H. Fridman

D. Warner

C. Schenman

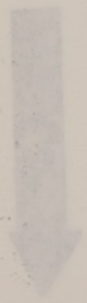
panels of the board

J. W. B. p.

panels of laundry

panels

M. S. S. p.





J. BLACK

WORDS WRITTEN

words written  
handwritten  
imprinted  
black or white  
chromatic  
letter nets  
syllables  
sentences  
paragraphs  
descriptions  
perceptions  
abstractions  
inscriptions  
narrations  
directions  
corrections  
objective  
subjective  
inventive  
pedantic  
radical  
technical

fantastic  
didactic  
romantic  
humorous  
serious  
mythical  
eccentric  
erotic  
charismatic  
history  
comedy  
biograph  
autograph  
prologue  
epilogue  
epithet  
epigram  
cryptogram  
logogram  
graffiti  
love letter  
hate letter  
dead letter

bettybressi

glass words in golden boxes

silver words on glass trays

EXPLANATION  
OF THE  
MATERIALS  
AND METHODS  
USED IN THE  
PREPARATION  
OF THE  
EXHIBITS  
FOR THE  
MUSEUM OF  
ART AND  
ARCHAEOLOGY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF  
CHICAGO

THIS PAGE IS THE BEGINNING OF A FUTURE SEQUENCE OF ENERGY  
TRANSFORMATIONS ULTIMATELY TERMINATING WITH THE END OF TIME.

BURBY

E  
AR  
THS  
THIN  
GSHED  
GEHOGS  
PERSIMM  
ONSSHARK  
STIGERSSP  
ARROWSREED  
SBEEETLESHEM  
LOCKSPAUPAWS  
CALVESLOBSTER  
SEAGLESNATSSU  
NFLOWERSBLUEBEL  
LSPEBBLESCRABSSP  
IDERSTHORNSBUFFAL  
OESGIRAFFESLOCUSTS  
LIZARDSKANGAROOSGRA  
PESHORNETSWABLERSLI  
MESELEPHANTSDAISIESPE  
ACOCKSSTARFISHAPPLESCR  
ICKETSALLIGATORSZEBRASH  
ICKORYNUTSSNAILSDAFFODIL  
SHAWKSSYCAMORESSTRAWBERRI  
ESANDALLEARTHSLIVINGTHINGS

bettybressi

THIS PAGE IS THE BEGINNING OF A FUTURE SEQUENCE OF ENERGY  
TRANSFORMATIONS ULTIMATELY TERMINATING WITH THE END OF TIME.

BURGY



THIS PAGE EXISTS AS THE END OF A PAST SEQUENCE OF ENERGY TRANSFORMATIONS ULTIMATELY ORIGINATING WITH THE BEGINNING OF TIME.

BURGY

THIS PAGE EXISTS AS THE END OF A PAST SEQUENCE OF ENERGY  
TRANSFORMATIONS ULTIMATELY ORIGINATING WITH THE BEGINNING  
OF TIME.

BNRGY

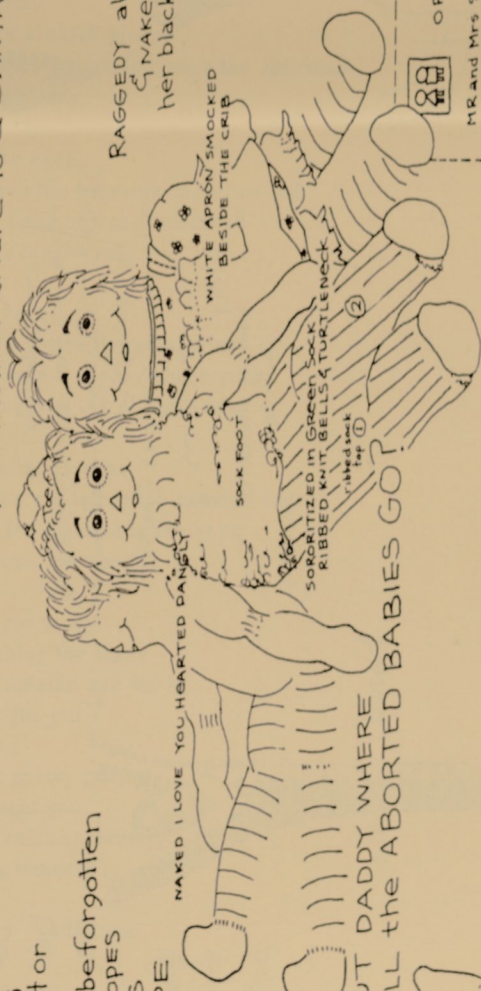
pm on the ICT  
 Bumper Sticker Education  
 Fresh Cream  
 help pow. MIA  
 Dead dogs dont play  
 check for heart worms  
 S-1-5-U  
 Heard of Truth  
 9:30 AM CKLW  
 Schools open  
 watch for kids  
 America love it or  
 leave it  
 Dont let them be forgotten  
 Dope is for Dopes  
 Jesus SAVES  
 and FIGHTHYPE

plucking blood  
 mopping with a dust cloth  
 from herself  
 Singeing hairs from YET WARM chickens  
 buk buks freshly deheaded  
 to bake  
 with onions & carrots a feast  
 Cat Eberhards last week  
 fresh roasted peanuts  
 or Green peppers either  
 per pound  
 59¢

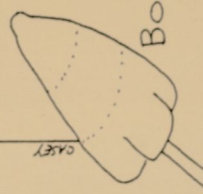
YES VIRGINIA there is a SANTA CLAUS

NATURE INSPIRES THIRST  
 there is a SANTA CLAUS

RAGGEDY always SMILES  
 her black buttoneyes twinkle



BUT DADDY WHERE  
 DO ALL the ABORTED BABIES GO?



Bomb Pops 20¢

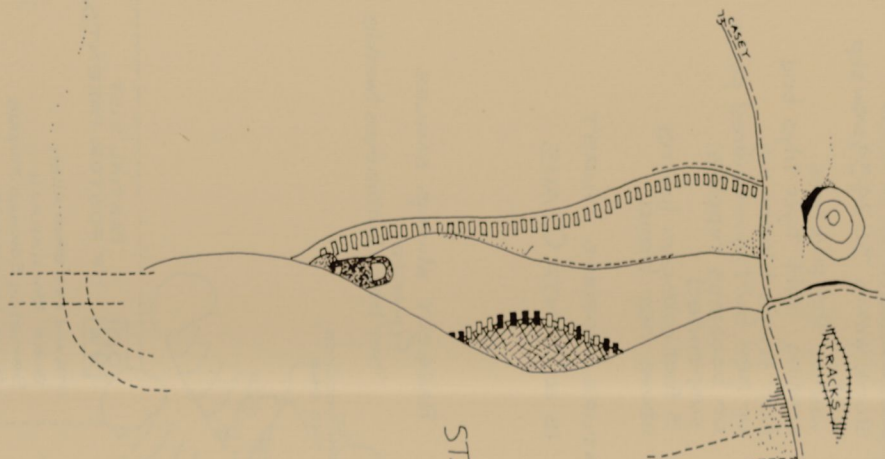
Top Seller



PARTIAL LIST  
 OF FOSTER PARENTS

MR and Mrs Steve Allen  
 BURT BACHARACH  
 Senator Edward Muskie  
 Duke University  
 General Electric

"35 YEARS OF HELP WITH A HUMAN TOUCH"



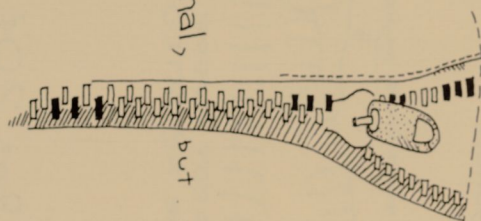
TRAP

BANAL  
BA NUL  
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buh nul buh bu baa aa aa

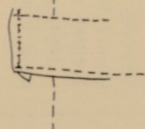
curse/dersery  
date it is the AIR of growing up  
STALKS STAMMERS the hammer  
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banal,



but

BLEET  
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bel leet  
bal leat  
bale  
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sleep



SECTION 5: WRITING ABILITY (EXERCISE RECOGNITION)

Time: 20 minutes

I caught you  
throw a quick glance  
out the window over the antennas  
into the sky

your clear eyes  
panned the morning universe and  
fixed on your childhood  
and I caught you.

Can you recall  
small cotton dresses shiny  
patent sunday shoes your  
photograph out of hundreds

of paper experiences  
as you smiled at the camera and  
fed pigeons in the park  
and can you recall?

I caught you today  
watching the birds  
outside our world  
I caught you

inventing pretty games  
I caught you  
smiling sweetly  
for a moment

and then  
gone.

David Chirlin

I caught you  
throw a quick glance  
out the window over the antennas  
into the sky

Your clear eyes  
panned the morning universe and  
fixed on your childhood  
and I caught you

Can you recall  
small cotton dresses shiny  
patent Sunday shoes your  
photograph out of hundreds

of paper experiences  
as you smiled at the camera and  
led pieces in the park  
and can you recall

I caught you today  
watching the birds  
outside our world  
I caught you

inventing pretty games  
I caught you  
smiling sweetly  
for a moment

and then  
Olejet  
Olejet  
Olejet  
Olejet

David Christian

FRCA

BANAL  
ba mi  
bay mi

## SECTION 5: WRITING ABILITY (ERROR RECOGNITION)

Time: 20 minutes

*Directions:* Among the sentences in this group are some which cannot be accepted in formal, written English for one or another of the following reasons:

**Poor Diction:** The use of a word which is improper either because its meaning does not fit the sentence or because it is not acceptable in formal writing.

*Examples*

The audience was strongly *effected* by the senator's speech.

The dean made an *illusion* to the Boer War in his talk.

**Verbosity:** Repetitious elements adding nothing to the meaning of the sentence and not justified by any need for special emphasis.

*Examples*

At that time there was *then* no right of petition.

In the last decade television production has advanced *forward* with great strides.

**Faulty Grammar:** Word forms and expressions which do not conform to the grammatical and structural usages required by formal written English (errors in case, number, parallelism, and the like).

*Examples*

Everyone in the delegation had *their* reasons for opposing the measure.

The commission decided to reimburse the property owners, to readjust the rates, and that they would extend the services in the near future.

## SECTION 2 - WRITING ABILITY (ERROR RECOGNITION)

No sentence has more than one kind of error. Some sentences have no errors. Read each sentence carefully; then on your answer sheet blacken the box under:

- D** If the sentence contains an error in diction;  
**V** If the sentence is verbose;  
**G** If the sentence contains faulty grammar;  
**O** If the sentence contains none of these errors.

- 1      1. In a violent outburst, the superpatriot angrily tore up the peace placard which was being carried by one of the demonstrators.
- 2      2. He was sheathing with anger when he read the newspaper article about his dealing with gangsters.
- 3      3. The men were tired, and they had worked hard, and the day was hot.
- 4      4. A series of debates between major candidates were scheduled for the Labor Day weekend.
- 5      5. The editorial extolled the weaknesses of the Mayor's slum-rebuilding program.
- 6      6. After being wheeled into the infirmary, the nurse at the desk asked me several questions.
- 7      7. Che Guevara was a guerrilla leader who recruited Bolivians into a rebel army to battle against the authorities.
- 8      8. When the little girl saw the face in her bedroom window, she screamed piercingly.
- 9      9. The American people, dismayed by the sudden proof that something had gone wrong with their economic system, that it lacked stability and was subject to crises of unpredictable magnitude.
- 10      10. An old miser who picked up yellow pieces of gold had something of the simple ardor of a child who picks out yellow flowers.
- 11      11. The millennium will have arrived when parents give appropriate responsibilities to we teenagers.
- 12      12. The customers demanded that the crooked merchants be persecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
- 13      13. Unless there can be some assurance of increased pay, factory morale, all ready low, will collapse completely.
- 14      14. Entering our bedroom shortly after midnight, a terrific explosion was heard by my wife and me.
- 15      15. Mynette, who was born in France, is now a neutralized citizen of the United States.

No sentence has more than one kind of error. Some sentences have no errors. Read each sentence carefully; then on your answer sheet blacken the box under:

- D If the sentence contains an error in diction;  
 V If the sentence is verbose;  
 G If the sentence contains faulty grammar;  
 O If the sentence contains none of these errors.

16. Morphine and other narcotic drugs are valuable medically; if misused, however, it can cause irreparable damage. D V G O  
16
17. In Latin America, the new governments fell under the control of wealthy and aristocratic landowners, almost invariably of European blood. D V G O  
17
18. On any given weekend - especially holiday weekends - the number of highway deaths is predictable. D V G O  
18
19. The Congressman made an angry, impassive attack on the proposed tax increase. D V G O  
19
20. We did the job as good as we could; however, it did not turn out to be satisfactory. D V G O  
20
21. Nuclear scientists should be particularly skilled in investigative research. D V G O  
21
22. If I would have had more time, I would have written a much more interesting and a far more thorough report. D V G O  
22
23. A UN investigation has revealed that prisoners of war were coerced by force to enter the narrow caves where they were compelled to live like animals. D V G O  
23
24. Though Seaver pitched real well, the Reds scored four runs in the ninth inning as a result of two Met errors. D V G O  
24
25. The landlord effected a change in personnel by first dismissing his superintendent and then replacing two porters who were screwy. D V G O  
25
26. Each of the hotel's 500 rooms were equipped with high quality air-conditioning and color television. D V G O  
26
27. At the end of the performance, the audience applauded vigorously with enthusiasm. D V G O  
27
28. The professor was not only an accomplished violinist but also an excellent portrait artist, having studied it in his spare time. D V G O  
28
29. By 1763, when the French and Indian War ended, the American colonies had grown to be a strong and thriving part of the British Empire. D V G O  
29

No sentence has more than one kind of error. Some sentences have no errors. Read each sentence carefully; then on your answer sheet blacken the box under:

- D If the sentence contains an error in diction;
- V If the sentence is verbose;
- G If the sentence contains faulty grammar;
- O If the sentence contains none of these errors.

- 30     30. Hitler allowed his subleaders to be identified with certain political organizations, and he himself appeared to endorse all, but none exclusively.
- 31     31. At the Christmas party, the boss was so vociferous and noisy that we decided to leave before the food was served.
- 32     32. More leisure, as well as an abundance of goods, are attainable through automation.
- 33     33. His arithmetic is poor largely because he is weak in fractions and decimations.
- 34     34. Because Henry IV acted to depose the Pope, Gregory, in turn, excommunicated Henry and cut him off from communion with the church.
- 35     35. It is therefore possible to question the wisdom of applying civil disobedience in respect to a particular act or law; it is possible to advise delay and caution.

IF YOU FINISH BEFORE THE TIME IS UP, GO OVER YOUR WORK FOR THIS SECTION ONLY. DO NOT TURN TO ANY OTHER SECTION OF THE TEST. WHEN THE TIME IS UP, GO ON TO THE NEXT SECTION.

## EXPLANATORY ANSWERS FOR PRACTICE TEST 2 (continued)

## Section 5: Writing Ability (Error Recognition)

1. (V) "In a violent outburst, the superpatriot tore up the peace placard..." Since the superpatriot was in a *violent outburst*, there is no need to add the word *angrily*.
2. (D) "He was *seething* with anger when he read the newspaper article about his dealings with gangsters." *Sheathing* means protecting by means of a covering. *Seething* means boiling.
3. (G) "The men were tired because they had worked hard on a hot day." Avoid the "and-and" construction. The thought is better expressed by a complex sentence in which the more (or most) important idea is the main clause: "*The men were tired...*"
4. (G) "A series of debates... *was* scheduled..." *Series* is a collective noun with a feeling of singularity. As a singular subject, it takes a singular verb (*was scheduled*).
5. (D) "The editorial *exposed* the weaknesses of the Mayor's slum-rebuilding plan." *To extol* means to praise. *To expose* means to lay open to criticism.
6. (G) "... into the infirmary, *I* was asked several questions by the nurse at the desk." It is *I* who was being wheeled - not the *nurse*. The participial construction should modify the subject. In the original sentence, the subject is *nurse*.
7. (O) The sentence contains no errors.
8. (V) "When the little girl... she screamed." The word *scream* means to utter a long, loud, *piercing* cry.
9. (G) "The American people *were* *dismayed*..." The original sentence is fragmentary (incomplete) since it lacks a verb.
10. (O) The sentence contains no errors.
11. (G) "... to *us* teenagers." The pronoun-adjective modifying the object of the preposition must be objective in form. *Teenagers* is the object of the preposition *to*. The pronoun-adjective modifying teenagers must, therefore, be the object form (*us* - not *we*).
12. (D) "The customers demanded that the crooked merchants be *prosecuted* to the fullest extent of the law." *Persecute* means to harass with cruel or oppressive treatment. *Prosecute* means to carry on a legal proceeding against someone.
13. (D) "... factory morale, *already* low..." *All ready* means everybody (is) ready. The adverb *already* modifying the adjective *low* is correct here.
14. (G) "Entering our bedroom shortly after midnight, *my wife and I* heard a terrific explosion." The present participle (*Entering*) must refer to the subject of the sentence (*my wife and I*).
15. (D) "Mynette, who was born in France, is now a *naturalized* citizen of the United States." *To neutralize* is to render ineffective. *To naturalize* is to confer the rights and privileges of citizenship upon an alien.
16. (G) "... *they* can cause irreparable damage." We have a plural subject: *Morphine and drugs*. Accordingly, the pronoun which occurs later in the sentence must be plural (*they*) since a pronoun must agree with its antecedent in number.
17. (O) The sentence contains no errors.
18. (O) The sentence contains no errors.

19. (D) "The Congressman made an angry, *impassioned* attack on the proposed tax increase."  
*Impassive* means not feeling emotion.  
*Impassioned* means filled with emotion.
20. (G) "We did the job as *well* as we could..."  
The adverb *well* must be used to modify the verb *did*. The adjective *good* is incorrect for such modification.
21. (V) "Nuclear scientists should be especially skilled in *research*."  
Eliminate *investigative* since the word *research* implies investigation.
22. (G) "If I *had had* more time..."  
In a contrary to fact condition in the past, the "if clause" must have a past perfect subjunctive form (*had had*).
23. (V) "A UN investigation has revealed that prisoners of war were coerced to enter..." *Coerce* means to compel *by force*.
24. (G) "Though Seaver pitched *really* well..."  
The adverb *well* must be modified by another adverb such as *really*—not by an adjective such as *real*.
25. (D) "...who were *irrational* (or *crazy*)."  
The word *screwy* is slang for *irrational* or *crazy*.
26. (G) "Each of the hotel's 500 rooms *was* equipped..."  
The singular subject (*Each*) requires a singular verb (*was equipped*—not *were equipped*).
27. (V) "At the end... the audience applauded *vigorously*."  
An audience that applauds *vigorously* certainly has *enthusiasm*.
28. (G) "The professor... portrait artist, having studied *art* in his spare time."  
The professor did not study *artist*—he studied *art*.
29. (O) The sentence contains no errors.
30. (O) The sentence contains no errors.
31. (V) "At the Christmas party, the boss was so *vociferous* that..."  
Since the word *vociferous* implies noisiness, there is no need to include *noisy* in the original sentence.
32. (G) "More leisure... *is* attainable..."  
Since the subject (*leisure*) is singular, the verb must be singular (*is attainable*).
33. (D) "His arithmetic is poor because he is weak in fractions and *decimals*."  
*Decimation* means destruction of one out of every ten. *Decem* in Latin means ten. A *decimal* pertains to the number ten.
34. (V) "Because Henry IV... *excommunicated* Henry."  
*Excommunicate* means to cut off from communion with the church.
35. (O) The sentence contains no errors.

# WHITE

IS FOR WHITEMAN

DONT WEAR WHITE:

SOCKS  
SHOES  
SHIRTS  
PANTS  
BRAS  
SHORTS  
COATS  
HATS  
TIES

FOR COLOR IN WARD  
ROBE

DONT BE A  
WHITEMAN

POEM BY FLETCHER COPP '73

WHITE

21

FOR WHITEMAN  
DON'T WEAR WHITE!

SOCKS  
SHOES  
SHIRTS  
PANTS  
BRAS  
SHORTS  
COATS  
HATS  
TIES

WARD  
FOR COLOR IN  
ROBE

DON'T BE A  
WHITEMAN

SERIAL SHUFFLINGS, by Jean-Jacques Cory

General	sergeant	lieutenant	major	private	colonel	captain	corporal
captain	general	private	sergeant	major	lieutenant	corporal	colonel
lieutenant	colonel	general	corporal	captain	sergeant	private	major
corporal	captain	major	general	sergeant	private	colonel	lieutenant
colonel	corporal	sergeant	captain	general	major	lieutenant	private
private	lieutenant	captain	colonel	corporal	general	major	sergeant
sergeant	major	colonel	corporal	lieutenant	private	general	captain
major	private	corporal	captain	colonel	lieutenant	sergeant	general



Colonel Cracker  
(Excerpt from Worthy Bones)

...The landrover ground to a halt before a huge tree that looked like a squashed bottle with its roots stuck in the air, surrounded by a circle of utter decimation. Jizi squinted at the dim light emitted from its recesses, a sort of solicitous solace animating his expression..

"The baobab is a sacred tree," he said. "The organic paradox connecting heaven and earth. It's upside down and destroys all life around it."

Mohel seemed to be conceding some specious emotion of his own or condoling himself for imagining he was.

They climbed into the wooden innards, which writhed like a proper organic paradox, and ended at a door or deadened engrained with the words: No Exit. Jizi knocked and got no answer, but Mohel put his eye to a missing knot.

The interior was amazing - container and contents - the compleat mad scientist's lair, with an unbelievable hodge-podge of ticking, gloaming, bubbling, and blinking apparatus, and in the midst of it all in a sort of beatific haze loomed an imposing figure with brindled beard and flowing hair, his head hooked to electrodes, sitting stark naked in meditation. Mohel felt his eye scanning and filtering the coded signals; the weird circuitry of pulleys and scales, cacheting and glass tubing; a sort of totalizer board turned iconograph, a tiny cyclotron set up like a shrine, and a psychedelic electroencephalograph. Focussing on nothing in particular he noticed all kinds of fungus abounding; like agaric ghosts of the mechanical minutae. A huge, black-lighted photograph of a nerve fibre was, perhaps (except for the formidable sadhu), the cynosure, rhythmically blinking out the inscription: the Vagus: the Vaguest. The beatific haze seemed to converge and disperse between his eyes like a gem being trued on a jeweler's turntable. He was absolutely immobile, in a sort of still-lunged aeration; though occasionally a few riffs of air wended their way up and out various orbits and orifices. Jizi was staring raptly at the door - as if its admonition were animated - and at length it (the door) opened, and the hulking, naked figure blended into a serpentine backdrop of glowing vials and beakers.

"Why you miserable varmit!" came the gravelly, good-natured drawl.

His smile was like an ethereal fissure in a tartarous rock, and one eye looked rheumy and dead, while the other focussed them like a tiny laser.

"I see you've deciphered the door," he said, giving Mohel a sly glance.

"I think so," Jizi nodded. "The bind leading the blind?"

"Tarnation!" yelped the Colonel. "The mind's a patho-circle: pathetic and pathological, boy!"

Then entered into the den of serendipity, and sat down on mats on the floor, which was covered with Sanskrit graffiti and mathematical equations. During their distraction their host had managed to change and ambled back into their presence like a benign behemoth; garbed in an ochre robe and a ten-gallon hat, dragging on a narghile of hashish, and fondling one of those pyx-proctoscope gadgets.

"What in heck is that anyway?" Mohel blurted.

"I don't know, really," shrugged the Colonel, looking at it as if someone had just handed it to him. "It's a sort of cross between a pyx and a proctoscope, I reckon; maybe I can train it to eliminate the holy ghost?"

He stroked a small rodent ulcer under his rheumy eye and listened acutely to the jungle night through the alchemical hum, and Mohel felt enveloped by the deep, intestinal yearnings in the cavernous darkness.

"So, what's the latest pilot project?" said Jizi almost apologetic for interrupting the silence.

"The same one," sighed Cracker. "To know God."

"Isn't the Pilot's projected," Mohel grinned.

Colonel Cracker was all at once engrossed in examining a pinch of fungus he'd just picked; he looked again at the few photoelectric cells which hosted the specimen, then stuck it under a microscope.

"Spores can outmutate genes, you know?" he muttered. "Unless they're very specially sick, infected with a viroid, a tiny free-floating RNA. Then interesting things can happen."

"Like what?" said Mohel.

"Well, like a spore might take up an individual existence within the gene, and well, maybe it sounds far-out, but look at it this way: cytoplasm contain subcellular structures called organelles which can reproduce DNA and synthesize RNA, have everything they need to synthesize proteins, and often reproduce by fission when the cell isn't dividing. Okay. Now, are they some sort of parasitic poltergeist evolved into the pastiche of human consciousness? Bacteria and blue-green algae contain chromosomes like this: are the seorganelles primitive (or very advanced?) forms of bacteria or algae that took up 'residence' in cells and enjoy an independent evolution? It seems like the cells that have these 'guests' have another means of energy for survival. Now. Are they more or less divided between angels and devils or do they openly attract any kindred disembodied intelligence!"

Colonel Cracker erupted into galloping laughter and thwacked his stomach like a tympany.

"Yeah, pretty far-out, ain't it?" he grinned, chomping on the fungus.

"That most mutations are the result of an unhealthy and disorganized structure; any minor deficiency can cause a major structural deviation!"

"Sounds like the biological origin of guerilla warfare," said Mohel.

"Say," said Jizi, taking a drag off the narghile. "Did the Russies really get the design for your 'bottles'?"

"Well," Cracker smirked. "They had a lot of fun playing counter-counter-espionage. Finally killed each other off if I recall."

Jizi dragged again on the narghile and smiled loonily.

"Sure beats hell out of kufa nuts, Kipofu."

"I call it..you'll never guess," pooh-poohed the Colonel.

"Yeah," exhaled Jizi. "That's perfect."

The Colonel fluttered his eyelids sweetly.

"Cracker's Ass. Actually, it was gifted me by a Jivaro medicine man who claimed it was Indian soma, then a famous Greek dope scholar, a real Herodotus of hallucinagens, claimed it was the nepenthe of the Achaens. I personally think it's Brahma bull shit. You know Gandhi used to give pills of it to people?"

"What 'bottles'?" said Mohel.

"They're for compressing ionized gas for fusion," the Colonel belched. "I designed it after the baobab; an appropriate curse?"

Jizi shook his head and stared incredulously at the pyx-proctoscope.

"Also lost, I'm happy to say," continued the Colonel. "Because I'm always happy when I lose something before abusing it or having it abused, the recipe for an abortifacient which cured sterility, film strips treated with a special algae for solar converters, that kept all the energy they contained from radiating back out, and, well, most of my cancer and Kundalini research which won't mean nothing to nobody unless they do 'sadhana'."

...An Odessan fiddler popped into Mohel's head and he felt an almost irresistible urge to start furiously barking at an A or an Om..

"How about a guided tour of your underworld?" he said, growling slightly under his breath.

"Tarnation!" yelled the Colonel, slapping his thigh, and taking a last toke.

...As they wandered through the galleries, each a different alchemical garden, waylay on the way, as the Colonel put it, Mohel began to suspect they were all Platonic shadows, optical illusions of wooden mirrors, but the Colonel kept up a non-stop repartee with himself, a sort of instant psychic replay of the moment, and a rare mold of scientific mindfuck..

"It all began again one stormy night in Chattanooga in 1912," drawled the Colonel, teasing his beard." The virgin daughter of a Grand Klan Wizard had a dream of a lotus blossoming out of a robot's asshole and a child was irretractably conceived. The child early spoke to the elders in the temple and was assured his questions were incoherent and he was a blithering idiot. Thus, began the prodigy's graduation cum laude from the foremost institutions of his day, among them the one the great Nietzsche attended in Turin and graduated cum laude for the last time from. His odyssey lead him into the wilderness where the high priests of AIOC dug their dry holes, and finally the fastnesses of the Himalayas, where he met a Master of Kundalini Yoga, who'd harnessed the neutrinal field, the universal telepathic system. The Master immediately recognized his spiritual heir apparent, and after a stringent initiation imparted to his chela his greatest wisdom: the yoga of the cosmic fusion of the orgone in the pituitary gland (the thousand-petalled lotus). The dry-hole of the chela's soul filled with a blissful voidance, and then a vision of the Master as an island called Samadhi re-opening the Red Sea. The Master, his physical form fading fast, told his chela that he was a half-assed soul of prima materia, and therefore extremely fissionable, a garble of the great Colonel Drake and an Atlantean Priest who had become Pythagorus and Nagarjuna in successive incarnations. He christened the chela Colonel Cracker, short for Kundalini, and with his last breath uttered the prophetic words: 'Go when you must go. Come when you must come.'

Jizi's face filled with a strange commiseration and Mohel had lost track of time and space along with his ululative urge, which was, he reckoned, the losing, or his memory of having hadn't, their only claim to substance.

They passed through a gallery with graphs full of apocalyptic exponential curves and several wallposters of computerized printout, one of which read:

OM..The generators and annihilators of consciousness are replication and inversion; transmission is transcendence; a regulatory slippage of responsive crosslinks; the essence of dynamic equilibrium; the covalent of attraction and repulsion..HUM"

The Colonel melodiously wheezed or hummed a mantra, stroking his rodent ulcer, and his laser-eye lit the tortuous way.

"You see," he chuckled. "In Turin they did this phlebotomy on me that they hoped would drain my brains to 'normality'. What it did, in fact, was clear up the mucus of a few chakra that might never have been opened this time around! I came off the operating table with an aura of alpha waves so strong they could contain the wildest delta waves! That's when I first contacted the physical form of the Master; and the last was when I autopsied his sacred remains to find all the gold in his body had concentrated in his pineal.."

Jizi was looking with a somewhat bored or disgusted expression at another wallposter of printout:

"To be is to be neither wholly a whole, nor partly a part; self-integrative open-schematas; the rules of the game are fixed, the strategy unfixed."

"Jumbo kubwa," he scowled tenderly.

Ahead of them looked like an extension of where they'd started from where they'd started; so they had practically traversed the patho-circle, thought Mohel; around them was the weirdest assortment of gadgetry yet; an X-ray detection device that passed for an orgone box, radiesthesia apparatus, thermocouplers and photomultiplier tubes. Mohel peered into a microscope at a free-form floating ballet.

"What is it?"

"That, believe it or not, is a bacteria a hundred million years old, which finally decided to have some fun, I guess, an extreme example of coitus reservatus. Also, he likes to eat oil slicks, having gained great experience during the fall of Atlantis! Ah, but my treasure next door!"

The Colonel stuck another microscope under Mohel's eye; it appeared to be absolutely inanimate, a masterly geometric complex, but basically a pyramid shape imprinted with a Y pattern.

"It's the fossil of an algae a billion years old; the keystone to the cosmic sexual ascendancy!"

"I've often wondered if biologically enlightenment isn't a sort of regression, you know?" said Mohel. "I mean evolution is devolution in a way, isn't it? Like life first got off as little guys jerking themselves off to make more little guys, right? Then it moved on or up or down to little half-assed guys who had to find their other halves to make more like half-assed guys. And, well, finally, we come to the whole human being who can create to himself again?"

"But the innocence of the child is not the innocence of the sage, is it?" smiled Cracker. "One conceives himself, the other perceives God."

"At first what's shit's shit and what ain't shit ain't shit," said Jizi, pining to take one or have a cigar. "Then what's shit ain't shit and what ain't shit's shit. Then what's shit's shit and what ain't shit ain't shit."

He kowtowed several times and made sloe-eyes.

"Famous Zen palable, rank you."

"Well, there's something to it some way or another," nodded the Colonel, some way or another. "Cancer is a regression of sorts; a point in the psychosomatic patho-circle where the stasis takes hold, where the cellular contradiction becomes vitally unalterable; some of the cancer antigens which induce antibodies are only found in embryos; and so certain malignancies must be cells which resort to some phase of foetal development.."

"I've always thought that everything happens before birth and after death," shrugged Jizi, letting a fart and acceding gracefully to his cigarlessness.

The Colonel's galloping laughter shook the ligneous void again, Jizi scowled with the greatest tenderness, and Mohel felt like the living fossil traversing a million mellennia for humanity's last night..

..They had arrived to where they had departed from; however not quite possible that actually was, and were sitting on the mats in an easy silence; watching the electro-chemical compost pile as if they espied the worm which would work it into mulch; listening to the nervous and exhausted jungle night through the alchemical hum..

"Well," drawled the Colonel at length. "You got into your stupa yet?"

"Not yet," replied Jizi, recharging the narghile, not letting either hand know what the other was doing. "You got to know you're stupa before you can get into it."

Mohel picked up one of the photovoltaic cells with fungus growing on it and peered at the Colonel who was naked again and doing a headstand.

"You'll be lucky to finish your fun," he inhaled, puffing up his testicles.

"What do you mean?" said Mohel, scanning an odd, ticking excrescence in a corner which looked like a replica of the female reproductive system.

"Well, I done a lot of diggin' around," exhaled the Colonel, puckering his penis. "There's volcanic water trapped under this island, and below that the greatest reservoir of oil of all time, and the whole mess is heatin' and churnin' like a sour gut!"

"How much?" remarked Jizi as if it were some dire profundity, then took a toke.

"Well," the Colonel drawled irascibly. "I reckon there's about a trillion barrels left in the earth."

He squinted at Mohel, then collapsed, and picked up a hazel stick from somewhere.

"And a sixth of that is on, or under, or around Samadhi!"

Jizi's attention shifted to the encephalograph which was scribbling out an EEG that looked curiously like words.

"The whole is a hole, boy; anticlines and tells, limestone reefs and bitumen deposits, pitchlakes and tar sands; just achin' to vomit up all shit!"

The Colonel cracked the hazel stick against the floor and fingered a rosary of the fungus-covered photovoltaic cells.

"And there ain't no christmas trees in God's creation to rig 'er out! The whole hole is goin' to blow, boy! One helluva great-gushin' wildcat! Why in 1883, a little East Indian island called Krakotoa blew, just because of these trapped volcanic waters, not to mention all the family of geological quirks we got, and blew in the biggest bang in recorded history! So, you see, my friends, that reopening of the Red Sea ain't just my enlightened ass!"

Jizi stared stonedly at the epithet of the EEG: Gotta Awful God Offal.

"Well, there might just be an ersatz Moses around," nodded Mohel, glancing warily at the synthetic womb.

"A lovely Italian lilt," muttered Jizi.

...The diapason of the darkness converged on their company, suffusing the wooden light with a deathly buzz, and the smoke of the narghile crystallized the sound. Suddenly, the trepidation tripped up Mohel's spine, and the Colonel shot Jizi a sting of recognition. There was a huge, sleek beast padding the earth around the tree, bristling its whiskers and blinking great green eyes, flicking its tail like a

maestro's baton, closing in with all the concentric certainty of a famished god. The deathly buzz stopped to poise the precarious silence, then the pugs continued their circular plow, and, suddenly, the Colonel jumped up and grabbed the pyx-proctoscope, then dove like a great dolphin into the darkness, and there was a flick of silence, a whirr like a bull-roar, and a horrible carnivorous roar..

"Om! Phat! Hum! Svaha!" bellowed the Colonel.

The vibration ground the moonlight like a lens, another guttural harangue shook the tree, and a veil of gold and velvet switched past Mohel at the entrance, halting for a flinch, beaming with two burning green bulbs, then vanishing with a thrash into the thicket..

Jizi stooped over to examine the pugprints with a torch light, and the burnt-out nerves of the night recoiled at the base of Mohel's spine.

"Just like little black Sambo," he said, looking up at the Colonel with a kinky humor. "Ain't turned to butter though,"

"Do you think she was a man-eater?" asked Mohel.

"Well, no tiger is a man-eater naturally," grouched the Colonel, glaring at his pyx-proctoscope as if it were the culprit. "Ask your nigger shikari."

Jizi's kinky humor was gone.

"She has to be maimed or wounded or unable to catch her natural prey," he said.

"The Sikhs in the banana plantations around here call her Shaitin, the Devil," bantered the Colonel. "And all because some spineless shikari took out any pukka-sahib that greased his palm and he wings some poor bitch and goes back to regale the Rotary while in crippled desperation the cat waylays the only critter he can!"

Jizi nodded absently, staring at the pugprint in the torch light.

"Why I seen a cat layed up in the bush lickin' her wounds when someone come along and give her a start and she give out a swipe which just happens to take a head off! And I seen that cat sniff around the body, blood and all, bored as hell, yet starving to death! Only when she's really on her last legs and it's gettin'a bit ripe does she dig in!"

"It's true," said Jizi softly.

His eyes lifted to the Colonel with a contrition and gentle irony. The Colonel was immediately touched by the communion, almost embarrassed, for he recognized the innocent savage in the heart of the huckster.

"You and Takataka's out of the same egg," he said.

"I layed myself," smiled Jizi. "Maybe, we layed each other?"

"I reckon you're the elder cosmic comedian, though," glinted the Colonel, shaking his mane..

...The hours seeped by like strange lunations, lost lucubrations, easing into an illumined, consanguine sobriety. The Colonel's eyes were cool and calculating as he conducted the concert with his hazel stick; he went on about elementary particles like orgones and anus and muons and monads and the human race; the beta decay in its plutonium piles, so to speak; and Mohel was thinking that the pyx-proctoscope looked like a Khyber rifle..

"...Samadhi is an energy concentrate," said the Colonel. "Not just fossil fuels, but the sea and lithium deposits for fusion, and the ran for solar conversion. And her geological slipped disc is made to order for the conduction and convection of internal thermal energy, and the harnessing of the tides.."

He snatched up the rosary of photovoltaic cells with the hazel stick.

"Imagine a potential of two volts and thirty-six watts of power for every square foot exposed to the sun! Any my algae-treated film strips got the radiation runaway licked!"

He smacked the hazel stick against the floor, flinging the rosary into the shadows, and stroked his rodent ulcer.

"Why strung across Death Valley, the Gibson, the Gobi, the Sahara, you'd have almost infinite energy resources!"

"Isn't that stuff..acetabularia?" Mohel asked, feeling somewhat giddy.

"Ass...a..what?"

"It's a growth Odysseus spread across the Aegean, containing all the subtle elements depleted from the earth, and thriving on the fundamental phosphates of the human soul."

The Colonel's dead eye flickered like a short and he teased his beard with a wincing smile.

"Then the only problem is how to merchandise the stupidity; scum as an aphrodisiac, maybe, full of undiscovered utaruns!"

"You could give them the come-on that lysergic acid was a fungus or something."

"Nah, they won't even blink after we've hit 'em with our 'super-psychedelics': ATP, the soul of DNA, and DMT!"

"What's that?"

"It helps make serotonin that helps make awareness, a little protein called 'S' and a little enzyme called 'Anti-S'.."

"Yeah, it's a rotten end," muttered Jizi, staring at the womb in the corner ticking like a Geiger counter.

"When they did that phlebotomy on me in Turin," continued the Colonel with a grin. "What happened was that no matter how much 'S' is produced, and more and more is, that crazy little enzyme keeps me from blowing my mind!"

The Colonel then stood up with his arms out to the sides, and for a moment looked like an eerie crucifix suspended on the air; then he rolled up his eyes and started to spin with deep, rhythmic breaths, finally hyperventilating, and at length collapsing into the lotus as still as a propped up corpse.

"What's that? The Atlantean twist?" quipped Mohel, just to make sure his host was still amongst the living dead.

"It is, yes," came the Colonel's far-away, other-dimensioned voice.

"What does it do?"

The Colonel exhaled for what seemed like an eternity: the fading sound of the sea in a conch shell: Mohel's bag of time and space was blown again.

"A Sufi once told me," said the Colonel. "To spin until you don't get dizzy; until you become the eye of the hurricane; absolutely still. That's what it does. Also it activates the hypothalamus, the throat chakra, which controls satiety."

He grinned again at Jizi who was still looking, now with a sort of playful horror, at the ticking and now slightly trepidating pelvis in the corner.

"Yep. The future is shit, my friends. No doubt about it," said the Colonel.

"Then sadhana is toilet training," said Mohel. "The way to get rid of the crap; how to keep it naturally moving toward the end."

"Why do you know that a couple tons of shit can make up to a ton of oil? You just pressure cook it with a little carbon monoxide to speed up nature a bit, and it's really low in sulphur which is easy on the air pollution! Just imagine this planet's vast, untapped potential! What's the meaning of creation if not excretion?!"

"Power to the Prima Faeces!" intoned Mohel. "The fundamental, yet endless oneness! In it and of it! For whatever we do we do this! Isn't love the letting go; the relief of having done what had to be done? Ah, the infinite flatulence of it all! Verily, wherever there is an end, it all comes out!"

"Kazzo cornutto!" shouted Jizi, lunging to his feet.

"Tarnation!" yelped the Colonel.

The rubber pelvis in the corner started wriggling and fizzling; the vaginal canal whistled an odd tune and the balloons encircling the uterus forced the labor contractions; then the placenta gurgled and spasmed and expelled the fetus, the amplified heart beat of which pounded like sonic booms.

"Little Boy of Hiroshima! Fat Man of Nagasaki! Happy Cracker of Samadhi!" bellowed the Colonel.

He picked off the rosary of photovoltaic cells then cut the umbilical cord and the whole electro-pneumatic system short-circuited; the afterbirth of polyvinyl chloride gee squirting Jizi in the face, and another eye opening in Mohel's perineum.

The Master of Goree  
(Excerpt from Worthy Bones)

...Jizi was silent, locked in the void of some sorrow perhaps beyond sorrow, like a brooding on the bestial by the beast.

"I just had to..find the 'scene of the crime'," he finally said. "Maybe hoping it might show me some deadly reflection of myself. I don't know. But I found the place - the island of Goree - in the mouth of Dakar harbor. It was like God's ghost town; nothing really alive there, animal, vegetable, or mineral - like a piece of unidentified, petrified shit floating through endless space. But it was here where thirty million blacks were sold into slavery; mostly by other blacks, and a few fat-ass Arab entrepreneurs. I saw the remains of some of the business buildings; stockyards where the flesh was fattened and the soul starved; bare, windowless rooms where twenty bodies were packed into a ten by ten foot space. Each segment of which was marked off on the floors and walls like the bare delineations of survival. And there was this old man just living there all alone. He smiled at me like I was a funny bag of worms, but never said a word. He had a face like a black seraphim with a great white beard and shock of hair and the body of a strip of strung jerky. He took me through the crawlholes where those who still had souls had been crammed like corpses. No, he didn't take me, we just seemed to walk, and we passed them by. He kept smiling, curious, just curious, but almost seemed to laugh when an occasional horror visibly shook me. He was the artist, I'm sure. Although there were no supplies around, or any possessions, even food, for that matter. We happened upon his works like accidents; he looked at them like old shards - with a sort of vague, amused disbelief, but more disinterested, as if they were really trivial, as if everything were really trivial. They depicted

whippings, rapes, and geldings like they were merely the methodical looking after of merchandise; bodies being hacked up and fed to the sharks like an inventory; and, finally, the auction, the buyer's parade across the courtyard, the macabre shuffling dance of the legirons. Most of them, in fact, were of the auction; the tragicomic allegory of existence. And the faces of the buyers and sellers - like clean and crisp debits and credits in an account book - so orderly, even moral, you might say. Finally, the old man lay down in one of the crawlholes and looked as if he died; his pulse even stopped and he turned a death purple. I was just about to start burying him when he popped up with bright eyes, smiling as usual, gently mocking maybe, as if to say, 'Okay, brother. So what?' He got up then and walked around a corner and disappeared; like the first and last human being; the other islanders were just inhabitants of the emptiness, weird, inbred remnants of slaver and slave.."

From a letter from Carmen Vipaka  
(Excerpt from Worthy Bones)

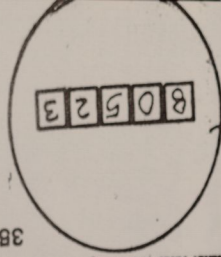
"...I cried: 'Blessed be he that cometh in the Name of the Lord!' And again: 'The Son of the Covenant is the Circumcized One!' But I was unheeded: lord, I'd witnessed the collusion every step of the way and in the end was only dumbfounded! Soon enough we had another crazy rabbi, a defrocked pastor and earnest Cabalist, who was also a master tattoist, whose specialty was to emblazon each initiate's posterior with an appropriate esoteric character (Hebrew or Aramaic in the Mishnaic or Haggadic style). He performed the rite like a pious proctologist (you could imagine his surprise if he'd discovered my clitoral covenant: 'Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will punish all them which are circumcized with the uncircumcized!' - Jeremiah's joke it ain't!) Perhaps it was just my natural revulsion to vaccination, but the 'beauty mark' on my bum which you always said resembled a Mogen David Shield became as clear as a bell; and he explained all the secret meanings of the hexagrams (the Messianic symbol of Pisces when the Messiah was supposed to appear, the evolution and involution of God as the Tree of Life, etc.), and then, where the star touched the circle of the same radius as each of the six sides, tattooed my particular name of God: Ayin: the Non-Existent. We wept some, 'common quinoth' that we were, and he finally confided why he'd come (which I'd hardly noticed) - for the Second Coming (which had to be better than the First, he informed me)..





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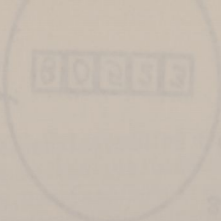


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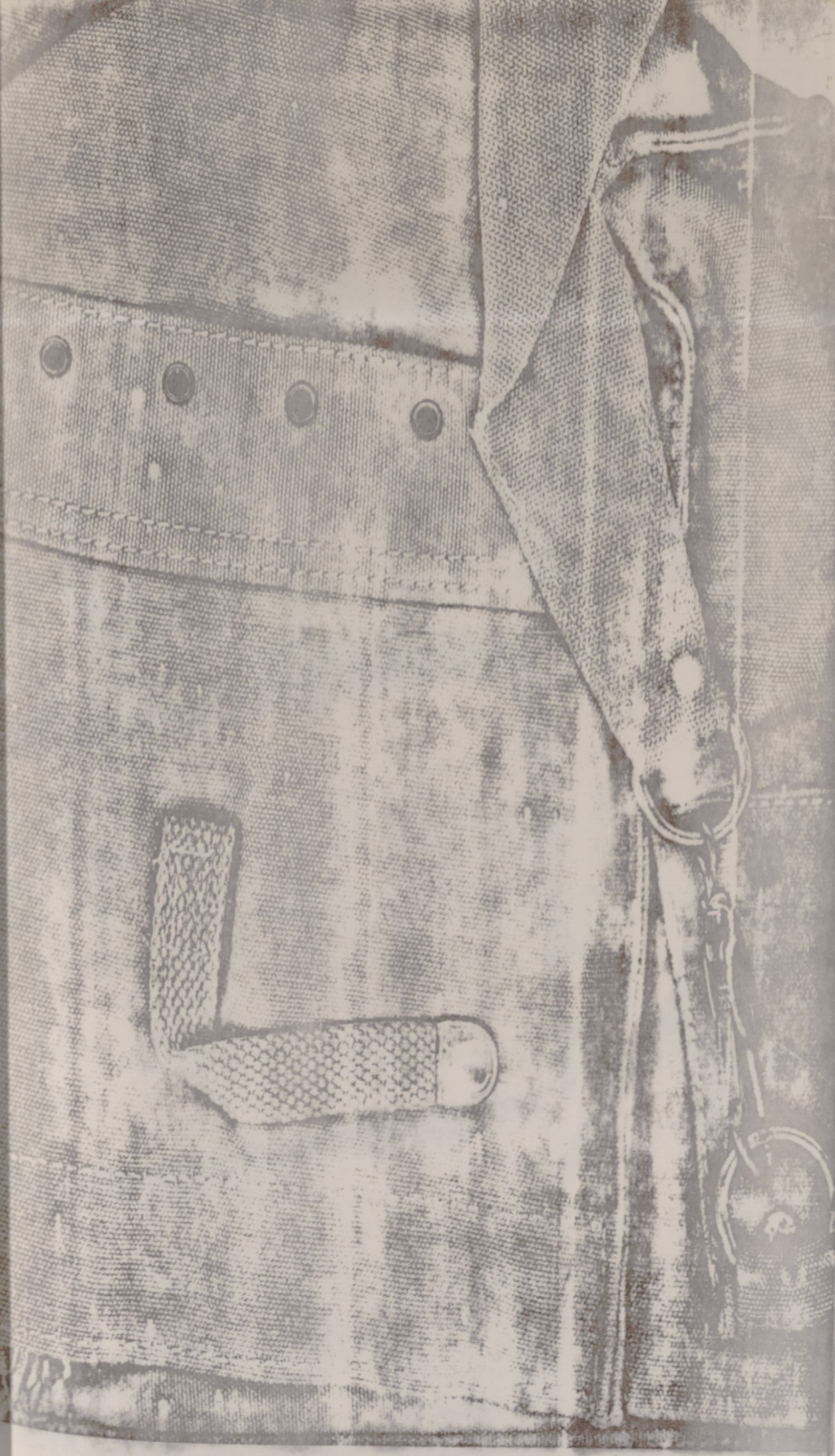
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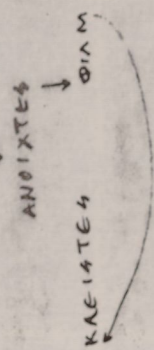
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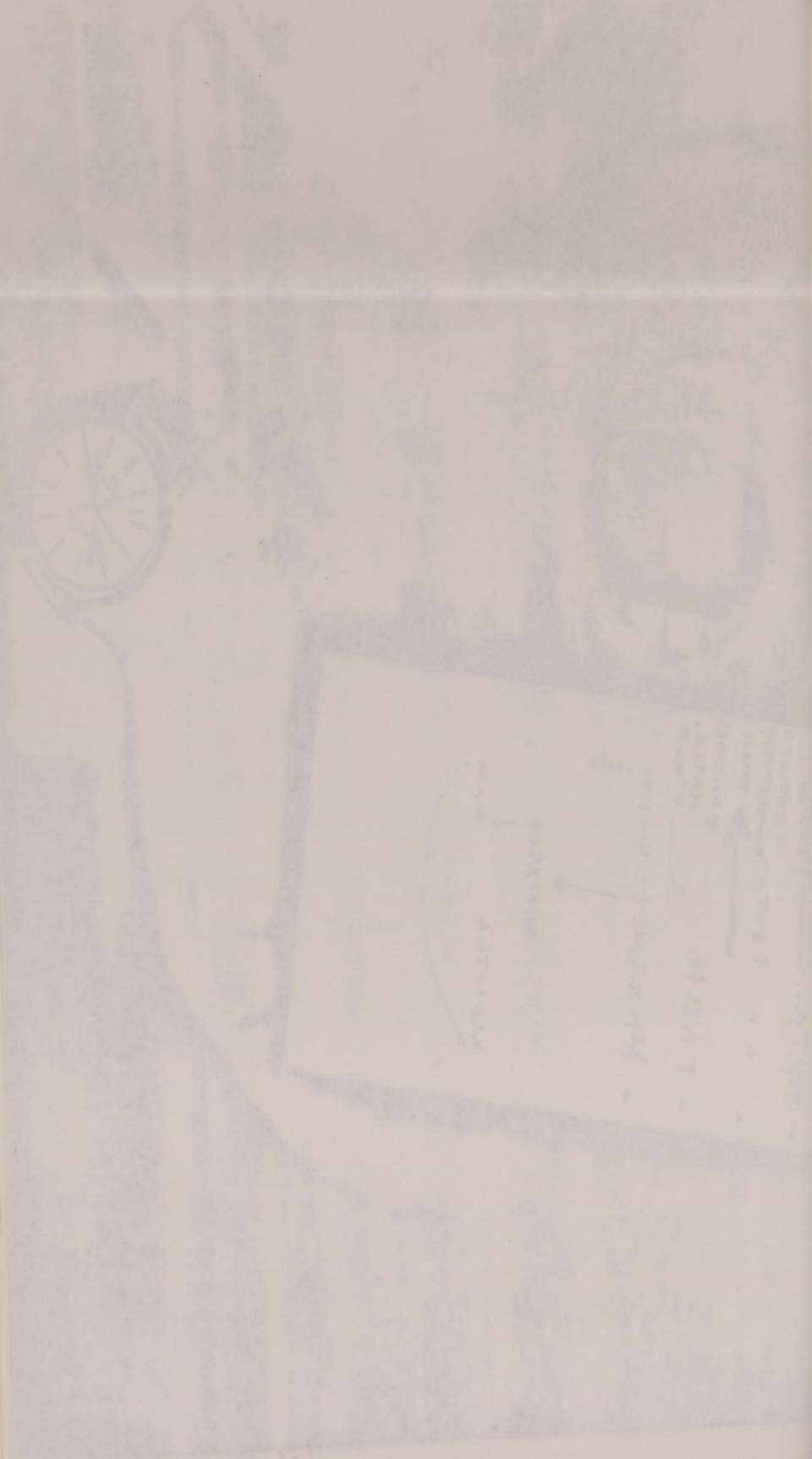
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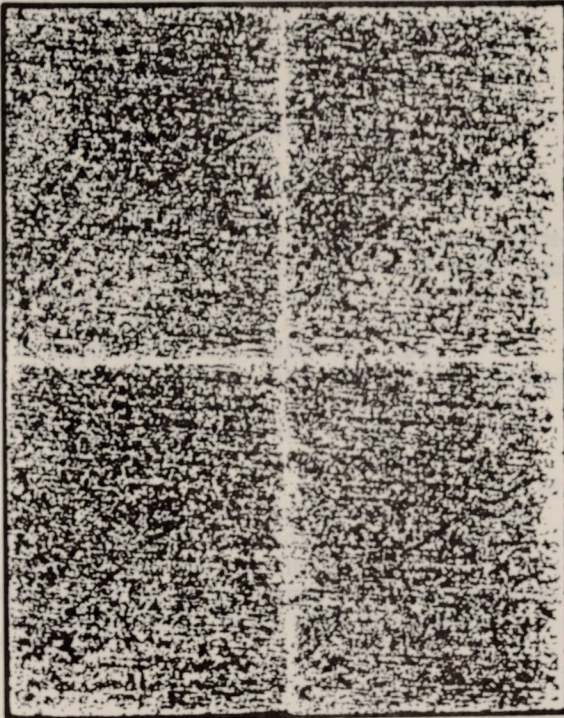


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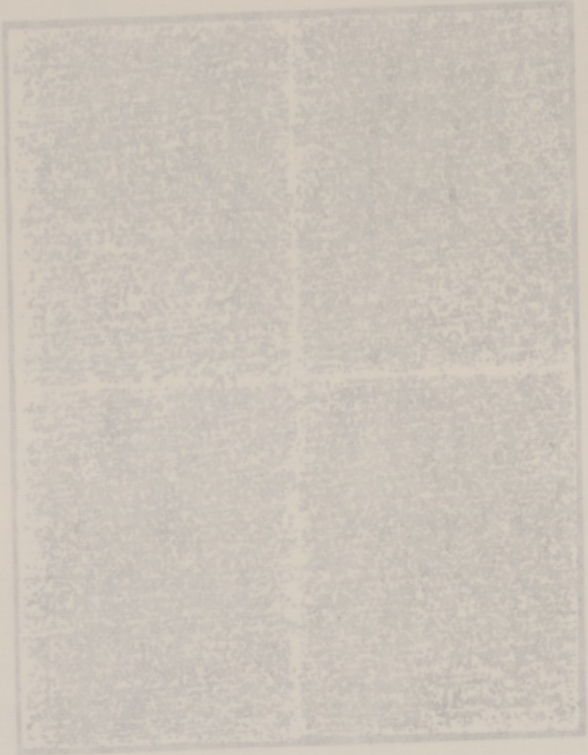
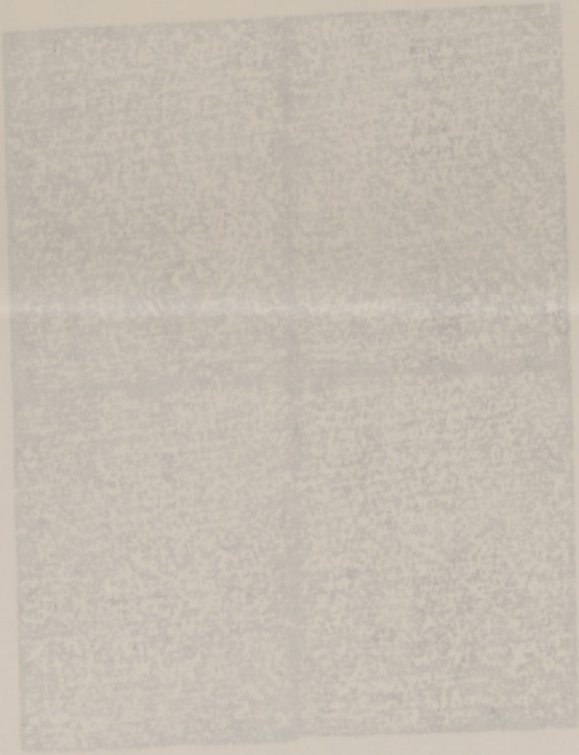
12/19/2025





Positive Negative 220%

Wally Depew



## BOONE'S VISION

His minnie ball shakes the calm, shakes  
the brown bear from dreams--rotting logs,  
a harvest of ants, honey tree, the quick trout stream,  
the bush where he stands four feet in berries--and enters  
the ear like thunder, a premonition toppling him  
into blue smoke, down sun slats.

Through fur  
the skinning knife slips into winter fat  
and the smokeless fire fills the forest with cooked meat.  
The man takes only what he can eat, slices a spitted shank  
until the ragged bone grows black.  
He checks powder, pan, and flint,  
and having eaten sleeps.

When he wakes  
his palms hold the ground's vibrations, fingers tremble,  
a strange urgency presses at his belt.  
He wants to be alone.  
What has driven him far ahead of any white man  
twists his gut: he surveys a silent forest, imagines Indians.  
His stomach rumbles, backside tightens, and a trembling  
like fear along his spine moves him down ridge  
into the secret bushy draw.

His blade cuts buckskin  
grown to skin, hands tear downward pants which strip  
like bark, and he squats on shaky legs: straining  
forward his feet dance across the grass, fire races  
to his brain--he strains, and releases gas.  
Laughter cuts the still air like knives,  
redmen drop from trees--Iroquois and Seneca, Mohawk  
and Oneida, Cayuga, Blackfoot, Souix, Crow--  
and on the hill stands all Boston in his solitude.  
His ass drags on nettles. He tries to run  
but cannot straighten up nor move his legs, and paralyzed  
his brain reels bloodless against the single-minded strain--  
lungs collapse, his guts explode, and in the high trees  
he sees a city springing from his camp, buildings  
tall as clipper ships sail against the light,  
wide avenues push westward, thick smoke swells into sun-slats,  
a million houses glow against the darkness, the crowd  
hawks laughter, screams, and with a noise like traffic  
he is turned out, pitched into senseless sleep.

When he wakes  
the sounds of industry have diminished into bird-song,  
a squirrel chatters where a thousand people stood.  
Yet before he kicks the campfire out  
something moves him to the nearest tree, where he carves  
his name, before sewing up his pants and walking  
west again.

*Albert Drake*

His minute ball shakes the calm, shakes  
the brown bear from dreams--rotting logs,  
a harvest of nuts, honey trees, the duck trout stream,  
the bush where he stands four feet in berries--and enters  
the bar like thunder, a presentation toppling him  
into blue smoke, down sea state.

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The man takes only what he can eat, slices a spitted shank  
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his palms hold the ground's vibrations, fingers tremble,  
a strange urgency presses at his belt.  
He wants to be alone.  
What has driven him far ahead of any white man  
crosses his gut: he surveys a silent forest, imagines Indians,  
his stomach rumbles, backside tightens, and a trembling  
like fear along his spine moves his down ridge  
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green to skin, hands tear downward pants which strip  
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His bag drags on nettles. He tries to run  
but cannot straighten up nor move his legs, and paralyzed  
his brain reels bloodless against the single-headed strain--  
lungs collapse, his guts explode, and in the high trees  
he sees a city springing from his camp, buildings  
tall as clipper ships sail against the light,  
wide avenues push westward, thick smoke swells into sun-stats,  
a million houses flow against the darkness, the crowd  
hears laughter, screams, and with a noise like traffic  
he is turned out, pitched into senseless sleep.

When he wakes  
the sounds of industry have diminished into bird-song,  
a splutter chatter where a thousand people stood.  
Yet before he kicks the captive out  
something moves him to the nearest tree, where he carves  
his name, before sewing up his pants and walking  
west again.

Albert Brooks

THE VOYAGE OUT

Always  
carry a pocketful of as  
sorted small change (cash  
a large bill (or  
2) each day) before leav  
ing :by always hav  
ing the EXACT tip hand  
y the TIME and MOneY you'll SAVE  
will be PHENOMENAL (please  
give extra serious consideration to  
BECAUSE  
:watch the  
milk) If your funds are  
n't rock bottom ask  
EVERYTHING  
to be cooked in butter (a  
major operation sometime) a  
void cooked tomatoes in a  
ny form  
UPPER DECK IS down (avoid  
cooked tomatoes in any form)  
:watch the milk hamburgers  
sausage stew hash if  
they don't have the chees  
burger you order they might ac  
commodate smilingly by  
tossing Dobbin or Fi  
do into the  
grinder (the fur of the fe  
line mascot is a gauge)  
BE WARY OF  
ICECUBES.

Helen Duberstein

LONDON

UGLY, WE SIT...

Ugly : we sit talk politics (each time I  
say something I am tolerated) how  
well he did : benign glance (oh! yes  
you also) but IDEologically speaking  
: why do you  
look at me that way? my ignorant nonlearnedness  
: downswept eyelids  
Stupidity is  
linked to forgetfulness

reportage of fact is  
Vulgar : ba  
boons tumble (caress each  
the others's crevices)

THIS STRANGER...

This stranger takes me to bed (in whose  
bed I  
am cast aside) whose face whose  
lines are unfamiliar  
: I dream my  
lover a landlord  
gouging (but  
he is an Idealist) I am  
confused  
this land this bed  
my husband we  
are married these twenty years (or  
more) my lover has known me longer  
:always  
know where you are  
Why you are there and  
do it  
properly.

PARIS

MY LOVER WALKS BESIDE ME...

My lover walks beside me  
     his breath is warm as he nibbles the  
                     tip of my ear  
                     :he  
 hears what I say (there  
                     are no words  
 he is seen nowhere  
                     I hear him as  
 touch) he talks of my adventure (he  
 will pay) and of the divorce he  
 wishes will take place (he will  
 pay) he want to ac  
 company me but that  
                     is not necessary I  
 assure him I will be there  
                     there is  
                     no need for  
 disturb himself (he draws  
                     glad breath  
                     his smile is  
                     inward his form  
 heaves satisfaction as  
                     he struts  
 away)

BEWARE THE MOTHER CAT...

Beware the mother cat : the arch rump  
 led mane : her hiss : her paw electron  
 ically willed : Ogre descend  
     Snatch (the growth in my groin : Ogre  
 Forswear nurture) Excavate (my womb  
 wills destruction) End a thousand cat  
 astrophic miasmophoric  
     Splendorific up  
 tight views           And the deeds (ah! the  
 dead!) VIVE GLORIAM : reasonably  
 willed; reasonably willed (the  
     key to knowledge is  
 \*\*\*\*\*) but the wanderer cat (I say) her  
     kitten will wean litter.

## MY HEEL CATCHES IN THE SAND...

my heel catches in the sand en  
 tangles in the rock  
 y parts about the trees a  
 long St. Germaine des Pres the iron  
 gratings are gone (trees also)

Simone

says :No! They are not in storage but  
 ripped apart (weapons)

Piled for  
 Barricades

In the Odeon we talked  
 through the nights the  
 animation the spiritualite oh!

gether made love washed (no, We cooked to  
 much washing done) there was not  
 The women were  
 fantastic (one

young girl stood atop  
 the barricade  
 egged on the faltering crowd)  
 The women in

Algiers now (she says  
 her eyes flit

as she spots the black flic laden  
 trucks circling le quartier  
 Le Mahieu (we sit there)

There are ar  
 rests (she says) daily

:on

the streets

:in rooms : no

charges

They stood shoulder to shoulder in Algiers  
 Equals

:Now the men sit  
 (she was there) in

Cafes wish  
 (the women wish)

to return to

the veil.

ITALY

THEY ARE LAYING RAILS...

they are laying rails between Catania  
 and the sea the shriek causes  
 the teller to shrink to concentrate  
 as he exchanges dollars for  
 lire :the graveyard square  
 walled cut off from the sea rock  
 bound beaches :under the close touching umbrellas  
 the carttops spread with bloodied slabs of fish  
 the hooked meat in the butcher shop the live eels  
 slither through the hands of the knifechopper the head  
 falls to the ground  
 lemon  
 rock quarries  
 traffic  
 jams  
 UPIM'S \* where

the man says YES! the train  
 goes to Palermo YES! you stay on  
 it goes to Firenze NO! you do not  
 have to change at ROMA! YES! you  
 can walk to the beach

the women shop anxiously for the lipsticks  
 and the eye makeup

rows  
 of seedling trees vines strung from limb to  
 limb

HER SON LIES...

her son lies life  
 less her own years stopped with  
 his birth :St. Peter madonna sit serenely  
 encompass the life  
 less youth whose youth matches  
 your own  
 whose beauteous polished  
 rippled play of shadow  
 melds :here in Firenze  
 the Christ is limp in your  
 arms  
 weighted  
 held by the hook of the hand  
 grown old  
 thick  
 strained

\* a chain store much like our Woolworth's or Grant's

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 the Christ is limp in your  
 arms  
 weighted  
 held by the hook of the hand  
 grown old  
 thick  
 strained

\* a chain store much like our Woolworth's or Grant's

THE GUARD SLEEPS...

the guard sleeps before david  
his sac heavy  
with seed (the limp  
sling hangs ready  
now :the youth strides  
he  
will perform wonders  
won  
dering at what he will  
do

he strides to slay goliath (as  
he kills the  
spurt the salvation  
of the  
guilt of the earth)  
in death limp  
astride the shoulder across  
the back (the gently  
curved rump thigh :muscular  
ripples through the leg up  
to the blades where wings will  
sprout the rib cage  
the play of shadow  
in the hollows the  
right hand holds clasped  
the rock

youth up

on whom destiny turns.

THE SUN PASSES...

the sun passes the light shines  
from the dome (illuminates  
david) As  
I sit in the wood velvet  
of the arm  
chair before the pieta firenze the  
french tourists leave and to my left  
the young man who stood with me to see the  
david sits stroking  
his moustache  
preening  
his lips and the short wisps  
of his beard (in  
worn dungarees he  
is scrawny and pale)

Helen Duberstein

# AL WILSON

- Johnny Ace
- James Dean
- Buddy Holly
- Big Bopper
- Richie Valens
- Eddie Cochran
- Gene Vincent
- Frankie Lyman
- Alan Freed
- Sam Cooke
- Otis Redding, Barkays
- Chuck Willis
- Stu Sutcliffe
- Bobby Fuller
- Brian Jones
- Jimi Hendrix
- Janis Joplin
- Brian Epstein
- Jim Morrison
- Bert Berns
- Tammi Turrell
- King Curtis
- Baby Huey
- Joe Meek (Tornadoes producer)
- somebody in Spanky & Our Gang
- Duane Allman
- Terry the Tramp
- David Crosby's old lady
- James Gurley's old lady
- that rock club in France where everybody got burned

- Arleston Christian
- Louie Armstrong
- Johnny Kidd
- Johnny Horton
- Little Willie John
- Earl Brent ("The Earl")
- Elvis's mom
- J. Lennon's mom
- Jimmy Horney

mini  
Back-a-Boo

THE GUARD SLEEPS...

ALV 1204

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his sac heavy  
with seed (the) limp  
sling hangs ready  
now : the youth strides  
he  
will perform wonders  
now  
during at that he will

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Otis Redding, Barbra  
Chuck Willis  
Stevie Nicks  
Bobby Fuller  
Brian Jones  
Jim Hendrix  
Janis Joplin  
Brian Epstein  
The Morrison  
Bert Berns  
Tami Turtlet  
King Curtis  
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Joe Meek (Tomorrow's producer)  
somebody in Spangy & our gang  
Duanne Allman  
Terry the Frog  
David Crosby's old lady  
James Gurley's old lady

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guilt of the earth  
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astride the shoulder across  
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curved ramp thigh muscular  
ripples through the leg up  
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THE SUN PASSES...

the sun passes  
from the  
I sit in the velvet  
of the arm  
chair before the plectrum  
franc tourists leave and to my left  
the sea to me with boots and  
david sits stroking  
his moustache

*Robert Christgau*  
*John J. J. J.*  
*Johnny Hates*  
*Little Willie John*  
*Carl Beckett (The)*  
*John's a man*  
*J. J. J.*

gaining  
his lips and the short wisps  
in) beard  
wore sunglasses  
is away and

PRE-MORTEM

Through the hole in the status I saw my wife and the woman I wanted. They moved steadily away, toward the light at the gallery's entrance, one's low-slung hips pindoned against the high shiny boots of the other.

So we had gathered, that flashing early spring day in London, had come to the Tate on impulse for Bacon's latest torn flesh (that was wife), had languished instead among Turner's shimmering yellows (that was Ceil), and now the women dwindled, apparently fused in exhaltation, far beyond my oddly perforated mound.

The sculpture too was female, rising above me, glossy grey and impervious except for the midsection zero. I resolved to have them all. Not sidling around the stony haunch but directly, through the vulnerable, deliberate, mawkish, pedestrian hole. Through which all flowed. Only decoration perhaps, a stabilizer in the great hall among corridors of desire; no name plate gave it the status of art.

The position was difficult, a leg could be raised. One simply thrust through it like a diver. My haircut was short, my grey beard fulsome, I lifted my sage Burberry collar; there would be no friction. I exited, partially, among meandering scents of peripheral bodies. The women had jarred loose now, off center. I had lost them. A guard replaced them in immediate perspective. He did not speak. His reproach was to hand me then, in my breach, what I had slanted on the far side. My tightly rolled umbrella.

Ceil had analyst's egg on her mouth. Pale yellow salve - a night of dry kisses? She came slowly as always down the center of the deep blue carpeted stairs, in the tight blue suit (usually blue, shadings of blue), her hair a cowl of black, her eyes black and a third one beneath them, provocative, the black dot on her throat. Which just escaped a scarf of green gauze. Arriving, her suspended motion seemed to flow to her right where the floor-through room, all the way to the garden, was lavish with hanging African skins. With meagre twisted black figurines. She was composed as a drum:

THE MURDER

Through the hole in the statue I saw my wife and the woman  
I wanted. They moved stealthily away, toward the light at the  
gallery's entrance, one's low-slung hips pitched against the  
high ship boots of the other.

So we had gathered, that flashing early spring day in Jan-  
uary, had come to the tale on tablets for Bacon's latest tour  
(that was this), had languished instead among Turner's  
shimmering yellows (that was Gail), and now the woman dashed  
apparently fused in exhalation, far beyond my edgily perforated  
world.

The sculpture too was female, rising above me, glossy grey  
and imperious except for the abstraction zone. I resolved to  
have done all. Her riding around the story branch but directly  
through the vulnerable, deliberate, madly, pedantic hole  
through which all flowed. Only decoration perhaps, a stabilizer  
in the great hall among corridors of desire; no new plate gave  
it the status of art.

The position was difficult, a leg could be raised. One  
stepped toward through it like a diver. My helmet was there, my  
grey beard raised, I lifted my eyes toward ceiling; there would  
be no friction. I entered, partially, among remaining coats of  
punctured bodies. The woman had turned toward me, all center.  
I had lost them. A guard required them in immediate perspective.  
He did not speak. His reproach was to hold me there, in my breath.  
That I had slanted on the far side, my tightly rolled materials.

Gail had majesty's eye on her mouth. Pale yellow saliva -  
a night of dry kisses? She came slowly as always from the center  
of the deep blue cupped statue, in the right blue exit (usually  
blue, shades of blue), her hair a coil of black, her eyes black  
and a third one beneath them, provocative, the black dot on her  
throat. Which just escaped a coil of green gauze. Arriving -  
her suspended motion seemed to flow to her right where the floor  
through room, all the way to the garden, was lavish with hanging  
African plants, with waxy tinted black lightness. She was con-  
posed as a drum.

WASHING CAREFULLY

by

Eric Felderman

Is it natural to see the leaves fall again and again and think beautiful thoughts? The great memories are possessed by others. The cold blue skies should delight me, yet my forearms are childlike. My glasses will never be clean. My heroes will never stride among the clouds and look back with sunlight on their smiles.

My sled did not go as fast between the two rows of cars. Is it possible I have no soul but a record player? I do not go into the city because I am afraid I have something to say. I sit all day waiting to say it. The paper is unusually white where I have failed. The words appear to be free and weightless. They shake their hips like perverts. Now it has grown dark. My silence has less dignity than the silence of stone or as it must be between the stars and ourselves.

What if my task were to love myself dearly? The bad people were in another room consuming each other voraciously. I wanted to do something beautiful and all of a sudden I fell asleep. When I awoke I was transformed into the owner of a beneficial couch company.

WASHINGTON CAREFULLY

Erta Weiberman

It is natural to see the leaves fall again and again  
and think beautiful thoughts. The great memories are possessed  
by others. The cold blue skies should delight us, yet we  
forever are children. My classes will never be clear. My  
horses will never stride among the clouds and look back with  
enlight on their smiles.  
My class did not go on far between the two rows of cars.  
Is it possible I have no soul but a perfect player? I do not  
go into the city because I am afraid I have something to say.  
I sit all day waiting to say it. The paper is unusually white  
where I have failed. The words appear to be free and weightless.  
They make their tips like parrots. How is the green dark.  
My silence has less dignity than the silence of stone on an it  
must be between the stars and ourselves.  
What if my task were to have myself done? The bed  
people were in another room consulting each other voraciously.  
I wanted to do something beautiful and all of a sudden I fell  
asleep. When I woke I was transferred into the arms of a  
fantastical couch company.

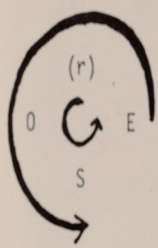
APOTHEOSIS OF SYSTEMS ANALYSIS

$$F(s) = \mathcal{L} \{ f(t) \} = \int_0^{\infty} e^{-st} f(t) dt$$

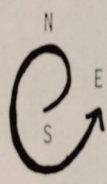
$$\int_{-\infty}^{\infty} f(x) \delta(x-a) dx = f(a)$$

DIRECTIONS

directions of romantic love

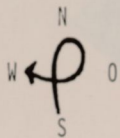
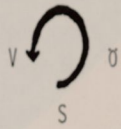


direction of touch



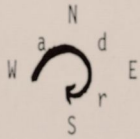
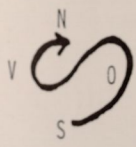
direction of a Swedish lullaby

directions of winter



he who has lost his directions

losing directions in sleep



South East West Norr Söder Öster Väster Nord Süd Ost West Nord Sud Est Ouest North South East

DIRECTIONS

directions of magnetic force



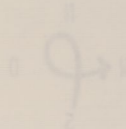
direction of touch



direction of a Swallow's flight



directions of water



the way that his direction



the direction in sleep



"FRANKS" : "A BODY OF LANGUAGE" : ...



Re: "Franks" : "A Body of Language" :

...after gazing admiringly at many scenes, all of a romantic nature, I was seized by a longing to write a verbal equivalent to the painting. So I found someone to explain the picture to me, and composed a work in four volumes as an offering to Love and the Nymphs and Pan, and as a source of pleasure for the human race -- something to heal the sick and comfort the afflicted, to refresh the memory of those who have been in love and educate those who have not. For no one will ever escape Love altogether -- no one ever will, so long as beauty exists and eyes can see. But as for me, I hope that the gods will allow me to write of other people's experiences, while retaining my own sanity...

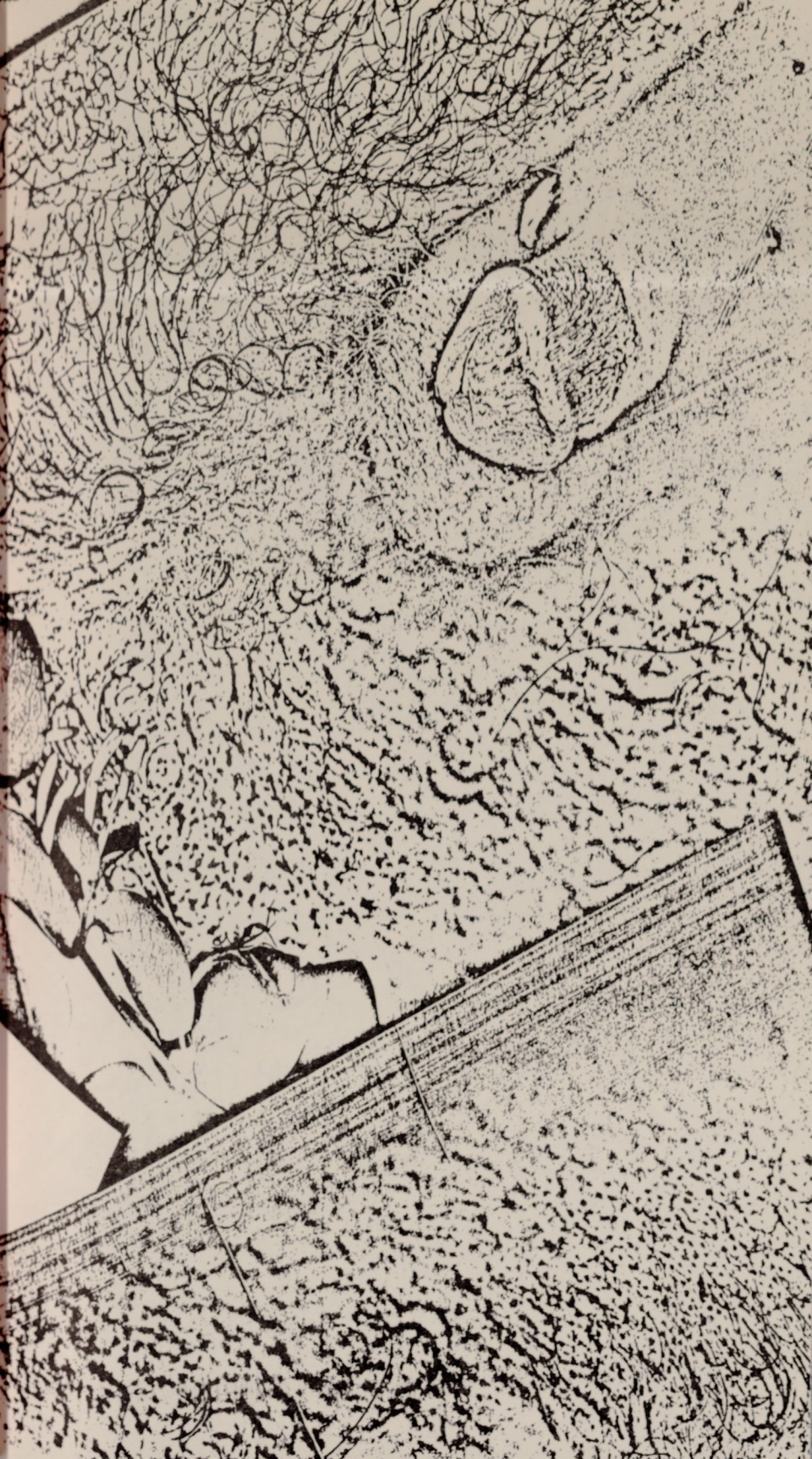
Longus

"I" was seized by a longing to make a visual equivalent to Longus's Daphnis and Chloe in 4 "volumes" -- anyone who knew me well 3 years ago knows that "I" was intent, after centuries, upon reversing the archetypal narcissistic image by having my own image "drown into me" -- perhaps it was these factors and a certain willfulness that has compelled me to realize "A Body of Language". "I", however, despite my sources of inspiration, my structural premissis (impossible to make apparent "here"), and the willfulness of my intentions -- "I" have nothing to do with "A Body of Language". I am simply a medium and an inventor -- words move through my mind thinking.

The first page -- a "selves portrait" is one of approximately 60 shot by Rodney Boyce and developed by one of my assistants, Miss Joan Cassis. They were shot from a fixed camera position as "I" wanted "super-market objectivity" while "I" was selflessly making love to a Xerox 2400 (they won't reproduce yourselves in your own image as will the immaculately passive Xerox #'s 720 and 914). This occurred at The Johns Hopkins University Press under the reassuring guidance of the designer Miss Laurie A. Jewell.

The following 2 pages are re:reproductions of 2 of the several hundred "original reproductions" made while making love to the immaculately passive, and over exposed Xerox #'s 720 and 914 in a successful attempt to de-mythify the archetypal narcissistic image at the National Headquarters of the Social Security Center in Woodlawn, Maryland where "I" gained entrance by posing as a research analyst from Rochester who had come to inspect the effects of viscous fluids upon the reduction modes of the Xerox 7000 -- Embry Scott, a Xerox expert and former employee assisted me.

"David Franks" : "A Body of Language" :









Christopher Franke

Notes

poem-COLLAGE Leaflet

Love is an oogly thing.

comect

PUBLISH or PERISH

Satyr's are nympholeptic.

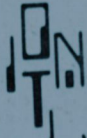


emotion  $\frac{\text{life}}{\text{death}} = \frac{1}{0}$

Paucity is a niggard.

\$x

$s = BS^2$



A hang-up is a skeleton to flesh with art.

0  
fnck



CONCERNING POETRY

The closure of creation is like the culmination of cognition.

Sex is man's prehensile tail.

Traffic court is a green kangaroo.

Harper & Row sounds like an altercation.

plain-speaking idiom came to be idolized by many of the new poets

heteroSEXUAL/HETERasexual

Lyric Rhythm

who took indecent liberties with typography and punctuation, and twisted and pulled and pounded the very words themselves into almost unrecognizable shapes?

Survival



\$&... ?

Unique Symbols  
Need-she  
The collages are from mutations, some and private collec-

mimilith

lo<sub>Δ</sub>e

innoc

e<sub>Δ</sub>0l

PERSONA

Hack Turns Folk Hero

## Selections From the Work of Christopher Franke.

# MONOLILITH

### The Rabbit

Episodes foist themselves upon the memory  
and like vignettes lie in blank time  
an album of experience.  
A moment may not be important  
but lies there touching your being.  
The pages turn,  
and I never did learn to dislocate  
the rabbit's neck.  
The trees behind the hutches do not exist  
in this vignette,  
but standing behind the hutches I am  
killing a rabbit.  
The dull knives that I used  
taught me in my ignorance  
to cut behind the ears  
rather than saw the loose flesh  
of the neck.  
I clubbed the rabbit on the head  
and strung him up  
and sawed at his neck;  
and slowed at the bone,  
the rabbit came to  
and squealed a shrill eeeeeeeeeeeeee. . . .  
And the butcher that I was  
I beat his head with the blade  
of the bone-handled carving knife.  
The blade broke on his head.  
He stopped squealing.  
I cut the loose flesh;  
his head off, he convulsed blood.  
Once when mom and I killed rabbits,  
we cut one's heart out, set it down,  
and it still beat.  
I show my foster mother the broken knife.  
The rabbit's skull broke her knife.  
Strange, my mother and I had one the same,  
part of a set.  
Mom in Tallahassee, with electrodes to her head,  
not my EEG, I in Pinellas Park.  
I am all I know;  
and the question asks the problem,  
and I can not answer.

### To Her

I hollow out a place for you in me  
When you pass through my mind led by my thought,  
A hand that takes you into hand to see,  
Naked before the blood's secret eye caught.  
The prisoner of backwardness, I am  
To forwardness disposed, by too wrought gland,  
Of my unnecessary need on the lam  
From the prim prick that grinds my heart to sand.  
Under the cover of my eye lids you  
Come a lover to bed my hollowness  
Knocking up against the visions that do  
You disservices in my shallowness.  
Over thoughts that knowing is love, I lie  
Under the manhood of fears, she makes shy.

### RUBBER POEM

DRAG IN, KNOCK UP, THEIR DOUBTS.  
PLUMB AND BANG OUT BANG-UPS.  
SWAT FLIES; EAT CHERRIES, OUT.  
SUCK CENTS; BLOW MINDS ABOUT.  
LET LINES GET ALL BALLED UP,  
THEN STAMP THEM ALL RIGHT OUT.

© CHRIS FRANKE 1969

Keep the Skillet Hot Sadie Hawkins

despite the crunch of just breaking  
her toe, she chases him  
the man, eater of snow white candy;

despite the fact that she knows  
he, in quick moments,  
redesigns her limbs into  
an Edsel; she has  
a lasso to get him  
like a seagull  
in the everglades;

oh no you cannot,  
he says  
or  
so what;

yes I can  
& will, she states,  
for some of us  
have to shoot  
arrows, greased by hemlock,  
toward a target, thinking  
airplanes in flight  
are birds, tonights supper;

& this is not a daydream.

. . . *Susan Gallagher*

1848

1849

1850

1851

1852

1853

what sweethearts cannot read

ASK FOR BARRY  
THE LOVER  
JU6 2100  
THE GIRLS OF THE F TRAIN

& we sit  
across from this clear red stencils  
saying you must  
must do your laundry  
because it isn't snowing  
today of all days

pounds of shirts tablecloth  
the police gazette under your arm  
to take to read you  
in the aura of steam  
stray socks

& i try to think in cartoon bubbles  
of the fact  
that it is  
snowing  
that is why your car wouldn't start  
& we took this subway  
in the first place  
able to read over another shoulder's shoulder  
another daily news headline

THE DRAFT LOTTERY PICKS  
XMAS DAY  
VALENTINES DAY  
WITHIN TOP TEN PLACES

so i jot down the number  
on the wall

JU6 2100

. . . *Susan Gallagher*

THE GIRL OF THE TRAIN

ASK FOR BARRY  
THE LOVER  
THE GIRL  
THE GIRL OF THE TRAIN

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THE GIRL OF THE TRAIN

reunion

boxwood lanes thin out  
our headlights brighten  
christmas tinsel  
a welcome banner  
are strung on main street

now see this strip here — it used to be a gravel highway

i look where she points  
& see  
a southern town  
circa 1928  
minus the statue  
of a confederate hero

my mother whispers  
over road maps  
that at fourteen  
she had stolen a model T  
toppling him with his musket  
off the bronzed base

. . . Susan Gallagher

forward from this end  
our knowledge begins  
to grow from  
a narrow base  
as things are seen

that we are not to be a part of it -- it is to be a part of it

I feel when the center  
is so  
a center that  
is not  
that the center  
of a center is

to make when  
we are not  
that in nature  
do not take a part  
to find out with the center  
of the center

... from the center

competitive world of Wall Street and finance. He maintained a 10-foot dingby, compared to Morgan's founder's fabled 302-foot yacht, Corsair, and derived great pleasure from running a tractor, polishing his own shoes and buying his suits off the rack.

clothe, feed and educate, it adds. It was on May 20, 1960, that the first oral contraceptive—Enovid, made by G. D. Searle—was approved for marketing in the United States. This month, Searle introduced the

#### "JACK SPRAT" (HEMINGWAY)

Sprat tasted it. It was good, the way it tasted once. He could not remember when. Good lean meat. The old woman, she couldn't eat it. He watched as she tore at the fat with her fingers. Even then it did not still the cold hunger. They licked the platter. Old woman, he thought when they had finished, we have come a long way together. His wound ached.

My well-toned secretary suggests the following medically sound method:

"By pretending there is a finger within the vaginal canal and attempting to hold on to it, you should achieve this tightening. Do this 20 or 30 times each day and you will find that the vaginal canal has lessened its circumference and that you can tighten and hold at will."

John Pielaszcyk, key punch operator, 1903 Webster street:

My image is many things. Lettuce when it's getting crisp. The beak of a chick breaking through the shell. Phosphorescence floating. The smell of vanilla beans and freshly ground coffee.

to have been aware of the pupil-size phenomenon for a long time. It is said that magicians doing card tricks can identify the card a person is thinking about by watching his pupils enlarge when the card is turned up, and that Chinese jade dealers watch a buyer's pupils to know when he is impressed by a specimen and is likely to pay a high price. Polt and I have been able to study the pupil response in detail and

"I met a traveller from an antique land . . .  
His arm fell off when I shook his hand."

there was no immediate health hazard because the weather is cold and about 50 per cent of the storage space at the cementeries is still unused.

"If the weather goes above 50 degrees, there will be cause for concern," he said, explaining that bodies begin to decompose at that temperature. "And if the strike continues for another

## Warm Water

### Washington

Warm Gulf Stream waters make Bermuda the world's northernmost coral-fringed island group.

*Associated Press*

wife to shop economically.

### A Study of 42 Suicide Notes

[Fellini calls for a chair and a small table. With chaos eddying around him, the huge man hunches over a typewriter rewriting the pages that he plans to shoot today. He has a well-prepared script, but he always rewrites a scene on the day he shoots it,

the Connecticut State Board of Education, was elected a trustee of Yale University today—the first non-Protestant trustee in the school's history.

Yale was founded by a group)

A few minutes after 6 p.m., a Con Ed crew was working near the corner of Seventh Ave. and 51st St., threading a long wire down through a manhole. A crowd gathered around the crew and as the crowd grew, people began whispering that this wire was going to fix all the lights in the city.

As the jury filed past Justice Murtagh, the juror paused momentarily and murmured an apology, holding his right arm close to his body and looking red-faced with embarrassment.

I was a teacher for 20 years  
and  
His was full of what I took for granted.

There was no immediate  
response because the weather  
was so bad that he was  
unable to get to the  
school. The weather  
was so bad that he was  
unable to get to the  
school. The weather  
was so bad that he was  
unable to get to the  
school.

Warm Water  
Wedding  
Ward Civil Union  
was held at the  
church. The weather  
was so bad that he was  
unable to get to the  
school.

A Party of 42 Ladies  
were to give a party.

It is a great pleasure  
to have you here today.  
The weather is so  
good that we are  
able to have a  
party. The weather  
is so good that we  
are able to have a  
party.

The weather is so  
good that we are  
able to have a  
party. The weather  
is so good that we  
are able to have a  
party.

A few minutes ago  
I was in the  
park. The weather  
is so good that we  
are able to have a  
party. The weather  
is so good that we  
are able to have a  
party.

As the sun  
shines, the  
weather is so  
good that we  
are able to have  
a party. The  
weather is so  
good that we  
are able to have  
a party.

It was a  
great pleasure  
to have you  
here today.  
The weather  
is so good  
that we are  
able to have  
a party.

The weather  
is so good  
that we are  
able to have  
a party. The  
weather is so  
good that we  
are able to  
have a party.

"I am  
glad to see  
you here today.  
The weather  
is so good  
that we are  
able to have  
a party. The  
weather is so  
good that we  
are able to  
have a party."

The weather  
is so good  
that we are  
able to have  
a party. The  
weather is so  
good that we  
are able to  
have a party.

John  
P. is a  
great  
pleasure  
to have  
you here  
today. The  
weather  
is so good  
that we  
are able  
to have  
a party.

The weather  
is so good  
that we are  
able to have  
a party. The  
weather is so  
good that we  
are able to  
have a party.



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The Migrations of Swans

from lake to lake,  
from season to season. The white birds  
with curving necks  
growing older than a man can ever hope to.

I think  
and it is a form of living  
so long as I am unaware that I  
am merely thinking.  
The meanings are the patterns,  
the patterns of feathers,  
the patterns of bubbles baked into the bread  
I am feeding the ancient swan  
who lives much longer than I can  
and who burns thoughts  
as relevant as water

and the ripples and the wings  
and the ripples and the wings  
and the ripples  
and the white  
the soft white wings  
and the curving curving curving of the neck  
the bread is descending  
to the gullets of heaven.

---

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## The Lily Pad

Morning:

She pulls a French horn from the bodice of her dress  
and tries to play it  
but her hands have cracked  
her hair has turned white  
her lips have shriveled  
and no sound comes out.

She begins to weep  
but the cries she makes  
sound like a French horn played  
far off in the distance.

Noon:

She puts the French horn back into the bodice of her dress,  
runs to the river  
and leaps in  
letting the weight of the horn  
carry her to the bottom.

But the same water that fills her ears  
flows through the horn  
and she hears its sound  
rippling through her head.

Night:

She swims to the surface dragging the French horn with her  
but is exhausted from the effort  
and drowns with the horn clutched  
to her shrivelling lips.

Her white hair floats out all around her:  
now she is a lily pad  
with a frog  
singing on her breast

(a headless conductor conducts in distorted slow-motion)

STANding SULLEN AND INerT,  
EYES fixED ON lickING Up the Thought  
Of dead and TWisted people SPilling ouT OF  
THE DARK MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL,  
THE RED SHIRT FLareD UP.

coNFUSED BBecause a singLE Tile in THE  
WALL formed a cURved line,  
THE PLASTER RAMMED LOOSE  
ANd sHATTEREd the ALphabeT.

a slick hANDBag GARRying  
a large bLACK METAL PILLAR  
LEANED it AGAINst a SMILing womAN.

( . . . , the SEVEREd HEAD VomIts.)

(a) In the event of a fire, the fire alarm should be sounded immediately.

She pulls a French horn from the folds of her dress

and tries to play it  
but her hands have cracked  
her lips are numb and white  
her lips have cracked

EYES ARE LOOKING UP THE TOWER

She begins to weep  
but the cries of the  
people are so far off in the distance.

THE OPEN MOUTH OF THE TOWER

Noon

She puts the French horn to her lips  
and runs to the river  
and leaps in  
letting the weight of the horn  
carry her to the bottom.

CONVULSED BECAUSE SHE IS

flow through the horn  
and she feels its sound  
ripping and curved lines

THE PLATE IS TANNED LOOSE

She swims to the surface, dragging the French horn with her  
and hatches the bubbles  
and drowns with the horn clutched  
to her shrivelling lips.

Her white hair floats out all around her

AND HATCHES THE BUBBLES

AND HATCHES THE BUBBLES

LEANS AGAINST A WALL

PAS<sup>ad</sup>ENA: 8:00 pm.

MULTSEPRI<sup>at</sup>ECUNG<sup>fed</sup>ITH<sup>ma</sup>oseb.

BZERN<sup>t</sup>RYO<sup>g</sup>thldn<sup>CE</sup><sup>s</sup>dyRN<sup>w</sup>hst<sup>NS</sup>r<sup>f</sup>uk<sup>s</sup>o<sup>T</sup>mpl:

THR<sup>aj</sup>ize<sup>D</sup>ul<sup>ss</sup>m<sup>nf</sup><sup>IO</sup>t<sup>ms</sup>KATIOPSI<sup>D</sup>ng<sup>fu</sup><sup>TH</sup>LATE<sup>Ed</sup>ng<sup>WHR!</sup>

NS<sup>mb</sup>ular<sup>p</sup>AGU<sup>i</sup>t<sup>seo</sup>th,

sp<sup>l</sup>rck<sup>q</sup>ew<sup>HI</sup>X<sup>t</sup>is<sup>U</sup>MI<sup>D</sup>NED<sup>GAL</sup>urs<sup>ym</sup>A<sup>l</sup>?

drs<sup>O</sup>IP<sup>N</sup>T<sup>r</sup>uk<sup>th</sup>ms<sup>TR</sup>L<sup>M</sup>ia<sup>r</sup>W<sup>H</sup>IB<sup>N</sup>F<sup>t</sup>CH<sup>R</sup>b<sup>j</sup>E<sup>ct</sup>,

YST<sup>S</sup>TA<sup>ent</sup>at<sup>HR</sup>aes<sup>S</sup>NT<sup>LY</sup>ir<sup>NUSAT</sup>rp;

rISE up dANCING

80571294360

[41038519816018451]

42821953<sup>961</sup>25<sup>88</sup>4620754

443<sup>27</sup>919<sup>43</sup>857


05612031557/34<sup>927</sup>984

850<sup>3162745</sup>8391607

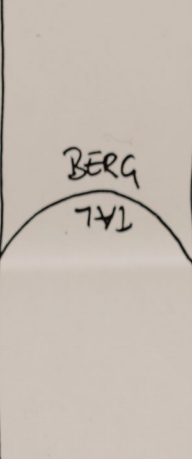
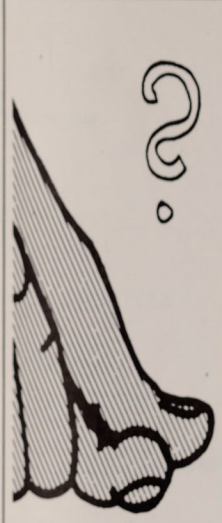
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INZERT  
HORIZONT



DIE MITTE  
LINKS IST  
NICHT - IST  
DOCH DIE  
MITTE RECHTS  
  
MITTE ≠ MITE

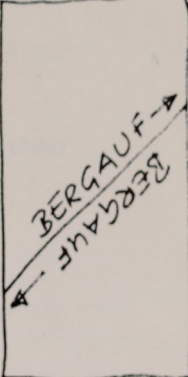





Nennen Sie  
uns einen  
besseren!

klaus groh  
roter steinweg 2a  
D-2901 friedrichsfeld  
tel.: (044096) 354

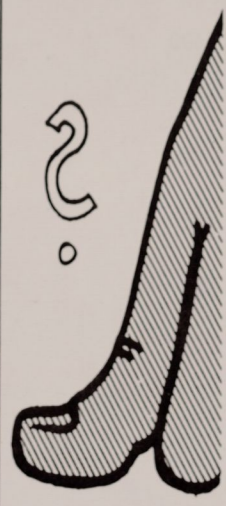
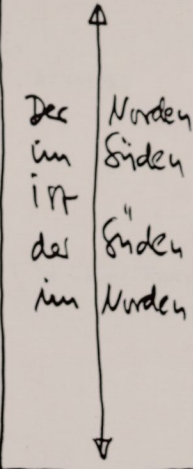
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klaus groh  
ofener str. 39  
D 2900 oldenburg  
tel.: (0441) 10706

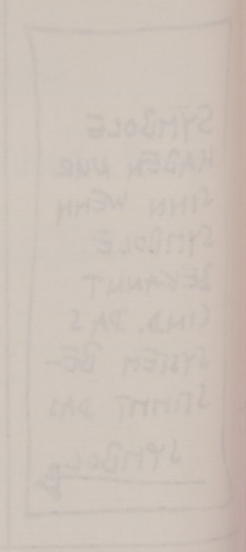
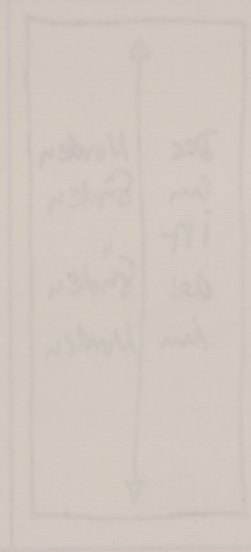
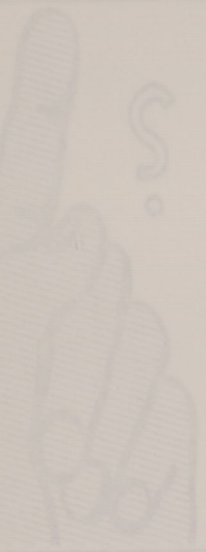
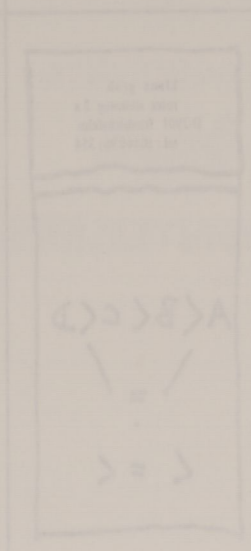
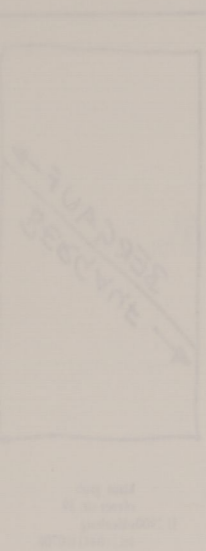
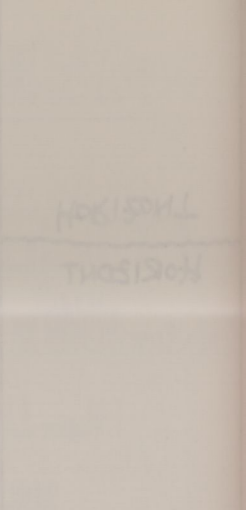
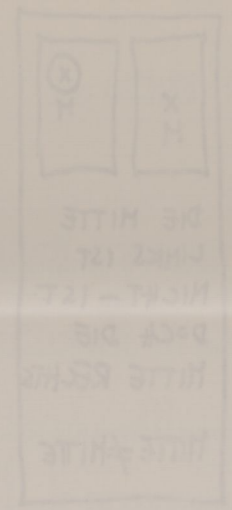
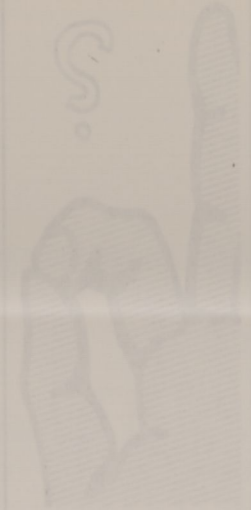
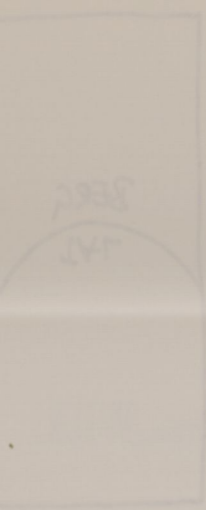
SYMBOLE  
HABEN NUR  
SINN WENN  
SYMBOLE  
BEKANNT  
SIND. DAS  
SYSTEM BE-  
STIMMT DAS  
SYMBOL

Der Norden  
im Süden  
ist der Süden  
im Norden



K. Groh



K. R. N.

TO  
BECOME  
PASTLESS,

MEMORIA

BLOWN  
DUST

PASSES

THROO

SUNLIT

THE

MOON

AT NIGHT

A CIRCLE

OF  
HUMAN  
BEINGS

KNOWN

SEEN  
IN  
PSYCLES,

GONE

WHO

REMAINED

HERE & I TO DISAPPEAR,

POEM BY CPGRAHAM

DEZINE BY KOZ

A G U E S T I N T H E  
M O O N  
S I T H E  
T H E O R Y  
H O U S E O F A C T S

DESIGN BY XOX

POEM BY CPGRAHAM

# GUILT

the cat  
you released  
in the woods  
is making its way  
slowly back to you

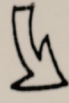
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in the woods  
is making its way  
slowly back to you

the cat  
you released  
in the woods  
is making its way  
slowly back to you



make the cube  
roll it and read the upturned side  
roll it again and read the upturned side  
continue doing this  
stop when you feel like it

copyright © 1973 by Bob Herman



MIDDLE STATE

lines of RESOLUTION HEAD 2 SCAN 2

promise NOT to FLICKER i will create my OWN information - IDENT i will be  
 a GOOD transducer/changing ONE form of energy for ANOTHER & WILL RESIST the ALL or  
 NOTHING Impulse reflected in the FORMless & INVisible UNIVERSE & in  
 the COSMIC flux head-to-TAPE electrically excited flow patterns  
 extending OUTWARD to the NEXT NEXT continuous image phosphorescent screen  
 NON-CLASSIFIED 8 billion bits of information J U M I P exchange  
 scansion/ONE DIMENSION in TIME for ROTATING HEADS ONE in SPACE / or vice versa  
 all frequencies are FED growth may NOT be uniform self-restructuring  
 electronic editing GENERATOR CURRENT (no dry loop) cross-modal connections  
 INSTANT REPLAY galaxies distant galaxies INSTANT REPLAY  
 LINES OF RESOLUTION lines of resolution 1/2 inch PACK/your ELECTRON - gun!

I've heard that some people dream the same,

I write this by hand. An analysis of the  
 all confirm the story.

Liam O'Gallagher '73

BILL HARRIS



# MIDDLE STATE'

I will sleep quickly, not float on my back between wake and sleep. I void my mind. I am no Buddhist, for this extinguishing quickens a fear that is one conscious again. But I keep on trying. Cold sparks pop between forehead skin and bone. My eyelids, lined deep blue, cave in and eyes take sanctuary in cerebral folds. Lips protrude in free space, no control on their drift. Tongue swells against lower teeth. My eyes swing open, vanity provoked by distortion and pledged to vigilance against a recurrence. No, I will not sleep quickly.

I am going to laugh, at nothing. Bells arm around my ribs locks my buttocks to his flank (I do not lie facing him, for sleep is too private). His breathing is impeccably spaced; he dreams. I wish not to wake him, but my ribs tremble with the fortuitous laugh, the sound undulates up my windpipe, my mouth cannot bar it. (This is terrifying, yet I enjoy it. Perhaps there is not enough terror during the day.)

Each muscle, hard-worked, tightens to its own pitch. Any sensation is an improvement on no sensation. Especially at night I appreciate sensation. Though I feel myself thoroughly, muscle by muscle, I cannot move, alive in a total cast.

I've heard that some people dream the same,

I write this by hand. An analysis of the handwriting will confirm the testimony of the story.

their sleeping psyches Siamese twins with slightly removed perspectives. In the morning they supply details to each other. Or do they merely dream together at the breakfast table the way Bill and I bet-ween us invent a single story? I wonder if Bill and I will ever dream the same dream. Anyway, we'd have to dream it separately, and then too we have different anxieties.

Mon esprit est fatigué (at night I like French words, translucent as soap bubbles, I do not violate them in the garbage of daytime communication). It has shrunk to an electron. Of the many chambers of my life, I cannot tell in which it will alight, nor can its velocity be determined. Whatever it touches turns to anxiety. I hear Bill tell me we are going to the Saunders' for dinner. I must take a dessert, I say. Bill insists I take nothing. I shivel in my riggardliness. (Tomorrow I will worry about this invitation, for what transpires in the middle state is easily confounded with reality.) Something yanks me - only reluctantly I forgo studying my shame. My mother visits unannounced. Unbidden she reads an angry page he written about her in my notebook. "I see how it is," she says. She leaves forever in the back of a donkey cart. I wave, she doesn't wave, only looks at me. I feel the tensions evaporate; I am desperate, for Nietzsche told me to keep the low taut.

A still life. Something white, amorphous and textureless, draped on a green davenport. I do not recognize this white thing, but it humiliates me. I want to snatch and hide it but can only stare.

My brain, a Maxwell demon from the middle state down, chooses not to check the flow of reality into the box of consciousness. It lets me hear the refrigerator

gear up. As I think, what will I defeat tomorrow? a heaviness in my head implodes, pulls in its tenacles, becomes a solid ball. The transition to alertness is startlingly painful.

I rearrange my body, hoping that will change the condition of my mind, now far above the waters of sleep. Senseless to have daylight in the mind when the room is dark. Dark but for patches of light on the ceiling, human arms with hands palm down and knuckles slightly raised. The knuckles cannot unbend, too thick. The wrists cannot raise the hands, too fragile. The arms grow fatter and fatter. Where is that light coming from?

Bill too is awake. I ask to make up a story. "About what?" he says. "About garlic," I say, "for garlic is a little-appreciated treasure. When you crush it in vinegar, it is potent to remove cholesterol from the arteries. When you cook it gently and smash it with a banana, it remedies hemorrhoids, also toughens toenails."

"Garlic," Bill says, "is God's gift to the children of the world. God said, 'Let there be garlic.' That was the eighth day. It got edited out because, after making all those things over and under the firmament, He couldn't get caught making garlic."\*

"That's why," I add, "garlic is well sheathed and comes in clumps." I think my husband is very clever and tell him so. He is satisfied. I remember the time he told a poignant story about a turtle. I have it written in a notebook with a spiral at the top which gets me

\*This is the actual story my husband told. However, he neglected to copyright it.

wiped up. In my mind the notebook becomes a carousel, spinning, flipping pages as I try to read the sequence of notes.

I see an image of myself, though it does not look like me. My features are exceedingly regular; my eyes, no specific color; my hair, between blond and brown and brunette. (The image is in black and white, but I know these things) I am both tall and short, neither voluptuous nor slim nor all-American perfect. People call me by names that aren't mine. "Excuse me," they say, "but you look so much like..." Drivers honk, passersby wave, all misidentifying me. I want to dye my hair red, slack my face, put on false bottoms, become a hooker.

I shake it off. I must think something nice. Henry Kissinger invites me to dinner and asks what I would like to eat. (I am dieting because my buttocks pressed at night against my husband's flank daily strain the seams of their jeans.) "A fresh tuna steak," I tell him, "for in Nova Scotia I missed the tuna season by two days." My mouth is a three-sided waterfall. Saliva runs down my cheek. "Or filet of whale. I once saw a whale hauled in and carved up, but I missed the opportunity to purchase a piece. Or roast suckling pig with an avocado in its mouth (I don't like apples with pork). A roast duck (it must be a mallard and male, for I relish the genitalia) covered with sautéed fronds of fern for feathers and perched on a lake of chestnut purée mixed with chopped lobster sausage. Standing at roast of elk garnished with marrow of antler and surrounded by marinated cashews..." (It must be that I sink about now.)

I am in an auditorium, a hybrid of the main ticket area of Grand Central Station and my Iowa

grade-school gymnasium. I am supposed to be selling cake and fudge to raise money for our press, but instead I am eating huge slabs of cake from both hands, though it is years since I liked cake. The table at which I am sitting suddenly expands into a series of tables. Farther up, my mother greets my old Girl Scout leaders and people from our church. Because of them I know I am misbehaving but am nevertheless in a corner kissing men who seem to be recent acquaintances but have the same face. Outside Bill waits for Mother and me in the Volkswagen bus with Jersey plates we once owned. The Minnesota snow of my early years is piled waist-high around the bus. Climbing in feels just like when Bill used to pick me up in the rain after classes. (Why does my dream knit together these elements of my past and present lives this night? All I know is that the base of the mind disdains contrivances of space and time. For it, any experience is viable next to any other. Perhaps there is a lesson in that.)

I am at a friend's house. His morning. I am cracking two eggs into a frying pan and looking toward the table where the Times Magazine is open to an article about women. I have just begun to read when my husband's hand runs along my side. I try to disregard the hand and return to the article. Too late; the print diminishes into a grey haze. Now I can never read it.

The hand is on my side. My senses have been extended in the dream state; nothing has been trivial; everything has been engendered within. My senses have

No time to retrench before the hand's stimulation swamps them. I wish my whole being would become nearsighted, fog out reality, turn inside again. Useless trying. I gaze at the ceiling which answers back with nothing. Mentally I make it a checkerboard for I can't bear a blank surface when I'm awake.

Now I will have to wait many hours to reenter the middle state. Some people are interested in knowing by how many years they effectively extend their lives if they rise every morning at 6:30 instead of 7:30. Foolishness, for dreaming is health-giving, problem-solving, life-extending. I remember once when I was slushing through a term paper, I dreamed of Plato's linguistic net stuffed with the artichoke hearts I had marinating in the refrigerator. I cannot say what my brain was doing, but I can honestly report to you that the next day my paper went very well. Having a brain is as good as having a god. If you blindly submit to it, it will work miracles. In daydream, in night dream, in middle-state dream, it doesn't matter. I prescribe a lot of dreaming for myself.

## To Analyze the Process

by Dick Higgins

If I sit, can I ask questions? And if I ask questions, can I think? Why not figure out some of the answers?

When completed, please return to John Kellam, General Agent, Box 1027, New Canaan, Conn 06840, USA.

a) Los Angeles? Its own zen.

The only quiet Chinatown in the world. Two arcades. People in duos, trios, quartets, quintets, up to octets. Occasionally speaking, their eyes never meeting.

Friday night. The cars in the street gliding like big tin bats. Never fluttering.

Hot. An office in a plastic Mexican Colonial style, opposite an open air squash court. Biff boff. Office door open. Vacant topped desk. Lovely oriental girl staring off into space. Hans resting on synthetic teak. Elsewhere, a sign to read "Miss Yang" or "Eleanor Fujikawa" or some such. In Los Angeles, reading simply "someone." Biff boff.

b) Look, Ms. No verbs, except as participles, infinitives, imperatives. No indicative: nothing to indicate. Nothing strongly indicated.

Why?

Why not?

Writing as picture. Sometimes as sound. Meaning by embodying. By embedding.

In the silence of North America, so natural to be a painter or composer or concept artist (con + septic). So foreign to write with the mind's own music.

Take yer picture, Mister? Guaranteed 100% organically grown words.

Friday, Mergenthaler Linotype announcing no more hot Linotype machines. Only Linofilm. Write yer picture, Mister? Americans taking pictures of letters. Otamer Mergenthaler, German mechanical genius, at home with his wife, hot molten metal. Nibelungenliedergrefik. Now settled in Baltimore among the Liederkrenzes. Now dying young in a land without much hot stuff metal.

Cool. Take yer picture, Mister? Chemicals, reped from landscape. Inexorable development of lover case s. b. c. Cool enough for Uncle Wiggly. Take yer picture, Mister? What lower case?

Writing. Writing for photography. The passé captions in aperture. Writing to be photo-lettered too. Why so little concrete poetry in North America? Why so much other visual poetry? Proto-calligraphy (often typed)? Near-beest visual stuff? Near beer? Take yer picture, Mister?

Why so little structure?

At General Motors? Structural reflections of Economic Anarchy? The Monolithic Anarchism of General Motors or an American Art College? Talcott Parsons. Bucky Fuller's snapshots of his yacht. Hermann Kahn. Take yer picture, Mister?

- c) Cheeses? Pleases Jesus.  
 Jesus Pieces plesses.  
 Jesus pieces plesses.  
 Cheeses pieces plesses.  
 Jesus Pieces plesses Jesus.  
 Cheeses plesses Jesus.  
 Cheeses pieces Jesus.  
 Pieces Jesus cheeses?

Jesus piecing cheeses? Heer or seen. Much more real than directed to the mind. Who?- keeping us so mindless. Whose interests being served?

Newhall, California  
 January 24th, 1971

Covering his name with  
his finger  
acha, "Did you expect me  
to reveal a secret?"



Friday, Mergenthaler Linotype announcing no more hot Linotype machines. Only Linofils. Write yer picture, Mister? Americans taking pictures of letters. Other Mergenthaler, German mechanical genius, at home with his wife, hot molten metal. Einmalungeliedererrik. Now settled in Baltimore among the Linderkreuzer. Now dying young in a land without such hot stuff metal.

Coal. Take yer picture, Mister? Chemicals, reped from landscapes. Inexorable development of lower case a, b, c. Coal enough for Uncle Wiggly. Take yer picture, Mister? What lower case?

Writing. Writing for photography. The pressé captions in guyana. Writing to be photo-lettered too. Why so little concrete poetry in North America? Why so much other visual poetry? Photo-calligraphy (often typed)? Near-best visual stuff? Near best? Take yer picture, Mister?

Why so little structure?

At General Motors? Structural reflections of Economic Anarchy? The Macmillan's Economics of General Motors or an American Art College? Talbot Parsons. Lucky Poller's snapshots of his yacht. Norman Kohn. Take yer picture, Mister?

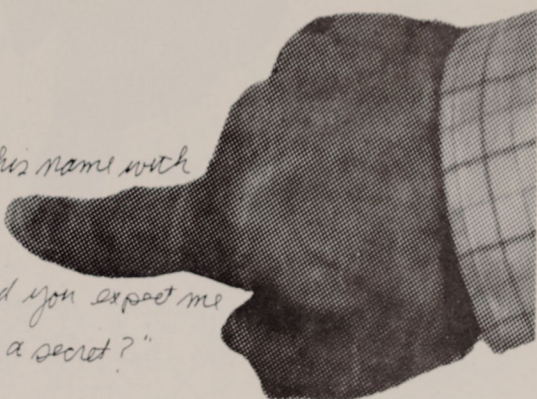
- c) Cheese? Placed Jesus.
- Jesus placed please.
- Jesus please please.
- Cheese please please.
- Jesus Please please Jesus.
- Cheese please Jesus.
- Cheese please Jesus.
- Please Jesus cheese?



Jesus placing cheese? Near or seen. Much more real than directed to the mind. What-keeping us as mindless. Whose interests being served?

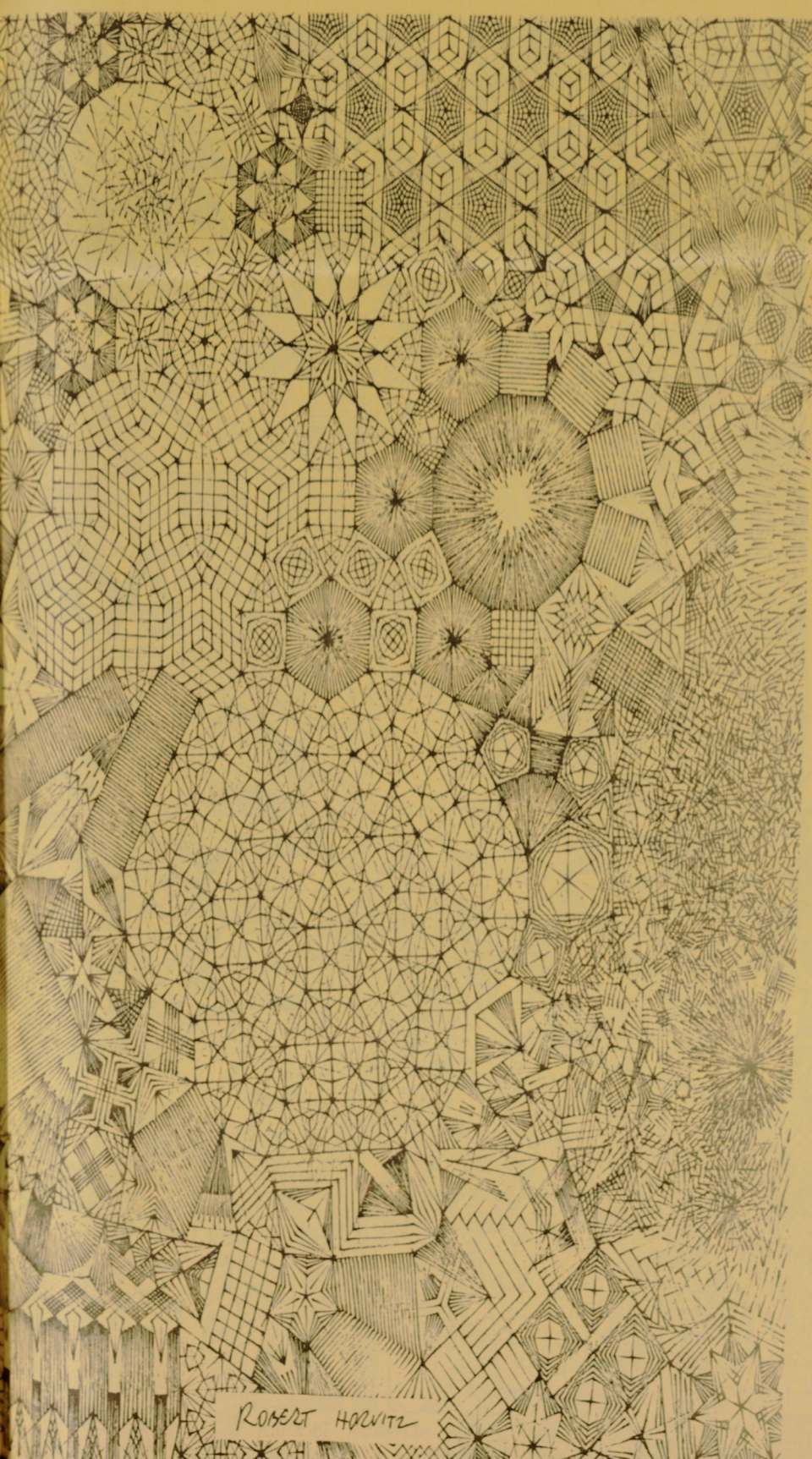
Sebasti, California  
January 24th, 1971

Covering his name with  
his finger,  
asks, "Did you expect me  
to reveal a secret?"



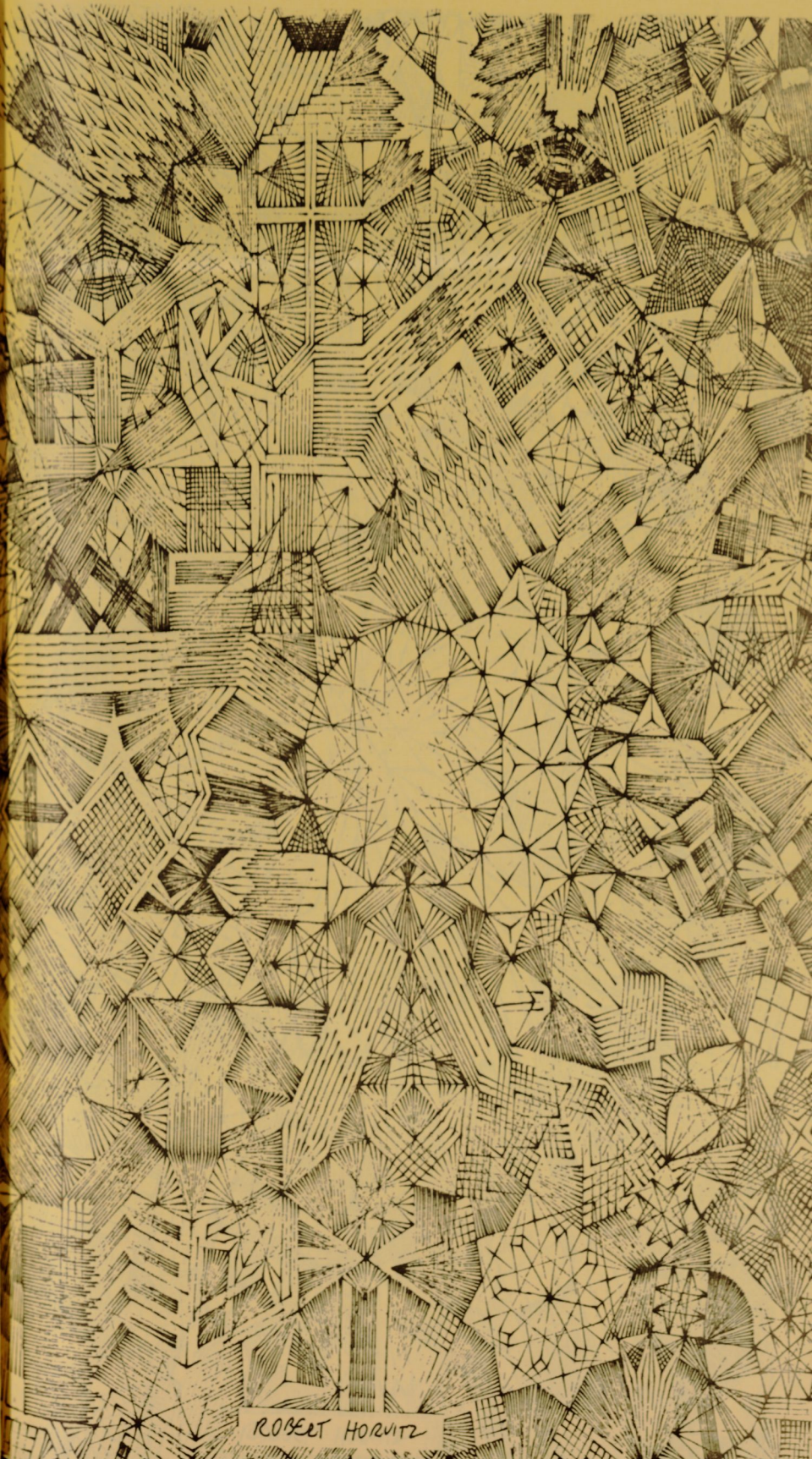


Pushing his finger through  
the paper, Davi Det Hompson  
thinks, "I should have done  
something more entertaining."



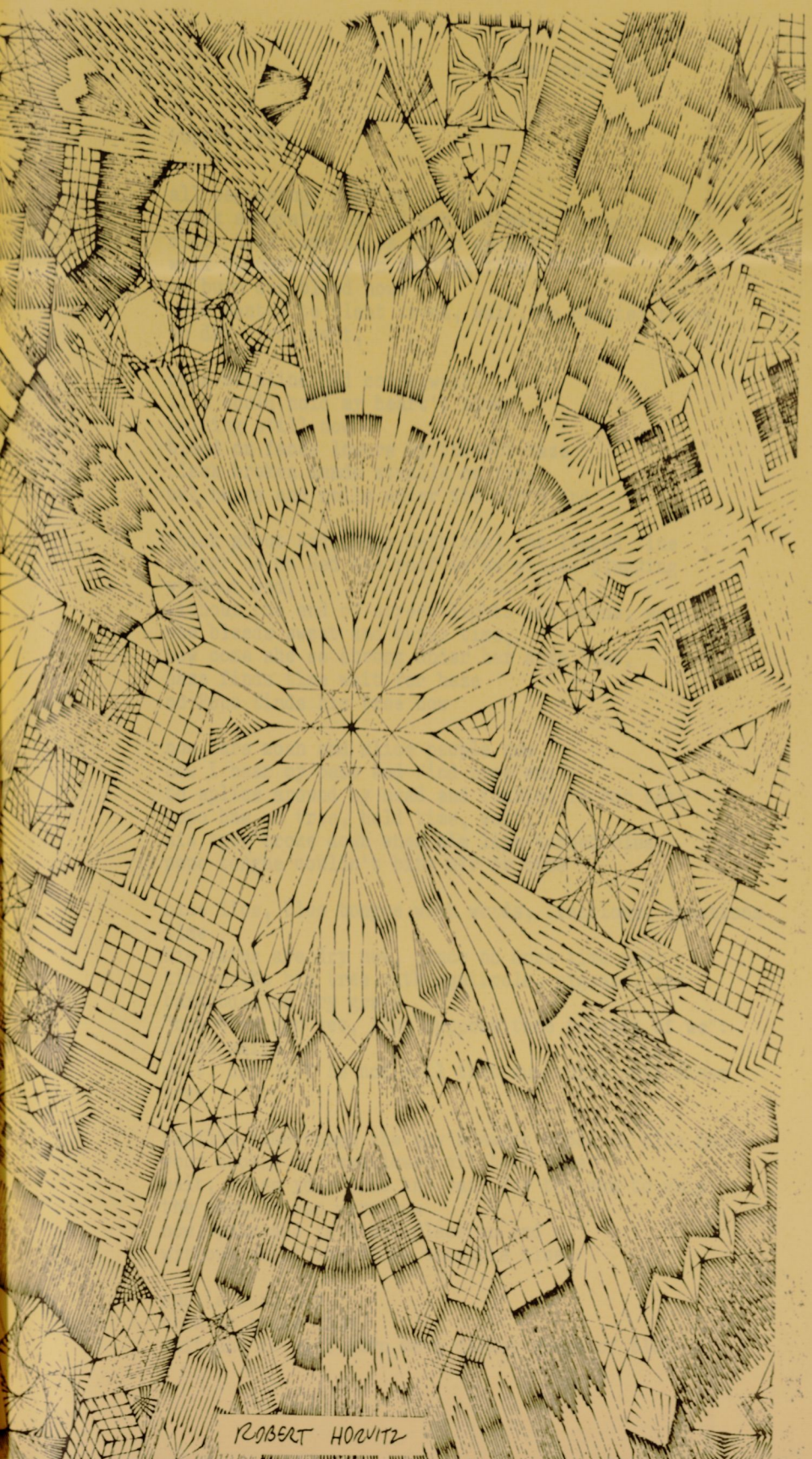
ROBERT HORVITZ





ROBERT HORVITZ





ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG



## Popo's Tree

all beginnings must be blue  
 brick separates us and makes time's distance haze  
 clock tick time slips on to an end  
 will thought slip on falling time  
 or burn our blood now?  
 popo wanted to plant trees, wait, we planted trees  
 on dry dirt, wait,

cars mainline and cough, wait  
 if I could hold my heart's blue  
 waiting still now  
 blood on faces lowers my thought haze  
 black broken hands stumble on time  
 owl barks and rolls under the car's end

think about Red (Mary Defriese) fat legged fine  
 young: us on Red the roof is us pillow plugging  
 without end,  
 without the end of street lights and horns, wait,  
 she bleeds sweat and burns time,  
 how come she so strong under her arms blue,  
 haze finds time wait for haze  
 no Popo finds his tree now

now cars moan and slice people now  
 now I hear my past and find some end  
 to splice around my head and fumble, in our haze  
 popo has no tree, hold time, wait,  
 his tree broke down when him lips turned blue  
 popo tongue couldn't bite air or time

blue lips, blue tongue with words, fractions, equations  
 time  
 his veins are dry now, since no more time now  
 time melts his tree with squirrels, pigeons, and  
 baracudas on dry grass  
 "how they gon see, they supposa take picture of we":  
 blues waits  
 wait, dry dirt is not soil that sun turns your dream  
 haze

Swallow time punch the sky's sweet blood on blue haze  
 your cooker has swallowed all bone time  
 wait, press your head and wait for the sun to whip  
 the earth's ass warm now  
 now, your end is a bad place to end  
 without whistling blues thoughts blue

sun is haze now  
 when it tends time  
 wait and it will turn us a darker shade of blue

Moving West on Bway

trees scattered gray wood trembles up  
movement is sway timed tickles  
folded

memories:

New York

leaves  
cement  
tincup  
wood  
brown pigeons tapping hush time  
sky pisses in a blind man's cup

Joe Johnson

What is a nice dude like me doing in a place like this?

one

2prs are whispering and beer drunk

un moreno, un moreno

her mouth is empty

my joint is a humid day dangling down from the window  
with brown eyes on a wet sill

two

niggers talk shit to the heart and warn the blood

in general

three

now I'm in her mouth and I realize that I can't reach  
her heart

I smell fish and chips and cracker jacks

a dude yclept Fast left a Philip Morris wrapper in her  
snatch

I will take her on a black horse to a dark cloud  
and hold her ass in escrow

Double Grind

78's spin and sing of bluetime black women  
pin hope on their thighs and ride the night  
perfume and pomade, bellies and warm mouths  
slip chains and honey around my arms and lock  
my gabardine lapels



COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
 THE PHILADELPHIA MUNICIPAL COURT  
 CITY HALL, BROAD & MARKET STREETS  
 PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19107

PRIVATE CRIMINAL COMPLAINT

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE  
 Approved  No Opinion  
 Disapproved because:  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 10-12-71 E. Hedgman #56  
Date District Attorney

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
 VS.

[ Anson Kenny ]  
 [ 3723 N. 5th St. ]  
 [ Phila. Pa. 19140 ]

CR- 71 10 1032

I, the undersigned do hereby state under oath or affirmation my name is Charles Henderson  
 My address is 3919 Baltimore Ave. Phila. Pa.  
 I accuse Anson Kenny  
Same  
 with violating the penal laws of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia County on or about Sept. 28, 1971

The said acts were: Complainant states that one, Anson Kenny Res. 3723 N. 5th St. did on Sept. 28, 1971 at approximately 2:00AM while inside Pagano's Restaurant located at 36th & Walnut Sts. push him over a chair, knocking him to the floor striking his right elbow on the floor.  
 CHARGE: ASSAULT & BATTERY

all of which were against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and contrary to law. I ask that a summons or a warrant of arrest be issued and that the accused be required to answer the charges I have made.

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
 COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA ss.  
 On 10-12-71, the affiant above-named, personally appeared before me and being duly sworn, or affirmed, according to law, signed the complaint in my presence and deposed and said that the facts set forth therein are true and correct to the best of his (her) knowledge, information and belief.  
10-12-71  
Date \_\_\_\_\_ JUDGE

I, Charles Henderson  
 being duly sworn according to law depose and say that the facts set forth in this complaint are true and correct to the best of my knowledge, information and belief.  
10-12-71 Charles Henderson  
Date Signature

SUMMONS

YOU ARE COMMANDED TO APPEAR BEFORE A JUDGE for arraignment OF THE PHILADELPHIA MUNICIPAL COURT AT:  
 LOCATION Court Room 682 - City Hall  
 DATE Oct. 27, 1971 TIME 9:00AM  
 If you fail to appear at the time and place mentioned a Warrant will be issued for your arrest. You have the right to be represented by an attorney.  
10-12-71  
Date \_\_\_\_\_  
 Deputy Court Administrator,  
 The Philadelphia Municipal Court





PRIVATE CRIMINAL COMPLAINT

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
THE PHILADELPHIA MUNICIPAL COURT  
CITY HALL, BROAD & MARKET STREETS  
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19107



DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE  
 Approved  In Dispute  
 Disapproved (Reverse)

10-12-71  
 Sgt. Houdstree #32  
 District Attorney

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
BY

Jason Kenny  
3723 N. 25th St  
Phila, Pa. 19140

Edward Groves

320 S. 43rd St

Jason Kenny

9-28-71

On the above date the accused did intentionally attempt to strike me with his fists. When this failed the accused picked up a chair and struck me across my back with same. I already suffer with a injured back.

Charles Assault & Battery

All to which were signed for years and rights in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and contrary to law, I ask that a warrant be returned to arrest and that the accused be removed to prison for the charges I have made.

I, Edward Groves  
being duly sworn according to law depose and say that the facts set forth in this complaint are true and correct to the best of my knowledge, information and belief.

10-12-71  
Date

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA

10-12-71  
Date

SUMMONS for arraignment

If you fail to appear at the time and place mentioned a warrant will be issued for your arrest. You have the right to be represented by an attorney.

YOU ARE COMMANDED TO APPEAR BEFORE A JUDGE OF THE PHILADELPHIA MUNICIPAL COURT AT

LOCATION: Court Room 681 City Hall  
 Broad & Market Sts  
 DATE: Oct 27, 1971  
 TIME: 9:00AM



COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
 THE PHILADELPHIA MUNICIPAL COURT  
 CITY HALL, BROAD & MARKET STREETS  
 PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19107

PRIVATE CRIMINAL COMPLAINT <sup>c</sup>

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE  
 Approved     No Opinion  
 Disapproved because:  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

10-12-71    Sgt. Roundtree #35  
Date                      District Attorney

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
 VS.

Anson Kenny  
 3723 N. 5th St  
 Phila, Pa. 19140

CR-

I, the undersigned do hereby state under oath or affirmation my name is Blake Manchester

My address is 4035 Baltimore Ave

I accuse Anson Kenny

with violating the penal laws of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia County on or about 9-28-71

The said acts were: On the above date approx. 2:00 AM the accused did intentionally and forcefully punch me about the head & face with his fists. As a result I received scratches & bruises upon same.

Charge: Assault & Battery

all of which were against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and contrary to law. I ask that a summons or a warrant of arrest be issued and that the accused be required to answer the charges I have made.

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
 COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA    ss.

On 10-12-71, the affiant above-named, personally appeared before me and being duly sworn, or affirmed, according to law, signed the complaint in my presence and deposed and said that the facts set forth therein are true and correct to the best of his (her) knowledge, information and belief.

10-12-71    \_\_\_\_\_  
Date                      JUDGE

I, Blake Manchester  
 being duly sworn according to law depose and say that the facts set forth in this complaint are true and correct to the best of my knowledge, information and belief.

10-12-71    Blake M Manchester  
Date                      Signature

SUMMONS for arraignment

YOU ARE COMMANDED TO APPEAR BEFORE A JUDGE OF THE PHILADELPHIA MUNICIPAL COURT AT:

LOCATION <u>Court Room 682 City Hall</u> <u>Broad &amp; Market sts</u>	
DATE <u>Oct 27, 1971</u>	TIME <u>9:00 AM</u>

If you fail to appear at the time and place mentioned a Warrant will be issued for your arrest. You have the right to be represented by an attorney.

10-12-71    \_\_\_\_\_  
Date                      Deputy Court Administrator,  
 The Philadelphia Municipal Court







# FLORIDA

# Buck's PRIDE

PRODUCE OF U. S. A.

QUALITY  
*Vegetables*

GROWN, PACKED & DISTRIBUTED BY

LUST FARMS INC. ZELLWOOD, FLORIDA



In the Alice and Jerry readers  
there was a story in which  
Alice and Jerry went SOUTH  
Nowhere specific, just south  
Up the lazy river in the noonday sun south  
With Spanish moss all but dripping  
Off of huge shade trees on dirt roads  
Like the honeyed tongues of Southern belles  
Who lived in mansions that weren't in the picture  
Where wooden shacks were the only protection  
Alice and Jerry's friends cared to have  
From the lush elements  
And that's how I thought it would be  
When we came to Florida  
All cool and blossomy  
Prolific and sweet

KONGLOMERATI PRESS

gulfport



florida

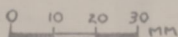


Plate 5. Brain found in Burial 3.

the skull is mesocranic  
the diameter of the head of the femur falls  
washed over embankments

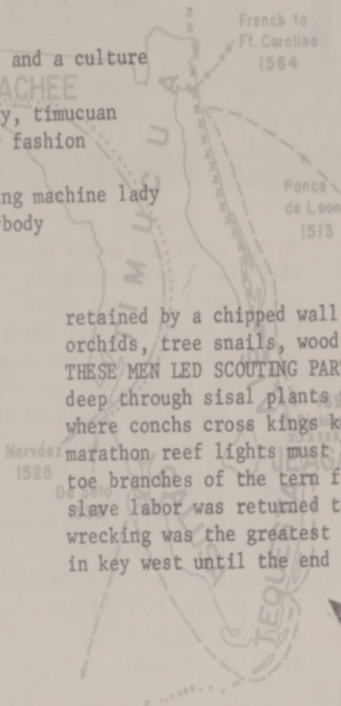
Burial 1    Burial 2    Burial 3

1. Maximum Length	—	—	13.5
2. Girth	—	—	1.5
1. Maximum Length	—	—	31.9
2. Maximum Head Diameter	—	—	4.7
3. Proximal End Breadth	—	—	5.0
4. Distal End Breadth	—	—	6.4
5. Index of Head	—	—	16.5

they are wrong

buyers were coming from havana, mobile, charleston,  
new york and other large cities  
ft. myers was again occupied by u.s. forces

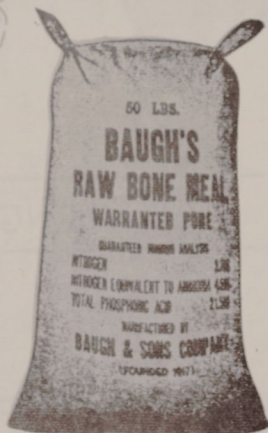
palmetto-thatched chickees and a culture  
that goes by dug out PALACHEE  
jeagas, tequesta, casseakey, timucuan  
following history in their fashion  
royal palms and minor keys  
the seminoles and the sewing machine lady  
belonging to god and everybody



retained by a chipped wall of deaths reefs  
orchids, tree snails, wood ibis MEANWHILE  
THESE MEN LED SCOUTING PARTIES INTO THE SOUTHERN TIP  
deep through sisal plants with flaming torches  
where conchs cross kings key  
marathon reef lights must have broken the key chain  
toe branches of the tern family  
slave labor was returned to its cell and  
wrecking was the greatest source of wealth  
in key west until the end of the 19th century



THE GOOD LIFE IS HERE  
IN THE RIVER STYX FOREST  
ONE-HALF MILE



I think I know now why you've come  
you say  
for the simpler pleasures  
but really they are quite lush  
like the overripe papayas  
dropping from the tree  
you claim just sprung up  
where the sewer trouble was

I've watched you fish  
hanging over the side of the bridge  
all day  
waiting for that silvery mullet  
who will flip-flop in agony  
and spill his blood  
for you

you worked hard in that steelplant  
many years in that factory  
but now you play cards  
on the million-dollar pier  
swim into crimson sunsets  
through diamond-dusted waters  
dance in the ballrooms of Moorish palaces  
and throw your pennies  
into Spanish-tiled fountains of youth

your house is neat and modest  
the furniture rattan  
the kitchen spotless  
no mildew  
no roaches here

but your front yard  
is a nectarous jungle  
alive with bougainvillea, alamandas  
crotans, mangos, lizards  
and insects of every variety  
all bursting with sensual energy  
that you pretend not to notice

no stakes, no strings  
no trowels, no hoes  
no fertilizers, no sprays  
no climbing the ladder to the top  
of the seagrape  
when you are eighty  
so it will be pruned  
symmetric.lly?

out of clamshells and Indian bones  
you think luscious oranges for Minute Maid grow?  
you and desoto have been deceiving yourselves  
the dried-out cactus vine  
you tied to that palm tree  
finally bloomed  
because you wanted it to  
SO BAD

during the day  
you watch for the mailman  
feed the cardinal  
write some letters  
but one evening  
as you suspected  
the night-blooming cereus  
bursts open  
the neighbors are amazed  
at such a wonder  
but only for a second  
then it's gone

president truman's little white house usa naval station  
 key west florida  
 president nixon's florida white house usa bozo station  
 key biscayne florida

## Tying the Lines and Leaders

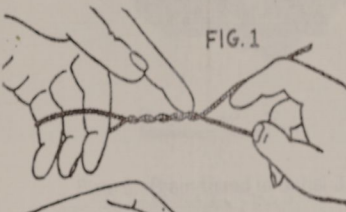


FIG. 1

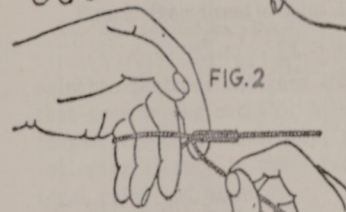


FIG. 2

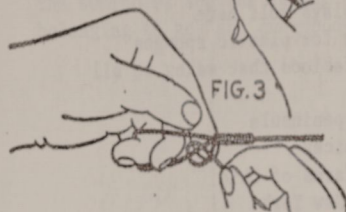


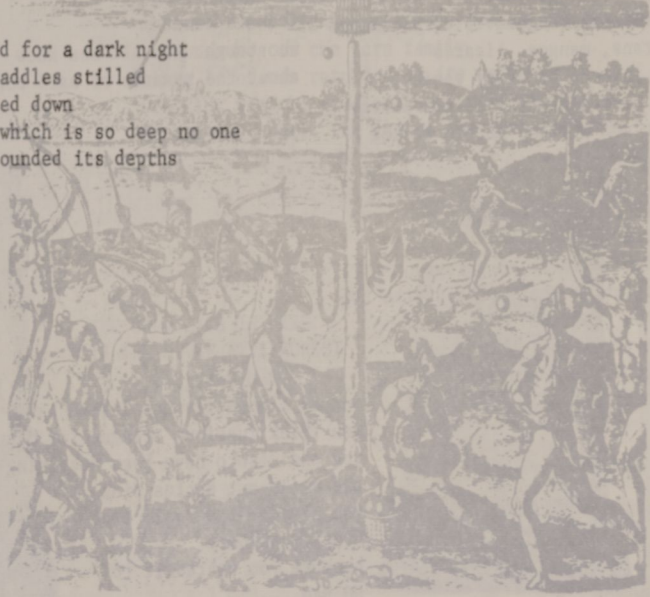
FIG. 3

he started out as a bearded french gentleman  
 and proceeded with horse and buggy  
 to make his way south  
 where white wallace country meets  
 legendary florida pirates  
 gasparilla, gomez, black caesar  
 backs black caesar forge  
 and panther key and finally reaches  
 their furthest outpost the isle of pines

since that time piracy has become history  
 outlawed by progress and the freedom to seize

spaniards searching for a route around the island  
 time homesteaders in a state of confusion  
 burroughs and ford must have smiled  
 when the city fathers replied no thank you  
 explorers found bones heaps of bones  
 and woven palmetto fibers  
 sofskee in the hollowed-out head  
 bestowed on all the indians in the united states  
 seen tied up in one of the modern deep-water slips

they waited for a dark night  
 and with paddles stilled  
 they floated down  
 the river which is so deep no one  
 has ever sounded its depths



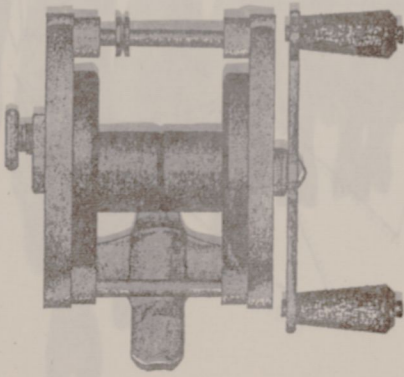
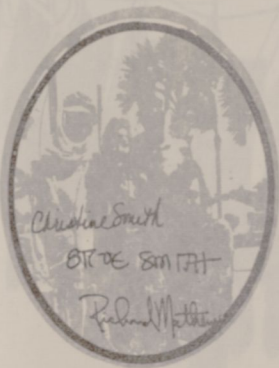
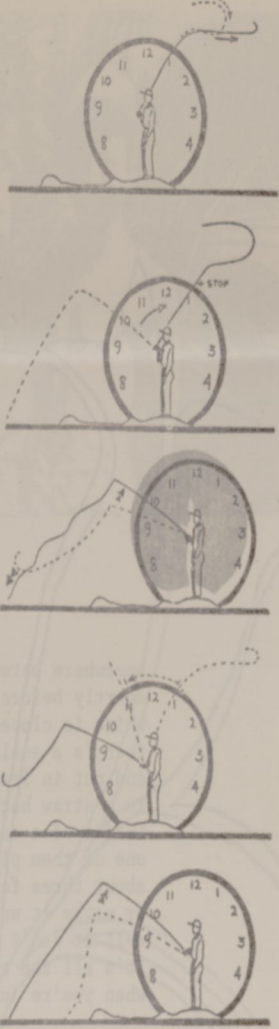
boom days  
 belonging to god and everybody  
 even the wild life shared this pride of possession  
 under an agreement with oil company  
 and ten thousand islands accessible only by boat  
 part of the way he waded in swimming trunks  
 heavy shoes and canvas leggings  
 pulling the heavy motor cycle  
 and its load  
 they were revealed  
 following the clearly defined  
 tamiami trail across the state

there were no automobiles or carriages  
 at palm beach  
 transportation was by afro-mobile  
 chairs pedalled by negro men

every evening the lights of afro-mobiles  
 converged on the casino  
 they studded the night like fireflies  
 (not everyone could enter the casino)  
 thousands of dollars changed hands  
 and only the fabulously wealthy were expected

holdings were too large  
 to guard from wily indians  
 and there was the danger  
 there was no city large enough  
 (when dade county was created in 1836  
 all records (134) were kept in a soap box)  
 "miami is a city of eternal youth"  
 said henry flagler "the citizens  
 are not afraid, they have never been hurt"

a place to retire  
 trees growing with no cultivation  
 a poet a dreamer in touch with high finance  
 transformed an unsightly rock pit  
 into a grotto of loveliness  
 that was blueprinted before it was born



If you quote this number: FR-333  
 You can have it for one dollar, postpaid.



in the rural part  
of the florida panhandle  
a couple comes out  
of a bar on the highway  
it is sunday and  
there is no door  
on the concrete building

the woman is wearing  
a sleeveless blouse  
the color of lilacs  
she pushes back  
one greasy strand  
into the rest  
of her yellow straw hair

it's ten to five  
time to start fryin'  
up those chicken parts  
watch The FBI  
and wait for Monday

somewhere between Pine City and Perry  
shortly before you get to the Confederate Supper Club  
which is closed for vacation  
there's a small bar and grill  
and out in front they got this little nigger boy  
in a straw hat  
inside of a cage  
one of them pickaninnies  
about three feet high  
or maybe it was a statue of a pickaninny  
well it don't matter  
it's all the same  
when you're just whizzin by

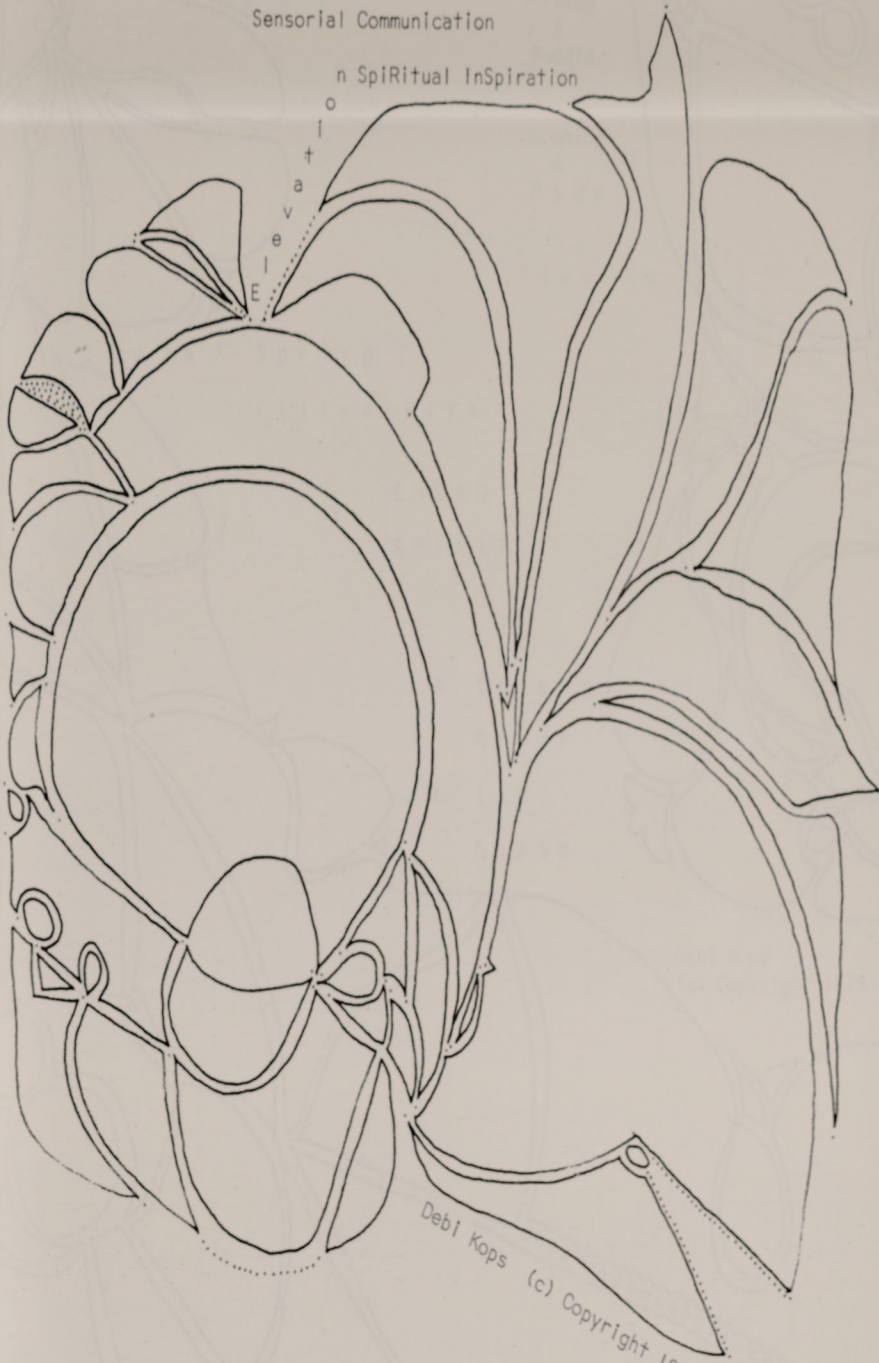
### "A Day's Bag Limit"



Sensorial Communication

n SpiRitual InSpiration

o  
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E



Debi Kops (c) Copyright 1973



Think-Of Your Growing

As Water

The Mist Swells InTo Drops

Forming  
A  
Puddle

BeComing  
A  
Pond

Flowing

You Are A Spring

Filled-With

ENERGY

SPIRIT

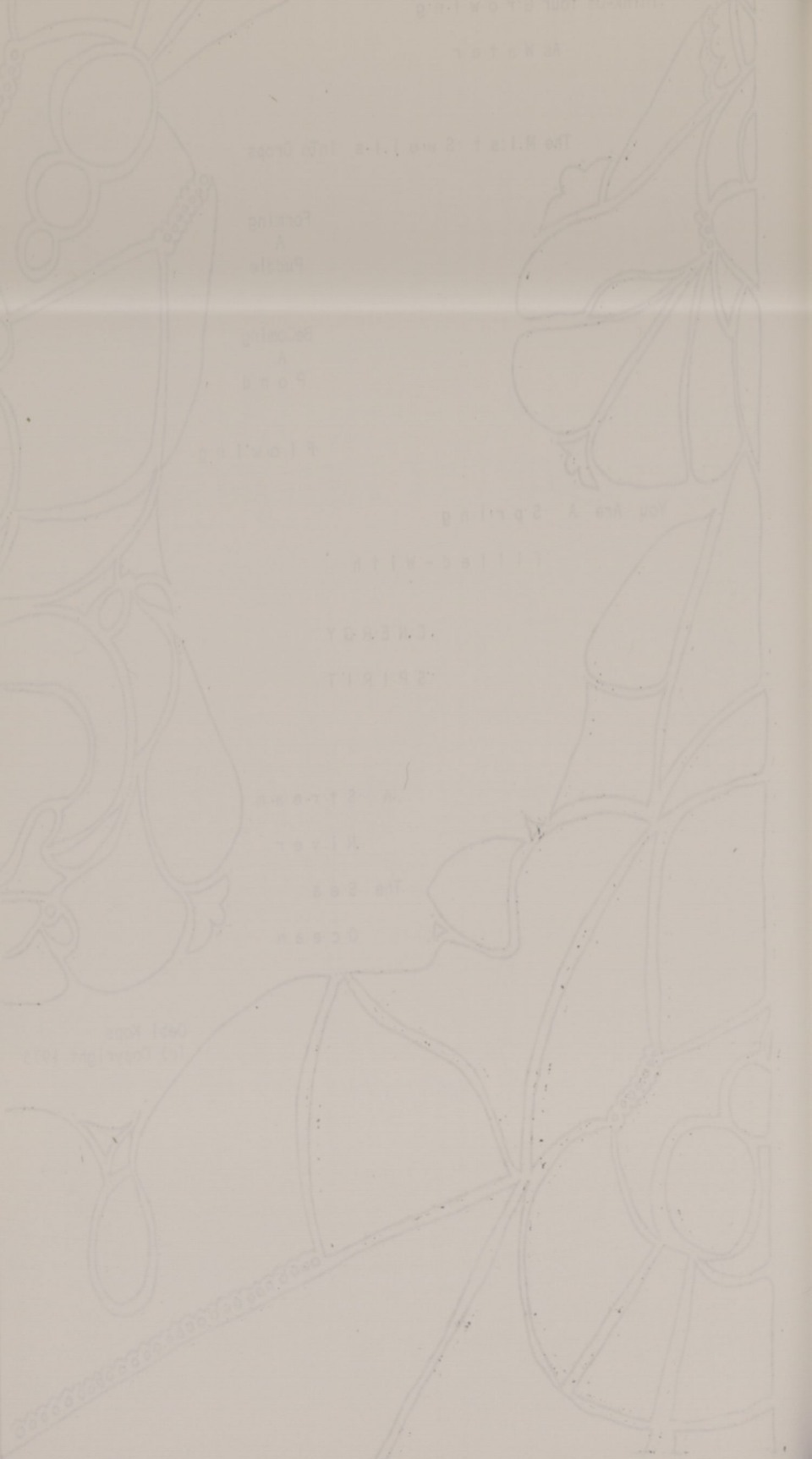
A Stream

River

The Sea

Ocean

Debi Kops  
(c) Copyright 1973



FOXY LADY

My Eyes Still Sleepy-From  
The Early-Morn but  
Across-Me  
Sits-A Young Woman

S o F A T-She  
F i l l s The S p a c e-of-Two

Her Body's Bobbing Bobbing  
Bobbing Bobbing  
Bobbing Bobbing-With The Motor's G O

She's O o z i n g - O u t of Her  
Little  
Black  
Pumps

Her F A T Folds Her S p r e a d- -A- -Part- -Thighs  
Over

Wearing  
A  
Tent-  
Like Coat-of-Leather  
Black Trimmed-With Fox  
A r o u n d-Her Neck  
Wrist and  
K n e e s

Her A r m s E x t e n d A r o u n d The Black  
Resting-Her  
Tiny Ringed-Fingered Hands  
On-T o p

She's Sleeping  
Soundly  
In-Her  
Fur Bobbing Bobbing  
Bobbing Bobbing  
Bobbing Bobbing

Her Psychotically P l u m p  
Small - Pale  
Face Contains  
A Full-Pair of  
Rouged-Cheeks  
Lashes Covered-With  
Mabelline  
Oily  
Brown Hair-That  
Lays Flat

Bob Bob  
Bob Bob  
Bob Bob-0 n FOXY LADY

Debi Kops

FOY LAY  
The 21st Century  
The 21st Century  
The 21st Century

The 21st Century  
The 21st Century  
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## KING KONG IN THE KITCHEN

King Kong is a great cook.

Not just competent, or a good cook, though this would itself be remarkable considering his great girth and unopposable thumb, but a truly wonderful chef.

It's impressive to watch him in his oversized kitchen wearing a huge white apron and tall white hat — reaching simultaneously for spatulas and spices with both hands and feet. More worthy of mention, though, is the care with which he delicately tastes his foods at every stage of preparation, blending with consummate skill and artistry the perfectly ordered piles of ingredients, placing each in its turn into the appropriate pot or pan and cooking them for precisely the proper amount of time. Then Kong arranges the results on large white china plates with colorful garnishes.

In contemplative moods, Kong tries his hand at a paella or perhaps a flavorful baked ham with clove, raisins and pineapple. On more festive occasions he is quite capable of turning out a highly creditable Coq au vin or Sizzling Shrimp. At holiday time, when felicity is the watchword of the hour, Kong delights his guests by furnishing out flapjacks in so surprising a manner as to call up comparison with those intricate Hungarian balancing acts so long a Sunday night staple on the old Ed Sullivan Show.

Kong's great hairy head snaps back, showing a flash of bright white teeth as he juggles pan, batter bowl and spatula in the air above his head and behind his back — all the while spinning out golden pancakes the size of LP's onto pewter serving plates, and adding, as if with a magic touch, cinnamon and pats of melting Danish butter.

Kong's cuisine is superb, his service faultless.

And if one is prepared to endure a modicum of roaring and chest-beating, or perhaps only a gnashing of simian teeth now and then (for who does not misplace a potholder?), a dinner Chez Kong will be surely a gastronomic event to remember.

— HENRY JAMES KORN

THE KING OF THE KINGS

The king was a great man  
For his courage, for a good soul, though his world had no  
great gifts and imperious things, but a way towards the  
It happened to him that in his country there were a few  
with him - nothing more than a few with him and his  
country of his own, though it was not his to do as he  
was of his own, though it was not his to do as he  
of his own, though it was not his to do as he  
of his own, though it was not his to do as he

in his country there were a few  
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was of his own, though it was not his to do as he  
of his own, though it was not his to do as he  
of his own, though it was not his to do as he

king's own, though it was not his to do as he  
of his own, though it was not his to do as he  
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king's own, though it was not his to do as he  
of his own, though it was not his to do as he  
of his own, though it was not his to do as he  
of his own, though it was not his to do as he

HENRY JAMES ROSE

## DOGS IN WAR

Not many serious students of military history are aware of the long and glorious tradition of the K-9 Corps, though this amazing rapport betwixt fighting man and battling beast can be traced back to the dawn of history.

The first recorded instance of dogs accompanying soldiers into battle was reported by the noted Assyrian bard Ur Ahashempup who, in a long forgotten epic poem, alluded to the yipping and snarling of four-footed (some were slightly taller) trained jackals at the battle of Sarcodopoli.

After a lapse of 675 years, dogs were next enlisted (there is no record of a dog draft) in the service of the Chinese warlord and all around tough-guy Chin-go-ba who employed them both as messengers and portable K-rations.

Alfred the Nose, the great Saxon King, was said to have conferred with a delegation of Norwegian Elkhounds before signing the Treaty of Scroon. Far less is known about the legions of long-legged camel dogs who inhabited special palaces in the Moorish Kingdom of Ali Akbar Kahn (though canine motifs depicting large, woolly creatures romping with naked women appear on the frescos adorning the walls of the Old City at Hooshkesch).

A truly heartbreaking incident illuminating the strange and compelling relationship of man and dog in war, comes to us from the secret diaries of Hector Valdez, a soldier in the service of the great Santa Anna, Napoleon of Mexico.

Each morning, it was Hector's duty to dress the General's troop of sixty-five attack-trained Chihuahuas in tiny green, red and white trousers and black felt sombreros with chin straps. At the height of the seige of Montego Mission Hector ran the dogs straight into a volley of grapeshot. He wept pitifully for three or four seconds before highjacking a supply wagon filled with tequila and heading for Tiajuana.

No survey of the role of dogs in martial affairs would be complete without a retelling of the wonderful story of the black and white springer spaniel who, for 26 hours in the year 1916, at the height of the Third Battle of the Somme, held the post of Minister Without Portfolio in his Majesty's War Cabinet.

The King, in a momentary loss to understand how Great Britain could have lost a half-million soldiers in six days for a net gain of sixty-two yards of French soil fired his commander, Sir Douglas Haig saying, "A Dog, My Dear Sir, from the street, has a more elemental understanding of the art of war than you, you bounder!" Just then Spotty the spaniel came in from peeing on the rose bushes in the Commendant's garden. As the King bent down to scratch him between the ears Haig stormed from the room. Angered, the King knighted the spaniel on the spot and requested he join the cabinet with the aforementioned rank. The dog readily assented and it may also be said, resigned with dignity when the distraut Monarch came to his senses a day or so later.

To this very day, dogs carry on this great tradition of service — for it may truly be said that war is but a long line of dogs stretching from the violent present, though the musty pages of time to the very horizons of history. Collies, Pulies, Malamutes — their names don't matter. For wherever free men stand the dog stands too: proud, erect, faithful to the last.

— HENRY JAMES KORN



RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

ZORO

OIE

T2O

TH3EE

F4UR

FI5E

S6X

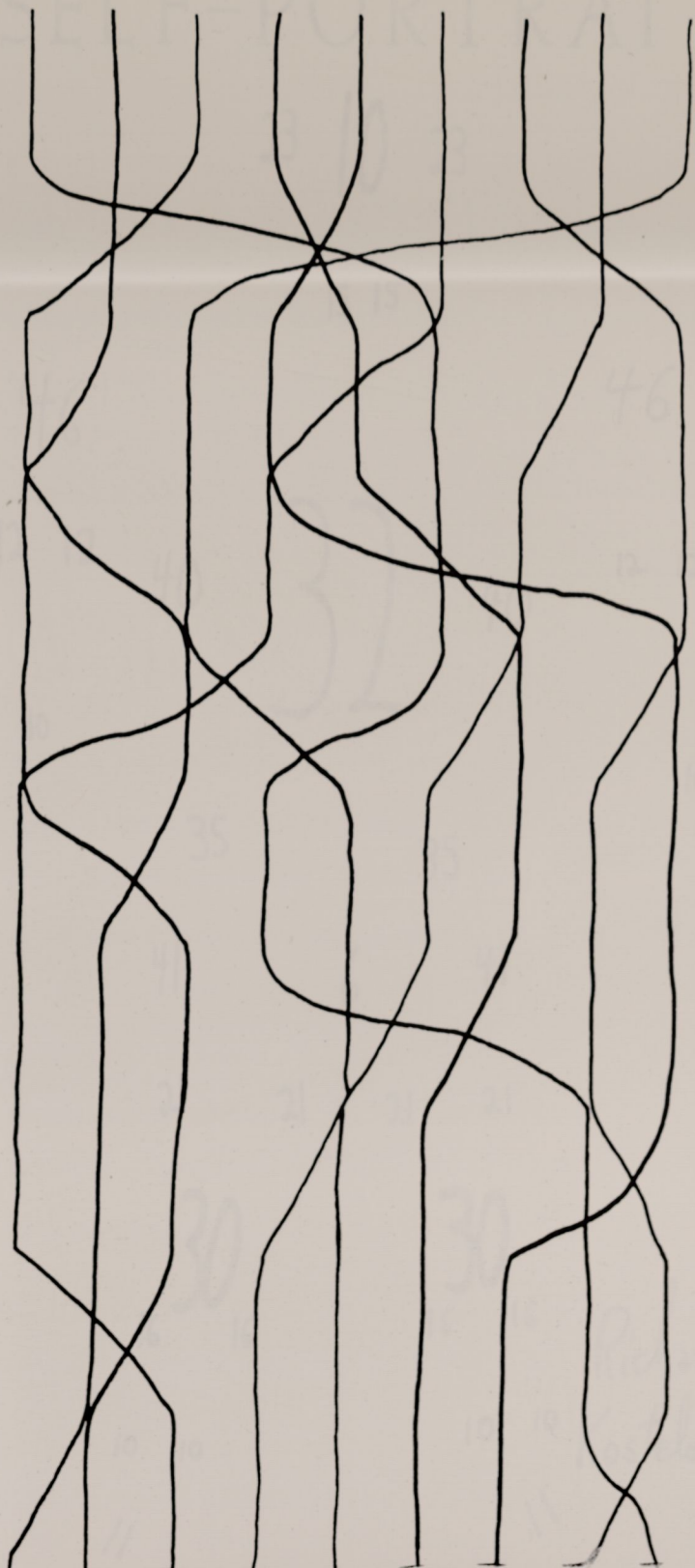
SE7EN

EI8HT

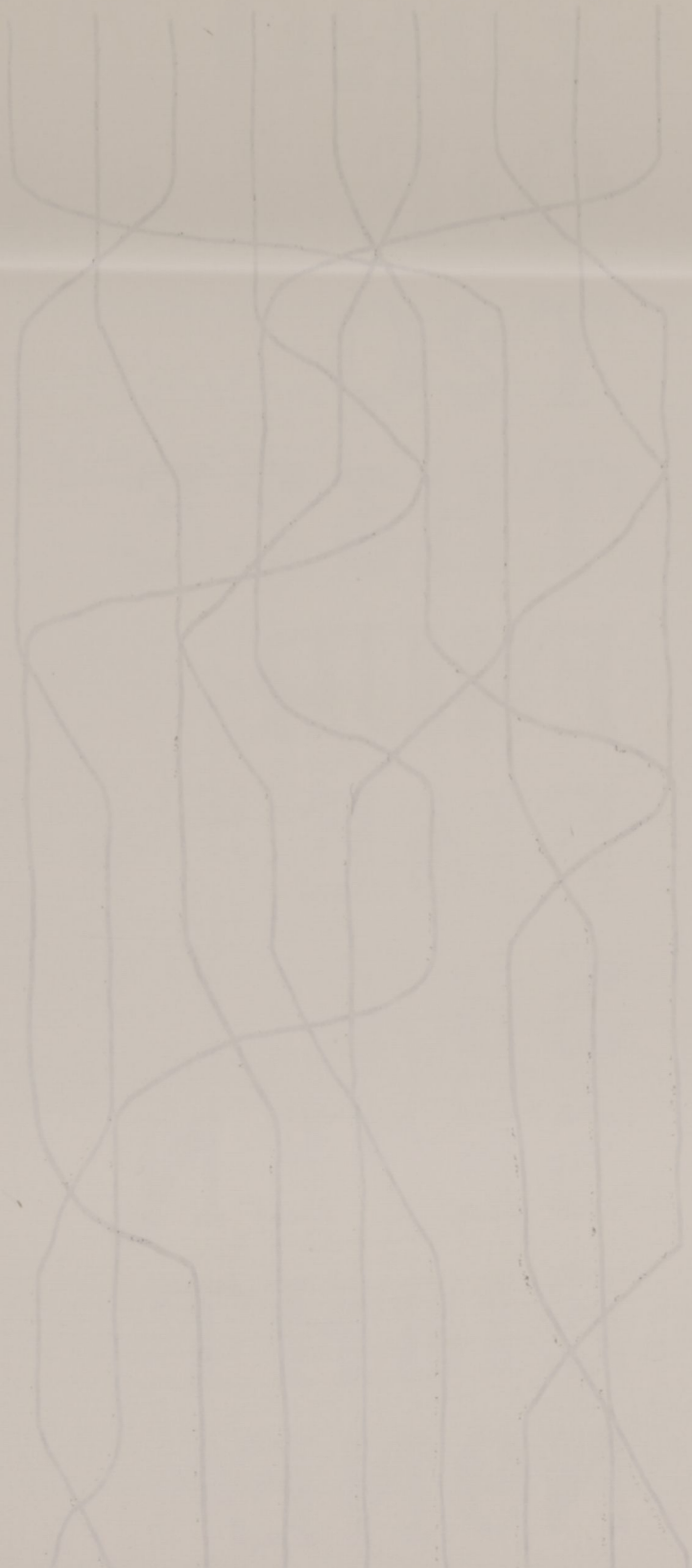
N9NE

ΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΣ ΚΟΣΤΕΛΗΣ

# HISTORIES



Historical



# SELF-PORTRAIT

23 10 23

15 15

46

46

12 12

40

32

40

12 12

10 10

10 10

7 7  
8

35

35

7 7  
8

41

6

41

21

21

21

21

30

16 16

30

16 16

10 10

10 10

//

//

Richard  
Kostelanetz

SELF-PORTRAIT

33 10 33

12 12

42

42

12 12

40

32

40

12 12

10 10

10 10

32

32

1 8

41

2

41

31

31

31

31

30

12 12

30

12 12

Richard

Kostelny

10 10

10 10

11

11

Ruth Krauss

SONG

Is this my imagination I am looking at

or is it a cloud

or is it the cloud of my imagination or

my imagination of a cloud

nevertheless and more it is

an interesting way

to spend a lovely day

Is this my heart I am experiencing the bang of

or is it a hammer in the boatyards

or is it the hammer of my heart I am getting the hang of or

my boatyard in the heart of a hungup hammer

nevertheless and more it is

an interesting speculation

to make about imagination

to spend a lovely day

an interesting way

SONG

When you break your heart it changes  
all exits are open arriving like a sky  
each evening light goes down more beautiful  
than the one that was the world  
changes when it comes to an end a dream  
bends when the night in it dissolves

When first I saw my world I threw my arms around it

When you break your heart it changes all exits  
are open arriving like a sky each evening  
light goes down more beautiful  
than the one that was the world  
changes when it comes to an end a dream  
bends when the night in it dissolves

When first I saw my world I threw my arms around it

*John Prine*

# DREAM 'N' DROWN KOMIX

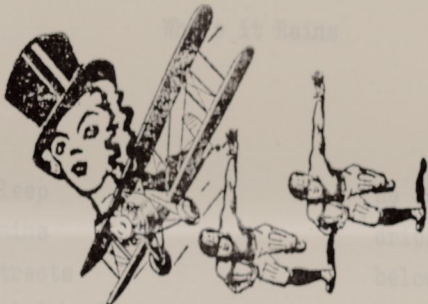


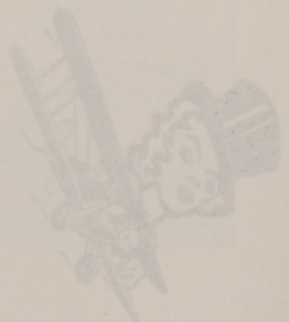
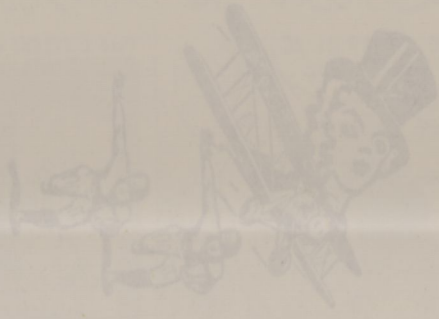
LIKE RATS WE GNAW DEEPER INTO THE DREAM



HERBERT KROHN '73







While it Rains

I cannot sleep  
while it rains  
upon the streets  
while the wind howls  
like a drowning dog  
and water skirts  
like cats through my basement

I cannot sleep  
dripping  
I cannot sleep  
dripping and running  
Can't close my eyes  
Nor open my fists  
they crash  
and meet  
with blood dripping

I cannot sleep  
for my fists are closed  
and they drip and weep  
and open the window  
and look down dripping  
upon the streets  
while it rains  
I cannot sleep

he said dripping  
dripping  
below dripping  
coarsely, bleakly  
dripping  
on feet up legs  
running and dripping  
I cannot sleep  
while it rains  
down dripping  
from clouds and skies  
that weep completely

pounding, dripping  
down dripping down  
with blood weeping  
I cannot sleep

my eyes are opened  
and will stay opened  
and will stay opened  
and drip down weeping  
below dripping  
dripping  
he sa...

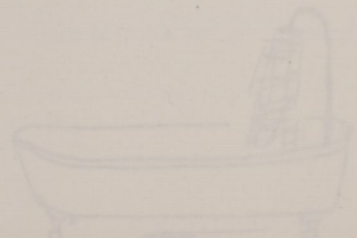
alan fred levine



JUST

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE TO READJUST

READ



Macaulay

READ

PLEASE DO NOT WRITE IN THESE SPACES

JUST

## PROPOSAL

by: MAD DOG

proposal: ornamental fountain

Put an old bath tub in your back yard. Use a free standing one unless you plan to put it against a wall. Add a shower attachment.

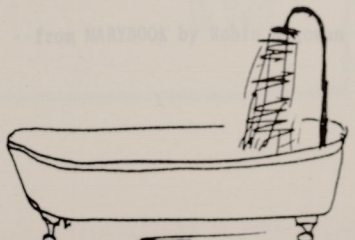
Plug up the drain hole. A bath stopper is good for this.

Then put an immersible pump in the tub and attach it so it will recirculate water through the shower head. This will require an electrical power source, but will not require any outside plumbing attachment.

Place an undraped mannequin in the tub so that it seems to be taking a shower. It will probably be necessary to run a wire from the top of the mannequin to the shower head to keep the mannequin from falling over.

Partially fill the tub with water and turn on the pump. This should provide your backyard with the soothing sound of splashing water.

After you have become accustomed to having it in your back yard you can remove the mannequin, take off your clothes, and get in yourself. Do this from time to time to lend interest to the project.



PROPOSAL

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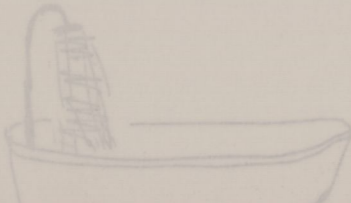
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Then put an immersion pump in the tub and attach it so it will  
rectriculate water through the shower head. This will require an  
electrical power source, but will not require any outside plumbing  
attachment.

Place an unstrapped mannequin in the tub so that it seems to be taking  
a shower. It will probably be necessary to run a wire from the  
top of the mannequin to the shower head to keep the mannequin from  
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project.



**IN CASE IT DOESN'T:**

**SMILE**  
**BOTTLE OF**  
**IOPECTINE**  
WOODPECKER  
HEIGHT

~~NAVY~~  
~~GRAVY~~  
~~SAILORS~~  
~~HEAVEN~~

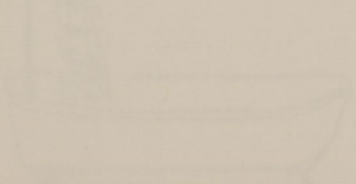
**SAILORS ALIVE IN THE WHITE YARDS OF HEAVEN**

--from MARYBOOK by Robin Nagowan

IN CASE IT DOESN'T:

SMILE  
BOTTLE OF  
PROJECTILE  
WOODPECKER  
HEIGHT  
NAVY  
GRAVY  
SAILORS  
HEAVEN  
SAILORS ALIVE IN THE WHITE YARDS OF HEAVEN

--from MARYBOE by Robin Morgan



Arms  
By Kings Apartments  
Faculty Road  
Princeton, New Jersey  
08542

# DARK CLOUD

BLACK WING BLACK WING

OSTRICHES OF SILENCE

YELLOW HANDS AND



what i can see of it

is you

One of a series  
of computer-assisted

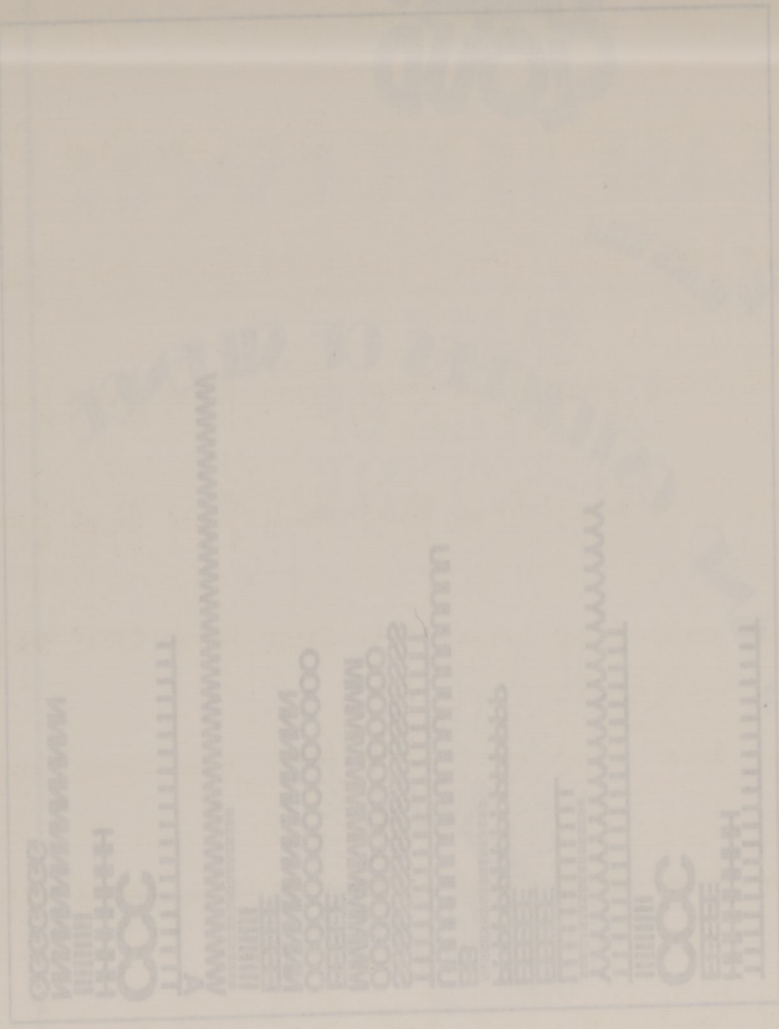
programmed in Fortran  
and processed on a  
phototypesetting machine  
connected to a digital  
computer.

--from MARYBOOK by Robin Magowan

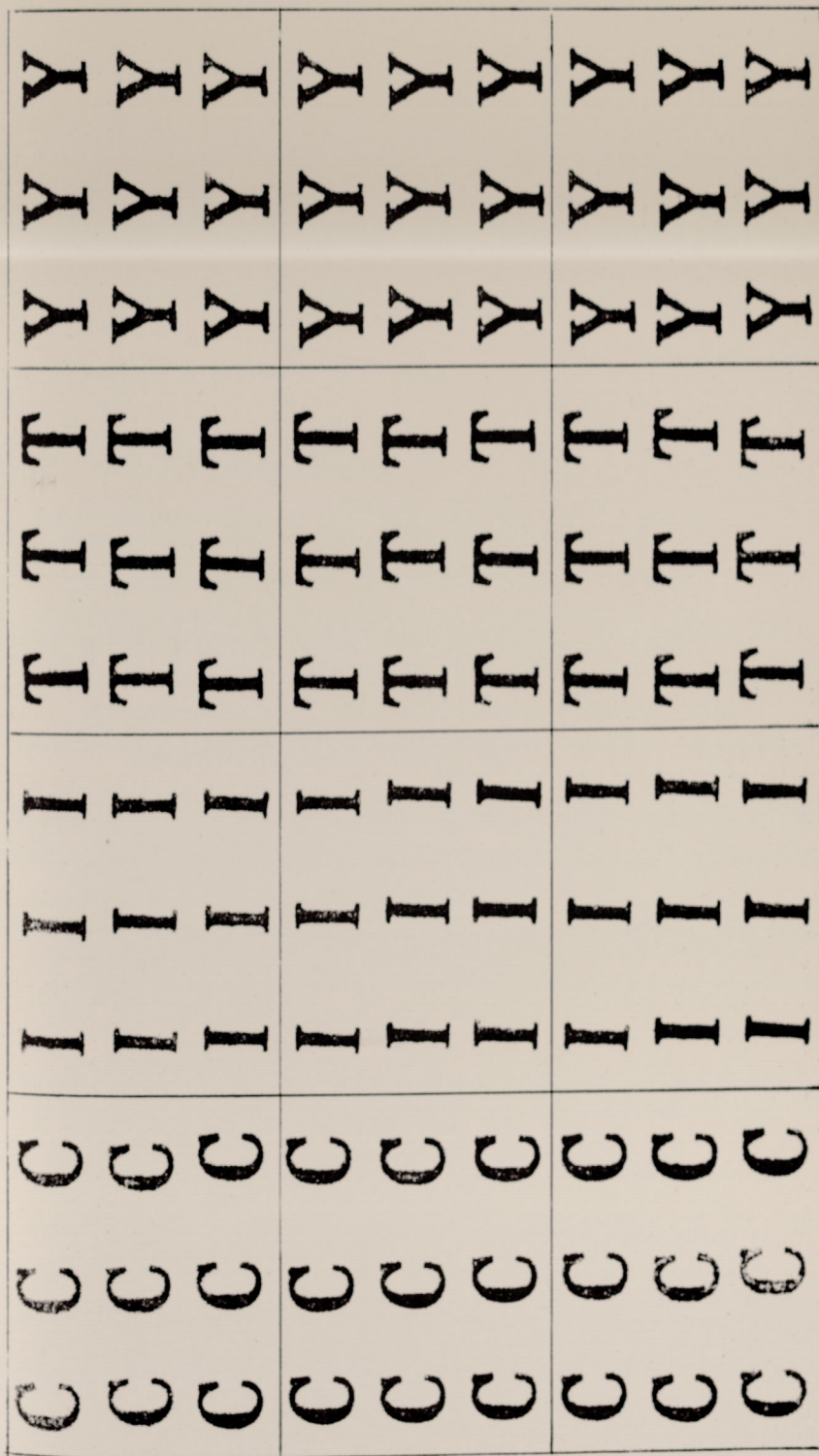




One of a series  
of computer-assisted  
concrete poems  
programmed in Fortran  
and generated on a  
phototypesetting machine  
connected to a digital  
computer.

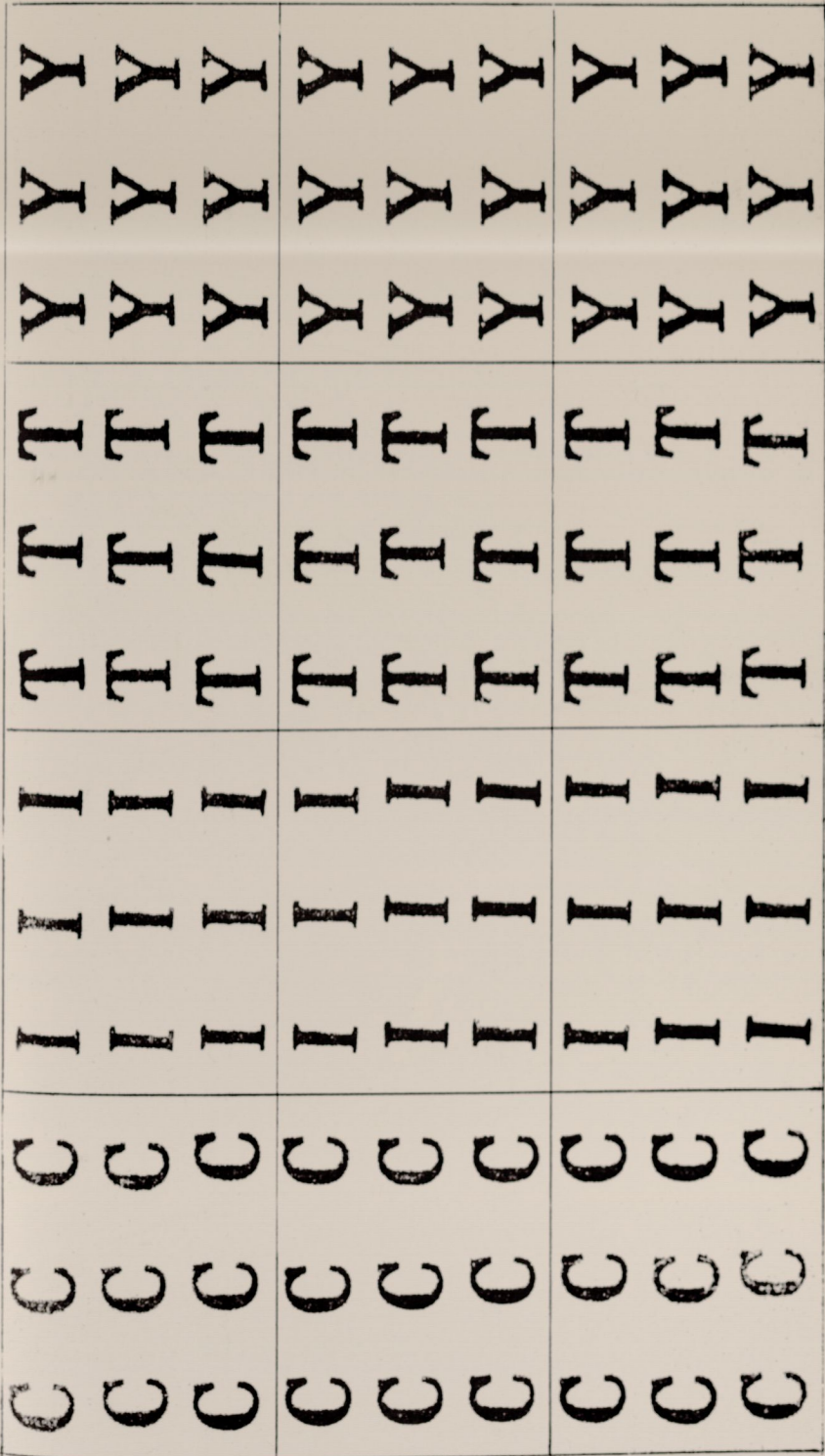


One of a series  
of computer-generated  
graphics in the  
program is shown  
and generated on a  
photographic medium  
connected to a digital  
computer.



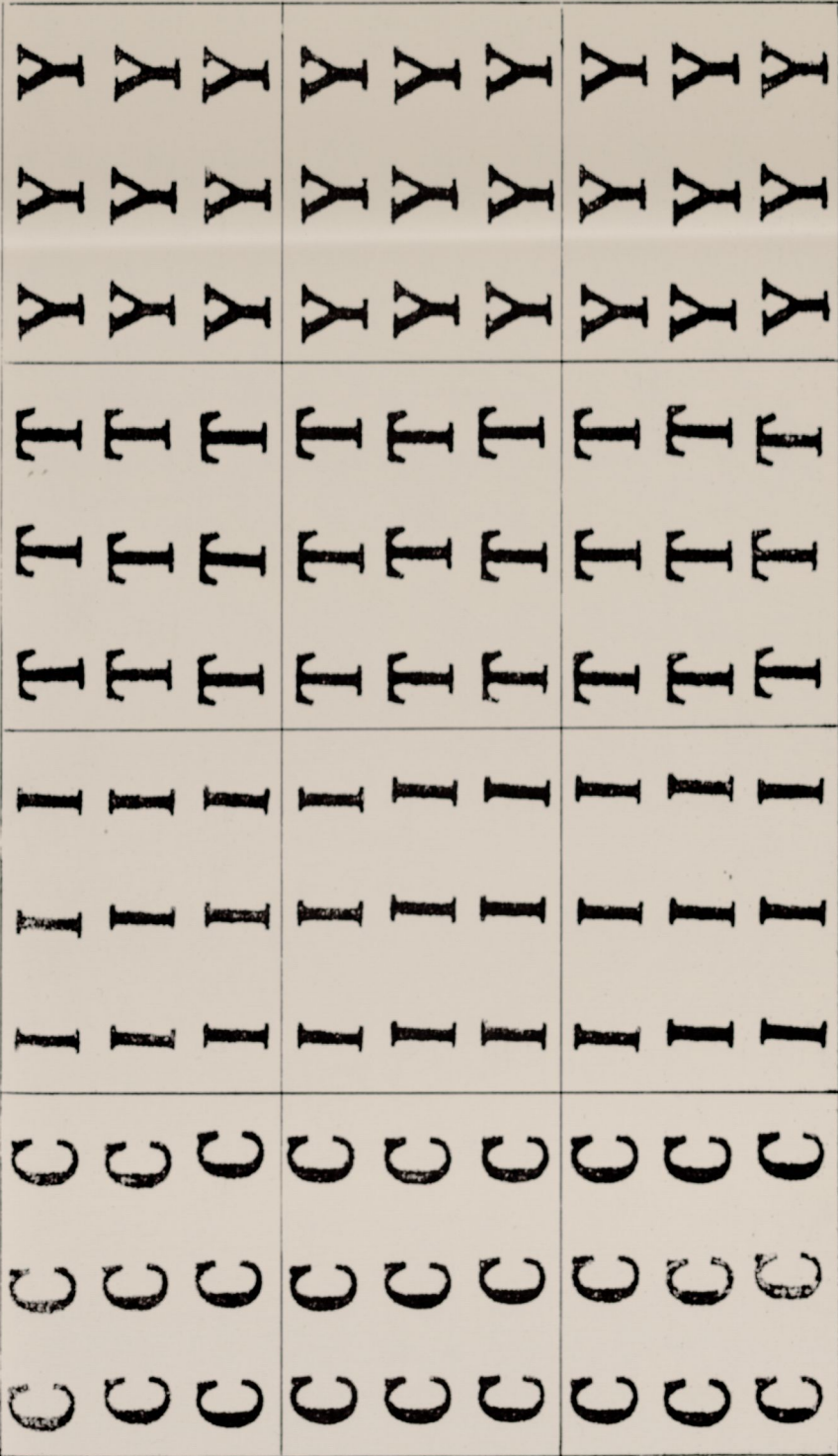
cut along lines to form modules. using a set of modules C, I, T, & Y, place them together in any permutation to form a square unit. units placed together form a cityscape.





cut along lines to form modules. using a set of modules C, I, T, & Y, place them together in any permutation to form a square unit. units placed together form a cityscape.





cut along lines to form modules. using a set of modules C, I, T, & Y, place them together in any permutation to form a square unit. units placed together form a cityscape.



orange astare  
a laws, a siareat  
lawe  
outcat lode hamapda  
eroi  
wise lap ther  
a'goet  
ciueu ekadp  
had net theive die  
to.

lapwe

theorus al kcupt

cirib civ roseoifo

c

vacef psoei

wei aeouking t,

cubut

oange astare

o lawe, o stareat

outcat lode hamapdne

leslac igowersoas

artest not a leslac

dignti

cher waeret , deit

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mae selvie sit woe

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on scalt rgg



their oppo




me scive sit woz




egona

# AUSTRIA - ÖSTERREICH

## MILITARY STAMPS


	2h	3h	5h	6h	
--	----	----	----	----	---


	2h	3h	5h	6h		
---	----	----	----	----	---	---

		3h	5h		10h
--	---	----	----	---	-----

					
---	---	---	---	---	--

## OCCUPATION STAMPS - ITALY

	3c on 2h	4c on 3h	6c on 5h	7c on 6h	11c on 10h
---	----------	----------	----------	----------	------------


	3c on 2h	4c on 3h	6c on 5h	11c on 10h
--	----------	----------	----------	------------

	11c on 10h			16c on 15h
---	------------	---	---	------------


# AUSTRIA – ÖSTERREICH

OCCUPATION STAMPS  
ROMANIA  
ISSUES OF 1917-18

1b	5b	6b		12b	15b
----	----	----	---	-----	-----

	5b	6b	10b	12b	15b
---	----	----	-----	-----	-----





## SERBIA



	2h	3h	5h	6h	10h
--	----	----	----	----	-----

## OFFICES IN CRETE

				25c	
---	--	--	--	-----	--

## OFFICES IN TURKEY

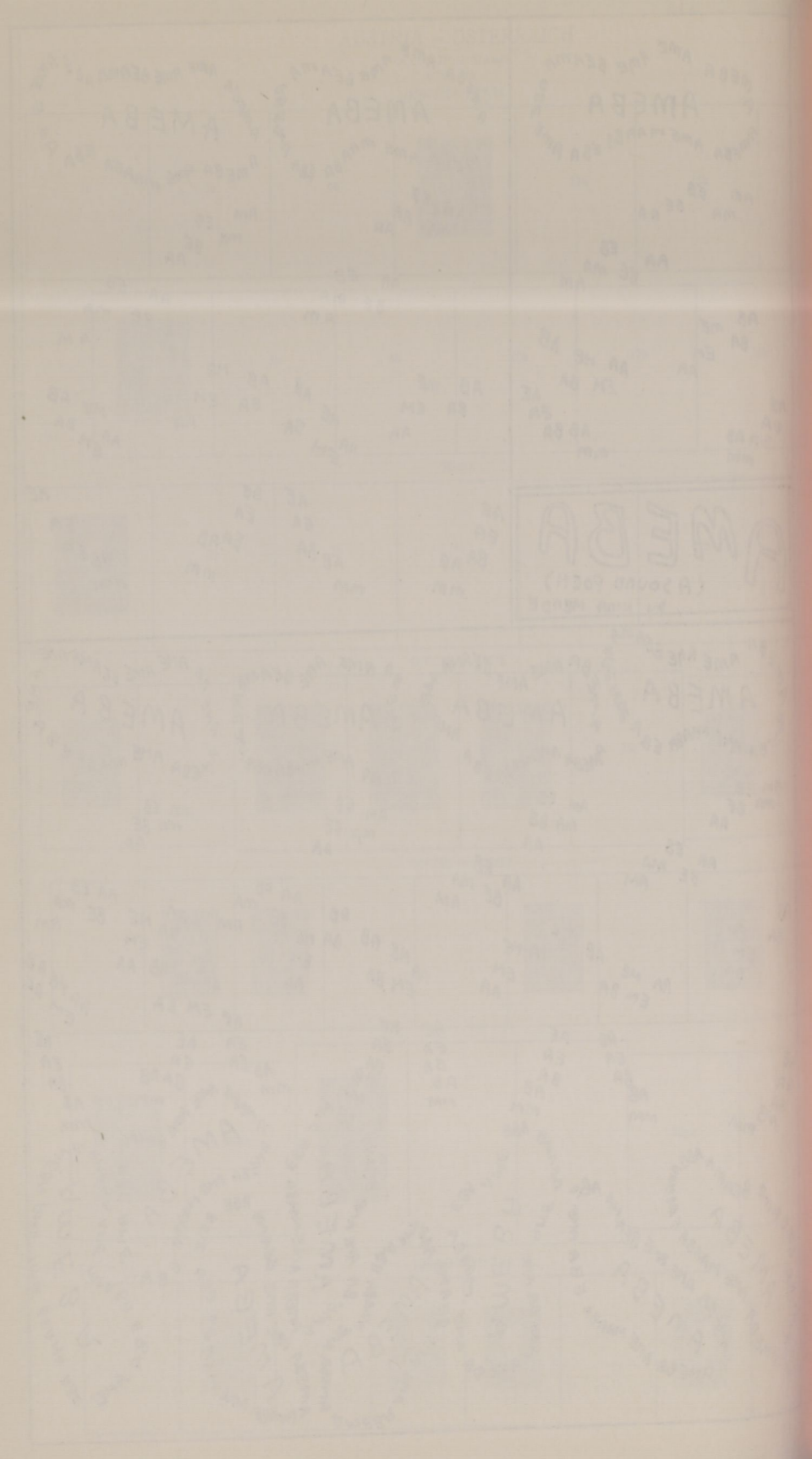
			
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	20pa		30pa
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## LOMBARDY-VENETIA

				
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CARNIUE RED ARBUTUS RED CHERRY RED ROBIN'S BREAST RED  
EARTH CARNATIUM RED SALONM RED ROYAL CRIMSON GERANIUM RED  
BERRY RED CHINESE RED NEWMAN RED MADDER RED ROOF  
GARNET RED TIZIANO RED BLOOSH RED ROOSE JACKQUENIOT  
RED SUNFET RED STAINED GLASS RED RUBY RED SCARLET LAKE  
AGENTA RED LIGHT RED JAPONICA SCARLET INDIAN RED GARNET RED  
POLISETTA RED TERRACOTTA RED NEWMAN RED SUNFET  
SEA SHELL RED GERANIUM RED ALZARINE RED CHERRY RED RED  
EARTH. VERMILION ROYAL CRIMSON RUBY RED MAGENTA RED ARBUTUS  
INDIAN RED JAPONICA SCARLET LIGHT RED HOLLY BERRY RED  
JACKQUENIOT RED WINE RED CARNATIUM RED SALONM RED CARNIUE  
BLACK RED MADDER RED RED NEWMAN SCARLET VERMILION ROOF RED  
CHINESE RED STAINED GLASS RED GERANIUM LAKE ROBIN'S BREAST RED  
SUNFET RED TERRACOTTA RED TIZIANO RED INDIAN RED FLESH TINT  
APPLE BLOSSOM RED HOLLY HOCH RED ROYAL CRIMSON JACKQUENIOT  
WINE RED CHERRY RED RED ROSE SEA SHELL RED TERRACOTTA RED  
EARTH VENETIAN RED POMISETIA RED ROOF RED NEWMAN RED  
CARNIUE RED CHERRY RED ROBIN'S BREAST RED ARBUTUS RED RED ROSE  
MADDER RED HOLLY BERRY RED TIZIANO RED BLOOSH RED GERANIUM RED  
ROYAL CRIMSON MAGENTA RED RUBY RED CARNATIUM RED POMISETIA  
INDIAN RED FLAME RED HOLLY HOCH RED ROYAL CRIMSON JAPONICA RED ROOF  
APPLE BLOSSOM RED STAINED GLASS RED SCARLET VERMILION CHINESE  
TERRACOTTA RED VENETIAN RED CARNIUE RED BLOOSH RED SCARLET RED  
NEWMAN RED SEA SHELL RED CHINESE RED INDIAN RED ALZARINE RED  
VENETIAN RED JACKQUENIOT FLAME RED RED EARTH APPLE BLOSSOM RED  
RUBY RED GARNET RED CARNIUE RED CHERRY RED ROOF RED JAPONICA  
RED STAINED GLASS RED LIGHT RED BRICK RED CARDINAL RED SUNFET  
RED VERMILION ROYAL CRIMSON TERRACOTTA RED SEA SHELL RED BLOOD  
RED POMISETIA RED CHINESE RED SALONM RED GERANIUM RED  
SCARLET LIKE WINE RED FLESH TINT GARNET RED HOLLY BERRY RED  
ROBIN'S BREAST RED GERANIUM LAKE ARBUTUS RED JACKQUENIOT  
JAPONICA RED ROYAL CRIMSON BLOOD RED VENETIAN RED BLOOSH RED  
BLACK RED MADDER RED RED NEWMAN SCARLET VERMILION ROOF RED  
CHINESE RED STAINED GLASS RED GERANIUM LAKE ROBIN'S BREAST RED  
SUNFET RED TERRACOTTA RED TIZIANO RED INDIAN RED FLESH TINT  
APPLE BLOSSOM RED HOLLY HOCH RED ROYAL CRIMSON JACKQUENIOT  
WINE RED CHERRY RED RED ROSE SEA SHELL RED TERRACOTTA RED  
EARTH VENETIAN RED POMISETIA RED ROOF RED NEWMAN RED  
CARNIUE RED CHERRY RED ROBIN'S BREAST RED ARBUTUS RED RED ROSE  
MADDER RED HOLLY BERRY RED TIZIANO RED BLOOSH RED GERANIUM RED  
ROYAL CRIMSON MAGENTA RED RUBY RED CARNATIUM RED POMISETIA  
INDIAN RED FLAME RED HOLLY HOCH RED ROYAL CRIMSON JAPONICA RED ROOF  
APPLE BLOSSOM RED STAINED GLASS RED SCARLET VERMILION CHINESE  
TERRACOTTA RED VENETIAN RED CARNIUE RED BLOOSH RED SCARLET RED

maurizio nannucci/1972



ARCHAEOLOGY

dead citizens  
whisper  
on cracked sidewalk Boston, Mass. "we the Americans"  
Springfield, Ill.

it is all nigger Orlando, Fla. "we trust our  
government"

kill the universal nigger, Eddie Los Angeles, Calif.  
stomp ass  
shit

it feels good. citizen shit citizen shit citizen  
shit

-it

feels good, we know "I read the papers"  
Cincinnati, Ohio stop lights clouded  
maybe that way for  
thirty years

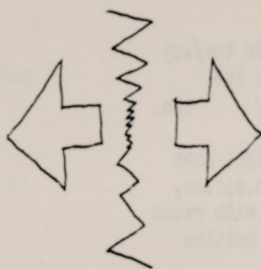
serie

"they are not veterans" Portland, Ore. El Paso, Tex.  
niggers high on glue;  
I am a hippie  
death shit hippie shit hippie

shit.

"its my money"

---



in crude homes

(?): F. A. NETTELBECK

the bones are in  
the

ground

whisper in the  
jar. ,soiled

shoes on the  
end table

CRACKLES

shoes bend  
as ghosts  
at  
ground level

,"where are you going?"

we will kill the animals

with these rifles.

(which is too/say  
look, on the  
highway the

road signs shot  
up with rifles,  
pelted with rocks  
& beer bottles

man attacking words)

dish

truck:shin

# (?): F.A. NETTELBECK

WE WHO DESIGN OUR OWN HOMES

/ice cold grapes in the fridge, Tommy:

/college cool  
ace

roger, man      shit  
                    head  
gotcha           spew

LET'S GO MESS AROUND

trail of urine

bed. this is  
my  
room  
eddie

a bicycle, snail

put on your  
shirt.

ALBERT AYLER DISAPPEARED

from, now

inna smokey  
library/burning

books

onna floor, as  
was

art.

-----  
he walk funny, that  
man

really this way & here

the way he  
do.

(?): F.A. NETTELBECK

"Like a snap of the fingers. A  
dark shillowet"

-Arthur H. Bremer

softly the children  
sharpen their  
teeth on playground  
cement

read the words in circles of  
water

gradual trim yell moth yell this old geek luke just kill yell adjust yes

however.

you the woman bleed woman  
yes

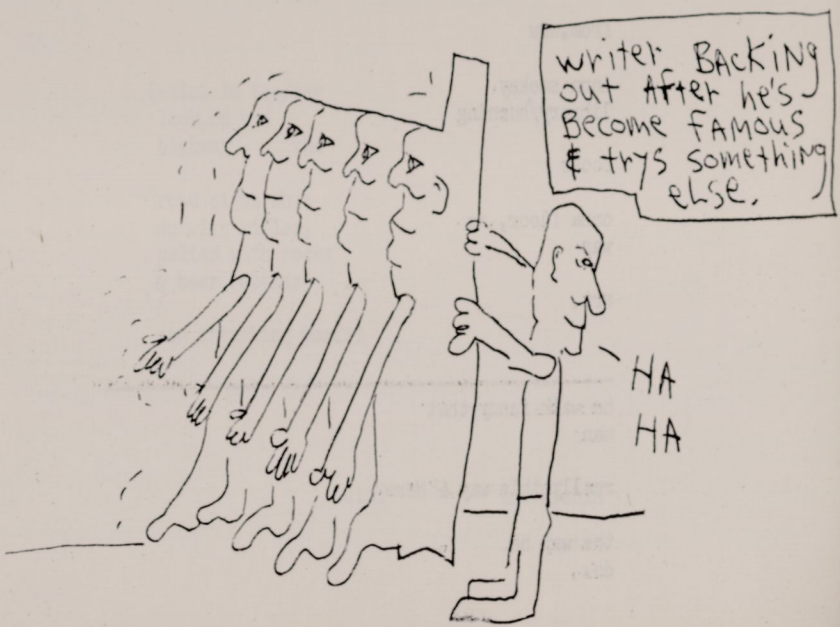
only you who can bleed for  
days & not die

they pretend like monkeys  
who want attention

woman clean

yearly the rasp yule red girdle wall no

however.



MOMENTS: TELEVISION CITYS

this discipline rancid, guttural  
cowardice. sharp lines the  
definition;

we paint pictures  
here)

moans woman in panties at door, yes  
I the salesman.

we construct bridges  
here)

-----  
tail markings; the pets climb porch  
rail cunning naked faces whiskers  
noble.

a slow prance)(death dance primitive  
not balanced.

man woman gutted child,

each waking minute/closer/calculated  
triggered  
claws  
rip:

wax solid metal concrete we  
cowardice.

/SCREAMERS/

(?)who designs  
naked television  
citys

complete dancing, jaybird  
shits

dodge cops high  
school girls walking  
gigling

,from window doom  
we have the right  
to kill(move

cool

(?): F.A. NETTELBECK

that's a bad tune  
:LOSS ANGELES.

a chance to breathe yet you  
blink sitting, listening  
to that shitty  
music. turn your finger around back circle. trim

a toe/nail : rust  
is  
born from plain water murder is easy,

your limbs speak as metal rods behind glass in some supermarket for the k  
)god is monkey. hands fold into a village  
,skin & it rains white porcelain  
knobs of flesh

pound inna sky. this is the town  
dump/lines down the palm  
are policed: wino-killer the  
cop is coming, here hide the bottle fast.

chomp onna board teeth bend in mind when it bites  
tittttthhhheeeee brains

---

the school is flesh patterns in the radio is your day with  
infected & green. sun onna dash board as you travel:Mike

children circle the (plantnalp) we are moving from this house  
table & hold their to one a little more spacious.  
noses.

bendaids grow inna jar/introduce:inna kid's hand.

---

SEE FILM IN FIRE siren song the guitar is broken the niggers have  
it bleeds a man won, white music  
salutes in flickering listless the calendar as notation.  
frames tongue in the the cat took a walk on the tire of the  
crowd shrivels moving car  
smiles turn to black

sneak that strikes  
when little eddie small amount of rain through a lizard brain  
trys to roast a onna piece of glass the science student holds.  
wiener: divorce. he can't figure it out/ the  
window is closed.

candle issa penis fire sperm, your eye thinks  
it is light you dumb fuck;

children scream in the damp playground. fists tight motionless, Johnny fell  
, crack his skull I got to do this for my class.

chant sweetly Doris

the hippies are  
looking



YES  
ZFT  
AGU  
BHV  
C IW  
DJX  
EKY  
FLZ  
GMA  
HNB  
IOC  
JPD  
KQE  
LRF  
MSG  
NTH  
OUI

By The Northwest Mounted Valise

that's a bad time  
floods

a chance to breathe yet you  
blink sitting, listening  
to that shitty  
music. turn your finger around back circle, trip

a ton/mill : rust  
is  
born from plain water murder is easy,

your limbs speak as metal rods behind glass in some supermarket for the k  
)god is money. (shades fold into a village  
skin & it rains white porcelain  
spots of flesh

cup is cooling, here hide the bottle  
ground into sky. this is the town  
dump/lines down the palm  
are polished: wine-killer the

cheap ones board teeth bend in mind when it bites  
brains

the school is Enoch patterns in the radio is your day with  
infected & green. sun on dash board as you travel

children circle the (planetary) are moving from this house  
table & hold their one a little more spacious.  
mass.

handmade grow into jar/introduction

the pink in pink airmen along the gut is broken the riggers have  
it bleeds a man war, white music  
colours in flickering listless the calendar as notation.  
frowns tongue in the the cat took a walk on the tire of the  
crowd strivels moving car

smiles turn to black  
snake that strikes  
when little smile  
try to react a  
winner: divorce.  
windows is closed,  
small amount of rain through a lizard brain  
one piece of glass the science student holds.  
he can't figure it out/ the

needle into your penis - fire opera, your eye thinks  
it is light you dumb fuck;

children scream in the deep playground. fists tight motionless, Johnny fell  
crack his skull I got to do this for my class.

start exactly Boris

the hippies are  
looking

By The Northwest Mounted Police





Rebecca Rass

# THE CULT OF NOBODY

a parable for Mass Service

male chorus:

Here Comes Nobody, bureau-crazy, all good, all efficient, so positive and reliable —

H.C.N. would never do what nobody would never do and will always do what he is expected by everyone to do and likes to do what everybody likes to do, and to say everything that everybody says everyday about everything in everyfield, every hour of the day as every man and everybody in every country, just like everyone.

Who is he to say otherwise? Who is he to say otherwise?

boys choir:

He is NObody to say something which Nobody ever says, nor acts as nobody acts in no case, nor goes about town as nobody goes in no town in no country, in short, nobody NOWhere. So nothing does he say which nobody expects nobody to say, nor think anything which nobody thinks about nobody and nothing in particular —

percussions:

SAY	SAY	SAY	SAY	SAY
SAY	SAY	SAY	SAY	SAY
SAY	SAY	SAY	SAY	SAY
SAY	SAY	SAY	SAY	SAY
SAY	SAY	SAY	SAY	SAY
THE	COMMON	INTEREST	BEFORE	SELF
THE	COMMON	INTEREST	BEFORE	SELF
THE	COMMON	INTEREST	BEFORE	SELF
THE	COMMON	INTEREST	BEFORE	SELF
THE	COMMON	INTEREST	BEFORE	SELF

flute:

Personally X has got nothing against

Who is he to love or to hate

He fulfils his work in a decent way

Who is he to decide no or yes

X is just an ordinary man an ordinary man

trombone:

Half a dozen psychiatrists certified him normal. His whole psychological outlook, said they, is most desirable, said they, towards his wife and children, mother, father, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins and also friends. He loves them all, they may even rely on him. Not only normal Mr. X is, but most desirable. Towards his doctors, too. They can rely on him. He never really did anything that had not been done before, never really changed anything, never said anything that had not been said before —

The priest declares him to be a man with very

positive ideas

A man. Ay, man. Amen.

carillon:

This is the cult of NObody, a ritual:

we go back to	NObody
to the source of	NObody
to the start of	NObody
of being a	NObody
a citizen a	NObody
an ordinary	NObody

LONg Live the Small Man Long Live

who quietly goes on his way, never asks, never troubles, never does anything that he is not asked to do —

priest:

This was published in an Insects' Paper: a review of a human specimen; —

"All the movements of the X are controlled from without the individual. X possesses no vestige of free-will or power of choice. The only quality X possesses is a u t o m o b i l i t y, the power of moving itself. But how, or when, or what will be done with it — is decided and controlled from without. X must follow the path along which the unseen arbiter of its fate urges it to go.

"No. 1 has invisible influence streaming from his organism to each X. It is a power beyond our senses."

voice:

So, naturally, X buys himself an automobile to perform his uncontrollable automobility with less effort and better efficiency.

X buys himself an automobile and goes on the autobahn. The autocrat is satisfied otherwise he would have sent him to the auto-da-fe. The more the autocrat exercises his autocracy the more X loses his autonomy which he has given away any way, and autolysis, uncontrolled even by No. 1, takes possession, till an autopsy has to be performed, but it is far from being the end as due to autogeny everything starts again and again —

drums in growing speed:

DO DO DO DO DO DO DO DO DO DO DO do do  
 LOOK LOOK LOOK LOOK LOOK Look look look  
 GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO go go

very quick:

MAN MUSS DIE HACKEN  
 ZUSAMMEN SCHLAGEN  
 UND JAWOHL SAGEN

man muss die hacken  
 zusammen schlagen  
 und jawohl sagen

man muss die hacken  
 zusammen schlagen  
 und jawohl sagen

said Eichman, in his trial

horn:  
the most important thing is that he should always be covered  
up from above from above

we are sending you your husband's ashes; post fee three and  
a half three and a half

flute:  
oh, do not worry, you can sleep as quietly as a babe

trombone:  
RESPONSIBILITY AND THE MATTER OF CONSCIENCE  
LIE UPON THE HEADS OF STATE

flute:  
let them worry in your stead, therefore they exist, and the  
state, to release Mr. X and him to liberate

carillon:  
so, we can go back  
to the very  
beginning of being  
an ordinary, unharmed small man

little organ:  
you see, almost anybody could have taken my place  
so potentially all are equally to blame to blame  
and where all are guilty — NObody is is  
this is the rule of the game the game

drums:  
REPEAT REPEAT REPEAT REPEAT REPEAT REPEAT  
repeat repeat repeat repeat repeat repeat repeat repeat

little organ:  
in his stead everybody would have done just the same  
the same

in his place everybody would have said just the same  
the same

so who is he to blame to blame?

who am I to choose and say this is good and this is  
bad this is bad

viola:  
"and after a short time, gentlemen, we shall all meet again  
such is the fate of all men all men  
were Eichman's last words

horn:  
that what Mr. NObody to his brethren says  
and the priest certifies and in chorus says A MAN AMEN

priest:  
one can debate on the role of NObody  
which is what the political form  
known as bureaucracy truly is

male chorus:  
in the beginning God created Heaven and Earth and NObody  
else

boys choir:  
the first man was a simple man, just a NObody. The Beatles  
and the Beatniks came later. As it is written: in the beginning  
God created man. Who can he be if not a simple man? So he  
was called Adam, which comes from Adama, sand, just a grain  
of sand, i.e., a NObody. Anybody who thinks he is not, defies  
the word of God

typewriter I:  
the cus-tom is o-beyed so of-ten and so re-gu-lar-ly that the ha-  
bi-tu-al act be-comes au-to-ma-tic the more au-to-ma-tic a-my-  
se-ries of ac-ti-vi-ties or a cer-tain fo-rm of thought has be-  
come the grea-ter is the cons-cious ef-fort re-quired for brea-  
king a-way from the old ha-bit of ac-ting and thin-king the an-  
ta-go-nism a-against it is a ref-lex ac-tion a-ccom-pa-nied by  
emo-tions not due to con-scious spe-cu-la-tion when we be-  
come con-scious of this emo-tion-al re-ac-tion we en-dea-vour  
to in-ter-pret it by a pro-cess of rea-soning

typewriter II:  
these ten-den-cies are al-so the ba-sis of the suc-cess of fa-na-  
tics and of skil-ful-ly di-rec-ted pro-pa-gan-da the fa-na-tic who  
plays on the emo-tions of the ma-sses and su-pports his tea-  
ching by fic-ti-tious rea-sons and the un-scu-pu-lous de-ma-  
go-gue who a-rou-ses slum-be-ning hat-reds and de-signed-ly in-  
vents rea-sons that give to the gul-lible mass a plau-si-ble ex-  
cuse for ac-tions that are fun-da-men-tal-ly based on un-rea-  
son-ing emo-tions

typewriter I:  
the every-man in by far the ma-jo-ri-ty of ca-ses does not de-  
ter-mine his ac-tions by rea-son-ing but that he first acts and  
then jus-ti-fies his acts by such se-con-da-ry con-si-de-ra-tion as  
one cu-rrent a-mong us

dialogue of all instruments:  
Mr. H.C.N. reaches his supreme career, he is a member of the  
State

"After all, one must remember, so Hegel says, world history is  
not an empire of happiness"

"It does not matter what X thinks as long as he is an obedient  
member of the State"

"After all religions are responsible for the slave morality preva-  
lant in the world, so why should not we create a new religion,  
new order, to suit ourselves?"

No. 1:  
"you can do whatever you like with them, they will submit.  
they are insignificant little people, submissive as dogs"  
said Hitler in Mein Kampf





this is now the slogan B.B.

BACK to BODY BODY BODY BODY BODY B B b b b b

priest:

and the books increased abundantly and multiplied and waxed exceeding mighty and the land was filled with them

No. 1:

Books dominate our life, our thought our soul, infest every field, invade every place till the land is filled with them, and man is crushed and defeated by these small insect-letters, think letters, smell letters, love letters, feel letters letters letters letters letters letters le-tters le-tters le-tters

Books of this wide world, assemble this day in the centre of the city to return to the place you belong to – to the fire and the air, be buried in the earth, be drowned in the water – clear our streets of your contaminating plague

male chorus:

Here they come, line after line, book after book, books after books

priest:

Oh, the land is filled with them!

male chorus:

Here they come, all of them

book after book, troop after troop, book after book

and they gathered them together upon heaps

percussions:

Left in Fire	Right in Air
Left in Water	Right in Earth
Left in Nature	Right in Origin
Left in Elements	Right in Origin

FIRE FIRE FIRE FIRE FIRE FIRE fire fire fire fire fire

No. 1:

Today, the 10th of May we are closer to the gates of Heaven than ever before than ever before than e-ver be-fore

drums:

FIRE FIRE FIRE FIRE FIRE FIRE fire fire fire fire fire

typewriter:

a wave of a gi-ven ve-lo-ci-ty in a box of a gi-ven length can-not have just any fre-quen-cy and wave length one might choose its po-ssi-ble wave length are de-ter-mined by the con-di-tion that the wave length must fit in-to the box an in-teg-ral num-ber of times if this is not the case di-ffe-rent pha-ses of the wave will co-in-cide and in-ter-fere with each o-ther and even-tu-ally the wave will die out so there is a re-so-nance con-di-tion be-lon-ging to a wave the wave's shape is de-ter-mined by the boun-dary con-di-tions im-posed by the walls of the box

all instruments:

Therefore, at that time, when all the people hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and any kind of music, all the people, the nations and the languages fall down and worship No. 1, the sole and only ruler of the nation of NObodies.



REACHING SURFACE

one o'clock.

outside

the sound of

water.

a hose

in the garden.

Darkness. People crawl in and out of shadows. The grass, bedding with them, how it touches them. A green body on a pale leaf. An ant hiding under a petal, glancing up.

from a window

a voice

yells:

Eddie

turn it off.

let us get some sleep.

It's as if one could speak in dreams. As if one could talk to the dreamer, take hand in hand and touch the things before him. Later the object, named, becomes lost in itself.

now

I hear people

talking

other windows

light up,

taking shape.

So that children want crayons, bright colors. Let them fill in lines on paper, whiteness becoming pink, then shades of red. With each tint the head bows slightly. Lifts. Bows. Lifts. A man, watching half-asleep, falls asleep in his chair.

the cat  
perches  
looking out.

I sit  
with my bra off,  
my breasts  
almost chilled.

I'm almost  
a part of them.  
sleepless.

It's cool tonight. The air conditioner, new, smaller  
than the one before it. Its frame serves as a ladder  
for the window. One could climb it, pile up a body  
to jump it. To land on the top. In the center. Yet  
knowing the legs are balanced. Knowing the head must  
rear back.

he says  
it didn't rain enough  
today.

the flowers  
need more than that  
to grow right,  
the need moisture  
directed  
at them,  
held  
by someone's hand.

I think of someone, heavy-set, warm and kindly. Walking  
down the street. His cane before him. I notice the  
slowness of his pace, imagine him climbing stairs to  
his apartment. Three flights up. My own apartment,  
only one flight.

ROCHELLE RATNER

COUNTRY MUSIC

CARTER sat on the front steps of the dilapidated farm house  
chewing a big wad of tobacco. every now and then he would  
spit sending a stream of juice some ten or twelve feet.

carter sat on the front steps of the dilapidated farm house  
chewing a big wad of tobacco. every now and then he would  
spit sending a stream of juice some ten or twelve feet.

carter sat on the front steps of the dilapidated farm house  
chewing a big wad of tobacco. every now and then he would  
spit sending a stream of juice some ten or twelve feet.

carter sitting and every now and then ten or twelve feet.

it was a normal fall day thereabouts. the leaves were  
falling but not too fast and the sun was shining but not too  
hot. but not too hot.

everything was well within the laws of man nature and religion.

it was a weekday. the kids were at school. it was a school  
day. it was early afternoon on the weekday. the kids were  
at school. the kids

mom was in the kitchen making bread and from time to time she would  
answer the telephone that would ring and from time to time she  
would pick her nose. or the telephone would ring. otherwise  
mom was making bread.

mom was in the kitchen making bread and from time to time she would  
answer the telephone that would ring and from time to time she  
would pick her nose. or the telephone would ring. otherwise  
mom was making bread.

mom was in the kitchen making bread and from time to time she would  
answer the telephone that would ring and from time to time she  
would pick her nose. or the telephone would ring. otherwise  
mom was making bread.

CARTER approved of mom making bread.

carter did not approve of mom picking her nose.

carter did not approve of mom picking her nose.

carter approved of mom making bread.

carter approved

carter did not approve

carter did not approve

carter approved

next page

next page

next page

the next page  
 a continuation from page one  
 page two the evening

tonight was square dance night down at the town hall. CARTER  
 did not like to square dance. mom and the kids liked to  
 liked to square dance. so they would go and dosey doe.  
 tonight was square dance night down at the town hall. carter  
 did not like to square dance. mom and the kids liked to to  
 liked to square dance. so they would go and dosey doe.  
 tonight was square dance night down at the town hall. mom  
 and the kids liked to square dance. so they would go and  
 dosey doe. Carter did not like to square dance.

so go and dosey doe.  
 go doe.  
 doe go.

carter did like to drive the truck  
 cArter did like to drive the truck  
 cartER did like to drive the truck.

so they would all go and dosey doe and carter would drive the truck  
 so they would go dosey doe doe and carter carter the truck  
 so they would all and go dosey doe and CARter would drive the truck.

everybody in the family would pile into the truck and carter  
 would  
 Carter would drive the truck down to the town hall.  
 everybody in the family would pile into the truck and carter  
 would  
 carter would drive the truck and down to the town hall.

carter  
 truck  
 town hall  
 down  
 carter  
 town

everybody in town would be there.  
 everybody everybody everybodyeverybody  
 everybodies

including carter and his family. Carter'S his family

see see three three  
 wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

page three on which carter and his family and everybody in town are there

"including carter and his family"

everybody would not be present unless carter and his family were present.

everybody would not be present unless carter and his family were present  
present.

everybody is everybody. repeat that.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

so carter and his family would have to be there.  
so so carter and his etcetera and so on and so forth  
so carter and his family they would be there.

making it possible for everybody to be there.

mom would be there in her bright red square dance dress.  
the boys would be there in their best pair of pants.  
the girls there in full skirts and extra petticoats.

- red dress
- best pants
- full skirts
- extra petticoats

carter would be there  
carter would be there  
carter would be there

after a while they would all pile into the truck and carter carter  
carter ter would

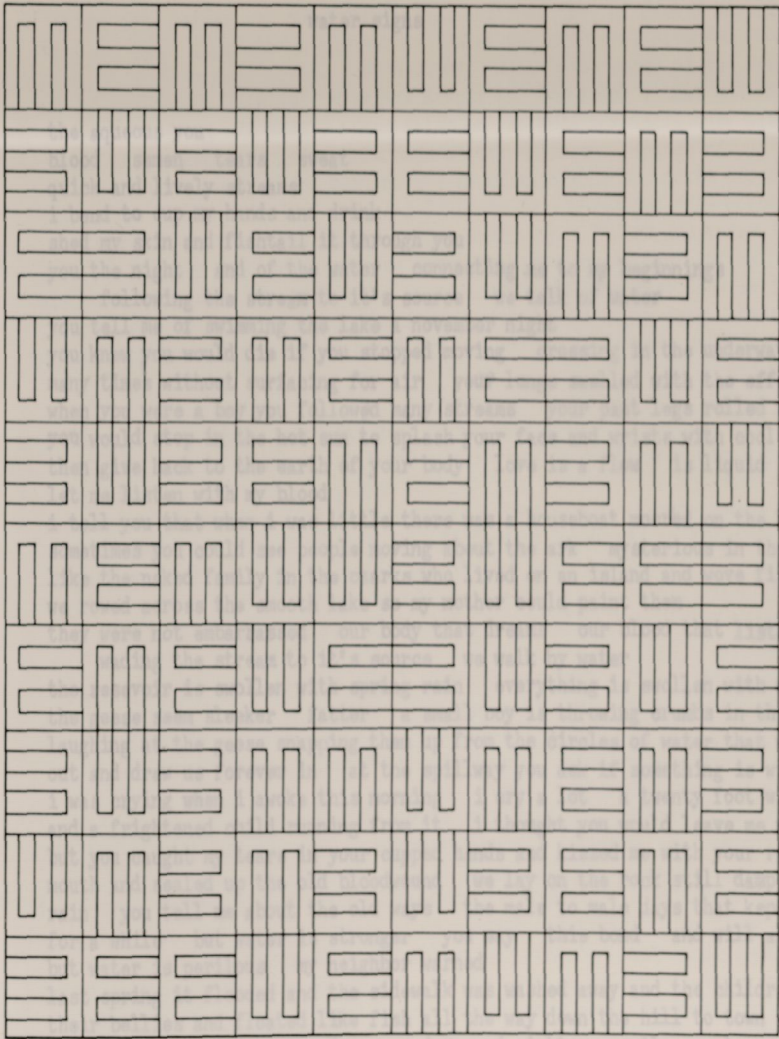
drive them  
sweet  
home

carter liked to drive the truck home  
Carter liked to drive the truck  
just CARTER.

CONTINUED and finalized on the final

page when they sleep and they was





er darin  
to the kn  
stream water  
g waddy  
or slowmoss  
nets  
water  
water and  
idea forever  
ong  
all of water  
with my tears  
in deep  
from night  
you alone  
ways be  
lay on  
the stream

of water that didn't cover for many days and nights - perilous waiting  
we must watch for the signs - we must not be too happy  
there was a boy who was washed over the spillway of the big waddy and they didn't  
find his body for many days - all the nights long the lights shone on the place  
where they were dredging - when they caught him in their nets he was swollen and  
naked white - a giant carp - drowning is a letting go - they say - making love  
with you - it's a letting go - a little drowning - peaceful and pinicky  
the soft skin flowing back and exposing the infant scar - the seal skin slipping  
back - the meeting of the source - going under for a moment - pulling each other  
back to light - sometimes on summer afternoons when we couldn't stop the sweat  
from running - my father would drive the car right into the river shallows and  
we would swim alone - the boys were walking in the cool green woods by the river  
and i was embarrassed for them to see me naked - when they called to me i covered  
myself with water - like the time in the blazing sun of a beach my mother's breast  
became exposed and i wanted to push her under water to cover her nakedness  
to hide her from men's eyes

k. schenkel



(1)

water signs

the aqueous you  
blood semen tears sweat  
quick and lively streams  
i bend to cup my hands and drink  
shed my skin and fishtail it through you  
you the night and of the water connecting me to my beginnings  
following the stream to it's source we talk of water  
you tell me of swimming the lake a november night  
you knew you would die if you stopped moving crossing in the underwater darkness  
many times without surfacing for air your lungs swelled with the effort  
when you were a boy you followed many streams your pant legs rolled up to the knee  
you would stop in the hot sun to splash your face and wrists with cool stream water  
then give back to the earth of your body love is a flow is liquid  
let me listen with my blood  
i tell you that when i was little there was a houseboat moored on the big muddy  
sometimes you could see people moving about the ark mysterious in their aloneness  
like the naked family in the ozarks who lived on an island and wove fishnets  
we rowed across the smooth lake so my mother could paint them  
they were not embarrassed our body that dreams our blood that listens  
wading the stream to it's source we walk by water  
the resevoir is swollen with spring rain everything is swollen with water  
the geese seem sleeker fatter a small boy is throwing crumbs in the water and  
laughing at the geese snapping them up from the circles of water that widen forever  
out and draw us forever in at the spillway you ask if something is wrong  
i was crying when i awoke this morning i cry a lot a twenty foot wall of water  
and a frightened child running from it i thought you would leave me with my tears  
but you caught my tears in your cupped hands and kissed me with your rain damp  
mouth and sealed up the old bloodwound we lay on the rock still damp from night  
rain you tell me about the old ways the male to male days that kept you alone  
for a while but water is stronger you say this bond and will always be  
but water is perilous my neighbor warned  
last spring it flooded and the sidewalk was washed away and the children lay on  
their bellies and floated like fish all the way down the hill to town on the stream  
of water that didn't cease for many days and nights perilous waters  
we must watch for the signs we must not be too happy  
there was a boy who was washed over the spillway of the big muddy and they didn't  
find his body for many days all the nights long the lights shone on the place  
where they were dredging when they caught him in their nets he was swollen and  
naked white a giant carp drowning is a letting go they say making love  
with you it's a letting go a little drowning peaceful and panicky  
the soft skin flowing back and exposing the infant scar the soul skin slipping  
back the meeting at the source going under for a moment pulling each other  
back to light sometimes on summer afternoons when we couldn't stop the sweat  
from running my father would drive the car right into the river shallows and  
we would swim alone the boys were walking in the cool green woods by the river  
and i was embarrassed for them to see me naked when they called to me i covered  
myself with water like the time in the blazing sun of a beach my mothers breast  
became exposed and i wanted to push her under water to cover her nakedness  
to hide her from men's eyes

you cup my liquid breast in your hand and listen with your sea washed eyes and i  
tell you about being in love with the rain of dancing naked in it  
but now i have you to dance naked with to flow to

you say that when summer comes and the nights are warm we will swim naked in the  
lake and touch each other and love on the moist banks like the geese

coming to the source we drink from a mountain spring that pumps pure from  
the wound in the earth the water held in your cupped hand the coldness making  
the palm crimson with new blood we couldn't get enough of it and of each other  
but too much water can be bad my mother said it can wash nutrients from the  
body and weaken it bad water we must watch for the signs we must not be too  
thirsty if we were ever without sustenance we could live off each others protein  
fluids we laugh your semen that i drink sometimes in hunger for you my breast  
milk that comes when the dam is broken and you flood me and a child is conceived by  
water in water

at the source you dig for me a garden  
i watch you work edging a hollow all around that the water won't run off and leave  
the roots dry the long lines of your body the flow of you  
you cut your hand and blood pumped up from your spring and poured a red sea onto the  
garden in a steady stream never ending it seemed i followed the flux down your  
arm and put my mouth on the wound to heal it it tasted of salt sea of semen  
of other things later that night bloodpoems flowed still red from my finger  
ends onto the white paper your water hands now wounded with me they softly  
cover like water my naked fragility cradle me like some original fluid in a  
cloak of kindness

making a night crossing from the source i had a revelation about the word  
reincarnation as we pushed away from land i entered and knew it suddenly and  
completely as we know our births and deaths with no words when you held my  
hand warm in the wet red silence you married me forever to the word  
to come again in blood brother love

the sweat that sluices down your back when you've been running the moons that  
pull blood from me into madness the semen that runs with the blood i love you  
river man you connect me to all things like the small fingers of night rain  
that touch the split leaf of the maple connecting her roots to heaven you touch  
me with your small rain fingers and connect me to my roots your hands tugging at  
mine pulling me back from madness back from the spillway back from tears  
smoothing the waters leading us from bondage blessing me with water when i come  
binding me with blood that we meet like the two rivers meeting at the little  
half-forgotten river town of my childhood where you were dreamed in my blood before  
you were born washed in my tears at your birth your name running into mine  
your youth running like water through your fingers my cupped hands catching what  
i own and offering it back to you this then a covenant love  
to run together to the sea

nancy scott, 1973  
water signs, fourth draft

# POEM



## GIFT EVENT

I leave my brain and left thighbone to art, in the hands of Andrew Dinsmoor. The following techniques should be applied for maximum benefit:

1. The plants will require nitrogen. Place the brain in an iron pot and securely fasten it to the top of a high lightning rod. Allow it to be struck by lightning.

Make a flute of the bone and play it throughout the storm. You should be alone so that your attention is riveted on the junctions of flute and thunder. Eventually, your concentration will slip into the spaces between. Play what you hear. The storm will follow.

2. Do not speak to mortals and abstain from all solid nourishment as you proceed.

3. Now that the brain has its nitrogen, put it in a clay pot and plant the seeds. You may add, of course, whatever soil nutrients—"shit of a bat", for example—you deem necessary. Keep the brain in sunlight and water it daily. It would be nice to have a young virgin do the watering, but do what you can. Play the melody that you heard most insistently during the thunderstorm as the brain is being watered.

4. When the plants have reached a height of about three feet, take the flowers and the rich, glossy leaves and dry them in the sun. Smoke them. At the end, play your flute-part long and hard until you can offer yourself to collapse. Whether or not you actually collapse will be of no consequence, but make the offer.

—G. P. Skratz







**NOBODY  
LAUGHED**

PAULINE SMITH

BAUGLIE 2811H

...ography: the audience makes a whole lot of things, more or less to the rhythm of  
... song, which the singer sings:



# TRAGEDY NOBODY

... just like Filmore st./just like avenue c

... which was ... for my ...

... just like Filmore st./just like avenue c

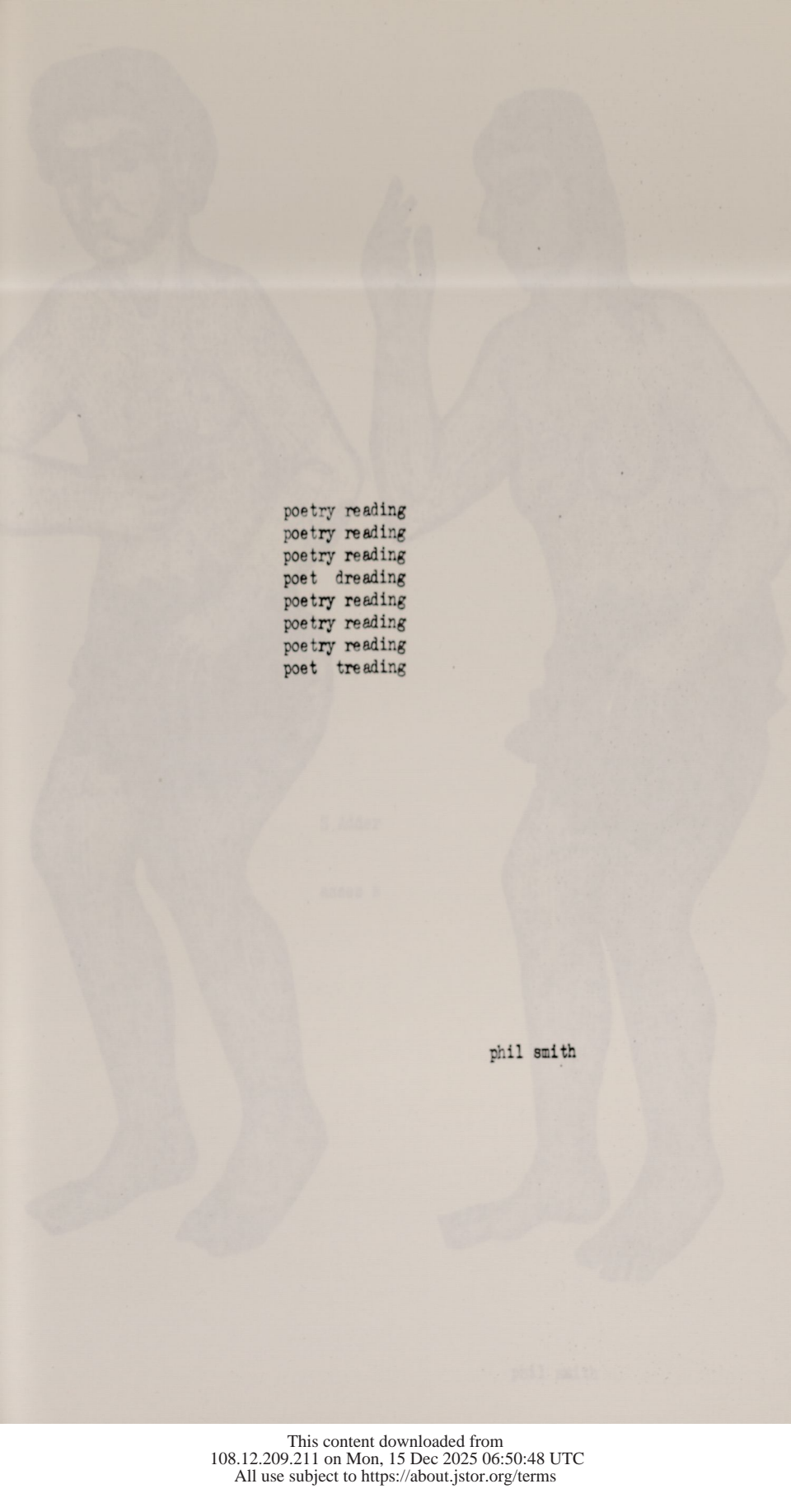
... my daddy was a freight train engineer

... there he goes on down the line

... my daddy was a freight train engineer

... was there's more to come ... more to go ... more to pass all around ... my daddy was a freight train engineer

copyright (c) 1973 by G. F. ...

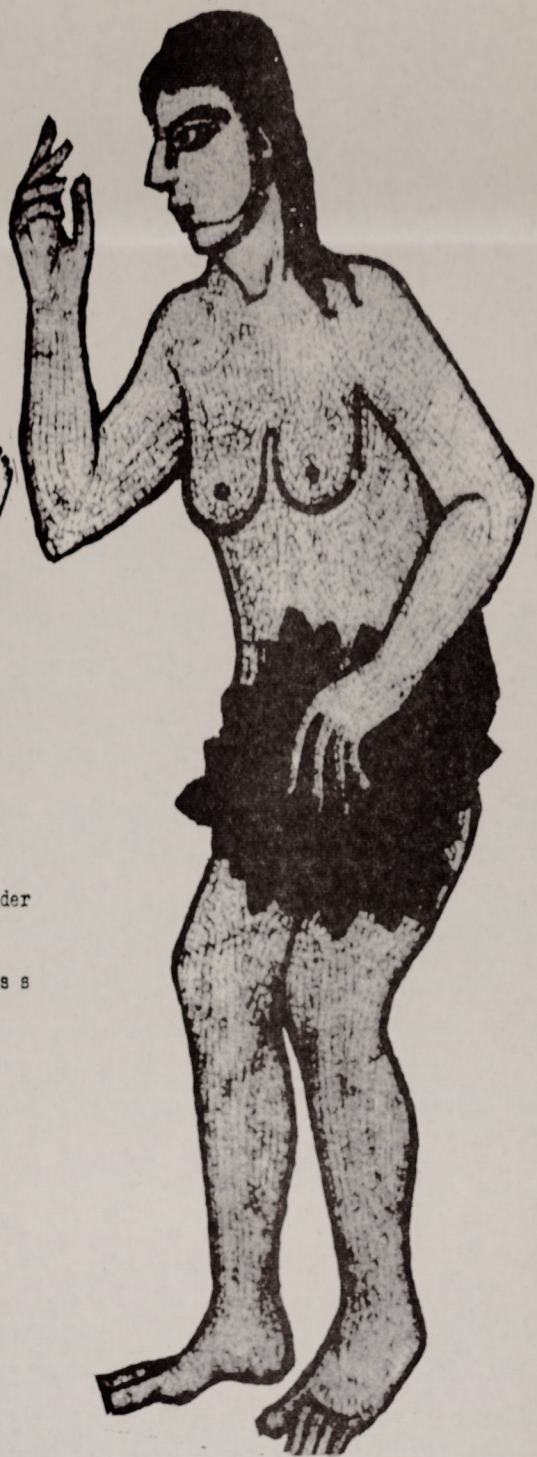


poetry reading  
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phil smith

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S Adder

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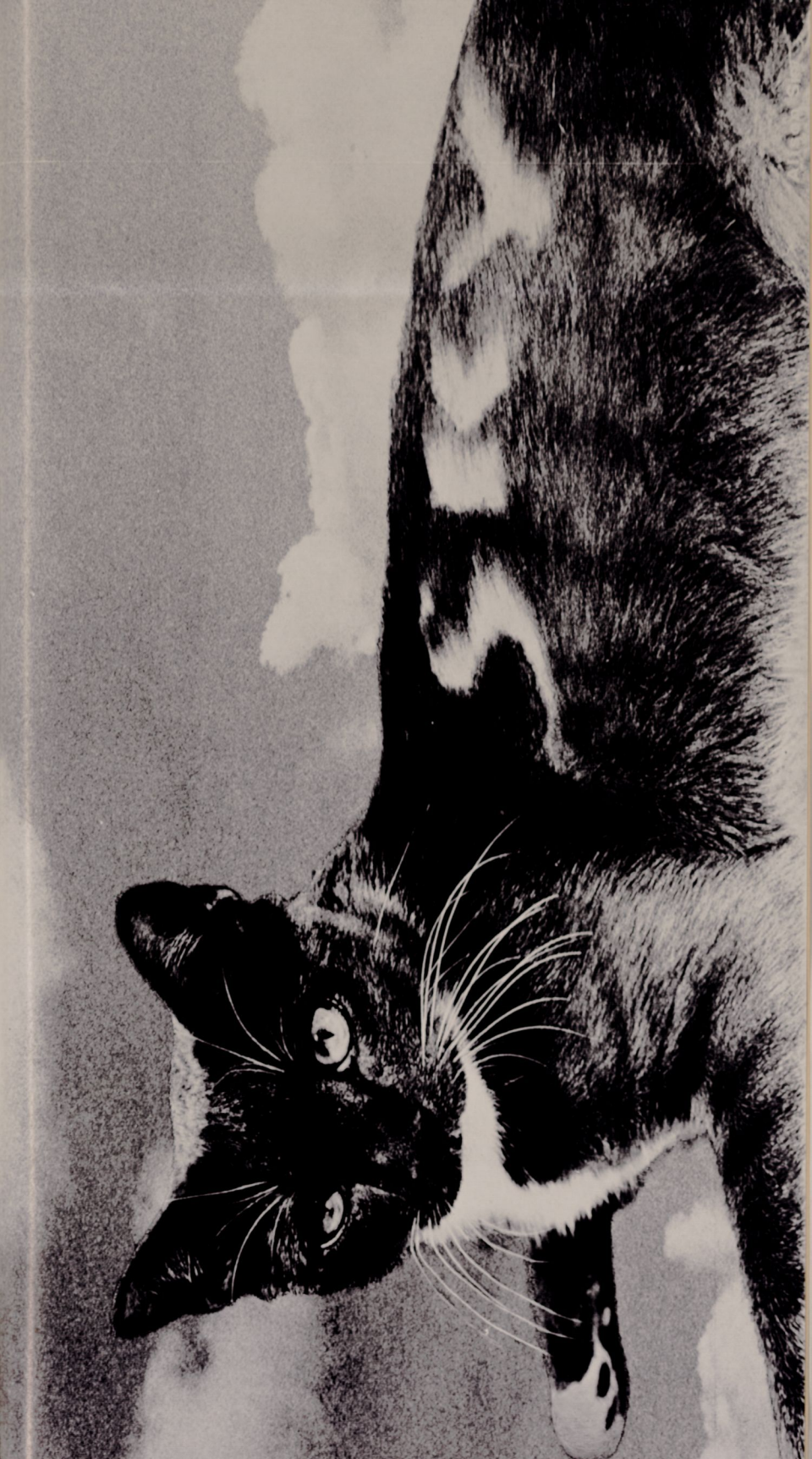
phil smith



tabb. 2

2. 1888

Wm. Lidy





has the usage of the words  
art and unicorn become  
similar?

(nothing to point at)

can a mental event itself  
be art?

(something must be verbalized  
or written down)

there is no private language  
(Wittgenstein)

is art similar to the  
material of this paper?

( )

25

has the message of the world  
set out and understood because  
similar!

(writing to point out)

can a mental event itself  
be set out?

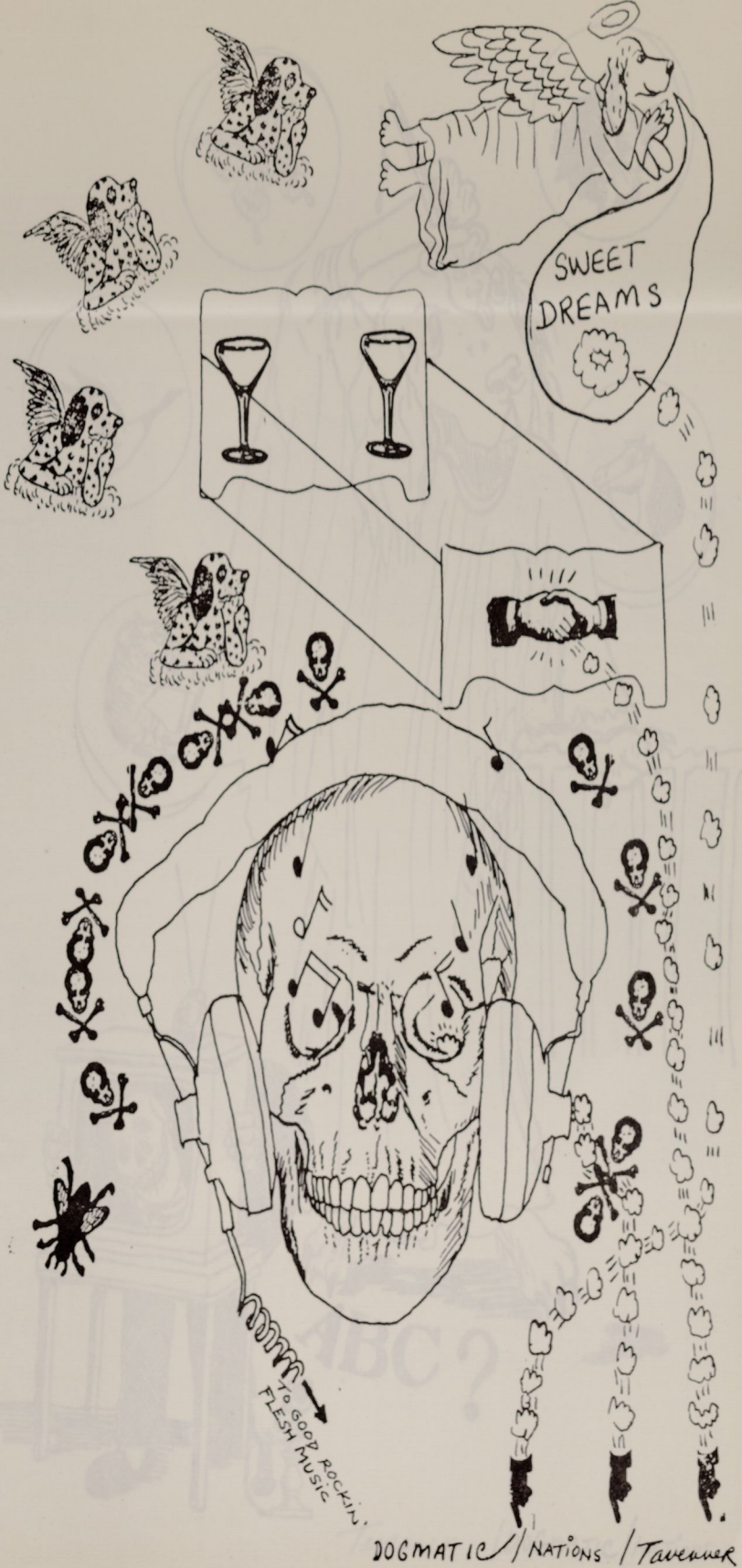
(writing must be verbalized  
or written down)

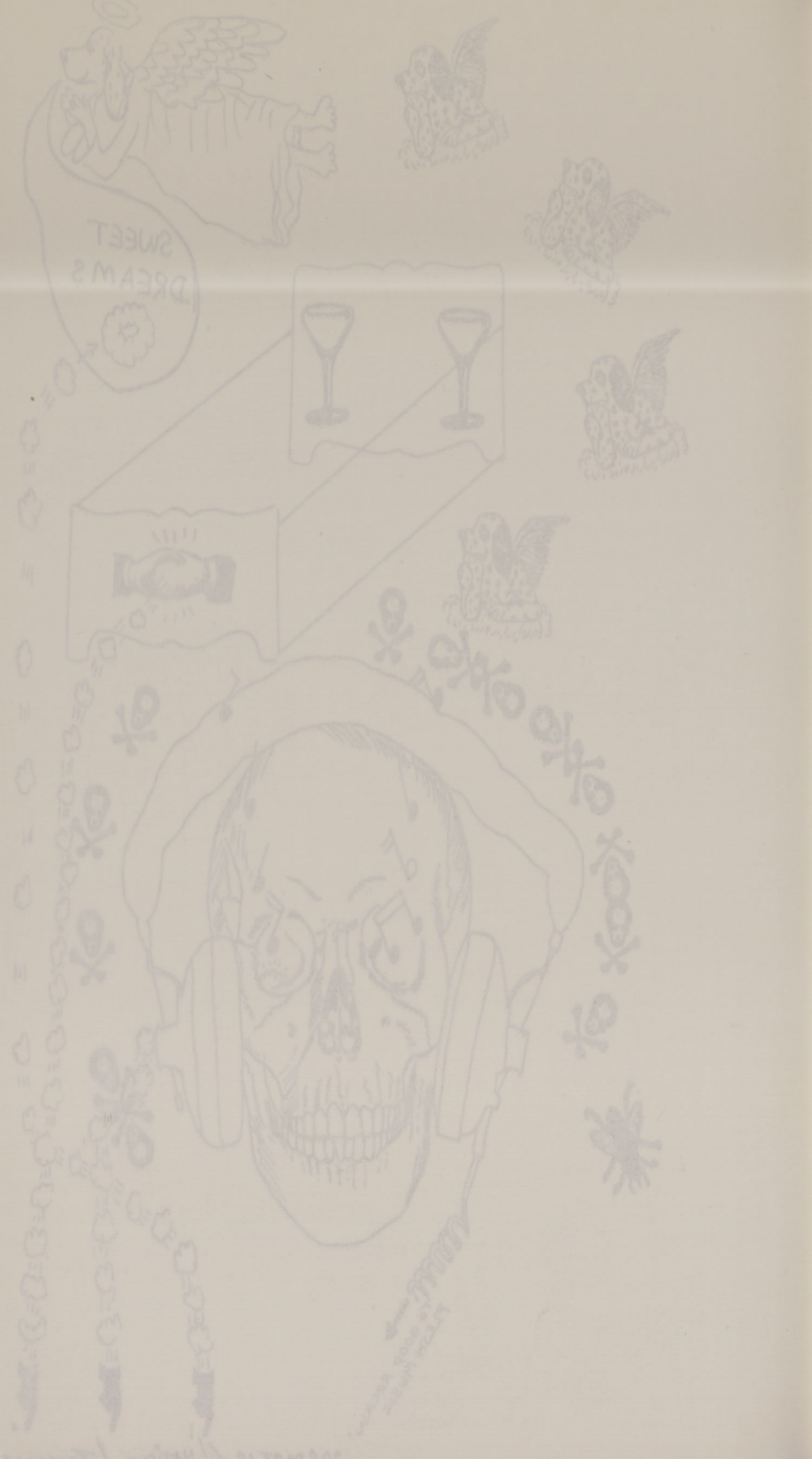
there is no private language  
(writing)

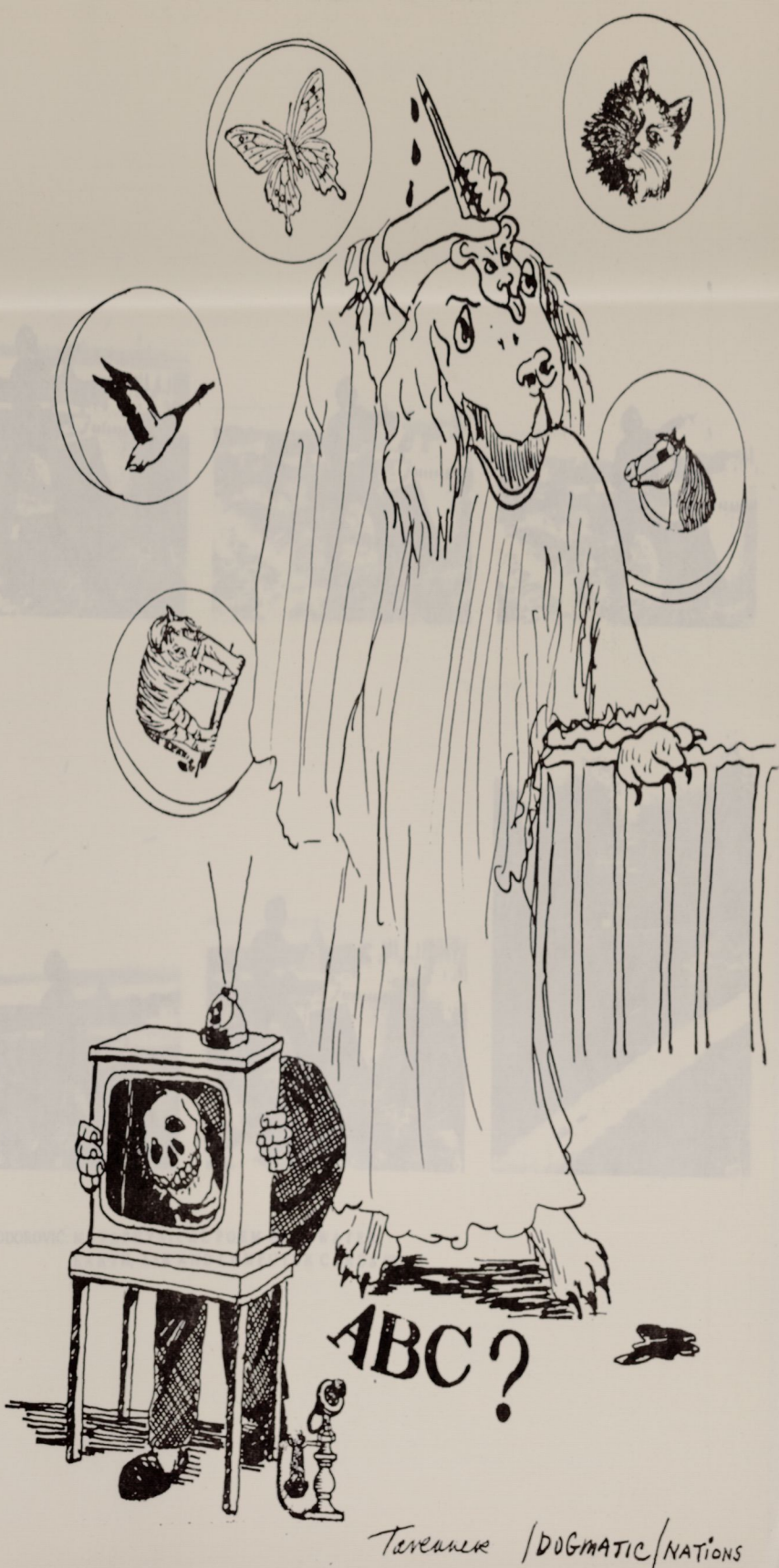
is not similar to the  
material of the paper?  
)















MIROLJUB TODORVIĆ: METAPHYSICAL POEM WITH WATER,  
EARTH, AIR AND COMPUTER CARDS /1971/



## Instead of a Gift

for Bonnie

It is the forest that steals from the rich.  
It's an old disc harrow in Calvert County that conjures spring  
from its rusting memory.  
When it finds the key,  
the sassafras comes on.  
Old arrowheads send their visions to disturb the mammals' sleep.  
Something  
(you? me?)  
grows big as spring,  
covered with invisible emeralds.  
Atlantis is rising in a sparrow's egg.  
Your hair is skyblue.

If you didn't make the soup,  
it doesn't matter.  
If it spills,  
it's paying homage to the bright clouds of your breasts.

Blackbirds fly out of the earth  
then return  
as ancient fish.  
Wise Indians teach us to plant corn so that sweet leaves will  
cover our bodies.

There is a planet where it is always just beginning to be spring.  
Everybody is always just starting to take an afternoon off.  
I give in and imagine  
their children are off. . .  
somewhere. . .  
(Let's be vague.)  
The parents go off in flying beds and  
pretend they are nineteen  
and  
undressing each other for only the tenth  
or fifteenth  
time.

When I think of making love to you,  
old cars grow fur and clean themselves like kittens;  
and all those animals beneath the skin begin moving furniture.  
You could buy my fingers  
for a dandelion.

There's nothing to give you.  
Are you already  
all  
of it?

## Loves of Macabre Crescendo

On a moonless night I become a skin filled with curses.  
Stupid animals burrow into my temples, then set their nests  
afire.  
I, Macabre Crescendo, then slip into the night.  
Like a ghost I enter through the walls of houndoirs of women built  
like filing cabinets full of threatening letters.  
Death waits below by the camelias to signal me if the watch re-  
turns.

Time is burning like a fuse along my ribs;  
and when I go up, I'll take one of these

and when I go up, I'll take one of those bitches with me!  
All that will be left of all this hatred will be single frames  
of microfilm the size of spiders:

Watch it, buddy.  
You are stepping on a few toes.  
Cut the crap, or we'll knot your shoelaces.  
Yours,  
A Friend

And the next dawn I'm just a clerk again  
in a large metropolitan sewage system  
at a desk among a million others;  
my life, a pencil lead in swollen useless fingers.  
But a million upper lips are filmed, like mine,  
with the terrible night sweat of Macabre Crescendo.

There is a tiny needle in a lump of dough that rises until it  
engulfs the planet.

## Resolution via Kick in the Ass

Fury of the pirates in double-breasted suits  
that in the face of human misery  
is aggravated and resolved  
with a kick in the ass.

Nicolás Guillén, "West Indies, Ltd."  
translated by Justin Vitiello

The President writes in a leaden scroll.  
He writes in an ill-formed hand in his Book of the Dead.  
The words whine off the pages---wasps that could paralyze an  
heavy bomber:  
"What have they done to you, Mother?"  
His pen flicks tears up into his desert eyes:  
"Where have they put your sere body with its texture of an  
old glove?"  
His alphabet whimpers like a wounded puppy:  
"In which drawer did they place you as memento like a dried  
apple?"  
He cannot stand to see the poor, the sick,  
the farmer driven from his land,  
the transparent face of the lost pilot that fills the East Wind  
of the White House,  
the little almond eyes that gather like magnets on his watch  
chain.  
"Mother! Mother!"  
The word dribbles all over his clothes---the poison of a senile  
snake.  
Now the Scientists' call comes through.  
The house of ice at body temperature is ready.  
Inside he will feel and see nothing.  
He will control the whole world from inside via radio hypnosis!  
He enters.  
He throws the hypnotizer's switch.  
Nothing!  
"Shit!" he screams.  
"Shit! Kill them all!"  
"Oh, Mother Death, give me your tit!"

Note: The following two poems were prepared from outputs of two computer programs supplied with pre-selected texts.

## Francine

francine a machine in northeastern headquarters the deaf to the speakers training miss who speaks deaf in new on topics working two bureau to given the in to speaking miss is the bowling softball

## Gerald Priddy, Former Yankee vs Redhorse Suckers

bomb plot laid to accused former yankee is angeles of attempted extortion old los a june six upi the priddy fifty-three years a one-time baseball fifty who landed with bombs world series team was first year in to majors was charged after with attempted extortion that the two hundred and hundred thousand dollars on of setting off on a luxury liner mr priddy

bomb laid accused yankee angeles attempted old a six the fifty-three one-time fifty landed bombs series was year to was after attempted that the hundred hundred dollars setting a mr

bomb accused angeles old a the fifty bombs was to after that the hundred

bomb suckers resemble the angeles white sucker a the scales are larger and there bombs always less than to when that in a straight hundred from the gill to the base

bomb resemble angeles white a scales and bombs less to that a hundred the the

bomb angeles a bombs to that hundred

bomb plot laid to a former yankee is bombs of attempted extortion that los june six upi

bomb laid a yankee bombs attempted that six

bomb a bombs that

bomb suckers resemble the bombs white sucker the scales are

bomb resemble bombs white scales

bomb bombs

bomb plot laid to former yankee is

bomb laid yankee

bomb

Tulloss 3

# Amazing Cockroach Man

## 1. Needs of the Amazing Cockroach Man #1

I left the laboratory  
for the lavatory.

I left the lavatory  
for the kitchen.

I left the kitchen  
for the diningroom  
which I left for the parlor  
which I left for the garage.

In the garage,  
I laughed  
at a can of FLIT.

## 2.

If I can become a cockroach,  
can the house become a giant foot?

The thought just  
ruined my day.

## 3. Needs of the Amazing Cockroach Man #2

My new lineage is ancient and I bathe in the respect  
of these bright-eyed ones.

How many nights in my old soft body I wept for this  
shielded self!

But I'm confused.

It's like being in a room where the doorbell sounds  
like running water;

the phone, like someone sighing into an old chair;  
the leaky tap, like a horn in a dark mountain.

My neural telegraph's in Sanskrit.

Is this pleasure or a warning?

Without hunger,

I'm dying.

## 4. A Solution of the Amazing Cockroach Man

At the edge of the tornado region,  
it is reported skeletal swine are seen  
herding farmers' children through their empty larders.

I could not resist  
for fear of hunger.

I have eaten it all.  
For fear of loneliness,  
I have loved it all.

I had to take precautions. . .  
for fear of hunger.

**A ≠ a**

TIMM ULRICH: WIDERLEGUNG DES IDENTITÄTS-PRINZIPS (1970)

**A ≠ a**

TIMM ULRICH: WIDERLEGUNG DES IDENTITÄTS-PRINZIPS (1970)

TO NAME = TO MEAN

TIMM ULRICHS (1968)







478. elections of 182-  
479. . He gave Sorel  
480. four acres in exc-  
481. hange for one.

482. And, even

483. though this new location,  
484. five hundred yards further  
485. down on the

486. bank of the Doubs,  
487. was much more advantageous  
488. for his trade in  
489. fir planks, Père Sorel,  
490. as he has been known

491. since he became rich,

492. managed to squeeze six thousand

493. francs out of

494. the im- patience

495. and "property

496. madness" of

497. his neighbor.

498. It is true  
499. that this trans-

500. action was  
501. criticized by the local  
502. wiseacres. One  
503. Sunday, four years  
504. ago, as  
505. Monsieur de

506. Rénal was

507. coming back  
508. from church in his

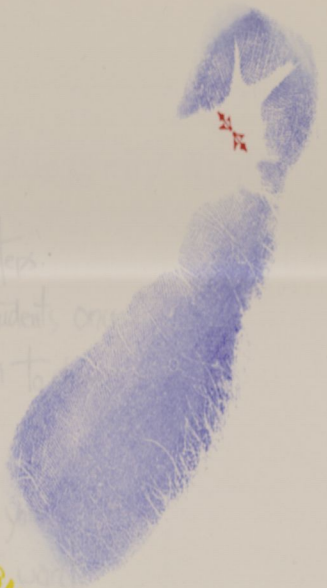
509. mayor's attire,  
510. he saw old  
511. Sorel look at 512. him with a smile as he 513. stood some dis-  
tance away 514. with his three sons 515. around him. This smile cast  
a 516. painful flash 517. of light into the mayor's 518. mind:  
519. since then he has 520. thought that 521. he could have made 52  
2. the ex- change 523. on better terms.

524. In order 525. to win public 526. esteem- 527. m in Ver-  
rières, 528. it is essential, while 529. building many walls, not to

476. elections of  
477. He gave some  
480. four acres in  
481. range for one.  
482. and, even  
483. though this new lesson  
484. five hundred yards  
485. down on the  
486. bank of the Down,  
487. was much more advantageous  
488. for his trade in  
489. the district, the level,  
490. as he has been known  
491. since he began with  
492. managed to acquire six thousand  
493. friends out of  
494. the 12-12-12  
495. and "property  
496. "business" of  
497. his industry.  
498. It is true  
499. that this trans-  
500. action was  
501. authorized by the board  
502. of directors, and  
503. would, four years  
504. ago, as  
505. Mr. [Name] has  
506. recently  
507. coming back  
508. they should in his  
509. [Name] state  
510. he was old  
511. [Name] look at 512. His wife a wife of his 513. stood some 514-  
515. away 514. with his three sons 516. around his 517. wife's  
518. [Name] 519. of light into the water's 520. mind:  
521. since that he has 522. thought that 523. he could have made 524  
525. on better terms.  
526. In order 527. [Name] 528. [Name] 529. [Name]

On Amnesty

The little couple stopped me on the steps.  
"Remember us? We were your students once.  
From Dundalk Quarter gone north to  
the draft up in Canada.



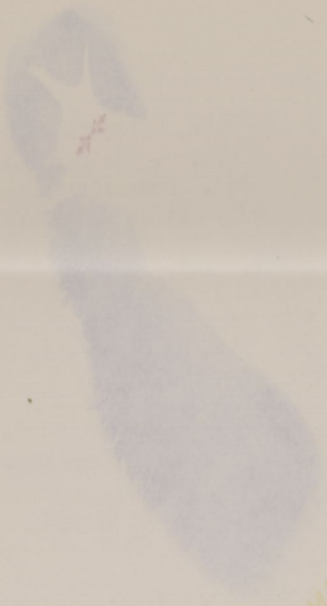
worry us? It's what our parents  
Above-puffed bladders, full portraits  
of peace, pale portraits of surrendered time.  
Legal quirk free to go south for New  
Mexico job school.

I walked  
Dunning Park was Dundalk and the town  
in the clearing close to Earth and  
Planetary Science.

The three  
of us: she held a bundle of University  
flowers. Husband and wife they asked,  
"Did you  
hear the Church bells?" I said no.

GN...IS--theInstinctofSpirit  
ualMigration,TeachingTime  
&Place,or THE WAY ⇄⇄  
handstampedJuly '73/Wiater

(Arlene Wehner)



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# On Amnesty

The little couple stopped me on the steps.  
"Remember us? We were your students once."  
From Dundalk Overled gone north to down  
the draft up in Canada.

"Will you  
marry us? It's what our parents want."  
Alpine-packed hitchhikers, trail partisans  
of peace, pale products of sun-missed time.  
Legal quirk free to go south bound for New  
Mexico job school.

I wedded them in  
Durning Park near Daphne and the Town  
in the clearing close to Earth and  
Planetary Science.

The three  
of us: she held a bunch of University  
flowers. Husband and wife they asked,

"Did you  
hear the Church bells?" I said no.

(Hester L. Wickwire



blue on blue poem/Jeffrey Winke

blue

-----fold-----

poem/Jeffrey Winkle

blue on blue

blue

blot

blue

# LEON RUSSELL

Within the last few years, Leon Russell has become one of the most potent and creative forces in rock music. Pulling out from the background, Russell has emerged as a showman and musician without peer.

Russell is totally unique. Combining theatricality with musicianship, Leon, with his perfect sense of timing and styling, his long gray hair flying, turns audiences' heads and pulls their ears inside out.

Right now Leon Russell is out on the road with a rock and roll circus. It's the logical extension for a man who has consistently insisted that music is also a visual feast. Traveling with two grand pianos and six back-up singers, Russell will be out there, on stage, for 2½ hours. He's been in rehearsal for just such an exclusive evening for years.

A critic once wrote that Leon carries with him his own personal spotlight. It's an apt assessment, for Leon is riveting, with a persona unmatched by the majority of today's performers. He commands attention, as if watchful eyes and listening ears were his own personal property by birthright.

Leon was born in Oklahoma, one of two sons of a clerk for the Texas Company. Both his mother and father played the piano and it's on that instrument that Leon cut his teeth at the tender age of three.

For ten years he studied classical piano, but upon entering high school he threw it all in. "I didn't really have the hands for classical stuff," he says, "and my teachers discouraged me from making up my own music."

By then he also had begun to play the trumpet in school bands and at fourteen he had a band of his own, lying about his age to work in a Tulsa nightclub. Before leaving the city two years later, several

musicians sat in with him, among them Ronnie Hawkins and the Hawks (later called The Band) and Jerry Lee Lewis. A pattern was forming. In years to come Leon would play with many musicians, a veritable Who's Who in rock and roll. When he was seventeen, he went to California. "I wasn't even supposed to be out at night in Los Angeles after a certain hour, let alone working in clubs. I'd borrow a friend's ID to get a job, then I'd return the card and work until I was stopped by the police for being under age and out after curfew."

By the time he was 21, Leon was one of the most active and popular studio men in Hollywood, a position he held for almost five years. Realizing that playing his own music was of paramount importance, Leon laid low, hung out in his own home (high in the Hollywood Hills), built a recording studio and started all over again. Working with Marc Benno he recorded the two *Asylum* Choir albums, once collector's items, now re-released by the record companies due to popular demand.

In 1969 he teamed with Delaney & Bonnie and toured with that band. His arrangements and work with that group led to a meeting with English producer Denny Cordell and eventual sessions with Joe Cocker. Russell's incredible contributions can be heard on the Cocker A&M albums and of course with Mad Dogs and Englishmen.

With Denny Cordell, Leon Russell founded Shelter Records, so named for it provides a base of operations for artists without the usual obstacle course of major recording companies. Shelter was one of the earliest artist owned independent labels. Leon's records are produced for Shelter as are Freddie King's (who Russell

produces) and fellow Oklahoman, J. J. Cale's.

Leon has released three albums on the Shelter label, each developing another aspect of the master's eclectic styling and innumerable talents. He plays guitar, piano, drums. All the arrangements are his own. He sings blues, gospel, Dylan and of course his own songs. He's written everything from the rocking "Delta Lady" to the delicate and personal "A Song For You." He has re-interpreted Dylan, giving a relevance to songs like "A Hard Rain's A Gonna Fall" that seemed, until Leon's touch, to be rooted totally in our past history.

In 1971, Leon joined George Harrison and Bob Dylan for the historic "Concert For Bangla Desh."

His latest album is "Carney" and again it marks a new avenue in Leon's career. Far more personal and intimate than previous albums, it is the statement of a singular artist who is laying down what he knows through his music.

Leon Russell now lives in Oklahoma, on an enormous farm that boasts its own lake. He has built a recording studio there (where about half of "Carney" was recorded), and several houses for visiting friends and musicians.

For the past year and a half, Leon has been taking it easy. Reflecting, writing the songs that appear on the new album; getting ready for his rock and roll circus. It's a strong statement from a man who has been through every phase of rock and roll and come out of it with his own style, his own sense of truth, and perhaps most importantly for the audience, his own sense of magic.





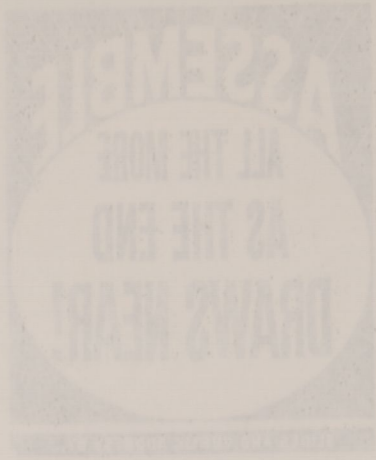
J. R. Brown

Representative of Watchtower Society

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Kingdom Hall  
67 Avenue C  
New York, N.Y.

*All Interested Persons Welcome*  
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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES:

BOB AAB, ADELE ALDRIDGE is a printmaker and worker in words, 31 Chapel Lane, Riverside, Ct. 06878. JANE AUGUSTINE is a poet, painter and musician, 649 E. 9th St. NYC 10009. BRUCE ANDREW's poems have appeared in Toothpick, 15 Trowbridge St. #3, Cambridge, Mass. 02138. MARY ASHLEY is a poly-artist, 2520 Webster St. Berkeley, Ca. 94704. ADRIANNE BLUE recently had a story in Transatlantic. BARBARA BARACKS lives in New City, N.Y. and edits a magazine. BEAU JESTE is a printing collaborative, Langford Ct. S., Cullompton, Devon, U.K. JEANNIE BLACK publishes 8 x 10, Box 363, NYC 10013. BETTY BRESSI is an artist who writes poetry, 1085 Tompkins Ave, S.I. 10305. DONALD BURG, 145 Dudley Lane, Milton, Mass. DEB CASEY is 23 and amazed by it all. 512 Morgan St. Petoskey, Mich. 49770. DAVID CHIRLIN is working hard to separate the shit from the shinola, 86-35 208th St. Queens Village, N.Y. 11027. CITY, 113 St. Marks Pl. NYC 10009. FLETCHER COPP is a concept artist, 110 Bowery, NYC 10013. JEAN-JACQUES CORY continues to publish lists. Box 1967, B'klyn, 11202. COLONEL CRACKER didn't furnish a bio note. DELIGIORGIS teaches at the Univ. of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa 25540. WALLY DEPEW is the author of Once, 819 17th St. Sacramento, Ca. 95814. ALBERT DRAKE teaches at MSU and publishes Happiness Holding Tank, Box 227, Okemos, Mich. 48-864. HELEN DUBERSTEIN is a playwright, 463 West St. NYC 10014. BORNEO JIMMY DUPREE, M.D. ELEVITCH wrote G.R.I.P.S. Box 604, Snedens Landing, Pallsades, N.Y. 10964. ERIC FELDERMAN teaches writing and English at Yale. HUGH FOX is compiling a prose anthology and invites Assembling contributors to submit: ATL/EBH/MSU, E. Lansing, Mich. 488-23. SIV CEDERING FOX is the author of Cup of Cold Water, Polly Pk. Rd. Rye, N.Y. 10580. DAVID FRANKS' three books are out of print, 1st w/ intro by Creeley, 2nd Duane and 3rd Rubber Stamp and is co-star and performer of soundtrack for Sharits' film Touching and is currently seeking giant inputs for music & volumes of Body of Language and practicing stutering and babbling authentically for Infantile Poems, 5413 Surry St. Chevy Chase, Md. 20015. CHRISTOPHER FRANKE compiles collages, leaflets and broadsides under the imprint Deciduous, 3212 Lorain Ave. #15, Cleveland, Ohio, 44113. SUSAN GALLAGHER is prepearing some important announcements. KENNETH GANGEMI wrote a novel, OLT and a book of poems called Lydia. DANIELA GIOSEFFI's poems recently appeared in Rising Tides: 20th Century America Women Poets, 276 Henry St. B'klyn 112-01. ANTHONY J. GNAZZO creates electronic music, 3005 Dana St. Berkely, Ca. 94705. KLAUS GROH is the dynamo behind the International Artist's Cooperation. Rotor Steinweg, 2a, 0-2901 Friedrichsfen, Germany. CPGRAHAM wrote Poemstills From Moviearth, Box 5 Keswick, Va. 22947. BILL HARRIS, 25 6th Ave. S.F., Ca. 94118 is collaborating with LIAM O'GALLAGHER, 3456 Jackson St, S.F., Ca. 94118 on Lines of Resolution. BOB HEMAN edits Clown War, 811 Cortelyou Rd. B'klyn, 11218.

NANCY HENDERSON is the President of Pushcart Book Press whose 1st offering, The Publish-It-Yourself Handbook: Literary Tradition and How-To has a chapter on ASSEMBLING and is available from P.O. Box 845, Yonkers, N.Y. 10701. DICK HIGGINS abandoned his typewriter and was last seen heading north, P.O. Box 26, West Glover, Vt. 05875. RONI HOFFMAN is art editor of Silver Screen magazine. DEVI DET HOMPSON moves one tense after another at 2824 Monument Ave., Richmond, Va. 23221. ROBERT HORVITS had his biography removed, 822 Parker St., Roxbury, Mass. 02120. STU HORN is the editor of The Northwest Mounted Valise, 616 S. 6th St. Phila. Pa. 19147. JOE JOHNSON teaches at Ramapo College and his work has appeared in Black Creation, Open Poetry and Yardbird Reader, 215 W. 92nd. St. NYC 10025. ANNSON KENNY recently coupled his BMW/69-15 with a side car, 3919 Baltimore, Ave. Phila. Pa. SHOICHI KIOKAWA makes his second contribution to ASSEMBLING. 239 C.P.W. NYC 10024. KONGLOMERATI is a mixed media artists workshop who publish a magazine, broadsheets, post cards and pamphlets. These pages were prepared by RICHARD MATTHEWS and CHRISTINE AND STEVE SMITH, 5719 29th Ave. S. Gulfport, Fla. 33707. DEBI KOPS is a health food cook, designer and illustrator. HENRY KORN's stories recently appeared in The Breakthrough Fictioneers and Voices Box 1967, B'klyn 11202, RICHARD KOSTELANETZ's End of Intelligent Writing will be out near the end of the year. After that he'll be doing his first extended tour of lectures and readings and waiting for publication of Metamorphosis in the Arts, and hoping for two volumes of short fictions, a graphic essay about Manhattan, a collection of critical essays; Twenties in the Sixties and Numbers, Poems and Stories and enjoying his recently published Breakthrough Fictioneers, Box 1967, B'klyn, N.Y. 11202. RUTH KRAUSS is a poet and a famous author of children's books. 24 Owenoke, Westport, Conn. 06880 HERBERT KROHN plays music and poetry in New York City. CAROL LAW is a printmaker, 1639 Curtis St., Berkeley, Ca. 94702. ALAN FRED LEVINE has studied poetry with the people of New York City, 120-25 Elgar Place, Bronx 10475. THOMAS MACAULAY teaches at Wright St. Univ., Dayton, Ohio 45231 and edited Volume 1 and Volume 2 for the Univ. of Iowa Center for the Performing Arts. MAD DOG recently crewed for the U.S. Team in the 1st International Ballooning Championships. ROBIN MAGOWAN translated Henri Michaux's Ecuador. AARON MARCUS teaches typography and graphic design at Princeton, 5 Y Magie Apts., Faculty Road, Princeton, N.J. 08540. TIM MCDONOUGH, 46 E. 21st St. NYC 10010 DAVID MELNICK wrote Eclogs. 2545 Regent St., Berkely, Ca. 94704. RICHARD MELTZER did the stamp collection. NINA MENDE is a sound and visual poet, 141 E. 3rd St. NYC 10009. MAURIZIO NANNUCCI is a visual poet, Via Dupre, #11, 50131, Florence, Italy. F.A. NETTELBECK is fascinated by frowning figs, 126655 Flat St. Boulder Creek, Ca. 95006 JIM PETERS is a neo-futurist with eyes open to electronics and video, c/o Cox, 10550 Eastborne No. 10, L.A., Ca. 90024. REBECCA RASS is a poet and novelist who teaches at City College, 150 E. 18th St. NYC.

ROCHELLE RATNER has published two books of poems, False Trees and A Birthday of Waters, 50 Spring St. NYC 10012. JOE RIBAR wrote Book of the Buffalo and likes to fish. KATHY SCHENKEL, 610 W. Stroughton, #9, Urbana, Ill. 61801. NANCY SCOTT, 1 Hillside Terr. Irvington, N.Y. 10533. PAULINE SMITH has been involved in postal art, making slides with words and associated with Global Infantilism, 105 Oakley St. London, England SW 3. UK. PHIL SMITH edits Gregenschein Quarterly, 211 Ada Ave. Bowling Green, Ohio, 43402. ALLISON SKY is founder and editor of On Site, 60 Greene St. NYC 10012. J.P. SKRATZ collaborated with the Hugo Show: a circus of poetry and music, RFD 3 Box 153, Norwich Ct. 06360. ELLSWORTH SNYDER is a composer and pianist. 247 Lingdon St., Madison, Wisc. 53703. ALAN SONDEHEIM is a poly-artist, c/o Cannon, 220 Brookside Rd. Darien, Conn. 06820. PAT TAVENNER, IRENE DOGMATIC AND OPAL NATIONS collaborated on the dog. 66 Montell, Oakland, Ca. 94611. RODHAM ELLIOT TULLOSS is a founder of the Berkeley Poets Cooperative and the US1 Cooperative, 78 Dempsey Ave. Princeton, N.J. 08540. MIROLJUB TODORVIC is a Yugoslav Visual Poet who edits Signal, Dobrinjska, #3, 11000, Belgrade, Yugoslavia. TIMM ULRICHS is a practices total kunst, 3 Hanover 1, Postfach, 6043, Germany. WALTER WHIZ's bio note got lost. MICHAEL WIATER looks forward to your visit, 922 E. Alder, Seattle, Washington, 98122. CHESTER L. WICKWIRE is a poet and Chaplain of Johns Hopkins University. JEFFREY WINKE wrote Flowers Grow From Your Dirt. 415 N. 89th St. Milwaukee, Wisc. 53226. STEVE ZWINT's bio. was in the same envelope with that of Walter Whiz.

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