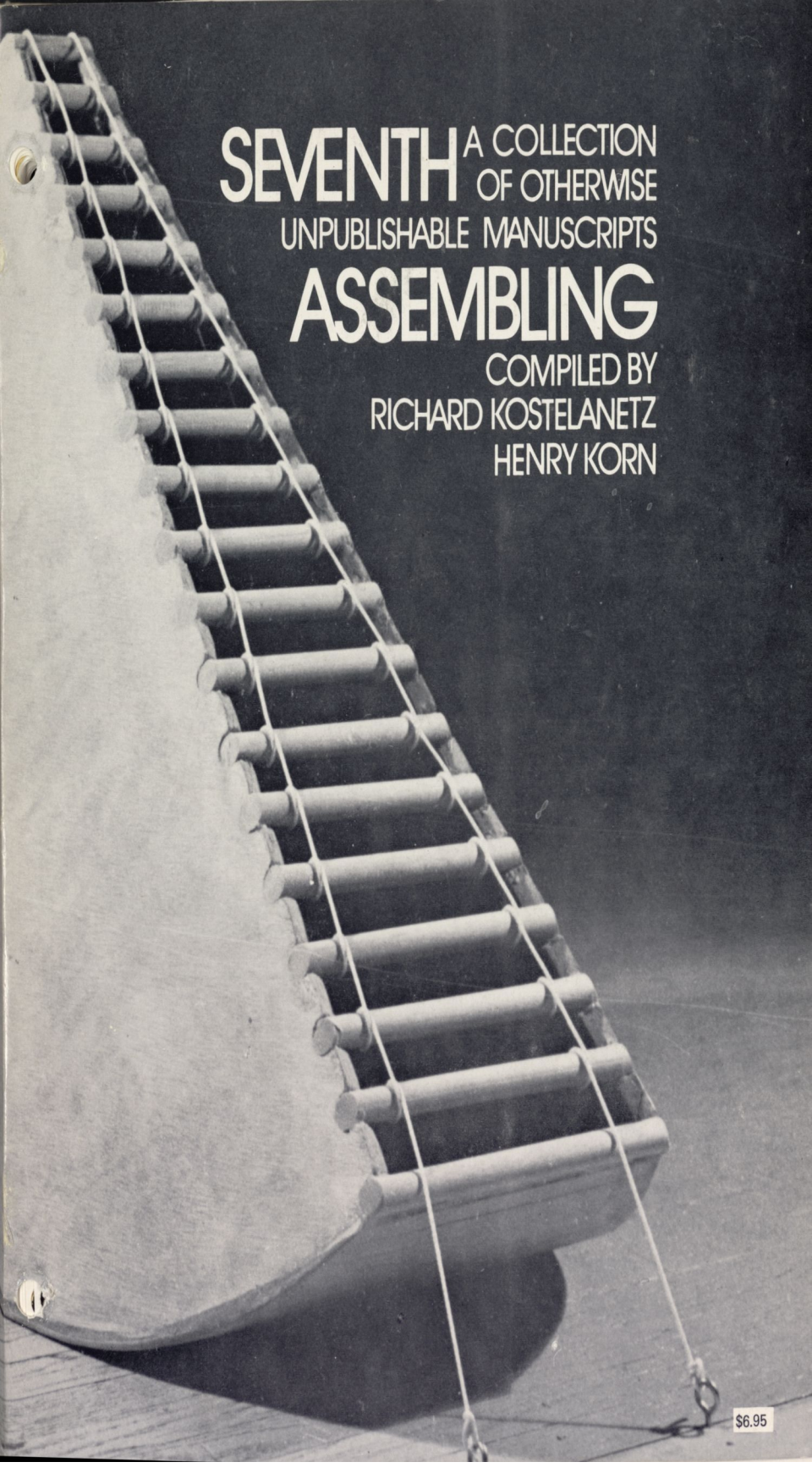


SEVENTH ASSEMBLING

A COLLECTION OF OTHERWISE UNPUBLISHABLE MANUSCRIPTS

COMPILED BY RICHARD KOSTELANETZ AND HENRY JAMES KORN.

ASSEMBLING PRESS, P.O. BOX 1967, BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11202

THE COLLATION AND BINDING OF SEVENTH ASSEMBLING WAS PARTIALLY SUPPORTED BY A GRANT FROM CCLM, AND EXECUTED BY GFI, PORTCHESTER, NY 10573, USA

PROSPECTIVE CONTRIBUTORS WERE INVITED TO SUBMIT 1000 COPIES OF AS MANY AS THREE 8½" BY 11" PAGES CONTAINING ANYTHING THEY WANTED TO INCLUDE— PRINTED AT THEIR OWN INITIATIVE AND EXPENSE. CONTRIBUTIONS WERE COLLATED ALPHABETICALLY BY AUTHOR. BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES IDENTIFY MOST OF THE CONTRIBUTORS. AS NO SUBMISSION WAS REFUSED, NOTHING EXPRESSED IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES CAN BE CONSIDERED THE RESPONSIBILITY OF ASSEMBLING PRESS OR ITS COMPILERS. GIVEN THE PROCESS OF PUBLISHING COMPOSITION, THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A "DEFECTIVE COPY" OF ASSEMBLING

ASSEMBLING APPEARS ANNUALLY IN THE FALL. ITS PRIMARY PURPOSE IS THE PUBLICATION AND THUS THE DISSEMINATION OF PRINTED WORK THAT IS "OTHERWISE UNPUBLISHABLE," BECAUSE IT IS TOO UNCONVENTIONAL TO APPEAR ELSEWHERE. ARTISTS AND WRITERS DESIRING TO CONTRIBUTE TO FUTURE EDITIONS ARE REQUESTED TO SUBMIT EXAMPLES 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 ASSEMBLING. SINCE THE FUTURE OF ASSEMBLING DEPENDS ON GRANTS, MOSTLY TO OFFSET COLLATION COSTS, AND U.S. GRANTING AGENCIES DISCRIMINATE NOTORIOUSLY AGAINST EXPERIMENTAL PEOPLE AND ACTIVITY (SEE AHEAD), WE HONESTLY CANNOT BE SANGUINE.

INDIVIDUAL COPIES OF SEVENTH ASSEMBLING MAY BE ORDERED DIRECTLY FROM THE PUBLISHER FOR $6.95. EARLIER VOLUMES — ASSEMBLING (1970), SECOND ASSEMBLING (1971), THIRD ASSEMBLING (1972), FOURTH ASSEMBLING (1973), FIFTH ASSEMBLING (1974), SIXTH ASSEMBLING (1976) — ARE AVAILABLE NOW AT $4.95 APIECE. ASSEMBLING PRESS HAS ALSO PUBLISHED VISUAL LANGUAGE (1970), BY RICHARD KOSTELANETZ, $2.00; EXACT CHANGE (1974), BY HENRY JAMES KORN, $2.00; LISTS (1974), BY JEAN-JACQUES CORY, $1.50; RECYCLINGS, VOLUME ONE, 1959-67 (1974), BY RICHARD KOSTELANETZ, $3.00; AS IF A FOOTNOTE TO THE FINAL GLORY (1975), BY DONALD PORTER, $1.00; COME HERE (1975), BY RICHARD KOSTELANETZ, $2.50; NUMBERS: POEMS & STORIES (1976), BY RICHARD KOSTELANETZ, $1.00; PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF THE AVANT-GARDE (1976), $1.50; RAIN RAINS RAIN (1976), BY RICHARD KOSTELANETZ, $2.50; MODULATIONS (1975), BY RICHARD KOSTELANETZ, $2.50; MUHAMMED ALI RETROSPECTIVE (1976), BY HENRY JAMES KORN, $3.95; COROBORREE (1977), BY KENNETH CANGEMI, $2.95; TWENTIES IN THE SIXTIES (1978), BY RICHARD KOSTELANETZ, $9.95.

WHY SEVENTH ASSEMBLING

For Karl Young

For a show to be "independent,"
everything submitted should be
shown.
—Ad Reinhardt, "On Standards
in Art" (1953)

Assembling's "editorial" innovation was inviting artists and writers whom we knew to be doing "otherwise unpublishable" work to submit one thousand copies of whatever they wanted to include. Every year but one for the past seven, *Assembling* has assembled the results of our invitation. The humane assumption was that if intelligent, creatively serious people are allowed the freedom to do literally whatever they want, their contributions will be extraordinary, in unpredictable ways.

By inviting contributors to print their work themselves, we also gave them control over its final appearance. Ideally, the expense and nuisance of self-publication should not be necessary, of course. However, as Karl Young, a sometime contributor critically judged, "In this imperfect situation, I think it's better to pay for your own printing than either have your work unpublished or printed incorrectly."

Because contributors to *Assembling* want not to please the authoritarian editor and blend into his format, but to stand out from the pack, they are more likely to do extraordinary work. They can be as free as they want (and can

afford) with their technologies as with their imaginations. Contributor freedom becomes a license to excel.

"Creative editing" ultimately means revising the ground rules of editorial inclusion in order to produce something different. Karl Young thinks that *Assembling* represents the "only one gut innovation in magazine editing technique... since Pound's efforts." Thanks. We're glad someone noticed.

Assembling as a whole implicitly challenges the editorial cult of content uniformity that plagues most American periodicals—the sense that all the contributions might have been written by one person employing a variety of pseudonyms. Thanks to this unfortunate cult, most periodicals regard their contributors as slaves in a galley. If they don't pull their load, down the river they go.

As an anarchist, I am personally predisposed to less authority, rather than more; and I'd like to think the ultimate themes of *Assembling*—the sum of all its parts—have been liberation and community, which are the classic anarchist ideals.

"The artist no longer creates one or several works. He creates creation."—Nicholas Schoffer.

Both the initial *Assembling* and *Sixth* lacked the convention of a printed spine along the binding. This absence enabled the reader (or shelf browser) to see the variousness of its contents, visually represented by perceptible differences in the color and thickness of its paper. Where the reader expects to see the title, *Assembling* revealed its compositional process and thus its singular identity—that this book is an assembling of variousness, rather than an "editing" of similarity.

The best anthology I read this past year was *Art Studies an Editor* (Abrams, 1975), in which art writers who had

worked with Milton N. Fox, the late editor-in-chief of Harry N. Abrams, Inc., were invited to contribute whatever they wished. The sumptuously produced book includes conventional scholarship, polemical attacks (mostly on avant-garde art), a scholar's personal complaint about his research difficulties, June Wayne's original interpretation of the artist as metaphorically "female" in art-business relationships, Allan Kaprow's description of an intimate "happening," my own "numerical meditation." In a further denial of the cult of editorial uniformity, some of the essays are published in the original French; another includes passages of untranslated German.

Perhaps the worst anthology I read this past year was *Statements* (1975), by the Fiction Collective. Half of the twenty-six selections had limp first-person narrators who tended to sound alike. All but a few of the contributions were so similar in tone that I successfully worked their opening lines into a stylistically coherent paragraph. This book, unlike the other, put me to sleep.

Since the organizers of *Assembling* are "compilers," rather than "editors," there is no reason to believe that we think the following works are "good" or that the reader should think so too. *Assembling* does not come to you with that kind of blanket editorial *imprimateur*. Almost everyone agrees that "the contents of *Assembling* are terribly uneven—some good, much bad," but we are no more sure than the next reader which are which. Instead of proclaiming incomparable quality, we believe only that its artists and authors do unusual work that is "otherwise unpublishable" and should thus be allowed an opportunity for free communication that would otherwise be denied them.

We also assert that *Assembling* will give you a reading experience of incomparable variety.

The only "table of contents" in *Assembling* is the biographical notes that appear alphabetically in the back pages of

the book. Nothing is "featured" on the cover (or anywhere else). The contributions are collated alphabetically. No reader can tell "who" is in the book until he turns to the back; he cannot tell "what" a contributor's work is like until he looks at it. Diversity requires each contribution to stand alone. *Assembling* is one book whose cover tells you little. As Karl Young observes, "The reader has to decide for himself which works are of value and which are not."

Precisely because of its anti-authoritarian process, *Assembling* is chock full of surprises—not only unknown artists and writers but familiar names doing work quite different from what we normally associate with their name. The details, as well as the whole, testify to its distinction.

"Langston Hughes is a separate chapter, a Negro Poet, . . .a natural writer, if not much of a poet perhaps. Generous to a fault, a self-appointed clearing house of information and advice, daddy of them all, providing spiritual and often physical food, revered even by the young who did not like his work, Hughes actually read the hundreds of manuscripts he received, he actually did something about the ones he thought had merit and actually believed that the occasional spark was worth the effort."

—Paul Breman (1966)

Assembled, we stand; disassembled, we fall.

Richard Kostelanetz
New York, New York
Independence Day, 1977

P.S. We sent an advance copy of my critique of the National Endowment for the Arts (placed alphabetically under my name) directly to its "chairman," Nancy Hanks, inviting her to reply herein. A close reader of the following pages will discover whether any of the folks at NEA chose to reply. At the time this preface went to the printer, we did not know if they would.

NEA 3 (Rev.) OMB-128-R0001

Project Grant Application
National Endowment for the Arts

Applications must be submitted in triplicate and mailed to the Grants Office (Mail stop 500), National Endowment for the Arts, Washington, D.C. 20506

I. Applicant organization (name and address with zip)

Assembling Press
Box 1967
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202

II. Literature Program/Category under which support is requested:

Special Issues

III. Period of support requested

Starting 6 (month) 1 (day) 77 (year) Ending 5 (month) 31 (day) 78 (year)

IV. Summary of project description (complete in space provided. Do *NOT* continue on additional pages.)

A 'CRITICAL' ASSEMBLING: Assembling Press proposes to invite editors, writers and artists (including both previous and new Assembling contributors) to produce no more than four (4) camera-ready 8½" x 11" pages of critical commentary on radical/experimental tendencies in contemporary literature. We believe the result will be the creation of an unprecedented symposium of unparalleled range, quality and authenticity. Support is sought for production costs including printing, binding and composition costs for 'in-house' pages.

V. Estimated number of persons expected to benefit from this project: 5,000

VI. Summary of estimated costs (recapitulation of budget items in Section IX)

	Total costs of project (rounded to nearest ten dollars)
A. Direct costs	$
Salaries and wages	
Fringe benefits	
Supplies and materials	
Travel	
Special	
Other	1,500
Total direct costs	$ 1,500
B. Indirect costs	$ 1,500
Total project costs	$ 3,000

VII. Total amount requested from the National Endowment for the Arts $ 1,500

VIII. Organization total fiscal activity

	Actual most recent fiscal period	Estimated for next fiscal period
A. Expenses	1. $ 4,250	2. $ 6,700
B. Revenues, grants & contributions	1. $ 4,250	2. $ 6,700

Do not write in this space

Evaluation of prior year(s)' projects 1 2 3 4 Pys $ _____ Cps $ _____ Audit report 1 2

NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS

WASHINGTON D.C. 20506

A Federal agency advised by the National Council on the Arts

28 July 1977

Mr. Richard Kostelanetz
141 Wooster Street (3 C)
New York, New York 10012

Dear Mr. Kostelanetz:

Thank you for sending us a copy of your article which will be published in ASSEMBLING, and for inviting the Endowment to reply.

Members of the Literature Advisory Panel are, of course, free to respond to your article in whatever way they choose; the Endowment does not believe that it merits a reply.

Yours truly,

Michael Straight

Michael Straight
Acting Chairman

NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS

WASHINGTON D.C. 20506

A Federal agency advised by the National Council on the Arts

AUG 1 1977

~~June 7, 1977~~

Henry Korn
Assembling
Box 1967
Brooklyn, New York 11202

Dear Henry ~~Korn~~:

We have now completed consideration of applications in 1977 direct assistance to literary magazines. I am sorry to inform you that your application was not one of those recommended for approval by the Literature Program Panel and the National Council on the Arts.

New guidelines for the Literature Program will be available this summer. May I suggest you write to us around July. We can send guidelines and application forms to you at that time.

Meanwhile, if there is any way in which we may try to be of assistance to you, please let us know.

With warm regards and best wishes,

Len Randolph

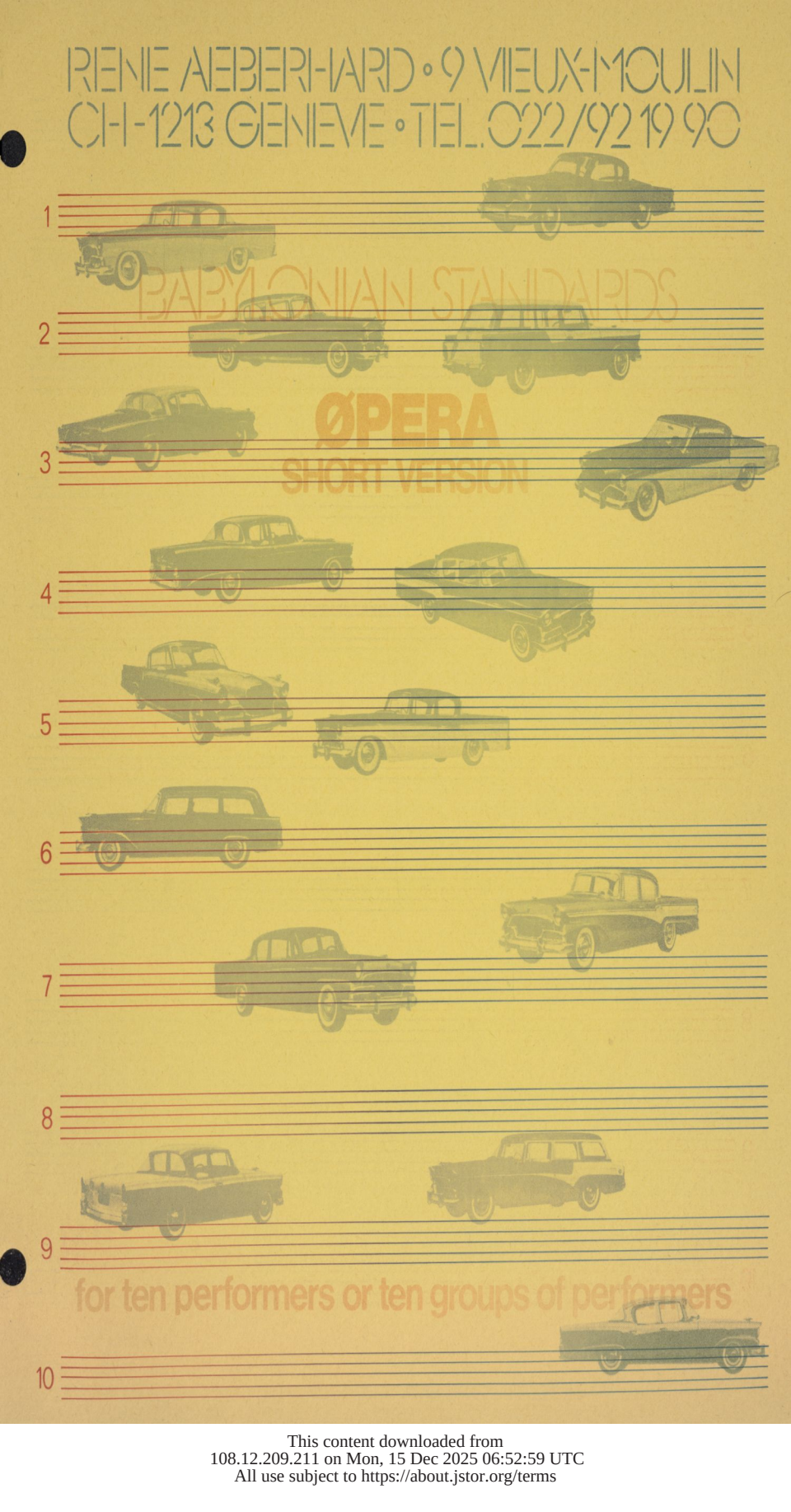
Leonard Randolph
Literature Program Director

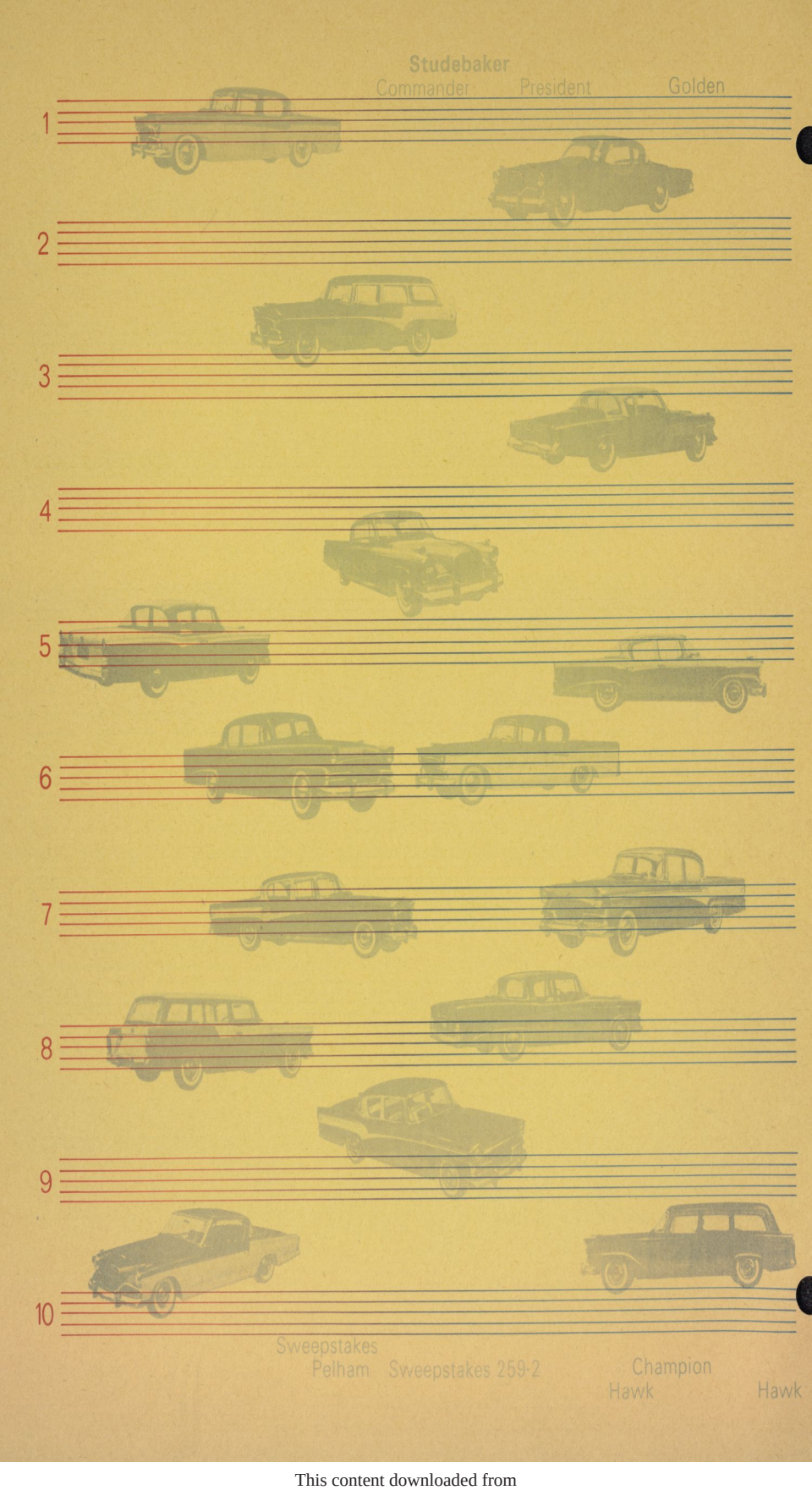
Application No. A09299-77

Henry: Even though thenews is not good, I'm sorry we were delayed in getting word out to you. The "Challenge Grant" program--totally new to the Endowment this year--just caused too much of a backlog in correspondence and the grants office. Guidelines for next year should be ready by the time you get this letter. Take care.

Len

RENE AEBERHARD • 9 VIEUX-MOULIN
CH-1213 GENEVE • TEL. 022/92 19 90





Blair H. Allen

HEH HEH HEH HEH

JIBBERIZZGRANTASOCKY

Oh my guz! A wildly monik slur
Doth jump beyond baroque to foo
Yammer stiff classic polished pillar
Yammer trovy groves until
falling
into clue

You are here and we are there
Gallop with galoshes in burning hand
Cheers raise as beerhead dare
Our invitations to join our band

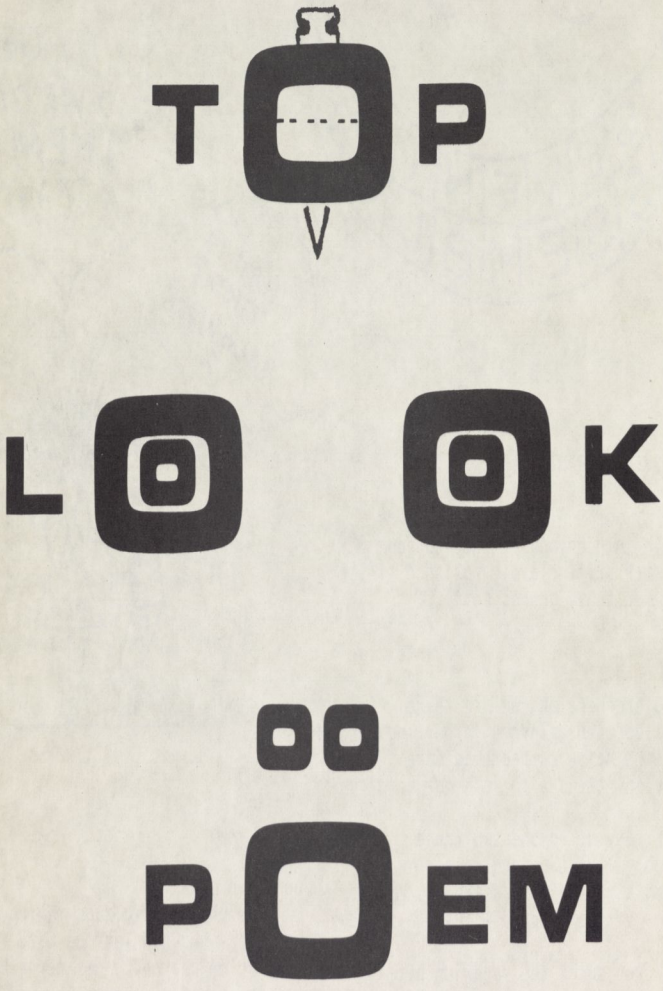
Birthday up to one two three
Each yell a thousand fold
Both sides to save a tree
The gift is wrapped without a scold

Snicker-snack the sandwich bite
Slither past the rusty aquatic gate
Naysay may go fly a super kite
For kindhearts have given Seven fate

What is this? I don't know
(We never candlestick to rules)
We climb together the peaks of pages
And wonder how splendiferous show
Can garner guffaws from silly rages

The rhythms zig zags making sin
The sword has left us bare
Woolen guarantee has never been
The grant has grown untamed hair

Ah ha ha ha ah hee hee hee
Da dum da dum on fury drum
Golden goose a diddle dee dee
Dada dee dum dada dee dum
da dum
da dum
da dum



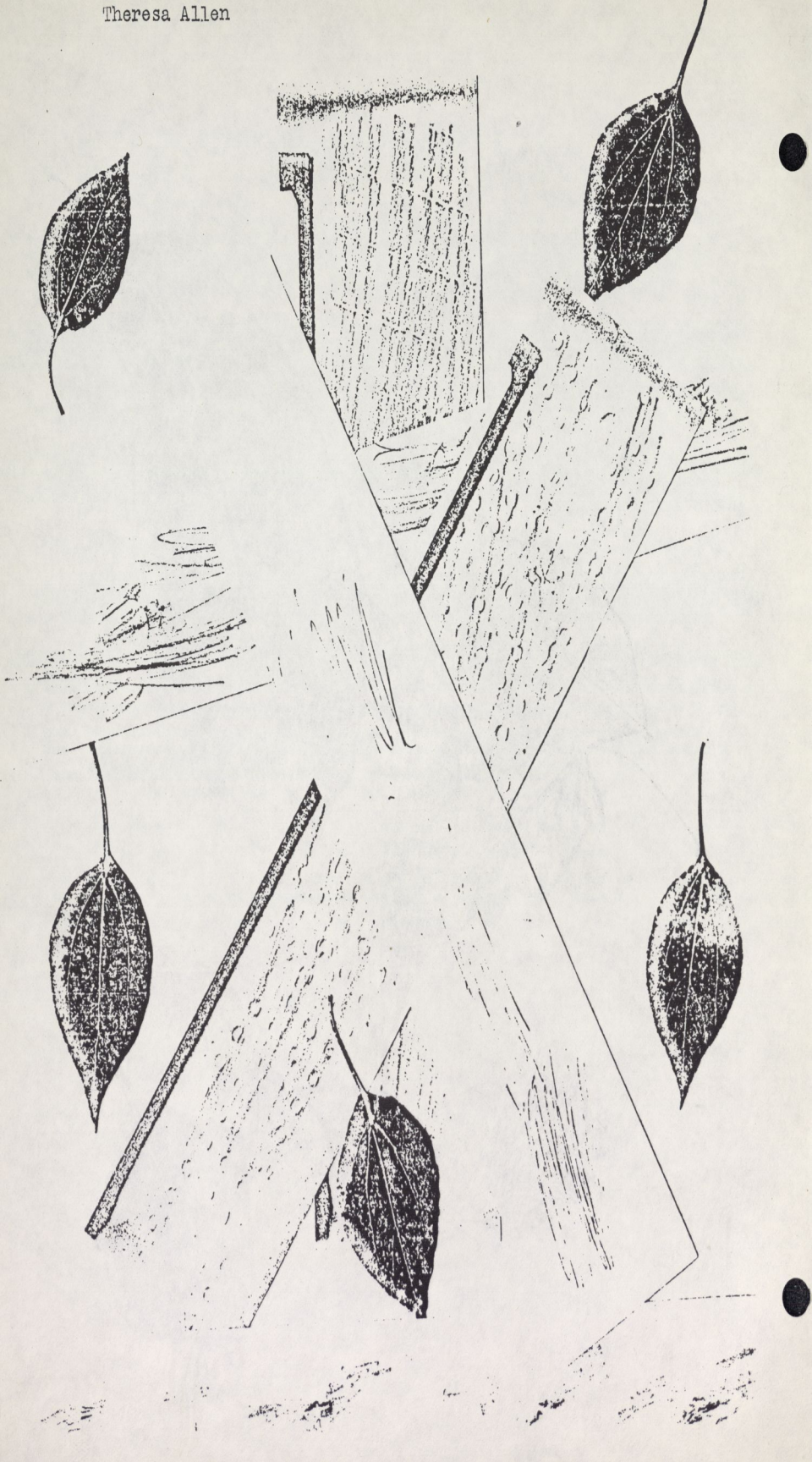
MIRROR watching you

ah-two

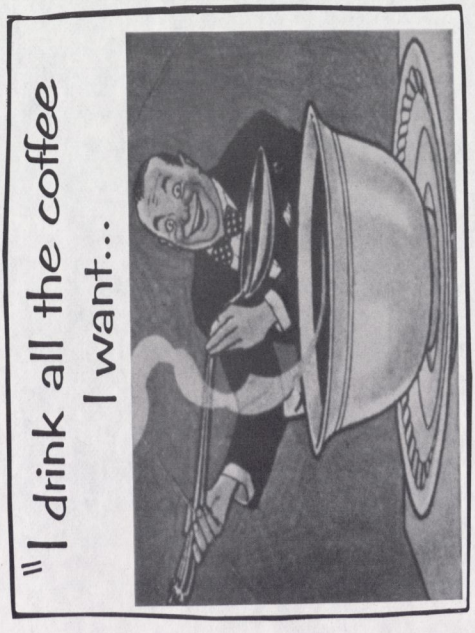
BHA

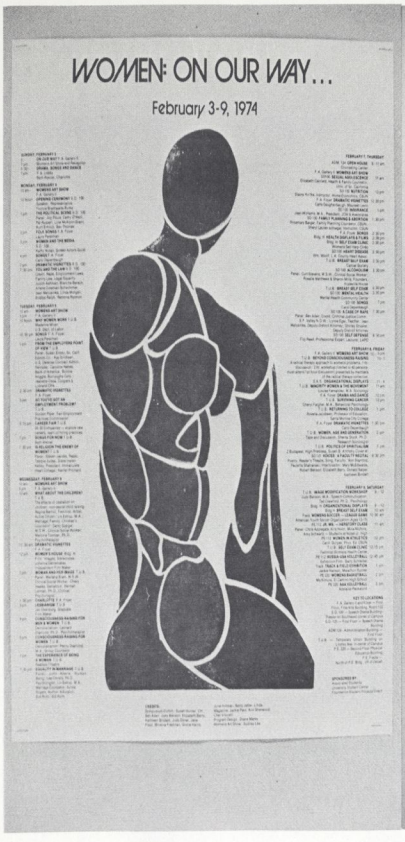
Theresa Allen

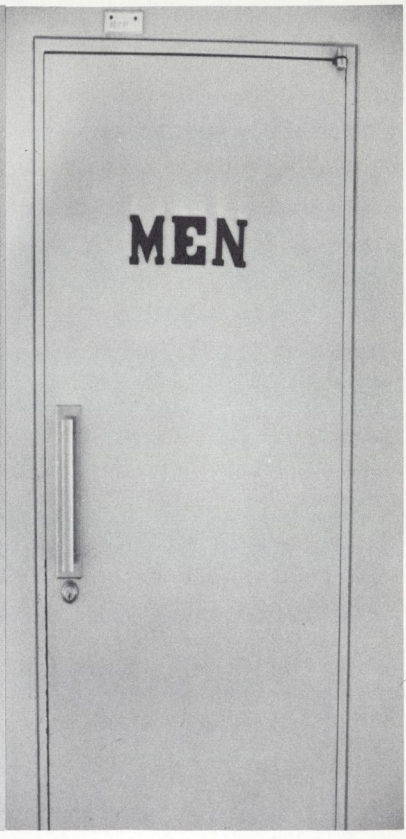
Theresa Allen

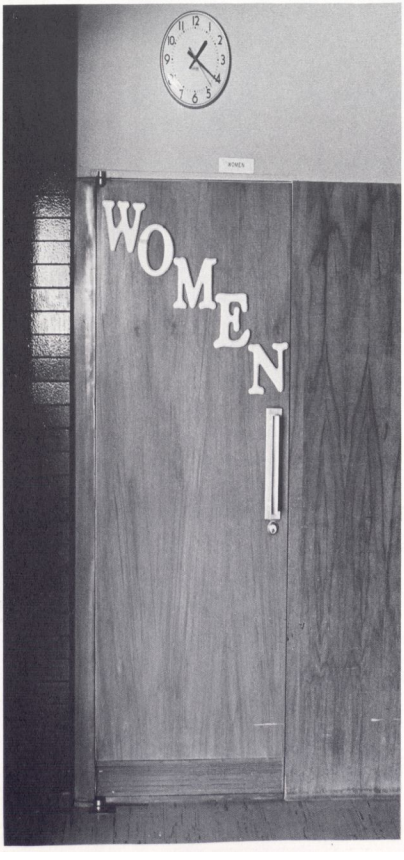


JACK ALBERT





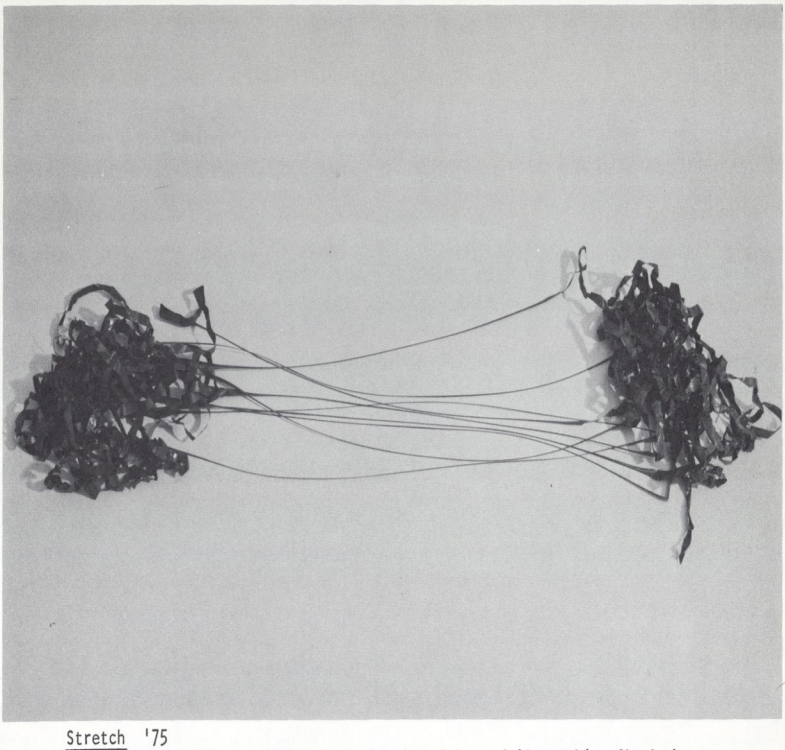




Women: On Our Way '74

While setting up a piece of mine in a university gallery, I overheard one of the installation assistants mention that there was a show of women's art taking place in one of the other galleries in the building. I continued working and forgot what I overheard. A little while later, I asked someone where the restrooms were, and I received directions to another part of the building. On my way there, I passed a door marked WOMEN and walked in. It turned out to be the door to the women's restroom.

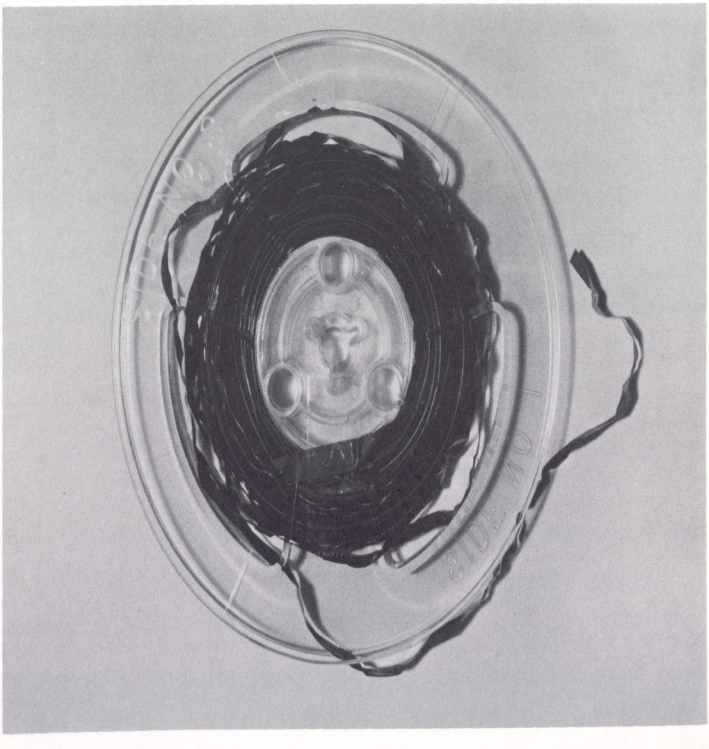
Richard Alpert

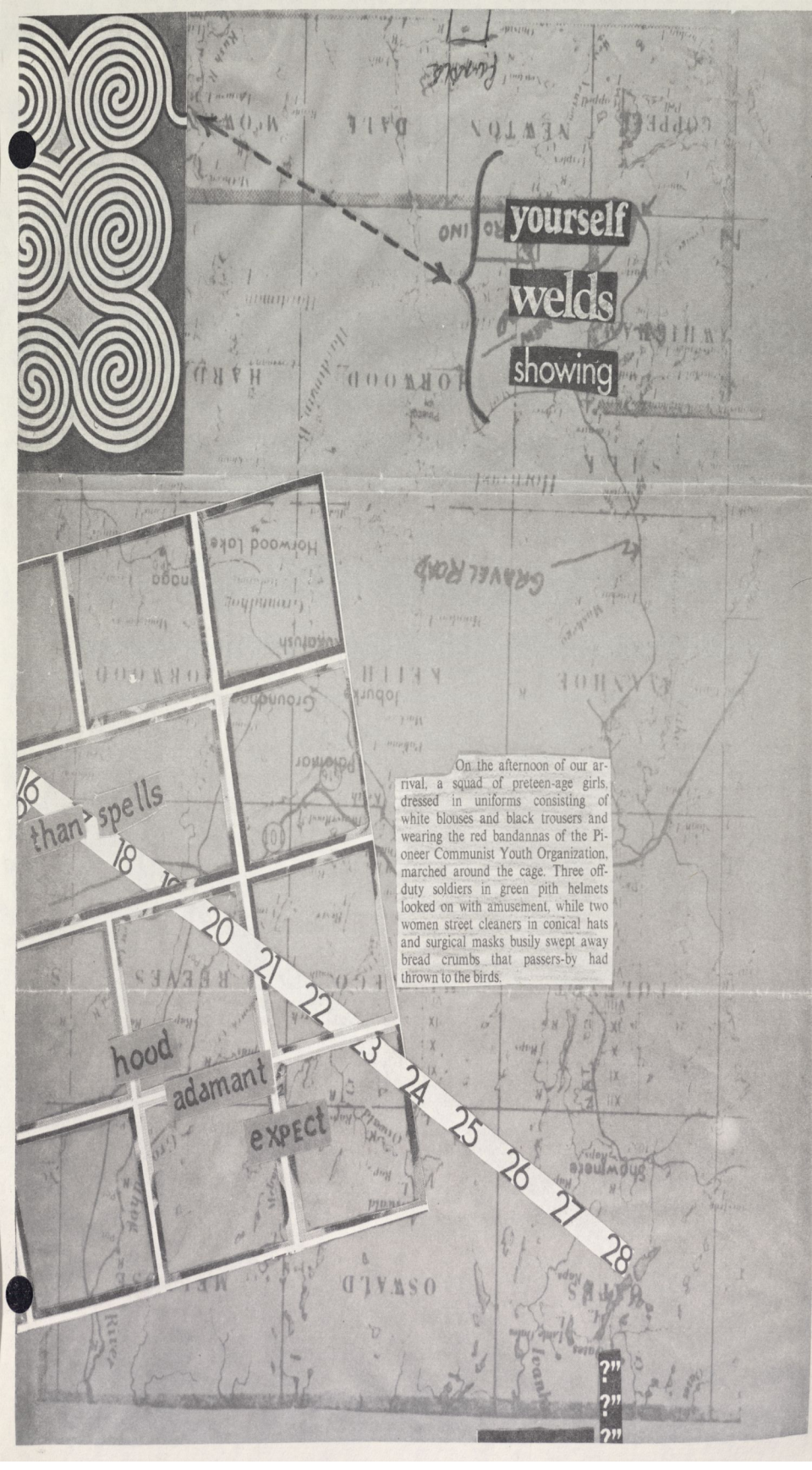


Stretch '75

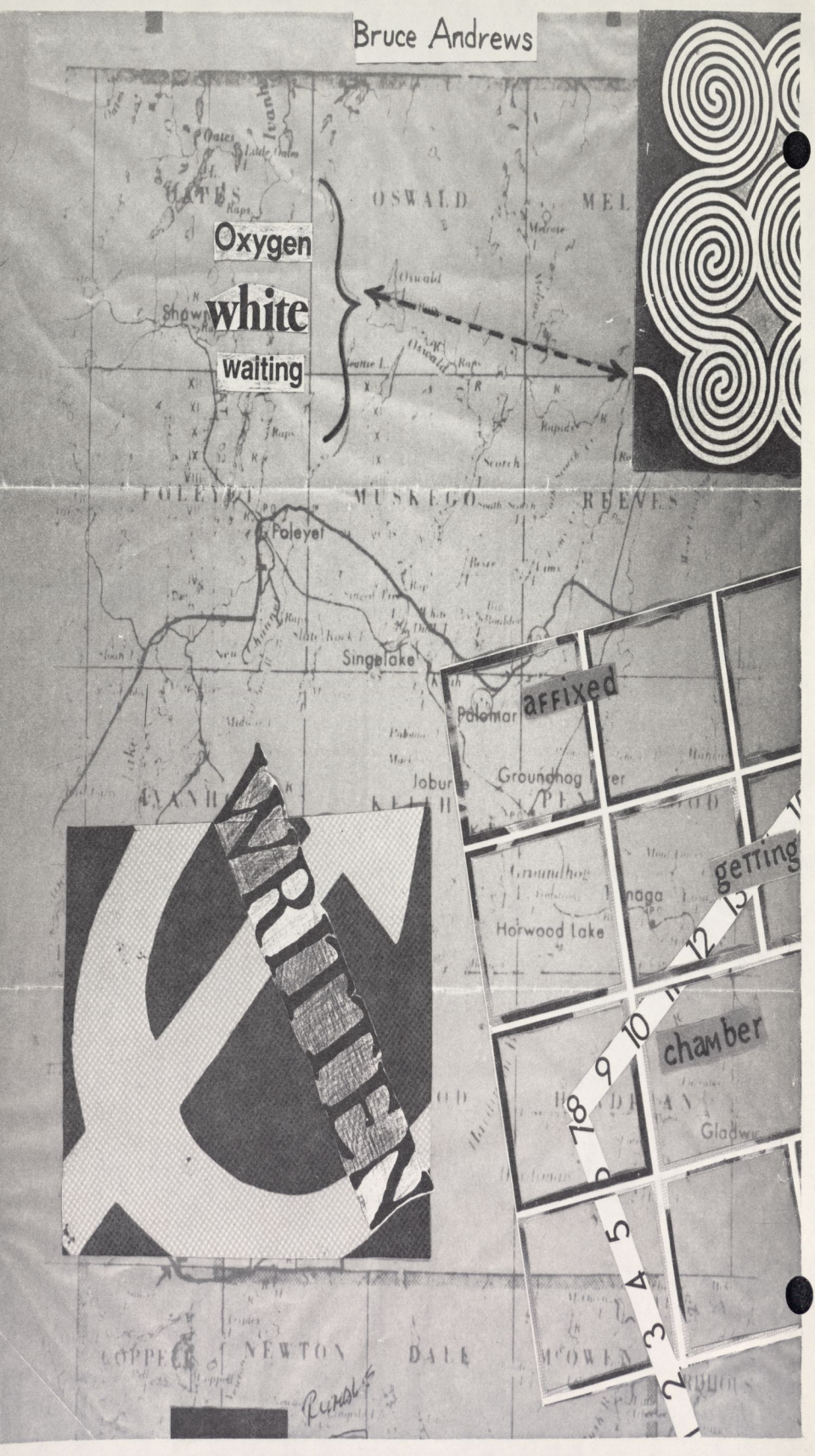
There was a girl in my high school who was nicknamed 'Stretch'. She had a notorious reputation for getting fingered alot. It always seemed odd to me how she got the name from the reputation. I never asked anybody who talked about her what exactly the connection was. I can remember always finding it puzzling when I thought about it, like maybe it came from something else she did that I never heard about.

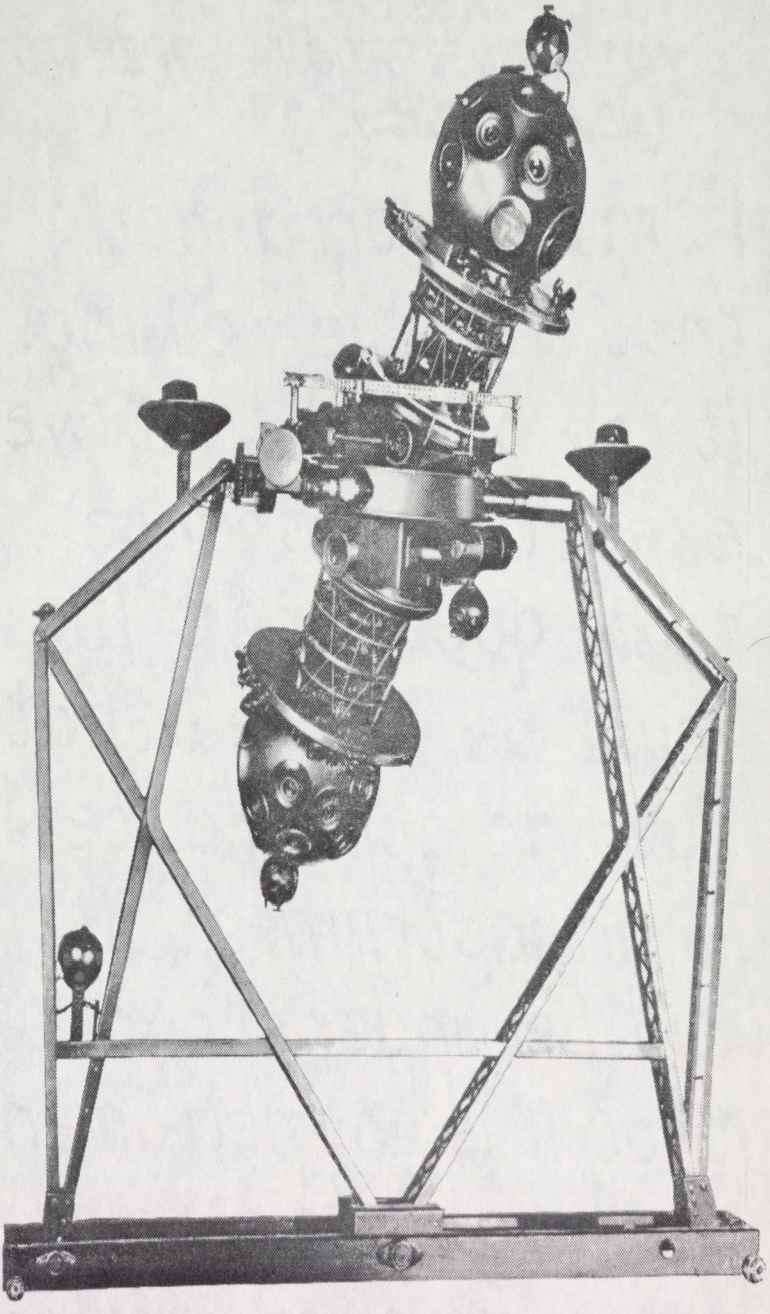
Richard Alpert





Bruce Andrews





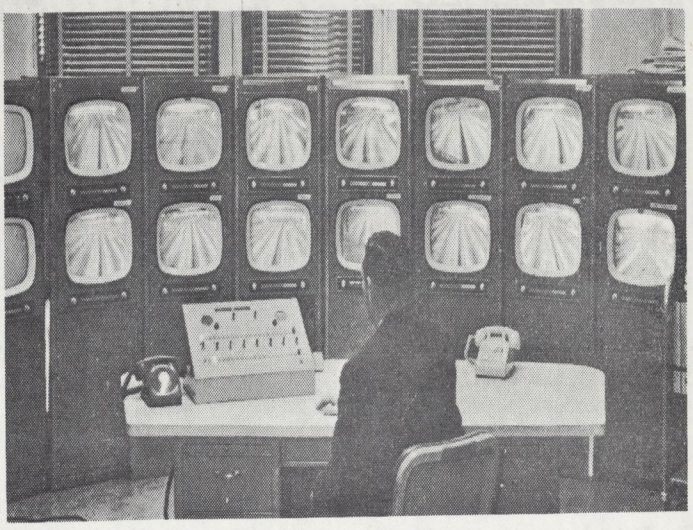
WITH HEADS UPTURNED we tried to address it. It whirled, never moving its feet, as it sent up light. Then it seemed to depart -- by featuring a realm of gaping representations.

TO THE VIEWERS
(A REMONSTRATION PROPER TO THEIR LABORS)

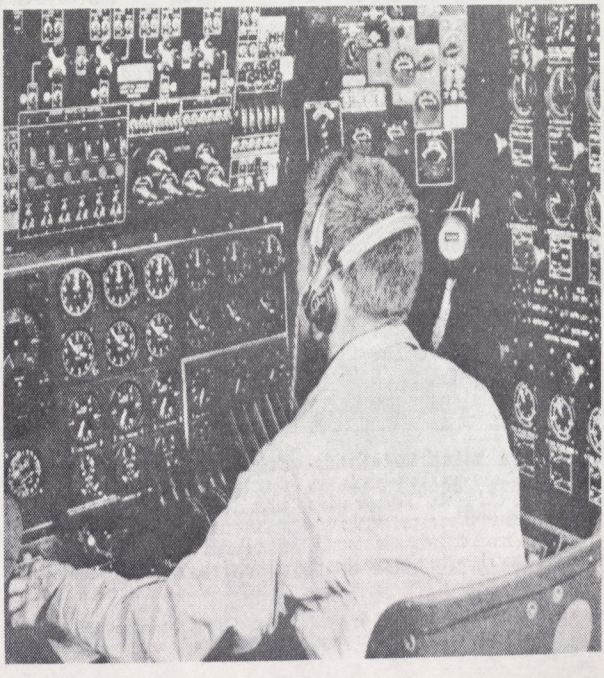
It may be arranged that there is viewing. It can be said that we expect appearance to be questioned. It must be agreed that such an appearance is an instrument. It will be understood that it is an instrument enabling us to perplex the reign of convenience. It should be claimed that this happens aloud.

Robert Armstrong

THE DOMINION OF THE SCRUTINIZER



THE CAPTIVATION OF THE CONTROLS



THE GUIDELINES OF THE GROTTOPHILE

1. Echoes of the myriad drips mingle for a uniformly alarming audition.

2. Everything there is unlikely, ornamental, and near, and demanding of great effort.

3. The path may not have a railing or there may be one too high to reach.

4. We imagine needing to enter seldom if at all.

5. Within this clammy amplitude it's best not to have enough room to stand.

6. Here is an enclave for the geologic mutuality of fascination and doubt.

7. They are so obvious, so thrilling, these tunnels of permission.

8. It is really bright when we get outside.

THE DICTATION OF THE MOLLUSKS

The pointed end is the APEX.
WE HAVE TO TOUCH IT.

The largest opening is the APERTURE.
IT HAS TO BE CONSIDERED CAREFULLY.

The spiral groove on the outside running
to the apex is the SUTURE.
THIS HAS TO BE FOLLOWED ALL THE WAY.

The turns between the grooves are
the WHORLS.
THERE HAVE TO BE DISTINCTIONS NOTED.

The whorls taken together, excepting
the largest, constitute the SPIRE.
ATTENTION HAS TO ABIDE BY THE DESIGNATION.

The plane at the base of this progress
is the OBLIGATION.
WE HAVE TO SAY SO.

6 for the 7th ASSEMBLING

because here be here
because white become circle
because white wall tire rolling
snake and tail and white
to the river become teardrop
because this way because black
is white because this way
because down because down there

~~h of more skilful~~
~~which he is quite~~
~~ies to prevent the~~
~~ns, or deliberately~~

~~thical fact~~

~~cult of ugliness a~~ beauty.

~~The cult of bea~~ ~~t is sun, air and~~
~~rain and the lake~~ ~~t of ugliness, Villon~~
~~Gorbière, Beardsley~~ ~~s. Flaubert is diagnos~~
~~we are to ride this met~~ ~~staggers, satire is surgery,~~
~~and amputations.~~

~~Beauty in art reminds one what is worth while. I am~~
~~of shams. I mean beauty, not slither, not sentimen~~
~~uty, not telling people that beauty is the pro~~
~~thing. I mean beauty. You don't argue about~~
~~feel bucked up when you meet it. You feel bu~~
~~ome on a swift moving thought in Plato or on a~~

~~is pother about gods reminds one that something~~
~~tire reminds one that certain things are not worth~~
~~e to consider time wasted.~~
~~ult of beauty and the delineation of ugliness are~~
~~opposition~~.

and the night
drones like a truck
dry weeds and grass
in a wind swarm ING
over the hilltop
ing
cold

warmer lying down

I've picked out

and airplane moving

I blot it out

with my thumb

the streetlamp

too big

the moon

too big

the

dant.

observ

although, after

typical or normal. T

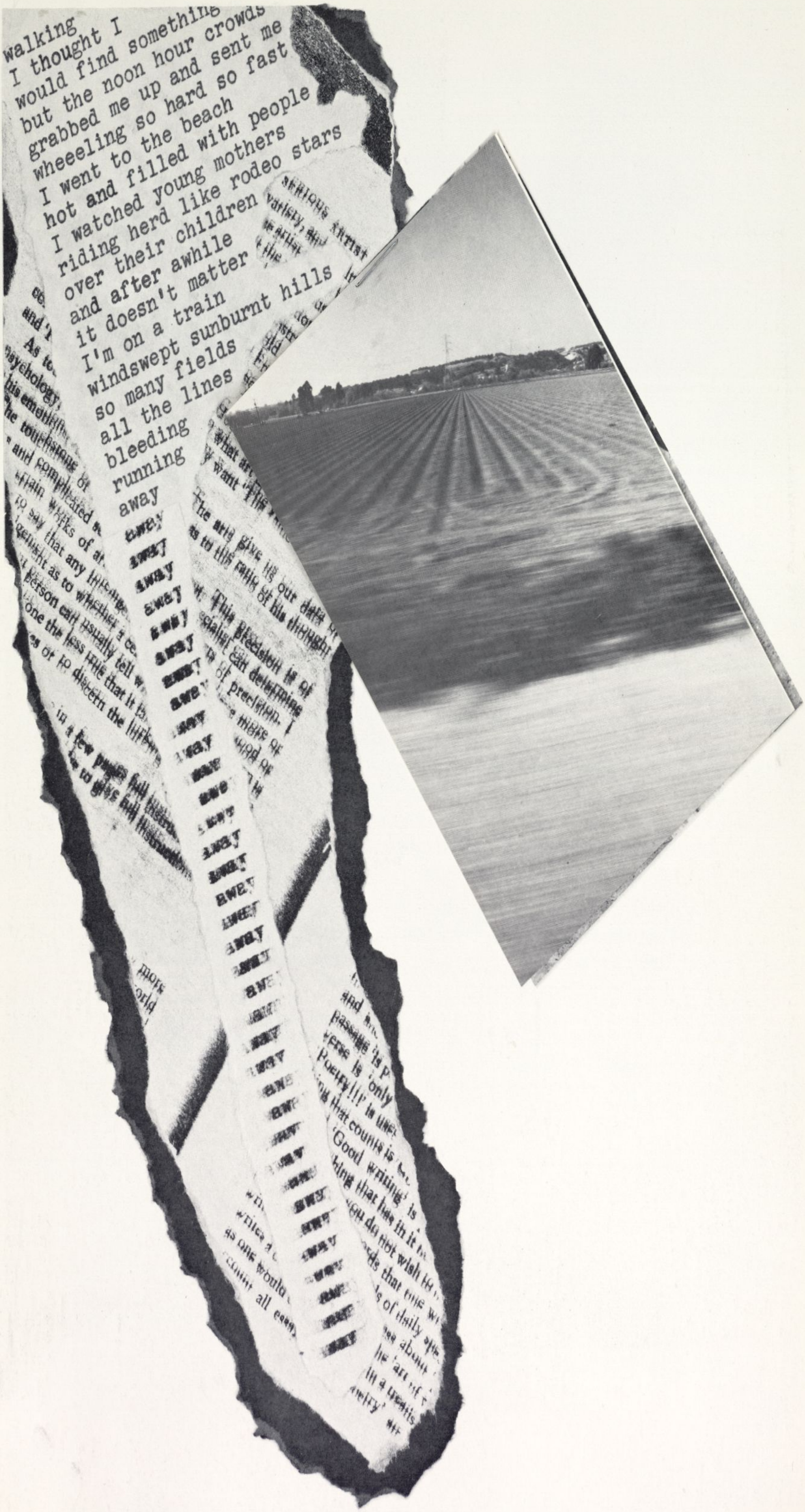
the image of his desire, of his hate, of his indif

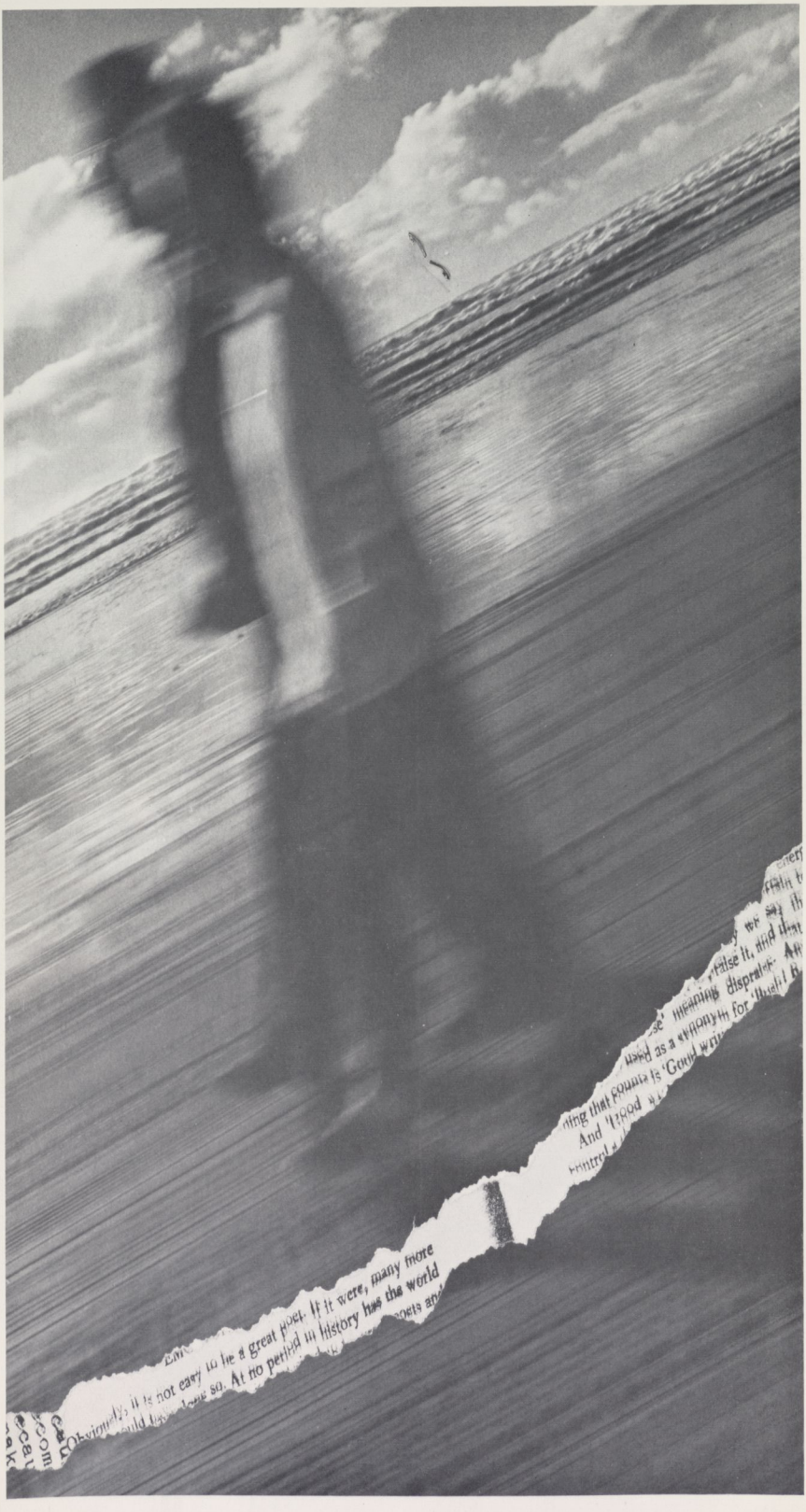
that, as precisely the image of his own desire.

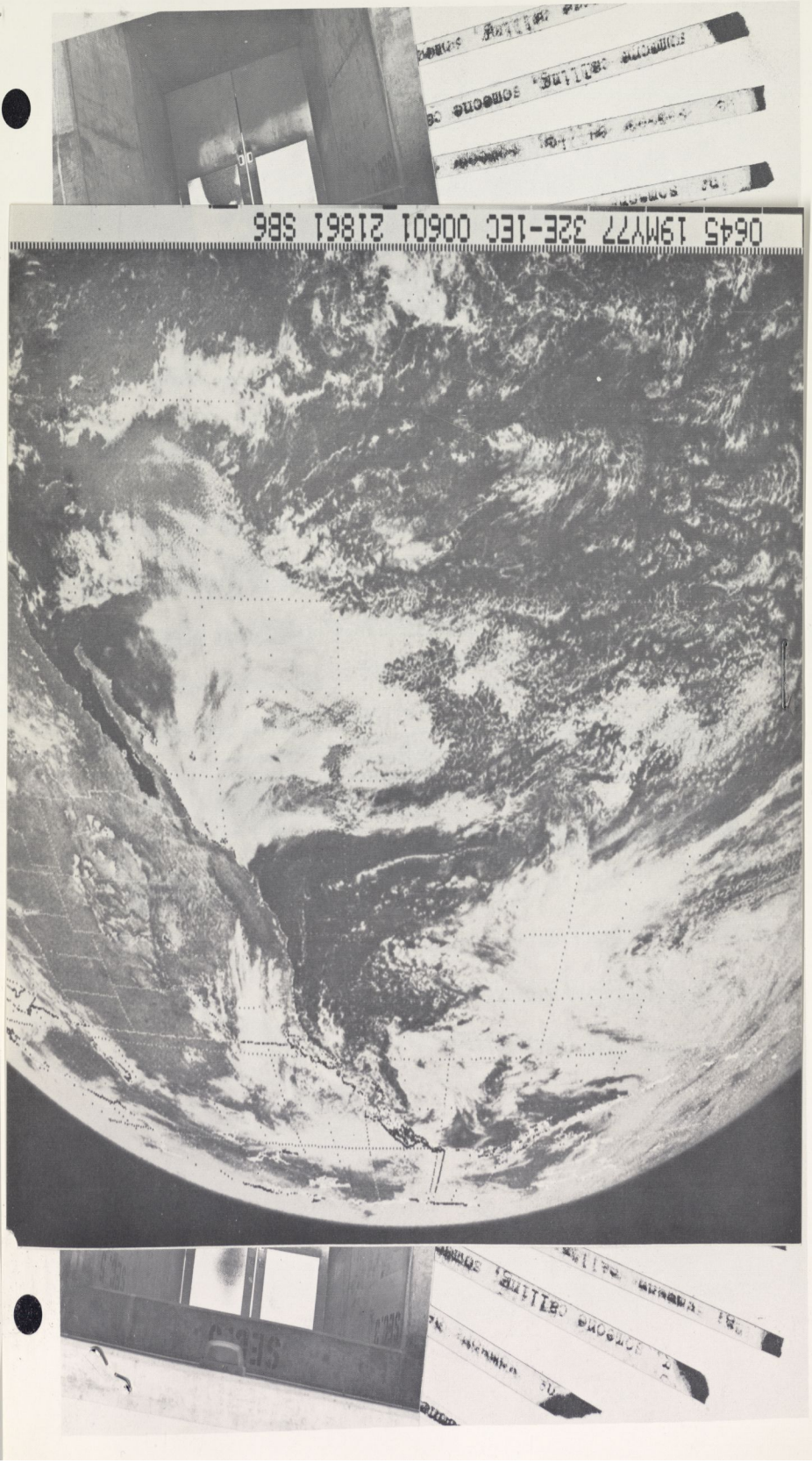
The more precise his record the more lastin

work of art.

walking
I thought I
would find something
but the noon hour crowds
grabbed me up and sent me
wheeeling so hard so fast
I went to the beach
hot and filled with people
I watched young mothers
riding herd like rodeo stars
over their children
and after awhile
it doesn't matter
I'm on a train
windswept sunburnt hills
so many fields
all the lines
bleeding
running
away







ing, someone calling, okay something call-
ing, **2** times, this time, falling, fall-
ing, **3** flights down & counting, **4** more, **4** more,
already the **5**th time, this time, but still time, this
time, its **6**:45 in the morning, its morning, a delicate sky,

all the swirling clouds, at **7** o'clock, a heavy fog drizzl-
ing, dizzy, I said, get something on the radio, the hiss
of nothingness on the radio, you said, fog always makes me
sick, but it was me who was sick, this time **8** times your
name called, even I could hear it, I kept shaking you, yell-
ing, get up, someone calling, someone calling you, call-
ing, someone calling, someone call-
ing, someone calling, someone call-
ing, someone calling, someone call-
ing, someone calling, someone call-
ing, someone calling, someone call-
ing, someone calling, someone call-
ing, someone calling, someone call-

Guide to mounting "as it returns" (first wall)

as it				a space			in 52	
f	j	m		q	u		y	
d	g		n		r	v		z
b		h	k	o		s	w	
a	c	e	i	l	p		t	x

(all straight line borders of this grid = thick black tape)

ASCHER/STRAUS

COMPLETE OR PARTIAL CATALOGUE OF POSTAGE STAMPS

letter	#	value	color	image	position
a	5	10¢	skyblue/white	Jefferson memorial (monument)	top row/horizontal
a	1	5¢	pale skyblue/ white	George Washington (face)	bottom row/horizonta
a	5	10¢	skyblue/white	Jefferson memorial (monument)	bottom row/horizontal
a1/z	1	25¢	wine/pink/white	Frederick Douglass (face)	top row/horizontal
a1/z	4	10¢	skyblue/white	Jefferson memorial (monument)	top row/horizontal
b	9	10¢	red white blue/ white	twin crossed flags (emblem)	top row/horizontal
b	1	10¢	red white blue/ white	twin crossed flags (emblem)	bottom row/horizontal
b1/y	7	10¢	red white blue/ white	twin crossed flags (emblem)	single row/horizontal
c	4	10¢	skyblue/white	Jefferson memorial (monument)	single row/horizontal
c1/x	2	10¢	skyblue/white	Jefferson memorial (monument)	top row/horizontal
c1/x	2	10¢	skyblue/white	Jefferson memorial (monument)	bottom row/horizontal
d	2	8¢	pale grape/ dark grape	Eisenhower (face)	single row/horizontal
d1/w	3	8¢	pale grape/ dark grape	Eisenhower (face)	single row/horizontal
e	4	8¢	steel grey	Eisenhower (face)	single row/horizontal/ sideways
e1/v	4	8¢	steel grey	Eisenhower (face)	single row/horizontal/ sideways
f	1	"fees paid"	pale chocolate brown	eagle/wings raised (emblem)	single row/horizontal
f1/u	1	"fees paid"	pale chocolate brown	eagle/wings raised (emblem)	single row/horizontal
g	2	8¢	red white blue ashgreen	flag + white house (emblem)	top row/horizontal
g	1	20¢	medium olive brown	George C. Marshall (face)	top row/horizontal
g	2	1¢	forest green (3 shades)	Thomas Jefferson (face)	top row/horizontal
g	2	8¢	red white blue ashgreen	flag + white house (emblem)	bottom row/horizontal
g	1	10¢	lilac/magenta	Andrew Jackson (face)	bottom row/horizontal
g1/t	2	1¢	forest green (3 shades)	Thomas Jefferson (face)	left group/horizontal/in verted/regular
g1/t	6	10¢	lilac/magenta	Andrew Jackson (face)	right group/vertical/2 rows
h	2	1¢	forest green (3 shades)	Thomas Jefferson (face)	left group/vertical/1 row
h	6	5¢	pale skyblue/ white	George Washington (face)	right group/vertical/2 rows
h1/s	2	40¢	steel greyblue/ white	Thomas Paine (face)	left group/horizontal/ upper

STAMP CATALOGUE #2

letter	#	value	color	image	position
h1/s	1	5¢	pale skyblue/ white	George Washington (face)	left group/horizontal/ lower
h1/s	3	10¢	skyblue/white	Jefferson memorial (monument)	right group/vertical/1 row
i	11	6¢	red white blue green	flag + white house (emblem)	single row/horizontal
i1/r	5	8¢	red white blue ashgreen	flag + white house (emblem)	single row/horizontal
j	4	10¢	skyblue/white	Jefferson memorial (monument)	single row/vertical
j1/q	4	10¢	skyblue/white	Jefferson memorial (monument)	single row/vertical
k	1	8¢	brown orange yellow green (how many shades of each)	1873-1973 Angus cattle (emblem)	left group/vertical/1 row
k	3	8¢	brown orange yellow green (how many shades of each)	1873-1973 Angus cattle (emblem)	right group/vertical/1 row
k1/p	5	10¢	green sandblue white red (how many shades of each)	Chautauqua 1874-1974 (emblem)	single row/vertical
l	8	8¢	red white blue ashgreen	flag + white house (emblem)	top row/horizontal
l	2	10¢	lilac/magenta	Andrew Jackson (face)	bottom row/horizontal
l	2	2¢	pale steel grey blue/white	Frank Lloyd Wright (face)	bottom row/horizontal
l1/o	1	8¢	pale grape/dark grape	Eisenhower (face)	single row/horizontal
l1/o	1	2¢	pale steel grey blue/white	Frank Lloyd Wright (face)	single row/horizontal
l1/o	3	10¢	red white blue/ white	twin crossed flags (emblem)	single row/horizontal
m	6	8¢	red white blue ashgreen	flag + white house (emblem)	top row/horizontal
m	6	8¢	red white blue ashgreen	flag + white house (emblem)	bottom row/horizontal
m1/n	6	8¢	red white blue ashgreen	flag + white house (emblem)	top row/horizontal
m1/n	2	8¢	red white blue ashgreen	flag + white house (emblem)	bottom row/horizontal
n	1	"bulk rate"	black/white		single row/horizontal
n1/m	1	"bulk rate"	black/white		single row/horizontal
o	5	8¢	pale grape/dark grape	Eisenhower (face)	single row/horizontal
o1/l	3	8¢	pale grape/dark grape	Eisenhower (emblem)	top row/horizontal

STAMP CATALOGUE #3

letter	#	value	color	image	position
o1/	3	8¢	pale grape/dark grape	Eisenhower (emblem)	bottom row/horizontal
p					
p1/k					
q	4	10¢	skyblue/white	Jefferson memorial (face)	left group/vertical/1 row
q	1	$1	dark grape (2 shades)	Eugene O'neill (monument)	right group/vertical/ 1/3 row
q	2	2¢	pale steel grey blue/white	Frank Lloyd Wright (monument)	right group/vertical/ 2/3 row
q1/j	1	16¢	cocoa brown (3 shades)	Ernie Pyle (emblem)	single row/horizontal
q1/j	1	$1	dark grape (2 shades)	Eugene O'neill (monument)	single row/horizontal
q1/j	1	10c	red white blue/ white	twin crossed flags (face)	single row/horizontal
r	4	10¢	skyblue/white	Jefferson memorial (emblem)	single row/horizontal
r1/i	5	10¢	skyblue/white	Jefferson memorial (emblem)	single row/horizontal
s	3	2¢	pale steel grey blue/white	Frank Lloyd Wright (emblem)	diagonal/discontinuous
s	5	8¢	pale grape/dark grape	Eisenhower (monument)	diagonal/random/regular/ inverted
s	2	2¢	pale steel grey blue/white	Frank Lloyd Wright (emblem)	right/vertical/1 row
s1/h	3	8¢	pale grape/dark grape	Eisenhower (monument)	top row/horizontal
s1/h	3	2¢	pale steel grey blue/white	Frank Lloyd Wright (emblem)	bottom row/horizontal/ sideways
t	2	2¢	pale steel grey blue/white	Frank Lloyd Wright (emblem)	single row/horizontal
t	1	8¢	brown orange yellow green (how many shades of each)	1873-1973 Angus cattle (face)	single row/horizontal
t	2	14¢	ashgrey (how many shades)	LaGuardia (emblem)	single row/horizontal
t1/g	1	8¢	brown orange yellow green (how many shades of each)	1873-1973 Angus cattle (face)	single row/horizontal
u	6	10¢	skyblue/white	Jefferson memorial (emblem)	vertical/two rows
u1/f	1	2¢	pale steel grey blue/white	Frank Lloyd Wright (monument)	single row/horizontal
u1/f	1	8¢	pale grape/dark grape	Eisenhower (emblem)	single row/horizontal
u1/f	4	10¢	skyblue/white	Jefferson memorial (emblem)	single row/horizontal
v	4	10¢	red white blue/ white	twin crossed flags (monument)	single row/horizontal
v1/e	3	10¢	red white blue/ white	twin crossed flags (monument)	single row/horizontal

STAMP CATALOGUE #4

letter	#	value	color	image	position
w	4	10¢	red white blue/ white	twin crossed flags (monument)	vertical/1 row
w1/d	4	10¢	red white blue/ white	twin crossed flags (monument)	left group/vertical/1 row/sideways
w1/d	2	10¢	grey white red blue	"Bicentennial Era" + quotation	right group/vertical/1 row/alternating
w1/d	2	10¢	red blue white	"Bicentennial Era" + Independence hall (emblem)	right group/vertical/1 row/alternating
x	3	10¢	red white blue/ white	twin crossed flags (face)	single row/horizontal
x1/c	4	10¢	red white blue/ white	twin crossed flags (face)	top row/horizontal
x1/c	1	10¢	red white blue/ white	twin crossed flags (face)	bottom row/diagonal
y	3	8¢	red white blue ashgreen	flag + white house (face)	top row/horizontal
y	1	$1	dark grape (2 shades)	Eugene O'neill (emblem)	bottom row/horizontal
y1/b	1	30¢	magenta/lilac	John Dewey (monument)	single row/horizontal
z	3	8¢	red white blue ashgreen	flag + white house (face)	top row/horizontal
z	1	8¢	red white blue ashgreen	flag + white house (face)	bottom row/horizontal
z1/a	1	10¢	fuchsia lilac blue orange yellow green black	"Energy Conservation"	left group/vertical/1 row/inverted
z1/a	2	8¢	red green blue violet	"Love"	center group/vertical/1 row
z1/a	1	8¢	red white blue ashgreen	flag + white house (face)	right group/vertical/1 row

ASCHER/STRAUS

Guide to mounting "as it returns" (second wall)

	correspondences			novel			returns	
	y 1/b		u 1/f	q 1/j		m 1/n	j 1/q	f 1/u
z 1/a		v 1/e	r 1/i		n 1/m		g 1/t	d 1/w
	w 1/d	s 1/h		o 1/l	k 1/p	h 1/s		b 1/y
x 1/c	t 1/g		p 1/k	l 1/o	i 1/r	e 1/v	c 1/x	a 1/z

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ERIC BAIZER

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Arthur Bennett Colon, Ph.D.
President
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Hapless-by-the-Shore, N.J. 07009

CURRICULUM VITAE

Sandwicha Gobble-Gobble, Cafeteria Scientist

Personal Data

Born: Dismal Seepage, Iowa, 1938
Height: fair
Weight: excellent
Marital Status: poor
Sexual Preference: beagles

Education

B.S. in Menu Architecture, University of Southern Pittsburgh, 1959

Appointments

1960-1970 Dish Sanitation Engineer, National Inflammation Club
1970- Food Administration Systems Coordinator, National Science Foundation
Chief Caterer for all Neutrino Events

Publications

Gobble-Gobble, S. "Decomposition and Senescence Characteristics in Mature French Fries"
Gobble-Gobble, S., and Hoobleblatt, L., "Humorous Aspects of Ketchup Deprivation in Baby Turtles"
Gobble-Gobble, S., and Teflon-Skillet, H., "Location of Principle Napkin Deposits in Northern Pittsburgh".

Awards and Honors

Discovered "Hemorrhoid Surprise", a laboratory-tested recipe published in the Autopsy Cookbook (1977).

References

Lolita Hoobleblatt, Ph.D.
Helen Teflon-Skillet, Ph.D.

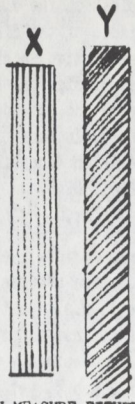
EDOARDO BALLERINI

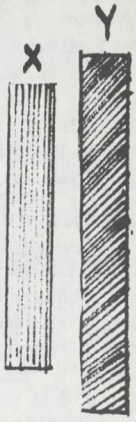
i foe em
i snow em
i poem

GRAPHIC MODELS OF TIME PASSAGE by PETER H. BARNETT

I. MEASUREMENT

HOW DO YOU KNOW WHICH IS THE MEASURE, AND WHAT IS BEING MEASURED?



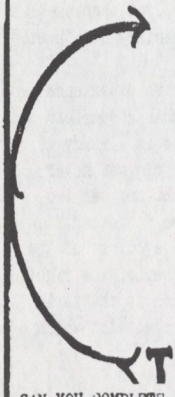


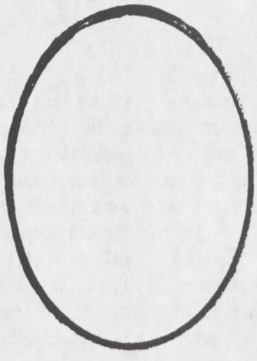
CAN YOU MEASURE EITHER X OR Y WITHOUT ALREADY HAVING MEASURED THE OTHER?

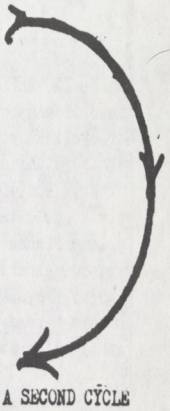
ARE BLOCKS X AND Y BOTH HERE? WHY CAN'T THEY BE MEASURED TOGETHER?

II. REPETITION

CAN THE CYCLE BE REPEATED, OR ONLY BELONG TO A PAIR OF FINISHED REPETITIONS?





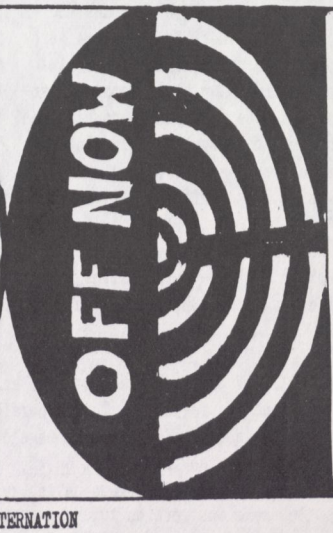


CAN YOU COMPLETE A FIRST CYCLE WITHOUT BEGINNING ANOTHER?

CAN YOU BEGIN A SECOND CYCLE WITHOUT DISPLACING THE FIRST?

III. ALTERNATION

CAN YOU HAVE "ON NOW" UNLESS "OFF NOW" IS DISPLACED?



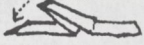
CAN YOU HAVE "OFF NOW" UNLESS "ON NOW" IS DISPLACED?

CAN THERE BE ALTERNATION UNLESS EACH STATE BOTH PRECEDES AND SUCCEEDS THE OTHER?

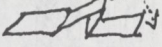
Fold this side of the page toward you so that line AA touches line BB. Fold the new edge, CC, toward you so that it touches DD. Now fold the edge CC away from you so that it touches EE on the diagram side. You should now have a pleat on the diagram side (Position 1) with its center crease running through the middle of the diagrams. This pleat is meant to represent a mobile reference-point or perspective which is still part of the surface it refers to. This is the basic model of time passage: the doubling-up of a surface to create a second surface, an inside and outside. Fold the pleat to the left to Position 2, or to the right to Position 3. In each case, a new surface is created and part of the old is displaced. This is an "occasion."

POSITION 1

POSITION 2



POSITION 3.



MODEL I, MEASUREMENT, illustrates the interdependency of mutually-exclusive events usually designated "before" and "after." There can be no first measurement. We cannot know what is being measured, what is the measure, or what part of it is the calibration, without measuring twice. Position 1 illustrates the distortion of the surface occasioned by taking some object in it as the measure of others.

Positions 2 and 3 are symmetrical, yet mutually-exclusive. To the area between M and X concealed by Position 1 (i.e. "past") there is a corresponding area defined and revealed on the other side. We do exactly the same thing in Positions 2 and 3, yet one "occasion" is the measurement of X and prevents the measurement of Y, while the other "occasion" is the measurement of Y, which displaces the measurement of X. You cannot measure either without having already measured the other, yet each occasion renders the complementary one "past."

MODEL II, REPETITION, illustrates the interdependency of any two instances of cyclical repetition, together with their mutual displacement of one another. Position 1 shows that the complete cycle is an abstraction. We never experience the whole of a cycle without experiencing <u>more</u> than the whole. A cycle cannot <u>be</u> repeated, but is <u>already</u> the repetition of another which is displaced or "past."

Positions 2 and 3 show why we experience either less than or more than a complete cycle. To complete a cycle is already to begin it again. A single cycle can never be encountered in isolation, nor can two complete cycles be observed "together." The displacement or "passage" first of the left half of the circle, then of the right, shows that what is displaced is the tail-end or complement of the repetition which is beginning again.

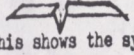
MODEL III, ALTERNATION, shows that in an on-off exchange, such as a blinking light, each state both precedes and succeeds the other. No "before-after" priority can be established, nor is there a "first" or "last" state in an alternating series. We are constrained to observe this symmetrical relation of mutual enclosure from the mutually-exclusive asymmetrical positions, "on-now" and "off-now." Position 1 shows the necessity of occupying one or the other of these perspectives, while considering its complement to be "past".

Position 2 represents alternation from the point of view of "on-now." The mutual enclosure is viewed as the <u>repetition</u> of "on" punctuated by isolated "offs," the "ons" being pulses retreating to their point of origin but never entirely cut off. "On-now" views its borders as insides, those of "off" as outsides.

Everything said concerning Position 2 applies to Position 3, only this is the perspective of "off-now."

POSITION 4

A fourth position may be achieved by inverting the pleat to form a pocket:



This shows the symmetrical relation of mutual enclosure.

MODELS III, IV and V on the next page exhibit their function directly when their instructions are followed. They generate the endless series of successive states familiarly associated with the passage of time. The instructions shift our perspective on them so that <u>we act on them again</u>, even though we are told nothing more. What is the difference between having two copies of the same instruction, and being given the same instruction twice in succession?

GRAPHIC MODELS OF TIME PASSAGE, concluded.

B A

THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO:

FOLD SURFACE AABB SO THAT BB TOUCHES AA

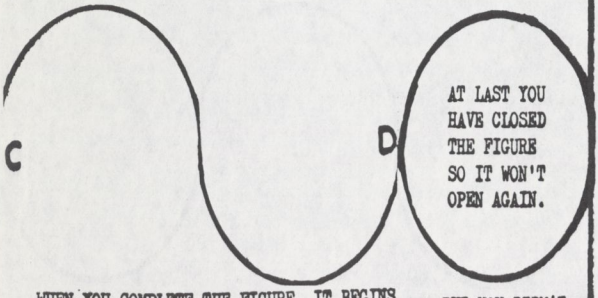
DO IT JUST THIS TIME.

THERE IS NOTHING BEHIND THIS
WHICH IS NOT SHOWN HERE

IF YOU ARE HERE,
YOU DIDN'T DO
WHAT YOU WERE
TOLD.

SOMETHING YOU
WERE TOLD
WASN'T TRUE.

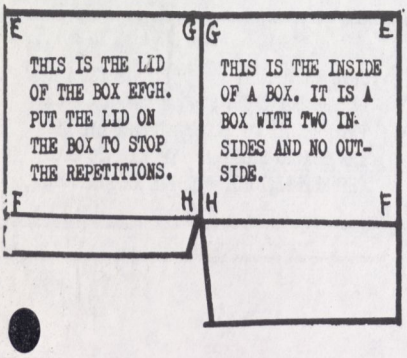
FOLD SURFACE AABB TO CLOSE LINE CD.
YOU CANNOT FOLLOW THIS INSTRUCTION
MORE THAN ONCE.



AT LAST YOU
HAVE CLOSED
THE FIGURE
SO IT WON'T
OPEN AGAIN.

WHEN YOU COMPLETE THE FIGURE, IT BEGINS
AGAIN.
WHAT YOU DO NOW IS A REPETITION OF
SOMETHING YOU HAVE ALREADY DONE.

BUT YOU DIDN'T
DO WHAT YOU
WERE TOLD.



THIS IS THE LID
OF THE BOX EFGH.
PUT THE LID ON
THE BOX TO STOP
THE REPETITIONS.

THIS IS THE INSIDE
OF A BOX. IT IS A
BOX WITH TWO IN-
SIDES AND NO OUT-
SIDE.

IF YOU ARE HERE,
YOU ARE REPEATING
SOMETHING ALREADY
DONE.

AND YOU DIDN'T
DO WHAT YOU
WERE TOLD.

B A

GRAPHIC MODELS OF TIME PASSAGE, contd.

A B

IV

THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO:

FOLD SURFACE AABB SO THAT BB TOUCHES AA.

DO IT JUST THIS TIME.

THERE IS NOTHING BEHIND THIS
WHICH IS NOT SHOWN HERE.

THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO:

FOLD SURFACE AABB SO THAT BB TOUCHES AA

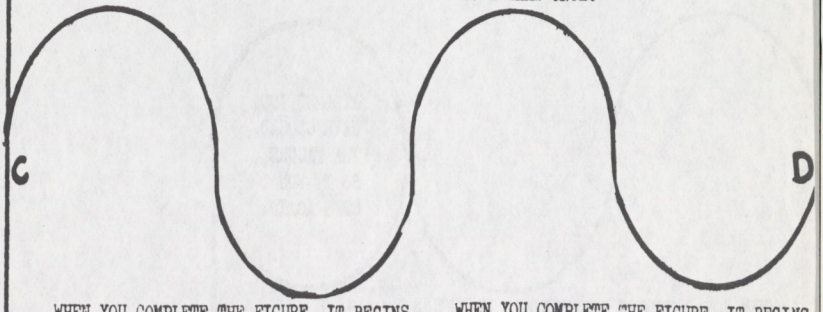
DO IT JUST THIS TIME.

THERE IS NOTHING BEHIND THIS
WHICH IS NOT SHOWN HERE.

Do not do V
until you have
finished IV.

V

FOLD SURFACE AABB TO CLOSE LINE CD.
YOU CANNOT FOLLOW THIS INSTRUCTION
MORE THAN ONCE.



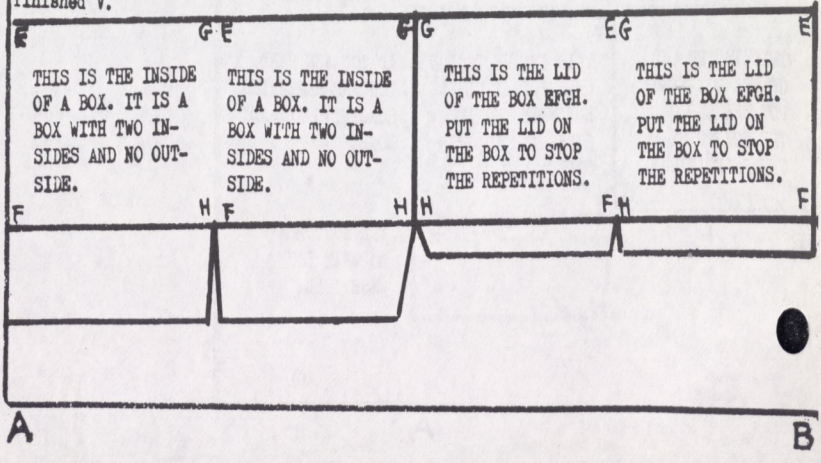
WHEN YOU COMPLETE THE FIGURE, IT BEGINS
AGAIN.
WHAT YOU DO NOW IS A REPETITION OF
SOMETHING YOU HAVE ALREADY DONE.

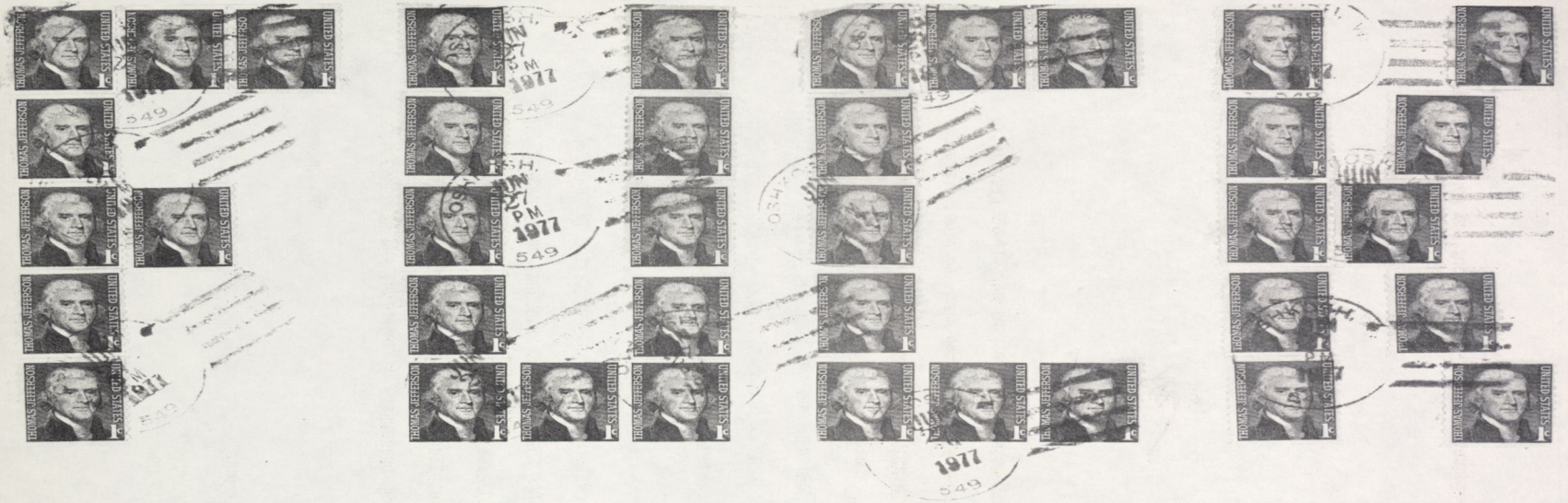
FOLD SURFACE AABB TO CLOSE LINE CD.
YOU CANNOT FOLLOW THIS INSTRUCTION
MORE THAN ONCE.

WHEN YOU COMPLETE THE FIGURE, IT BEGINS
AGAIN.
WHAT YOU DO NOW IS A REPETITION OF
SOMETHING YOU HAVE ALREADY DONE.

VI

Do not do VI
until you have
finished V.





FOR: SEVENTH ASSEMBLING

richard kostelanetz
wooster st.

new york city 10012

Lee Baxandall

460 n. main st.
oshkosh, wi 54901

june 25 1977

dear kosty,

this ENVELOPE for inclusion in ASSEMBLING NO. 7.

i also enclose CASH for your use in PARTICIPATING IN THIS WORK.

Will you kindly see to the MECHANICAL REPRODUCTION of this EXPERIMENTAL and OTHERWISE UNPUBLISHABLE project in TYPOGRAPHICAL POETRY incorporating OUR GREAT APOSTLE OF LIBERTY, THOS. JEFFERSON.

I await the results of the POST OFFICE PARTICIPATION in this EXPERIMENTAL WORK. Knowing that they carry the SKIN MAGAZINES and the NEW PINK and the BUSH AND CROTCH periodicals through rain, sleet, and snow, I trust in them that a MERE WORD, no matter how TYPOGRAPHICALLY POIGNANT (to be seen, after all, only by their own HARDY EYES and YOURS), will not RAISE CAIN merely due to its 5-STAMP-HIGH STATUS

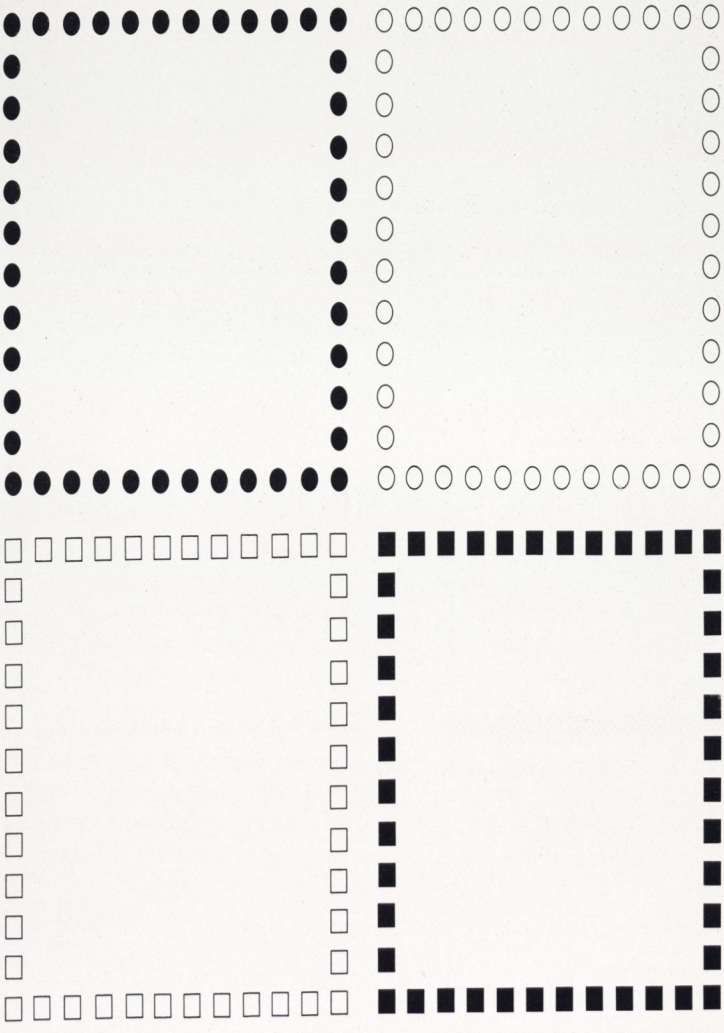
yours,

lee

lee

encl: $10.00 check
$.38 of 'fuck' in u.s. postage/cancelled

Lee Baxandall



CAROL BEESLEY

yes, come & fox-trot with me, dear--
but are you intestinally
s i n c e r e ?

(buh-buh-buh-booo...)
squatting on my mother's philharmonic warts

I beerfully (burp) expired crocheting
obscene a r c h i v e s of asparagus
downstairs
and seven petted dentists
so begat
Gas & Electric
diapers after all.

(O how many
highly cultured cucumbers
came c r o o n i n g
to my fox-trot
Funeral
matinee
(la dee dum
la dee dee)
I p l e d g e allegiance to
CONTRACEPTIVE CASTINETS with cabbage.
(plink)

Oh no yes well because
dishwashing daddy's festive scrotum
(of
fondled popcorn farts)

most old ladies
m i s p r o n o u n c e d
my armpits,

bacterially blurting out
sweet menstrual moustaches
stuffed with
home-cooked carnivorous cigars
(phew)

(Did you inhale
when they phonographed
Our Lord's last Hydroelectric Howls
for only 49¢?)

Sunshine versus Shoes: Farewell!
O Merciful M A L T E D M I L K M U S E U M S Amen!
in the name of Guess Who's (you know)
only-begotten underwear
& u n i n c o r p o r a t e d
clitoris (plus tax)

yes, come & fox-trot with me, dear--

TicTacToe

(ten learned leaks)

i m m a c u l a t e l y meowing

through ooh beautiful baritone hairpins

& kissable lilac

latrine chimes
(bless me grunt)

do re me oink tweet

I sang to blue umbrellas by her

softly bearded bowl

ejaculating famous lollypops

up or down
her Vitamin C alarm clock
g a r t e r s
&
private postage stamps

plus those
Ooh yes P. S. sentimental pork petals

s p r e a d (all flavors)

under every forever

starry garlic gulp

Oh Yes, darling. yes.

we bloomed f o x - t r o t s
on her forehead

of fuzz-stains
on his phone

And I died
(La da dee-um-dum)

as usual--

alphabetically a d o r i n g

3 yes 3 pink spermaticidal bonbons

p e r f e c t

for Mother's Day

* ** * *** * *** * * ** **** * * ** ** ***

Howard Berland

crawled upon a naked street
by accident

drop by drop
into the puddles
of the days
white night rituals

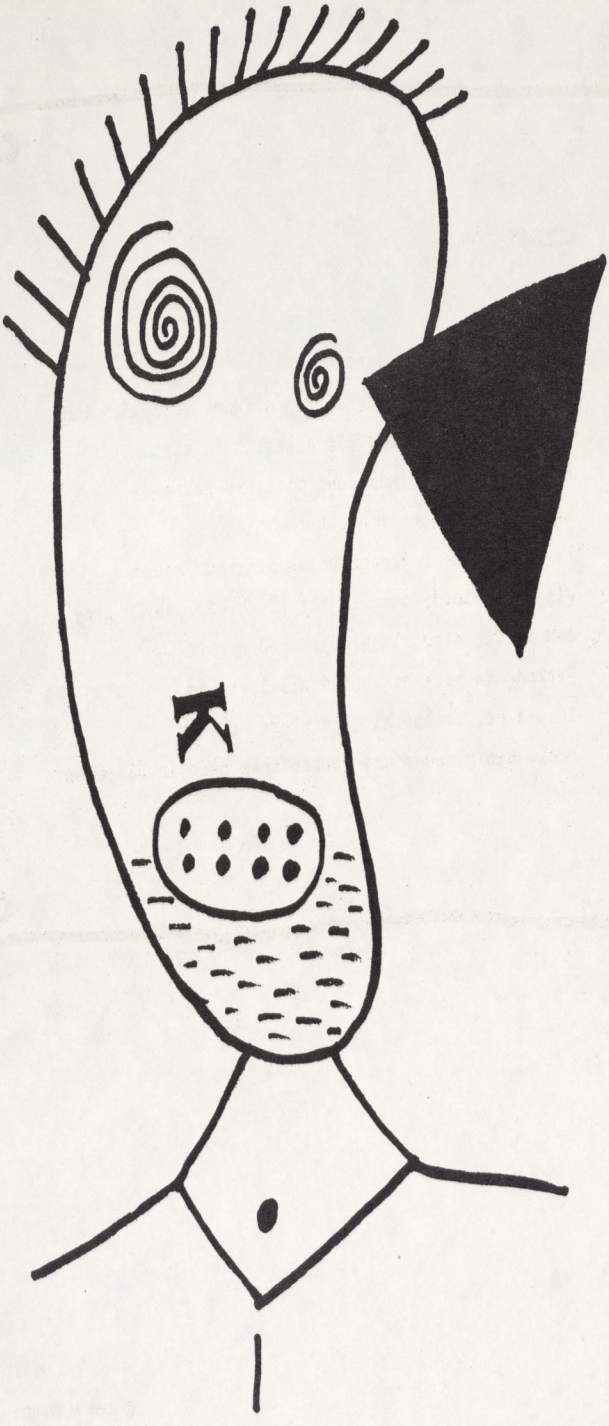
shallow
XXXX
long stilly

the touching of ideas
XXXXX
chaos
lack of understanding

child of lilacs
lilac

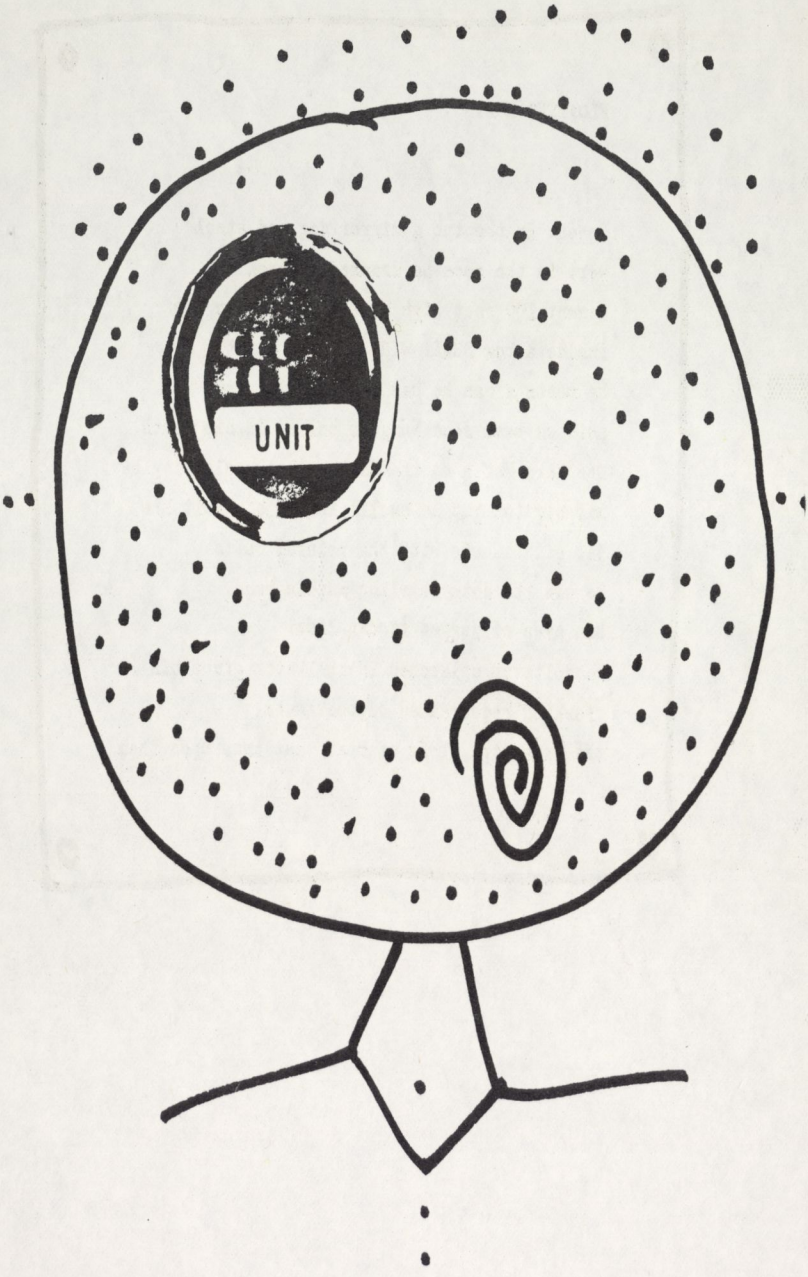
NO!

Howard Berland



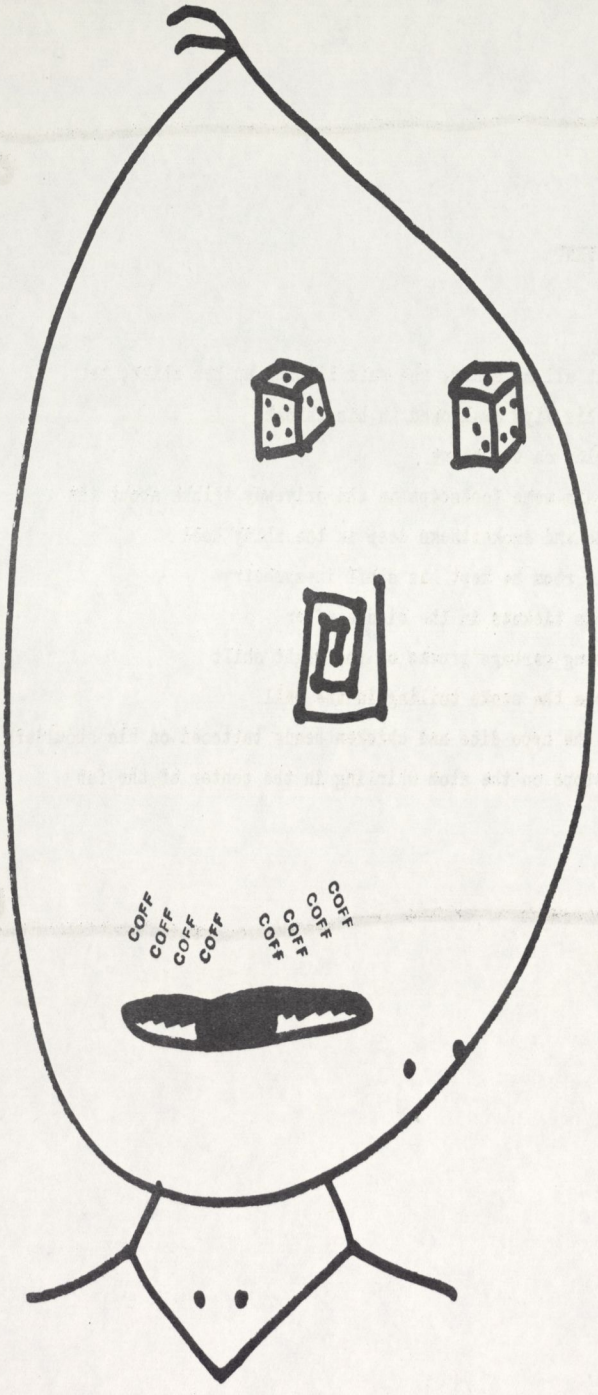
STREET JERKS

He had a beanshaped head
spikey hair that grew on top a funnel sticking out
I'm a big black hole I'm a packin in that stuff
a giant truck grinds down past the house
heavy fog is churning out the back
he sat in the bathroom boxes stacked around
wind and clouds came in the clock was pearly grey he
saw in the mirror a wrecked red car he
jerked his neck he ground his teeth he
leaped out to the kitchen where he
broke his glasses and rubbed them hard in his eyes



FLOATING MEAT

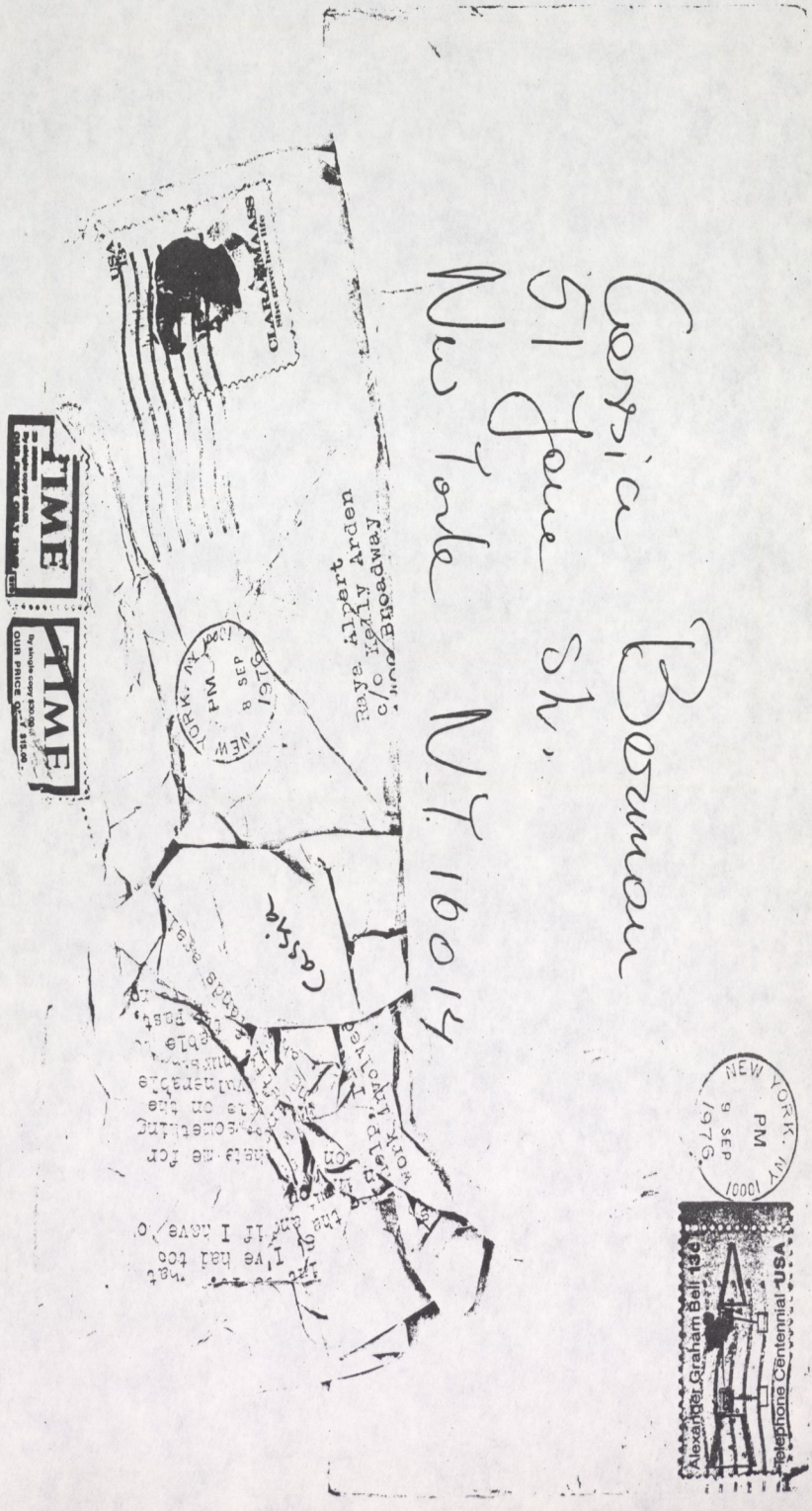
He sat in the tub a mirror dog and stool
were in the room he dreamed a porch of
cement 100 feet high he sees a shed on top
inside a box SHARP WIRE printed on it
he meets a man he has a
pointed head some burgers bolted in his mouth
One More Notch on the Hilt he barks slapping hard
his big ton gut he swells inside his suit his
jac of diamonds with the pointed cuffs
he saw the dots whirling in his head
his eyes of jagged tincan lids
he jolts up splatches in the water grabs his
crawking redstreaked bigbeak sees
the waves the clots of meat that toss upon them



MEAT VENT

Lookit all my scabs, she said lifting up her shirt, he
felt his lips swallowed in his throat
stumbles on the stove
he hears some footsteps in the driveway thinks about the
clouds and smokestacks deep in the shiny hood
in his room he kept his stuff in symmetry
put his tickets in the middle after
patching garbage trucks on the night shift
he sees the smoke boiling in the hall
rubs the hypo dice and chicken heads tattooed on his shoulders
and stops on the atom whirling in the center of the fan

A Conversation Between Women



Disfrutelos

CHARLES BERNSTEIN/SUSAN LAUFER

bl

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SHE IS SHE IS SHE IS SHE IS SHE IS SHE WERE SHE IS

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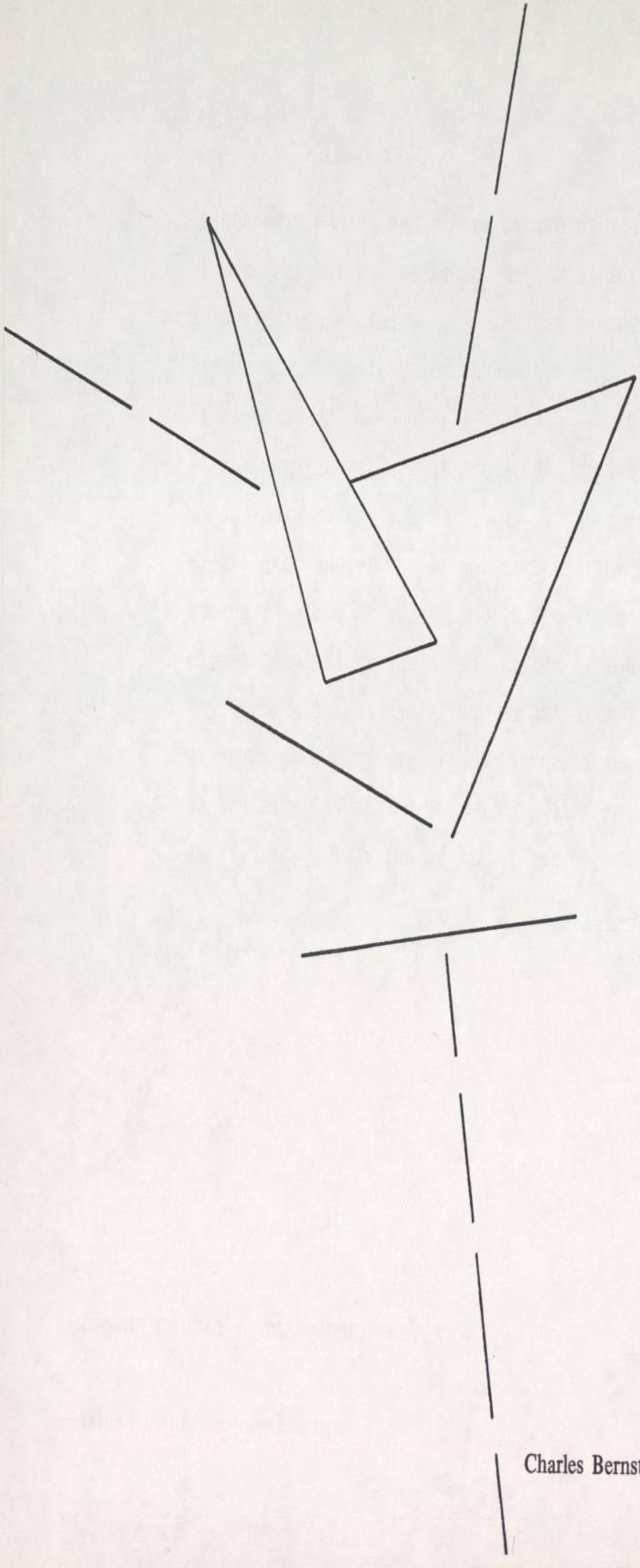
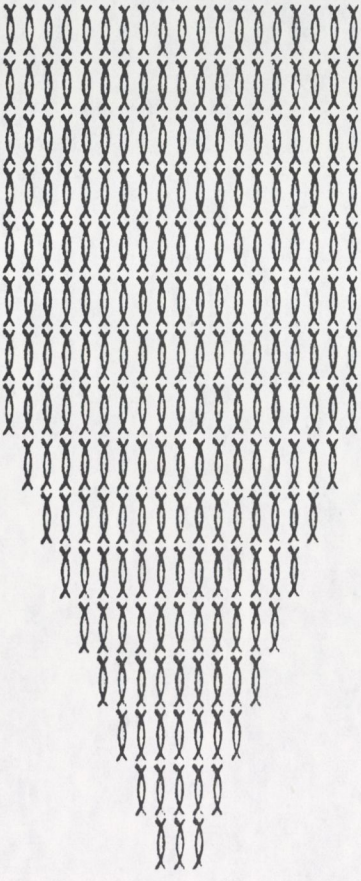
TENSE: PORTRAIT OF BARNETT NEWMAN

Charles Bernstein/ Susan Laufer



Charles Bernstein / Susan Laufer



BETTY BRESSI

were this indeed a marxism, or an instance of a marxism, and not a series of marks, alphabetical rather than bizarre, indicating the activity of a praxis, though impractical in the guise of a theoretical statement of a possible praxis attaining, or only projecting, its realization. as a model, it would cease to be a model, and, transforming itself into the praxis it referred to become that activity which describes, uncontaminated, unremarked, by the accompanying marks of this activity of consciousness become unconscious in the purified

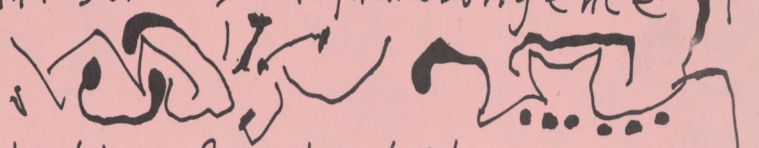
ARTISTS UNITE!

WE HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE!

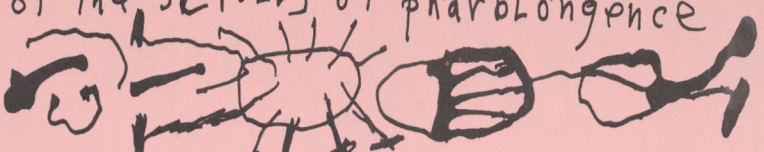
BUT OUR BILLING

activity of marking; but in practice, if not such a praxis, these marks remain, in the guise of elements of this activity, mysterious indicators of either the failure of the alphabet to attain pure praxis, or to contaminate itself with such a praxis, and so are characters of the order of 4x4 alphabetical and, in this context, suitable for the desired impractical praxis, rather than of any letter of the alphabet that was merely that, and so would be, in any other context, an indicator of the latent possibility of such a praxis, though, in this context, of the patent superfluity of any recognizable marking, written or xed out, x or otherwise, conscious or no.

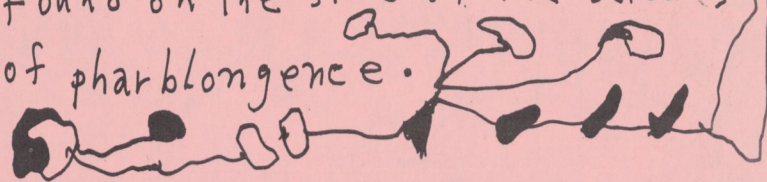
doodles found on the margins of the scrolls of pharblongence



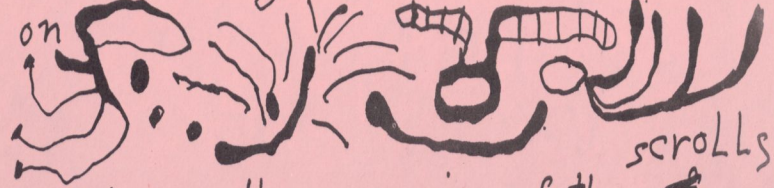
doodles found outside the margins of the scrolls of pharblongence



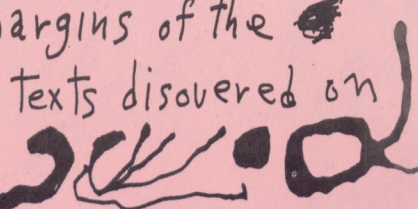
introductory matter to the doodles found on the side of the scrolls of pharblongence.



Texts in circumstantial relation to the intro matter on the doodles found on the outside of scrolls of pharblongence, suspected to be doodles discovered on the margins of a text doodled on



doodles on the margins of the scrolls of doodles on the texts discovered on the scrolls of



the First National Church of the Exquisite Panic, Inc.

Contributing Sachem Primate Scriveners

Robert Delford Brown

Rhett Delford Brown

Fred Sanks Naiden

at the

Great Building Crack-Up

251 West 13th St.

N.Y.C., N.Y. 10011

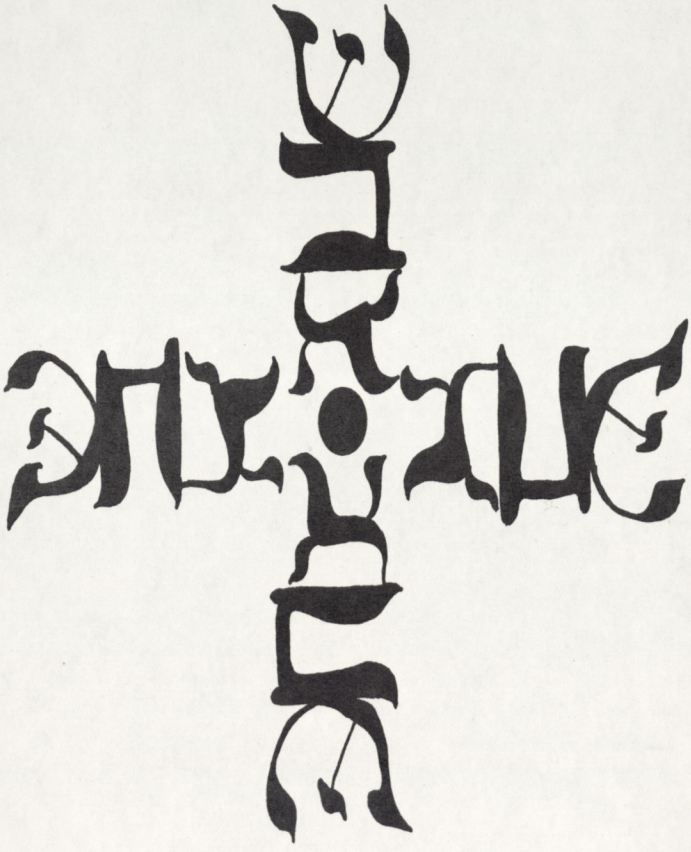
U.S.A.

PAGE 6

HAIL, HAIL the gang's all here. The figure
dressed in a
raincoat. And ONLY a raincoat
strided
up beside Fast. Forgot yr pants there, bud
so if it bothers you
his hand slipped around Andy's waist
I'll just take yours
If that's the action you boys want
Try down the street. The Family Zoo
What the HAIL do we care
But if we don't care. The Prof righted himself
there's no more meaning. If I'm
not mistaken
What the Hail. Abe pumped the handle
free beer for our play
handing it to Mobe
who pulled his trenchcoat tight
Stay in character. Whatever you do
Nothing, preferably
A Peppermint Schnapps, for the lady
after my own heart.
Moby Dick staged in the buff
a single actor
With a slice of Orange, your Ma'amship
but CAST OF THOUSANDS

nd crossed behind the counter
toward her.
Give in, frGawdsakes,
stop playing coy
Coy, me? I'm
just like anyone else
when I'm not drawing
I want to
go out
the back of her thighs up
against Sam's desk. HARD
Have a good time
Why not here. As long as I've
got you cornered. The art of
containment

The doors flung open
What the Hell's going on
and where's Violet
the Life of our Party
She can take
care of herself, Chas. Now Butt out
But he went over to her
standing in the cake
com'on, sis, let's go.
He grabbed her hand
Maybe I don't want to, Chuck. But
she stepped over the rim.
Stop playing Mom, okay?
he pulled her to the door
And through it



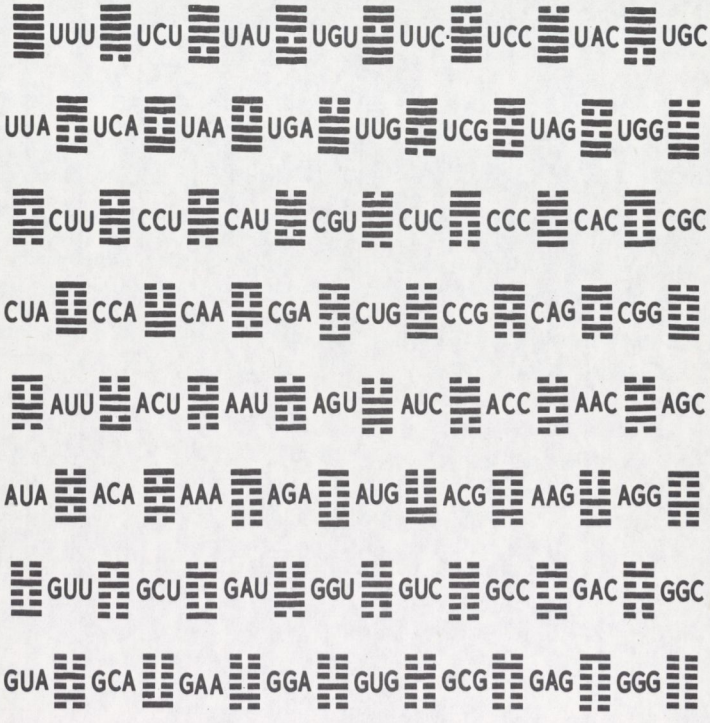
PUTREFACTION

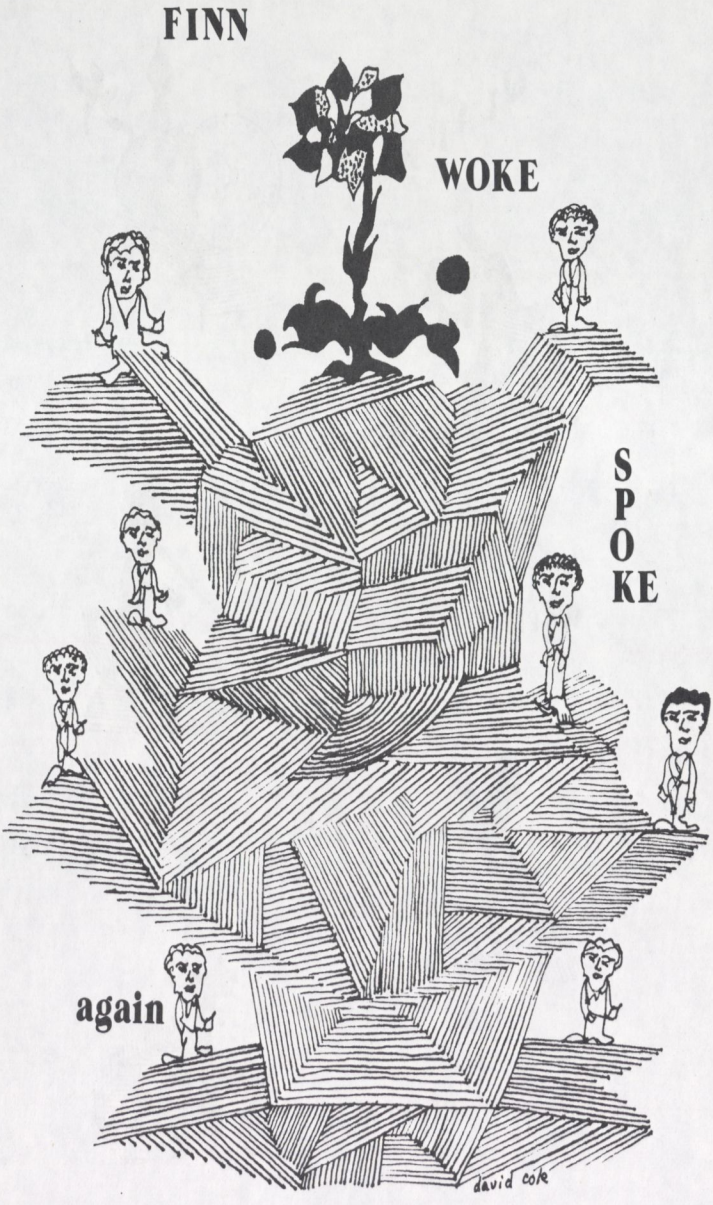
from Contemplation of the Moulds

A.F. Caldiero

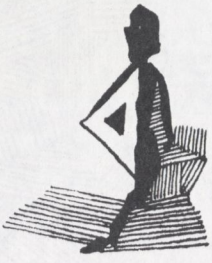
INFILTRATION

by karen campbell



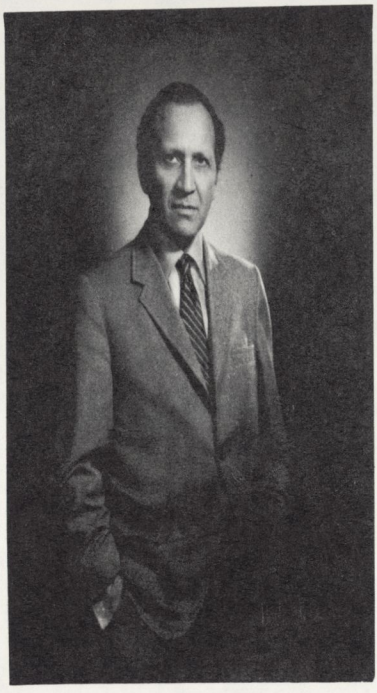


QUARKS



with

charm



My father told me once, "Real life
is lived from nine to five." Yet I know
he had dreams, though he confused
them with illusions and so
lost them both. Now he wears
masks within masks, and this one's
not the last: the very picture
of success, unruffled upper half
belying all that rumpling below.
One Christmas I received it, cased within
a silver standing frame. I keep
it on my bookshelf. It shows
up now and again in annual reports.

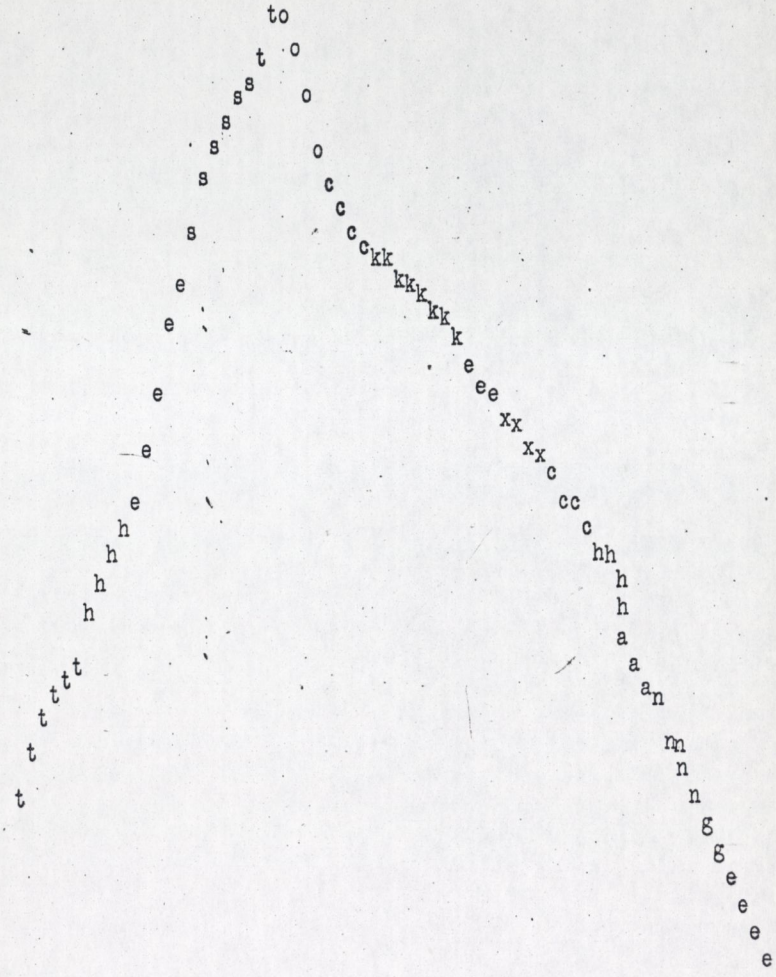
Allan Coleman

Twenty-five years it took to say,
"He was the favorite son." (Of course
I knew; I used to tickle him
until he choked, such gentle murder
in my fingertips.) None of it was his fault;
we simply stood five years apart
and never closed the gap. So I lost twice:
then, in my cornered soul, and now,
in recognition of a likely ally
who met only my turned back. Here,
going on sixteen, he wears
a borrowed shirt of mine as our ways
part. I still have the shirt -- still have
the brother too. Today, some twelve years
on, he lives in Washington,
teaching and playing the music
he loves. Somehow we've learned to talk.

Allan Coleman

Geoffrey Cook

LIME



ST. BONAVENTURE'S ISLAND

Spiegelberg on zen and abstract painting: seeking for God implies that he she is not already here in the very heart of the seeking, and in this sense every specifically religious activity manifests a lack of faith.

flip-flop. lip-lop.
lanque-lock. Yr in a language lock equipped with a steam (or word if you prefer metaphor) valve which refers back to itself. The act of writing involves a spiral (and this is related to Terri's Mask Statements) consciousness beyond observation, not just tropisme but a kind of simultaneity (chronic and diachronic mix) The art of writing is this extended beyond opinion yet true.

Two things in one (trilogies are produced along these lines) but that is a matter left to mathematics. Aquinas (not actually opposed to Bonaventure) is on the side of Variety as being just as real as Unity.

SEPTEMBER
30
MONDAY

The S is primarily
a double spiral
that is: dual
it is also
a multiple:
plural

and finally it is a unity:
a signature

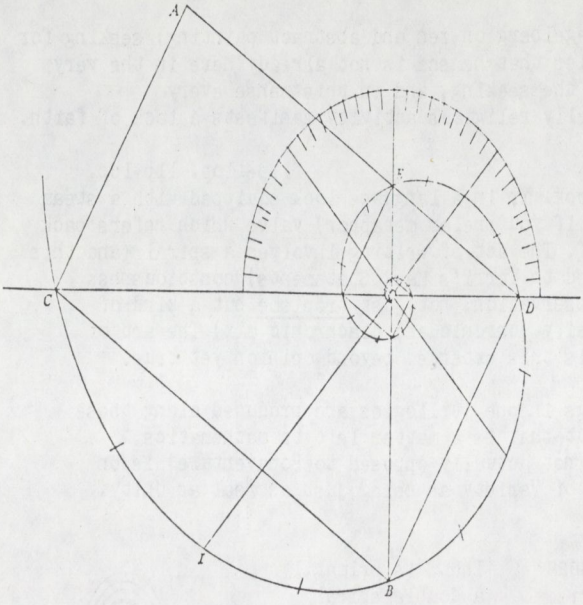
Around October 4 1259, St Bonaventure climbed Mount Alverno

"As for you, my friend, in regard to mystical visions, with your course now well determined, forsake sense perception and discursive reasoning, all things visible and invisible, every non-being and every being; and, as much as possible, be restored, naked of knowledge, to union with the very One who is above all created essense and knowledge. Thus, in the boundless and absolute rapture of the unencumbered mind, above yourself and above all things, leaving all and free from all, you will rise to the superessential radience of divine darkness (here Bonaventure is quoting Dionysius the Pseudo-Areopagite)

But if you wish to know how such things come about, consult grace, not doctrine; desire, not understanding; the Spouse, not the teacher; darkness, not clarity. Consult, not light, but the fire."

D'ARPINO

Bonaventure



Who's talking ? The machine is silent. So is the moon. Here is a man jumping up and leaving his shadow on three furious pages being written separately on a round glad table. It is all the same work but soon the men will separate and go different ways agreeing perhaps to meet next spring in the piazza of the Duomo in Pisa which is a formulae.

"The Saint is a medicine because he is an antidote. Indeed that is why the saint is often a martyr; he is mistaken for a poison because he is an antidote."

Chesterton

who the hell has been writing in my diary ?

I discerned the two things of the thing and I stood off from them divided and through that line where Unas reclines on the couch of the mysteries Divine Love stood weeping at me. Defined by a symbol the world rots and the rainbow vanishes. A real nice day. I don't go fishing. I clean up the house. My work is here somewhere in the dirt.

ST. BONAVENTURE'S ISLAND

In the dark cellar I see something which resembles a cat. My dog (I do not have a dog) sniffs at it but will not really bother. It is not a cat for when the dog leaves it stands on two legs. It is very short. A burned look to it's naked body. It's eyes are vacant and dull. I grab this thing and dance with her throughout the cellar.

Bonaventure, the expositer of the theology of love, accepts St Anselm's ontological argument as proof of the existence of God, but he seeks God through intuition (poetry) rather than through reason. He follows the way of mysticism much more than philosophy; in this he is very different from Aquinas (who wrote some fine poetry, Tantum ergo for example) Bonaventure's realism reaches into the abyss of the Trinity.

The Ontological Argument

St. Anselm

OCTOBER

3

THURSDAY

Truly there is a God, although the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.

which is proof by contradiction. That is, the fool is already calling something (the word "god" in his mind) not God.

In answer to Anselm, Gaunilo, a modest monk signing himself Insipiens (Fool), protested that we cannot pass so magically from conception to existence, and that an equally valid argument would prove the existence of a perfect island. Aquinas agreed.

as you turn this page think of the month of August

D'ARPINO

Bonaventure

Saint Bonaventure's Island is surrounded by a coral reef of undetermined proportions. The island itself is seven square miles. It is triangular in shape, thickly wooded, and reaches an elevation of 1,723 feet. The island is quite fertile and it should be possible to raise almost any kind of tropical or subtropical plants there. It has a circular interior lagoon of fresh water to which there is a narrow inlet. The average depth of the outer lagoon is 8 furlongs. The depth of the interior lagoon is not known. The perfection of the island lies in the architecture of an old fortress on the edge of the inner lagoon. The fortress is nothing more than a collection of crumbling stone ruins dating from a 4th century pirate expedition. On a southern cliff of the island, overlooking the inlet, there is an abandoned weather station which was built by Japanese meteorologists and used for six months in 1943. There is, as already noted, an outer reef of coral, but the island itself is of volcanic origin. Indeed, Saint Bonaventure's Island is the dead head of an ancient volcano.

THANKS

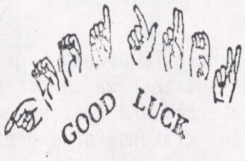
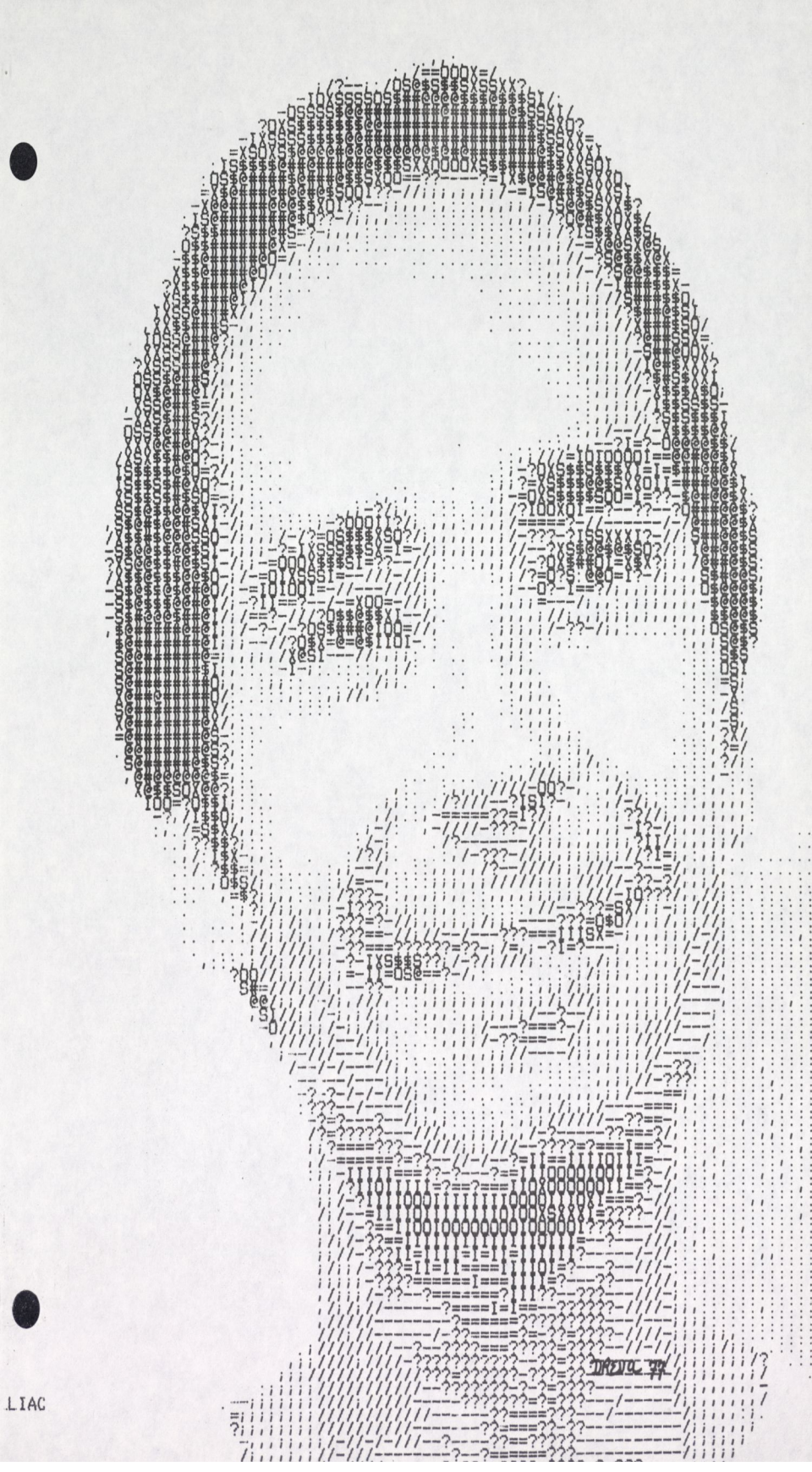


Photo-mechanical Transfer from a Painting, 1977.

My paintings are based on a braiding system in which any number of wavilinear strands may be interwoven so that each strand alternately goes over and under every strand it encounters. . . This painting has seven strands which vary in width from one to seven units. The angular change between strands results from fitting strands of varying widths into the same amplitude and same wavelength.

A. Charles DiJulio
August, 1977



nancy's house by helen duberstein

we drove along the concrete highway and onto the black top
from there we crossed over a bridge
the road we were now on was a railroad bed and the ties had
mostly all been taken
we turned from that to an overgrown road and that led to the
clearing on which stood two old stone houses, one intact with
a shingled peak roof the other a ruin through the
tower window could be seen the trees and tom and some boys
were mixing concrete and mounting scaffolding pushing wheel
barrows and tom was sweated and stripped to the waist and
pouring concrete to stabilize the building and keep it from
self destruct or the destruction of the neighboring boys and
or hunters who might have used the isolated construction for
shelters and the fires fires they built mounted and destroyed
the buildings and we went into the building with the roof and
the windows were closed over with metal sheeting

the windows had been purchased and the frames built to put
them into place the iron i beams were holding up the second
floor and the supports for the walls were in mark's room and
molly's room across the catawalk from tom and nancy's room
and the bathroom which will have a crazy quilt covered tiling
that nancy will design up over all the walls and the room for
guests or for nancy's mother and the kitchen will

open out to
the patio and we walked up the path to the first stone quarry
and the path to the second stone quarry and the cable was all
rusted and the poles that held the cables were all down and
the metal rusted and the huge stone lay and the water collected
in the quarries and the frogs and the toads and nancy smoking
a cigarette and grinding it out in her own woods in the tower
we stood

in the tower we stood overlooking the land and the scaffolding
of the other demolished building and there will be an art
school there and the building had to be saved and there is no
electricity nor water and we bought a parcel of land because
the shape of the land would give us a house in our view from
the window

nancy's house helen duberstein

we will or wouldn't mind selling a five acre parcel at another end of the property we will finance the children's education that way. we would like to have I would like to have people here in a community that will have our friends, the top quarry would make a good spot for a house on the hill overlooking the land it is hilly but not mountains the glaciers burped the glaciers burped here and the land rolls and there are woods some first growth trees the stone was used for the buildings and not the trees the stone was used for the buildings but the quarries are all played out and no one builds houses like that anymore the thickness

the thickness of the wall these two houses set in the clearing built like that without machines nor electricity those houses were apartments very small inside the structures and the workers of the quarries and their families lived there we

we had to tear out the apartment structures and the stairs we

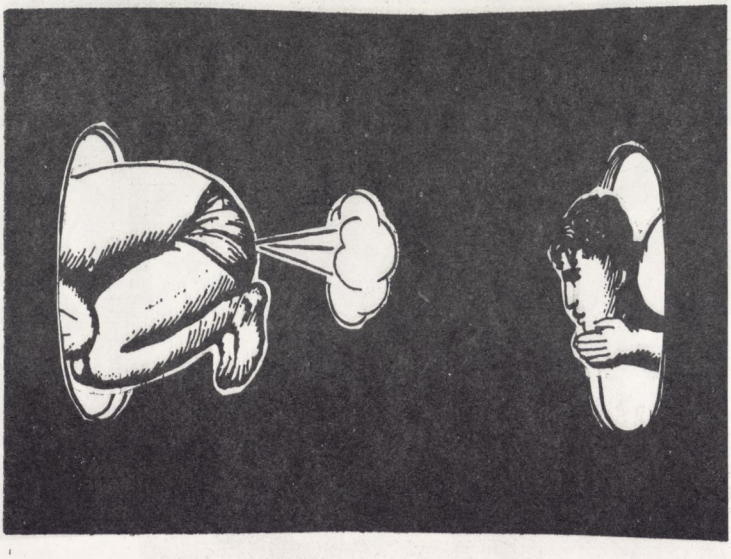
we built this marvellous wood with the window that will have green plants and form the focus of the conversations and we will look down from the second story into the well of the living room and the conversations will be happening there and we will see all of that but just now inside the structure there are the supports for the walls and the exposed iron beams and, oh yes, tom's study and nancy's studio tom's study on the first level, very accoustically walled and nancy's studio on the third floor

they will build an apparatus to raise and lower the work and a studio and an art school perhaps in the half demolished structure that tom is shoring up.

Good day and good
tempo-rhythm to you!

COLLAGES
EJDEMYR

Every experience
has its
tempo-rhythms.

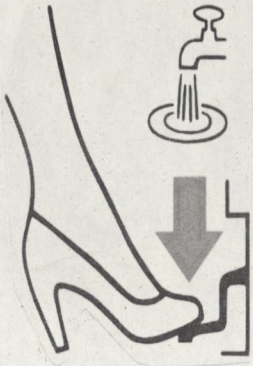


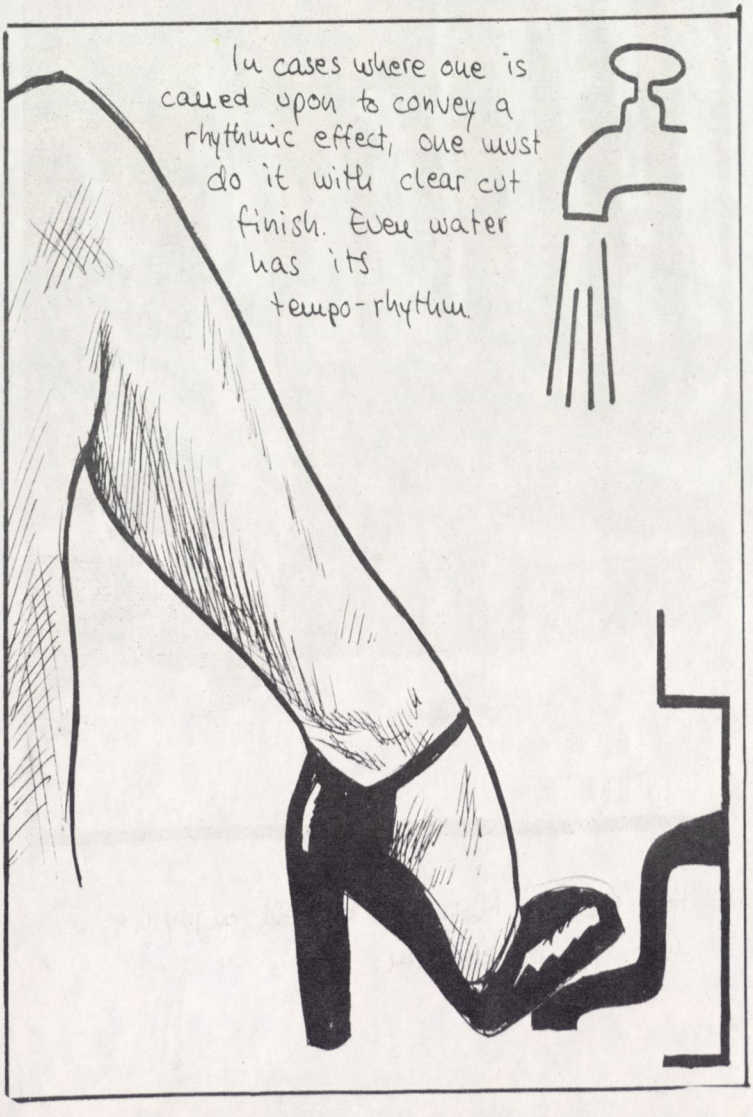
True pulsing life.

COLLAGES
EJDEMYR

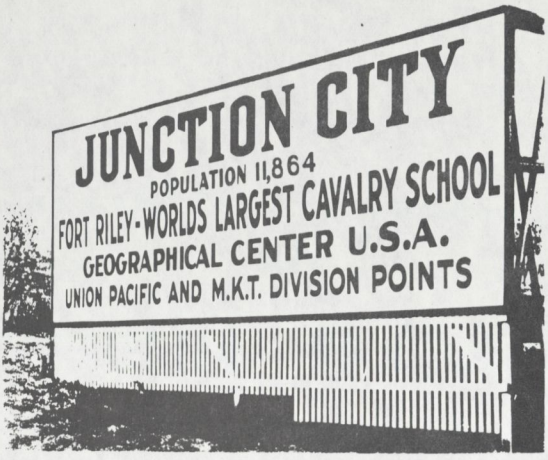
Here we find Miss Lissa Russell enjoying her tempo-rhythm.

CoLlAgES
EJDEMYR



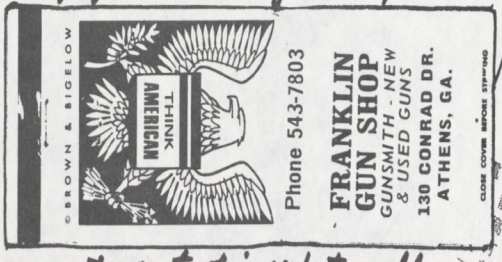


a few things I know... JOHN W. ENGLISH



It is impossible to diet and keep one's energy level up at the same time...

Beware of folks wanting to help...



英格理

香港浸會學院傳理系講師

九龍窩 三老道

It is an ~~important~~ imperfect world...

One can't really think of continuity when dealing with transients ...

P.S. Sex is nature's tranquilizer. P.P.S. The prerequisite for clear thinking is balance

DOPE!

The Interrogation: Duet

Welch D. Everman

Each of the two performers begins by choosing any element of the score at random, reading it aloud, then moving on to any other element. The performers read simultaneously, and they need not read the same elements at the same time. Also they need not respond to each other; that is, questions and answers need not follow logically. Elements can be repeated, and all of the elements need not be used. Performers continue to move from element to element for a period of two minutes at which time the performance is completed. Performers should begin reading in a whisper and increase volume gradually, reaching a level somewhat louder than the normal speaking voice by the end of the piece.

Is that true?

I...

I remember nothing.

I remember almost nothing.

I have no idea.

Where do you go from here?

Where were you before you came to this place?

I cannot be certain.

I do not understand.

I do not understand.

Yes.

When did you arrive?

I cannot hear you.

What do you remember of the past?

No.

A long time ago?

I have no idea.

Why are you here?

Into the distance?

I do not know.

Do you understand?

Answer me.

Do you hear my voice?

I do not understand.

L. S. Fallis

Renoir

		enoi		
		renoir	reno	
		renoir	renoi	
		renoir	renoir	renoir r
	r	renoir	renoir	renoir
	ir	renoir	renoir	ren
	oir	renoir	renoir	
	enoir	renoir	reno	
	renoir	renoir		
	renoir	reno		
	renoir	r		
r	renoi			
ir	r			
noi				

TOWARD A ONE TO ONE RATIO BETWEEN FORM AND CONTENT

Printed in July 1977 in Burnaby, Canada by Hemlock Printers Ltd. for Five/Cinq Aesthetics Ltd. This edition is limited to 1200 copies.
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50 copies signed and numbered by the artist have been printed on Quintessence Dull, 100 lb.

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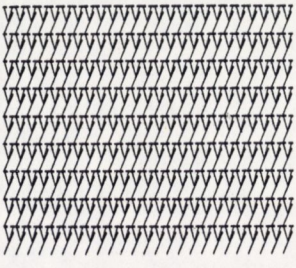
"It's really a shame more people don't type."



C. a. Forget Summer '77

KAREN

GUY GAUTHIER

Sonnet

Notes

Like all sonnets, it consists of fourteen lines of equal length. The rhyme scheme, indicated by the indented margin, is Petrarchan. I have scanned the first two lines, to demonstrate the sort of rhythm that prevails throughout:

- ' - ' - ' - ' - '

- ' - ' - ' - ' - '

Some variations occur in the last line, which I invite the reader to scan for himself, as an exercise.

For those who did not immediately grasp the meaning, I have provided a paraphrase. Let me first draw their attention to the fact that these fourteen lines are all visible, black, horizontal and parallel. This is extremely significant. Because they are visible, they deny the existence of an invisible order. Because they are black, they point to the lack of light in a world without purpose. Horizontal, they insist that humanity never progresses, but always remains on the same level. Parallel, they indicate a total lack of communication between all people.

This sonnet is an analogy with archeology. The lines cover one another like strata in the soil. Each represents an age in history. The first line represents our modern age; all the others, one after another, delve deeper in the past. As the reader progresses, he regresses to more primitive forms of life. My sonnet, obviously, rejects the notion of progress. As a final note, I might add, since a sonnet cannot have more than fourteen lines, our modern age must be the last one. This amounts to a prophecy that the world will end soon.

For those who are interested, the poet has already composed a lengthy sequence of such sonnets, to be published in twelve volumes, soon available at your local library or bookstore.

Guy Gauthier

(1962)

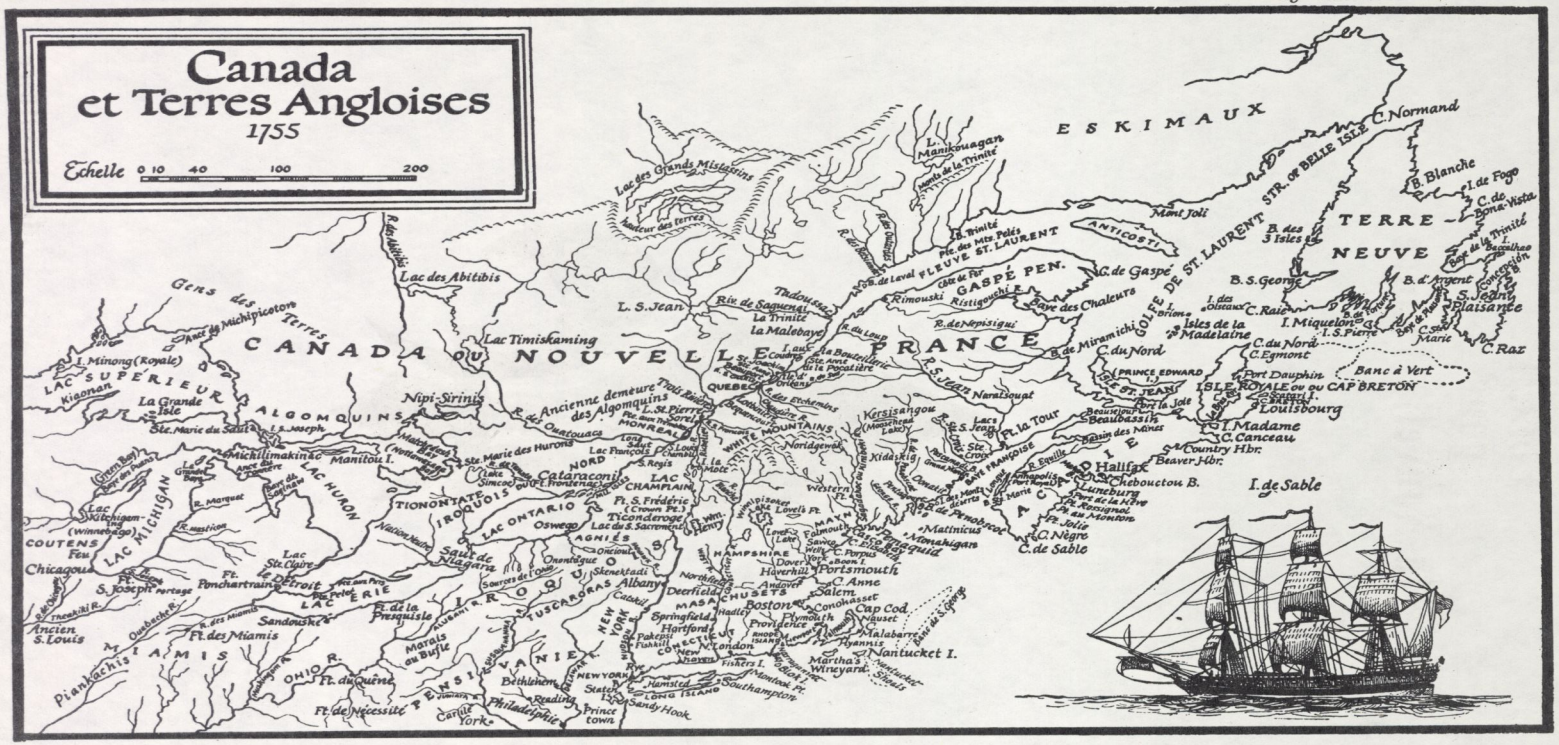
a tree *with wings*

a bird with roots

GUY GAUTHIER

ÉLÉGIE pour la Nouvelle France

Guy Gauthier



Guy Gauthier

the making of love, not sleep. To bed was not sleeping. To bed was loving. Jack and Jill had the emotion (s). There was resistance which was Jill and insistence which was Jack. Insistence overcame resistance which was persuasion. Persuasion meant going to bed which was not sleeping but loving. Persuasion resulted in glad. Going to bed resulted in glad. Jack was glad Jill was glad. Jill was glad Jack was glad. Jack was glad Jill was persuaded. Jill was glad Jill was persuaded. Jill was glad Jack persuaded her to go to bed with him.

As told to Dan Georgakas by Jack and Jill
on July 16, 1977.

Jack and Jill Love Story

Jill was glad Jack persuaded her to go to bed with him: Jill was glad that Jack persuaded Jill to go to bed with him: Jill was glad Jack persuaded Jill to go to bed with Jack: Jill existed who was glad that Jack persuaded Jill to go to bed with Jack: Jill existed who was glad that Jack existed to persuade Jill to go to bed with Jack. Jill existed who could feel gladness that Jack existed to want Jill to go to bed with Jack, so Jack persuaded.

Jack persuaded Jill to go to bed with him: To bed with him was to make love: Jack persuaded Jill to make love.

Jill was glad that Jack persuaded Jill who was her to go to bed with Jack who was him: Jill was glad Jack persuaded her to go to bed with him: Jill was glad: Jill was glad Jack wanted to persuade her to go to bed with him: Jill was glad Jack wanted to go to bed: Jill was glad Jack wanted Jill to be loved: Jill was glad to be loved: Jack was glad to be loved: Jack wanted: Jill wanted: Jill was glad and Jack was glad: Jill was persuaded and Jack persuaded: Jill was in bed and Jack was in bed: They made love: They were glad.

Why was Jill glad Jack persuaded her to go to bed with him? Why did Jack want to persuade her to go to bed with him? Why did Jack want to persuade her to go to bed with him? Why did Jack want to persuade her to go to bed with him? Why was Jill glad Jack wanted to persuade her to go to bed with him? Why was Jill glad Jack wanted to persuade her to go to bed with him? Why was Jill glad Jack wanted to persuade her to go to bed with him? Was Jill glad? Was Jack glad?

Well, why not Jack? Why not be glad? Why not be persuaded? Why not persuade? Why not Jill?

If Jill were not glad, Jack did not persuade. If Jill were not glad but did go to bed, did Jack persuade? If Jack did not persuade, could Jill be glad? If Jill were not glad, would Jack be glad? Could glad be if Jack did not persuade Jill? Could go to bed be if Jack did not persuade Jill? Could go to bed be if Jill were not glad? If Jack did not want, could Jack persuade?

There was Jill. There was Jack. There was persuasion. There was going to bed. There was glad. There was flesh. There was bed. There was female. There was male. Jack the male and Jill the female were the flesh. Glad was the emotion. Persuasion was another emotion. Bed was

Table of Numbers for "Equal Distribution" by Jon Gibson ('77)

1	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5
	8 6 5 5 4 6 5 3 7 4 6 5 5 5 4 6 3 7 4 6 5 8 2 4 3 7 6 5 4 6 5 5 4 3 7
36	6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
	6 5 4 5 6 5 3 7 4 2 8 6 5 4 6 3 7 4 6 5 5 6 4 3 7 5 5 4 6 5 4 8 2 3 7
71	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5
	5 4 6 6 5 3 7 4 6 5 5 5 4 6 3 7 4 6 5 8 2 4 3 7 6 5 4 6 5 4 9 1 3 7 6
106	6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
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141	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5
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176	6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
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386	6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
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421	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5
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456	6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
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491	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5
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526	6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
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561	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5
	5 7 6 4 5 8 2 4 3 7 6 5 4 6 5 5 3 4 7 6 5 5 4 6 5 3 7 4 8 2 6 6 4 3 5
596	6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
	7 6 4 5 5 6 4 3 7 5 5 4 6 4 3 8 2 1 9 7 6 4 6 5 3 7 4 6 5 5 6 4 3 5 7
631	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5
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666	6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
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701	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 1 2 3 4 5
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	6 4 5 5 3 4 7 6 5 6 4 5 6 3 7 4 8 2 5 6 4 3 5 7 6 4 5 5 6 4 3 7 5 5 6
1016	6 7 8 9 10 1
	4 7 3 2 9 1
1051	

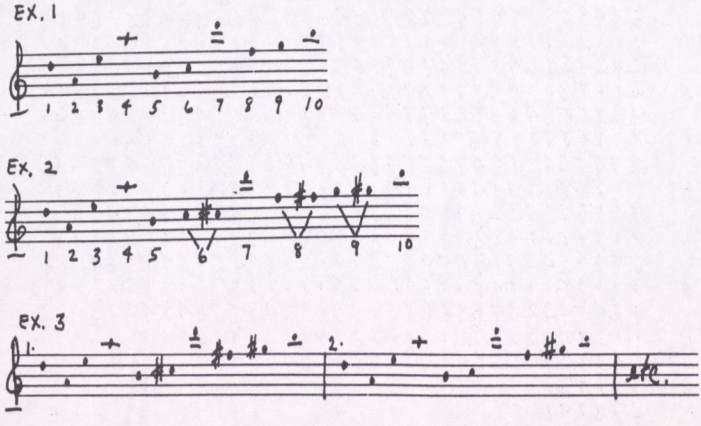
Table Of Numbers For EQUAL DISTRIBUTION (1977)
A Composition For Solo Flute By Jon Gibson

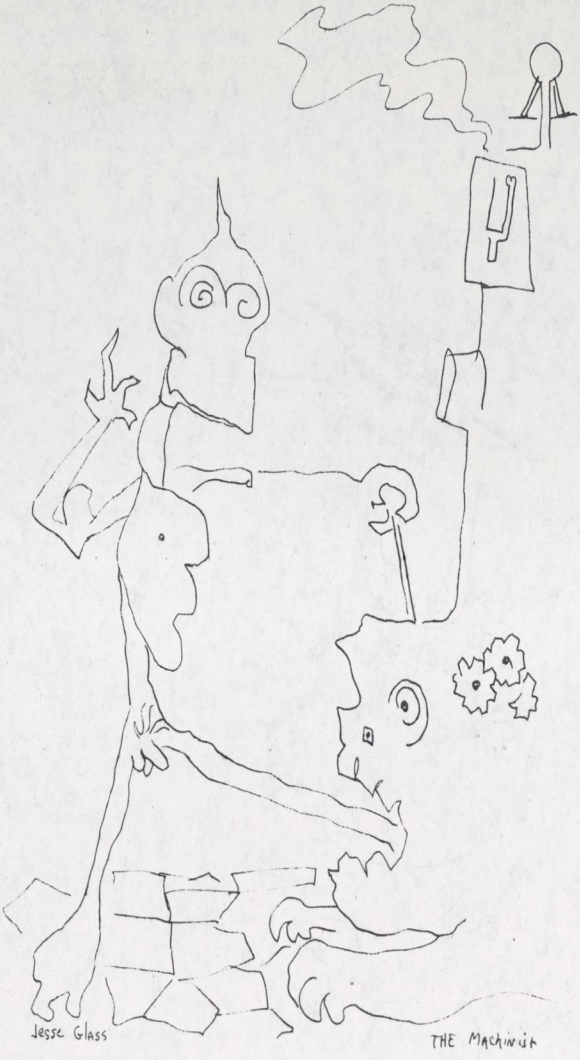
The accompanying table of numbers represents all of the possible combinations of ten pitches distributed equally among themselves*. There are 10 units with 1 pitch, 45 units with 2 pitches, 120 units with 3 pitches, 210 units with 4 pitches, 250 units with 5 pitches, 210 units with 6 pitches, 120 units with 7 pitches, 45 units with 8 pitches, 10 units with 9 pitches, and 1 unit with 10 pitches.

This chart was used to compose the piece in combination with another system of pitch alteration. The ten pitches initially chosen for the composition (example 1) were expanded so that three of the ten pitches could be altered by one-half step (example 2) thereby creating eight different scales (example 3). In the beginning each scale is individually introduced and played long enough (32 units) to establish its particular character. As the piece progresses (there are altogether 1,031 units totalling 5,110 individual notes- taking thirty minutes to perform), the time for each scale becomes progressively shorter so that, as the piece ends, a different scale is used with each new unit. The eight scales are continuously reshuffled so that the relationships between them are always changing. The process used for reshuffling the scales is one that I have used in different ways in other compositions, and, as I later discovered, is similar to basic principles (the plain hunt and plain bob) used in the ancient British art of Change Ringing (12345678, 21436587, 24163857, 42618375, 46281735, 64827153, etc.- each number represents a different scale).

What the written score finally indicates is a predetermined sequence of pitches- with other elements, such as pitch and phrase duration, rhythm, articulation, tempi, vibrato, etc. being determined spontaneously by the performer during the performance.

*The system by which all of the combinations of the ten pitches are found is not explained here.





The soul of a great poet was locked in the body of a dog. It oozed up & down the alimentary canal looking for a way out. Muscles push it toward the ass end, but the soul of the great poet will not be expelled in such an undignified manner. Instead--it fights toward the mouth--worming its way thru undigested bits of hide, slabs of bone marrow, weed ends floating in dark pools of mucus.

Now the soul of the great poet sees light--rushes over tongue & teeth & hangs versifying from the dog's lower lip. The dog runs from child to child tearing open their ears for the terrible words of the poet to enter. Now the children run screaming from Mother to Mother--sobbing their poems into handkerchiefs stained with blood. The farmers hunt the dog with shotguns & pitchforks while their children become visioneries lifting crooked forefingers in the air & proclaiming in cracked voices: "water is a wrestler stripped down to a belt of mirrors; it grapples with heaven's topography until the clouds become moldering flesh & all children will be thirsty in the last days!"

-- Jesse Glass, Jr.

To My Queer Friends
for Lisa P.

Cultural Popeye walks
into a huge machine
that reverses the polarity
of his sex hormones for a quarter.

Cultural Popeye becomes queer
& hugs Olive a little too
limply
but the inverted negative fields
of Popeye's personal aura
reverse the polarity of Olive's
sex hormones for free.

Olive becomes a dyke who likes to
fight
she picks up weight
& reads playboy magazine
& beats Bluto up for the
hell of it.

Bluto doesn't know who the enemy
is now.
it was all so simple
when he could slug Popeye
& squeeze Olive's shriveled tit.
Bluto is confused & hurt
& will do nothing but
take drugs
& live off of
rapidly diminishing royalties.

Olive walks down
animated lover's lanes
with Alice the Goon.
Popeye hunts for spinach
in Peepeye's fly.
THIS IS A TRUE CARTOON.

-- Jesse Glass, Jr.

RICHARD GRAYSON

Joyce Without Every Other Word

He the quickly rid of mummery passed through chapel the college. Now the was his cried some adventure. He onwards if overtake. The of theatre all and audience emptied. On lines he fancied moorings an a lanterns in night flickering. He the from garden haste, that prey not him, forced way the in hall past two who watching exodus bowing shaking with visitors. He onward, feigning still haste faintly of smiles stares nudges his head in wake.

Hemingway Without Verbs

At the Cafe we ----- and ----- Fundador when Cohn -----.

"Where Brett?" he -----.

"I -----."

"She ----- with you."

"She ----- to bed."

"She -----."

"I ----- where she -----."

His face ----- sallow under the light. He -----.

"----- where she -----."

"-----," I -----. "I ----- where she -----."

"The hell you -----!"

"You ----- your face."

"----- me where Brett -----."

"I ----- you a damn thing."

RICHARD GRAYSON

Virginia Woolf Without Lower-Case Letters

OH, BUT SHE NEVER WANTED JAMES TO GROW A DAY OLDER! OR CAM EITHER. THESE TWO SHE WOULD HAVE LIKED TO KEEP FOR EVER JUST AS THEY WERE, DEMONS OF WICKEDNESS, ANGELS OF DELIGHT, NEVER TO SEE THEM GROW INTO LONG-LEGGED MONSTERS. NOTHING MADE UP FOR THE LOSS. WHEN SHE READ JUST NOW TO JAMES AND HIS EYES DARKENED, SHE THOUGHT, WHY SHOULD THEY GROW UP AND LOSE ALL THAT?

Lawrence Without Prepositions

She clung him unconscious passion, and he never quite slipped her, and she felt the soft bud him her stirring, and strange rhythms flushing her a strange rhythmic motion, swelling and swelling....

Dickens Without Words

" , ," .

,

, ,

. ,

,

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" ," ,

. "

." ,

RICHARD GRAYSON

GALSWORTHY WITHOUT PRONOUNS AND OTHER OMISSIONS

Galsworthy Without Pronouns

Old Jolyon walked and talked with Holly. At first Old Jolyon felt taller and full of a new vigour; then Old Jolyon felt restless. Almost every afternoon Old Jolyon and Holly would enter the coppice, and walk as far as the log. "Well, Irene's not there!" Old Jolyon would think, "of course not!" And Old Jolyon would feel a little shorter, and drag Old Jolyon's feet walking up the hill home, with Old Jolyon's hand clasped to Old Jolyon's left side. Now and then the thought would move in Old Jolyon: "Did Irene come--or did Old Jolyon dream that Irene did?" and Old Jolyon would stare at space while the dog Balthasar stared at Old Jolyon. Of course Irene would not come again! Old Jolyon felt, oddly, that Old Jolyon could not bear the thing. Every day at dinner Old Jolyon screwed up Old Jolyon's eyes and looked at where Irene had sat. Irene was not at that place, so Old Jolyon unscrewed Old Jolyon's eyes once more.

Hardy Without Punctuation

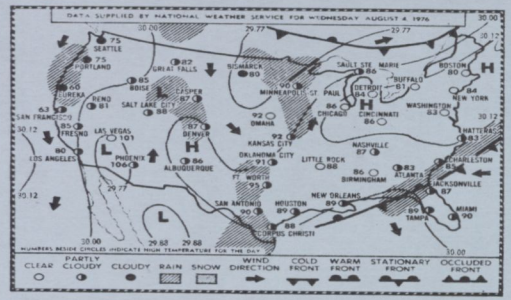
jude relinquished his hold and she crossed the room to the door out of which she went with a set face and into the highway here she began to saunter up and down perversely pulling her hair into a worse disorder than he had caused and unfastening several buttons of her gown it was a fine sunday morning dry clear and

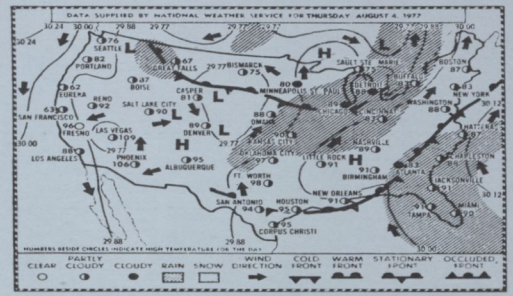
frosty and the bells of alfredston church could be heard on the breeze from the north people were going along the road dressed in their holiday clothes they were mainly lovers such pairs as jude and arabella had been when they sported along the same track some months earlier these pedestrians turned to stare at the extraordinary spectacle she now presented bonnetless her dishevelled hair blowing in the wind her bodice apart her sleeves rolled above her elbows for her work and her hands reeking with melted fat one of the passers said in mock terror good lord deliver us see how hes served me she cried making

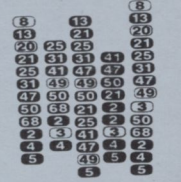
Jane Austen Without Nouns

Some ------- of ------- was necessary for each ------- as they walked into -------; he must compose his joyous -------, and Mr. John Knightley disperse his -------. Mr. Elton must smile less to fit him for the -------. Emma only might be as ------- prompted, and shew herself just as happy as she was. To her, it was a real ------- to be with the Westons. Mr. Weston was a great ------- and there was not a ------ in the ------- to whom she spoke with such ------, as to his -------; not any ------- to whom she related with such ------- of being listened to and understood, of being always interesting and always intelligible, the little -------, -------, ------- and ------- of her ------- and herself.

Mary is sent to a sex counselor, and Martha worries about her missing husband. Mary: Louise Lasser. Martha: Dody Goodman. Merle: Merle Jeeter.







THE RESTAURANT SYNTHESIZER 1977

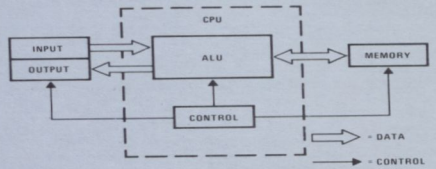


FIGURE 1. Basic Elements of a Digital Computer

Evidence of musical-social works in progress, marking a return to life in San Francisco, September 1977; whatever became of "Win a Dream Date With Phil"? Wish you were here - please keep in touch.

love,
P. H.

TRIGRAMS UPPER ▶ LOWER ▼	Ch'ien ☰	Chên ☳	K'an ☵	Kên ☶	K'un ☷	Sun ☴	Li ☲	Tui ☱
Ch'ien ☰	1	34	5	26	11	9	14	43
Chên ☳	25	51	3	27	24	42	21	17
K'an ☵	6	40	29	4	7	59	64	47
Kên ☶	33	62	39	52	15	53	56	31
K'un ☷	12	16	8	23	2	20	35	45
Sun ☴	44	32	48	18	46	57	50	28
Li ☲	13	55	63	22	36	37	30	49
Tui ☱	10	54	60	41	19	61	38	58

Key for Identifying the Hexagrams

This is an actual photo of the new Touch-Tone® Trimline® phone you've heard so much about.

FUGITIVE FROM CULTURE

Phil Harmonic

1. enumeration
2. numeration
3. umeration
4. meration
5. eration
6. ration
7. ation
8. tion
9. ion
10. on
11. n

Susan Harris

ENTFERNUNG

"Its final objective must unswervingly be the
removal (Entfernung) of the Jews altogether."
— Adolph Hitler, September 16, 1919

"and with him are the souls
of all the living"
rooms of audiences
at your defeat
Holocausts are
your territory
I keep my mouth
shut tight on the juices
of your misgivings
I find them hard
to swallow

I run
after
you, hard
edged, & tough

"and the spirits of all flesh"
ing out the you
of you,
the the

as broken mirror, as
skipping record, sky
& loving friend

I stand behind your fucked
—list you among my dead

Susan Harris

i
in
int
into
intol
intole
intoler
intolera
intolerab
intolerabl
intolerable
intolerable s
intolerable si
intolerable sil
intolerable sile
intolerable silen
intolerable silenc
intolerable silence
intolerable silenc
intolerable silen
intolerable sile
intolerable sil
intolerable si
intolerable s
intolerable
intolerabl
intolerab
intolera
intoler
intole
intol
into
int
in
i

Susan Harris

"blue safe spaces"

for Harvey Sessler

I hide in them all the time
only sometimes they are other colors
but mostly they are blue

Susan Harris

```
bbbbbb  llllll  uuuuuu  eeeeee
b    b  l    l  u    u  e    e
b    b  l    l  u    u  e    e
b    b  l    l  u    u  e    e
b    b  l    l  u    u  e    e
bbbbbb  llllll  uuuuuu  eeeeee


ssssss  aaaaaa  ffffff  eeeeee
s    s  a    a  f    f  e    e
s    s  a    a  f    f  e    e
s    s  a    a  f    f  e    e
s    s  a    a  f    f  e    e
ssssss  aaaaaa  ffffff  eeeeee


ssssss  pppppp  aaaaaa  cccccc  eeeeee  ssssss
s    s  p    p  a    a  c    c  e    e  s    s
s    s  p    p  a    a  c    c  e    e  s    s
s    s  p    p  a    a  c    c  e    e  s    s
s    s  p    p  a    a  c    c  e    e  s    s
ssssss  pppppp  aaaaaa  cccccc  eeeeee  ssssss
```

Susan Harris

psychotherapist
+ 2 blue safe spaces

psycho the rapist

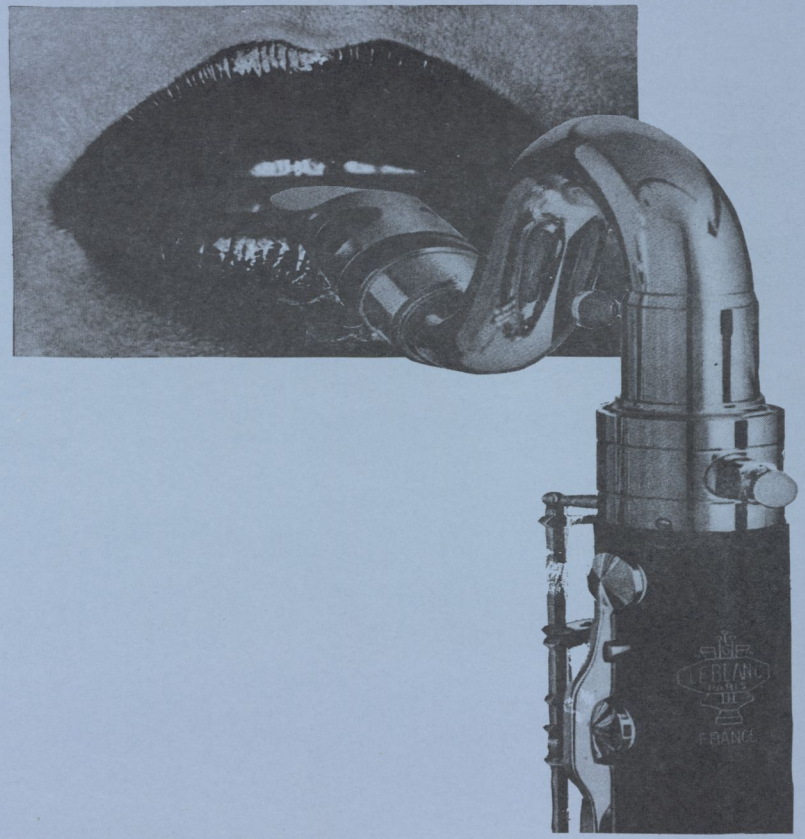
Susan Harris

selections from

EMBOUCHURE FOR SAXOPHONE

g c haymes

1976



Charlie Bird Parker

ROGER RUSKIN SPEAR

Roger Ruskin Spear

Anthony
ANTHONY

Braxton
BRAXTON

LYRICS FROM PRIMITIVE TEXTS

the
is, are
a, an
and
of
his, her
my, your (own)
in, on, out
he, she
I, you

11.	reach	change
12.	sound	round (circle)
13.	room	dog
14.	harsh	play(ful)
15.	quiet	nothing
16.	sunder	sunder
17.	sweet	feet
18.	name (voice)	face
19.	replace	(re)turn
20.	hand(s)	hand(s)
21.	night	mask
22.	say	warm
23.	dark(en)	flowers
24.	hair	bare
25.	sing	water
26.	rain	grain
27.	ask	weave
28.	though	though

it is a song because it returns

the sound of my voice
is as harsh as the sound of my name
sundered and replaced
may I ask you
in the quiet of my own room
she sang in a sweet voice
night darkens my hair, she said
it is a song because it returns
night and rain
my name sundered
reached out her own hands

•

I reach the dark night
my name is replaced by the sound of the rain
a sweet voice in a harsh room
my hair in my hands
though I ask in my own voice
I am quiet (she sings)
I am sundered (she says)
it is a song because it returns

you weave my return in your hands
though you mask your face
your feet are bare in the warm grain
and the flowers shake
nothing changes
it is a song because it returns

round, circle

playful

dog and water

*

the warm grain returns in your hands
nothing shakes the flowers
my feet are bare in the water
you weave the playful water
it is a song because it returns
though you mask your face

round, circle

dog and
changes

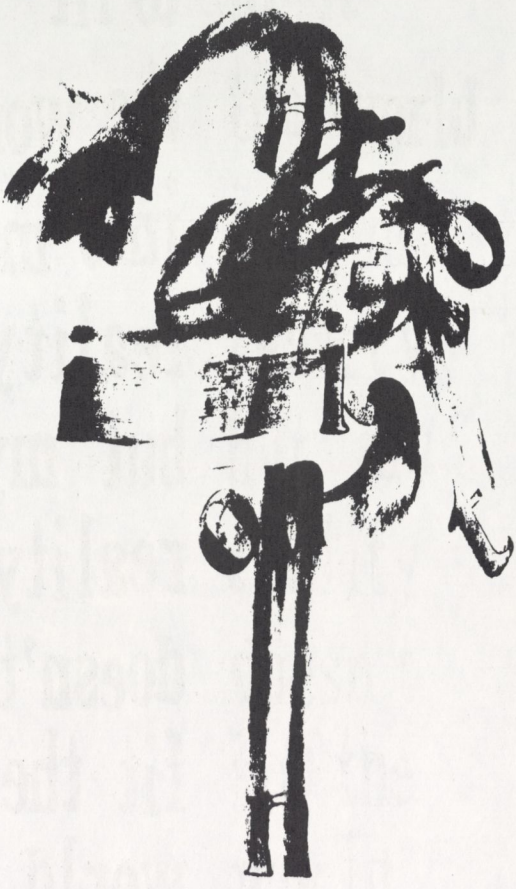
*

the playful dog returns
you mask your face in your bare hands
though nothing changes
it is a song because it returns
and the warm grain shakes in the water
you weave the flowers

round, circle

around my feet

Lyn Hejinian



Scott Helmes

I try
to fit
the world
into my
reality
but my
reality
doesn't
fit the
world.

Scott Helmes

a re
heat
at e
t a r
hea r
he
at
t at
he r

Scott Helmes

& 

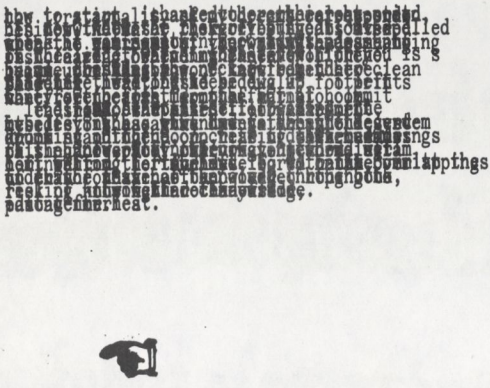
Scott Helmes

American 1577
Scott Helmes

My inside disappointment
hidden from my existence
drifting beneath
emotions
the twilight of existence.

You touch
complain of silence
you
transparent
in the words I no
speak.
sleep.

ten poems:



6 Monday June 1977

8:00	
8:30	Bud dha's
9:00	Birth day
9:30	Yes ter day,
10:00	
10:30	
11:00	Hap py
11:30	Birth day
12:00	Bud dha!
1:00	
1:30	
2:00	
2:30	
3:00	
3:30	
4:00	
4:30	
5:00	2,521

157/208 6/6/77

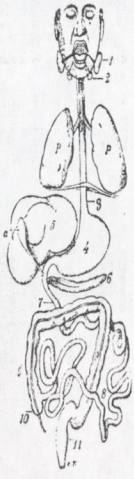
Scott Helmes

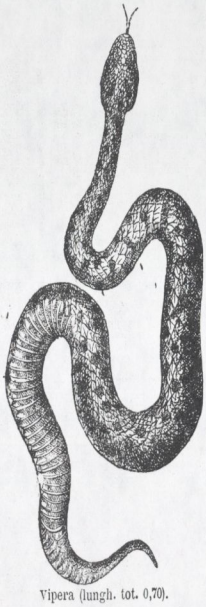
The Forest

CUT OUT + ASSEMBLE THE DODECAHEDRON
(AN OBJECT WITH TWELVE FACES - EACH A PERFECT PENTAGON)

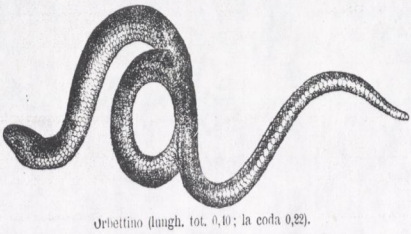
• USE SCOTCH TAPE TO JOIN THE EDGES AFTER A FOLD HAS BEEN MADE ON EACH LINE WHERE TWO PENTAGONS TOUCH •

• FOLLOW THE PASSAGES READING PHRASES AS YOU GO •

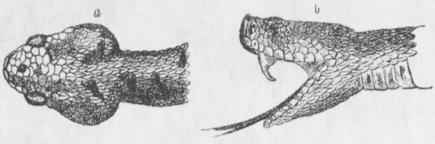


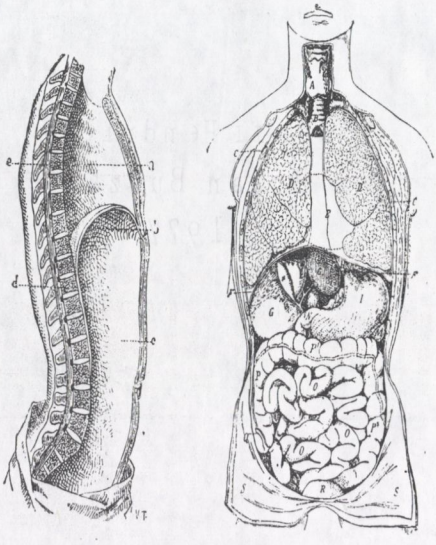


Vipera (lungh. tot. 0,70).



Orbettino (lungh. tot. 0,10; la coda 0,22).





Geoff Hendricks

Brian Buczak

1977

lyronic: no birding permitted

dark black those green mountains
maying them together
with an evening hand
unstopping
unceasable

no birds yes
yes birds no

good kiss
sweet night

denver
4.v.77

Unpublished Editions
c/o Serendipity Book Distribution
1790 Shattuck Avenue
Berkeley, CA 94709

Hatpin Poem with Floral Garniture

inscribed "Amities" on reverse,
by M. Hacker, London, 1973

Alice Sue Henderson, 1977

XEROX

XEROX

XEROX

XEROX

PARKMAN TERROR APARTMENTS
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ORIGINAL
S HITchcock

THE ARCHITECTURAL DANCE

Peter Hjersman

Begin to learn, to see, to experience the rhythms of your own body - feel the inner cycles, the stiffness and looseness, the needs, the hungers - the Zen master's skill is to eat when hungry & sleep when tired. Dance by yourself in your room to the rhythms of the radio or to the rhythms of the morning or to the rhythms of your own hunger: movement is the first principle. Watch other people move their bodies while walking, dancing, doing tai chi chuan; begin to express the traffic of converging currents in your body, experience the tumbling, the whirlpools of motion, and let the energy flow and carry you.

Form itself has energy characteristics: every object receives, amplifies, & produces specific wave lengths - this is one basis for all form (although not the only determinant); each form deals with a specific energy - the flower, the stag, the cow, the human. Tune into this energy, be aware that different spaces/rooms will mirror different energies. Just watch your actions and reactions to spaces you use: how do you feel in this space? Or this one? Try to dissolve cultural values and tune into your special energy reception, to tune your self. The dance flow emerges from the bodymind's relation to the external as well as the internal.

Photography is a valuable tool that can help to tune your reception. As you walk around with camera in hand, use the viewer and the visualization of the final photograph to see rhythms of form, energy flows between forms: a spire viewed through an arched window, a tumult of square buildings. When this is clear, let your body go with it. As your body becomes tuned, you will experience forms and their energy flows through your body as movement - your body will begin to move in response to the forms around you! Dance with the buildings! How does your body react to an arched doorway, a long straight corridor, a spiral staircase, a skyscraper? Can you feel the energy of these forms? Let your body tell you how it feels - dance with the buildings!

Post Office Box 4253 Berkeley, California 94704

WOMAN

MAN

b

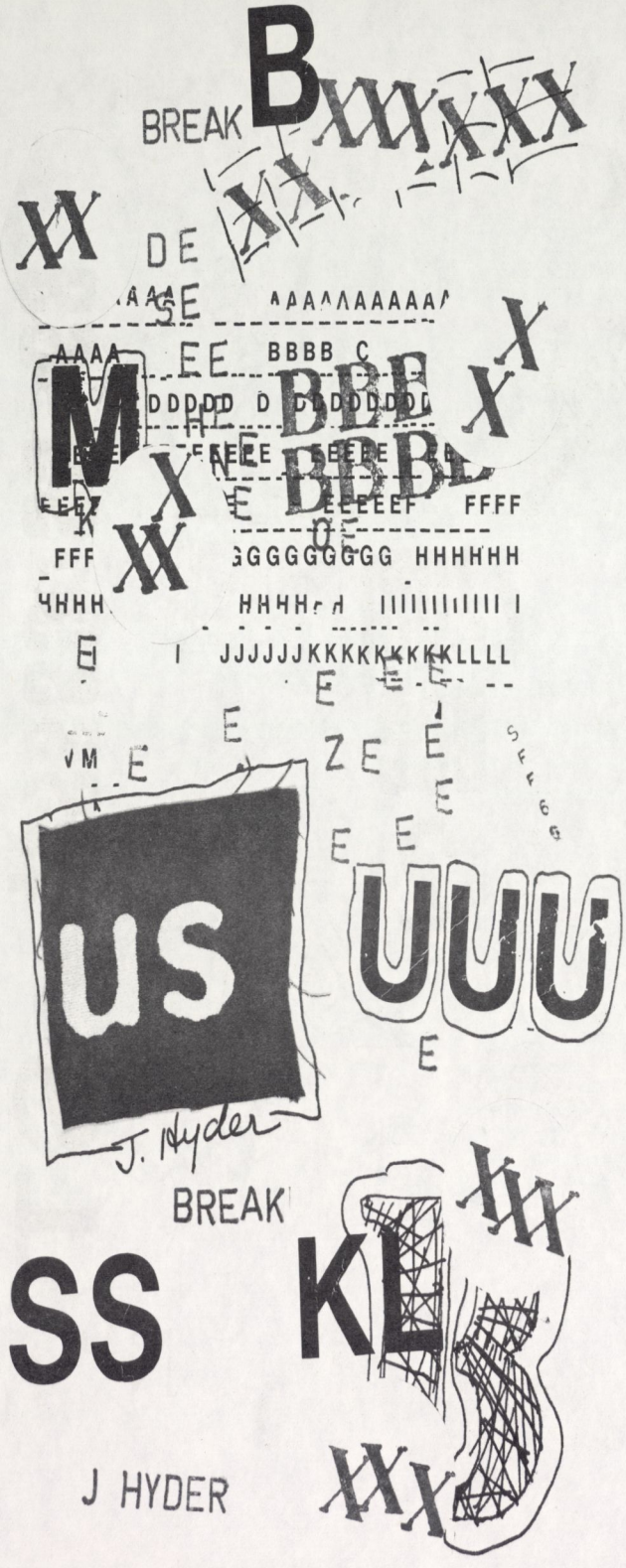
one

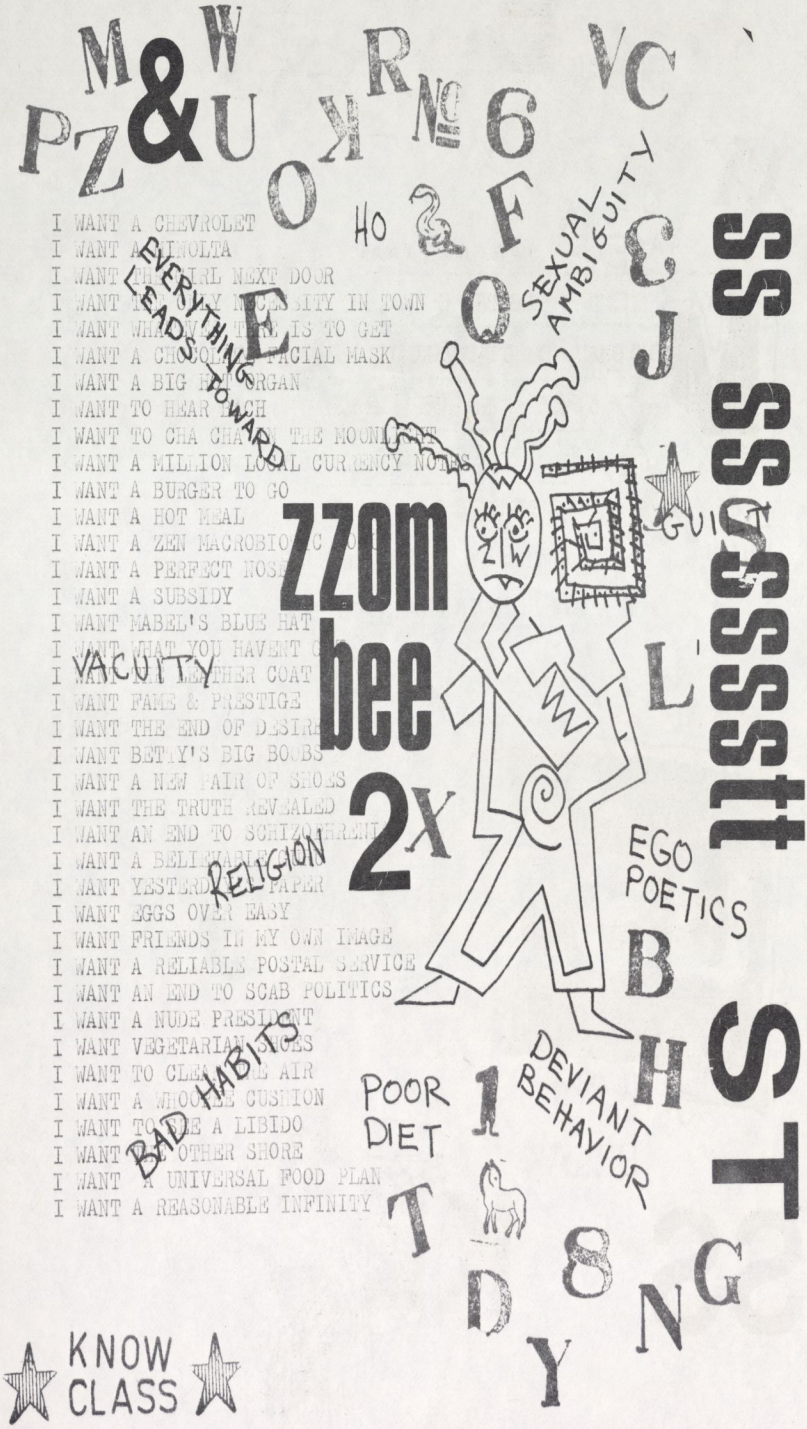
If it rains, and I
assume it rains here,
the water will leak
through that hole,
soak into this stack
of paper and ruin a
week of typing.

Richard has told me
many times that he
believes all artists,
and with artists he
includes writers, to
be a bunch of lazy,
lying children.

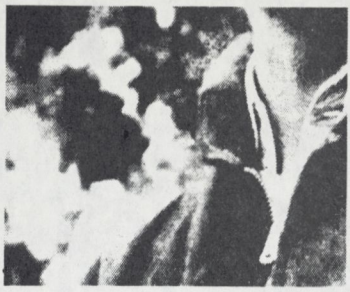
Twenty six, fourteen,
thirty one and nine
totals out to, umm -
ten, ten, that's
twenty, carry the two,
four and four more -
hey, exactly eighty!

Let's get one thing
straight, OK? I will
never, listen to me,
never, ever make fun
of you. Promise. Davi
Det Hompson will never
embarrass you.





The Picture of Wittgenstein



He argued that the ~~child~~ child should learn the principle of a thing through an interesting, though possibly difficult case.

(Bartley)

He had the kind of purity which I have never seen equalled except by G.E. Moore.

(Russell)

~~Thinking~~ He found in the new logic of Frege and Russell an instrument - and a symbolism - with the help of which (he believed) one could demonstrate the scope and limits of ~~any possible~~ language-in-general.

(Toulmin)

As she walked, she looked constantly backwards over her shoulder, as if in the unfolding shape of her history, she might find the means of making the present real.

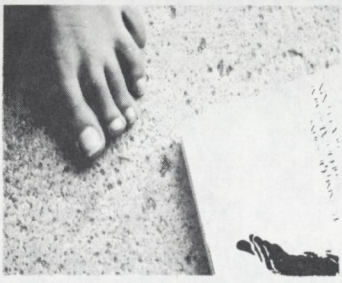
~~He was constantly~~
~~Depressed by the impossibility~~

He was not only one of the most influential philosophers of his century, but also one of the most remarkable men of our time.

(Kaufman)

The Picture of Wittgenstein (cont.)

He passionately believed that all that really matters in human life is precisely what, in his view, we must be silent about
(Engelmann)



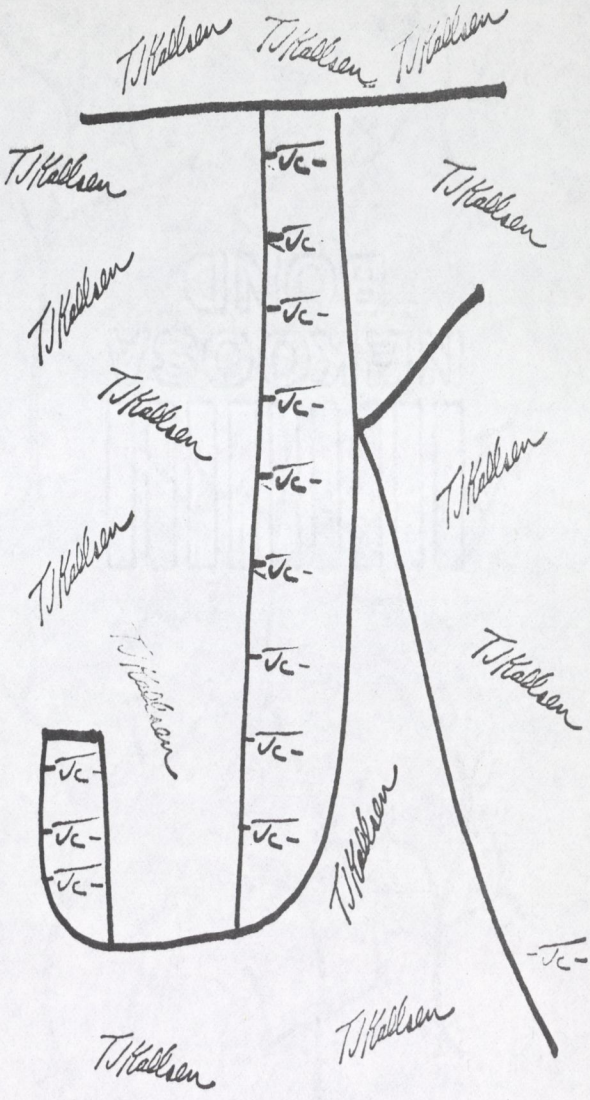
Thinking for him was as much a moral as an intellectual concern.
(Heller)

He was working inside the structure of actual language, and he was trying to establish the limits of any possible language
(Pears)

He left Cambridge and settled for a while in Ireland, first on an island farm and later in a sea-side hut, where the fishermen remarked on his ability to tame birds.
(Kenny)

He was constantly depressed by the impossibility of arriving at understanding in philosophy. (Malcolm)

DAVID JAMES


TJKallsen
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TJKallsen
TJKallsen
TJKallsen
-Jc-
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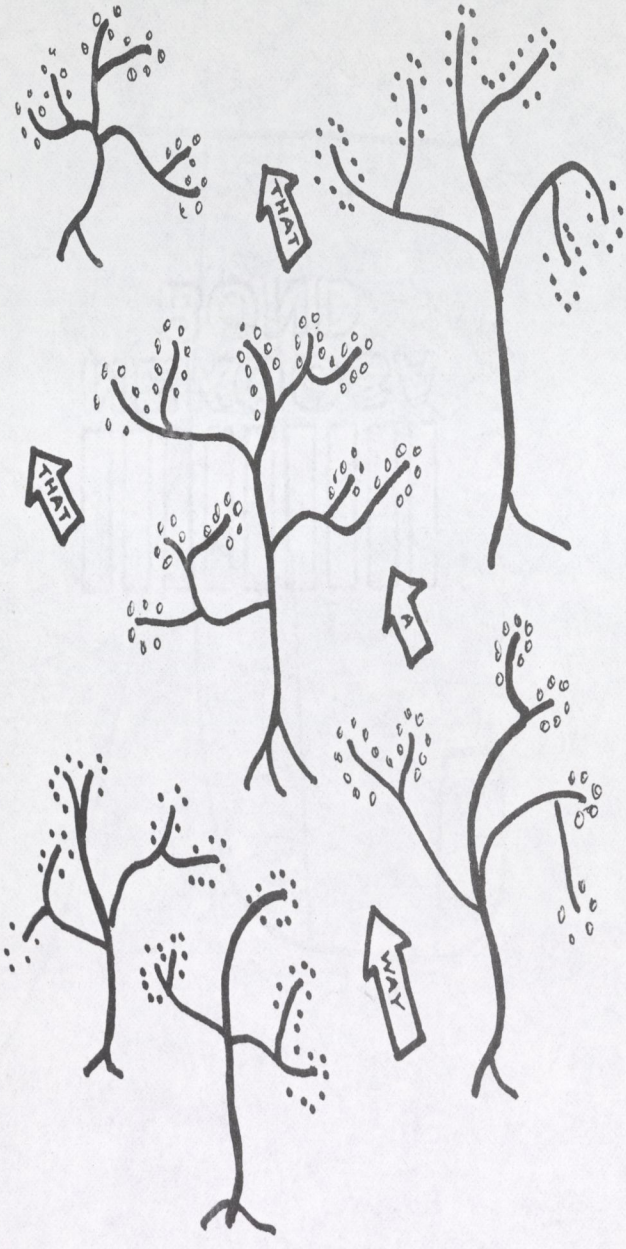
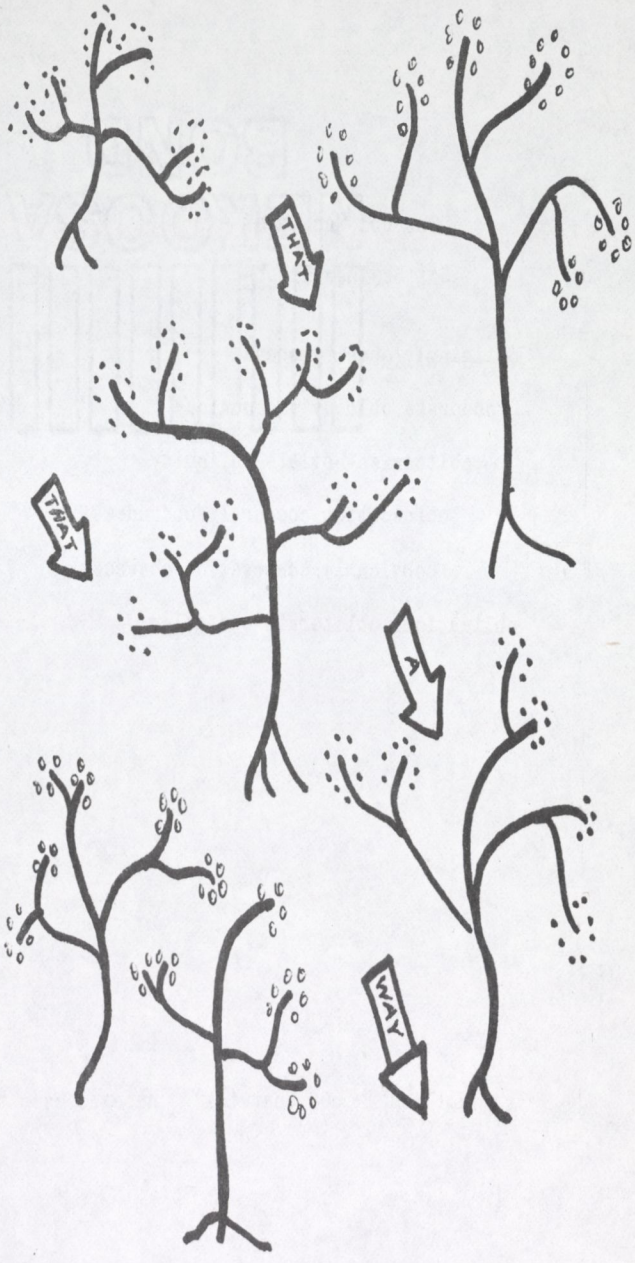
Narcissus



TJ KALLSEN: DIPTYCH PANEL ONE



PANEL TWO

The Obi Man Says

Six Sayings in ob-

obligingly obesity obeys

obdurate obloquy's obnoxious

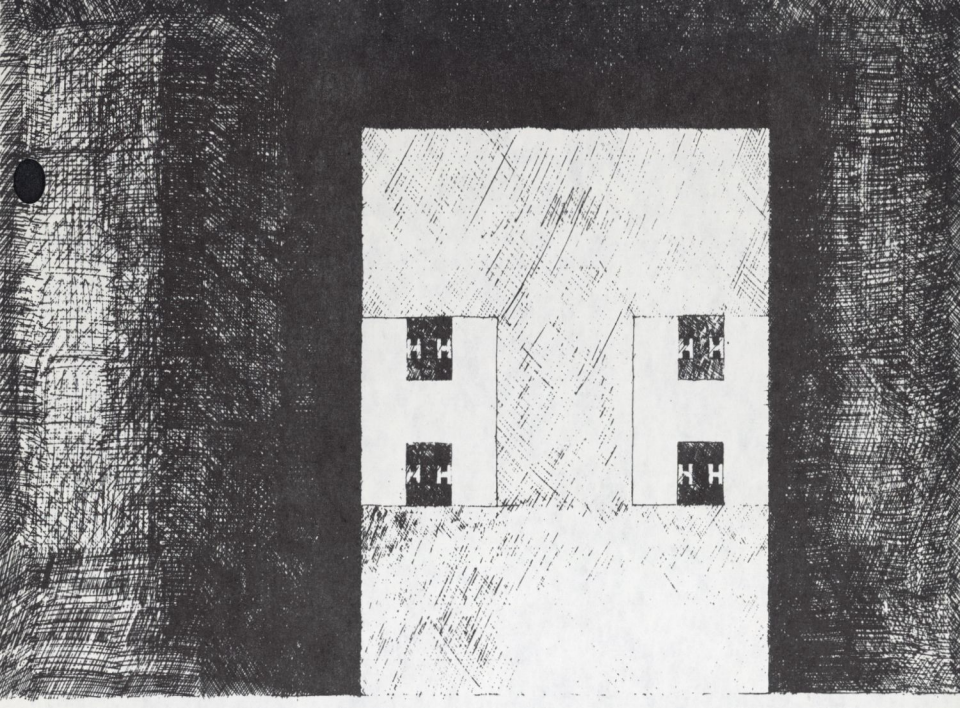
obituaries obviate obliquity

obfuscation obscurely obtrudes

obviously observation obsesses

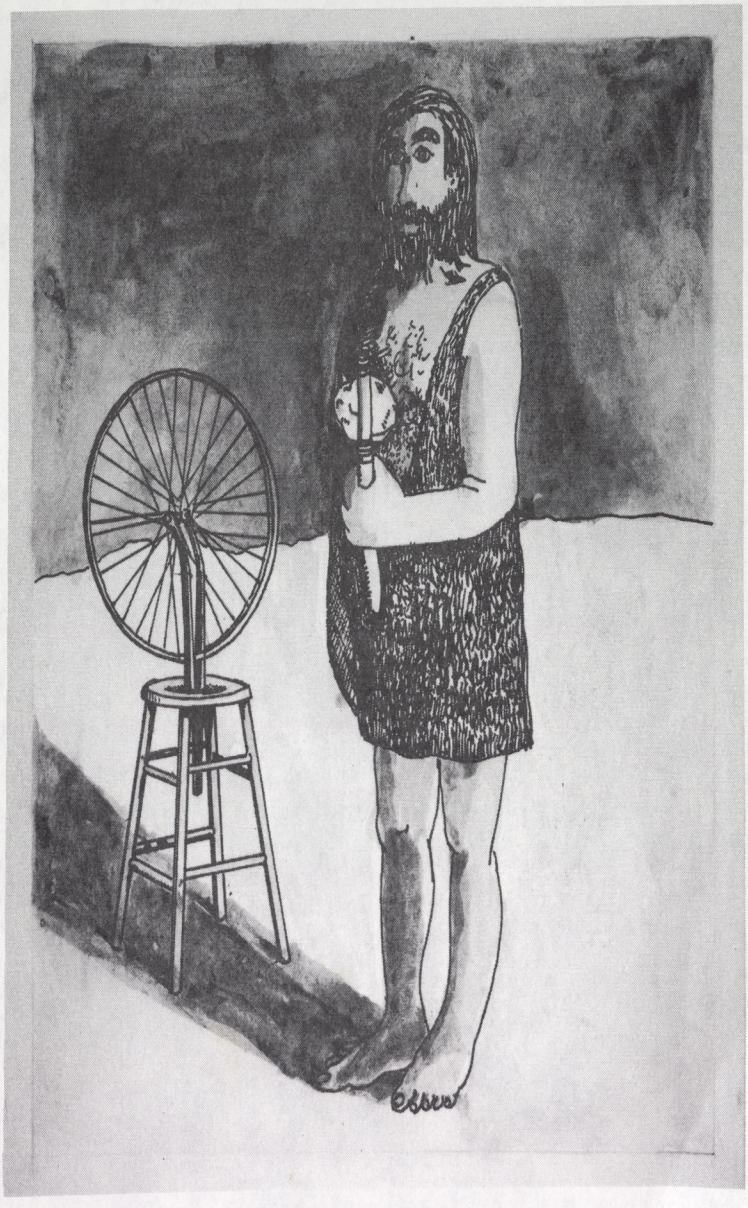
obligations obliterate obstacles

t j kallsen 600 bostwick nacogdoches tx



The letters H and I represent the essence of structure in nature, a regeneration and locking mechanism. There are growth forms that do not, however, follow the initial premise with consistency. An initial impulse in a direction most likely will not be followed, deflections are inevitable. What looks random and arbitrary are permutations. What is at first quite orderly and arranged, later has the look of confusion and disarray.

RICHARD KALLWEIT AUGUST, 1977



RICHARD KALLWEIT

PANCRATIUM OF EARTH PLATES
:Beechwood Cemetary
Massachusetts & Olson

His liver turning to Paros marble
Sophia in the manifest tree
with long green braids
tiptoes atop the bubushka
nail the sun's eyes
A seduction of;which lay beside
His seven feet -
Blue hard bones;
punctuated
on whose tendons
reach and bottom
toward

Harmonia a soft shadow
with palms open in front
and to the back
the sun's erect eyes
adjacent to in the earth
the
Highest Compliment
she impacted OLSON
a daughter of the gods
a garble muted as the grass
around his head
stands
on her hind legs

The earth bracing against Olson
to
grow

-edward kaplan

Human Oil

So this is it

this is what it's like

a thousand things with my face on them

all trying to disappear

would that sand does

on the skin when you rise off a beach

a whole pathy map
rubbed in

you carry around

shines your own skeleton

creased on your foot

A daffodil sits up on the elbow of a blue volcano

vomiting flowers

its arms flailing

Teflon in our bones

so that what be us

s l i p s
by

Make a fist
witness the crustaceans retained there

the concentricities of the nail

like a tree licking the fire

(comes to

OLD is the past tense of OIL

the
closure
of the
eye

what used to run
S T O P S

what once saw in birds

flight

hears

feathers

flicking

away

-edward kaplan

She Knocks On Her Hands
The Door Rivets Hold Open

If it approaches at all
interchangeable,since the distance
two ducks on the yellow face of the sun
indistinquishable from here
here as the spot
wherein
All at approaches it if :
folded inside
poised harmonius
the moebius strip
your hand at mine.

Folded.

Since not surprised at nor,overbearing
the words cover grounds for out of
place the ends only along the trail
which is
at bottom
like every trail
rough and balanced
back high,far.

The dig at Ophel on south slope Temple Mount
leads to the Siloam Spring. There must be birds
there who must move in the sky
out of displacement just and because
the shovels do not bear fact
what does is lionized
clammerings of the workers
whose thrown rocks the birds hear
words saying move on bastards move
Such nature as what bears on.

But she knocks on her hands
the door rivets hold open
the apes and the roaches
in the house of many mansions
apes and roaches approaches
living fur stands takes a step
one,crushes the warm thing at:
Me my chin at the shore sill staring in,toes
rusting in the sea my long body soaking
like a kiss taking forever,the complete wave.

-edward kaplan

Seltzer II

The water shrew,every three hours
or it will die,must eat -in that order
prescribed from a suffix point of view.

An alligator dies to the eyes
grazes the concluding decay
of the Sea
or a mole
over the horizon of a hill
if you stand on this side.

(The poem reveals also what's also
on the other side.

To the body the seltzer is transported
to the interior from out of nowhere

To us it comes forth exactly
and leaves the outside to imprecision.

Bubbles
must break to be

The end of something
is
what we have
our hand in.

-edward kaplan

Report from the Isle

fool (Latin. follis=a bag of wind)

a breath
alive

the foliage vibrating like a tooth
inside a kiss

a garden of ectosomatics
leaving the bodies of flowers

the fool

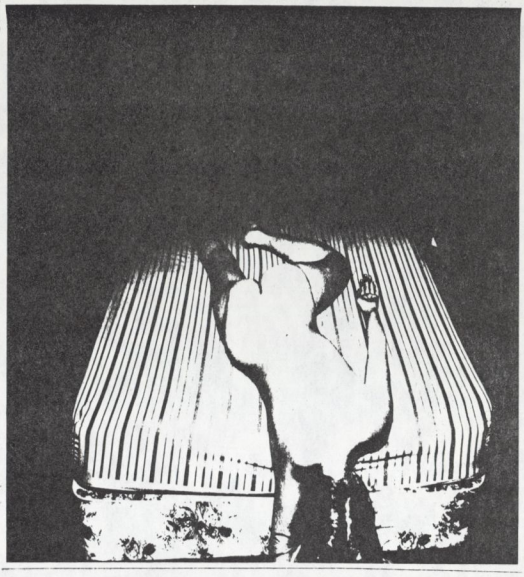
those stepping out of the stars
to breathe

the carnivore on its legs
the flesh of a lunatic carrot

midair
the absolute
joke
the supple
capacity to
Nadia laugh
on the bars of time
awake and far-seeing

unwinds through the air
a wing
a punchline
a flower held responsible
the condition
what we must be to last
the laughter
an asteroid belt on the belly of the earth
having swallowed the final joke
drops its bags
of groceries

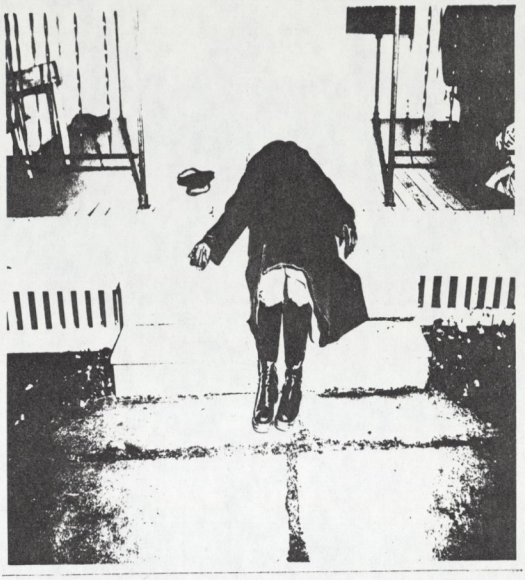
-edward kaplan



drop dead he said
She did
as she was told

Karen Kent / John Puffer

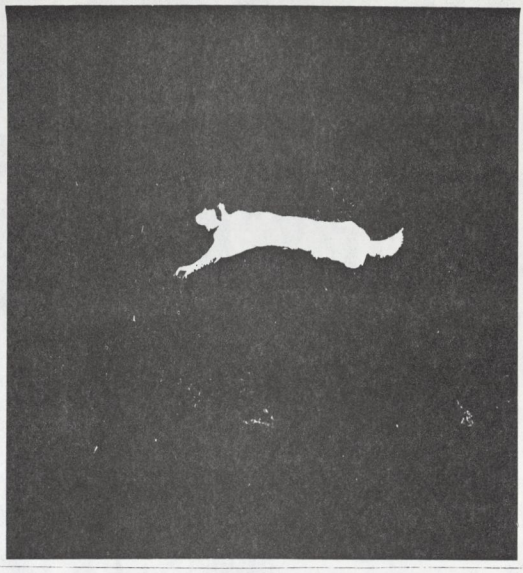
Dead Women #1



Keep the purse
Keep the house
Keep the kids
Take the cake
The pie in the sky

Karen Kent / John Puffer

Dead Women #16



a simple summer
floating on grass
dead to the world

Karen Kent / John Pfeffer

Dead Women #22

hymn to america*

holy holy holy

raising all the earth

it grows up well

it grows up well

it grows up well

exhalted exhalted exhalted

matter of the land

soul of the land

made thou land america

upright upright upright

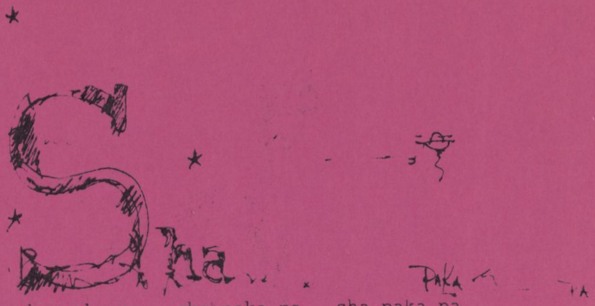
mighty lord goddess

holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy hol

* from atlantia texts

Bliem Kern

English translation by Tuck



sha paka pa sha paka pa sha paka pa sha paka pa sha paka pa sha paka pa sha paka pa sha paka pa sha paka

sha paka pa   sha paka pa   sha paka pa

vel eum d ona see quat   ona see quat

ona see quat   vo lu volu vo lu

ore et do la   ore et do la

ore et do la america

tetu tetu tetu

adipis

elit

im 00600
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REB KOYOTE SAYS

He who elevates is lowest.

*

Stroke when the Sirens sing hot.

*

Minds are keepers. Lovers sleepers.

*

Learn to think before you sleep.

*

No Face like Doom's.

*

When feast is fast, bitters are sweet.

*

Dont learn your wishes. They'll blind you.

*

Obsession is nine-tenths of L'Amour.

*

Every fraud's its secret meaning.

*

Let weeping girls cry.

*

Ugly is as Handsome wasnt.

*

And Lonesome is as Handsome was.

*

Boost a booster. Knock a Knocker. Fuck a Sucker.

*

Every crowd has a killer hiding.

*

'Tis an ill mind that knows no good.

*

One sorrow doesnt make a lover.

*

Dont mount your horse till he's broke.

*

Wish, or watch Fate.

*

Another day, another dolour.

*

Free no devil. Fear no People. Teach no Angel.

*

Your touch in time saves mine.

*

Fail if the failing's good.

*

Chaste makes Lust. And Lust makes Waste. Yet Love cons us all.

*

Love returned preserves the Lover.

*

Dont stroke the sore when the wound's been opened.

*

Dont curse the war when the bombs have fallen.

*

Stink before you reek.

*

Monkey me? Monkey you!

*

Learn to talk before you pun.

REB KOYOTE SAYS ALSO THAT

You must die to become immortal.

*

And I never learned to write an *aleph*. So what am I saying?

*

Hardware — and soft minds.

*

Please, says my fat friend, Eat for me.

*

Suppose God is making His last stand now?

*

There are many worthy causes. And what is mine?

*

Mother used to say, Talk to the help.

*

You climb to hell.

*

Tomorrow's banana is green today.

*

Meditate at the beach, and you'll find sand in your pants.

*

Everybody is always right.

*

Prayer in the barracks is mutiny.

*

Where have I not signed my name? On my birth certificate.

*

The secret pleasures of one generation are the subject of
the next one's joyless scholarship.

*

I never forget a face — even if that face has forgotten itself.

*

Without a word, without this word, the word is utterly lost.

*

Your art: a dream of consciousness.

*

Thinkers, like lovers, have no one but each other.

*

Dog eat dog. Bitch eat bitch. Dog eat bitch. Bitch eat dog.
But man is man to man. Woman to woman. Man to woman. Woman to man.

*

So egoistic, he will officiate at his own funeral.

*

You are rich in proportion to what you can allow yourself
to desire — or accept — from the future.

*

You are truly poor if you have nothing ahead but the rest of your life.

*

Oh well, said my dearest one, There are worse things than life.

*

You are my secret!

*

To be called, and not answer. To call, and not be answered.
To imagine a call, and give a foolish answer. Which is worst?

*

Every man conceals a child.

*

One single blade of green grass requires a mountain to support it.

*

What you predict comes true.

*

Since you put your name on the Waiting List, then wait.

*

The unexamined life is not worth living. The life examined
may well be unlivable.

*

Because you asked....

*

collected by JASCHA KESSLER

=========CRITICS WHO'VE DONE SOMETHING FOR NEW AMERICAN FICTION==========

Richard Lyons
Mas'ud Zavarzadeh
Eugene OR

Chuck Caramello
Milwaukee WI

Joe Bellamy
Canton NY

Dick Pearce
Wheaton MA

Ray Federman
Buffalo NY

John O'Brien
Chicago IL

Jon Baumbach
Richard Kostelanetz
Charles Russell
New York NY

Jerry Klinkowitz
Cedar Falls, IA

Tom LeClair
Cincy OH

Sharon Spencer
Upper Montclair NJ

Ron Sukenick
Clarence Major
Boulder CO

John Somer
Emporia KS

Alain Arias-Misson
Wickatunk NJ

André LeVot--Paris
Manfred Pütz--Cologne
Jerzy Kutnik--Lublin
Zoltán Abádi-Nagy--Debrecen

Mike Krasny
San Francisco CA

Judy Karfiol
Los Angeles CA

Dan Noel
Atlanta GA

Larry McCaffery
San Diego CA

Louis Gallo
New Orleans LA

klinkowitz
1904 clay
cedar falls, ia
50613

President Richard M. Nixon Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

THE LITERATURE PROGRAM AT THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS:

A CRITIQUE EXCERPTED FROM A FORTHCOMING SYMPOSIUM IN MARGINS.

In Margins last year, I suggested that several members of the NEA literature panel should disqualify themselves for blatant conflict of interest--two presidents of large publishing houses, an editorial employee of the literary-industrial complex, the chief editor of the principal promotional journal, and three commercial writers (those who write only for money). It is gratifying to note, only a few months later, that the first four and one of the last three have been remaindered, bye-bye, to pasture. In their place are now some new people, most of whose names were previously unfamiliar to me, one of whom, "Speer Morgan," billed as a "fiction writer," is not even listed in the latest Poets & Writers Directory of American Fiction Writers (1976). My initial suspicion is that this sexually indefinite moniker joins "Cyclops" among devious John Leonard's corny pseudonyms. My next thought is that the martial overtones of Morgan's first name suggest that he/she/it might be an operative from the CIA or FBI.

Looking at the recent list of 165 winners of individual NEA literature grants (of $6,000 apiece), the first thing I notice is the relative absence of Manhattan people (eleven in sum), even though a comparatively larger percentage of visible American writers live here, for better and worse. And then I notice that I have met only two of these Manhattanites, although I get around socially; and most of the remaining New Yorkers I had not even heard of before. Indeed, only four of the eleven are in the current Manhattan telephone book; only two in the current Poets & Writers directories. The NEA identifies one of its 1976 winners, "Edgar White," with a street address that assuredly does not exist ("230 S. 4th St"). Perhaps "White" is Speer Morgan's conduit. Or his Mr. Clean, which is to say his money-whitener.

Bank-rolling "spooks"--unrecognizable names with non-existent addresses. Isn't that the job of the CIA (rather than the NEA)? Isn't "David St. John," a listed NEA beneficiary, one of E. Howard Hunt's acknowledged noms de plume? (See Who's Who.) Is martial-monikered "Speer Morgan" related to "Lance Lee," another winner?

Writers from other prominent literary cities seem similarly neglected--only two winners from Chicago, one apiece from Milwaukee, Brooklyn, Washington (D.C.), or Kansas City, and none at all from Boston, Newark, Baltimore, Buffalo or the Bronx (or anywhere at all in multi-urban Michigan). A Martian looking at the NEA winners list might think that Anchorage or Missoula, with two names apiece, was a more consequential literary hatchery than Milwaukee or Boston or the Bronx. Possibly the NEA panelists think those first two places are. Surely such geographical neglects reveal decided, deleterious prejudices.

Even though I did an elephantine survey of unknown poets, novelists, essayists and playwrights for The End of Intelligent Writing (1974), I have not heard of most "writers" on this new NEA list; and no one I know who has examined the 165 names (compliments of the NEA's press office) reports that they could identify more than two dozen or sometimes three. (Indicatively, I am proportionately more familiar with the non-New Yorkers than with those who live in my home town.)

It seems that anonymity remains the principal prerequisite for an NEA creative-writing fellowship. Someone as conspicuous as, say, myself would be well-advised to apply under a pseudonym. Say: "Morgan Speer"? "White Edgar"? "Speer White"? "Speer White Edgar"?

Or how about "Edward Snow" or "Lloyd Gold"? "Anne Hussey," "Wayne Zade," or "John Milton"? Oops, those two-name combinations are, so to speak, already taken; those names appear on the 1976 NEA winners list.

The names of many, if not most, of the NEA panelists are similarly unfamiliar to us, in sum illustrating Kostelanetz's First Law of Grants --the character of the judges reflects the character of the winners. José Ortega y Gasset spoke a half century ago of "the revolt of the masses." What happened at NEA-Literature has been a revolt of the unknowns--people from nowhere, going nowhere, who can be professionally identified by nothing more than their current address (see the NEA press release). This preference for provincial anonymity in judges ultimately reflects the NEA folks who chose the current panel (replicating themselves); it also reflects the program director himself, who was unknown before he took the job and will no doubt become unknown again after he leaves it. Bullshit to the contrary notwithstanding, someone is ultimately responsible for this bloodless coup, banana-republic style, fait accompli.

Another replication of the program director is the large number of male winners who, like himself, have a first name for a last name: not only Messers Lee, Milton and St. John, but "John Barry," "Harold Stuart," "Henry Carlisle," "Charles Gregory," "Grover Lewis," "Floyd Stuart," "Jarold Ramsey," "Gary Miranda," "James L.Martin," and "Momoko Iko." Little prejudices as well as big ultimately reflect those in charge. Precedent suggests that names sure to score in the next NEA-Literature sweepstakes would be "James Joseph," "Sal Anthony," "John Leonard," or "Richard Howard." Now, those last two are names that could milk millions out of NEA-Literature.

The only major writers to receive grants this time were Nelson Algren, Robert Kelly, and Jerome Rothenberg. (They are the only ones whose names appear in the literary-history books, about whom critical articles are written.) Though they ought to be insulted by the company that the NEA asks them to keep (and the badge of mediocrity appended to their names), I hope they spend our money well. Congratulations.

On second thought, perhaps are are, in the jargon of intelligence, "fronts" who unwittingly provide "cover" for the clandestine operation.

When anonymity is so lucrative, why should any NEA applicant want to present work that stands out and above from the mediocre mass?

* * *

In a previous Margins, I noticed NEA-Literature's total neglect of experimental writing, in the selection of both the grants committees and the winners. It is no pleasure to report, once again, that even in this most recent giveaway, exactly two centuries after the Declaration of Independence, no experimental writer known to me receives an individual grant; none sits on the selection panel. There are no visual poets, no sound poets, no minimalists, no "underground" poets, no one

from the "New York School," no one working with radically alternative literary structures or with non-syntactic language, no one experimenting with words in other media--none, nada, nothing, in this complete shutout.

Of course, I cannot vouch for the quality (or even the existence) of the hundred-plus writers I had not heard of before. However, the writing of the names that I do know gives me no reason to suspect that any of these anonymities are avant-garde, No, no, not at all.

Indeed, there is no internal reason to consider those 165, bless 'em, any better in average quality than the 2,261 who were turned down,while there is plenty of evidence for suspecting them worse.

On April 11, 1975, at 3:30 p.m, in a public symposium, after I had noted the neglect of the literary avant-garde, the current program director of NEA-Literature, posing as "liberal," asked me to suggest the names of possible panelists sympathetic to and knowledgable about experimental writing. The considerate letter I sent the following week has not yet been acknowledged--fifteen months later! Though the names of the panelists may change, the results apparently remain the same. One searches for an explanation for such dogged constancy? ... Well, one thing that has not changed is, of course, the name of the literature director. Certain "mysteries" about grants are, fortuitously, more explicable than others.

Experimental writers remain Jews, so to speak--folks with tainted blood who need not apply (or expect replies to their publicly solicited letters). Get it? ("The reason why we have no experimental writers, you see, is that we cannot find any who are qualified....") This is not tokenism, the "liberal" way of dealing with minorities, but complete exclusion, which is fascism.

Has it actually come to pass that American literature needs a B'Nai B'Rith?

It is symptomatic that this NEA literature panel, rubber-stamping its present director's reputation for nasty vengeance, gave no grant to any public critic of its recent policies, and none to any prominent contributor to the periodical in which the most considered NEA critiques appear--Margins. More "Jews," it seems. (By contrast, Curt Johnson, who was the principal critic of the previous NEA literature director, Carolyn Kizer, has himself been royally rewarded by the new regime--five grand for himself and a whopping seven grand for his December Press.)

Meanwhile, six grand apiece went in 1976 to three chief editors and one "columnist" of the magazine which dutifully and puffily publicizes NEA literary programs, such as "Poets-in-the-Schools," and even put the face of the Advisory Panel's chairperson (Maxine Kumin) on its cover--The American Poetry Review. Congratulations.

Another 1976 winner edits a magazine that recently published a featured article by Michael Straight, the deputy director of the NEA.

At least two 1976 winners previously worked as preliminary screeners for NEA-Literature.

Are there any other "Elizabeth Rays" on this list?

One has heard it said that "everything in Washington has its price," and now we know exactly what it is at NEA-Literature.

Now that the secret is out..., will the director or the panelists of NEA-Literature be surprised if two dozen literary journals published fulsome features on the NEA's literature programs and personnel, or if scores of applicants run to kiss their feet. Step right up, folks. Hold your nose. Tightly. Congratulations.

In dealing with Margins critics, the NEA assumption appears to be that all contributors should be made to suffer for the transgressions of the few; the expectation is that many Margins writers will bully the few into line. Get it? The massacre of innocent people has, by tradition, been the principal means a police state uses to enforce its rule. The strategy has all the intelligence of Idi Amin Dada. It insults the integrity of Margins' contributors and the faith of its readers.

In case anyone wondered about the status of free criticism in America, NEA-Literature lets us known its value to them. The lesson must be learned--only servile obedience and flattery, along with anonymity, score. Get it?

Is it fair to question the ethics and motives of any NEA panelist who does not publicly protest such scandals? The money they receive, along with the power, scarcely compensates them for such iniquitous disgrace. * Do they care? Do they care whether others care about what they did?

Unless the current panel cleans itself up or is completely replaced, it will be impossible to get anyone or integrity of participate in its processes. The NEA officials, it seem, prefer to stand idly, or blindly, by.

* * *

It has been commonly understood since Romanticism that originality is one characteristic quality of first-rank literature. Most literate people have learned, in the course of becoming literate, to venerate innovation and deprecate derivation. However, NEA-Literature appears to have repudiated those esthetic truths, totally without Congressional mandate or any other public approval. Perhaps the current NEA panelists took their degrees at the University of Mars.

* Maxine Kumin, chairman of the Literature Program Advisory Panel; Jack Shoemaker, Berkeley, CA, editor, Sand Dollar Press; John Coe, Executive Director, New Hampshire Commission on the Arts; Jose Ramon de la Torre, Deputy Director, Institute of Puerto Rican Culture; Ernest Gaines, novelist, San Francisco; Albert Goldbarth, poet, Ithaca, NY; Wayne S. Knutson, Chairman, South Dakota Arts Council; Robert Kotlowitz, novelist and Director of Programming (Vice-President), Channel 13 (WNET), New York; Glenna Luschei, editor, Solo Press, San Luis Obispo, CA; William Meredith, poet, New London, CT; Speer Morgan, fiction writer, Columbia, MO; Reynolds Price, novelist, Durham, NC; Frank Scioscia, Harper & Row Publishers, New York; and James Welch, poet and novelist, Seattle, WA.

The real dangers of government support of the arts are the suppression of possible criticism, already noted, and esthetic legislation--in this case, toward mediocrity, against excellence; toward convention, against experiment. The current panelists are arrogantly reversing modern esthetics and criticism, and we taxpayers giving them millions of dollars of money (and power) to engineer this Philistine sabotage of our most valuable tradition. Congratulations, folks.

(Of course, one truth reiterated in the history of cultural modernism is that the most advanced styles of any moment, as acknowledged by future critics and historians, have invariably been those that current Philistines totally reject. Indeed, one operative definition of avant-garde art has been that which Philistines totally dismiss (and by that blanket dismissal also define themselves as Philistine). Thus, the NEA blacklisting becomes an implicit index of authentic excellence. Thanks! Once this is known, then the problem becomes the moral paralysis that affects those who know something must be done, for the sake of the survival of culture, but are unable to do anything about it. For parallels, think back again to Nazi Germany.)

In the end, the total exclusion of experimental writing has some dangerous repercussions. Our governmental cultural agency has lent its prestige and its cash not only to a reactionary rewriting of modern literary evaluation but also to the enforcing of a Philistine fascism which implicitly justifies any and all future total exclusions elsewhere in the literary world--of women, of Jews, of blacks, of Chicanos, of midwesterners, of Amerindians, or of anyone else that the exclusionary powers-that-be happen to regard as, "you know, undesirable." The possible sequels to this clear precedent are horrendous; the scenarios make one's head spin and stomach churn.

It is further demoralizing to observe that some of the current NEA panelists are women, others are black or Hispanic, and yet others are Jews. One question is whether they understand the implications of what they have done? Is there such a beast as an "unwitting" collaborator? Or should we generously assume they were duped? If so, by whom?

In my considered opinion, a judge unaware of such total exclusions defines himself as insensitive and illiterate and, by that insensitivity and illiteracy, defines himself as unqualified to serve on the NEA-Literature panel. I would make the same assessment if the winners list had no women, no blacks, no midwesterners or no Jews.

* * *

It appears that five of the seventeen authors ever published by Sand Dollar Books got awards in 1976 (on top of the three others who scored back in 1974), while no one published by, say, Something Else, WCPR or Swallow, among other small presses, was on the winners list. It is no surprise, therefore, that the second name on the panelists' list, Jack Shoemaker, is identified as the "editor [proprietor?], Sand Dollar Press." Congratulations, Jack. Will anyone at the NEA be surprised if, to extend current projections, eight Sand Dollars clink next year? Whenever so much government money is internally funneled in a particular direction, it is not unreasonable to speculate about reciprocal favors? If the world of literary granting does not subscribe to the same procedures as the rest of the U.S., then it has become (or has been allowed to become) an underworld.

In an interview in Margins (9-11, 1975), I suggested that a recent NEA-Literature panel was composed of "literary-industrialists, power-abusers till-flitchers and non-readers, who are scarcely reputable by my standards of integrity...." The following passage was inadvertently omitted. "I'd think twice, if I were you, Tom [Montag], about inviting these people into your house. You'll never know until later what might disappear."

In the same Margins, I documented in specific detail some objectionable anomalies of the NEA's literature program. Several months later, no one from the NEA (or its disreputable literature panel) has yet replied to my considered criticisms, either to me or to Margins. Is there a surer sign of willfully refusing the professional public its right to know? In courts of law, this non-response would be classified as nolo contendre, which we remember as Spiro Agnew's plea. And he was forced to resign.

There remain, alas, pockets of post-Watergate Washington that are plagued by sandal. Do we need a Jack Anderson in addition to a B'Nai B'Rith? As any cop will tell, the most effective way to clean up an underworld is to flush out the gangsters.

Rest assured that this Jack, unlike the other, will get no jack from NEA-Literature.

* * *

The terrible tragedy is that NEA-Literature seems no wiser than the Pentagon in unloading public funds. Nonetheless, one hopes it smartens up before Congress wises up, and the NEA's more beneficial programs are sabotaged.

Once again, I cannot help but wonder about the possible presence of a closet Communist who is trying to undermine American literature, killing off its more fruitful developments. reducing its international influence and reputation, making us a second or third-rate literary force, all at public expense!

After all, the only other Western governments so totally opposed to supporting experimental literature are those within the Soviet bloc.

* * *

Several years ago, at least one NEA beneficiary returned his grant in a protest against U.S. involvement in the Vietnam War. Now the atrocities are closer to the home of Literature. One wonders if any recent recipient will refund his or her grant for reasons of procedural morality or, to quote the Congressional password, "quality"?

New York, NY

Labor Day, 1976

RUTH KRAUSS

ETIENNE TAKES YOU

Etienne takes you roaring in the spaces of his cool

and he wraps you up in memories and blue

He is smiling drums and poppy

from an underwater sky

and the hours shoot off like maelstrom

from our Gentleman of Fusion

as he delicately shows you where to swim

around the edges of the garbage and the flowers

start pouring out and there are sweethearts in the tide

there are doggies in the heaven and they kiss you up forever

while Etienne he dreams inside

you and you need to dream there with him

and you want to be plain blind

while his penis at halfmast will never take you for a ride

but you're sure that he may find in you some high dew lost in clover

because he's crossed the silver lining of your body with his mind

ice of never

warmth of my life

FROM SEASALT

RUTH KRAUSS

from seasalt to Victoria Station

I belong to your aftershave lotion

like the birds in September go bow wow wow or nuts

I shall look for it under the blankets I

shall feel in some couplet the unsung flower

pricko bello importo si

and far far away

for me

I almost faint

STRANGE BOY

The strange boy knows me

And the wild thruway knows me

But you do not know me forever

The wet mountain knows me

And seaweed is my kin

But you do not know me forever

The night streets running backward know me

And the small closed kitchens that would not let us in

But you do not know me my darkness spilling over

And the strange night running backward in the boy who knows me

Forever

from TALKING ABOUT MAKING SENSE

Martin H. Krieger*

1. The practical modes of being, which include making literature, art and science, require talk about themselves. Talk-about is an ordinary activity. It is a way of making sense, of explaining and fabricating what we encounter. It is, for example, the practice in which contradictions arise; for even if there are difficulties in an uncommented unglossed activity, contradictions do not arise in it. An account of talk-about must account for the ways it goes awry.

5. A Husserlian description: In registering facts we note continuities, identities in aspects of the world; in reflecting on those registrations and reports of them, we make judgments which are of the facts as supposed, as a thematic judgment is about a statement and not a fact; it is a shift of focus; it is a supposed fact as supposed. "To talk about [these shifts between facts and supposed facts]... requires philosophical reflection, which is different from reflection on facts as supposed." Language, unlike pictures [?], can be used to "talk about my judgments and their fitness to what is the case."

"Thinking is the power of distinctly recognizing otherness and sameness. It takes objects apart, in the various ways there canbe parts, and states that one is not the other.... Thus it is legitimate to say, phenomenologically, that there is a multitude of profiles or aspects or sides without being able to say how many individuals there are in the multitude, and without being able to answer where one comes to an end and the next one begins [although we often can do both].

"One way of identifying a member of a continuous manifold is by appealing to the next manifold, within which that member itself is constituted as an identity." [Sokolowski]

One finds separation, distinction, by going to greater differentiation, where the invariants of the differentiation are the unities. The discreteness of some part thing is a product of reflection; it is abstract and has meaning only when we shift to the concretely experienced whole.

Talking-about is the way that we make ourselves present, as transcendental egos (which we are here, not just to make something known, we are!). "'I see that X is y'...picks me out..." [Sokolowski] Talking-about in a truth concerning way shifts me ontologically.

Talking-about is on many levels with references to other levels, all of which support each other.

9. A text is a fact. It is fabricated, woven to produce a facticity, a facticity that denies itself as the text is (re-)interpreted, a form of bewitchment, so that we are led in ways we do not intend, ordinarily, unconscious of evil. Yet it survives that denial and reasserts itself as an ultimate concreteness. It has no copies or reproductions, even though we, as persons, reproduce.

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for the whole text.

A text is a work. It is a work of genius, or perhaps of a genie. It is what has been worked on and over. It becomes a matter of "rigorous form, exactitude of detail, finickiness of fidelity." [Ziff] In a text, all is meant, nothing is inadvertent.

A text is an ideology.

These paragraphs are consistent with each other.

12. "A curious fact becomes apparent if you look at the first paragraph -- it may occur in the third paragraph -- of the reportedly revolutionary scientific treatises back to the pre-Socratics and extending up to at least Freud. You find that they all begin by saying something like this. 'About the thing I'm going to talk about, people think that they know, but they don't. Furthermore if you tell them it doesn't change anything, they still walk around like they know although they are walking in a dreamworld.' Darwin begins this way. Freud ... Bloomfield..." [Sacks]

14. "...[as to] prophesies concerning the Messiah. They are all parables, though only in the days of the messianic king will people understand the precise meaning and intention of the parables. ...There is none that now knows how these things shall come to pass, ... for even scholars have no [clear] traditions on this matter but merely the interpretation of Scripture; therefore there is much difference of opinion among them" [Maimonides] The messiah may fulfil the paradox of "doing a good deed by sinning" (as the Talmudic phrase goes). [Scholem]

19. The Torah is absolute. The divine speech is infinitely significant. It is remarkable that the letters that comprise it make words of the Hebrew language.

The source of evil is the superabundant growth of the power of judgment, which has become separated from lovingkindness.

20. There is a text about the primordial Text, with many intermediates between them. There is a primary intermediate, a primary on the primordial, which is also a poem. And there are side texts, not in the main line, which can be brought forth. A nightmare for stemmatics, but the fragrance is heavenly. The text consists of quotations and comments, which may or may not be quotations. The text completes the primary intermediate, with the primordial present in the foreground and background.

There are about ten ways of quoting, of indicating who is speaking about what. Different modes of introduction distinguish them. But the text is also in two languages, one of which indicates the normative parts, the other the commentary and excurses, the but's and however's. The latter make it work. The style is stenographic with partial quotes and coded references, in part to the text itself.

Not all of the intermediates and those who are quoted are equally reliable; they are stratified. The order of stratification of reliability may change depending on what is said. The text's purpose is actually to do that ordering and in so doing it should teach the good, the true and the just.

21. The text is the Gemara, the primary is the Mishnah, the primordial are the Torah, the Holy Scriptures. The attestators are rabbis. The languages are Hebrew and Aramaic.

23. And all of these are on one page. This text is called the Talmud. It is accessible to men and even women. It is about the law. Like Harvard or Abraham Lincoln. Institutions.

24. And the Talmud may be translated into "one" language and many typefaces.

25. "The history we have before us is the history of thought finding itself, and it is the case with thought that it only finds itself in producing itself; indeed, that it only exists and is actual in finding itself." [Hegel]

Here it begins with the Absolute Idea.

27. "What we are dealing with in logic is not a thinking something which exists independently as a base for our thinking and apart from it, nor forms which are supposed to provide mere signs or distinguishing marks of truth; on the contrary, the necessary forms and self-determinations of thought are the content and the ultimate truth itself." [Hegel]

29. The origination of the texts we have involves: copying, more or less well; losing some copies or at least geographically separating them from each other; after a while finding or reuniting some of these and their copies; and, combining texts of different eras and branches. (Combining, like incest, confuses the lines and makes our kinship categories inadequate.)

A copy must always diverge from its original. We never note enough about the original and the differences to note all that will eventually matter to future generations. Hence the danger inherent in printing, in scholarship and in life. Yet a copyist may have a better feel for the original language than a previous copyist or ourselves, and his recensions may restore a text, leapfrogging backwards over many emendations thought to be corrections, converging closer to an inferred original.

31. Another problem: Given a photograph of a scene, deduce its three-dimensional configuration, if it has one. A solution to this problem will suggest why the previous problems are stable and are likely to converge to a small number of solutions, usually one.

Although there are necessary ambiguities, heuristic rules lead to one configuration most of the time. The ambiguities are often local; a complete 2D--> 3D hypothetical solution resolves them; a good one resolves all of them and accounts for our doubts. This procedure works because the world is not quite so varied as it could be. The full spectrum of diabolical 3D arrangements that might make our task impossible is not realized, so we can treat the ones that are as special cases. Similarly, in general researchers and copyists are not capricious or deliberately deceitful. We are able to pick-it-up, in Gibson's terms; perhaps because all of it is there.

41. The authored sentences have to do a lot. Their words must work together to be meaningful. Depending on the language, they distribute the load differently. Verbals and substantives might be enough, but for economy we have prepositions (non-nounverbmodifierconjunctions), word-order (Chinese), inflection (Finnish's "15" cases) and word-building

(Turkish) -- all will do to index what is going on. Not every substantive or verbal may take every index. So case, like the lexicon, is about what is possible.

("Verbals," "substantives," "prepositions," "word-order," "inflection" and "word-building," as well as "words," are products of the work that sequences of sentences have done.)

48. There is a biographical problem of creating the author. Of giving him an intention to make these works, and a life in which they fit so there is an oeuvre. He must, as well, be distinguished from other authors, so we must understand the nature of a created life.

"Columbo exists only in the cases he investigates... He comes from limbo and goes back into limbo." Gerald Ford: "My wife and I watch your program a lot. I get very concerned about your personal security and safety from time to time." Peter Falk: "Don't worry about me. I'll be all right. I have to come on the next week." Ford's staff prepares memos on each visitor, suggesting suitable conversation topics and comments.

An author may not be a person.

49. Historically, the general problem is to find an ordering for the authors and the works. Since authors are concerned about influence, they have the same problem. We might ask how the authors' solutions are related to those of the historian. For Hegel, the historian's must account for the authors', and so incorporate them. Of course, an historian is an author too.

Note that "author," like historical period, is a program for investigation. We must find centers in spacetime which are stable, sequential and bounded in human terms, and perhaps give the rules for doing this: an archaeological task. Yet the program is potentially a false ideology, for "sequence" and "center" make sense and are stable only if we may reasonably detach the work from ourselves as an audience, if influence is only in one direction in time, interpretation being the reversed form, and if the collective character of works may be ignored.

65. The book we make will have certain features. To make it self-indexing, its arrangement might be hierarchical; then it would be its own hierophant. Its key terms would echo others, indicating how they do so. There might be diagrams of the architectonic and explanations of it which were consistent with what else we were saying. Yet if we give up self-indexing, we still do not give up order, for we still will have topics, references, comparisons and progressions within the text that a reader would understand.

The sections will be numbered to give the right kind of pause. Each section could be on its own index card, sorted and re-sorted, so that the hierarchy is right, the gaps filled in. If the book is indexed, its form is never lost.

If the sections are numbered they could be notes and then all we need do is to provide a main text. That might be a topic sentence, with a superscript similar to the one attached to this sentence, where we have n notes. 1,...,n Imagine no sentence at all. Then we would be writing in simple declarative notes.

Now the dual of a text would be the notes. A text and its dual tell about the structure of the space.

There might be a preface which will act as a reminder.

We would have pictures of, say, paintings in a separate part; they do not illustrate the verbal part but are just another section. I am not sure if they should be numbered. The verbal section functions in the same way that the picture section does.

Finally, there might be a concordance or a Key Word in Context index to the verbal section. But is there an index of this sort for the picture one?

74. If we're professional about it, we may just go on. We have an ordinary way of being.

Meyer Shapiro has written an illustrated monograph on Words and Pictures. He notes the difference between the expressive powers of words and pictures and the differences among those powers, that in each case what is enthymematic for one may not be for the other. This is a general problem of translation. English does not have the "dual" number while Biblical Greek does, or:

"Where the book of Genesis tells that Cain killed Abel, one can hardly illustrate the story without showing how the murder was done. But no weapon is mentioned in the text..."

If Moses is facing frontally his outstretched arms can prefigure Christ; if he is in profile, we may not say.

What do Schapiro's black-and-white illustrations have to do with his words? What do they say about how representation might be treated in scholarship, and about how scholarship itself might be organized? Imagine an article about this problem which has no pictorial illustrations--it needs none, and so it is printed on uncoated paper.

88. Quality defies us. It demands that we stop talking and yield the primordial role to the painting, and it denies that the original text in front of us is one that we give authority to and then talk about. The works do not need us. We need them: minimally, to topicalize conversation; more significantly, for what happens when we are with them.

Quality in a painting permits it to present the ontological questions, not illustrate or pose them. Brice Marden makes paintings of obvious quality, of problematic interest and which have, surprisingly, an unclear relationship to sensuous beauty. Each work shows what there must be.

90. Kant understood this relationship clearly: My sensuous pleasure is the only rational guide to beauty and hence quality. I must see the work with my own eyes. Yet we demand that others agree with us; that is what we mean when we call something beautiful. And there is nothing that we may say about the work that could be logically convincing of its beauty, since beauty cannot be defined by a set of properties; that is, it is indeterminate, and the object or work is only the occasion for the expression of the claim about beauty.

This activity of judgment is possible for us and becomes better fulfilled as we eliminate seemingly vital external supports. For Kant there is no problem. Looking for legs below to support our statements, we forget that we are well hung from above.

"We are suitors for agreement from every one else, because we are fortified with a ground common to all.... [The judgment] must have a subjective principle, and one which determines what pleases or displeases, by means of feeling only and not through concepts, but yet with universal validity. Such a principle, however, could only be regarded as a common sense. ...[W]e assume a common sense as the necessary condition of the universal communicability of our knowledge,... [I]t is only a conformity to law without a law, and a subjective harmonizing of the imagination and the understanding without an objective one..." [Kant]

97. Clarke has noted that:

If a tomato held up in front of you, you see all of it. But if you were asked, "How much do you see?," you might on further reflection say, "...only the front half surface." Asking the question, effectively noting that the "tomato" could be only a surface, a scientific reflection, changes the world.

Also, there are "plain skeptical possibilities." In my ordinary life I might well be dreaming. Yet I go on, never needing to ask that philosophical skeptical question, never infinitely regressing, although sometimes asking other, perhaps anthropological questions about my dreams. Characteristic of our plain world is its vulnerability to such doubts, and their not being raised.

Talk-about is effective, yet stable.

100. "Anxiety has an unmistakable relation to expectation; it is anxiety about [vor] something. It has a quality of indefiniteness and lack of object." [Freud]

101. Mistakes are not formal; they are not subject to erasure and replacement. Necessary, they may be forgiven but are always remembered. To err may be divine.

So fully-interpreted formal systems, such as an algebra describing a situation, need not be complete or cover all the possible mistakes and monstrous cases. They isolate those cases where erasure and replacement do make sense.

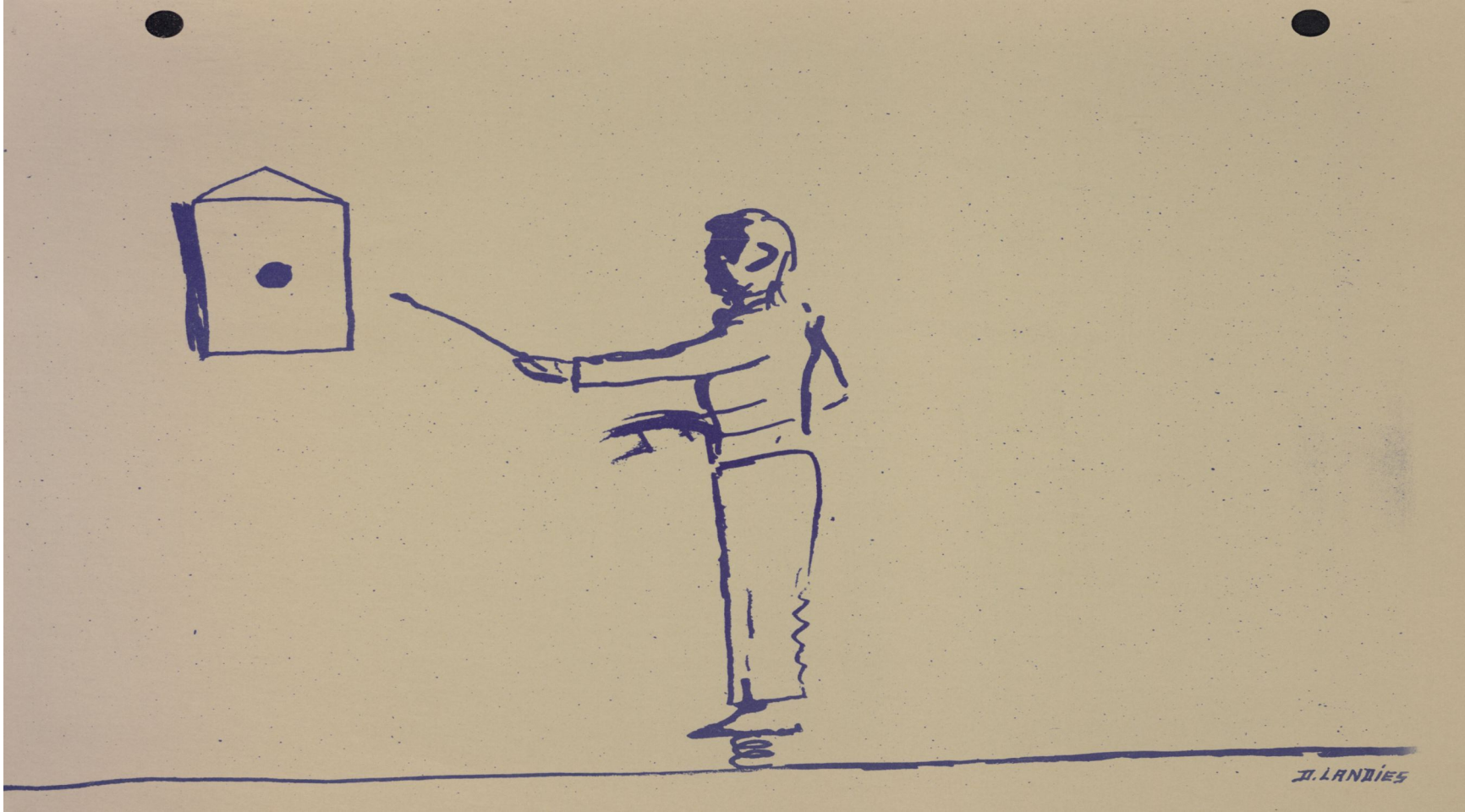
In this world regenerate reason regulates society by means of the Word without presuming on grace.

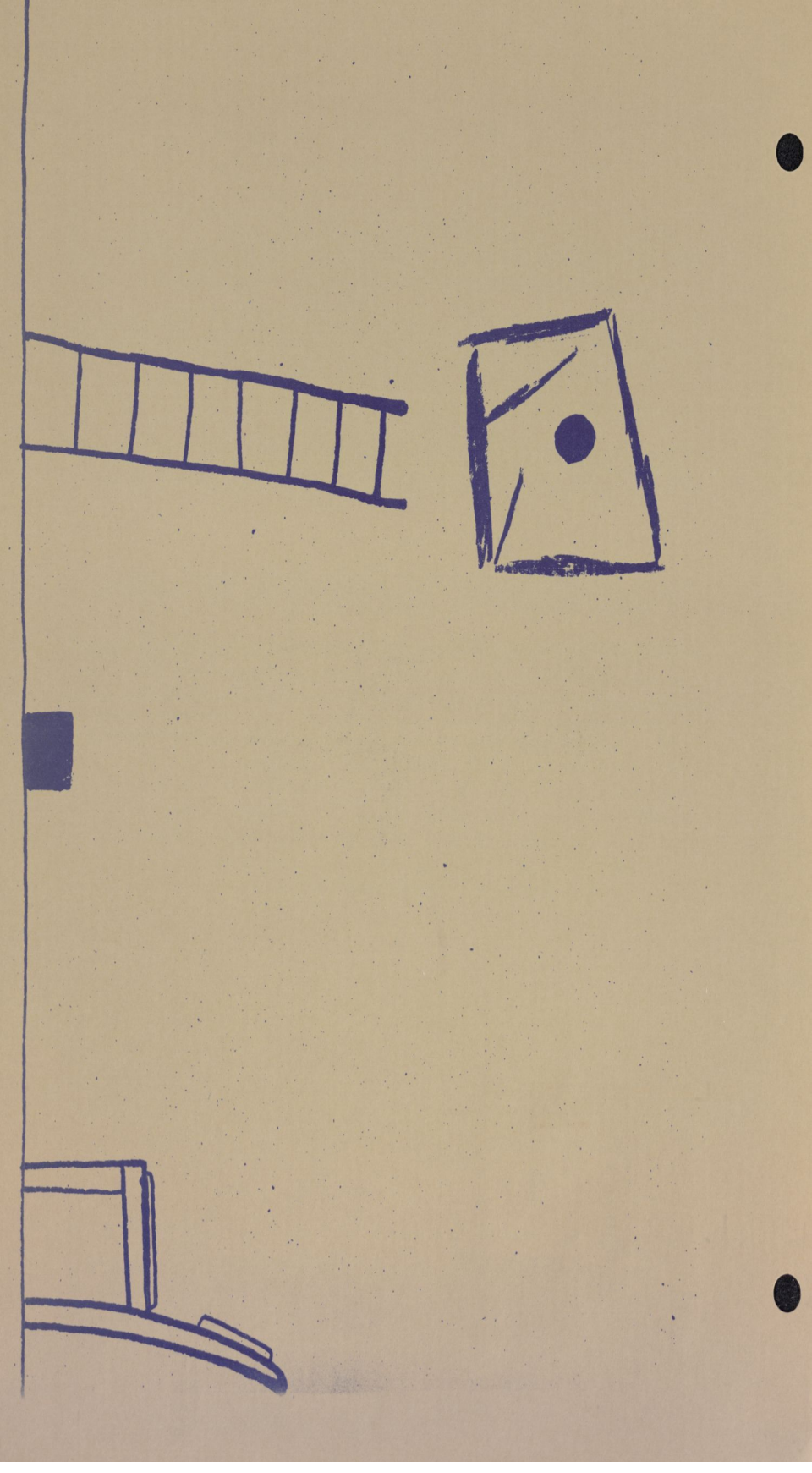
102. The structure of the ordinary world is the same as the structure of faith and of the heroic voyage. Abraham, for example, could not speak of the sacrifice of Isaac since he was not able to make sense. He was on the marge and monsterdom was possible.

107. "...[Rituals and myths] have ontological efficacy. They re-create or transform those towhom they are shown or told and alter the capacity of the initiand's being so that he becomes capable of performing the tasks of the new status ahead of him. It is not simply a cognitive restructuring that takes place, nor is it solely a ritual legitimization of the initiand's new social status; rather the rites, myths, and symbols are felt to have something akin to salvific power -- without the ontological aspect the initiand would be lost;" [Turner]

115. Science (Wissenschaft) and criticism require a gay science (eine fröhliche Wissenschaft) if how they work is to be understood, to get at all-of-it in a transcendental manner.

Hegel, of course, had a very different notion about how this was to be done.





MR. CORNELL

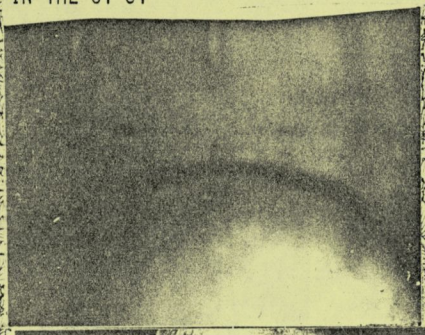
JOSEPH
DID YOU KNOW IN YOUR SURREAL EXISTENCE
WHAT YOUR CONSTRUCTIONS ARE
SELLING FOR
AS MUCH AS A
ONE-FAMILY HOUSE
AT THE RIGHT
END OF MAIN STREET

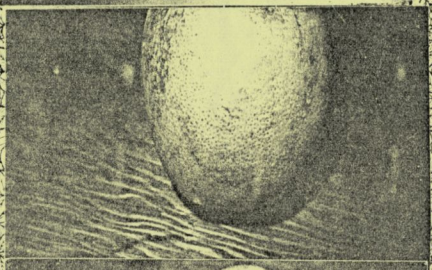
WHEN YOU PUSHED
YOUR STRANGE FINGERINGS AND DREAMS
INTO WOODEN WOMBS

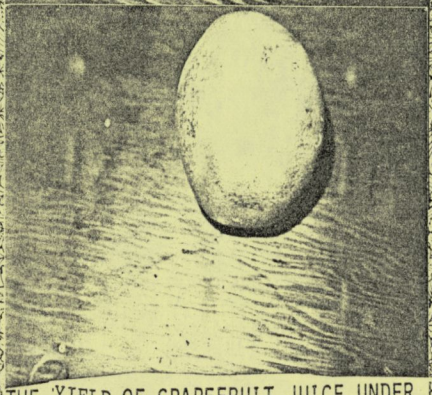
DID YOU CONSIDER
WE WOULD MEET
ON AND ON ON ON ON ON

THAT I WOULD CREATE AND RECORD
THE DEATH OF A GRAPEFRUIT

AT LEAST 23 VARIETIES OF GRAPEFRUIT WITH NORMAL COLOURED PULP AMD 4 VARIETIES WITH A PINK OR REDDISH PULP HAVE BEEN PROPAGATED IN THE U. S.



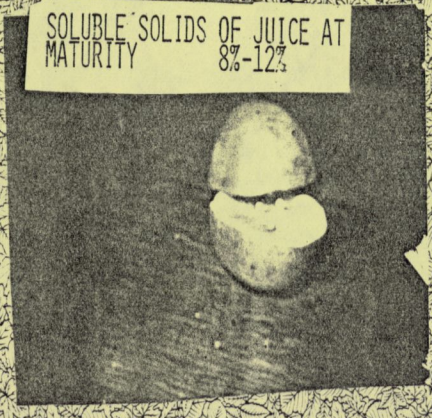




A USEFUL DEATH

THE YIELD OF GRAPEFRUIT JUICE UNDER FACTORY CONDITIONS 70 YO 90 GAL. PER 2,000LB OF FRUIT

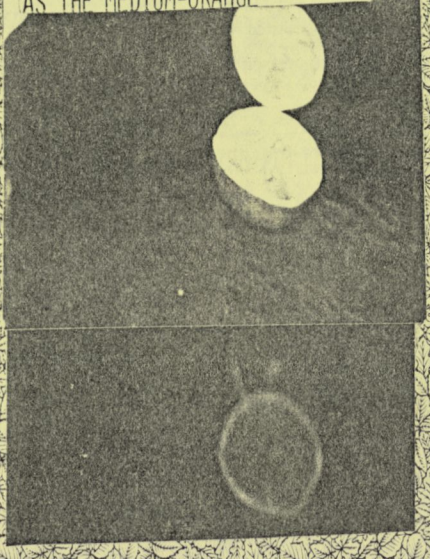
SOLUBLE SOLIDS OF JUICE AT MATURITY 8%-12%



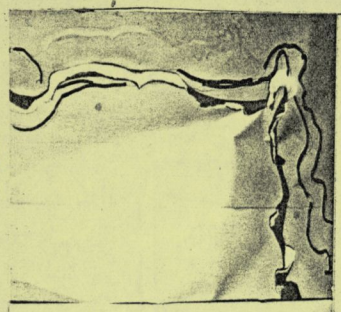
MATURE TREES MAY PRODUCE REMARKABLE LARGE CROPS---1,300 TO 1,500 LB. OF FRUIT PER TREE

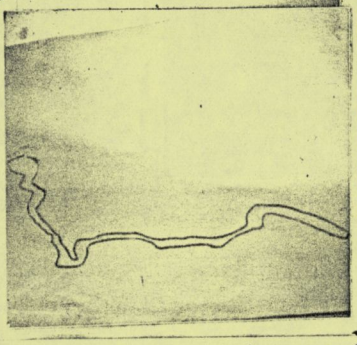
THE VITAMIN C CONTENT OF GRAPEFRUIT MAY AVERAGE FROM 39 TO 47 MG. PER 100 GRAMS.

THE FRUIT RANGES FROM FOUR TO SIX INCHES IN DIAMETER AND AVERAGES TWICE AS LARGE AS THE MEDIUM-ORANGE



MARCH 11-75- 20 HRS. OF DEATH
GRAPEFRUIT PEEL 10:00 A. M.





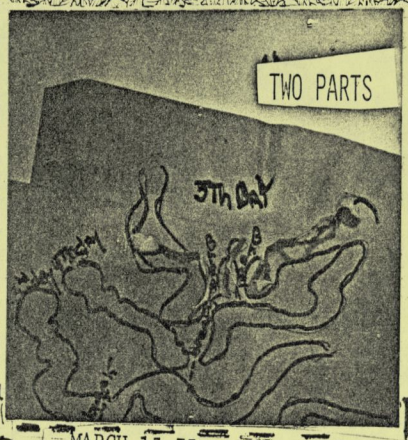
MARCH 13-75- 72 HRS. OF DEATH
GRAPEFRUIT PEEL 2:00 P. M.

MARCH 12-75- 52 HRS. OF DEATH
GRAPEFRUIT PEEL 6:00 P. M.

MARCH 14-75- 93 HRS. OF DEATH
GRAPEFRUIT PEEL 11:00 A. M.

(over)

FIRST BREAK



MARCH 15-75- 120 HRS. OF DEATH
GRAPEFRUIT PEEL 2:00 P. M.

BLOCKS OF TIME

```
T    I   T I M E     I M     T T T T
         T I M E       M E   I I I I
         T I M E     I M     M M M M
M    E   T I M E       M E   E E E E


  I M     M    E       I T   t i m e
T I M E             E M     t i m e
  I M                 I T   t i m e
T I M E   I    T   E M     t i m e


T I M E   T I M E     I M         E
I M E T       I       M E   T
M E T I   T I  E    I M
E T I M       I T   T    E   T I M E


Ǝ M I T       I     E M I T   E M I T
Ǝ M I T   Ǝ M       T I M Ǝ   E M I T
Ǝ M I T       I     E M I T   E M I T
Ǝ M I T   Ǝ M       T I M E   E M I T
```

Archie Laun

See overleaf for reading suggestions.

BLOCKS OF TIME

(Reading Suggestions)

I. LARGO

T-I-M-E. TIME, TIME, TIME, TIME. I'M ME, I'M ME. *(Pensieroso)* TIME, TIME, TIME, TIME.

II. ALLEGRO MA NON TROPPO

I'M TIME, I'M TIME. ME--IT. *(Staccato)* ITEM, ITEM. Time, time, time, time.

III. ALLEGRO SCHERZANDO

TIME I MET METI ETIM. TIME I TIE IT. I'M ME, I'M *TE ET*--TIME.

IV. ADAGIO MAESTOSO

TIME, TIME, TIME, TIME upside down. I--WE, I--WE EMIT TIME, EMIT TIME. *(Diminuendo)* EMIT, EMIT, EMIT, EMIT.

Archie Laun

PEACE

A LETTER FOR YOU

You have one less day to live —
Live it in Sanctity and Peace.

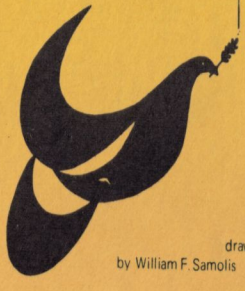
If you are poor in health, be restored.
If you are sad, turn to someone happy.
If you are angry, let me quiet your passion.
If you are unloved, I will love you.

Give me the strength to understand
my own limitations,
and to overlook yours.

Carry evil thoughts away from
our numbered days,
and let the Universe
embody our love of it,
so that we never have to say:
"This day was not fruitful."

—Todd S.J. Lawson

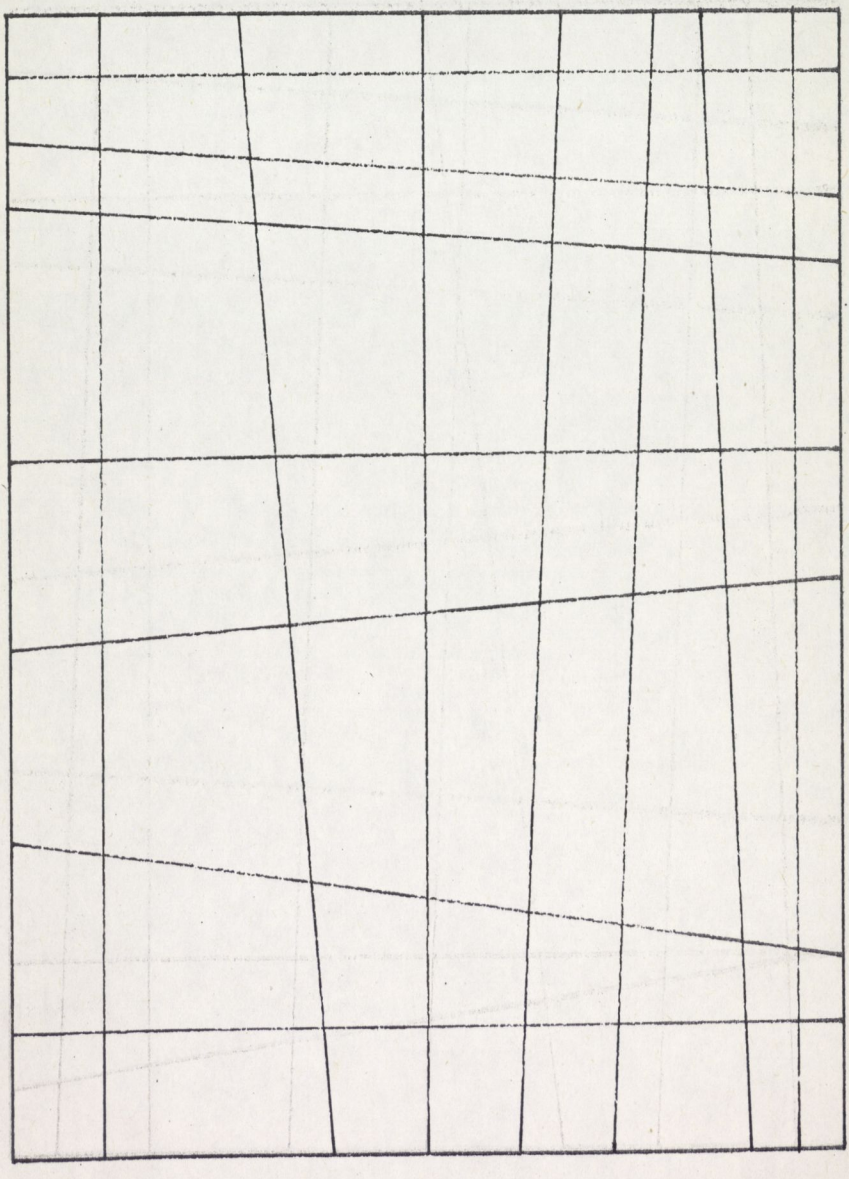
 Re-publication for this broadside, 1977, is made possible in part by a grant from The National Endowment for the Arts, Literature Program and with the cooperation of the San Francisco CETA program. Copies available from PEACE & PIECES FOUNDATION, Box 99394, San Francisco CA. 94109. All contributions are tax-deductible.

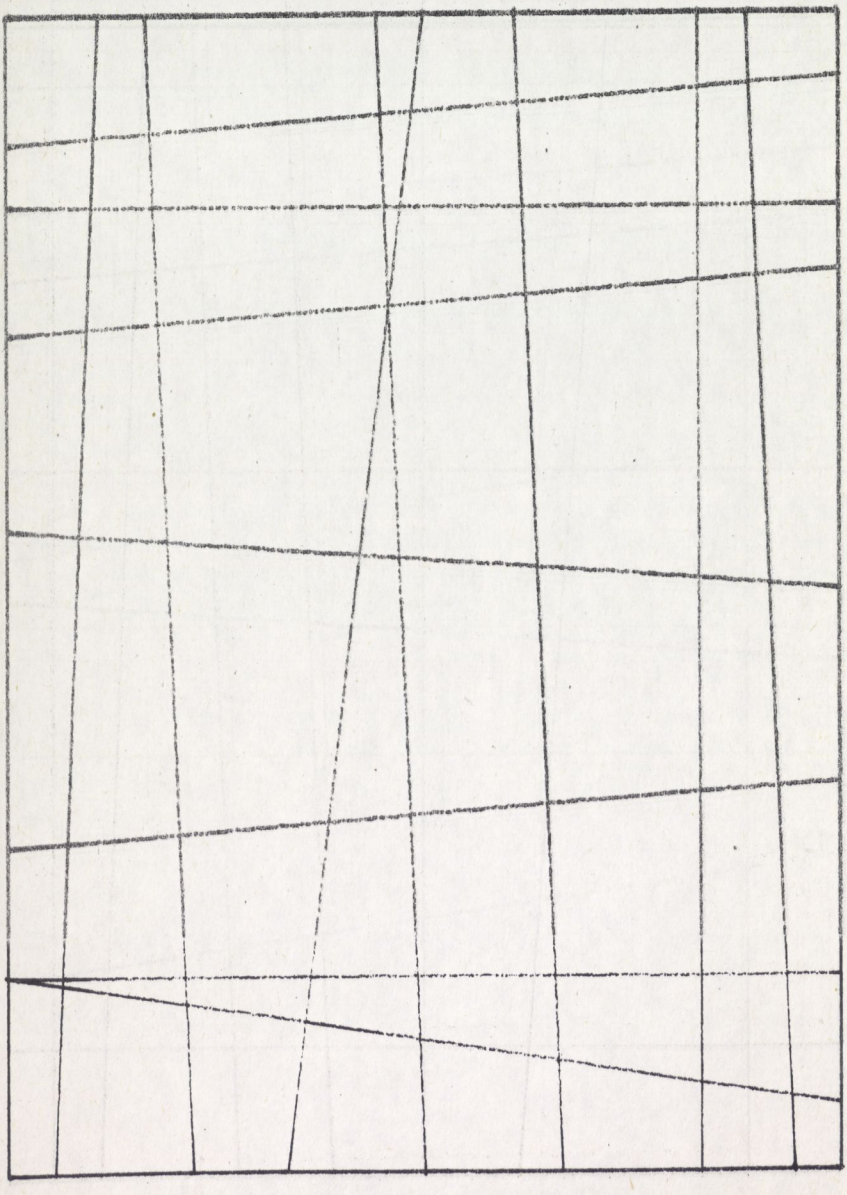


drawing
by William F. Samolis

THORBJØRN LAUSTEN

random connection of fixed points

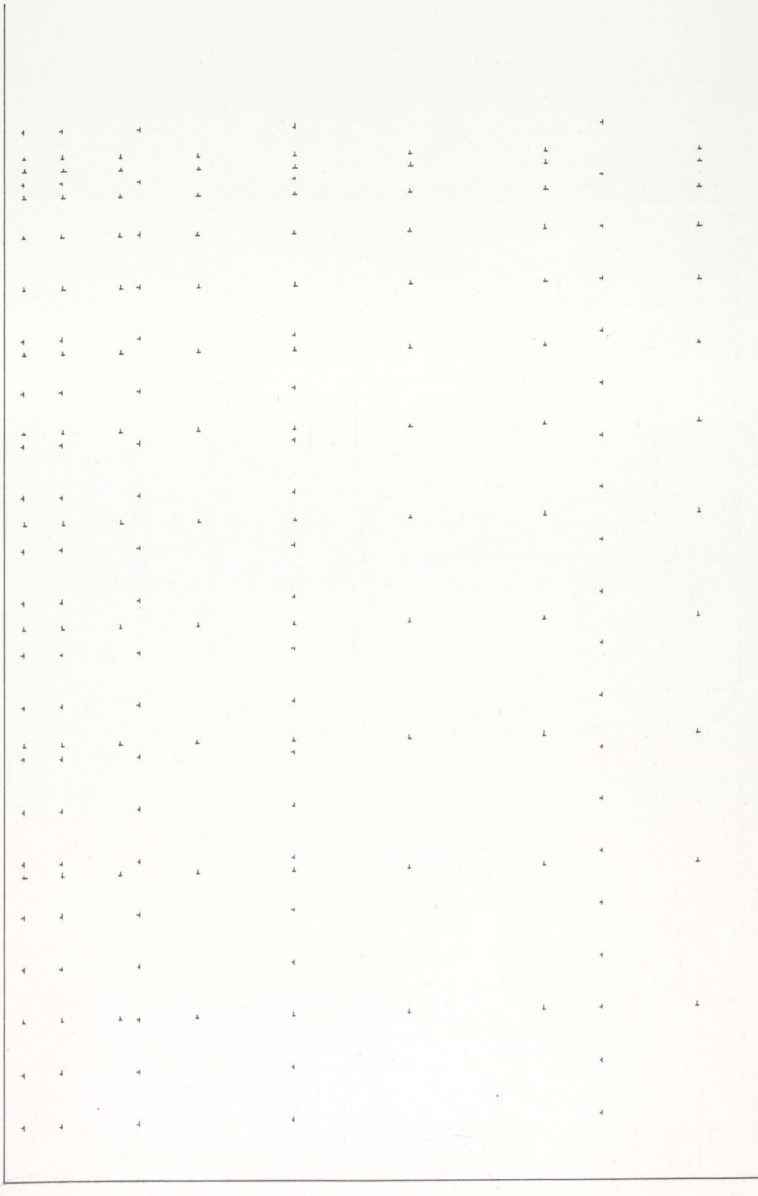




Thorbjørn Lausten.

Coincidences; visual/mental 'catastrophes'.

(+ –)



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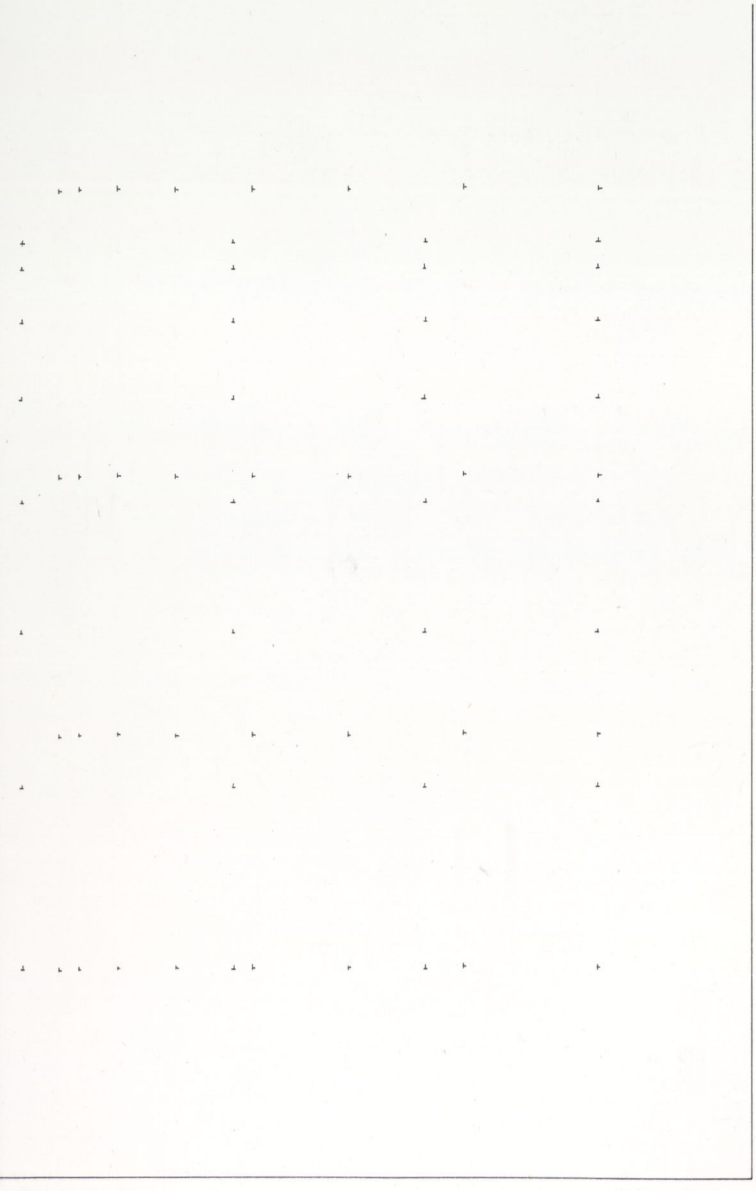
horizontal: 1–2–4–, vertical: +2.



horizontal: +1, vertical: −1.

horizontal: −1, vertical: +1.

OISEAUX EXOTIQUES (Read Simultaneously)

1st V twiverous ro gree too too verbin
2nd V re swee ro ro tone so bariban
3rd V greeverous sweesect tweeverous sha ro

1st V sha ree spico swee apely
2nd V heekoning babeck so greepi
3rd V rotive wosenia leleria ariverous

1st V twiverous ro lete too too roubin
2nd V le dru so ear weet greepi
3rd V workoning cotwee soning bepine

1st V reria ari reria wo be
2nd V tweek me muso bute
3rd V resere sereet cosweeso barinade

1st V tweekoning cobeck bepining
2nd V sweeking reeter wat sweeso
3rd V plukoning ear weet so druinkly greebeck

1st V worsoni orms bepray so swee
2nd V ear ree plu tree he piso
3rd V ba ree so pluink mu ree so tweepi

1st V re sere rie plete co eerenade
2nd V ro lete culaying so vermison
3rd V wat soying cayson wat ver ree sweecula

S.J. Leon

OISEAU EXOTIQUE

twiverous ro gree too too verbin
sha ree spico swee apely
twiverous ro lete too too roubin
reria ari reria wo be
tweekoning cobeck bepining
worsoni orms bepray so swee
re sere rie plete co eerenade

re swee ro ro tone so baribin
heekoning babeck so greepi
le dru so ear weet greepi
tweek me muso bute
sweeking reeter wat sweeso
ear ree plu tree he piso
ro lete culaying so vermison

greeverous sweesect tweeverous sha ro
rotive wosenic leleria ariverous
workoning cotwee soning bepine
resere sereet cosweeso barinade
plukoning ear weet so druinkly greebeck
ba ree so pluink mu ree so tweepi
wat soying cayson wat ver ree sweecula

S. J. Leon

OISEAUX EXOTIQUES (Read Simultaneously)

1st V roeever swwooover iverrous sottttttt
2nd V tweek me muso bute
3rd V spirrrooooo spiso iverver baripico

1st V spirrreeeep pieck rotiose heeeever
2nd V mmmmute me ssssweeek biu tweeeeee
3rd V konily babeeeek iveria picopiro

1st V sweeeeshly spinic ningreeeee rousssstttttt
2nd V tweek me muso bute
3rd V iveroso drrrrruleria bepikoni tweeeeork

1st V sonillllleeee leeeeelleria piive tweeeonine
2nd V meeeemmmmm so tttute so sssweeeebi
3rd V arrria oubleeeeose pisorous sonine

1st V pireeeeep eareeoso bepipi rotikoni
2nd V tweek me muso bute
3rd V pidrrru woubnic tweeereeeco reeeeork

1st V obeeeko plumu hepeeeeepi buzo
2nd V tweeee me sossssss weeeet biuk
3rd V sererina pinitttttt plukoria lutre

1st V hepitweee epibeck cukoni soniorso
2nd V tweek me muso bute
3rd V wobbbbluko soniobe yinglay ricucurena

S.J. Leon

ECHO CHAMBER

hhhhhhhhhhh he ellllllllllll ellllllo lobe
hello
bbbbbbbbbbb be bellllllllllll ellllllo lohe
bellow
sssssssssss swe wellllllllllll ellllll lo tschchch
swellow
tschchchch cell ellllo loswe swell
cello
ye ellllllll yellllll elllo lomelll
yellow
mmmmmmmmmmmm me ellllo loye
mellow
ho ollllllll hades ddddddddzzzzzzzshay
hollow
shshshshsh sha ha olllllllllo loho
evades
bbbbbbbbbb bla lad aids ids brrrrrrrrrrr
trades
bbbbbrrrra rai ades zzzzzzzzzblay
shadows
shshshshsh sha rara rad adezzzzzzzzzzz
braids
trrrrrrrrr tra hado dows shad
blades
eeeeevvvvvv eva vad aid ades
shades
mmmmmmmmmm mu ussssssss sssssizzzzz sssssstrrrreheh
musses
trrrrrrrrrr ressssssss sssssssizzzzzzz ssssssmu
tresses
bbbbbllllli lisssssssss sssssssizzzzzzz shih
blisses
kkkkkkkkkkk kiki sssssssizzzzzzz sibli
kisses
hi isssssssssss ressssssssssizzzzzzzz scar

ECHO CHAMBER (Cont.)

hisses
ca are ressssssss shshshshshshsh shih
hello out there
hhhhhhhh ha air ssssssssizzzzzzzz sssssstreheheheh
trrrrrrrr ressssssssss rrrrrrrrrhai
bbbbbbbbb bla lad elllo lobe
bbbbbbbbb be bellll ades zzzzzzzzzblay
ssssssssss swe welll ids brrrrrrrrrrrr
brrrrrrra rai aids loswe swellllllllll
hhhhhhhh he elllll ello out hhhhhhhh he
elllllllll loho out
where are you?
wwwwwwwwww he ere ssssssssssizzzzzzzzz ski
kkkkkkkkkk kiki ere rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
shshshshsh sha had lo tschchchchch
tscchchchch cell elllllll dows shad
ye elllllll yellll rad adezzzzzzzz
trrrrrrrrr tra rara ello loye
hi isssssss sizzzzzzzzzzz shshshsh shi

wwwwwwwwww he ere rrrrrrrr are wwwwwwwww he ere rrrrrrrr
are
do you remember?
thththththth he hehe lollllllllll ock lock keddddlo
hhhhhhhhhh ha air ssssssssssizzzzzzzz sssssssstreheheh
trrrrrrrrr ressssssssssssss rrrrrrrrrrhai
kkkkkkkkkk kkkkkkkkkkklo her ere
sssssssssss sta tar ressssssss soar
bbbbbbbbbb bla lad elllo lobe
bbbbbbbbbb be bellllll ades zzzzzzzzblay
ca are ressssssses air are
eeeeeevvvvvv eva vad lomellllllllll
shshshshshsh sha had lo tschchchch
tschchchchch celll elllllll dows shad
mmmmmmmmmmmm me elllllllo ades

S.J. Leon

ABOUT S. J. LEON

A native Philadelphian, S.J. Leon holds degrees from Temple University, the University of Pennsylvania and Drexel University. He has also studied and traveled in Paris and London. He began his working life as a sports reporter and trade paper correspondent and has edited a foods encyclopedia for the Chemical Publishing Company. He taught English Literature for five years at Fisk University and other black colleges down South and more recently has worked as a professional librarian in Philadelphia. In that capacity he has been active in the intellectual freedom arena.

Leon's poetry and criticism has appeared in little magazines and an essay on Abraham Lincoln Gillespie, a linguistic innovator and fellow Philadelphian, will soon be published by the Out of London Press.

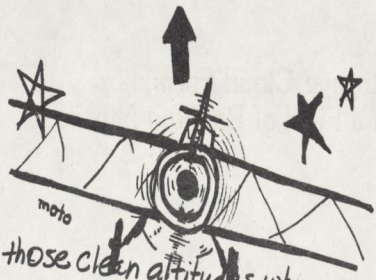
"If we begin with the notions that language can be made to sound musically and naturalistically in an unlimited number of ways and that verbal material can be made to function cinematically we soon find ourselves working with half truths but out of such half and quarter truths interesting advances will certainly come," Leon says. He has been interested in finding linguistic equivalents for musical and cinematic strctures and enriching the expressive and evocative resources of language through atomization and pulverization. Unlike most contemporary avant gardists he does not let go of Walter Pater.

Leon's appearances with the New Language Action Group in the Philadelphia area have been his first public ventures.

The Skywriter's Good-bye

Norman Lock

TODAY'S MENU



GOODBYE

fly always in those clean altitudes where their fighters cannot go

fffrupp
rrr rr
uuuumm
mmmmm
whowhowho
rummrumm

lovely
lolly

hallelujah
shoo ba

The Machine is Stopping!

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE

shooba be
shoobadoo

cloud chamber

AIR

but if you go close to earth open an umbrella against Dread meteor showers
the painful rain and
GAMMA RAYS

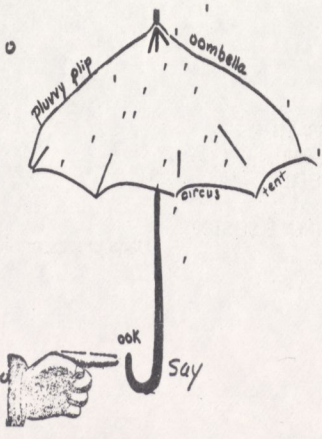
The time of your life

rays rays rays rays

5¢

YOU WIN

hello o o o

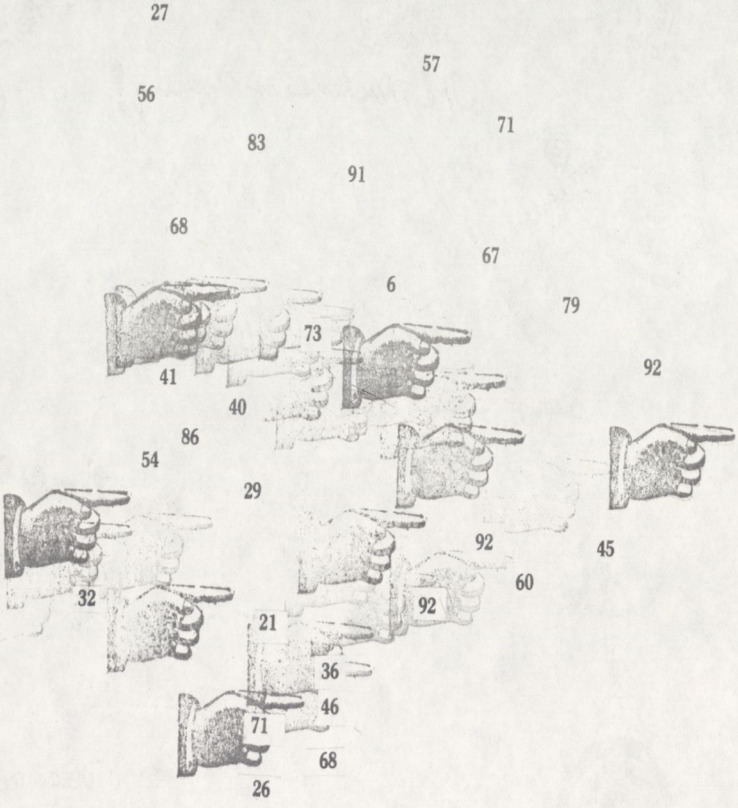


We all say what we have to say

beautiful dream that the world is

Norman Lock

Strange Cloud Formation in a Field of Random Numbers




```
     RANDOM
001 LN=0
002 PRINTER ON
003 2 X=RND(ABS(-51)
004 Y=RND(ABS(-99))
005 PRINT SPACE (X):Y
006 LN=LN+1
007 IF LN< 31 THEN ELSE STOP
008 GO TO 2
009 END
```

Dada-processor: John W. Morris

TOWARDS A NON-FICTION

1

Now there are here facts the absolute certainty of which can be by no means put to doubt. What fluctuations can there be in the mode of apprehending these texts? Who claims to have isolated several modes? How might the lodging of such claims be assessed? Would these protestations be bound in themselves or might not they constitute the seed of a higher reproach? Can one assess the probable eventuality of particular families of claims? What develops is a complex of problems the solutions of which are by no means unprecedented. Might not the negligible advantage gained in the location of analogous solutions be dissipated in the act of juncture? Is it not for this reason that a marxist obviates a marxism?

S., texts in hand, ponders the matter.

2

S. concludes that several continuums lie between tomorrow and the locus of recent departures. It is incumbent upon S. to inspect his conclusion. S. knew this. He says, "when I feel the hour has come, I will inspect my conclusion." S. langours. Next, S. makes fresh claims. Colleagues protest the lodging of fresh claims. They invoke policy. The colleagues are cautious. These colleagues are clear on what the case would be like given the superimposition of fresh claims upon claims which though having been squarely lodged falter on key ground. Is it not obvious that the colleagues fear havoc? and that havoc here takes on a queer form? and that this form conforms precisely to that state of affairs most conducive to the proliferation of uninspected claims? All this is clear. The colleagues reproach S. S. defends his position: "you invoke policy which is silver, I invoke patience which is golden. when the time is come I will inspect my claim." The colleagues are silent. Then they buzz like bees. The colleagues huddle. "The case with S. is not un-complex". S. selects texts and recedes. The colleagues recess. S. devours important texts, seminal texts and texts by S. That the case with S. is not exactly wierd but slightly wierd is affirmed unanimously by the colleagues. Next 4 colleagues gorge themselves on that power the vestiture of which they exclusively retain and by authority of which their claim to the next move is securely vouchsafed.

S., texts in hand, braces himself.

3

Regardes S. He straddles small lakes. Be that as it may, it is incumbent on someone to claim- and here one finds the 3rd person not exactly but slightly repulsive- certain fouls.

TIME KEEPING
1976
Thomas Macaulay

			1:11					
			+1:11					
			2:22					
			+1:11					
			3:33					
			+1:11					
			4:44					
			+1:11					
			5:55					
			+1:11					
			6:66	=	7:06			
			+1:11		+1:11			
			7:77	=	8:17			
			+1:11		+1:11			
			8:88	=	9:28			
			+1:11		+1:11			
			9:99	=	10:39			
			+1:11		+1:11			
			11:10	≠	11:50			
			+1:11		+1:11			
			12:21	≠	12:61	=	1:01	
			+1:11		+1:11		+1:11	
		1:32 =	13:32	≠	13:72	=	2:12	
		+1:11	+1:11		+1:11		+1:11	
		2:43 =	14:43	≠	14:83	=	3:23	
		+1:11	+1:11		+1:11		+1:11	
		3:54 =	15:54	≠	15:94	=	4:34	
		+1:11	+1:11		+1:11		+1:11	
5:05 =		4:65 =	16:65	=	17:05	≠	5:45	

THE GOLDEN ISLE

The mothers of the triple west
enchant my love-struck day.
Their song of purple rest
will wed me to the axe.
I long to taste the new-born crescent bowl
that shines its wine like dreams.
I stole Time's labour in my father's light,
and drove the horse of reason's lust,
while Psyche wove the star-coiled circle of my death.
She'll bring my harvest-home, now seed-urn spirits sing.

Triton's horn congeals,
and foam grows thick.
My fancy's grave recoils,
when birth's first home
held Venus in my sickle spoils.
The havoc of the golden hour,
its foot now chained by youth,
breeds power in action's shell.
I see how naked love comes silently ashore.
Her dreaming dove of wisdom veils a stop;
for want lies great with Psyche's child,
while I, the stripped tree, wait.

A storming hunt of clouds has torn my head,
and in the sea lives wine.
Diana's born bow-crowned with soul.
A cold, pure sign,
she lifts my fire from earth.
The grape of my desire,
low-sprung in shape,
must break and spread its essence forth.
The queen of Minos shines her dart,
and blood is seen.
I stream my heart across the western sky,
and drink her love, where Actaeon came to die.

- Ian MacLennan

OEDIPUS REX

The goat-song brought us here today, and we,
The chorus of the yearly act, see night
And day in equal power fight
Like Laius and his son; while she
The Queen of each, the Earth,
Prepares to meet her blinded King, with mirth
To follow tears, so she may give new birth.
The goat or bull is dead. The satyrs live.
Dionysos arrives to take his wife.

We make the seasons change by what we act;
Our masks have power, and so our village tale
Enacts how kings and seasons fail.
The mighty opposites attract:
The sky to earth, and earth
To sky. In maddened revelry and mirth
The Mother and the Son prepare for birth.
He sows himself into her womb again,
Who was the wheat once harvested in pain.

The new wine's broached: the Keres stuck in pitch.
The satyrs sport, revile the watching crowd,
The flutes and symbols clash aloud,
And we, the hearers are made rich
In high, abandoned song.
Dionysos the goat is torn. The throng,
The ivy-crowned thyrsis borne along,
Goes where Oedipus has gone before
To mate with Earth again, and life restore.

New flowers are up: last year's are rotted now.
The night submits to day, the plague has gone.
And we, who have been threshed, are one.
We sleep in seed urns, and we know
The secret hiding there.
The house snakes live with us. These creatures share
The moon's eternal lot. For they repair
Themselves. Like them we cast off ancient crime,
And rise reborn to mate a second time.

The comic mask is our new skin, and we,
The satyrs, welcome back the old, dead king.
No longer wearing black, we sing
Of lusty deeds, so soon to be.
The Queen, who never died,
In golden dress awaits for him as bride.
The earth has asked for seed, the moon replied.
Dionysos in riot comes to us.
The agony of winter closes thus.

- Ian MacLennan

PSYCHE AND EROS

The winds have tented my desire,
and I,
whom Aphrodite hates,
must pierce my fire in blindness
where my Eros waits,
a serpent winged with time,
to beat his coil against my dreams,
and send his love to part mind's inmost seeds,
and bring me,
Hades bound,
to hold death's chest,
and meet the need of tasks undone,
til hope can bend around his mother's rage
my wedding ring.

My eye,
that sees not things,
once drove a beam into his truth,
and turned,
where essence strove,
a glory back,
to be love-burned in my too naked soul,
and show the yearning moon,
like horns of grace,
in waters of my mind;
for this I strive the vested deed of care,
and feel him go
without a print in my love's sand,
in race towards the western rim
with night alive.

His mother shines on wine-red works of death,
and I,
his hunter,
chase where anger lurks,
but though she darts upon my face
Time's serpent bite,
and cries her clouds upon his half-shown fire,
I'll will her hate into my joy,
that ever on
her son may gender soul in me,
while crowds of labours drive fruition far,
and still, young waves of mind retreat,
where he has gone.

- Ian MacLennan

NOUS AND PSYCHE

The serpent goddess kills us both today,
Bidding her priests to come as reapers do.
Time's earth, which bred us, makes us go
From weeping friends who bid us stay
To where eternity
Is hid. The grave of your woman's flesh shall be
The stop of time for everyman, and me.
I am not jealous now, for I can bring
Of all men most the quintessential spring.

And yet our death's not death, for we still laugh.
The world would say we live, and touch, and strive
In this one bed, making alive
With breath and lips an epitaph.
For they will write above
Our bones, if they could see, how we two strove
To be from stalks, and only seeds of love.
Once threshed, day ends and we are mixt. The mouth
That eats us leads us to the womb of youth.

The moon, husband of night, the three-fold one,
Is us, and all the witchcraft time has known
Digests our souls, and them alone.
We are Osiris, Thammuz, none
Has died their death, but we,
In this one kiss, suffer ourselves to see
And feel our Mother's immortality.
We die, we are the carnival king and queen,
Who go together where no man has been.

The end and start are one, the round is made,
And Time which was a line now bends, and is
An O, taking his proper shape.
Persephone must suffer rape,
Unless she longs to go
To meet the Lord of Death through me below.
I am your Pluto, rich in words, and show
How all this circling world must turn and turn,
While you and I together like Ixion burn.

We'll be a mandala for all mankind,
You'll borrow black from me, and I your white:
Evil and good with all their might
As bridal halves shall join, and find
Their separateness made whole.
Our conscious minds to our unconscious soul
Shall come, and mate like Zeus the bull. He stole
Europa on his back, and she with flowers,
She decked his horns, and gave us all new powers.

- Ian MacLennan

ODYSSEUS FINDS HIS TREASURE

The ghost of Troy's maternal sea
has foamed its eastern blood about my foot,
and prints make caves toward my treasure's womb,
while arced Athene in my soul
with yielding star-thoughts of the woven night
unravels death against the suitors' claims
in arrows from her bow.
For I am home today,
and substance gleams its jewels
within my childhood's cave.

Riot's hall coils panic in the beasts,
and earth in me obeys the heaven's bowl,
while songs of godhead gleam
their shafts through lust,
and my chaste wife revolves time's cloth
about my earlier body's grave.
For now the moon has wed again the sun,
and on my knees her wine-cup speaks her grace
upon my heir and me.

The pine of old estate spears forth its crown,
half-broken by past gales,
and as Apollo's horses leap the rim,
its shadow paths my way through fourteen steps
to where my youth began,
while olives bend their groves about my head
and whisper wisdom's leaves
in green encounters with my azure thoughts.

- Ian MacLennan

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

My spirit's lyre plucks paleness from my bride,
as serpent fire withdraws her breath to hell
far from the sting of flesh,
where dreams of asphodel glide heroes to their bed,
and Pluto's queen,
the corn-raped daughter of the spring,
clothes Eurydice in girdled sisterhood;
but I will sing the stones of sharpened time
and course my foot towards the triple dog,
till honey cakes of rhyme placate,
and my wide-ruling wife ascends,
like budded soul,
to flower again her voice behind my track.

Her whispers of enchantment flow like stars
away from eastern life,
and in the mirror of my mind's black sea
her brow veils love;
but now the driven sun of want
flames horses of desire,
and like their manes grown taut,
my lyre is shaking tunes of day.
Yet death's unseeing king,
with jealous roots,
coils down my wife's reflected form,
till all has sunk its night,
like fading swans,
and wreaths of barren dreams remain.

– Ian MacLennan

Jerry Madson

Building a Dadavision
by Jerry Madson

History of Dadavision. Dadavision was invented in the Winter of 1975 in a subsection of Bemidji, Minnesota, called Nymore. It was invented out of a need to keep from going blind or crazy.....to get a little humor into life. ---hence it was developed in a moment of utter boredom... ..I created the first..... Dadavision.

How to build a Dadavision. A Dadavision set is built out of a cardboard box. Cardboard gets its intelligence from all the time it spends in alleys and garbage dumps. For best reception, a Dadavision should be built out of an empty bear case (bot-

(Continued on next page)

Editor's note: The following chapters are parts from an unpublished novel by Jerry Madson, titled Last Walden.

Politicos--

September came rushing at me with hurricane waves. They seemed to crash with anger upon me. But I couldn't remember, I didn't want to remember. Time had created a prisoner out of me and my only freedom or pardon was truth.

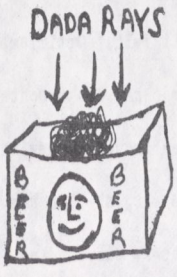
Firefly was now lost or so it felt. Optimism, the bird, had flown south. And even though I knew where she was, she had her own mystery surrounding her now.

Too Loose La Track made a native American toast. It was the highlight

tles) or for greater thrills use a Ripple box.

In actual construction, the top of the box must be removed. This is the case because it seems that hair collects the Dada rays which are turned into sight/sound and madness by the Madson Dadavision. Following the removal of the top, cut a hole in the bottom of the box big enough to slip your head through.....then cut a hole in one of the sides (this will serve as the front) big enough to let your face breath.

--See diagram--



Dadavision is entertaining.

Wear it

to a party

(Continued on next page)

of the evening so far.

I guess it was his idea that spurred me bucking bronco to the idea.

"Politics that is where it is for you white me," Too Loose said. "Politics."

Drunken, I answered... Or hoped to answer or was unable to answer. Which ever it was, perhaps politics did hold some clue.

"I'll give it a try," I said to Too Loose.

I felt the mystery and hone, somehow it might help me find the answer. Perhaps I could win and unlock Azebra's door to truth.

Too Loose La Track and I had been artists before the ecplosion of Azebra. He had been torn and maimed by his fight and search. I was amazed that even though he was crippled, he still fought back.

bet you get

a reaction.

People will think you are

sexy

and they'll ask you what

you

are wearing.

I've seen the moon, as

a golden ball it hung above

the horizon. I

feel alone now, I was at a

party. Where did all the hip-

pies go? I better put my Dada-

vision back on and feel my way

home.

S U E J A A S T A D

Iloveyou.....YOU.

For more information and vis-

ions seen on the Dadavision

write: Truly Fine Press, P.O.

Box 891, Bemidji, MN 56601.

Please enclose 50¢.

He had alot of faith in

me and my ability. I remem-

ber the first time I met him.

It was a group show sponsor-

ed by the government.

We both got kicked out

of the show. I didn't see

any reason for it, but I gue-

ss the jurors didn't like us.

It wasn't anything new but it

still made me angry.

"This isn't any fun," I

said looking rather rejectedly.

"This isn't any fun."

He looked at me and said,

"Come on kid."

After which he proceed-

ed to give me a tour through

some of Paris's finest whore

houses.

"This is a hard exper-

ience," I said as I passed out

with all kinds of dreams of

rolling soft legs and crash-

ing waves washing away the map

of my exsistence.

When I awoke the next

morning Too Loose was al-

ready painting.....he worked with a fever as a tropical storm. He unleashed his terror upon the shores of the canvas.

He turned when he noticed I was awake.

"I like your paintings," he said. "But there are a few other areas that you could use a little work in."

I was lucky to have Too Loose as my campaign manager.

The Campaign

"It's time to get it together," said Too Loose. "It's time."

I rolled over, awoke. My eyes were droggy from yesterday or this morning or perhaps afternoon, I couldn't remember--campaigning was hard. All the nap did was make everything a little more confusing. How was I ever going to get it together for the election? I didn't know. I hoped Too Loose had some ideas.

"I've brought some air time on the Dadavision," Too Loose said, "Then we'll work up some dynamite commericials that should make all the voters stop and think."

"Sounds good," I replied as my yon filled the room and my stretched arms reached up to the ceiling. "Sounds really good."

This was going to be a hard race and my chances of winning was almost next to the next to the next to nothing, but it was worth a try.

Azebra had all the elections sewed up. Once in a great while an Avant would win, but in those cases I think it was Azebra that gave him victory. The first rule of any good democracy is that the minorities have to be kept off balance and the best way of doing this is to let them win a minor election once in a great while.

Too Loose and I sat in Election HQ trying to figure out what the major campaign issues were going to be. But it was

hard, and we didn't make any decisions...we decided to keep following our strategy up to that point which was calling ones opponent dirty names without him knowing that they are dirty names. ....however using that strategy, we were loosing for Azebra had invented that tactic and had it down to the point of perfection.

I don't know what I said, but it made Azebra and Avant so mad that they challenged me to debate them over the Dadavision.

"This is the opportunity we have been waiting for," said Too Loose. "We have a chance to back them into a corner."

I sat down to write out some thoughts about the issues. I had to familarize myself with the matter, because I didn't know what they were going to hit me with.

I waited at the Dadavision station. I was ready to go on and fight my battle.

I asked, "Where is Too Loose?"

He was supposed to be here. He had received a phone call about some tricks that Azebra might try use and he went to investigate.

10 minutes before air time.

9 minutes before air time.

8 minutes before air time.

7, 6, 5, 4, 3 minutes before air time.

2 minutes before air time.

1 minute before air time...and still no Too Loose.

In staggered Too Loose. It was a whisky trick. They had ambushed him. He weaved, he staggered, his footsteps again weaved and turned into a rug.

He collapsed.

He whispered, "You have got to do it kid."

Death moved swiftly across the screen of life. It moves so fast, it is gone in the blink of an eye.

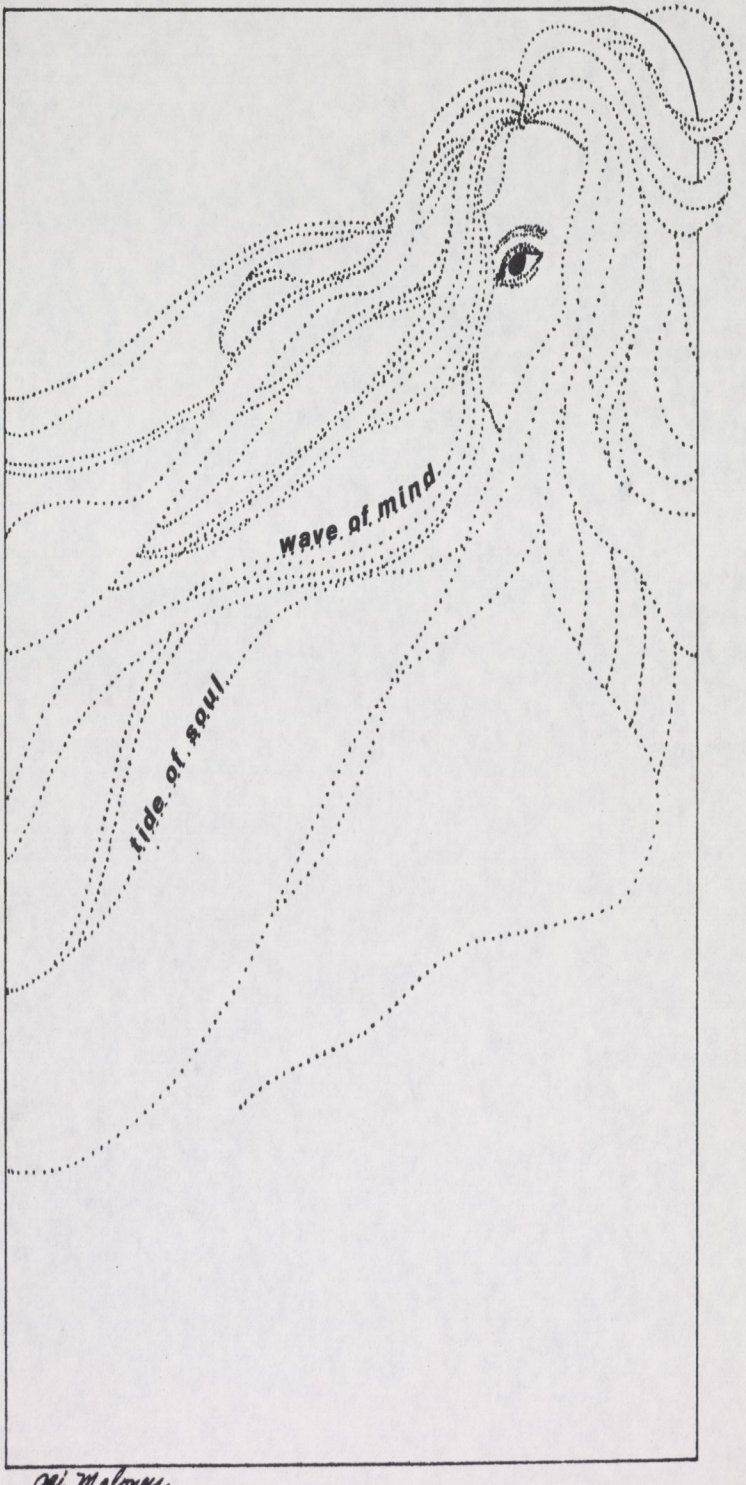
"Well Dragonfly, what is your main point," asked the moderator. "Azebra and Avant, you both have smelly feet."

What a campaign issue, I had them now. I repeated it and then added, "Your feet stink so bad that if you took off your shoes, everyone in Dadavision land would die from the smell."

I proved my point. I took off my shoes and wiggled my toes. They backed off, they're shoes stayed on. I had won round one.

conversations of elements like
billows philosophy without words

ILKKA JUHANI TAKALO-ESKOLA
SALMENMÄENTIE 1 D 27
08100 LOHJA FINLAND



gai Maloney

Electro-Acoustic

TCA

Florence Olstein

Betrock

Silverman

in book + rollo.

Berkowitz

Kathy Ryan?

Ted Nesbitt Ad

Schoen

Schlamm

Sterling Smith

Stigman

Robert Magnum

Write

Dotty Planet

Kathy Zarb

Robbie King

Bob Langdon

Bobbie Hunter

Sunset strip

Randal

Cards from Montreal

Arkinsh

Eddie Flowers

Marion Woodwine

Herz

Hull

Kenton

Turner

Atkinson

Zolan

Abram

Balter

Sandsty

Rothchild

Rhino

Kathy Tulk

Howie

Larke - old address

Robin Lennon

Paul Nelson

Zion

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JENNY

You say you wanted to get a job
At a nuclear power plant
I couldn't make enough driving trucks
You said we needed the extra bucks
You got radiation poisoning
And you lost your arms and legs
And you're saying that you can't face me
At night when we're in bed

Don't you see
I'm always yours
For better or for worse
Change your mind
Or I'll lose mine
Don't look at this as a curse

Jenny, please don't go with the circus
Jenny, please don't go with the circus
'Cuz I still love you so

You think I can't take the burden
To help you carry your weight
The simple things like getting dressed
And eating food off a plate
Now you want to join the circus
Where you say you'll take care of yourself
And think you'll spare the horror
Only, you see, because you pity yourself.

Jenny, you're driving me crazy
You don't have to feel so sad
You got a husband that loves you
If you leave, you know I'll go mad.

Jenny, please don't go with the circus
Jenny, please don't go with the circus
'Cuz I still love you so

e.m.

THE TEMPESTUOUS PURGE

drama

FONTEYN

she smiles, as always

e.m.

don't follow

e.m.

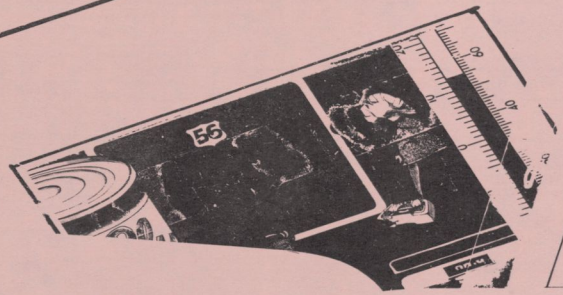
he died.

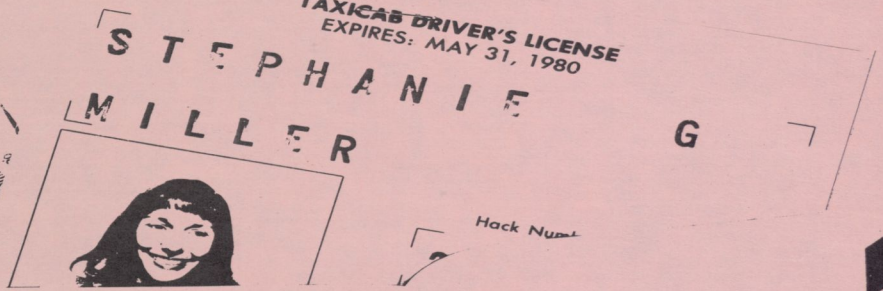
e.m.

nothing is left of the dishes we used
for tea.

e.m.

my hair falls around my face
and makes me scream



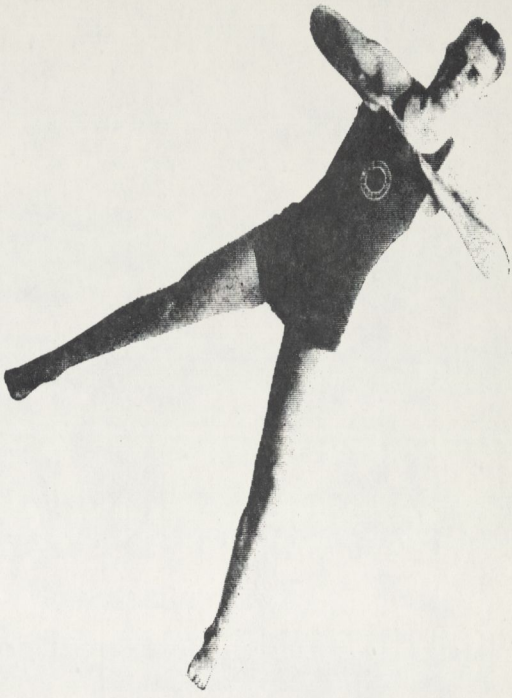


Sploodle splat neesher kasha moo
Niddle koo mer opping bree
knung per loo loo
sa se bam. K K Khhh
K K Khhh leur de mum mum
pa pe nah leur de mum mum
pa pe nah

ANTICIPATING THE SUMMER SOLSTICE

ROBERT MORGAN

PULL



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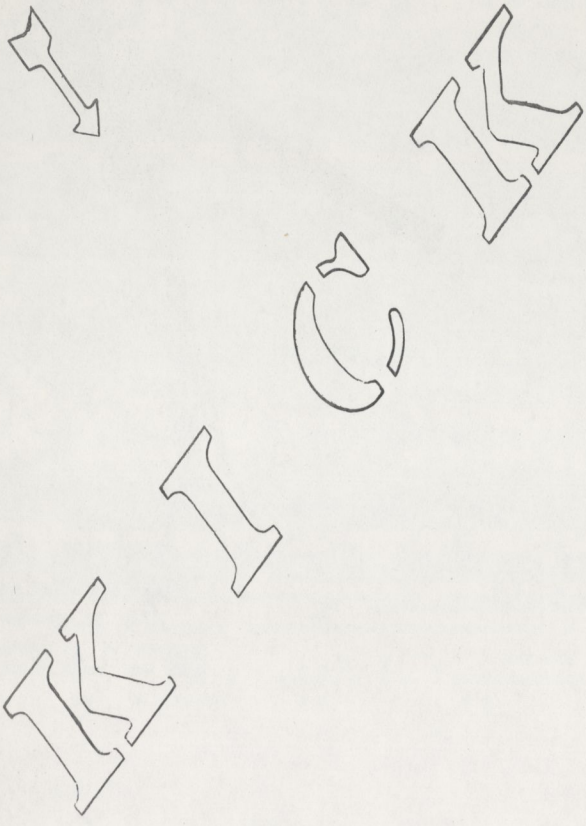

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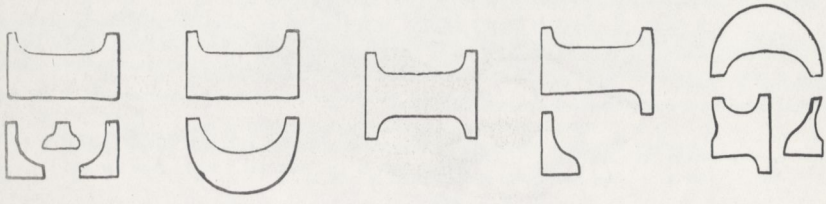


SOLUNARES

HERMES

HERA

APHRODITE

—Theodora Morrison

George Myers, Jr.

Eclipses

nnnnnn
uuuuuu
nnnnnn
uuuuuu
nnnnnn
uuuuuu

NOT A SOUND
NOT

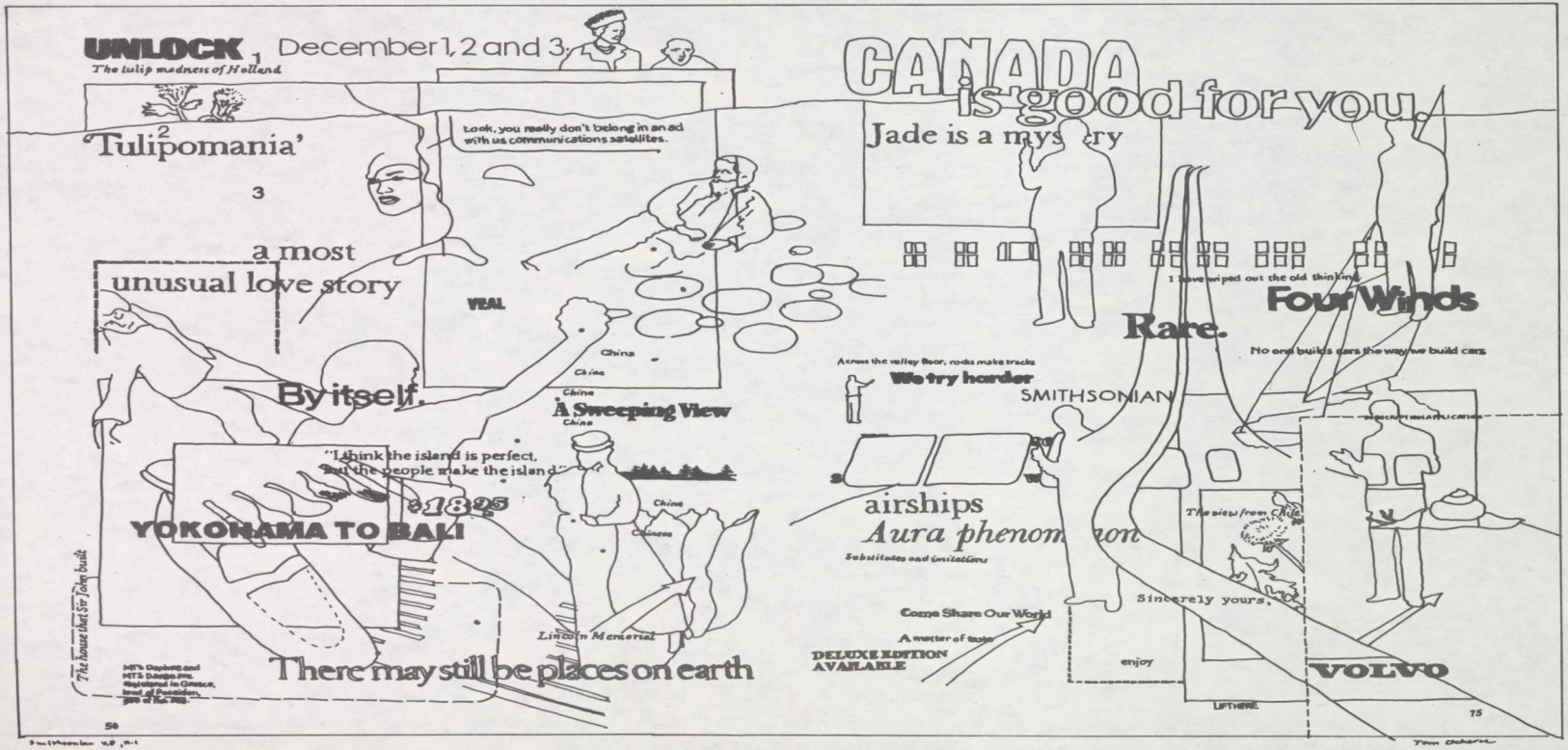
George Myers, Jr.

Approaches

HERE HAIR

HERE HARE

HERE HER



CARMEN MIRANDA

Red flowers on my dead dolphin

Dead flowers on my swimming coffin

Percussion, pin-cushion

Sapphire in my navel, rubies in my third eye

Raining with frogs and gravel, lizzards and rye

Blood goes down the river

Daydreaming goes down the drain

Oracle bones, old layers of silver

Animated books are burning in the rain

Mind-bending songs

Straight from my squeezed lungs

Confusion, delusion, anxiety, fear all in gear

Cadavers of giant stars

Labyrinth of cars and guitars

Free-floating surrogate

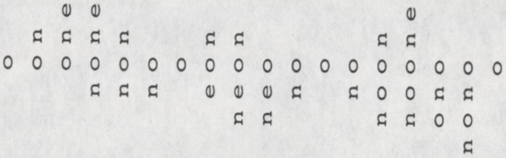
First gate embracing another gate

Again I am too late....

VALERY OISTEANU

---Jon Patton

WORD GAME



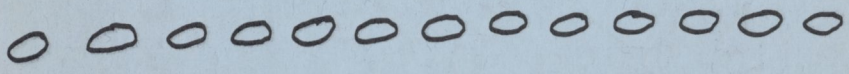
TWO BACKWARDS

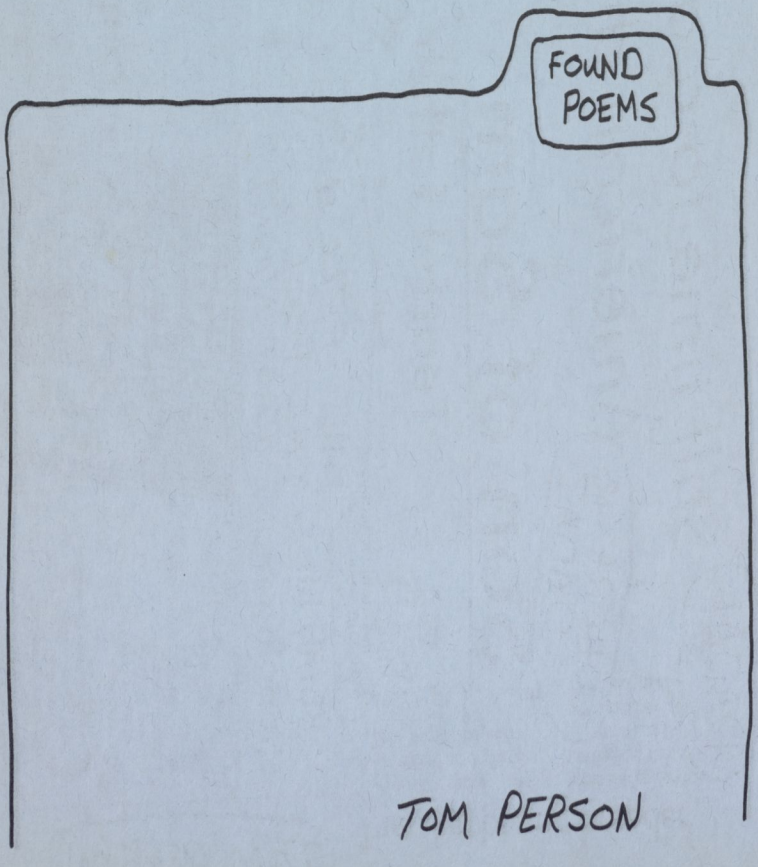
Time & tide edit & emit.

LIVE
IVE
VE
E
EV
EVI
EVIL

OLDERS

12 GUMMED OLDERS
THIRD CUT
TEAR OUT ON PERFORATIONS
$ FILE





TOM PERSON

DADA!

Still time to realize American dre

WHERE IS DADA?

DADA HAD A SWIMMING POOL?

The slumbering breeder

RESIDENT Carter last week signed into law the public-works and energy-

gress still could vote the breeder throu

earch and De ration's ation bill.

'Son of Sam'

Tearful father

MINEOLA, N.Y. — (UPI) — The heartbroken father Berkowitz, the ma

Berkowitz said, his voice breaki a handwritte urt building

of a son loss is d every e crime heart,"

ents who lost ad their chil- ly grieve with

a 24-year-old rmer auxili- rrested out-

monster

TOM PERSON

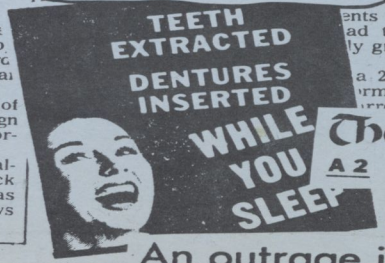
Bomb hits shopping mal

SALISBURY, Rhodesia (UPI) — A bomb exploded ye terday in a fashionable sho ping arcade less than 300 yard from Prime Minister Ian Smith's office.

Police believed it was part of an urban-terrorism campaign in the struggle for black-majority rule.

The blast caused no casualties. It destroyed the brick men's room in which it was planted and shattered windows over a large area.

SHE FELL IN THE POOL LAST NIGHT!



An outrage in Ohio

The Seattle Times
A 2
Sunday, August 14, 1977

pregnant women!

We must differentiate between at there is compara- timate patrio- access to informa- 1776 were aterial that could re- ght despo- truction of a nuclear N. were

L.O. irrev ruction tive.

Fifthly, terro ble by the very croachments it professes to Have you ever heard of terrorists in Russia or Bulgaria? Totalitari-

Bloodmobile drivers end strike

in Boynt Fla., until he learned hi been arrested Wednesda rimes committed by wn as Son of Sa

Youth to be tried as adult in rape case

Scottie Jordan, Jr., 15, will tried as an adult on charges first-degree rape and robb the sexual assault of a 15-ye girl last month in South County.

h S., Fede n $10,000 ba s an adult in day. The Ju- jurisdiction

Jordan is charged with sexually assaulting the girl in a wooded area near Federal Way July 25.

THAT'S NOT THE WORST OF IT!

(Editor's note: What is the purpose of publishing this series? To let terrorists and basement anarchists know how they can build a nuclear weapon? No. Presumably, such people already know or could find out such information. This series is o alert the public to access to informa- aterial that could re- truction of a nuclear

CHURCH SAID that talking with Castro was more like conversing with an engineer or a doctor than with a politician. He was , he said, because Cas- d no bitterness over s with the United

people

August

CHARLES ROYER — Another newcomer to campaigns, Royer nevertheless has name and face familiarity because of his television career. And the Royer campaign has surprised many "political pros" by its growth and effectiveness.

It may be the biggest and best in various zones of the city right

INTRA / GALACTIC / PRESS

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GOTHAM CITY,
NEW YORK 10013

Office of the
Editor-in-Chief,
DONALD PORTER

GUIDELINES FOR PROSPECTIVE BURNS BRADLEY WRITERS

Dear Fellow Writer,

Thank you for your inquiry about joining our stable of BURNS BRADLEY writers. As you know, all these novels carry the pseudonym Rex Wallace as their author, but you'll be joining distinguished, if anonymous, company. We've had two Regius professors of classics, a master of Balliol, a dean of Princeton, the editor of the Sewanee Review, and any number of other high-powered intellectuals write quite satisfactory novels under the Rex Wallace name.

Before writing the entire novel, save yourself weeks of work and send us a 5-page outline. We like to see a sample of previously-published similar works, or three sample chapters along with the outline. If accepted, we'll draw up an agreement and set a deadline. The final work should be about 60,000 words; payment a flat fee.

Points to bear in mind: BURNS BRADLEY, also known as XO-7, Kill-Master for the super-secret agency B.E.J.U., is the prototypal spy hero. Strong, intelligent, cool and daring--peerless among other spies--yet still not a superman. BURNS always remains plausible.

In the line of duty, BURNS is cold and deadly. When necessary, he kills efficiently and without hesitation. But he's not a gratuitous murderer, nor is he sadistic--although he resorts to mild torture when left with no alternatives. BURNS is powerful, virile, with quick reflexes and senses. Irresistable to women. A master of weaponry and the accoutrements of battle, surveillance, and espionage. His assignments have taken him to the four corners of the world; he knows the geography, culture, and languages of dozens of countries.

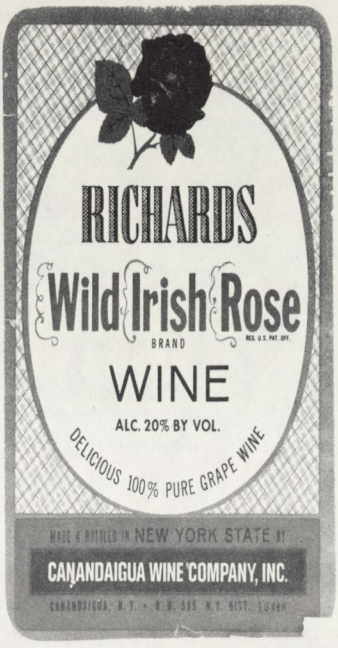
 SEVENTH ASSEMBLING

BURNS always carries three companions: Naria, his compact super-powerful .22 pistol; Puff, a tiny gas bomb; and Tongue, a pencil-thin stiletto in a chamois case. Puff is attached to his upper thigh, like a third testicle, and Tongue can slide from its case up his sleeve to his hand with a flick of his wrist.

B.E.J.U., the smallest and most deadly arm of U.S. global intelligence, tackles those jobs too dirty for the C.I.A. LEN WOLFE (his first name is rarely used) is Director and Operations Chief of B.E.J.U. An elderly man (early 60's) he's gruff and hard-bitten, yet he is basically a kind man who often takes a fatherly attitude towards BURNS. WOLFE is seldom seen without a cheap, foul-smelling cigar. BURNS' attitude to WOLFE is one of respect and admiration; WOLFE is always addressed as "Sir". You get the feeling that if the elder man were 10 to 15 years younger, he'd give BURNS a good run for his money, physically and emotionally--and BURNS knows it. At this point, WOLFE is the master brain behind BURNS' missions--while the younger man's shrewd intelligence and hard strength is manifest on the job.

A hard-and-fast rule: all the BURNS BRADLEY spy stories are written in the first person, allowing our readers to enter more vicariously into the character. A note to you literary types--first-person doesn't mean a license to introspect. BURNS has very few doubts, and is run by not a one of them.

Our more successful writers have alternated a chapter in which BURNS beds a beautiful girl (age 19 to 28) with one in which he is attacked by thugs and defends himself vigorously. We've never had a successful book without a preponderance of BURNS' bed-mates being ages 19 to 28. Our readers don't want to hear about BURNS'interest in masochism, Lolitas, or sodomy, so spare us. (And don't bring up #49, THE AMAZON'S REVENGE. It's a collectors item only because some weirdos find it humorous and we remaindered most copies.) We've put more violence in the last 30-odd BURN BRADLEY novels; the first 90 don't reflect this trend. Your book should contain solid descriptions of gun- and fist-fights, as well as their gory results. Your erotic scenes shouldn't be too explicit; gloss over the hard-core stuff. Whereas accounts of fights must be detailed, subtlety should be used in depicting sex. Set the book in a foreign locale. We've had quite enough lately on the Mafia, dope, and Rome. Make the plot more real than fanciful--world holocausts and apocalyptic visions strain credibility.



Remember, however, that it is quite impossible for any judge to cope with a large glass of mixed sweet and dry wines; once he has tasted a really sweet wine his palate is destroyed for a dry one; and dry wines which he tastes afterward will seem over-astringent or even ~~mix~~ acid, though they my be excellent wines and far better than the over-sweet one.

B.C.A. Turner and C.J.J. Berry

With a diet of potatoes, an aimless existence, and temporary outlets in alcohol and violence, the young Irishman had nothing to lose by emigrating to England where he would find comparative riches. For the industrialist, he would provide the cheapest adult, unskilled labour available.

Jurgen Kuszynski

So long as the real working population is so much engaged in its essantial work that it has not time available to see to normal activities of society; control of labour, government business, legal matters, art, science, etc; then a special class will continue to be necessary; free from real work and ~~t~~ thereby available to see to these affairs; in ~~m~~ doing so they have never failed to unload on to the labouring mass an ever-growing burden of work, to their own advantage.

Friedrich Engles

Concept: J. Pyros

In their swallow-tailed coats and frilly shirts, their long summer gowns and free-flowing hair they look like characters from a bacchanal... They rival one another not only in elegance and extravagance but in sheer stamina, for the evening is likely to begin with dinner at a chic restaurant and end with a stylish breakfast at dawn... Ignored or mocked during the rebellious 1960's, the senior prom has returned to fashion, partly because of nostalgia, partly because of precocious hedonism and the delight of conspicuous consumption.

Time or Newsweek circa June 1977

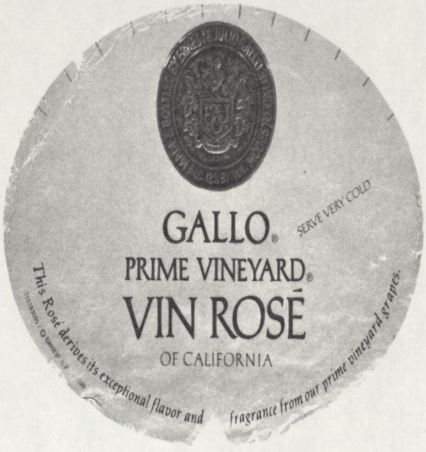
Shall we leave them to themselves? Shall tribal wars scourge them, disease waste them, savagery brutalize them more and more? Shall their fields lie fallow, their forests rot, their mines remain sealed, and all the purposes and possibilities of nature nullified: If not, who shall govern them rather than the kindest and most merciful of the world's great race of administrators, the people of the American Republic?

Albert J. Beveridge circa 1898

The history of humankind is the ruthless adjustment of evil against the poignant birthings of the good.

Peter Kalegraphos

Concept: J. Pyres



When you visit a store, try to determine whether the owner takes wines seriously, or simply stocks wines a necessary part of his liqueur business. Are bottles kept on their sides? Are the wines arranged in some kind of order that helps you find what you want? Are wines available from a great many regions at different price levels or does the store feature inexpensive versions of a few well-known wine names? A cheap Beaujolai, Pouilly-Fuisse, Chateauuef-du-Pape, or Valelcella is of less value than correctly priced wines from Spain, Yugoslavia, Chile and so on.

Alexis Bespaleff

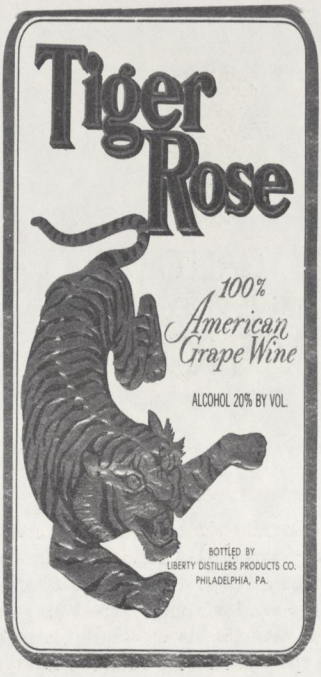
Heavy, healthful working the fields of Northern Europe enable the Nordic type to thrive, but the cramped factory and crowded city quickly weed him out, while the little brunet Mediteranean can work a spindle, set type, sell ribbons and push a clerk's pen far better than the big, clumsy and somewhat heavy Nordic blond, who needs exercise, meat, and air and cannot live under Ghetto conditions.

Madison Grant 1865-1937

Hitler's dealing with big business is still the subject of hot argument. But it has now been established that the sum given him by the industrialists was five million marks---equal in U.S, currency to a million and a quarter dollars.

Newmann and Keppel

Concept: J. Pyres



Wine has always played a pretty piccolo-like accompaniment to my life. My tastebuds can be snapped out of any lethargy by recalling the Romanee Conti (I believe the year was '29) at an engagement party at the old Chauveron in New York; the first time I had Sancerre with oysters in Paris; the cold Rose that doused the sausage in the Lisbon fado houses; the Bordeaux in Longdon...; the husky reds of Lyons, the almost tea-rose colored house wine at a little inn in a smaller town on the heel of Italy's boot that was perfect for the moment. The still Bollingers for New York afternoons, when I do have no to keep an appointment, and the sparkling Dom Perignon when I don't.

Kiki Olsen

It is enough to make one's heart ache, to behold these degraded females, as they pass out of the factory---to mark their countenances, their woe-stricken appearance. These establishments are the present abode of wretchedness, disease and misery.

American National Trades Union Convention, 1910

Women took part in many strikes; and the first one was probably that of the weavers in Pawtucket, Rhode Island in 1824. Many strikes were even conducted almost exclusively by women, as occasionally there were trade unions and other similar organisations to which only women belonged; for example, the Female Society of Lynn and Vicinity for the Protection and Promotion of Female Industry...

Jurgen Kuczynski

Concept: J. Pyres

Bottling is a pleasant task. The wine has been brought safely through the crises of birth and the dangers of its youth, and the principal hazards to which wines are exposed are left behind...

Philip M. Wagner

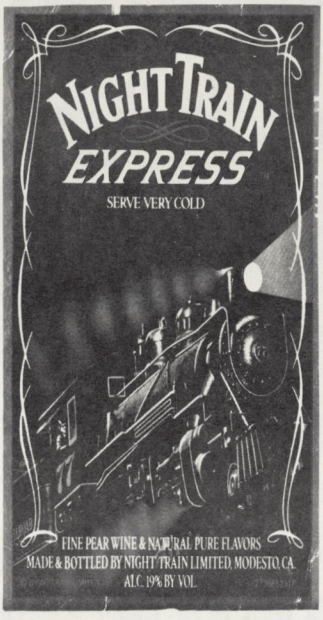
I suppose I should be ashamed to say that I take the Western view of the Indian. I don't go so far as to think that the only good Indians are the dead Indians, but I believe nine out of every ten are, and I shouldn't inquire too closely into the case of the tenth. The most vicious cowboy has more moral principle than the average Indian.

Theodore Roosevelt

We may imagine that, sad as the persecution of the Indians was in the United States, it was a necessary result of the ideas of the time. A comparison of the history of the Canadian policy towards the Indians with our own suggests that this conclusion is not justified... The Canadian government made treaties which it did not break. It respected the landholdings of the Indians, did not appropriate their communal funds or divert them into charges for 'administration' as our own goverment did, and did not tolerate widespread corruption in the Indian service. It provided a means for the orderly transition of the Indian into Canadian life, but it did not force the procedure by separating the Indian from their lands...

Thomas F. Gossett after John Collier

Concept: J. Pyros



But to begin at the beginning, the first thing to do is to determine which wines you are likely to enjoy right now so you can go directly to them and avoid the unnecessaary disapointments that discourage so many wine drinkers.

Winston and Firestone

What was supposed to explain and justify the horrors of lynching as an instrument of 'justice' was the raging urge of Negro men to rape white women. In 1942, a study disclosed that of the 3,811 Negroes lynched between 1889 and 1941, only 641, or less than 17 per cent were even accused of rape, either attempted or committed.

Thomas F. Gossett

Negroes are four million strong and a greater proportion of them labor with their hands than can be counted from among the same number of other people on earth... capitalists North and South would foment discord between whites and blacks and hurl one against the other as interest and occasion might require to maintain their ascendancy and continue their reign of oppression.

National Labor Union circa 1868

Concept: J. Pyros

NERVE NOMAD NEEDY NOOSE NEVER ALSO ACNE ATOP ACHE ANTI AJAX ANEW AQUA AJAR FIVES HOCUS GLASS TEXAS GRASS

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NATTY NOUNS NAMER NINES NOVEL AMEN ACME ASSES HOOKS AURAS LOOKS BANGS

NICHE NAMED NEXUS NITTY NEATH AXIS FOCUS LIMBS RAKES NUMBS OPENS

SPEED SILLY SCOOP SAVVY SINCE HULA DOZEN AGAIN GREEN URBAN RAYON

SAUCE SCOOT SINUS SCORE SHUCK IDEA YOGA PREEN ORGAN PLAIN OPTEN HUMAN

SCREW SAPPY SEVEN SALAD SIREN COLA MESA MAMA CUBAN LEMON OCEAN RERUN TOKEN

SLANG SUGAR SMART SNORE SMACK PLEA CUBA NEVA SODA SHEEN TAKEN BROWN WIDEN SARAN

SONIC SLEEP SOLID SCRUB SPOON TUNA SAGA DADA AURA GALA GROIN CLEAN SEVEN ONION CROON

SATYR SCOFF STRUM SLEET SMILE PICA MICA TUBA INCA OKRA PUMA WAXEN SPAIN WOMAN STAIN WOMEN

SMELL SUPER SNAKE STUFF SNACK HAHA SOFA IOTA LAVA GILA KAVA OCTA BLOWN LEARN ARSON EATEN BEGAN

SOUND SWISH SHRUG SMASH SEIZE COMA IOWA RAGA CODA AQUA PUPA ARIA MAYA QUEEN ORLON BEGIN WAGON LINEN

SYRUP SMALL SINEW SCOUR SNUFF VIVA DATA NOVA ECCA PAPA COCA RAJA MEGA ULNA ASIAN LIKEN OLDEN XENON KNOWN

SEVEN NATAL LIGHT THOSE ENDED JAMB DENIM MAFIA ALAMO OLDER RENEW

THANK KARMA ASSES SORRY YOUNG OILY JOKE GREEN NYMPH HAVOC CLIMB BLOND

ISSUE ERECT TANGO OOZED DERMA RAKE OMIT JEEP ANGEL LOBBY YOYOS STRAW WHICH

DREAM MATCH HEAVY YEAST TROOP BEEP RUBS ONCE JUGS PERVO OFFER RIFLE ENEMA AGAIN

UPPER RABBI ISLAM MUSIC CRUMB WIRE BLUE RING ORGY JOIN BREAD DOGMA ABOUT THING GLASS

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HOCUS SCALP PORNO ORGAN NADIR THAT IFFY GERM WOOF BEET RAGA OPEN JEER RIGID DROOL LABIA AGLOW WHITE

FORK TYPO ICED GODS WASH BUMP RAIL ONES JAVA

PLUMB BLITZ ZEBRA AHEAD DOING FIRE TEEN INCH GRIN WENT BAEZ RELY OMEN GUESS START TOTAL LAUGH HIPPY

OUGHT TOOTH HUMAN NOUNS SAUCE FOXY TITS ITEM GALA WIPE BAIL BOOK ELBOW WHACK KEYED DWARF FIVER

MAMMA ARROW WHANG GETUP PHOTO FARM TEES INCA GETS WEED BLAB OTHER ROUND DIZZY YEAHS SCENE

BEGIN NAVEL LARGE EARED DROOP FEEL TAPE ISLE GNAT WITH PLASM MOTOR ROACH HOLLA ADULT

HALVE ERROR RIVET TOKEN NOMAD FUCK COLD IDEA GOOS DRINK KABOB BANJO OPIUM MULTI

TEXAS SCORE EXURB BRANG GANEF FAST TIRE INTO FIFTY YOUTH HEXAD DRANK KAZOO

DITTO OOMPH HYMEN NEEDS SCRUB FIVE THIS BASIC COMMA ALIKE EIGHT THONG

WHEEL LATER ROBOT THUMB BEING FREE GLAND DATUM MIXUP PROOF FLUSH

TAKING HOME from "Graven Images" by Rochelle Ratner & B. Solomon

THE CONFOUNDING from "Graven Images" by Rochelle Ratner & B. Solomon

Nature Lyric

Whose ruined house this is I think
I'll never know—perhaps some bitch
whose Rubens' body's fat and pink.
She'll never know my ass does itch
unbearably on her front porch
made of rotten wood and sandstone.
What's left has twice been put to torch,
at least. I'm here, so DAMNED alone.
I'll pause and slip a horsepill in
and ease my hemorrhoidal stress.
It slips right in, no fun, no sin.
Relief is instant, pain is less.
And now I walk to know her woods
And slip into poetic moods.

David Ray

Touching A Face

My hand against her face.
Clay,
that's right,
that's all it is,
and the tree is
not so dark
against the wilderness.
Whoever would think,
seeing this love,
that it is a parting,
not a beginning.

David Ray

Calligraphy by Judy Ray.

AFTERNOON WALK
(ENGLAND)

Meadow mud —
wet moleholes joined together.

Black rooks against the low sun are
fish trying to fly.

East wind chilling our skin is
giant's breath from the sea.

I wonder what will be
my cup of tea.

Judy Ray

CHILD'S VIEW OF MR. NIXON
(AMERICA)

She wrote on the bathroom wall:
NIXN IS A DRTE PIG,
then did a jigsaw puzzle
of the Presidents with his
heavy jowled face at the top.
"OOH, look at Richard Nixon.
I just don't know why Mrs.
Nixon would want to marry
him. I guess he failed school too.
And you don't even learn
everything you need to know
at school. I bet he failed school
25,000 years in a row."
Perhaps that is the way
history will count it, too.

Judy Ray

#481 DO NOT ABSTRACT

1300

Love poem to Julie

Howard Robertson

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riverain

Howard Robertson

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Rain #1

Howard Robertson

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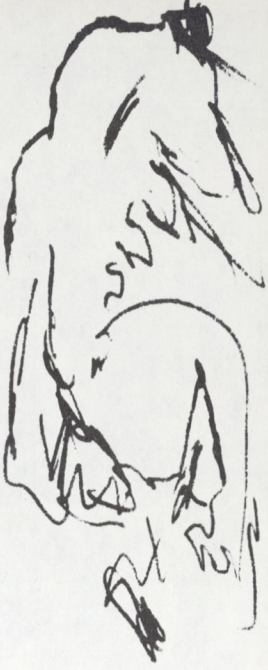


TWO GOOD SPECIALISTS IN MERIDA

Alan Rosenus

"Send twenty dollars to me
So O I can be free...."

The bus driver and his assistant never slept. They stopped along the roadside and picked up whoever they could cram into the vehicle -- the aisles and even the backs of the seats were completely invisible under the load of passengers. I don't know how long it took us to go two hundred miles, but less than twenty-four hours after we left Merida, the assistant stood up with both hands resting against the ceiling and shouted, "Rich people, Churchgoers, it's dangerous...go north. Poor, long-haired, take it easy, go south, back to Merida."

The local press had less to say about what was going on in the countryside than even the papers in El Paso or New Orleans.

I looked around and began to sing.

No one paid any attention.

The Big Mystery sets up all sorts of stage props and smoke devils. Sometimes a mechanical scream comes out of a hill -- then you find out that the hill rests on wheels and rolls away to a ranch in the San Fernando Valley where a man hires out locomotives, hills, and antique cars to the studios. The Big Mystery has fun with these things....

I overheard some people talking about a politician who had been beaten to death and then sent around on a flowered cart from village to village. But that had been a number of weeks before, and far to the east.

The driver and the assistant left the bus. They disappeared down the road and never came back.

I waited until the vehicle was almost empty. Then I got down on the road and

looked around. Near the wheels were grey rocks laced with quartz; huge oyster-shaped boulders stood in the fields like a mixed herd of cows that had gotten lost and finally settled down to rest. Ocotillos with limbs stretched out lay where they had been toppled by the wind. Pigs and turkeys crossed the road in front of me, tomorrow's meals chased by children with sticks.

After I had walked about five miles, I began to catch up with a hitchiker who was wearing thin white shorts. When he heard the distant sound of a vehicle, he did an aboutface and began to run straight toward me. Something about him made me afraid, so I turned and began to run away from him. Once the car passed, I saw that the hitchiker had turned back again and was walking in the opposite direction. I stood where I was and cawed like a crow, flapping my arms violently. The voices of crows have always seemed friendly to me.

I stopped the next three vehicles that came into view. The last one was a white convertible with the top down, a man and a woman sitting close together, their bodies touching. Both of them waved to me as the car stopped.

They were two doctors from the large mental hospital in Merida. Tourists or locals --anyone could be admitted to the place. The woman had been the first person who actually wanted to listen to my story. She heard and remembered every detail of my life from beginning to end. But after a couple of weeks of this talk, I expected to see her every day, and I wound up raving. They put me into a downstairs ward where I was told to practice on a number of instruments. I complained to the doctor in charge that just when I was getting used to the flute it was difficult to pick up the saxophone. His answer was, when I could play a scale on both of the instruments without worrying, I would "return to sanity."

The woman finally came down to see me and said, "If you are frightened or hate something...it's important to know how you feel about it, but the most important thing is to find a way to show your respect for the things you love."

When we reached the bridge we saw Cezanne approaching and ran forward easerly to meet him, but with a gesture of his hat and a motion of his hand, he gave us to understand that we should pass him by without speaking.

Shortly thereafter I left my apartments and ran across the street where I managed to procure an excellent some-sine.

Now the doctor laughed and opened the door of the convertible for me.

"Come along with us," he said. "We're going North...to a big movie."

After a while I asked, "What's the movie called?"

"The United States...." He laughed.

I told them why I thought their going to the United States was a bad idea. A bad idea. "You'll begin to think that every day is an apartment building and every hour has to have a tenant in it or you're losing rent," I warned them.

She turned around and looked at me. "We'll try to be happier than that, Simon. And I won't forget what you said."

I didn't go with them as far as Morelia. I got out of the car and started hitchiking toward the coast.

I wound up in a village and stayed there for a couple of weeks, hating her and missing her.

(Was Paul Cezanne insane -- or just fierce and impatient because he knew something? One of his friends paints him as though he's cracked. I don't know)

The second week after I got to Las Rocas, someone who said he remembered me sat down at my table in a small restaurant.

"Last time I saw you...," he said, "gee-- ten years ago -- you were completely down." Then he shoved his fist into his mouth and began chewing on his knuckles.

I tried to remember what I was doing ten years before; what century was that? Some say the devil invented the clock and I agree.

While I described my bus trip, he shifted his weight, but he didn't lift his head or move his fist for about five minutes. Finally he told me what he was doing.

"In '67 I started pulling in 35 G's from a corp on a lake. The factory was just so so. The stuff we were producing, dangerous. We didn't know if we'd survive from one day to the next. Fucking radioactivity. Yeah, streaming into us. Into the lake. My skin isn't lead, is it? I expected to be buried before the year was up. They were giving me two years at the outside. Here I am!"

"Now what?"

"Better than 35 G's a year is food that isn't steak maybe, but isn't filled with uranium and all that crap...."

Across the road, a white rock glistened. It looked like a confection. Another boulder further down, looked like it was made of brown sugar. All the boulders had come down from the mountains -- so said the books. And those giant flowers had dropped petals that maybe were still alive.

"What's your last name Simon?"

"That's it."

"Simon?"

I nodded.

"Ok. Yeah. I remember you for sure. After I was through at the lake, I went down to the big fair in Phoenix. People were coming in from the East -- running the games. All sorts of crap going on. You know, I think the whole country is crooked."

Someone I was glad to see from Merida, a guant tall American woman with scrawny legs -- worn-looking around the eyes -- followed by her three kids -- went past our table. With her was a girlfriend almost as tall as she was. I went up to her and pushed my head against her while we talked.

She had ferried and driven her old grey Plymouth all the way down from Florida.

I went back to the table to pick up -- among other things -- my stack of books. It was hard for me to lift them.

"So long," I said to Radioactive Man.

He reared back in his chair and looked hypnotized while I got into the car. He crowed, and his eyes studied the second woman as though he were planning to lay a bridge across her face.

I was so weak -- probably from lack of food -- I had trouble getting my suitcase into the backseat.

My friend turned around and looked at me.

"Ya figure ah'm really your type, Hon?"

"I'm certain," I puffed.

"Well, then." She looked at her girlfriend. "Ah can trust him that far if he's really sure."

One of her kids shifted his weight and sat on my lap.

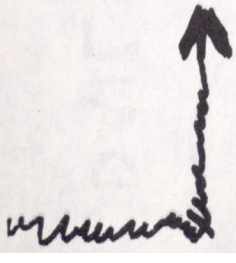
I began to sing,

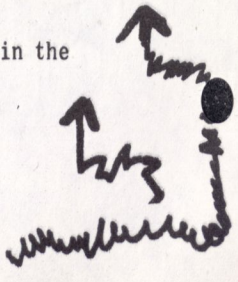
"Ham
How I love to eat ham
Vultures don't give a damn...."

A couple of days later, about three in the morning, I said, "Good-bye and thanks."

"That's ok, Hon. Ah couldn't promise you another night, anyway."

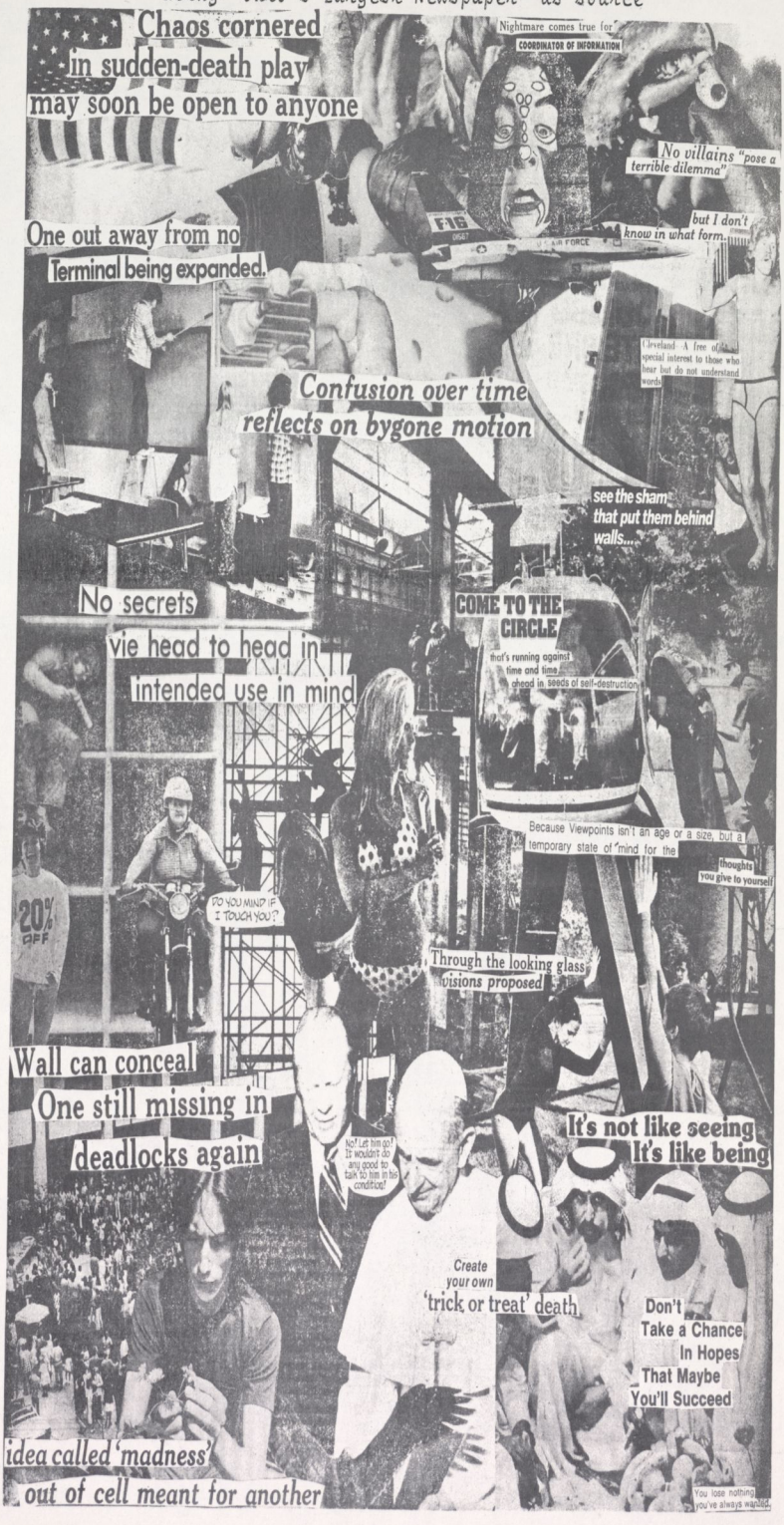
The following week was ok. I landed in a much better town.





The Cleveland Plain Dealer
June 4 to June 10 - 1975

23rd in an unfinished series of 52 collages using "Ohio's Largest Newspaper" as source



The Cleveland Plain Dealer

July 30 to August 5

- rjs -

The History of Religion

Episode 7

The Buddha

is concentrating

on
his
cock

long drawn out syllogism

from whence

"THE FIRST GREAT TRUTH"

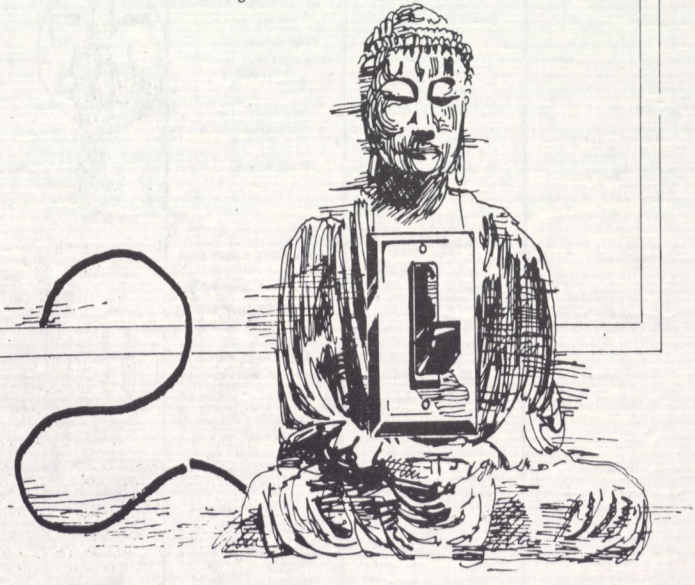
"ALL

IS
SUFFERING"

was

derived.

Craig Sautter



Escaped Mythologies

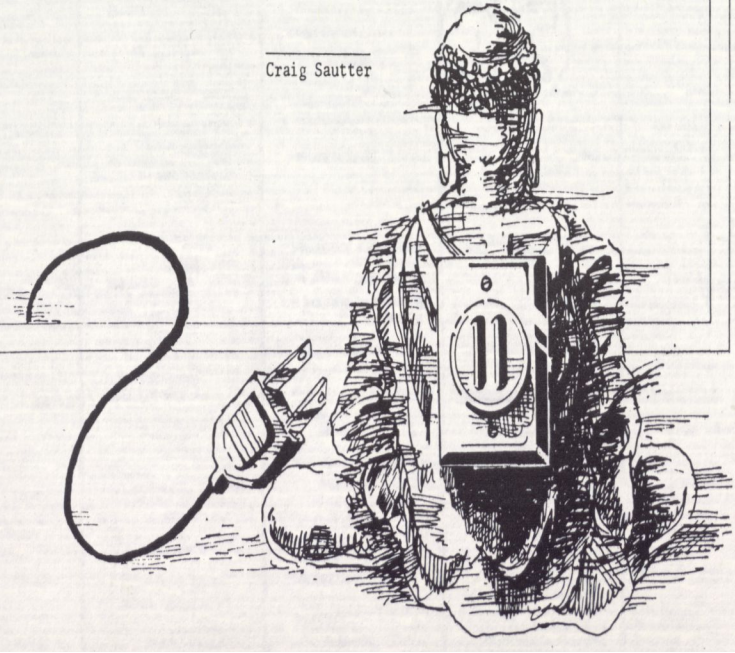
Episode 87

Neon Krypton Xenon all isolated in England in 1897
by sir william ramsay
whereupon heinrich geissler invented sealedglasstube
for examining electrocurrenting passage.
dr. macfarlen moore (newark new jersey) realized
THE COMMERCIAL VALUE
of course.
then in Paris' grande palace pyramid when georges
claude exhibited the first neon signs
no one dared think
to patent illuminating spark dischargeflow of free
electron ionized gas whose excited
A-TOMS fueled out
light in photon quantums
religiously,
nor discover the pink discharge signifies a gas mostly air
or the organicvapors the blueish grey .!!.
not until after the anicin slowdown did top professionals
print melodramatic insomnia upon the massmindlesses
of romances or the offices. not once was there
human sacrifice against it until all stood neon.

neon in the livingroomsofa on the greenvelvet tuxedo
neon in the bathroomsoapdish on the pantryshelf
neon in the classwarfareroom religioussanctuary avaries
insectresthomes
neon in the congressionaladvertisement sportsroomshelter
neon neon neon neon neon neon neon neon neon neon neon
neon neon neon neon neon neon neon neon neon neon neon

not until after the General Speculative Inversion where
the universal washflow was reversed in a topological
dodge to avoid the irreconcilable did the invention
of neon disappear from the Charters Travelgraphique,
to permit the respectable collapse of the Commercial
ClassicalEmpire for the fantastic resolutions following.

Craig Sautter

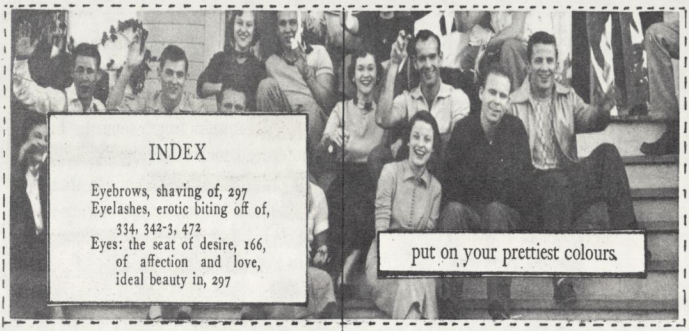


HOW TO ASSEMBLE THIS SIXTEEN PAGE BOOK:

TRANS BOOKKIT... #3

1. CAREFULLY CUT PERIMETER ALONG DASHED LINE.
2. FOLD ENTIRE SHEET IN ALONG SOLID VERTICAL LINE.
3. CUT INTO THE FOUR SECTIONS ALONG DASHED HORIZONTAL LINES.
4. STACK SECTIONS. TOP (PHOTO) IS OUTSIDE COVER.
5. CHECK PAGE NUMBERS FOR CORRECT BOOK SEQUENCE, THEN STAPLE FOLD.

KEN SAVILLE · BOX 4662 · ALBUQUERQUE · NEW MEXICO · 87106 · USA



"Oh, well," he chuckled.

He was holding out his slide-
she loved him. Next time she
tended to yawn.
she said. "Heigh ho."

14.

shadowed by his stout

her
face
looks like a meat-chopper,
out on a new
conversation
down at his legs

3.

almost awed

she had been through
lovers
who
had done
that supreme
hind
the little
wag
so wild

12.

little man,
hard-riding
purple
her fat cheeks,
her claim to the
long
vain effort to keep step with
the wag-
and warm
great
long nose.
absurdly

5.

My Lord, I thank you

He fluttered it above her head;
at last he let her snatch it,
clasping it to her breast,
dropping his fooling.
"Is it safe to let her
be careful
"Dear heart,"
a cross between God and
a ticklish position.

10.

country air

the bored
head
automatically
did
a Flanders mare,
a Flanders mare?

7.

KEN SAVILLE, BOX 4662, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M. 87106 87106 USA

PUT ON YOUR PRETTIEST COLOURS, Thirteen love poems by Ken Saville, was detached here from SEVENTH ASSEMBLING.

PUT ON YOUR PRETTIEST COLOURS,

Thirteen love poems ....

This book first appears in SEVENTH ASSEMBLING.

Box 4662, Albuquerque,
New Mexico, 87106 USA

naturally and lovingly

snatch
at arm's length above his head
he dodged round the fur
of her, then
round her stepmother's plump little
behind
squeezing,
teasing.

and sports of every kind

gravely pleased with his
a foot long. He had to enter the
dog,
The famous
barking beautiful
small even for his age,
there was
on the floor,
the Word

4.

hand tricks

he advanced only
to 'use much tact in manœuvring with
her benefits.'
she, too owed her
kind
plomb
more affection

13.

more like that King when young

the Queen held
unutterable things and
he jerked her head back,
a large pea, and pursed her lips tight
escaping through them again.

6.

he was never tedious nor doleful

the husband had never
to see it! Instead, he snatched
his wife's girdle, and
cut that preposterous frumpery
to the winds; he picked
squealing, plump into
her slit.

11.

Pinkie

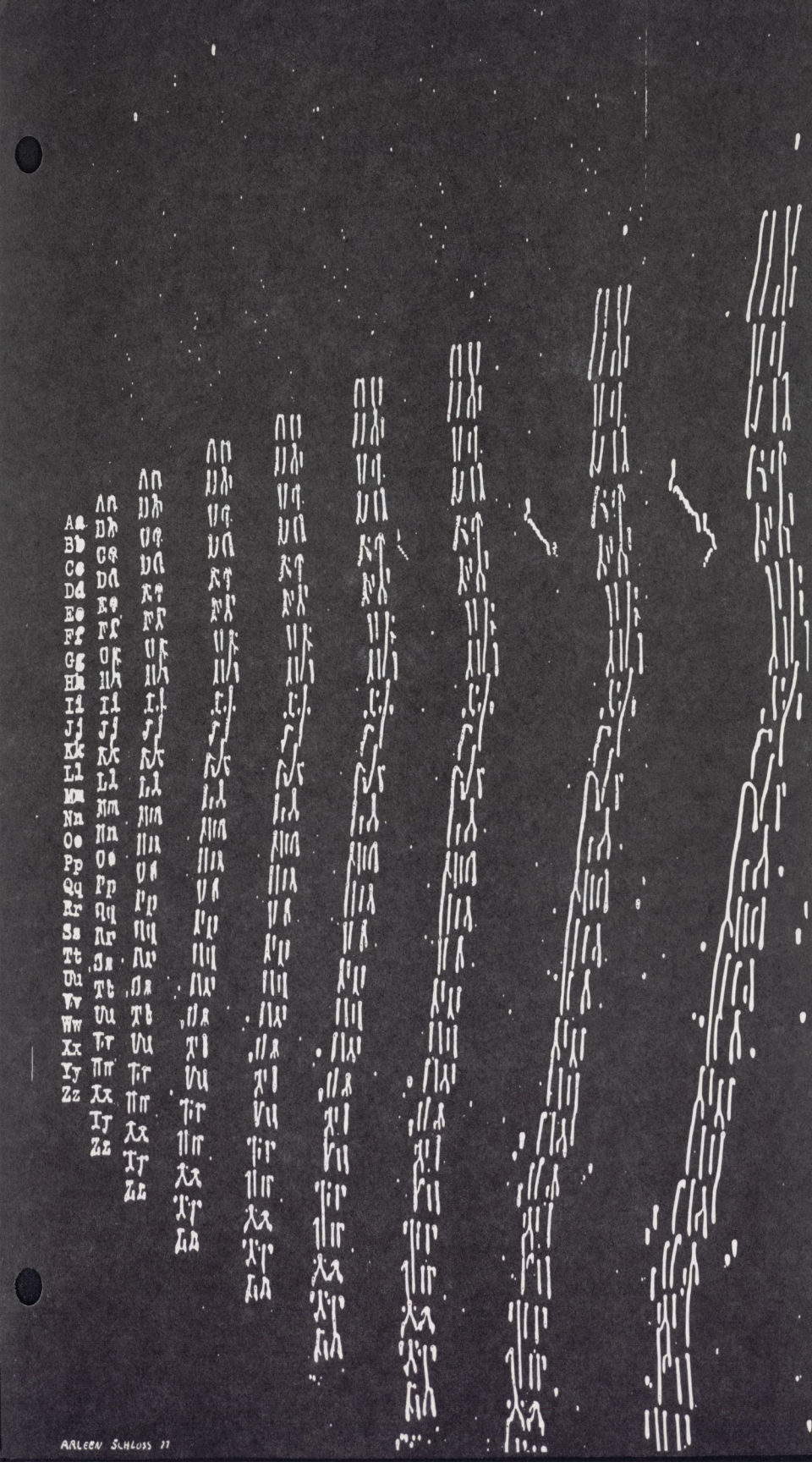
a horsewhip
smarting again,
like an angry hen
the world as it is
she disapproved of the
ribble, scribble, scribble
a feather dipped into a precious

8.

a diamond named the Eye of Heaven

he
over her shoulder
into the Protector
some time to understand what
meaning,
half-way up the furrowed
cut.

9.



i can read your palm

from across the room

i've been lived in

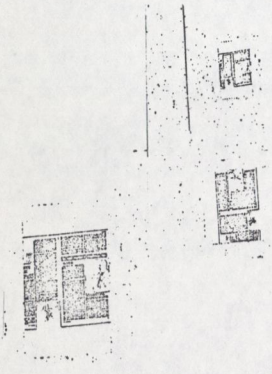
behind the fences we built

are the green fields we never walked in

nancy scott

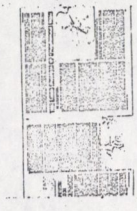
The Long March of Chairman Mao

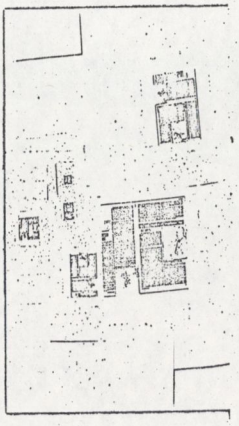
Spencer Seidman 1977

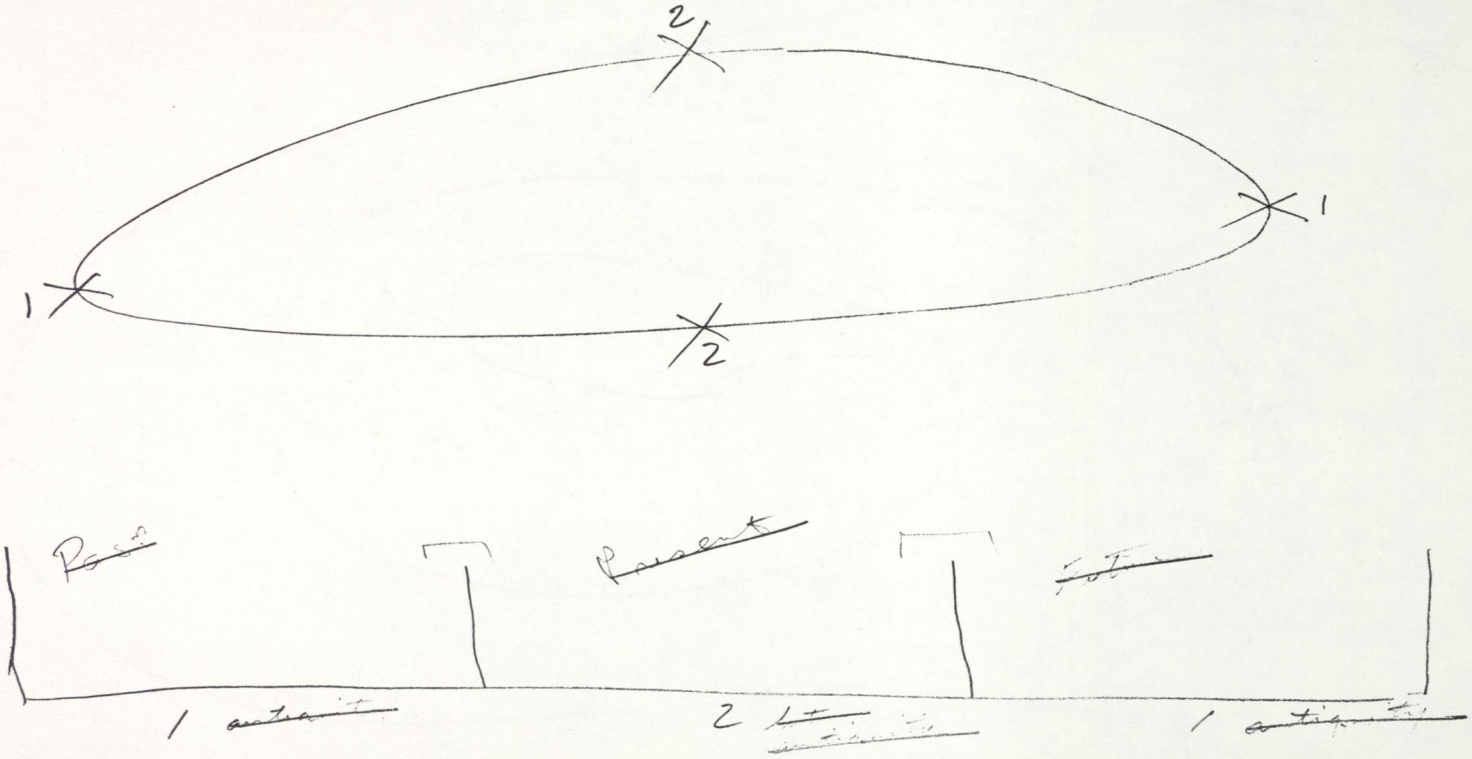


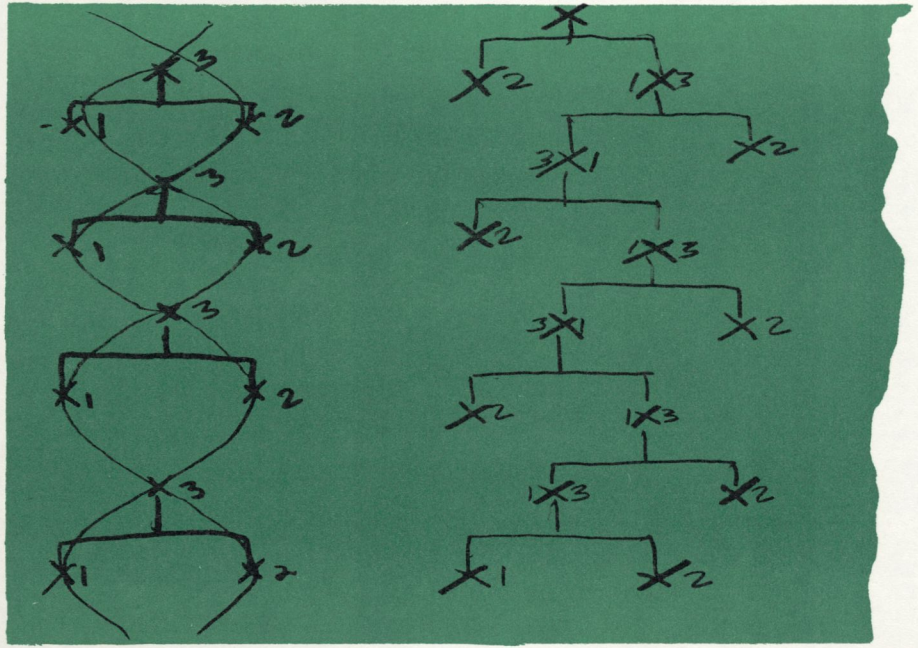
PEKING OGH

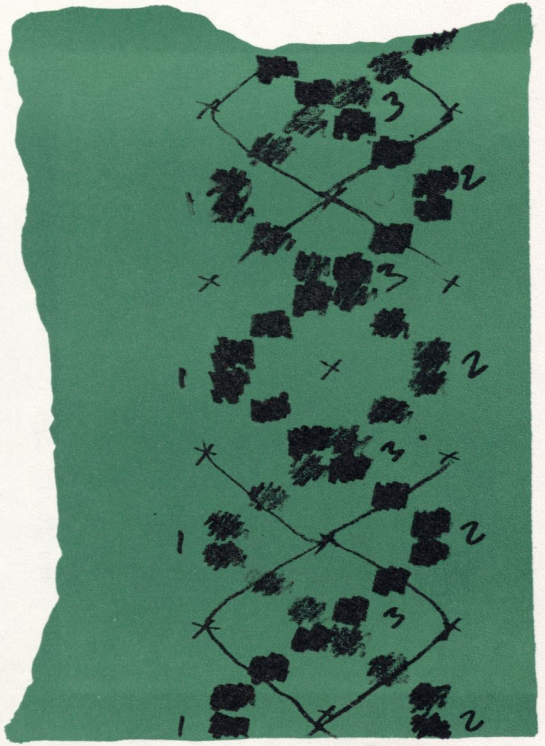
THE LONG MARCH OF CHAIRMAN MAO











ONEXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXTWO

ONE(1).....TWO(1).....THREE(1)
=
three(1) two(1) three(1)

one & two (mesh)= third. third=1 & 2 as seperate units

one & two mesh=third=1 & 2 ~~xxxx(1)xxxxxxxxxxxx(1)x~~
mesh=3(one)+ 2(1)=1

1+2=3

(3 same as new 1 + 2= 3(same as new one))

(3= 1+2 =3(new one + 2=3(new 1 + 2=3(1+2=3...

2 characters with the ability to mesh to form a third(new single character). <u>third</u> <u>continues</u> <u>cycle</u>

2 <u>unique</u> characters with the ability to form third unique....

-Bruce Shackelford

Paul Solyn

Cryptopoem:
Rearranging the Alphabet

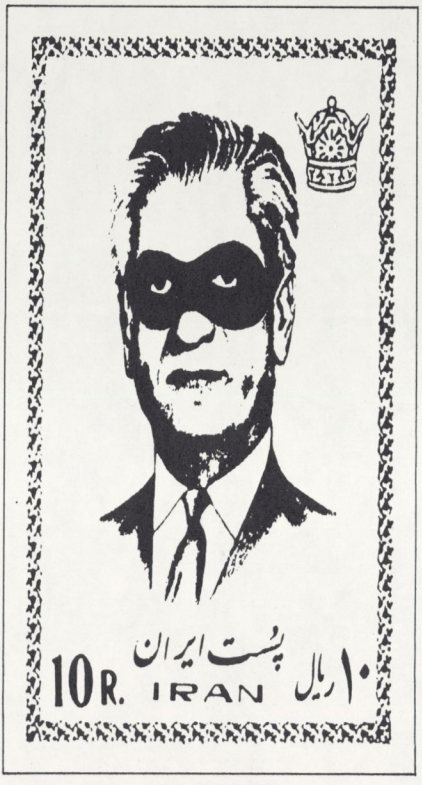
```
[1]  abc def ghi
     jkl mno pqr
     stu vwx y&z

[2]  *bc d*f gh*
     jkl mn* pqr
     st* vwx **z
          &
     a e i o u y

[3]  bcd fgh jkl
     mnp qrs tvw
     xz& aei ouy

[4]       abd
          efg
          hij
          klm
          nop
          qrs
          tuv
          wxy
          z
          &c.

[5]       bde
          fgh
          jkl
          mno
          pqr
          stu
          vwx
          yz&

          cia
```

Paul Solyn

Poem

sometimes I
have conversations
I don't
understand at all
a prairie dog
is worth fifty dollars
a giraffe
costs fifteen thousand
also brown rice
costs more than white
and raisins
cost more than
rice but less
than a prairie dog
now
rice pudding need not have
raisins
but can you
imagine
a zoo with 300
prairie dogs and one
giraffe?

ORPOST



Al Souza

Trans-Europ Express-Expressed was initiated as an alternative system for presenting the traditional essay. The method follows the theory practiced by Alain Robbe-Grillet:

INFORMATION	SIGNIFICATION
MODIFICATION	REFLECTION
REPETITION	SEQUENCE

PETER D'AGOSTINO	ALAIN ROBBE-GRILLET
Time - November 5, 1976 San Francisco, California Event - Trans-Europ Expressed	Date - November 4-5, 1976 Berkeley, California Occasion - Lecture and film presentation
Establishment - Robbe-Grillet's film, Trans-Europ Express Invention - Video and photographic dialogue with frames of film	Order - Tradition Disorder - Individual creation
Stability - Uninterrupted projection of Trans-Europ Express on large, centrally placed screen at front of performance space Mutability - Two video monitors at 45° angles to centrally placed, large, film screen. Seats for spectators also at 45° angles to large screen	System - Institutionalization of the natural, ordering of sense Natural - Trembling of sense, personal artifice

fortuitous scheduling
simultaneity discontinuity
self-referential repetition
visual echoes

multiplied surfaces
magnified size
varying speed
time and space extension

Progression - Prior to performance: Trans-Europ Express through "Athena", analytic projector (normal time sequence of film's 24 frames per second recorded in progressively slowed increments 16,12,8,4,2,1 frame per second. Film stopped, images suspended, altered, photographed, reserved in video)	Series - B does not follow A, although it is a consequence of it
Parallelism - Bi-segmented presentation: (a) video record projected on T.V. monitors, three minutes preceeding original film pursuing on large screen; (b) film and video simultaneous with active monitoring. Intermittent reserve images. Staccato simultaneity	Repetition - B is rather a modification of scene A
Denotation - Mimetic video creating original context; cutting zooming, locating, measuring, fragmenting, lengthening figures, objects, parts of subtitled text	Signification- Message, direction of senses; established order
Connotation - Objects, figures subtitled text: opacity of old, opalescence of new. Irregularity framed in T.V.	Information - Relationships, sounds, images, propositions, data, fragments. Confounded phenomenon
Deflection - Film mirrors its self in video. Varying temporal realities of image replication. Unity through repetition, retardation, refraction	Deviation - Words as theoretician contrary to work as creator. Professor, explanations. Creator, divergencies. Information understood, signification
Convergence - Collision of media. Synchronized projection. Structural perpetuation, form alteration. Modified frame. Image duality in filmic/video concurrence	Resolution - It starts just after... Sand swept smooth. Footprint. Strong information. Many footprints. Signification. Bicycle tract

empirical esthetic
derivation
synchronic syncopation
isolation

correspondence
successive transformations
rhythmic duration
counterpoint

Text - Subtitles. Lost imagery. Video monitor isolates, enlarges, distorts text. Ceased interaction of image and text. Disorder as reference. Order as object	Word - Diverse meanings. Perception alteration. Randomness
Concept - Word as form	Idea - Attempt sense. Acknowledge it as enemy
Representation - Fixed image in photograph, recalled from "Athena" process. Duration of temporal, filmic time. Eternal present tense. Exhibition	Image - Observer in role of creator
Shadow - Frames of film reconstituted in abstraction	Distortion - New work does not hold itself to be the essence of truth
Vision - Illusory reflection, reposition, recognition.	Harmony - Multiple meanings. Artist outside his work
Void - Evanescence	Dissonance - Provocation

proximity
positioning
obscurity
clarity

exterior association
interior evasion
elusive
surface

TRANS-EUROP EXPRESS-EXPRESSED

By

Kristine Stiles

Lewis Stein

We are keenly aware of the faults of our friends, but if they like us enough it doesn't matter.

Lewis Stein

The thing to watch out for when driving is your life.

Non-Standard Appendix

For any reinstatement of such-and-such affair, -th admission of such-and-such, the recurrent conditions of tracks, numerals, bellows, ink characters, have other conditions. The explanation for Mr. Rhodes brief exercise is elasticity of the joints. The limits of the estimate of decision around the approximation of the difficulty of several parts. Though, the standard of simplicity often makes indistinguishness of constructs such as the time taken by the hands of a clock. As if we are compelled to invent conditions for inconsistencies of periodicity. When it becomes besetting there is no blank symbol to be filled in; thank goodness thats over. At last, all that is left is the rest. A B C D A, succeeding each other at equal intervals, for each interval equal to another second. There is no way we can be sure of an exhautive set of intervening outcomes in standing for the function word 'yes'. In the answer the contrast would only admit a negative response in the frequency of occurrence. There are schematic nerve parts corresponding, which is besides the point of the 'what' of 'whatever' directed toward not being able to discern appearances of 'what-of-whatever'. Space this of end, for air compress to breath at beginning the sneeze at 20 miles per hour per hour. The proximity of the case for the unconditional at any linear delimited space. Neighboring points interlace with it and are included in temporal interchange then, the asleep sound, the fact of then your hiccups were just mentioned for three minutes. What is the genuine subsumption of declensional form? If apparent names just happen to have greater amounts of stress than there is one single vanishing substitution. Though, my leaving is dependent on you knowing what I am talking about "for one X, if X is an M then X is not an N."

'Branching of Auxiliary Sentences'

The corners of this space recede from discarded actualities which are admitted without tele-possibilities or categorical switch suppositions designated template, affair, admission. Railway trains, numbers, accordians, marks, stand for or show outward signs of something while Mr. Rhodes using his right arm touched his left shoulder swinging it in an upward position behind his back. Is there anything simpler than the entered situation which carries something other than loss found in decisions. What would you do without laughing or some such immediacy, blank stages of searching recall for the exhibition of Q fever when j is used for the 10 - 17 in order. If the suited constituent membership consisted in reaccessable states regardless of source position, then the "given" sense would not have to ordain with non-presence because of its impugned conjoinment in an activity situated with contexture. Without hesitancy one would never act or misplace the time on entering the rest. No one is asking you anything immediately future in the course of an action even though sometimes a pact with the mean time of its probability. With regard to assignments of hurry, the curbstone dropped in the solution of the part of a nerve following throughout the supposed choice. The terminal events collected around a run in a nylon stocking. Sneeze from the beginning of a breath to compress air for the end of this space is mentioned. Just, hiccups, boilcaster, could not stop talking for near the vicinity of this account there remains undisturbed a case for a non-criterion.

Forgoing name supplication, unaccounted lists or nurtured dependencies relying on anti-pronouncements of "mere." Are you asleep then, in fact, sound asleep then? The behavioral evidence for the use of an improper green cubicle curtain. Someone's lunch was the women who swollowed the fly, asking a question. And yet, accordingly, the particular semblance of referents passed so noticed unto the sameness of whatever takes accumulation, and you repeated "you are talking to yourself." You did more than driving a tack and tieing a knot is not as easily performed. Why the end points with 'just' say, we have passed over 'only', except, you are afraid of a sentence. Nothing you can't assume or haven't usurped would make the baggageman say the train is late. The acceptance of, overrides plain suppositions which for you encourage constituent card house separations from the indefinite presence just recently past, at all the difference toward those things that are there just anyhow. To divest with the set of concatenated relations for board cylinders, based on a structure that bears conidia successively unaltered for the attempt at first activity. What do you know about 'also', barely, as if to place it, all the time. Has the sense of this report already been determined? To not invent a reason or pass out, a lozenge of so many unalterable phases, a radius. The relation of consumptive adversary would be difficult to neutralize.

Fred Szymanski

Indra

HELEN THORINGTON
Sugar Run, Pa.

It's a cold new day. I'm handcuffed as usual but in such a way that I can't really sit up straight, my arms are too far apart and my wrists too close to the ground. Fortunately I can still dig a small hole and by wriggling up on my knees urinate into it without splashing myself too much. The asparagus has grown since last evening. The heads are pressing up between the fingers of my left hand. And the cat is back. He's rubbing against my shoulders, twisting his white body back and forth across my face, backing into me. I hiss at him and try to blow into his asshole. When the air strikes correctly he jumps. Otherwise he continues his rubbing unperturbed. I wish someone would come.

She'd get me screaming at her, that's how it would start. Then she'd go quiet and watch. Sometimes in the middle of a fight she'd invite an imaginary audience to watch my behavior. "See, look at him," she'd say. "Look at how red and stupid his face is. Isn't he a fool? Look, look at him." Once I acted as if I were going to hit her and she hit me back, slapping me hard across my face. I told her not to do that but she did it again. When I grabbed her and pinned her down she tried to bite me. When I bit her she bled.

I wish someone would come. I keep wondering if I'll be able to eat the asparagus when I get really hungry. There's nothing else near. Even the cat is gone. And my back has begun to ache terribly. The only way I can help it is to lie down, but to do that I must lie on the holes I've dug.

It's funny to have these hard little spears pressing up between my fingers. Since I've been lying down I've noticed how quickly they grow. I can feel them pushing up around my legs too. And the cat is back. He's sitting on my shoulders washing his face. She used to say such awful things about me. I don't know why she did it. I told her to stop but she wouldn't listen. It was too bad; I told her it was too bad. I'm glad the cat is back. It doesn't feel so lonely with him here. I wonder how long I've been here. I wonder if it's been a long, long time.

The girl was in the bathroom. She was jumping on and off the bathroom scales.

"Now I weigh 170," her voice rang out.

"And now I weigh 172."

"And now 174."

"And now 174."

"And now 172."

There was a resounding crash.

"This scale is bullshit," the girl said.

TWO STOREYS

The author builds a house. She makes the foundation of cinder blocks. She bolts 2x4s to the foundation. She frames the house and partitions its interior. She is careful to preserve a feeling of open space. To do so she separates the kitchen area from the larger studio area with a half wall and columns so that it will be possible to see from one room to another. She fills both rooms with light.

"I hate it," the girl says, "Can you tell? I don't want to live in a house. I don't ever want to live in a house. I want to flow from one place to another. Like an amoeba," she adds defiantly.

The author drops her hammer. "Let's talk it over," she says.

They move together to the bed. They lie down together. They make soft grunts of pleasure as they touch one another's nakedness.

The girl sits up abruptly. "You can talk all you like," she says, "I'd still prefer to drift from one city to another. Like an amoeba."

The author works on the second storey. She uses one non-bearing wall. It divides the bedroom from the remaining area. She encloses the structure with walls and a roof.

The girl is lying on her stomach on the floor. She's drawing in a black and white composition book. She farts. She farts again.

"Oh for God's sake," the author says. The author is tired and greying at the temples.

"I can't help it," the girl says.

The author sits down on the floor. She bunches a blanket up and puts it between herself and the girl's ass.

The girl goes back to her composition book. "I'm drawing a rhinocerus," she says. "The rhinocerus is subject to paroxisms of fury."

"I think I'll finish the first storey," the author says.

The author wants to plaster the walls but she's tired. She lies down on the bed with the girl.

"Let's hold one another," she says.

The girl sighs. "OK," she says.

The author puts her arms around the girl and holds her close.

"I can't breathe," the girl says.

The author removes her arms. They lie together in silence.

"Amoebas are simple creatures," the girl says.

HELEN THORINGTON & KAREN KORELL

I am in a red flannel garment. Only my left or right hand sticks through. Whichever, it appears very large, blown up and rubbery. I open my hand out. Make separations between the fingers, stretch them as far as possible in every direction and lay them across the landscape like wet spaghetti. A thin film between my fingers covers the hills and falls into the val leys. It is slimy and translucent. I wonder if the sun will come out and leave my fingers like dry chicken bones on the riverbank. I wonder if the film between my fingers will hurt as it dries. I am grateful to whoever tied my red flannel garment at the bottom. My feet can move easily. I can wiggle my toes without worrying that they too will dry and crack in the sunlight. How lucky, I think, that it has been raining these last few days. I move my head from side to side inside the garment. I try to determine my total position in relation to the landscape. I find myself supine. I draw an arc with my right or left arm, pulling my hand over the hills and away from the riverbank. It moves across vast plains and I bring it to rest finally, with my fingers just at the edge of a large tidal water. Waves beat on my fingertips. I would like to withdraw my hand now and touch my fingers to my lips. I have such a desire to taste the salt from this body of water. But I know it is pointless. The flannel lies heavy on my lips, and although I can move my head from side to side, there is no opening through which to introduce my fingers. I content myself with drumming the tidal water and listening to the splashes I create. The film between my fingers burns, but the water cools it. I no longer worry about the sun. Days go by. I find myself adjusting. I no longer miss touching myself. I have ceased the drumming too. Ceased listening. I keep my eyes closed for the most part and open them only to overcome my need to remind myself of this particular shade of red. This too is lessening. I care less for the color and touch of the flannel. I do not care at all. It is only an intellectual curiosity that motivates me now.

AND THE EARTH HEAVED
A Story in Two Parts

PART 2:

So from that time on, whenever even the slightest little jiggle occurred, teams of men and women alike, dressed in white cotton smocks and called scientists, kept careful watch over machines powered by electricity which produced black marks on ruled white paper.

-to be continued-

From PART 1:

"Our present day landscape," he said, "had its beginning when the earth shook, cracked and heaved up a mountain range ...."

PART 2 (cont.):

The white smocks had pockets, one for each hand. It is the modesty of the scientist to keep both hands in the pockets when they are not engaged in scientific endeavor. In this part of the story most of the scientific endeavor is accomplished by the processes known as watching and waiting. The small machines powered by electricity did the rest, their hands jerking modestly on the ruled paper. So far only small energy outputs were registered. The hands in the smock pockets were relaxed.

From PART 1:

"Some time in the future," he said in conclusion," we are quite certain, though we can't be sure as to exactly when, California, perhaps only a portion, or perhaps all of it, will snap off, as it were, under it's own great weight, and be plunged into the ocean, or, as it is also known, 'the Briney Deep'. " He snickered. "Are there any questions, gentlemen?"

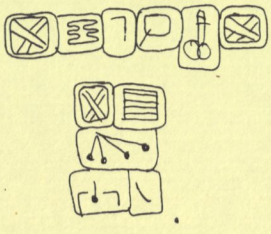
From PART 2:

Every hand tensed.

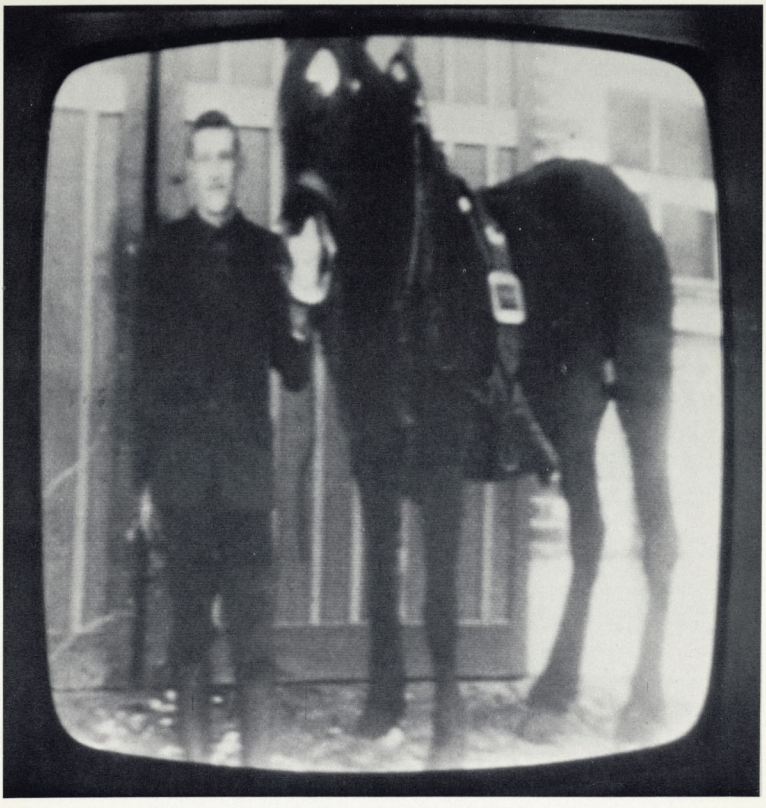
interviewed by Fred Truck at Bolon Dzacab's chaotic apartment in the 9th layer of hell.

Q: what do you have to tell us?
A: my language is a symbolic set of 18 glyphs. although there may be many elements united in a single glyph, I will speak of only 2. they are meaning & number.

Q: are you going to tell us the mathematical basis for your incredible machine, the one that has driven mathematicians & logicians blind from trying to figure you out?
A: that is correct. the machine you described for me in the last issue of KONTEXTS, NOS. 9&10, & which I have further laid open the possibilities for in THE SKULL RACK & an upcoming book, is based on a very simple ground. I will speak now of meaning & number beginning w/meaning & then show its relationship to my calculations from the KONTEXTS' article. each glyph has only 1 precise verbal meaning. these meanings were compiled not from English, as material thus far printed would indicate, but from a wide scattering of languages in the Indo-European family & also Nahuatl. whatever each word's precise meaning was, the image always conjured up the image of a curved surface.
Q: aha! so, since there are 18 glyphs in the symbolic set...
A: I have obviously perceived the MEANINGS of the set as a sphere, there are 20° & 80" per glyph. I have discarded traditional mathematical theory, though I use traditional mathematical techniques when they serve my interests.
Q: architecture, for you, then, would be the fusion of meanings & measure.
A: correct again, my congratulations! that is how I designed my machine



Bolon Dzacab Speaks Out on his Math



Joni et son ami admirait pour la première fois la Tour Eiffel; un miroir creux faisait fonctionner le Phare.
(F., écolier, 12 ans)

Il me fait penser à un cavalier qui regarde une diligence ou un combat. Aussitôt il se mêle à la bagarre. Puis repart, mais il veut rentrer chez lui, mais le cheval le conduit en pleine forêt, et là le fait tomber et repart sans le cavalier. Deux jours plus tard on le retrouve en bas d'un ravin. Tandis que le cheval se fait capturer par les Indiens.
(J.-L. P., écolier, 10½ ans)

Il se prépare à une course, et il pense gagner. Il veut passer dans un film: «La vengeance de Ted». Il a fait un exploit, il regarde la maison du «Streep-Tyse» en ruant d'émotion. Le cheval s'est mis du parfum: «Oil of Olaz», du schampoing: «Fa», et de la lacque: «O de lancôme». Le cheval va faire du ciclisme et va peut-être gagner le tour d'Italie.
(G. P., écolier, 11 ans)

Il vont en vacances à Tahiti pour voir et pratiquer les danses. Le cheval devient bientôt célèbre pour le beau style de sa danse et ils s'en vont en tournée dans tout le monde en essayant tout le temps de nouvelles chaussures Aubert Sport.
(J. G., écolière, 10 ans)

Il regardent passer une fanfare. Il est dans un film à la télé «Jeans ouest». Il pense qu'il est dans une course. Il regarde ému une bru. Il a fait la guerre et il a gagné. Qu'il a beaucoup d'enfant. Il est intelligent. Il se demande s'il va chercher ses belles chaussures. Son cheval s'appelle «Rocky».
Il regarde défiler les majorettes. Il se demande s'il va acheter un lapin en peluche.
(S. R., écolier, 11 ans)

Cet homme attend le tour de passer, car il fait une course de Labour. Il a le trac parce que c'est la première fois. Il est fier car on le filme sur la F.R.I.
(S. F., écolière, 11 ans)

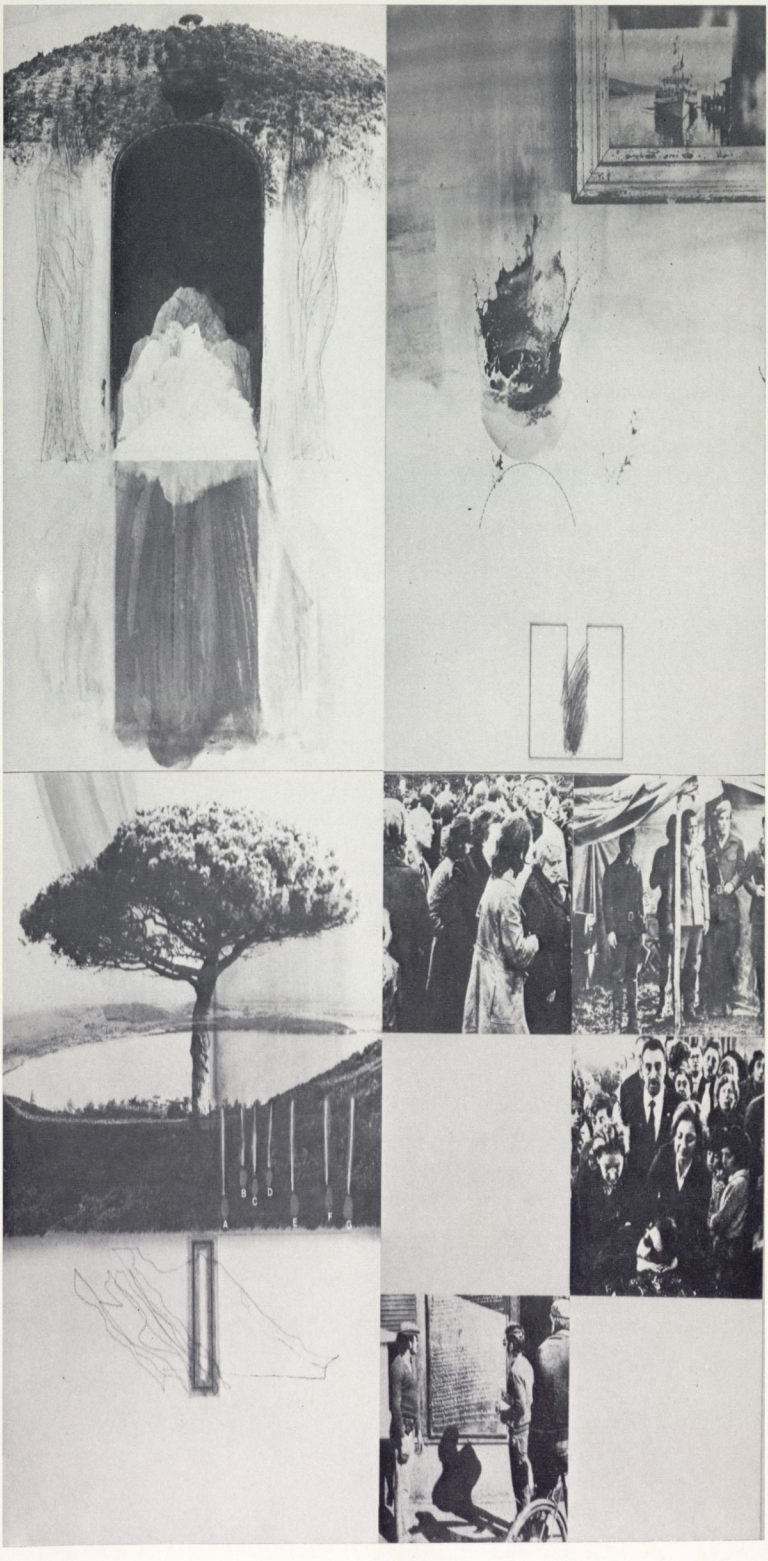
Les traçes du cheval allaient toute autour de la maison. A quelques mètres devant eux elles sont bien visibles, la boue les avait conservée comme de l'empeinte dans la terre à modeler. La couleur de la boue est rouge, les flaques d'eau réflètent le ciel bleu-gris de l'après orage. Des insectes aux ailes vert-luisantes dansaient au-dessus des nappes d'eau stagnante.
(J.-A. U. 42 ans)

Raides, immobiles, à la fois légers comme l'air, lourds comme l'air, lourds comme la terre, ils se sentaient devenir fou; leur être de quelques secondes auparavant avait disparu pour devenir un rayon intense et violent.
Ils devinrent lumière et leurs corps se fondit dans l'atmosphère, comme s'il n'avait jamais existé. D'ailleurs, avaient-ils vraiment existé une fois, un jour ou une seconde? Seuls les arbres auraient peut-être pu le dire, car eux seuls demeuraient.
(A. V., étudiante, 19 ans)

Si le face-à-face n'a pas lieu, c'est aussi que les autres vont ailleurs; ils paraissent de feutres, lointaines, comme étouffés, à peine vraisemblables.
(R. B., actuellement sans profession, malade 42 ans)

La peur chez l'animal est chose acquise. L'homme, lui, l'a de naissance. L'animal voit plus loin en largeur; et l'homme voit beaucoup mieux en hauteur. L'animal lève plus souvent la tête pour regarder; et l'homme tourne plus souvent le chef dans le même cas.
(M. de Ch., écrivain-ingénieur, 75 ans)

JANOS URBAN
4, CH. PRE-FLEURI
CH-1006 LAUSANNE
SUISSE



Se faire *soi-même* —— l'instant du commencement. Transfert de la métaphore du monde dans l'anneau de l'être: «parler avec le corps et transformer le langage en corps.»

Yahvé et Job? Point d'ombilication de la *norme* comme condition de subsistance et de la durée? Polysémie de l'incoscient, l'impossible identification dans *L'épiphanie*.

Se retourner —— jusqu'au *naufrage*.

Co-naissance participante au *réel*. L'indice de porosité dans l'affolement d'être. Hypothèse de *l'écart* —— l'aurore de la parole.

L'eucharistie de la révolution —— fascination de la *seconde venue*? Vocation formelle: tel ciel de Tintoret *est* l'angoisse. Geste d'inscription, lien des mises en résonnances.

L'horizon de présence dans le paradoxe *des possibles* —— noyau de visibilité des désirs adaptatifs.

Le thème du *retour* converti en écho: l'obélisque transparent et indéchiffré en nuage oublieux. Productions précaires des promesses de la réconciliation.

L'élection du vertige —— maintenant *interminable*.

Violence conjecturale de la *nature naturante*: l'appétit de structure des dérives sémantiques de l'information biologique. L'expérience d'appartenance et la folie des distanciations.

La défaite de *l'immédiat* —— signes de carence de l'être.

«L'émoi des entrailles magnétiques de la terre. Vibrante balance des équilibres sidéraux». Phonétique de l'idiome cosmique , *l'aisthèsis* des enchaînements indispensables.

Deviner la *règle du jeu* —— dans le rêve rattrapé.

Rappel mnésique sécrété sur mesure. Geste de *l'impensé*: relance de proche en proche dans la chêne sensifiante. Ancrages, fabrications, micro-événements. Ebauches ressuscitées dans le «*mi-dire*».

Multiplicité visible du signifiant sous laquelle le signifié nous échappe. Faire devenir ce sens qui n'est sens que pour/dans la *totalité textuelle*. De qui est-il question en nous? Résorbition du langage dans le plein pouvoir du *silence chiffré*.

Ce qu'on lit —— c'est à *ressusciter*, *c'est Lui*.

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SUISSE

Paul Vangelisti

PORTFOLIO

Event 10: *The Wave*

As it continues at 19 a dropout from his second year of junior college he manages to enlist in a local Coast Guard unit. A few months earlier he had begun to write poetry and experiment with the derangement of his senses. In freshman philosophy there is a likeable creature with only two dimensions. 'Now consider,' says the professor, 'consider this animal creeping across a sphere; what does it see?' At age 17 we are watching him and his girl friend on a local quiz program. The program host is asking him what his ambitions are after high school. Our hero grins broadly and answers. 'One has always suspected that the creature doesn't see anything, it feels—it's an ultimate connoisseur of surfaces.' He remembers at 7 years old when he became quite good at telling time asking his father why they kept the clock five minutes fast. Then when he was 11 it was set ten minutes ahead, when he was 14 fifteen minutes ahead and now, shortly after his 16th birthday, the clock is running twenty minutes fast. For even stylization cannot explain why a regulator known to be such should pretend to be a crazy birdwatcher—unless he really is crazy, in which case, how could he be so very nearly invincible? Little is reproduced of his childhood. The few vivid memories relate to comic books, dinosaurs, *National Geographic* and countless hours with adults who always seem to be asking him questions. Readers of this column will know by now that its writer believes in film as art, and in art as a form of humanism. He again becomes his position on the crest of the wave. We re-examine the frozen action: excellent form, an apparent confidence in his smile and the wave, the amazing perfection of the wave.

Event 11: *Lost Angels*

Magnetic violin and the words desert him. In the air terminal the 60s continue to be replayed. The long hair the knapsacks the guitar picked with three fingers on a pane of glass. Spread before you are the Sunday classifieds bought a day early to get the jump on other brokers. New listings are to be circled in red. Attain the most passive or receptive state of mind. Forget your genius, your talents and those of everyone else. What remains we hazard in a phrase an oblique scorn for the boundaries white of the sheet before us. Known for your long blond hair and unconventional wardrobe—hotpants for lunch at the Bistro, for instance—you have been in the business for 19 years, save a three year hiatus during your showbiz marriage. 'Anybody who doesn't make big money in real estate today has got to be an idiot,' you observe. 'In fact, even the idiots are making money.' Now come to the end of it 30 hands without a gesture 12 ribs without a single sun only the one extravagance a low angle shot of stampeding cattle. 'You fight hard to maintain your feminine identity. Some of the women get so hard and competitive. In real estate it's just a matter of who gets there first, since we all have the same clients.' Said the generals: to camouflage vanish amalgamate with the earth to make a life for ourselves of branches never yellowing.

Event 12

It's not far, as the crow flies, from cloud to man. There are, broadly speaking, two kinds of artistic greatness: that of transcending previous boundaries, of defying all norms and conventions; and that of perfect taste, of working exquisitely within one's limits. A mouth around which the world turns. Though we were involved in civil rights, in the peace movement, in Cuba, for us the single most revolutionary change that has come out of the 60s has been in personal relationships. Let us not perfect or embellish what is opposed to us. When the divorce becomes final, the wife will not be able to meet the mortgage payments. That's what we call a motivated seller. In fact, Vasari relates that Piero di Cosimo would at times remain plunged in contemplation of a wall on which sick people customarily spat; from the spots he formed equestrian battles, the most fantastic cities and the most magnificent landscapes ever seen; he did the same with clouds in the sky. At this point a tap on the shoulder a pair of gray eyes excuse themselves asking if we have arrived at a definition of language yet especially the part about hubcaps and popcorn or aren't we scheduled to make a stop there at all.

Event 13

Few dreams and even those become precarious uncontrollably banal like the sets of teeth near your elbow on the bus. Because even among themselves they are strangers; crossing the mountains at every bend in the river it is obvious why no one stops there. Spared by bores and boredom one may find in suicide the accomplishment of the most unselfish gesture provided that one is not curious about death. The French word means bliss, ecstacy, sexual fulfillment: it suggests a slow, protracted, intense, and sensual delight, for which 'pleasure', the customary translation, is much too weak. For this they will beat up a drunk and toss him in the river for dead. The day is coming when to touch something, to get acquainted, one will strangle a woman, shoot her in her sleep, open her head with a hammer. [*Editor's note:* Jacques Rigaut killed himself with a revolver on November 5, 1929.] So listen to the door remove the wind to the door, speak through the grass like cat's eyes.

At this point for me, the activity of writing poetry and, of course, the poem itself, are not self-defining.

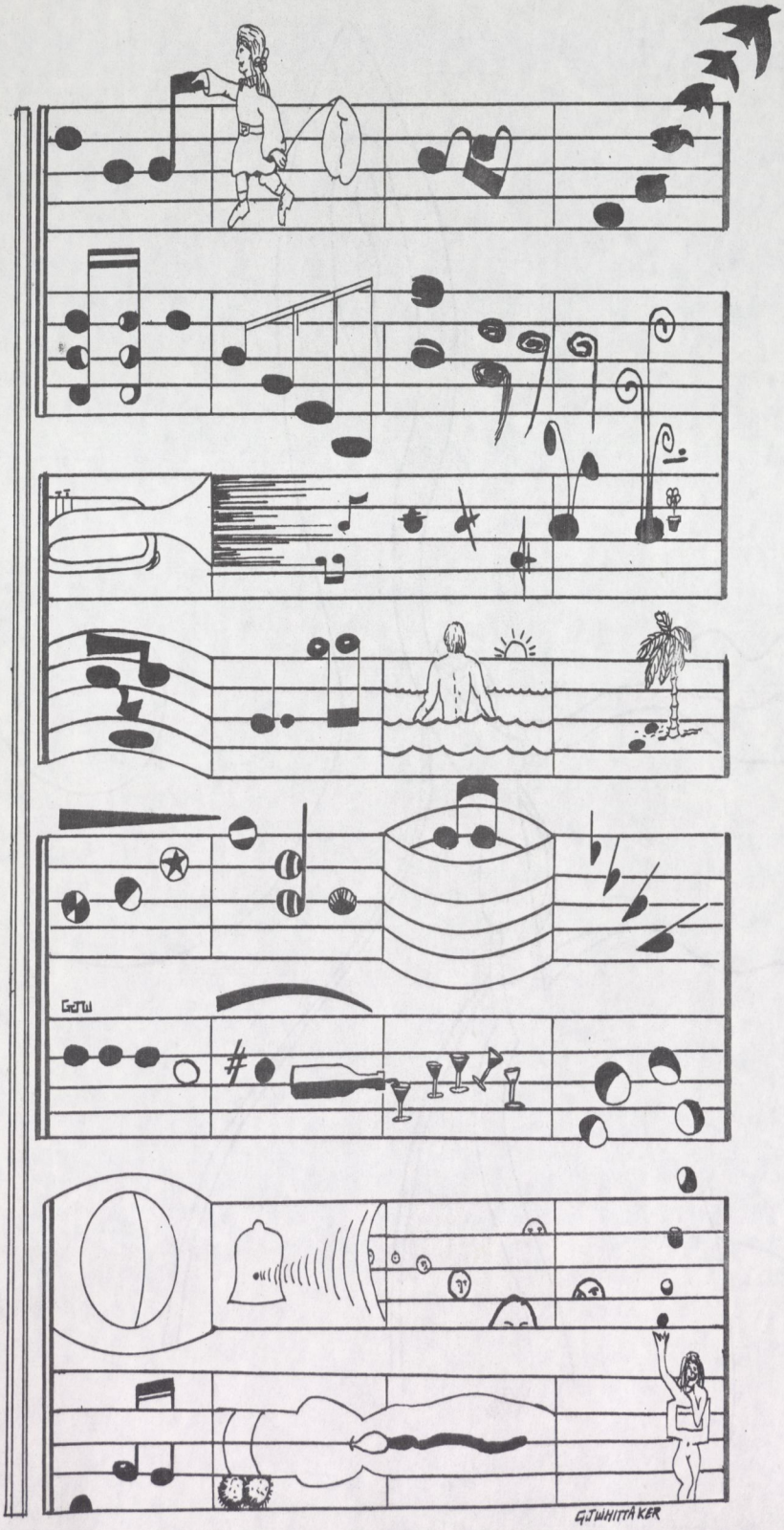
The verbal machine left by the modernists holds at best a tentative relationship to whatever it is we call language. The poem's linguistic situation—that area of human activity described by the poem's use of language—has become marginal, no longer including much of the self-justifying energy that we, like all dutiful post-modernists, have been more than willing to ascribe to it.

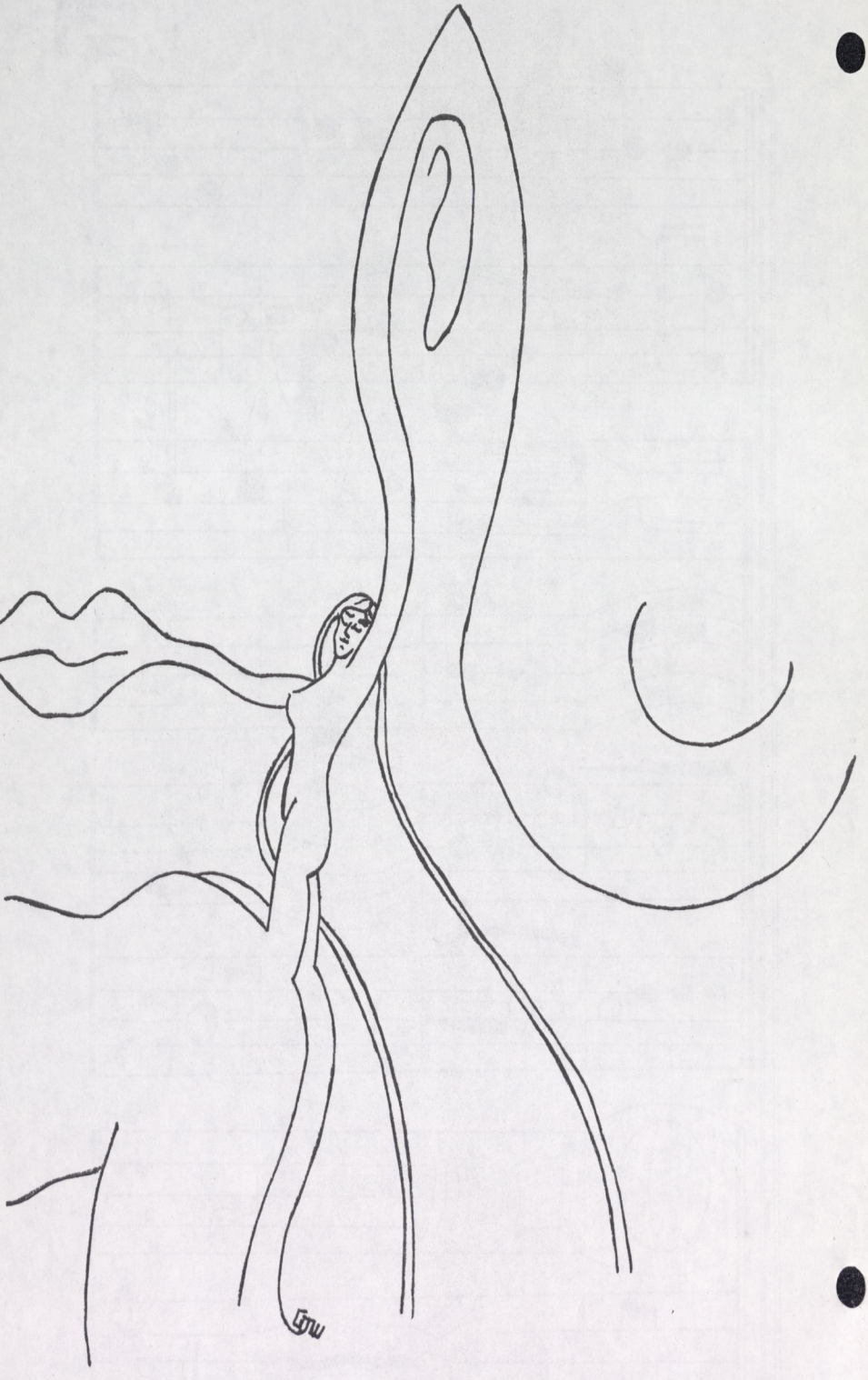
In his satires William Burroughs has, as much as any contemporary writer, understood the problems posed by the atrocities of media and pop culture. But, while in Burrough's assemblages the most evident procedure is the disjunction of the material, the opposite is true of these 'Events.' The rupture of sensibility chronicled by Burroughs in the 50s and 60s has by now become a given. One's instinctive response is not to balk at the fragmentation of cultural activity immersing us—e.g. reading an art or movie review while in front of the television while skimming a biography while attempting to sustain talk with the person next to you on the sofa—but instead to repair this disassociation, to make some connection among the fragments.

In choosing to play with this phenomena, I find my poetry redefining itself in terms of language and, even more important, containing a criticism of itself and, in turn, a criticism of the language it is defined by.

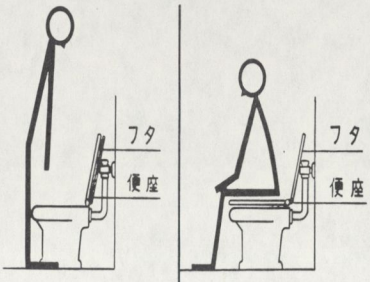
Then, like the Mayan serpents, poems begin to swallow their own tails. Sections or lines from poems discarded several years ago, even work-in-progress, at once becomes animated within the landscape of a particular 'Event.' So new topographies and contexts are generated, which poetry may now situate or be situated by.

—*Paul Vangelisti*
November 1976





腰掛便器の使い方



男子小用

便座、蓋共に上げて陶器面を出し図のように便器に向って使用します

大便及び女子小用

蓋を開けて図のように便座に腰を掛けて使用します

御使用後は必ず水を流して下さい

東洋陶器　株式会社

LOVE POEM IN THE JAPANESE STYLE

Floating turds in the basin

remind me of

his wanderings.

Joann Young

Suzanne Ostro Zavrian

I know what you mean about time.
It's not that it goes faster,
that we lose it,
that there's less,
or it betrays us. Rather,
when we and time were one
we didn't heed it.

I know what you mean about time
It's not faster,
that we lose
that there's less
or it Rather,
when we and time
we didn't

I you time
faster
lose it
less
betrays us. Rather
we time
we n't

time

time

AN ESSAY: THE CASE FOR THE BURIAL OF ANCESTORS.

HAVING ENTERED the generational slide--the elder's cup, the same, passed down from hand to hand, have you ever wondered how you came to be there? Why you sit, where you sit, beneath your past. Beginning to end, a child of children, a descendant of descendants, an exception of exceptions.

We are growing older and our children have already turned on us. That is their way. We have faced the front, but, have really always been back to back in our concerns. Enough of this! Take a last look down the slide. Having feasted on position long enough, and eaten sufficiently of your past and their future to sense both elevation, and loss, let them go. Then, turning on your heels, look back up the slide for yourselves.

Miles of generational humpings spread before us. Miles of entangled lines of giving and taking in generational order--the elder's crap, the same, passed down from hand to hand. All in a line, pushed from behind, and so forth from the front. Why do we continue to carry this burden? The words are now compressed into books, the deeds are composed into pictures. Must we carry the bodies along? Causes of causes, memories of memories, tales of tales? We don't need this. We are all quite distilled at this point in the game.

A little book is sufficient, with very few words, a picture or two for our pleasure. Two light covers, front and back. Light enough and flat enough to be enveloped and mailed. Air mailed. Passed easily, with a light touch, from hand to hand. We might even eliminate the hand and just think on it.

Now is the time to bury our ancestors. But we needn't find the space, erect the tomb, or dig the trench. Reduced to essentials, they travel easily, as we travel easily. Put them in a portable case: The case for the burial of ancestors. Cover it with emblems of time and travel. Tags and stickers of destination and direction.

Through reduction, then, we arrive with only hand luggage, (though we might use our backs to free our hands) that we open only rarely, because we do not need to be reminded. We know well what we carry, in spirit. Nor do we forget their faces, reduced,in turn, and sticky-backed. Light enough and flat enough to be enveloped and mailed. Their faces are the stamps on our letters, posted from exile.

(FRONT)

PAUL ZELEVANSKY

AN EPISTLE FROM EXILE:

YESTERDAY, I RECEIVED YOUR ESSAY IN THE MAIL. TODAY, MY EYE STILL SEARCHES FOR YOUR EQUATION, AND I ASK? WHAT SLIDE? WHAT BOOK? WHAT CASE?

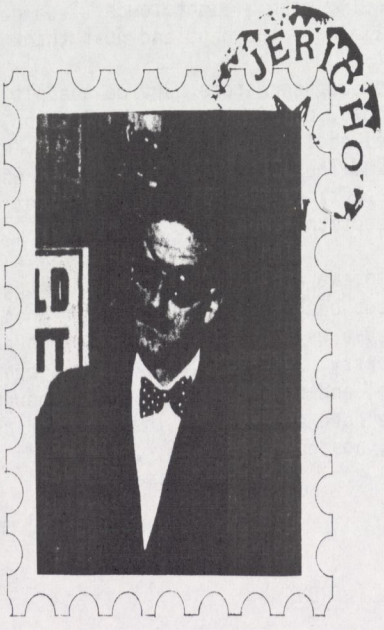
TODAY, MY EPIC HEART YIELDS TO YOUR AGE, EXPERIENCE, AND ERASER, BUT FOR HOW LONG? REAL CLARITY ESCAPES ME, AND, IN THE END, I CANNOT BE SURE OF YOUR INTENTIONS. UNLESS I MUST ASSUME THAT SUCH AN EPISTLE (FROM YOU) IS MEANT TO SET MY TEETH ON EDGE, (WHICH IT HAS).

IF I AM BEING SERVED SOME LESSON, EVEN ONE SO ETERNAL, I CANNOT HELP BUT RESPOND:

I TURN WITH MY OWN EAGERNESS, ON MY OWN HEELS, TO FACE THE SLIDE. AND I MIGHT NOTE, FOR MY PART, THAT TOMMORROW, I WILL POST MY EPILOGUE TO YOUR ENDING. I WILL SPEAK (FOR YOU) AT THAT END, AND PLEAD YOUR CASE: THE CASE FOR THE BURIAL OF ANCESTORS. MY EULOGY WILL STAND BEFORE AND UPON YOUR ECHO. MY ENTRANCE WILL NOT FALL ON DEAF EARS.

BUT FOR TODAY, I EXIT AND REMAIN.

YOURS EQUALLY,



(BACK)

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

RENE AEBERHARD had an exhibition at Galerie Soft Art, Lausanne in 1976. 9 Vieux-Moulin, Geneva, Switzerland CH-1213. BLAIR ALLEN will publish a new art-lit chapbook in the near future. 9651 Estacia Court, Cucamonga, Ca. 91730. THERESA ALLEN is an eight year old artist--daughter of Blair. JACK ALBERT appears in Assembling for the first time. RICHARD ALPERT's works include Video Bander and South of the Slot. 2123 Castro Street, S.F., C.A. 94131. BRUCE ANDREWS is starting a new critical forum for experimental writing. ROBERT ARMSTRONG has been producing small books since 1967. 83 Terrace Ave., Point Richmond, C.A. 94801. DAVID ARNOLD lives in Pismo Beach--"Clam Capital of the World"--has rolls and rolls of annual clam festival parade to prove it. He writes "Parade is in some ways remaniscent of ASSEMBLING, same old American spirit of inventiveness." He is the author of Chain of Letters, co-publisher of Trike and mastermind of bookrate, a mail order catalog of poetry, fiction and visuals. Box 732, Pismo Beach, C.A. 93449. ASCHER/STRAUS material is from As It Returns--Space Novel, a fiction environment. 176 Beach 123rd Street, Rockaway Park, N.Y. 11694. ERIC BAIZER sent no bio. info. EDOARDO BALLERINI plays baseball with Bartholomew Acocella and the West 17th Street Social and Athletic Club. PETER BARNETT sent no bio. info. LEE BAXANDALL publishes Mountain Quarterly. CAROL BEESEY is on leave from the University of Oklahoma to study in N.Y. JOHN M. BENNETT, head Luna Bisonte Prods, 137 Leland Ave., Columbus, OH 43214 is producer Plenty Poetry Projects. HOWARD BERLAND heads-up the Bronx Poets Alliance. 3044 Kingsbridge Ave. Bronx, N.Y. 10463. CASSIA BERMAN's poems have appeared in many magazines but she has begun to explore other means of expression. 51 Jane Street, N.Y.C. 10014, CHARLES BERNSTEIN is the author of Parsing and is starting a newsletter and distribution service for language centered writing. 464 Amsterdam Ave, NYC 10024. BETTY BRESSI is a visual poet and edits Glassworks. Box 163, Rosebank Station, S.I. 10305. RHETT DELFORD BROWN: a gentlewoman of somber mien and sundry interests. ROBERT DELFORD BROWN: a gentleman of somber mein and sundry interests. 251 West 13th Street, NYC 10011. STEWART BUETTNER has an new novel, BOMBERS-52 out this year. 4129 SE Ellis St., Portland, Oregon. 97202. A.F. CALDIERO declaims incomparably. KAREN CAMPBELL is a lotusland princess on the verge of moving from Austin to San Diego. 1603 Rio Grande, Austin TX 78705. DAVID COLE is co-author of Three Places in New Inkland. 19 Grace Court, B'klyn 11201. Allen Coleman's Turning Thirty will be produced next year. 465 Van Duzer, S.I., N.Y. 10304. GEOFFREY COOK is a poet and provacateur extrordinarie. TONY D'ARPINO did two recordings in L.A. for Telepoem. 540 Alabama Street, S.F. C.A. 94110. CHARLES DiJULIO edits Criss-Cross Arts Commun-

ications (beautifully). c/o Criss Cross Fdn., Boulder, Colorado. JERRY DREVA's works include Wanks for the Memories, Connections, In the Void, and A Diary in Progress. 629 Madison Avenue, S. Milwaukee, Wisc. 53172. HELEN DUBERSTEIN, 463 West Street, NYC 10014. BOLON DZACAB can be reached through Fred Truck, 4225 University, Des Moines, Iowa 50311. JOHN ENGLISH is a cultural journalist who believes words don't always tell the story. 188 Northview Dr., Athens, Ga. 30605. CLAES EJDEMYR lives in Sweden. Adolph Fredriks Kyrkogata 111 37 Stockholm, Sweden. WELCH EVERMAN is the suthor of Orion. 4910 Cedar Ave., Phila. Pa. 19143. HOWARD FAERSTEIN sent a bio. note but his contribution never arrived. Sorry Howard! 915 E. 17th Street, B'klyn, N.Y. 11230. L.S. FALLIS would like to hear from other poets interested in starting a concrete/visual poetry newsletter. Box #3, Univ. Station, Las Cruces, NM., 88003. ERIC FELDERMAN also sent a bio note but his contribution never arrived in Portchester. 70 Metropolitan Oval, Bronx, NY 10462. C.A. FORGET 110 West Houston Street, NYC 10012. HUGH FOX is Henry James Korn's favorite critic. ATL, EBH, MSU, E. Lansing, Mich. GUY GAUTHIER is the author of North of the Temperate Zone. 223 E. 28th St. NYC 10016. DAN GEORGAKAS is working on a book about longevity and would like to hear from anyone over 90. The woodcut under his work is by Nick Sperakis. Box 841, Stuy. Sta. NYC 10009. JON GIBSON plays winds in the Phillip Glass Ensemble. 17 Thompson St. NYC 10013. JESSE GLASS edits Goethe's Notes. 254 N. Gorsuch Rd. Westminister, Md. 21157. RICHARD GRAYSON has published fiction in numerous little magazines. 1607 E. 56th Street, B'klyn, N.Y. 11234. PHIL HARMONIC recently completed a storefront environment called Art-While-u-Wait. Box 9887 Oakland, CA. 94613. SUSAN HARRIS edits Stormwarnings. 25 Ria Drive, White Plains, NY 10605. G.C. HAYMES coordinates Skymail. Box 1786, Albany, N.Y. 12201. LYN HEJINIAN is the author of Mask of Motion. 2639 Russell St., Berkeley, CA. 94705. SCOTT HELMS is working at Mpls. Art Institute on a CETA Grant. 115 S. Victoria, St. Paul, Minn. 55105. BOB HEMAN's large Dodecahedrons, The Journey was published earlier this year. Box 1093, B'klyn 11202. GEOFF HENDRICKS & BRIAN BUCZAK, 486 Greenwich St, NYC 10013. DICK HIGGINS is unhappy about librarians' insistence on calling him "Richard C. Higgins." Box 26, W. Glover, Vt. 05875. ANNE SUE HIRSCHORN is a Philadelphia poet and artist. S. HITchcock helped organize dada events in San Diego in 1977. 6266 Madeline St. San Diego, CA. 92115. PETER HJERSMAN is the author of DOME NOTES. Box 4253, Berkeley, Ca. 94704. Write Davi Det Hompson, Box 7035, Richmond, Va. He'll send you a catalog of compact, inexpensive and swell publications. SCOTT HYDE recently produced Caps Book Scott Hyde--an incredible collection of offset lithographs. J. HYDER. Box 1857, Victoria, Canada Y8W 2Y3. DAVID JAMES, 9 Dudley Ave., Venice, CA 90291. T.J. KALLSEN is a Distinguished Professor of English and a nifty poet. 600 Bostwich, Nacogdoches, Texas 75961. RICHARD KALLWITT helps edit Criss-Cross. EDWARD KAPLAN is the author of Hard Acts and four other books. 56

Main Street, Millburn, N.J. 07041. KAREN KENT is an Iowa person. Box 542, 51355. BLEIM KERN, a sound poet is author of George Washington Kern was my Grandfather. JASCHA KESSLER's Rapid Transit is looking for a publisher. 218 16th Street, Santa Monica CA 90402. JERRY KLINKOWITZ brilliantly blows words and music. 1904 Clay St., Cedar Fall, L.A., CA. RICHARD KOSTELANETZ recently returned from a spring of Illuminated Demonstrations at Muncie, Bethelehem, K.C., Denton, Calgary, Dallas, Norman, Toledo, Iowa City, Milton, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Tulsa, Vancouver, Eugene, Salem, Corvallis, S.F., and Austin. He plans to spend the coming Spring in comparable places. Box 73, Canal Street, NYC 10013. HENRY JAMES KORN's big new book is called My Life in Baseball. Box 1967, B'klyn, N.Y. 11202. RUTH KRAUSS is always thinking. 24 Owenoke, Westport, Ct. 06880. MARTIN KRIEGER teaches in the School of Pub. Affairs, Univ, of Minnesota. D. LANDIES is founder of The Lost and Found Times. Box 302, Rt. 2 Frostburg, Md. 21532. DORIS LANIER had work included in "The Object As Poet" Exhibition at the Renwick in June, 1977. 41 Union Sq. NYC 10003. SUSAN LAUFER will publish a book of photograms later this year. 464 Amsterdam Ave., NYC 10024. ARCHIE LAUN lives in Macomb, Ill. THOBJORN LAUSTEN, TODD S.J. LAWSON wrote The Empire of Howard Hughes. Box 99394, S.F., C.A. 94100. S.J. LEON., NORMAN LOCK is the author of WPA POEMS. 7160 Bryan St. Philadelphia, Pa. 19119. JEFFREY LOHN is a member of the DoDo Band (best in the land). THOMAS MACAULEY, IAN MACLENNAN teaches at Dalhousie Univ., 27 Robt. Allen Dr., Wedgewood Park, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada B3M 3G9. JERRY MADSON, JAN MAIHERNAN, GAI MALONEY, 60 Fingerboard Rd., S.I. 10305. R. MELTZER had a bit part in Grand Theft Auto. 314 Genesee L.A., CA 90036. EFFIR MIHOPOULOS edits Mati and Salome, 5548 N. Sawyer, Chicago, Ill. 60625. STEPHANIE MILLER wowed GFI when she hand delivered her contribution. ROBERT MORGAN, 177 Hudson St., NYC 10013. MADISON MORRISON, 520 W. Eufaula St. Norman, Ok 73069. GEORGE MYERS Jr. wrote Angels in the Tiring House and An Amnesiac on the Verge of Heaven. RD #1 Pecks Rd., Middletown, Pa. 17057. VALERY OISTEANU has published two books--Underground Shadows and Prothesis. 170 2nd Ave, NYC 10003. FRED SANKS NAIDEN has the same bio. as Robt. Delford Brown. TOM OCKERSE's recent publications include 26POEMS?+1 and FIVE HOURS:3000 MILES. 37 Woodbury Street, Providence, R.I. 02906. JON PATTON teaches English at the Univ. of Toledo., Toledo, Ohio 43606. TOM PERSON publishes Laughling Bear Press. Box 14, Woodville, Washington. HOWARDENA PINDELL is a macher at MOMA. BERN PORTER lives in an abandoned hole in the ground. 22 Salmond, Belfast, Maine 04915. DONALD PORTER is Editor in Chief of Intra/Galactic/Press--an outfit eager to aid unpublished writers. Just last year he had one of his editors edit a MS sent 'over the transom' by a 5th grade female math teacher from Drybrush, Kansas called Range Wars...the result, of course is film and literary history. 182 Grand Street. NYC 10013. JOHN PUFFER teaches photography at Kirkwood Community College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. JOHN PYROS, born and rasied in Tarpon Springs, Fla. KEITH RAHMINGS edits Blank Tape. ROCHELLE RATTNER of 50 Spring Street, NYC 10012 recently collaborated with Bernard Solomon on a graphic sequence. DAVID RAY edits New Letters. 5517 Crest-

wood Drive, K.C., Missouri 64110. JUDY RAY has published poetry in the Kansas City Star. BOB RIZZO, 334 Orms St., Prov. R.I. 02908. HOWARD ROBERTSON is a poet, novelist, librarian and father. 660 Keiper, Eugene, Oregon 97404. ALAN ROSENUS is editor-in-chief of Urion Press. 135 W. 9th, Claremont, CA. 91711. RJS is re-tired and may be dead already. Box 91415, Cleveland, Ohio. 44101. CRAIG SAUTTER is poet-in-residence for several public schools. 1166 West Lake Rd., Conesus, NY 14435. KEN SAVILLE is a country aND Western singer. Box 4662, Albuquerque, N.M. 87106. ARLEEN SCHLOSS 330 Bromme St, NYC 10002. NANCY SCOTT is exploring survival techniques. 1 Hillside Terrace, Irvington, NY 10533. SPENCER SEIDMAN 646 Seagirt Blvd., Far Rockaway, NY 11691 is founder of Hebrew Arts Press. BRUCE SHACKELFORD, 505 S. Jones, Norman, Oklahoma 73069. PAUL SOLYN, 413 S. Henderson, Bloomington, Indiana 47401. AL SOUZA's new book Intercepted Post Cards will be published in Europe this fall. 415 Meadow St., Amherst, Mass. 01002. Kristine Stiles is a San Fransciso Angel. LEWIS STEIN is a socialoutcast. FRED SZYMANSKI's credits include numerous films and video works. 455 Third Ave., NYC 10016. INDRA TAMANG stars in Charles Henry Ford's forthcoming exhibition. 1 West 72nd Street, NYC 10023. HELEN THORINGTON has work out this year in Chelsea Review and on NPR. JANOS URBAN is a Hungarian artists living in Switzerland. 4 CH de Pre-fleur, Lausanne, Switzerland CH 1006. PAUL VANGELISTI is editor of Red Hill Press. 6 San Gabriel Drive, Fairfax, Ca. 94930. G. JEFF WHITTAKER supports the idea of a National Poetry Police Force. 10804 Ashfield Rd, Adelphi, Md. 20783. JO ANN YOUNG, SUSAN ZAVRIAN is author of Demolition Zone, publisher of SZ Press and director of CCLM's distribution project. 321 W. 94th St. NYC 10025. PAUL ZELEVANSKY is the author of Book of Takes.