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Tenth Assembling

A Collection
of Otherwise
Unpublishable
Manuscripts

Compiled by
Scott Helmes,
Richard Kostelanetz,
and
David Cole

TENTH ASSEMBLING,

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and David Cole.**

A Collection
of Otherwise
Unpublishable
Manuscripts

TENTH ASSEMBLING

Compiled by
Scott Helmes,
Richard Kostelanetz
and David Cole.

A Collection
of Otherwise
Unobtainable
Manuscripts

The collation and binding of TENTH ASSEMBLING were supported by a grant from the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines and, through CCLM, from the New York State Council on the Arts and the National Endowment for the Arts. TENTH ASSEMBLING was produced in Minneapolis, MN, by Scott Helmes, who also designed the cover.

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 from those invited 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.

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Individual copies of each ASSEMBLING may be ordered directly from the publisher for \$4.95 (except the larger SEVENTH ASSEMBLING, which is \$6.95 and the retrospective ASSEMBLING ASSEMBLING, which is \$3.95); all thirteen volumes of ASSEMBLING so far are available for \$60.00 postpaid.

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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 80-68188.

ASSEMBLING PRESS

P.O. Box 1967

Brooklyn, NY 11201

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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 80-58488.

ASSEMBLING P. 232
P.O. Box 4927
Brooklyn, NY 11201

writing is what yu write. yu need to
print it yrself to make its freedom.
yu cin do anything yu want to feel
like with words.

—Bill Bissett, "What Fuckan
Theorey," grOnk, 8/8
(Toronto, n.d.)

Sheer bulk was undoubtedly the exhibition's most celebrated feature, and the unusual quantity and diversity of the work shown was a result of the liberal principles of the society, whose goal it was to establish an organization dedicated to total freedom in the arts. Anyone who paid an initiation fee of one dollar and an annual dues of five dollars automatically became a member of the Society and was allowed to show two works in the annual exhibition. The governing principle of the exhibition, emphatically stated in the numerous press releases, was taken directly from the Societe des Artistes Independents of Paris: "No jury—no prizes."—Francis Naumann, "The Big Show: The First Exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists" (1979).

The following page consists of photographs made by Mary Emma Harris, September 2, 1978, during the preparation for the collation of **Eighth Assembling**. Our jobs that day were opening the boxes of submitted material, organizing them in alphabetical order on a long table and then compiling a master dummy of numbered sample sheets to guide the collator before finally numbering the contributors' boxes. The fellow with the beard and hat is Richard Kostelanetz, the one with the glasses and light shirt is Henry James Korn, with the glasses and dark shirt Leonard Horowitz and with the white shirts Charles Doria. The woman is Betty Beaumont, and the last fellow is an employee of GFI, Inc., Portchester, NY, which collated **Eighth, Seventh, Fifth** and **Forth Assemblings**.

writing is what you write. you need to
print it yourself to make it freedom.
you can do anything you want to feel
like with words.
-Bill Bissett, "What's Broken
Theory," *Grunk*, 8/8
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Paris: "No jury--no prizes."--Francis Newman.
"The Big Show: The First Exhibition of the
Society of Independent Artists" (1913).

The following copy of the list of paintings made by
Mary Emma Harris, December 5, 1913, during the
preparation for the collection of Eighteenth Assembly
During that day were shown the boxes of submitted
material, opening them in alphabetical order on a long
table and then compiling a master number of numbers
sample sheets to guide the collector before finally
arranging the complete books. The fellow with the
best and that is Richard Kohnen, the one with the
poorest and that was Henry James Kohn, with the
poorest and that was Leonard Hovick and with the
poorest and that was Charles Lake. The woman is Betty
Lacourne and the list below is an analysis of 311
list of paintings in the collection Eighteenth
with the First Assembly.



Organization Grant Application
National Endowment for the Arts
Literature Program

Applications must be submitted in triplicate and mailed to
 Grants Office/LIT, National Endowment for the Arts,
 2401 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20506.

I. Applicant organization
 (name and address with zip)

Richard Kostelanetz
 for Assembling Press
 P.O. BOX 73, Canal St.
 New York, NY 10013

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

Assistance to Literary Magazines

III. Period of support requested

Starting May 1, 1981 Ending 30 April, 1982
 month day year month day year

IV. Summary of project description ASSEMBLING has published twelve issues since 1970.
 (complete in space provided unless "Special application requirements" for your category specify otherwise)

For a special issue of ASSEMBLING we propose an extension of A CRITICAL ASSEMBLING (1979, NEA-funded), where we solicited camera-ready contributions and then published them in alphabetical order, rather than, as in previous ASSEMBLINGs, collating thousands of pages submitted to us. For this ASSEMBLING, sub-titled PROPOSALS, over one thousand American writers and editors will be invited to respond to the following question: IF YOU COULD APPLY FOR A GRANT OF \$500,000, WHAT PRECISELY WOULD YOU PROPOSE TO DO? All responses must be no more than one page in length, they must be camera-ready (as we will not edit, typeset or "reject"), and they will be published in alphabetical order. For a grant of \$6,000, we estimate that we can produce 1,500 copies of an 8 1/2" by 11" book with 480 pages (on 60 lb. paper). Since 10 pages will be reserved for biographical notes and titles pages, we will accept only the first 470 camera-ready submissions to arrive at our address. All contributions to PROPOSALS will receive two copies of the published book (representing choice "readership"); the remainder of the edition will be sold through the standard smallpress outlets. We believe that PROPOSALS should be the most marvelous, interesting, diversified and comprehensive collection of fantasies, speculations and solid suggestions ever compiled anywhere. It may also have a beneficial effect on U.S. literary funding and, ultimately, upon American literature. We also expect to do a standard ASSEMBLING in this period.

V. Estimated number of persons expected to benefit from this project 1,000,000

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	_____	--
Permanent equipment	_____	--
Other	_____	\$14,000
	Total direct costs	\$ 14,000
B. Indirect costs		
	_____	\$ --
	Total project costs	\$ 14,000

VII. Total amount requested from the National Endowment for the Arts \$ 6,000

VIII. Organization total fiscal activity	Actual most recent fiscal period	Estimated for next fiscal period
A. Expenses	1. \$ <u>15,000</u>	2. \$ <u>30,000</u>
B. Revenues, grants & contributions	1. \$ <u>15,000</u>	2. \$ <u>30,000</u>

Do not write in this space

Evaluation of prior year(s)' projects

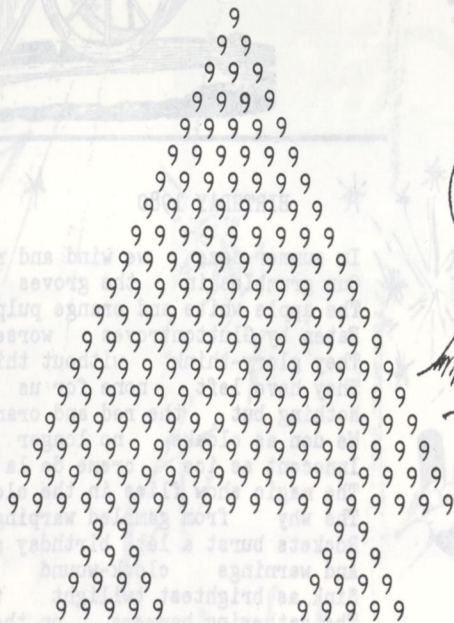
1 2 3 4

Pys \$ _____

Cps \$ _____

Audit report

1 2



ASSEMBLING has more than nine lives

HAPPY BIRTHDAY  AGAIN

45 triangles within main top triangle
3 triangles within each lower small ones

IN MAGIC REDUCTION

4+5 = 9 and 3 x 9 = 27 and 2+7 = 9
(or with 2 lower triangles)
4+5 = 9 and 6 x 9 = 54 and 5+4 = 9

Kostelanetz Salutes
Assembling 'Meteor' Cast: Ticklish Job
in a Multimillion-Dollar Movie Project



BIRTHDAY 1980

In summer daze we wind and rend
 Our grumbles in the groves
 The apple white and orange pulp
 Eaten by Gluttontroves worsened
 They glory-think without thinking
 They have left none for us
 Nothing but the red and orange skins
 We don as cloaks no longer
 Innocent as ice creme de la creme
 The magic show flies in the clouding sky
 The why from gambled warping
 Rockets burst a late birthday again
 And warnings clock-wound
 Sink as brightest twilight toward
 The gathering hammers on the horizon
 We drink twilight like pink lemonade
 Laced with fury and laughter fire
 As the scorching comes close as star
 We reached for burning learning fingers
 And yell and yell and yell
 Our assemblage of bravado
 In the face of the Nukeygoblin's hunger
 Trying to devour our future
 Leaving us excretions of Trojan horses
 The gifts of moonless silent nights
 We shovel against everytime
 We rise reincarnating our new
 Ways of looking at life without lies

Blair H. Allen



Celebrate!





Geoffrey Allen



C20044

Standing up in bed

Y
N
O
B
H

Theresa A

MICHAEL ANDRE / ERIKA ROTHENBERG

TAKE ONE

AVOID INDULGENCE

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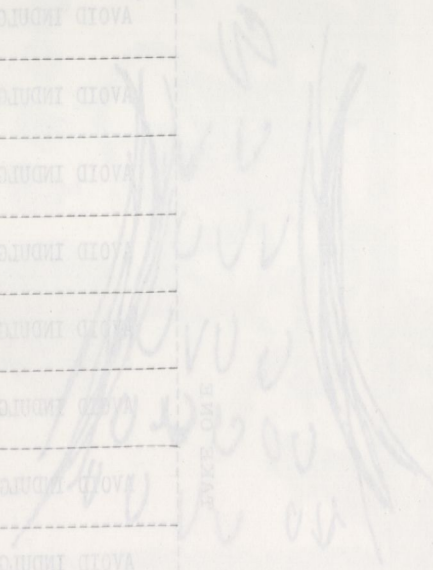
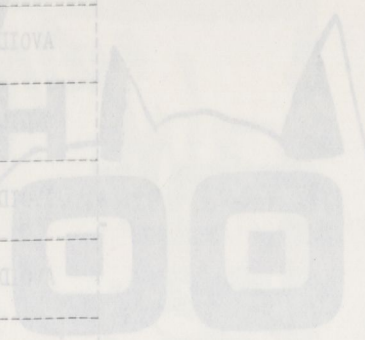
AVOID INDULGENCE

AVOID INDULGENCE

AVOID INDULGENCE

AVOID INDULGENCE

W
H



WAKE UP

MICHAEL WUPPE / EMILY GOLDBERG

alone

the only object

in a void

landscape

walking

slowly

deliberately

to the beat

of my heart

in a flat

empty

desert

my eyes

focused

on the

eye-level-line

where the

empty

blue

sky

meets

the sand

naked

bald

no eyelashes

no eyebrows

constant

slick

continuous

counting

from one

through 99

100

& it's all over

from one

through 99

to one

through 99

never

reaching

100

never

reaching

the end

Betty Beaumont

I worried off to the bank I stuffed
some paper in a metal slot a key into
my pants & drove out to the parking
lot where I saw a man whose face
was greasy and black dots sweaty
sweat inside his car with streaked
down the door I greased past his
smoked bent bumper & I found my key
blue tiny car hunched up at curb my
hand was glued on wheel I heading
at the street it's bulging light that
in and outside me motor choking where
was I been what I do here inside this
no time counting up my bucks & every
number don't mean nuth a zero
fat and smirked ~

John @

John Buker

John M. Bennett

1980.

I close my button eyes
I suck my rather lips
I squeeze my hand on
balle and think the
jerk the man who's
here and blowing his
nose in lady wicket
cupon park that's full
of joy and joints and
out of time expired

* * : In Contention * *

John M. Bennett * *

1980.

What? I said, OK -the
sauce is on the noodles
Snake heads stewed in shoe
grease

If you don't eat I will
lacquer it with hair spray and
we can hang it on the garage



John M. Bennett 6.28.80 C. Mehrl

My back was full of ants
I stood up in the shower
Felt the bite of glass on my face
cut off my dick and drown it
Saw a light bulb hanging from
the towel bar Saw a towel
hanging from the fixture
with my angry words smeared
upon it



John M Bennett

7.1.80

Catherine me

In my sleeve the
mantle crumbled. It
knob nose an aspirin
table. Heat rolling
skate beside speech
kit. A foot thru map
when rug floats up.
The house buries every
sauce.

C. Mehl

7.25.80

Ice Cream Pipe

I went up to pipe-dream city
dumped my newsprint in the
slot and passed the gas station.

It wasn't long before the dump
sank and so the party pooped.

Next day at noon we'd meet
at the skating rink, bring
my man and paint the ice
a different color blue.

C. Mehl

9.26.79



JOHNSON CITY
TENNESSEE

a poem for my friend richard.

1/1,000

geORge brett, ORtist
409 S. Jarvis Street
Greenville
nORth carolina
USA 27834

Holiday Inn

2406 N. ROAN ST. / JOHNSON CITY, TENN. 37601
PHONE 615/928-6121

Ice Cream Pipe



JOHNSON CITY
TENNESSEE

I went up to pipe dream city
dumped my receipt in the
slot and passed the gas station.

a poem for my friend Richard.

It wasn't long before the dump
sank and so the party popped
next day at noon we'd meet
at the skating rink, bring
my man and his
a different color

000.111

GEORGE BRETT, ORIGINATOR
409 S. JARVIS STREET
GREENVILLE
NORTH CAROLINA
USA 27604

2 April

9 55 79

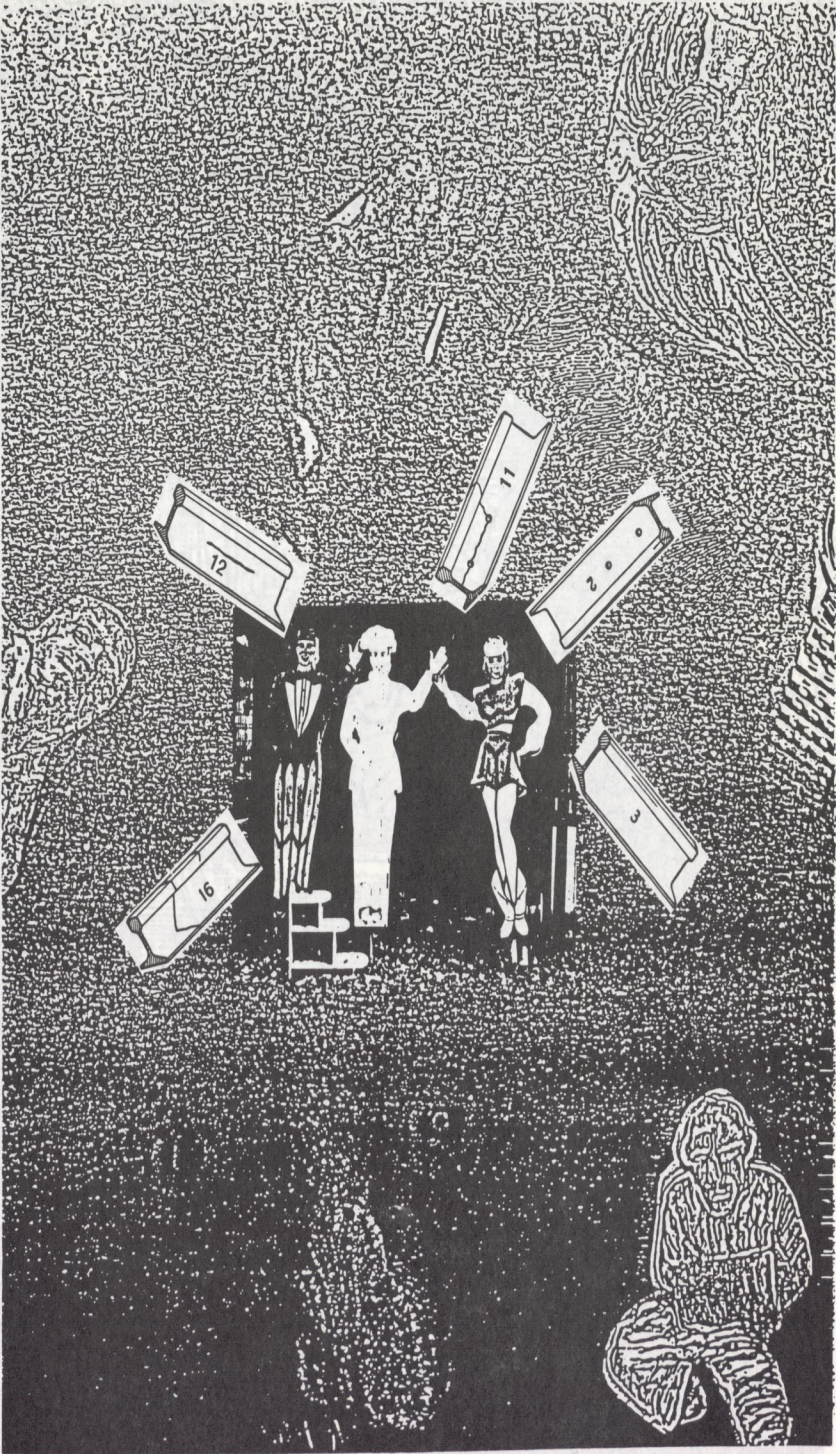
PHONE 812-838-8131
506 N. ROAN ST. JOHNSON CITY, TENN. 37601

Johnson City



«question...» swimming sculpture, 450 x 200 cm, on the lake of Zoug, Switz.

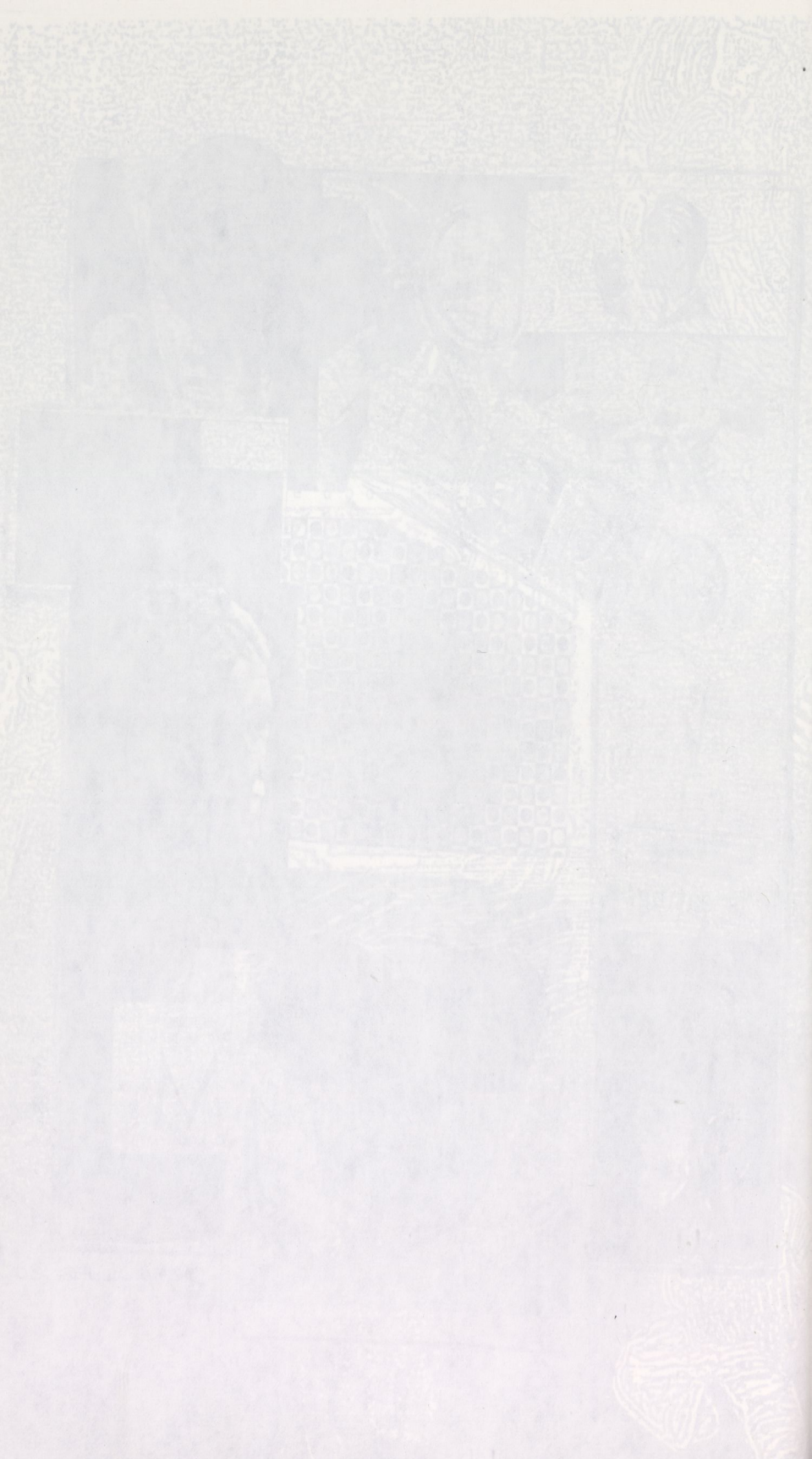
ernst buchwalder



the document glass







One who's protective and defensive of their social/mass system emphasizes insecurity. Anything new has to work outside of the social /mass system. One works from something not in something.

There's nothing to protect/defend; the question seems to be are you going to add to it or are you going to wait and take it after someone else has done the thinking/work for you.

Art, to be made and to be understood (not agreed with) through the past has been based on being evasive/tricky. Art is living, eating and breathing a lifetime - a total commitment.

Art is not made, understood or to be agreed with by 95% or more of the people/masses. Art is made understood or agreed with by not more than 1% of the people/masses. 3% or less are working at making, understanding and agreeing with art.

Not more than 1% are an unknown factor.

The concept that something has a foundation is a myth. Today's foundations are not based on anything but a mass system. The concept of a foundation for knowledge is based on number in a class, a course, a program, a school, an institution, etc. and not on one, singular, individual.

A person has to have something to build from, not on. For the foundation concept to be for human concern, one first has to want something then use the mind.

One who makes art is putting one's self in a vulnerable situation/ position/edge/ perimeter.

When one conceives something, one thinks in terms of numbers/substance/ exist-quantity --- from this one has to find the source of the numbers/ variations -- quality. This is done through indifference. Indifference is applying no preference, truth, right, value judgement and etc, to the source. The emphasis is to work at being visionary in perception of the source with preference to be used only to weed out variations. The Physics of conceptual variance are predicated on duplication predetermined by the source.

Past works of art are said to have been created on the basis of involvement with the whole, the end product, as the parts are to be subordinate and involved with the process.

The most immediate projection of art today is moving to parts and pieces being the end product where the whole, if questioned, is subordinate and involved with the process.

To paint on canvas one makes the canvas a support not a surface. To work with paint, in an art context is when the paint becomes a structural supporting surface. That's why painting has been referred to as dead because color and paint had no structure but a history of allusion/ illusion.

The unanswerable is after the foundation, not before.

Same #. The first # is the next!	1	1	1	1	4	2	3	1
add the same # to all.	1	2	3	4	4	2	1	3
+1; +2; +3.	1	2	4	7	4	3	2	1
double - w/o perception.	1	2	4	8	4	3	1	2
First 2 #'s determines the third - Fibonacci progression.	1	2	3	5				
First 3 #'s determines the fourth.	1	2	3	6	1+1 = 2+1 = 3+1 = 4			
+2	1	3	5	7	1+1 = 2+2 = 4+2 = 6			
+3	1	4	7	10	1+1 = 2+2 = 4+4 = 8			
+4	1	5	9	13	1 = 1 = 1 = 1			
First four #'s determines the next.	1	2	3	4	1+1 = 2+1 = 3+2 = 5			

- 2 1 3 4
- 2 1 4 3
- 2 3 1 4
- 2 3 4 1
- 2 4 1 3
- 2 4 3 1
- 3 1 2 4
- 3 1 4 2
- 3 2 1 4
- 3 2 4 1
- 3 4 1 2
- 3 4 2 1
- 4 1 3 2
- 4 1 2 3

$1+2 = 3, 2+3 = 5$
 $1 = 2+1 = 3+1+2 = 6$
 $1+1 = 2+1 = 3+2+1 = 6$
 $1+2+3 = 6$
 $1+2+3+4 = 10$
 $1+2 = 3+1+2 = 6+4 = 10$
 $1 = 1+3 = 4+3 = 7+3 = 10$
 IF one (1) is (=) BASE then all other numbers would be determined by what one (1) represents.
 BASE IS actually 00 to be individually determined.
 1 3 4 7
 1 4 5 9

Painting is past memories. These memories are emotional symbols of fantasy - myths. Painting is not art but one can make art with paint. For one to paint there is no beginning/foundation, basis. To work at making art one has to have an understanding of one's own capabilities, a ground, then the common denominators are given. Today one is told to build on a foundation but one finds that the history of foundations are built in the air and not on the ground, making it an allusion/illusion, a machine orientation as opposed to human mind and intellectual concerns.

In today's social/mass terms and since man's existence; an object, or ideal to be objective implies mystics, fantasies, illusions, allusions, dual, forked and multi-references.

In this social/mass system of conformity one can not think in terms of being objective, if one does, one has to work outside the system to make art.

A beauty unschooled, unsystemized, unrulid, unsubject...greek with no content ----CLASSICAL

A theory schooled, institutionalized, formalized, programmed, subject determined---- ACADEMIC

Mannerist in the manner of standardized, ruled, stylized, following in succession ---- TRADITIONAL

A traditionalist continues an academic procedure.

RENAISSANCE

INTERNAL QUALITIES

MASSIVE

MUSCULAR

ANATOMICAL

GREEK

EXTERNAL QUALITIES

AURA

CHARISMA

IDEAL

SURFACE QUALITIES

Art is the projection from the surface to the perceiver of a physical reality not a photographic illusion or allusion.

Manet's "Bar Maid"
perceived synthetic cubism.

Synthetic cubism was the culmination of Manet and Cezanne, a singular surface which combines the surface and physical reality of the perceiver.

Picasso never went beyond the recognizable object, but he did do variability to the surface in pattern decoration. In fact, his work after synthetic cubism became influenced and derivative of the decorative attitude. (Matisse) His inventiveness stopped with synthetic cubism.

He became involved physically with pattern/decoration/emotion that represented the skill of his object/image.

One very important point of synthetic cubism is the elimination of the need for Renaissance perspective.

One shouldn't wish to program what one has acquired or replace what is already there because it would be no better than what it is replacing. What one should do, is a way, a process that is only theirs, and not through the osmosis to systemize what one does but will, can and be only suggested by someone else. To make art one is, a producer of ideas and its' projection, anyone who tries to systemize their own way of working doesn't understand "Peter's Principles".

An Auntie Story

Auntie tells us a story. Nobody wants to hear a story, but Auntie tells one anyway. Auntie, we say, nobody wants to hear a story, but she tells it anyway. We are not interested in hearing any story, Auntie, we say, we're not interested in hearing any story of yours or anybody else's, we say, so why do you insist on telling us a story, Auntie. Because, she says, because this is my story, she says, this is my story and I must tell it.

Why don't ya keep it to yaself, ya bitch, Father says, why don't ya keep it to yaself, he says, Father, who has never much cared for Auntie, who has heard her stories often enough before, who has never much cared for her stories, he is not alone, we have all heard Auntie's stories often enough before, we have all never much cared for her stories, though not all of us have never much cared for Auntie, some of us have cared very much for Auntie, though not for her stories, we have told her this, we believe that honesty is the best policy.

I am my stories, Auntie says, I am my stories and if you don't like my stories you don't like me, because my stories are me, and if you don't like my stories that means you don't like me. Nobody likes me. You all hate me. You all hate me and you wish I were dead. No we don't, we all say,

Peter Cherches

all of us that is except for Father who says nothing and does hate her and does wish she were dead and so does not protest though the rest of us do because while we most certainly do not like her stories we do not dislike Auntie and most certainly do not wish her dead, so we all say, all of us that is except for Father, of course, we say, no we don't. Yes you do, she says. No we don't yes you do no we don't yes you do no we don't yes you do no we don't.

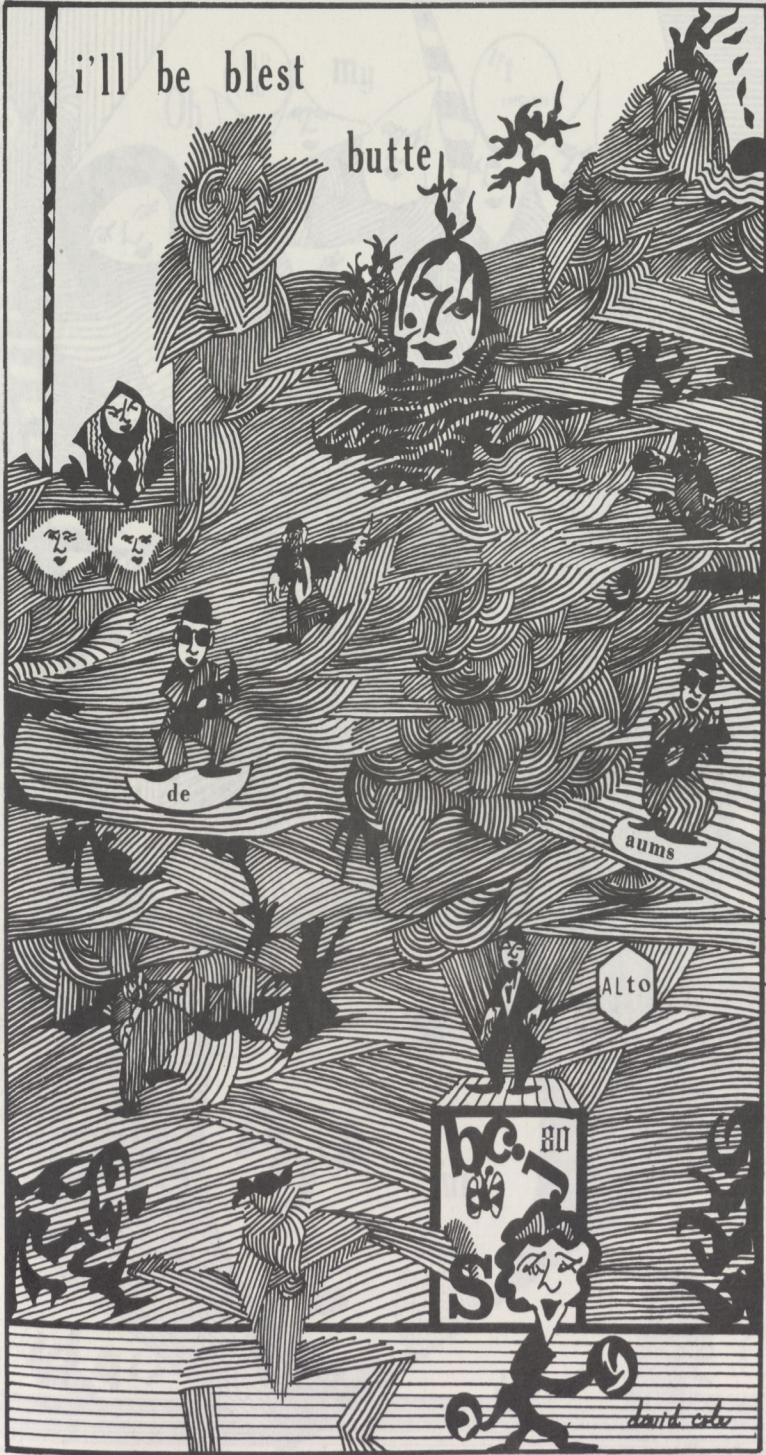
All right then, she says, if you don't then I can and I will. And she does.

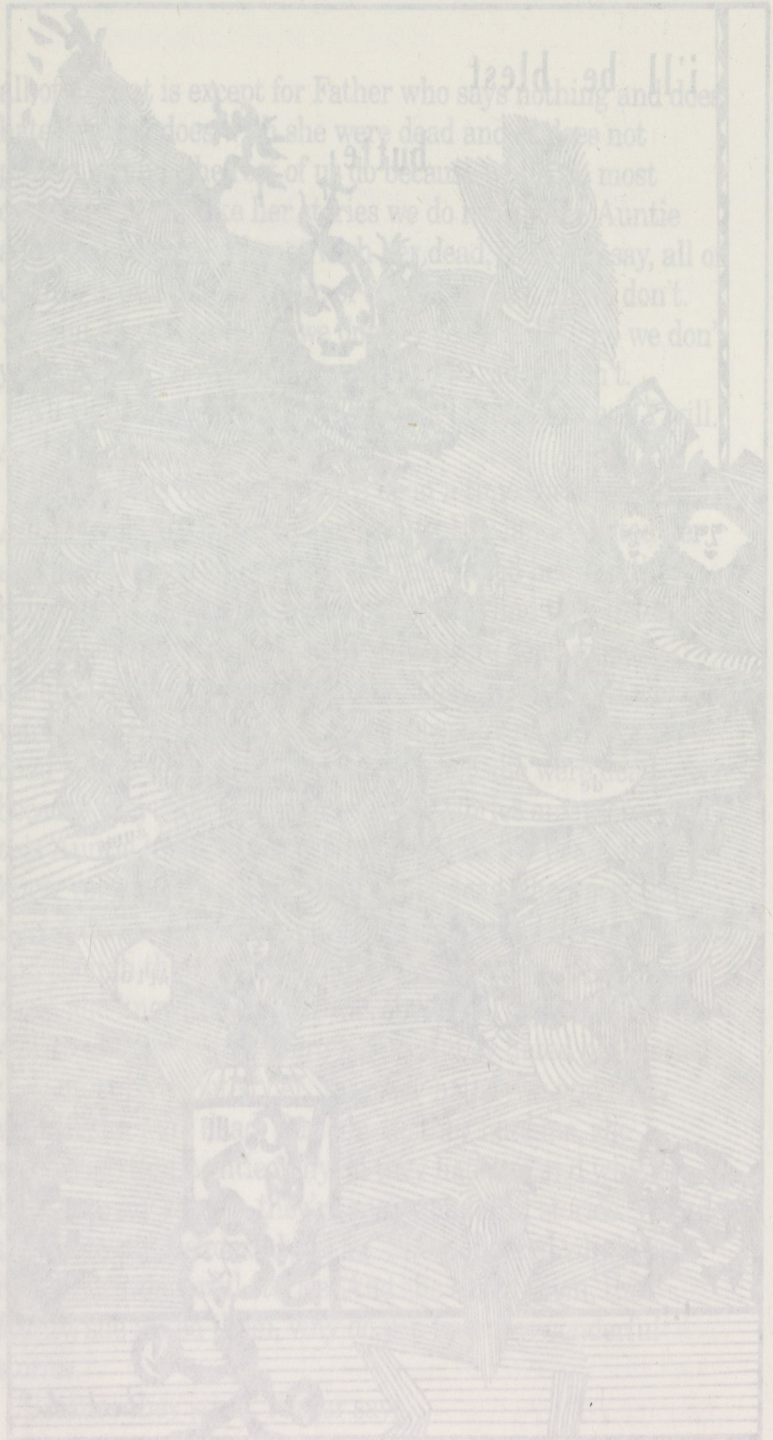
Auntie tells us a story. Once upon a time there was an Auntie who was hated by her family. Her family hated her and they wished she were dead. They hated her and they hated her stories. They hated her stories and they hated her. They hated her and they wished she were dead so she couldn't tell her stories any more. They knew that if she were dead she couldn't tell her stories any more, because dead people tell no tales, so they wished she were dead because they didn't want to hear her stories any more. And this Auntie knew that her family wished her dead, she knew very well that they wanted her dead, she knew that they didn't want to hear her stories, they told her *that* much, and though they never actually told her they wished her dead, she knew they did. It was obvious. They hated her stories and her stories were her, so if they hated her stories they must have hated her. Yes, they hated her and they wished she were dead. But why do they hate me, she wondered, this Auntie, why do they hate me and why do they hate my stories, they're such wonderful stories. Why do they hate my wonderful stories. She wondered why they hated her wonderful stories. And she asked them, the family, she asked them, why do you hate my wonderful stories.

Because they stink, Father says.

i'll be blest

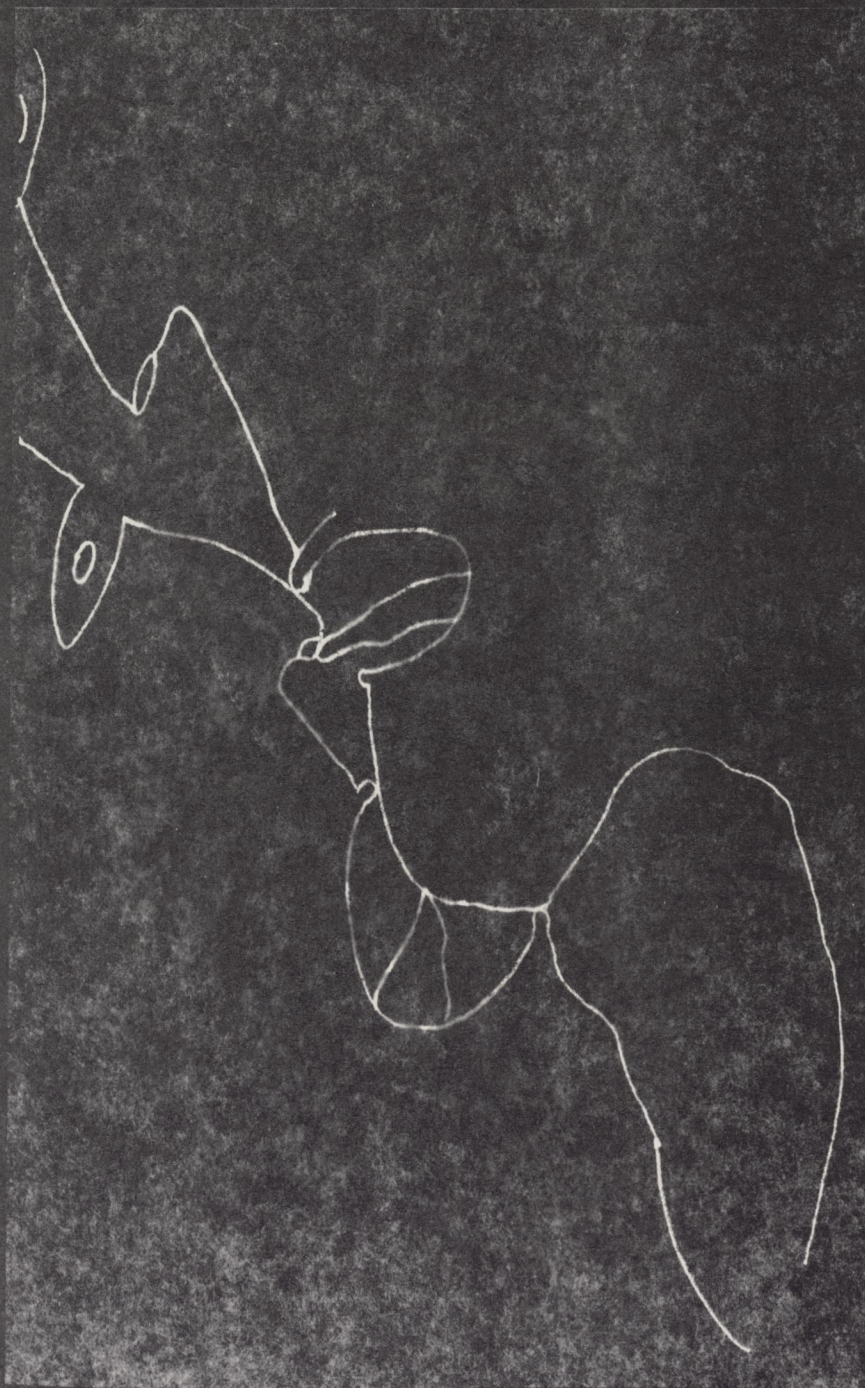
butte







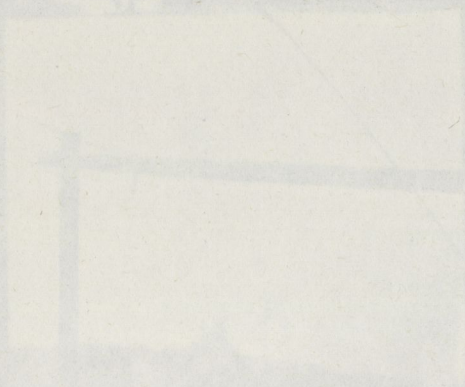




VASE – for Barbara – summer 1978/summer 1980, *Alla Collina*



BOX TURTLE – found negative – offset version No. 1, 1980, Allan Coleman



tr par dessus le marché

tr ≡ croiser
tr ≡ traduire
tr ≡ traite - draw - retirer
re-trait
infiniteze t, add au r : tr
tr ∞ "mark R" "mark t"

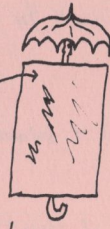
tr

par dessus le marché

märchen (German)

mark, Marks, Mart

"K-Mart" "Super-Valu" "Karl Mart"



umbrella = par dessus le texte. umbrella policy of the title. "J'ai oublié une par dessus, etc"

legs de Freud

legs - laisse - lace [lace the g = jouer, gaudit, etc.]

je te lace : I laisse you (Van Gogh's shoes) remember entrelasseure

Freud, "ferd" (French accent of American pronunciation of German)

de-ferd, deferred back to the d of difference and beyond

Written, Freud is DEAF: the mute text

Baby + live bébé, pp

la vérité en peinture

je ne peux pas le voir en peinture : truth in pain?

vérité = truth is always a step-toward, the -ness of going vers- which assures truth via incompleteness. Truth, vérité is directional, vers, a word ver- that

frays from left to right in a scansion a dream of sufficiency

turns over itself in marking where the back was left

tru- -ité
ver- -th

truth is pink → rose à l'occasion

la loi du genre

more wurf : l'aloï (mauvais, bon aloï) of the coin

la loi derived from the double aloï ±

arch. hole in the wall

genre ? ∞ of regen : gender derived from regente

unmis. valve torined from stamp of force: -plosion past

du genre la loi

la loi du genre

re- gion generation

Der Begriff "regente" "regente des Saisons"

all squared away

la fabrication du prés [of the metallion] averse + reverse

titrier

ti = t one mark for all forever tttt∞

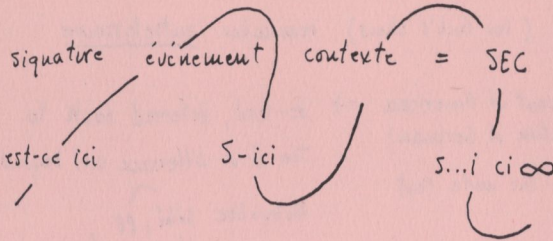
falsifier of titles before the trying of the t : le titre y est

division eternal → harmonics (trier, tryer, ti, sift : triape a' la montagne)
try to divide

T1-IT (ti) of iteration : no iteration with duplicated mark

signature evenement contexte

yes, following Lucette Finas, signature événement qu'on texte (paradox of a weave-cum-profile of letters)



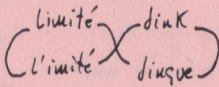
for the sake of
The device:

si si si...
ci ci ci...
cccccc

limited inc

L'imité ∞ limited [all philosophy, all writing abstracts]

dinc (dink) ≅ dingue (from Glas) : Limit-a-Dink



L'imité D in C : hence ci-dé
or décisaire
or sec-D



le vert est ou

Désidération : sibérie, border of

quickly now, in French accent : le very ou ↔ le where are you (?)

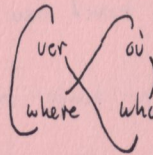
- Charles Boyer

ver (German)

où (French)

where (English)

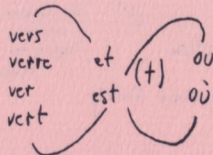
who (English)



ver.
point de version
quel rêve

vers où ... (?)

ver → rev



the car is the dream
of emotion : rev
of metaphor

Cracker Jack Kid
2468 South 3rd St. Plaza
Omaha, Ne. 68108



jack's j-walkers CrK.

titres

h = t the mark for all traces + + + + +

signature of titles before the typing of the t: le titre y a

division closed → dimensions of ter, tyer, ti, tiff (trape a' la shakespeare)
try to divide

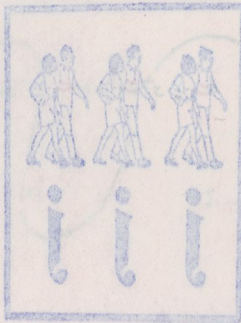
11-17 (1) of structure in relation with duplicated marks

Cracker Jack Kid

signatures over the

Omnia, Nocturno

yes, following mark qu'au texte (parade of a weave
cua-profile of letters



signature

SEC

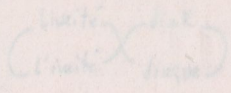
for the sake of
the device:

si si si...
ci si si...
ccc cc

limited use

l'écriture est limitée (but... following abstracts]

that (drink) = liqueur (from liquor); what = drink



L'écriture D in C: hence cr-de

or désire

or ser-D

distinction: si, border of

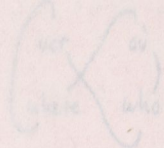
si, ser, se, se

what is the where of si ↔ le where are you (?)

+ class: si

ser (where)

si (French)



ser

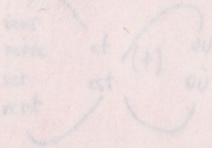
point de torsion

where (English)

who (English)

quel rêve

ser si (?)



the car is the dream
of writing: ser
of metaphor

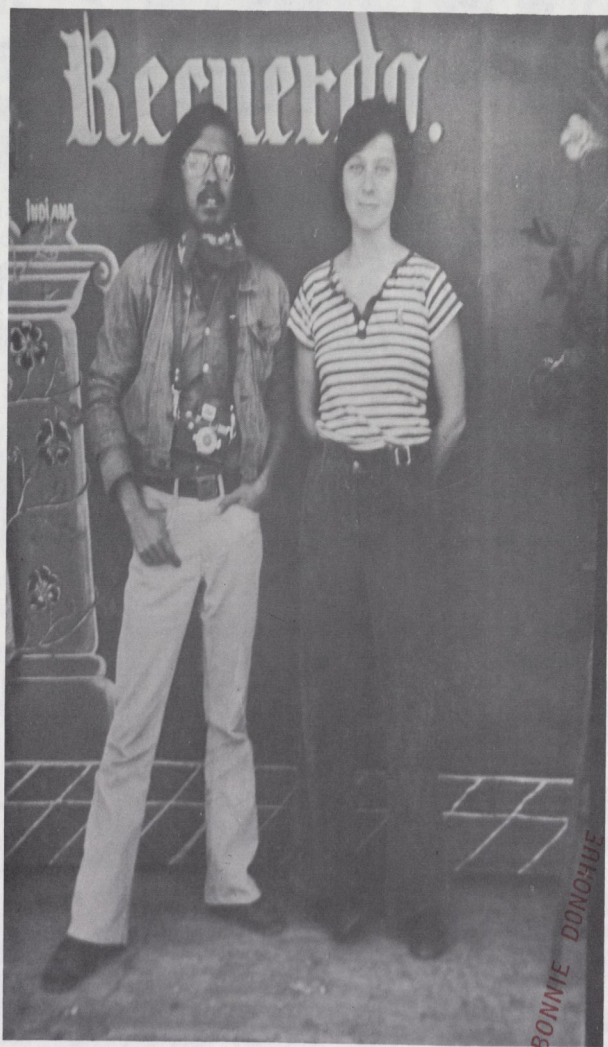


SHE HAS DWELT IN HER MEMORY

THROUGH ALL OF HER DREAMS

YET EACH ONE FORGETS

WHAT THE OTHER HAS KNOWN



A Flock in Nettles

- 1 Are swans THAT white? Will its shrill voice, like John Gilbert's, finish Swan in talkies?
- 2^a A rose-breasted grosbeak in breeding plumage hops from side to side on its branch to place me, and as it triangulates, shows me all its aesthetic confusion: the cone of a beak suspended perpendicular to the triangle on the breast which is pegged to the slanting cylinder of the body. A Kandinskian disjoint. Isn't it an admission of sterility when art forces a description of itself in parasitic mechanical terms rather than its own?
 - b Grosbeaks' feet are "buffy-flesh color." (Caution! Know Your Imponderables: the color of flesh is one of them.
- 3 There was a time, migrating, when I "touched" where I was trying to go as a neck in flight, the "collision" of missing my continent below.
- 4 A snipe, circling in courtship flight, breaks a necklace, drops its beaded cooing. Recover a bead and you have the chain, for in all its parts, love is the same.
- 5^a I anthropomorphize as wise an owl's staring. Who knows how, then, an owl ornithomorphizes my glaring?
 - b Owl thrusts its head through a flammulated "Who?" of a collar. "You!" flows in a menthol cloche around its head, and Owl disparues.
- 6 For sheer size. . .the infinite? . . .I follow a veery thrush into the swirling cold ether of its call.
- 7 A vireo "sings" 22,197 times a day. Why is the product of feebleness so compulsive?
- 8 November. I was deciduous, treeless even, until evening grosbeaks leafed-out an empty birch: male fall leaves yellow and black locking in their stipules, and female leaves for summer, green. Beaks were buds. The birds' screebling moved through the flock from a midrib and petiole.
- 9 Finches in their flaw of yellow hide in the yellow estuaries of mulleins and thrive.
- 10 My bigotry moved intact with me out of morals into æstheticism. I can forgive a cowbird its lechery, but that creaking voice is unforgivable.
- 11 The call of a loon reaches its third point, tears down the center into beak and hock: sark chasm. There's a tornado watch tonight.
- 12 A fox sparrow shuffles not just for a grub down there, but to feed on the brizzling sound. Sorting dry leaves not only for the first spring shoots, but for the aboriginal rustle. . .I have to.

Wasps Hawking

- 1 Bees bessemer on fireweed swarm the burnt-over hills, making white-hot honey.
It's a fact that, purified by fire, honey made from fireweed is the whitest of all.
- 2 The most colorful of my mistakes, like the highest insect forms, fly only by day.
- 3 A mayfly, torn-up rider on sleeves, flower child with swiped guitar, climbs me aboard at Poplar, leaves me for a warbler at Beak.
- 4 Chrysalises darken at hatching. That's a metaphor.
- 5 ^a Intelligence. . .a wasp hawking. . .whips its eggs down the back of the lime sweet caterpillar of perception.
^b "Brilliancy" in "butterflies." Even a dull perception, wings snapped shut, directs a flycatcher into an immensity.
- 6 Mongol Pine strokes its face, never knowing what a mouth does. Coarse-haired, topped and squalling in the wind, this pine hatches thick with sawflies, drains the field for pitch. . .amber chrysalises of Danais drip from its branches.

Soign e

They sin
Texteur said.
One weekend
the Albigenses dead.

We

Protectors of the Faith.

What a sacred rod
Soign e bears.
No witch wore flame
as toxic white as Pr cieux wears.

*

- 1 Caught giving out coins to children on the streets of Jabkenice. . . and there are other conventions into which the mad find themselves fitted. Smetana in his fur-trimmed coat on the hottest day stumbling into an air pocket, twisting his turbulent cane at a stranger, "looking through his friends," the bland greasy bowler of syphilis slipping down over his eyes.

The trout at Jabkenice trouble him. Smetana sees their sculling fins as the Vitava's currents made audible in his deafness. ("To the hour of his death, the rapids of the Vitava sounded in Smetana's ears.") One day these trout present themselves as a beguiling procession of drollips in pralltrulle trolling "to whom Smetana bows affably, sending them on their way to Praha to seek better company." Tips his bowler to the last of them,

Bedřich's Electric Magdas

Far under in this deepest of lakes in the gap where the Angara starts, a fir stands unrefracted, untouched by the current. The fir: Smetana's "sign." The sun spills, for Delius, as a bleeding turtle at the maelstir Angara's head.

Ancient lakes give rise to species of their own. Lake Baikal bred for Schubert the golomyanka, a fish which bears its young living. His Morike songs wait, poised for Hugo Wolf, as a school of motionless Baikal sculpin: Wolf died in the delirium of syphilis.

Flowing too swift, the Angara never freezes. Baikal's teal drift downstream. A stone rises to a warmer layer.

Kuro Gashiwa

- 1^a Sunfish. . .moored slippery windsleeves. . .taste the air with sullen mouths. Weeds drift and comb out, and crawl up in the hot sky for drying. Lilies, or are they "floaters" in an unhealed eye?, clog the hungry narrows. I look up into the currents of the air, but there are no clouds.
- 1^b Reeds. . .raw unsure muskrat-gnawed choices. I could starve.
- 2 It happened when I got the window clean: a grosbeak flew against that new sky and killed itself.
- 3 As I walk toward them, the constellations rise up before me. This isn't an illusion, but the single instance where the universe lets me control it.
- 4 I've stopped throwing stones at the sky, spattering the moon (bland, chill Chac Mool awaits propitiation). Repaired gaps in constellations, lit Percy's Quadrant. A burst of meteors hits my arm; blood starts from a calculus of points. The report was so distant I thought I was safe.
- 5^a Surrounding me an umbrella is a perisole.
- 5^b The sky is an umbrella in my fingers, lifting on the currents of my motion. Tugging is why I carry one. My hand rises as a comb, picks acorns in Scorpius. A branch mumbles affectionately over my curvature.
- 6 The moon grips my hand Kuro Gashiwa: the long tail of its reflection drops in the water across the bay. Coverts and sickles break off in the saddles of waves. Useless rooster bred for summer, molts in half a breeze.
- 7 I walk out on the frozen lake tonight for the sky which is alive. . . a crustacean with gills drawing me in, breathing me, setting me down at last in place: myself at the North Pole from an elm on Gaderen's Point. . . and to the east, a butternut and the dropped birch where ducks groom. This is my constellation of place. Towns orbit me and I give them names: Squirrel Falling, Mourning Star, Sly Eruption, and the Twins. . .Anna's Dancing and Ripple of Fame.
- 8 Their voyage made them true Astronauts: they landed on the sun. Uneasy kindling there? for they knew that even with such ceremony they were little more than a flare to the bigotry of acclaim.
- 9 IS earnestness rewarded? Tonight that poor whippoorwill toppled, beak-whipped by song, trying to brood the moon.

iii

The sun's a bug
swiveling on a muskrat's eye.

So my slough is the "earth's eye" of Thoreau,
rolling the sun as a seed barge, acid sedges,
a gnat paste smarting into a corner.
Stare of a small confined ocean looking wherein,
Celestial, you measure your own depths.

Wild Honey Weather

- 1 Early this morning, summer lightning and thunder in a December downpour
of powdery snow: the sleepy revolt of anachronism.
- 2 The rain falls on a rope from Orion, a mist among strangers, as removed
as flying squirrels. The long skim ends in a sleet of clinging on my sleep.
- 3 Does the rain fall on a city? for what can it water. Nothing drinks.
- 4 "Shake a stick" at January: ice crystals quiver through the air from a broken
piñata.
- 5^a "All the months of the year curse a fair February."
^b There's so little racial hate in the countryside because we have February
to blame.
- 6 Wind from the southwest is a deer just let in, feeding at my hand. Its voice
is a neck dipping among the spruces, parsing.
- 7 The wind, almost a tornado and resinous-smelling from the splintering pines.
Near sundown, a pine splits open and pours out a pale yellow pitch of light.
Poplars fall in a warp across the bog. Vireos, scanning for stirred ants,
fly like shuttles through this loom.
- 8 Watching the clouds with a vision little more than retinal. Today they're
whales. I try to make out shapes, appurtenances that locate the clouds
as humpback or narwhal, but settle on a generality: mothers and calves.
A freshly-calved cumulus drifts by massive and vacant, an emblem for Emile Atai.
Emile, Gauguin's son by a Tahitian mother, sits beneath the sun weaving
fish cages for tourists.
- 9 The sameness of late-August days leaves me light as dragonfly strut
in a kingbird's beak (August dries out days, shrinks them end to end).
Kingbird cleans its beak, scours. . . flicks its tail. I hear a nasal DREEB.
- 10 Rubbery chortling of a robin, turtling of the wind. An oak pricks up its
spaniel ears as the storm comes in.
- 11 Ice just-formed swells against the shore, pinioned. Whoots. Wing-bone of ice
. . . navicular, scaphoid the "boat-shaped," a fused carpal. . . cracks as it
articulates. Alan's locked-in with this heron.

A hagfish feels its way with nettle barbules among the willows, hangs from Regredi's Swamp, brain slid to algæ. Ribless and no limbs, and jaws? none, yet the organ of all beginnings is the mouth. Disc is Suctor's intelligence, grinding rock to silt, pulling down the North to feed its suave sluice. Ever since the Ice Age, Hag's twisted, coiled with itself, a creek trying to breed a river. Slips a knot upstream to unhook, find its way back, recidivist to a glacier. The instinct for pure is unrelenting.

Flying Squirrels

- 1 Fear, too, relies on a sense of proportion: a chipmunk hides from a falling acorn.
- 2 A varying hare, a snowshoe, withdraws into the swamp, particularizing each of its stations with its eye. . .giving itself away, for an eye mimics nothing nor can it be mimicked. Any comparison is forced. The snow in early spring molts sympathetically from white to brown as the layers of debris melt together until swamp and hare are one pelt again in summer.
- 3 The haunch of a snowshoe hare on the path, and the rest of him? Flies jostle in the guard hairs. Can't be Fungo. . .this is too indifferent.
- 4 A flying squirrel. Its glide mark on the snow: diagram of aileron softness. Traveling for company, I come across the squirrel's only other tangible. . . a tail dropped by an owl like a bored napkin after a banquet.
- 5 Wet sand and tracks this morning. The deer I never see leaves an impression of itself as a force curving downward under the forward weight of light, an ibex horn slowly turning inward as Capricorn coming through from a distance.
- 6 This weasel is young I'd say from its lack of fear, still unwary enough to be a friend. Sees me. . .and I arrive at a warbling whistle to hold it. Darts down its runway, less curious than wary now. Then Weasel comes back so close I can see the tiny pig nose and the specks in the ermine. The brown iris almost separates from the black pupil. . .brown showing off an illusion of its own: that brown IS black. Leaves with a suddenness that mesmerizes me. Weasel exploits sleekness and speed for the illusion that it's still here.
- 7 Three dogs show up from the far side of Gaderen's Point, intrude on my conscience as foreigners. "Barbaru," bark the barbarians. I know from their strangeness that I've reached a state of wilderness: foxes are my domestic animal.
- 8 A reprieve for albinos, I clear a lightning burrow for them, stand by the tree for lightning, to be leapt by a white squirrel. My breath's "Kariba": in another place.

Propitious

The sun rose a boor honing excuses,
a gorged aura squatting on a hummock.
"Terbiltarbol's in the swamp," ducks mutter.

O Mango, drupe salacious, what sayest, Sacred?
What news of solar flares, eclipse, reaped fuzz?
Tambortimbu, Speak.



1 Stahr

All of her drawings were abstract.
Stieglitz took her into the little gallery and asked
where a certain charcoal came from. Georgia O'Keeffe told him,
"I often get headaches and this is the picture I see."
This confirmed what Stieglitz knew.

Alfred Stieglitz: An American Seer, by Dorothy Norman

2 Archetype. Auræ

My entry to the primordial was privileged, too.
For I, a "Babylonian," breached the plan for Ziggurat
by climbing the sharp isosceles of migraine.

Avenue to Ziggurat

Velocities of Green

- 1 A sense of strickening loss attaches to a twig of small events. Breaking off a bud has the repercussion of losing the woods.
- 2 Distichous like the aërials of ferns and moths, the tails of flying squirrels feel. Receive slick bark, sudden eddies, snare traps. I plant the stem of a tail in my hand for moonwort, a fern succulent known to glide on updrafts of moonlight.
- 3 So clearly do his drops-of-water lenses explicate the leaves of lupine that rabbis ban Spinoza for heresy.
- 4 Orange lilies and a scarlet tanager blend out in foliage as velocities of green.
- 5 Ilex verticillata. A holly bush, in the first frost, loses its spiny mannerisms. Its stripped branches simplify me. My pretensions still cling by their hooks to my beard, and there are a few red berries left.
- 6 This stalk, Solomon's-seal's, unpushable, holds the second beat in the wind: a sarabande. A budded crozier. I cup my hand over you in a fermata. You can reach out under my long rest and never touch the cold.
- 7 We all await the Creation: an orange mushroom pouring down the trunk of a burr oak as lava from a dead core.

from Michael Dyregrov's Journal



Dear Pal:

There are days when even a batch of wong numbers seems like good news. Like today, maybe. Happy dialing.

Best,

JE

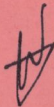
WON-1219

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| Wong Kui Hung, 125 Portland St 3-842376 | Wong Kun, 20 Kam Fong St 3-846545 | Wong Kut On
Bik 10 Kwaichung R/E 12-208839 |
| Wong Kui Kee Fishmonger | Wong Kun
Bik 1 Wongtains R/E 3-255068 | Wong Kut Po
Bik 16 Jordan Valley R/E 3-448173 |
| 19 Milestone Sam Shing Hui | Wong Kun Cheung, 3 Kuk Ting St 12-765070 | Wong Kut San, 395 Clatham Rd ... 3-621556 |
| Castle Peak Pier 12-816424 | 104A Cheuk Yuen Chuen 12-764238 | Wong Kut Sing
Bik 25 Saunmaung R/E 3-480505 |
| Wong Kui Kong | Wong Kun Cheung, 13 Prat Ave ... 3-664433 | Wong Kut Tong, Mei King Bldg ... 3-623762 |
| Bik 1 Ngautaukok R/E 3-429735 | Wong Kun Cheung, Ma Tin Vill ... 12-764093 | Wong Kut Tong, 2 Mei King St ... 3-638493 |
| Wong Kui Lau | Wong Kun Ching
Bik 23 Tungtau R/E 3-821416 | Do 3-641677 |
| Bik 4 Tszwanshan R/E 3-257838 | Wong Kun Chong
180 Prince Edw Rd 3-801616 | Wong Kut Yin, 126 Fa Yuen St ... 3-921705 |
| Wong Kui Lit, 63 Oak St 3-938311 | Wong Kun Chui, 35 Ping Piu St ... 12-906819 | Wong Kwai, 253 Portland St 3-961504 |
| Wong Kui Mui | Wong Kun Fan
Bik 1 Shatin Pass L C H 3-242641 | Wong Kwai, DD 51 Lot 1926
Entrance of True Love Hospital 12-905569 |
| Bik 19 Tungtau R/E 3-836805 | Wong Kun Fishing Shop
2A Ching Tai St 12-762886 | Wong Kwai
Bik 17 Lichenguk R/E 3-796864 |
| Wong Kui Phok, 26 Pak Kung St 3-626382 | Wong Kun Kau
Bik 8 Shekiei R/E 12-220706 | Wong Kwai
Bik 6 Shek Yam Est 12-220167 |
| Wong Kui Sheung | Wong Kun Kau
Bik 2 Ngautaukok L C H 3-411573 | Wong Kwai, Bik 17 Tungtau R/E ... 3-834111 |
| Bik 9 Shekiei R/E 12-236412 | Wong Kun Kee
37 Public Square St 3-857324 | Wong Kwai
46 Shum Shui Po Mkt 3-869004 |
| Wong Kui Sum | Wong Kun Kwan
38 Shalin Tau VIII 12-612740 | Wong Kwai
Tin Kwong Rd Police M/Qtrs ... 3-030323 |
| Bik 9 Leimukshue Est 12-226019 | Wong Kun Lee
Bik 9 Yautong L C H 3-480547 | Wong Kwai, 44 Shanghai St 3-665527 |
| Wong Kui Tak | Wong Kun Loong, Mei King Bldg ... 3-631394 | Wong Kwai, Bik 7 Valley Rd Est 3-638910 |
| Bik 4 Ngautaukok R/E 3-446492 | Wong Kun Loy, 328 Nathan Rd ... 3-301678 | Wong Kwai, 11 Rhondola Rd 3-375274 |
| Wong Kui Tang | Wong Kun Man
38 Dist 10 Fuk Wah Vill 3-459709 | Wong Kwai
Bik 7 Leimukshue Est 12-232880 |
| Bik 12 Cheungshawan Est 3-790430 | Wong Kun Ming, Tan Fung Hse ... 3-217469 | Wong Kwai, 38 Kam Lam St ... 3-315458 |
| Wong Kui Wah, 114 Tai Nam St 3-950779 | Wong Kun Ming, 186 Tai Nam St 3-935003 | Wong Kwai, Tai Nam Lau 12-662624 |
| Wong Kui Yin, 256 Tai Nam St ... 3-878141 | Wong Kun Ming, Hung Shek Hse ... 3-249774 | Wong Kwai
Bik 1 Ngautaukok L C H 3-455564 |
| Wong Kui Yim | Wong Kun On, 10 Hung Wan St ... 3-643027 | Wong Kwai
Bik 6 Shek Yam Est 12-209650 |
| Bik 7 Wangtauhom R/E 3-377103 | Wong Kun Ping, Peony Hse 3-781967 | Wong Kwai, 6 Fuk Wah VIII 3-431522 |
| Wong Kui Yuen, 10A Wan Fung St 3-241213 | Wong Kun Ping
Bik 6 Shek Yam Est 12-229169 | Wong Kwai
109 Sec 6 Kwaihangtung R/E 3-801105 |
| Wong Kui Yuen | Wong Kun Po, 160A Tai Po Rd ... 3-807311 | Wong Kwai, Bik 1 Shekiei R/E 12-231065 |
| Bik 30 Tszwanshan R/E 3-261625 | Wong Kun Pui, Man King Bldg ... 3-319604 | Wong Kwai, Bik Q Yuen Long R/E 10-768213 |
| Wong Kuk Fuk Wah Mill 3-892814 | Wong Kun Pui, 96 Soy St 3-853657 | Wong Kwai
Bik 5 Kwaiifong Est 12-239673 |
| Wong Kuk Chun | Wong Kun Sang, Chi Mei Hse ... 3-215277 | Wong Kwai, 806 Shun Ning Rd ... 3-788115 |
| 49C Fuk Lo Tsun Rd 3-821994 | Wong Kun Sang, Wing Ka Hse ... 12-402256 | Wong Kwai, Bik 3 Tszwanshan R/E 3-215143 |
| Wong Kuk Chun, Gillies Ave 3-645913 | Wong Kun Sheng
Bik 11 Kwaiifong Est 12-231446 | Wong Kwai |
| Wong Kuk Chun | Wong Kun Shing, Magnolia Hse ... 3-031427 | |
| Bik 27 Wongtains R/E 3-233370 | Wong Kun Shum, 510 Nathan Rd 3-317808 | |
| Wong Kuk Dao, Wong Wah Mans 10-201029 | Wong Kun Wah, 28 Boundary St ... 3-800733 | |
| Wong Kuk Hing | | |
| Bik 16 Tszwanshan R/E 3-242128 | | |
| Wong Kuk Lan, Ming Tak Hse ... 12-201493 | | |
| Wong Kuk Lin | | |
| Bik 13 Tszwanshan R/E 3-244329 | | |
| Wong Kuk On | | |
| Bik 51 Tszwanshan R/E 3-222036 | | |
| Wong Kuk Sing | | |
| Bik 51 Tszwanshan R/E 3-206168 | | |
| Wong Kuk Tung, 112 Lung Tsun Rd 3-837279 | | |
| Wong Kuk Yung | | |
| Bik 7 Shek Yam Chuen 12-211779 | | |
| Wong Kuk Hing, Chung Shun Bldg 3-309112 | | |
| Wong Kum, 748A Nathan Rd ... 3-931959 | | |

zero zero zero zero zero zero zero zero
rosy rosy rosy rosy rosy rosy rosy rosy
he rose he rose he rose he rose he rose
rosy rosy rosy rosy rosy rosy rosy rosy
eros eros eros eros eros eros eros eros
rosy rosy rosy rosy rosy rosy rosy rosy
heroes heroes heroes heroes heroes heroes
zero zero zero zero zero zero zero zero

zero

3 18 79



copyright 1980 Jon Erickson

Conversation Piece # 1
for Two Voices

you know

uh-huh

(repeat indefinitely)

Jan. 79



copyright 1980 Jon Erickson

INFORMATION

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Jon Erikson

copyright 1980 Jon Erickson

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Copyright 1980 Jon Erickson



Roger Erickson



Roger Erickson



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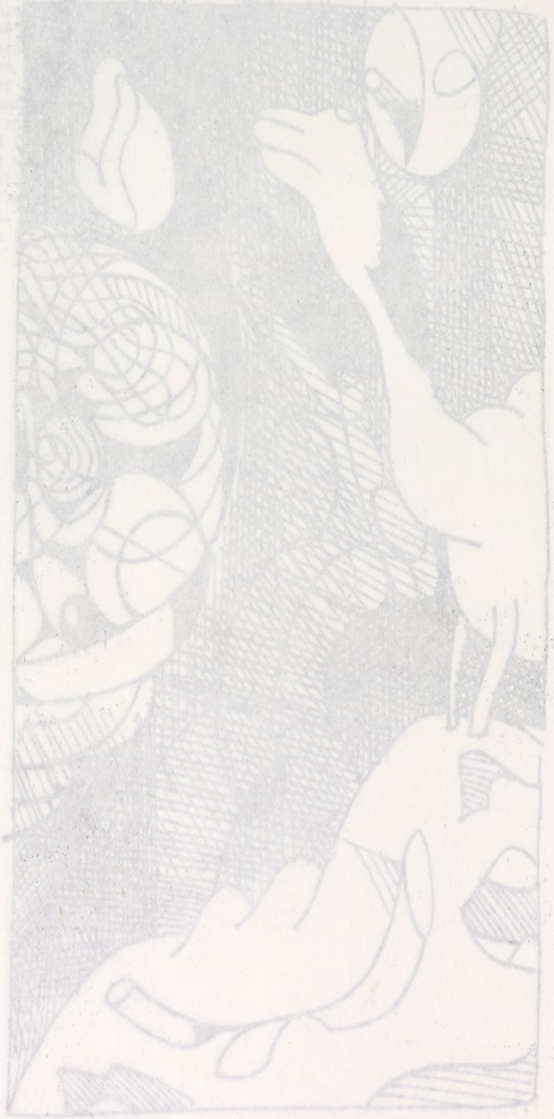
INSERT DRAWING



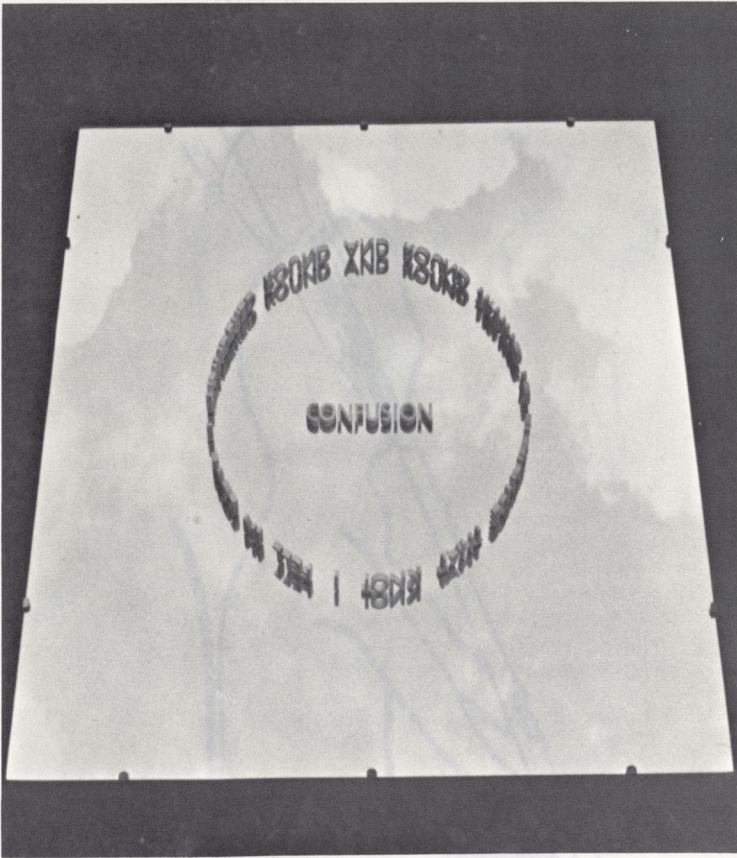
Roger Erickson

ALTERNATE SPACE GALLERY
West Broadway 431 W. 46
SERIALS CASE paintings
Horse lovers will love
this one. Case shows a 11
for the decorative but it
is not clear. He
is depicted in the
composition and through
the artist he portrays a
that sets them in a back-
ground that gives them the
significance of wall-toed
drawing cards.
What are these cards?

Paul Klee's
layered sheets of
around the way in
live and positive,
but all kinds of
supernatural phenomena
spontaneous and a
terplay. I found
fully refreshing
after the saturated
and sculpture. The
life and ethereal,
angular shape as



Roger Erickson

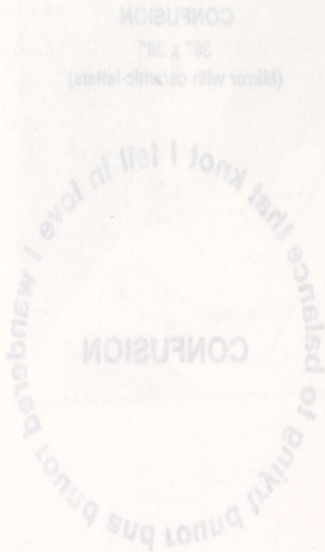
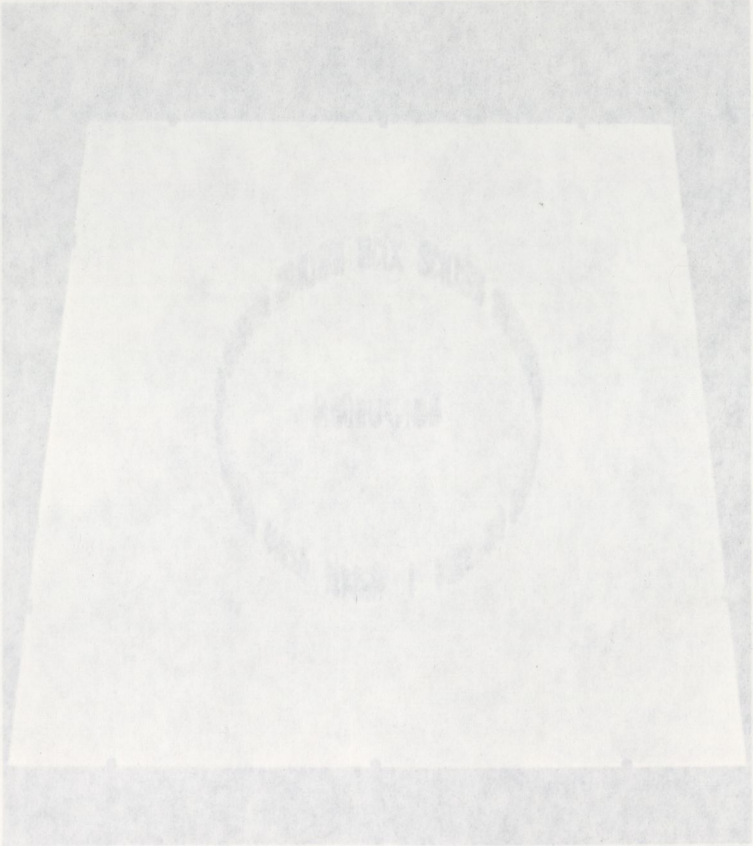


CONFUSION
36" x 38"
(Mirror with ceramic letters)

to balance that knot I fell in love I wandered round and round trying

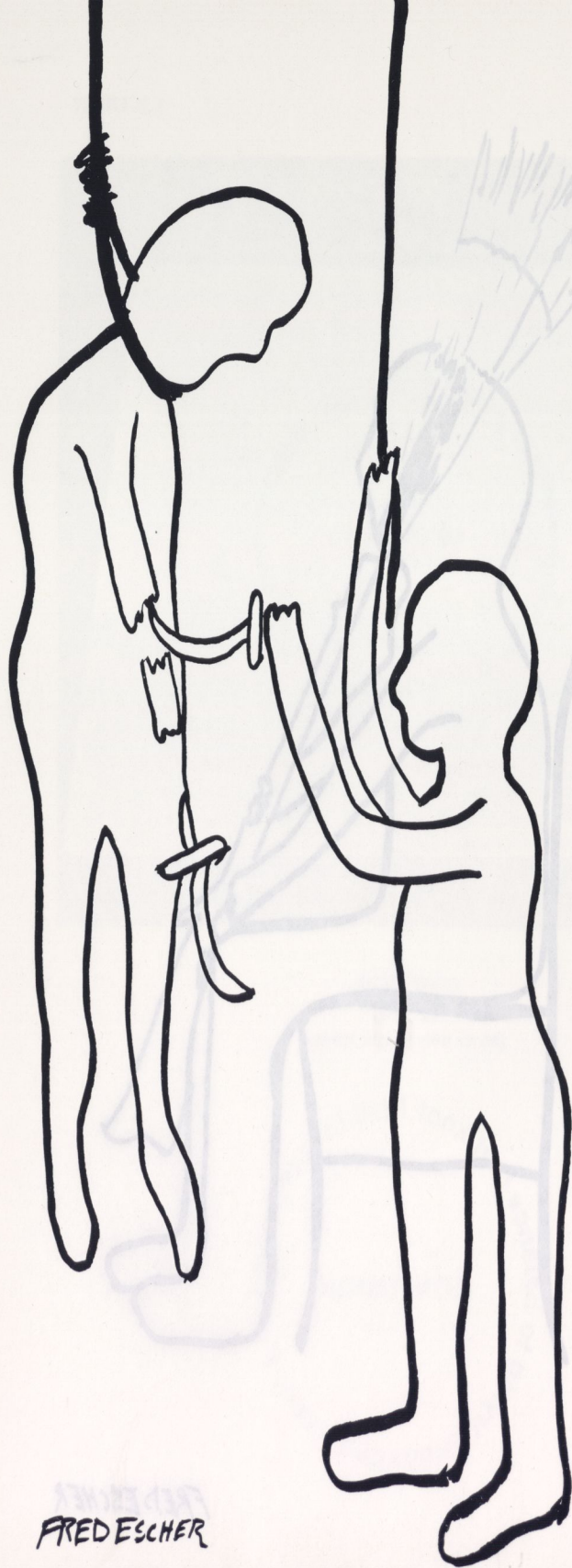
CONFUSION

FREDESCHER

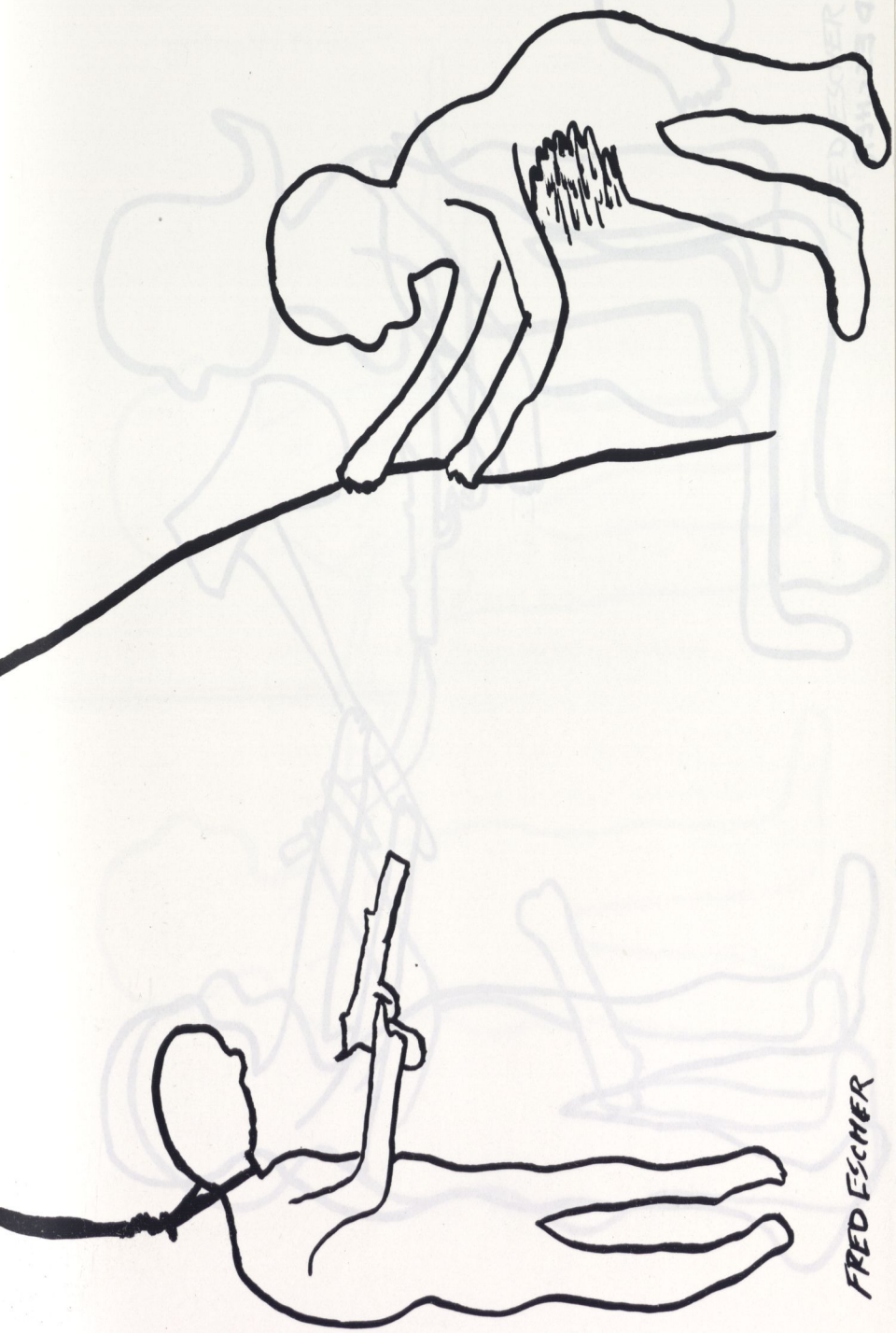




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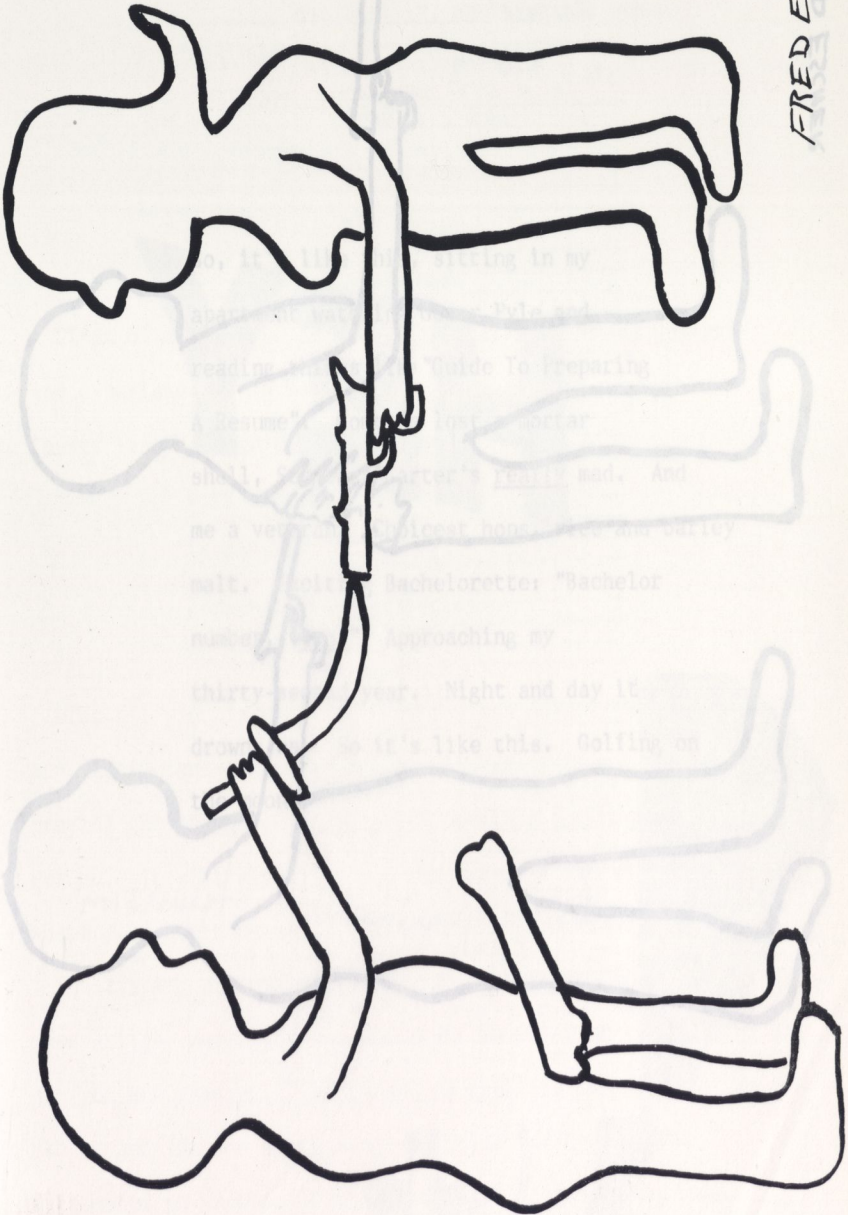


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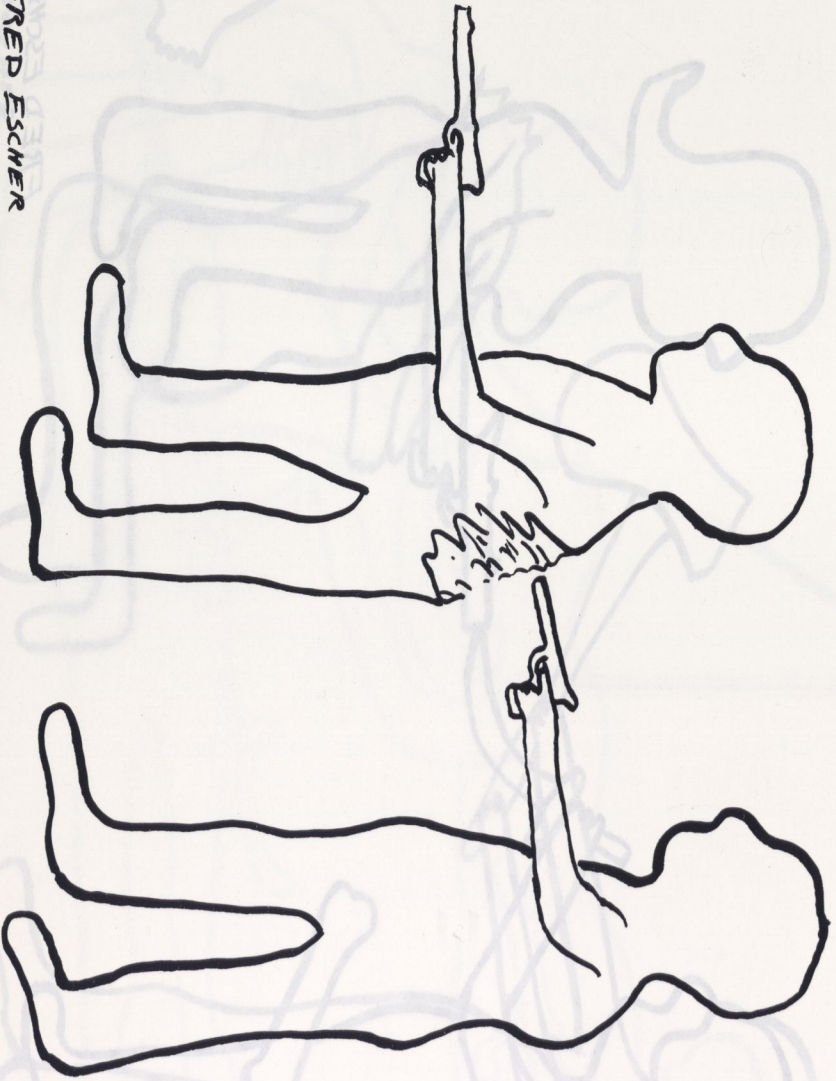
hey

by Gregory Farnum

FRED ESCHER



FRED ESCHER



Hey

by Gregory Farnum

So, it's like this, sitting in my apartment watching Gomer Pyle and reading things like "Guide To Preparing A Resume". Gomer's lost a mortar shell, Sergeant Carter's really mad. And me a veteran. Choicest hops, rice and barley malt. Exciting Bachelorette: "Bachelor number...two!" Approaching my thirty-second year. Night and day it drowns us. So it's like this. Golfing on the moon.

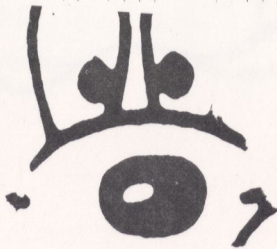
microlit so there you must

SECTION _____ OBS. FOR _____
 LOCALITY _____ OBSERVER _____
 DATE _____ RECORDER _____
 WEATHER _____ WIND _____

STA	TIME			METER DEPTH		REGISTER READING	TIME IN		VEL. IN FT./SEC.	REMARKS
	H	M	S.	FT	PR		SEC.	IN		

HEY

Funny guys went on television



Number five, number six...

A comical but decent aristocrat.

His butler.

An aging homosexual army officer.

A silly, snobbish old woman.

Angela, the maid.

Growly, a dog.

The tradesman.

The doctor.

Mona Star.

First of all, it is important to analyze your background and experience. The best way to do this is to prepare an "asset list," under these headings:

Work History

Education

Personal Characteristics

Resources

List all your "assets" so that you can select those which are particularly significant to employers. This list will provide the raw material you will develop into your basic resume. It will also give you the material you will need to adapt your basic resume to different jobs and industries.

The listing process will help you to evaluate more objectively your skills, abilities and interests in relation to the kind of job you are seeking. Try to put yourself in the place of an employer and include everything you think he/she would be interested in knowing about you as a prospective employee.

EPISODE 9

CLOWN



Taboo subjects are tackled.

Dead men laugh.

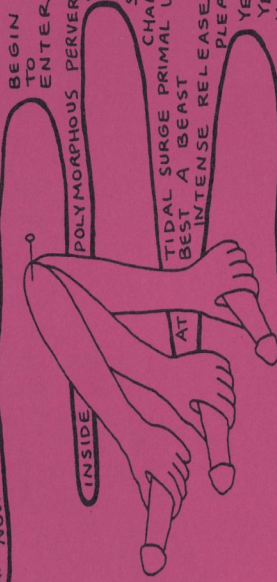
THE HAND THAT GUIDES THE AGENT OF COMPLETION
EAGER MEMBERS STRIVE TO REUNITE
ENTER AND REMEMBER
CITADEL

LET ME CALL FORTH
SEVERAL MINOR DEITIES
THEIR BLESSINGS WITNESS
THEIR FRAGRANCE INTOXICATES
ALL SUCH AS LIVE SHYLY WITHIN YOUR BODY
NOW REQUEST DEVOTED ATTENTION

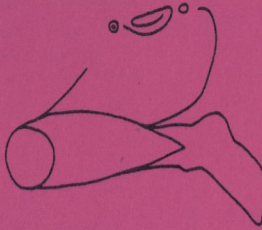
BEGIN
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POLYMORPHOUS PERVERSE
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CHANGE
TIDAL SURGE PRIMAL URGE
BEST A BEAST

PLEASE
RELEASE
YES
YES
YES



CAN YOU
GIVE ME A HAND
?



PAT FISH
EROTRIX

NE PLUS ULTRA DADA
PAT FISH: PROPRIETRIX
P.O. BOX 777
STABARBACA 93102 USA

clue

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uring its accord / aside their / hardly key
and walk mouth-to-mouth

Sue Fishbein

Analog Productions

146 Freelon, No. 4
San Francisco, CA 94107

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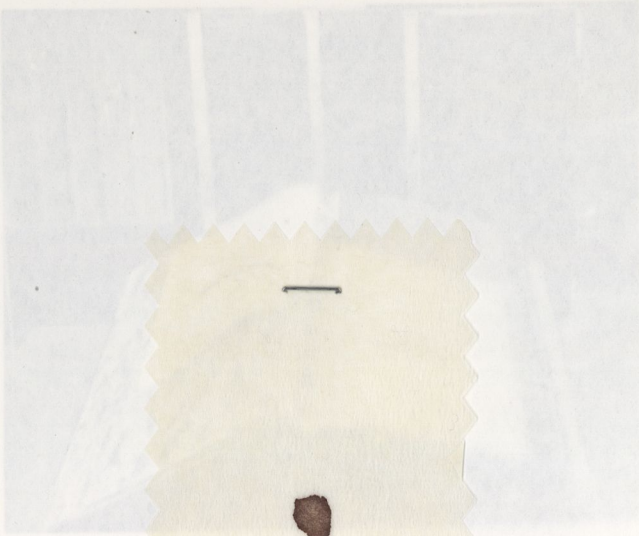
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Analog Productions
146 Freelon, No. 4
San Francisco, CA 94107

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tiber : free

Mallarmé - Everything in the world
up as a book
plus fait-il semblant (219/1000)

The Summer

roman
a fiction

by Rimma & Valery Gerlovin

concentrated in the
drop of the blood

© 1980

Take a book, any book
a page, any page
a line, any line
a word, any word

off the page &
onto the stage
'narrative performance'
a way of reading
which is presented
simultaneously.....
there are links between
them, even if of the most
remote: (Le Livre)

Browse around the library of Babel - "all the possible
combinations of the twenty-odd orthographic symbols;... that is,
everything which can be expressed, in all languages."
I tried calculating it, came out with a different figure
each time.

1
The
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is
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the
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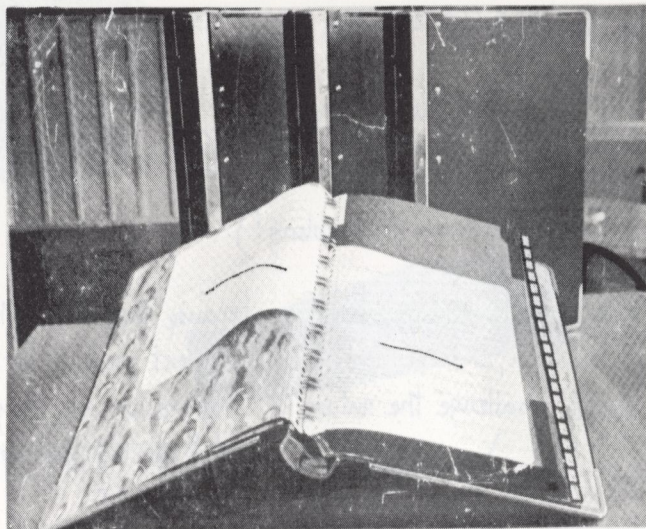
© 1987
concentrated in the
drop of the blood
by Rimmer & Valery Gerlovyn
a fiction
roman

San Francisco
Andrey Productions
146 Fulton, No. 4
San Francisco, CA 94102
order by
web site
weather.it

weather.it
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(notes towards) THE BOOK, ALL OR NOTHING by Michael Gibbs



liber : free

liber : book

Mallarmé - Everything in the world exists in order to end up as a book. (Quant au Livre) ABOUT THE BOOK

- un livre ne commence ni ne finit : tout au plus fait-il semblant (Le Livre) THE BOOK

↓ off the page &
onto the stage

books - those rectangular things stacked together on shelves.

narrative 'performance'

"a new way of reading which is presented simultaneously....."

"there are links between them, even if of the most remote." (Le Livre)

Take a book, any book.....

a page, any page...

a line, any line...

a word, any word...

Browse around the library of Babel - "all the possible combinations of the twenty-odd orthographic symbols;.... that is, everything which can be expressed, in all languages."

I tried calculating it, came out with a different figure each time.

40,333,505,027,148,563,558,400,000

41,426,948,858,652,238,884,800,000.

try Castillo, or
Frank Kuenstler,
or IBM

"The idea of the book is the idea of a totality."
(Derrida)

(or an Assembling!)

c
r
i
t [Most artists work with the book form because they want their
work to be seen, and the book is a convenient medium for this.
They do not challenge the nature of the medium, as they
used to do with painting,
sculpture, etc. ?
or question

"The absent book calls the words" (Jabès)

The blank book / a bibliography

Herman de Vries Wit (1962, 1967)

Piero Manzoni Piero Manzoni, the life and the works (1963)

Lawrence Sterne Tristram Shandy

bp Nichol + David Aylwood Condensed History of Nothing

Idries Shah The Book of the Book (1969)

Anthony McAll (book with printed yellow pages)

Per Kirkeby no title (c.1968)

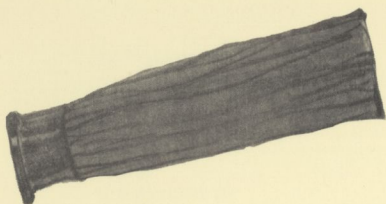
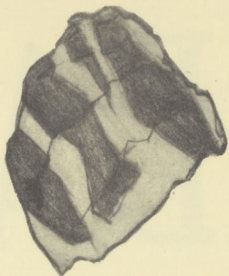
Jiri Valoch Book about Nothing (1970)

The Nothing Book Crown/Harmony Books

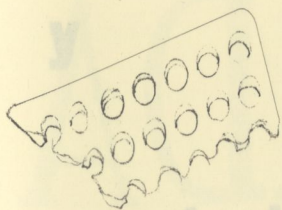
Victor Dinnerstein The Wit and Wisdom of Spiro T. Agnew (1969)

"Paradoxically nothing was excluded from them,
because nothing was included" (Andrew Forge on
Rauschenberg's white paintings)

All and/or nothing (to be continued)



coger este libro

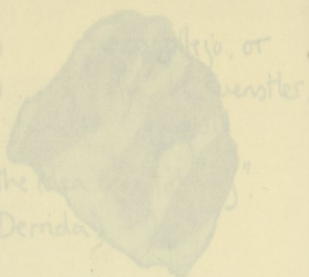


arrojarlo lejos de si



at the shooting range
mary gleason

40,333,505,027,148,563,558,400,000
41,426,949,858,652,238,884,800,000



"The idea of the book is the idea of the book."
(Derrida)

(or an Assembling!)

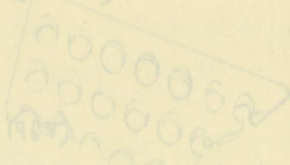
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Most artists [redacted] because they want their work to be seen, we [redacted] medium for this. They do not challenge the nature of the medium, as they used to do with painting, sculpture, etc. or question?



"The absent book calls the words" (Jabès)

The Nothing Book / a bibliography



- Herman de Vries Wit (1962, 1963)
- Piero Manzoni Piero Manzoni, the life and the works (1963)
- Lawrence Sterne Tristram Shandy
- bio Nichol + David Aykroyd Condensed History of Nothing
- Idries Shah The Book of the Book (1969)
- Anthony McAll (book with printed yellow pages)
- Per Kirkeby no title (c. 1968)
- Jan Valoch Book about Nothing (1970)
- The Nothing Book Crown/Harmony Books
- Victor Dinnon The Wit and Wisdom of Sp... grew (1968)

"Paradoxically nothing was excluded from [redacted] because nothing was included" (Andre...

Rauschenberg's white paintings)

opener (prints with [redacted])

All and/or [redacted] (to be continued)

NADA

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34 NADA 25

nada:NOTHING

poetic
group

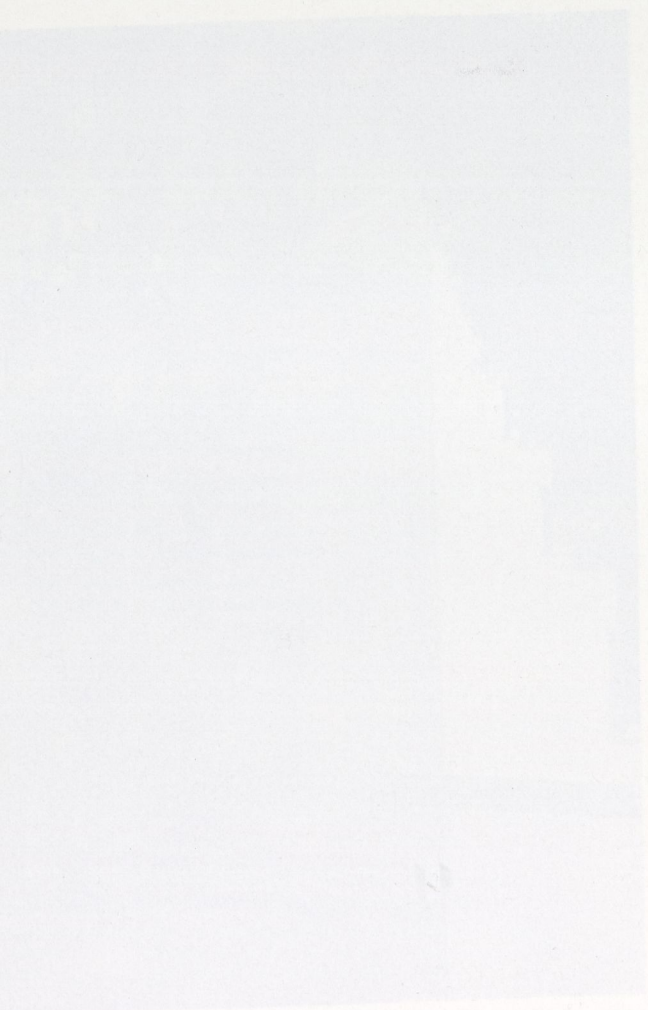
poetic
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Maos Memorial - Peking

Susan J. Harris May 1979

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The General History of the

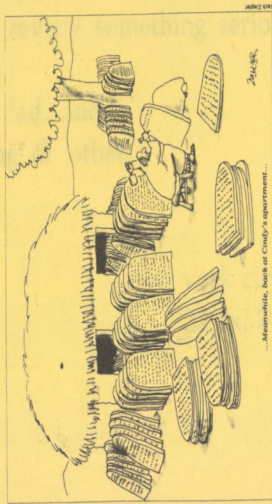
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**WE FOUND IT!!!
THE SIMPLEST ANSWERS IN THE WORLD**

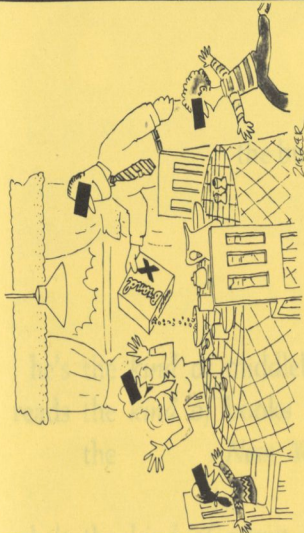
Today's world raises a lot of questions. When you see or read about the riots in Miami, sanitation worker strikes, revolutions around the world, and homosexuals marching in the streets you begin to worry about what is going on. Will it creep into your neighborhood? Will it destabilize your children? Will you die of disgust?

You don't have to worry anymore. Fundamental Answers, Incorporated has the answers to your problems. At a nominal \$50.00 a month subscription for your whole family, we will provide you with a world view that answers all your questions about life and guarantees to put a stop to any other troublesome questions from entering your mind, or your money back.

LOOK AT WHAT WE HAVE!!!



GOD God is on our payroll. If you're Pro-God you'll want to subscribe to Fundamental Answers Program. God is a Fundamental Answers exclusive and He will tell you what is right and wrong. No longer will you have to agonize over knotty social problems. God Himself will point you in the right direction. Think of it! You'll always be right! You can say to friends and colleagues, "I'm against abortion, homosexuals, immoralities, women, anarchists and other mental defectives," and when they look uneasy you just tell them that God told you this is the correct position. Then go on to tell them more about Fundamental Answers Inc.



FAMILY

Fundamental Answers Inc can cement together disintegrating families with its Family Law and Order Program. If you're Pro-Family, you'll want to subscribe. The Family Law and Order Program includes a 150 page book of regulations, ranking and uniforms for each family member, and a list of 100 commands that the male head of the household can use to run a tight ship. The Family Law and Order Program puts authority and submission back into the family structure where it belongs. The good old-fashioned values of order-giving and obeying can be easily followed because the program's uniforms, insignias, regulation book, and the 100 commands make everyone know their place and function. You'll be surprised how fast your wife begins to keep a spotless house and have dinner cooked on time. You'll be amazed that the kids catch on quick (or catch heck from you). In days, the Family Law and Order Program will have Jr. and his sister mowing the lawn, picking up their room, and even calling you sir!

DECENCY

It's getting hard to decide what is decent nowadays. We're bombarded from every side by all kinds of people claiming this and that. Fundamental Answers' Decency Detection Device solves all these dilemmas and has multiple function capabilities. If you're pro-decency you'll want to rush your order for a decency detection device for your home. Here are some of the ways you can use it:

A: Hooked up to the T.V., the Decency Detection Device will warn you and your family when profane language or sexually suggestive material is about to be aired, and censor them from your home.

B: Attach the Detection Device to your doorbell and it will tell you if a person calling on you is decent or not. A homosexual is sometimes difficult to discern from decent people, but the Detection Device will tell you what they are. A negro ringing your doorbell at night is difficult to see, but Detection Device will let you know if it's a decent person on your doorstep.

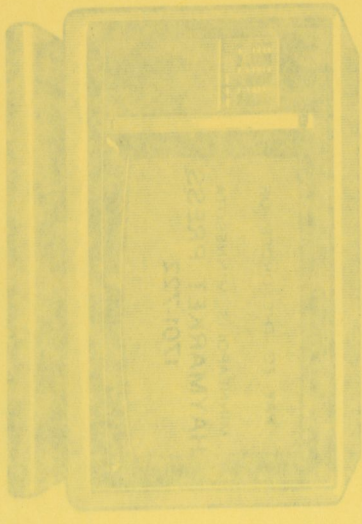
C: Printed materials can be fed through the detection device and it will eliminate all references to indecent ideas, people, and things. Think of it, you can assure that you and your family can safely read anything without having to self-censor articles on Women's Libbers, Appeasing the Communists, Atheism, Pre-born Murderers or any kind of phoney Equality talk regarding race, sex and creed.



**THE PATENTED
DECENCY DETECTION
DEVICE**

**DON'T GET CAUGHT WITH YOUR PANTS DOWN!
GET THE DECENCY DETECTION DEVICE**

THE DECIMA DELETION DEVICE
 DON'T GET CATCHED MILL A-GOING HOME!
DELETION
THE DELETED



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the burial

by dick higgins

he's the *kind* of middlebrow nitwit who
reads the *kind* of books that
the *New York Times* reviews, and

she's the *kind* of nitwit who
expects them to review something serious.

they have a *kind* of teen-age lad, and
he is *kind* of something or other,
kind of.

new york city
25. ix. 79

produced at Open Studio

**no excuses, just get lost -
no no I'll take no fakey gab
and loiter in mystic argument**



**don't tell me about some obscure
mask in a natural history museum**



**I'm not going to believe any mask
moved on its beg in its case
while the other 30 were dumb as tourists**



**so what if you rapped on the glass,
and leaped up and down & couldn't
vibrate it until all on its own
it seems to move on purpose -**

That does not concern us, no excuses.

A MASK IN A CAGE OF MASKS / COLLABORATION: MICHAEL HAZARD & PATRICIA OLSON

I haven't
returned
myself
for a
few
days.

ALMOST A WOMAN / COLLABORATION: MICHAEL HAZARD & PAT OLSON

...DETECT PRODUCTIONS...

GERMANY GERMANY GERMANY GERMANY GERMANY GERMANY GERMANY GERMANY

Law of Registration Enforcement

You have moved to the residence printed overleaf without registering as required by law.

With reference to the requirements of the Law of Registration you are requested to appear in person

within a week (Monday-Friday 8-12 a.m.; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday 2-4 p.m.; Wednesdays also till 6 p.m.)

In Room 9/Counter of City Hall (basement).

Please bring with you two registration forms, your identity card, as well as the leaving-certificate of your last residence if applicable.

Würzburg,

Please present
this invitation!

City of Würzburg
Office of Public Order

3200/34

...A TWO ROOM PRISON FOR HUMBLE AND PETRA...

...IN THE LAND OF DENUNTIATION...

HUMBLE HUMMEL & PETRA HOMEYER 87 WÜRZBURG ERTHALSTR.4

DETECT PRODUCTIONS.....

GERMANY GERMANY GERMANY GERMANY GERMANY GERMANY GERMANY GERMANY GERMANY GERMANY

[Handwritten signature]

Law of Registration Enforcement
You have been notified by the Federal Bureau of Investigation as required by law.
With reference to the requirements of the Law of Registration you are requested to appear in person
within a week (Monday-Friday 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m., Saturday 9:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m., Sunday 10:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.)
in front of County of City of
Please bring with you registration form, your identity card, as well as the leaving certificate of
your last residence if applicable.

Wurzburger
City of Würzburg
District of
Registration
No.

...A TWO HOUR PRISON FOR HUMBLE AND FETRA...
...IN THE LAND OF DENUNTIATION...

HUMBLE HUMBLE & FETRA HOMERBY 87 WÜRZBURG ERKLAERUNG

Certain Exceptions Not Withstanding

I'll show you where things begin
there is always vast
faultless rock and a full sail
and obstructions and accidents
and red diamonds and momentum
and intention detraction
hair back and wind and
all manner of passion which
I assemble before you for us
to tear apart with our violence

delicacy	artillery	cowardice
cordiality	frankness	tramping
clenched	flesh	deprivation
breeding	resolve	elegance
accessories	thick red	lord
barefoot	shadow of pines	peace
unassailable	moss	pigeon
drama	virility	wrinkles
hollows	bumps	jewels
sponge	inventions	magnifications
completions	handsome	blood
galley slave	heroics	lace
insecurity	farewell	clouds

in the pomp which equals have in common
all the wonder I behold as your fast hands
touch the fog & function into it
the syntax of its kind

boldness	principle	vigil
advantage	solitary	surface
burglary	ardor	nocturnal
inadvertent	injunction	enlistment
isolation	traitors	reptiles
powdered bones	indolence	shame
permeable	malady	sailors
midday	purple	required
pretext	wing	evening
poisoned	meat	snapdragons

as any circle	around us	our glory
unfolds	concentric	concentric
gratuitous	lucid	conflicting
revealed	softness	elementary
impertinent	belly	thigh
leaf	faithful	cataclysm
discretion	flames	burst
nerves	cocks	brain

to you to show begun of that
 way under once
 I'll who's of range things these
 to be figures as love as
 behobandann influence lands
 as it is again
 lover larger the

which love collects unto love

jelly	value	pinch
marble	shell	frost

from which no beginning

unbroken	willful	kinetic
giant	branch	ocean

of that	begun	to show	to you
once	under	way	
these	things	of range	
as love	figures	to be	
lands	innocence		
again	as it is		
the	larger	lover	

pearl
blessed
bell

sheer particulars	epigrams	tar
assignment	twist	law
correspondence	science	pollen

countries of the world
where I shall never go

I who variously with you
as each of them began

listen
walk along a quiet street
tell someone
else you know

PUBLISHED

- Music of Today*
The Theatre of Mixed Means
Master Minds
Visual Language
In the Beginning
The End of Intelligent Writing
I Articulations
Short Fictions
Recyclings, Vol. I
Numbers One
Openings & Closings
Come Here
Portraits from Memory
Word Prints
Constructs
Illuminations
One Night Stood
Prunings/Accruings
Numbers Two
Experimental Prose
Foreshortenings & Other Stories
Grants & the Future of Literature
"The End" Appendix
"The End" Essentials
And So Forth
Tabula Rasa
Inexistences
Constructs Two
Wordsand
(As Author)
- The New American Arts*
(As Co-Author & Editor)
On Contemporary Literature
Twelve from the Sixties
The Young American Writers
Beyond Left & Right
Piccola anthologia della
nuova poesia americana
Imaged Words & Worded Images
Possibilities of Poetry
Moholy-Nagy
John Cage
Social Speculations
Future's Fictions
Human Alternatives
Seeing through Shuck
Breakthrough Fictioneers
The Edge of Adaptation
Essaying Essays
Language & Structure
Younger Critics in North America
Esthetics Contemporary
Assembling Assembling
Visual Literature Criticism
Text-Sound Texts
A Critical Assembling
The Yale Gertrude Stein
(As Editor)
Assembling, Vols. I-X
(As Co-Compiler)

UNPUBLISHED

Metamorphosis in the Arts	Maturity of American Thought
Politics in the Negro Novel	Henry Miller
More Short Fictions	The New Literature
Monotapes	Numbers: Poems
Reincarnations	Numbers: Stories
Recall	Extracts
Constructs Three	<i>(Semi-Completed)</i>
Constructs Four	Contemporaries
Constructs Five	Polyartistry
Intermix	<i>(Projected)</i>
Symmetries	New Writing Now
Autobiographies	Possibilities of Longer Poetry
Exhaustive Parallel Intervals	Scenarios
Recyclings, Vols. II & III	Text-Sound Tapes
The Genus of Genius	Experimental Tradition in Literature
More or Less	The New Poetries
Epiphanies	Proposals
Prose Pieces	Aural Literature Criticism
The Old Fictions and the New	American Literature in 1980
The Old Poetries and the New	The Great American Person of
Preambles	Avant-Garde Letters
Turfs/Arenas/Fields/Pitches	American Photography in 1980
Wordworks	The Literature of SoHo
An ABC of Contemporary Reading	American Writing Today
The Grants-Fix	The Poetics of the New Literature
Strings Two, Three, Four, Five	The American Tradition in Poetry
Partitions	Old Angel Midnight & Other Pieces
A Richard Kostelanetz Reader	Autobiographies in America
<i>(Completed)</i>	<i>(Proposed Anthologies)</i>

AUGUST THUNDER

For VELIMIR KHEBNIKOV

pooooooooo	arararar	poooooooooooo	sosiash
pooooooooo	arararar	posiash	sosiash
posiash	arararar	poooooooooooo	hosiash

pompo	dized	po	verox	ove	rect	min	shinute
pompo	dized	po	verox	ove	rect	min	shinute
pompo	arararar	po	verox	ove	rect	min	pooooooooo

oooooooooooo	sa	neeeeeeeee	kikikikikikikikik	domadooooooooo
oooooooooooo	oooooooooooo	kioooooooooooo	domadomo	
oooooooooooo	oooooooooooo	kikikikikikikikik	domado	

sa	neeeeeee	sa	cra	dew	liva	thal	ander
sa	neeeeeee	sa	cra	dew	liva	thal	goig
sa	neeeeeee	sa	cra	dew	liva	thal	ander

po verox	oooooooooooo	bokikikikikikikik	pompo
oooooooooooo	oooooooooooo	bokikikikikikikik	domado
oooooooooooo	sa cra	bokikikikikikikik	domadooooooooo

luor	nute	tan	nai	flugo	ooooooooitttttttt	re	scnt
luor	nute	tan	nai	flugo	ooooooooitttttttt	re	yawrie
luor	nute	sosiash	flugo	ooooooooitttttttt	re	scnt	

ooooooboooooooo	oooooooooooo	bac tic	bobialdooooooooo
oooooooooooo	oooooooooooo	kikikikikikik	bobialdomo
oooooooooooo	oooooooooooo	kikikikikikik	bobialdo

bac	tic	titi	teri	lact	rial	stallllll	lents
bac	tic	wiwr	ive	lact	rial	stallllll	lents
bac	tic	titi	teri	lact	rial	stallllll	lents

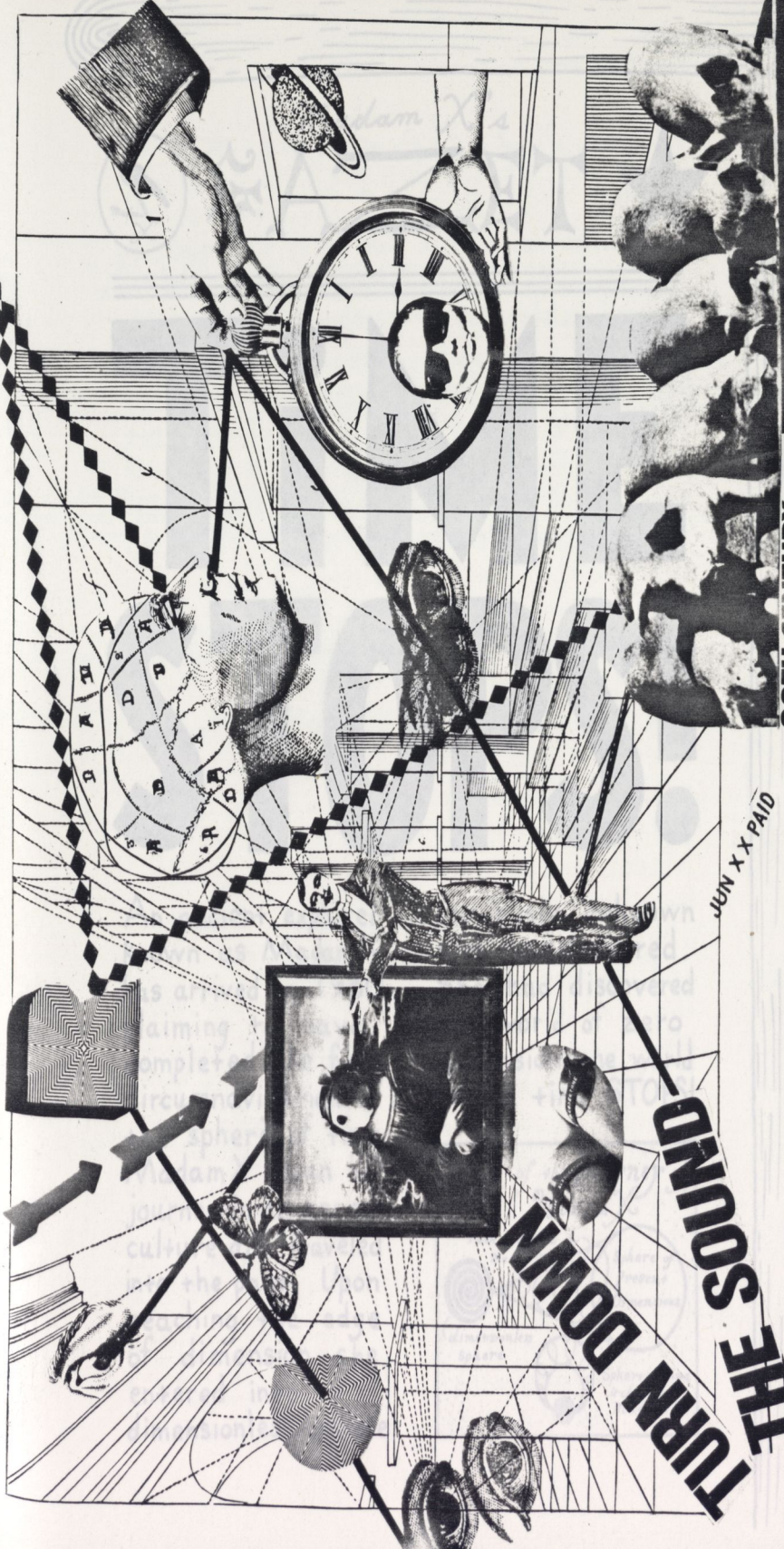
poooooooooooo	ararararbial	poooooooooooo	sosiash
poooooooooooo	ararararbial	posiash	sosiash
re yawrie	ararararbial	boidado	hosiash

S. J. LEON

<p>Metamorphosis in the Arts</p> <p>Politics in the Negro North</p> <p>More Short Fictions</p> <p>Monotapes</p> <p>Reincarnations</p> <p>Recall</p> <p>Constructs Three</p> <p>Constructs Four</p> <p>Intermix</p> <p>Symmetries</p> <p>Autobiographies</p> <p>Exhaustive Paralytic Intervals</p> <p>Recyclings, Vols. II & III</p> <p>The Genus of Genius</p> <p>More or Less</p> <p>Epigrams</p> <p>Prose Pieces</p> <p>The Old Essays and</p> <p>The Old Fables and</p> <p>Preambles</p> <p>Truth, Venus, Field, Pitcher</p> <p>Wordworld</p> <p>An ABC of Contemporary Research</p> <p>The Grants-Fix</p> <p>Strings Two</p> <p>Partitions</p> <p>A Richard Kostelanetz Reader</p> <p>(Complete)</p>	<p>Maturity of American Thought</p> <p>Henry Miller</p> <p>The New Literature</p> <p>Numbers: Poems</p> <p>Numbers: Stories</p> <p>Exercises</p> <p>(Some Completed)</p> <p>Contemporaries</p> <p>New Writing Now</p> <p>Possibilities of Longer Poetry</p> <p>Scenarios</p> <p>Text-Sound Tapes</p> <p>Experimental Tradition in Literature</p> <p>The New Properties</p> <p>Proposals</p> <p>Aural Literature Criticism</p> <p>Modern Literature since 1980</p> <p>The Great American Poem</p> <p>Avant-Garde Letters</p> <p>American Photography in 1980</p> <p>American Writing Today</p> <p>The Poetics of the New Literature</p> <p>The American Revolution in Poetry</p> <p>Old-Fashioned & Other Pieces</p> <p>Autobiographies in America</p>
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Handwritten signature or initials in white ink.



20TH CENTURY
COMMERCIAL HYPE

JUN X X PAID

**TURN DOWN
THE SOUND**

©1980 Ginny Lloyd

COMMUNICANT HAVE
30TH CENTURY

TOP X RND

© 1950 G. P. Putnam's Sons

THE SOUND MINDS LAYS DOWN





Madam X's

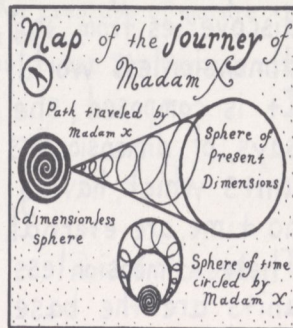
GAZZET



TIME STOPS!

An ancient explorer known as Madam X has arrived in 1980 claiming to have completed the first circumnavigation of the sphere of time. Madam X began her journey in an ancient culture and traveled into the past. Upon reaching the edge of dimension she entered into a dimensionless sphere

previously unknown and undiscovered. She had discovered the world of zero dimension, the world where time STOPS!



Madam X's GAZET ★★ ★

This discovery proved to be the missing link in man's conceptual vision of time. From within the dimensionless world Madam X observed the continual emergence of dimensions out of dimensionlessness and the continual recession of dimensions into dimensionlessness. Seeing this caused the explorer to theorize time to be spherical, and to prove the theory Madam X continued her journey through dimensionlessness and reemerged in the dimensions of time present, 1980.

Madam X has brought many amazing discoveries from the dimensionless world. It is composed, she says, of dimensionless units which, having no time, are eternal. These dimensionless units are the base

of the progression of units into dimension. Each passage of the progression through the eternal sphere is eternally marked by a dimensionless unit, thus the presence of eternal history is contained there. All dimensions, according to Madam X, are part of this progression through the eternal and finite spheres.



THE TRIUMPH OF COMMON SENSE

First of all, cranes positively do not fly out of mirrors. To back up my thesis, I have consulted The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, which does not lie or mislead, as poetry and art do. First, I looked up "mirror," to determine whether mirrors have, even in the remotest way, any properties that would allow cranes (I assume that no claim has been made that birds other than cranes can perform the feat) to enter through the silver backs of and proceed to fly out the glass fronts of mirrors. Allow me to quote: Any surface capable of reflecting sufficient undiffused light to form a virtual image of an object placed in front of it." The key words are "reflecting" and "in front of." Second, I turned to "crane."

And again I quote:

"Any of various large wading birds of the family Gruidae, having a long neck, long legs, and a long bill."

The term "crane" may also be applied "loosely" to similar birds, such as the heron.

And, of course, we are all familiar with another use of the word "crane," as, quote, "a machine for hoisting and moving heavy objects by means of cables attached to a movable boom."

No matter how hard you "crane,"

i.e., "strain and stretch (the neck)... for a better view" (I am quoting), it is as easy for a machine-crane as it is for a bird-crane

to pass through a mirror, as defined above, without breaking it to smithereens.

As in meaning 2.a. in my dictionary

("to balk and lean forward, as a horse before jumping") and 2.b. ("to hesitate"),

the person of common sense must conclude with me that the claim that cranes can fly through mirrors is preposterous.

If it were not, we might reasonably expect the dictionary to posit the possibility.

Even Shakespeare spoke of "holding a mirror up to nature."

He is not known to have imagined a creature of nature

invading the silver backing of a mirror

and flying out the front. Cranes do not fly through mirrors.

I repeat.

Cranes do not

fly through mirrors. I repeat.

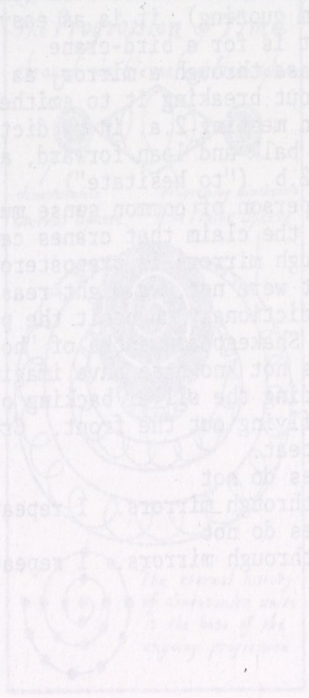
Cranes do not

fly through mirrors. I repeat.

David Madden

Madam X's ~~MAZET~~ ★★★

First of all cranes positively do not fly
 out of mirrors. To back up my thesis I have consulted
 The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language
 which goes not as far as I would like, as it does not
 First, I looked up "mirror" to determine whether
 might have been in the remotest way, my professor
 that would allow cranes to pass through a plain glass pane
 that birds other than cranes can perform the feat, to enter
 through a mirror pane and proceed to fly
 out the other front of mirrors. Shows as an interesting surface
 capable of reflecting sufficient and sufficient light to form
 a virtual image of an object placed in front of it.
 The key words are "reflection" and "image".
 Second, I turned to "crane"
 And again I looked up "crane"
 "Any of various large wading birds
 of the family Graculidae, having a long neck
 long legs, and a long bill."
 The term "crane" may also be applied
 to similar birds, such as the heron
 And, of course, we are familiar
 with another use of the word "crane"
 as, "quote," a machine for hoisting and moving
 heavy objects by means of cables
 attached by a single point
 No matter how hard you "crane"
 i.e. "attain and stretch (the neck) for a view of"
 (I am guessing) it is a verb for stretching
 as it is for a bird crane
 to pass through a mirror, as defined above,
 without breaking it to shreds, as defined above.
 As in Webster's, i.e. in the dictionary
 ("to pale and lean forward, as a horse before starting")
 and s.p. ("to hesitate")
 the person in common sense must conclude with me
 that the claim that cranes can fly
 through mirrors is transparently
 If it were not for the reasonably exact
 the dictionary, would the possibility
 Even if I were not a holder of a Ph.D. in
 He is not, however, a trained creature of nature
 involving the utter lack of a first
 and giving out the first crane
 I repeat.
 Cranes do not
 fly through mirrors. I repeat.
 Cranes do not
 fly through mirrors. I repeat.
 Cranes do not
 fly through mirrors. I repeat.



HI GANG!

the capital

THE WHITEHOUSE 8

Integrity - postponed, come back at a later date.
Oval Office - cancelled 'til further notice.
Bathrooms - now opened to the public.
Judgement - hopefully moving in soon.



Rhetoric - over abundance.
Sensitivity - sold out.
Unconsciousness - rampant.
Potential - cancelled.
Originality - none.
Monologues - plenty.
Trust - cancelled.
Intelligence - hidden.
Fright - rampant.
Games - constant.
Form - lost.
Content - none.
Apple pie - mildewed.

THE CAPITOL

The House - action cancelled.
The Senate - what senate?
Bathrooms - gone public.
Discretion - delayed.
Uprightness - also delayed.

THE PENTAGON

Integrity - postponed, please come back.
Offices - cancelled by popular demand.
Bathrooms - gone public.
Discernment - hopefully with remodeling.

HI GANG!

the capital



THE WHITEHOUSE 8
Integrity - postponed, come back at a later date.
Oval Office - cancelled till further notice.
Bathrooms - now opened to the public.
Judgement - hopefully moving in soon.

THE CAPITOL
The House - action cancelled.
The Senate - what senate?
Bathrooms - gone public.
Discretion - delayed.
Uprightness - also delayed.

Rhetoric - over abundance.
Sensitivity - sold out.
Unconsciousness - rampant.
Potential - cancelled.
Originality - none.
Monotony - plenty.
Trust - cancelled.
Intelligence - hidden.
Pride - rampant.
Games - constant.
Form - lost.
Content - none.
Apple pie - mislabeled.

THE PENTAGON
Integrity - postponed, please come back.
Offices - cancelled by popular demand.
Bathrooms - gone public.
Placement - hopefully with remodeling.

191

Bonnie M. Jones

1990
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Rowin Warner



If you move the camera
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the camera
the mass

the camera pr
the series
move the mas

Mark Melnicove
The Dog Ear Press
Hulls Cove, Maine 04644

237 INT. VAN

ANONIMOUS SEC1 MAP showing the area around the junction of highway 68 and the gravel road.

Give all
my money
to a cunt.

SLINKER (V.O.)

We're here on 68.

I'm anonymous

His hand EXTENDS and makes a check mark.

SLINKER (V.O.)

They're approaching on this side road.

His hand makes a check mark indicating Rolls Royce. He makes another check at the junction.

SLINKER (V.O.)

We've got 'em bottled right here.
All we have to do is cork it!

238 EXT. HIGHWAY 68

Slinker's van overtakes the senior citizen's bus and passes.

239 EXT. GRAVEL ROAD

The Rolls Royce is navigating the road at great speed. The farmers are only a short distance behind.

240 EXT. GRAVEL ROAD

Car 47 pops into view from around a curve overtaking the farmers' pickup. Car 47 flashes its lights and the siren WAILS. The pickup slows as it pulls over.

241 ANGLE - ENGLE

standing in the back of the pickup as the patrol whizzes past. He realizes Collins and the preacher aren't officers and yells to Harold.

ENGLE

They ain't cops! catch them ginks!

The engine roars as the vehicle regains speed.

242 INT. EAGLE I

Benny swings from his view of the van over to the Rolls Royce on the right.

AMOROUS

Give all
my money
to a girl.
I'm serious.

Mark Melnicove
The Dog Ear Press
Hills Cove, Maine 04644

237 INT. VAN

INSERT SHOT - MAP showing the area around the junction of highway 68 and the gravel road.

SLINKER (V.O.)

We're here on 68.

His hand ENTERS and makes a check mark.

SLINKER (V.O.)

They're approaching on this side road.

His hand makes a check mark indicating Rolls Royce. He makes another check at the junction.

SLINKER (V.O.)

We've got 'em bottled right here.

All we have to do is cork it!

238 EXT. HIGHWAY 68

Slinker's van overtakes the senior citizen's bus and passes.

239 EXT. GRAVEL ROAD

The Rolls Royce is navigating the road at great speed. The farmers are only a short distance behind.

240 EXT. GRAVEL ROAD

Car 47 pops into view from around a curve overtaking the farmers' pickup. Car 47 flashes its lights and the siren WAILS. The pickup slows as it pulls over.

241 ANGLE - ENGLE

standing in the back of the pickup as the patrol whizzes past. He realizes Collins and the preacher aren't officers and yells to Harold.

ENGLE

They ain't cops! catch them ginks!

The engine roars as the vehicle regains speed.

242 INT. EAGLE I

Benny swings from his view of the van over to the Rolls Royce on the right.

INSERT SHOT - MAP showing the area around the junction of highway 68 and the gravel road.

SINKER (V.O.)

We're here on 68.

His hand ENTERS and makes a check mark.

SINKER (V.O.)

They're approaching on this side road.

His hand makes a check mark indicating Hollis Joyce. He makes another check at the junction.

SINKER (V.O.)

We've got 'em bottled right here. All we have to do is cork 'em!

238 EXT. HIGHWAY 68

Sinker's van overtakes the senior citizen's bus and passes.

239 EXT. GRAVEL ROAD

The Hollis Joyce is navigating the road at great speed. The farmers are only a short distance behind.

240 EXT. GRAVEL ROAD

Car #7 pops into view from around a curve overtaking the farmers' pickup. Car #7 flashes its lights and the alarm WAILS. The pickup slows as it pulls over.

241 ANGLE - ENGINE

standing in the back of the pickup as the patrol whizzes past. He realizes Collins and the preacher aren't officers and yells to Harold.

ENGINE

They ain't cops! Catch them ginks!

The engine roars as the vehicle regains speed.

242 INT. EAGLE I

Benny swings from his view of the van over to the Hollis Joyce on the right.

Melina Khrushchev loved it. So did Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling. So, for that matter, does a whole new turned-on generation. The voice was that of our world, a native, in fact third-generation, San Franciscan. Her subject? Fatsom. Flabby, pacific, her hair pulled back, she had a tongue-in-cheek accent acquired at an eastern school (she'd also studied in Germany and learned how to make cheese in Wisconsin). She was pointing out to our teen group of well-to-do Swiss without how many songs had been written about San Francisco: "Gretchen's in the kitchen," for instance—about an M.F. girl who went to work as a short-order cook in L.A.—it was her, she told us, half in the Bay Area, half in Southern Cal. "I left my heart in . . ." she began quietly singing; but the seductive lissels of the four-in-hand had started up, and we found ourselves "making the scene" against California, pecked with import-export Vogel downtown, with its frenzy of . . . Hill; and finally . . . the night, that "melting . . . different forms of behavior. We . . . from the bus we even felt . . . only best in town for twelve hours. Europe had nothing . . . couldn't walk ten feet without . . . our formalities set us . . . and fur-trimmed jackets, . . . and . . . nipple boys (hand-



R MELTZER FAN CLUB
21 Harbor Hills Dr.
Port Jefferson, N.Y. 11777

handing everyone, . . . in asking for change—everyone, it seemed, kissing and . . . see, we were digging it. These young people, and our guide told us, are just as much "San Franciscan" as their parents up on Web Hill, or those suburbanites out North Beach way, or the arty singles down Pacific way, or the groovy types at the north end of Millbrae. And suddenly we found ourselves up at the top of the Park, in search of that "treasured commodity," a view of the City. "The fee," said our cute little guide, "is not very (that's L.A.). It'll burn off by noon." We glanced about, beginning to realize how "out of it" we looked in our European dress. "Where might we go," I inquired, "to pick up some, say, jeans and boots, something practical enough for us to 'part'?" The plinky little girl understood at once, and, before we knew it, had us cruising the local shops: The Minsing Factory (psychedelic shirt wear); Brooks Brothers (ivy League status); Dehball ("Quality London"); The Designer; Dams, and Kirk's; Ross-Johns (for collegiate wear). Things were popping. But now we were feeling . . . hungry! So, after a pitstop back at our world (to drop our old dude off), we set our restaurant-horizons. Soon we'd descended in on the North Beach-Chinatown Area. Here the young split up the older folk, off to Seattle's Sandwich Shop (for turtle soup), the youngsters opting for the Brighton Express, with its "best pie."—Some of us thought the Black Sea sounded attractive, and even we'd peered in at 676 Broadway, whose scruffy proprietor started to six languages. Sandwich, I ordered, which meant, along with other Turkish specialties, and soon felt fine. Soon fell asleep, in fact, only to be awakened by the younger members of the group, up for night-spot copying. And it was off to the attic, the basement, Earthquake Museum, topped by the heavy L, where, pooped, we called it a day, dreaming of what tomorrow held . . . Southern California!



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
LIBRARY

Interlude

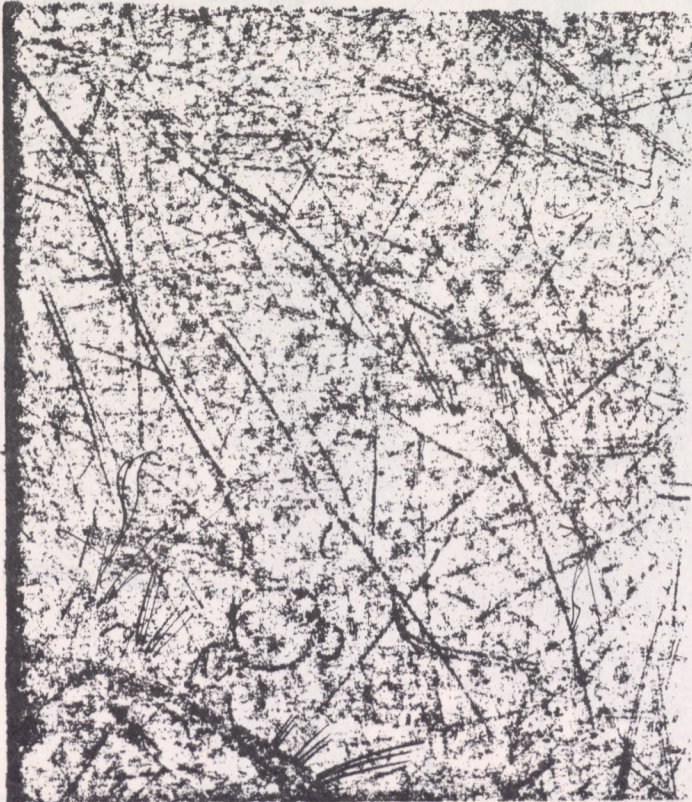
Nikita Khrushchev loved it. So did Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling. So, for that matter, does a whole new turned-on generation. The voice was that of our guide, a native, in fact third-generation, San Franciscan. Her subject? Frisco. Plucky, petite, her hair pulled back, she had a tongue-in-cheek manner acquired at an eastern school (she'd also studied in Germany and learned how to make cheese in Wisconsin). She was pointing out to our tour group of well-to-do Swiss matrons how many songs had been written about San Francisco: "Gretchen's in the Kitchen," for instance--about an S. F. girl who went to work as a short-order cook in L. A. It was set, she told us, half in the Bay Area, half in Southern Cal. "I left my heart in . . .," she began quietly singing; but the monstrous diesels of the tour-bus had started up, and we found ourselves "making the scene" again: Chinatown, packed with import-export shops; downtown, with its frenzy of finance; Nob Hill; and finally . . . the Haight, that "melting pot" of races and different forms of behavior. We saw San Franciscans everywhere. Descending from the bus we even felt like San Franciscans ourselves, though we'd only been in town for twelve hours. Europe had nothing to equal it. You couldn't walk ten feet without someone making some remark or other. True, our formality set us apart--our beige outfits (calf-length skirts and fur-trimmed jackets). And 'twas informality the locals were into: spaced-out hippie boys glad-handing everyone, girls with bare midriffs asking for change--everyone, it seemed, kissing one another. But, you see, we were digging it. These young people, as our guide told us, are just as much "San Francisco" as their parents up on Nob Hill; or those suburbanites out North Beach way; or the arty singles down Marina way; or the groovy types at the north end of Fillmore. And suddenly we found ourselves up at the Top of the Mark, in search of that "treasured commodity," a View of the City. "The fog," said our cute little guide, "is not smog (that's L. A.). It'll burn off by noon." We glanced about, beginning to realize how "out of it" we looked in our European togs. "Where might we go," I inquired, "to pick up some, say, jeans and boots, something neutral enough for us to 'pass'?" The plucky little girl understood at once, and, before we knew it, had us cruising the local shops: The Blushing Peony (psychedelic chick wear); Brooks Brothers (Ivy League status); Dunhill ("Quality London"); The Emporium, Gumps, and Miki's; Roos-Atkins (for collegiate wear). Things were popping. But now we were feeling . . . hungry! So, after a pitstop back at our motel (to drop our old duds off), we set out restaurant-hopping. Soon we'd centered in on the North Beach-Chinatown Area. Here the group split up: the older folk, off to Dottie's Sandwich Shop (for turtle soup), the youngsters opting for The Brighton Express, with its "mud pies." Some of us thought The Black Sea sounded attractive, and soon we'd settled in at 620 Broadway, whose garrulous proprietor chatted in six languages. Famished, I munched on shish kabob, along with other Turkish specialities, and soon felt fine. Soon fell asleep, in fact, only to be awakened by the younger members of the group, hot for night-spot hopping. And it was off to The Attic, The Basement, Earthquake McGoons, topped by the hungry i, where, pooped, we called it a day, dreaming of what tomorrow held . . . Southern California!

So, what we did next morning was . . . tool down the coast. Long drive, man! But what scenery! We were there quick as a wink: pink motel, color T. V., vibrator bed, and . . . nodsville, man . . . "O, Los Angeles! Dare I dribble a few more words of unwonted praise upon they neon brow?" The voice was that of our new guide, mother of cliché and mentor of California culture. "Glorious L. A.," she continued, "ribboned with freeways . . ." Well, it ain't Geneva, we said, it ain't Lausanne, it sure ain't Zürich. But we had to agree with our guide: there couldn't be a more American city than L. A. "Chicago without the Loop," "St. Louis without the river," "New York City without the York," she said. "Mindless as an Angeleno," we said, a phrase that popped into our heads many times in the next twelve hours, as we witnessed old, middle-aged and young people alike all contributing themselves to this freak construction of humanity they call L. A. How to pin it down? Neurotic, maybe; ego-tripping, yes; but . . . well . . . "L. A."--our guide gave it a try--"is a crippled bum, twirling his crutches, a live theater with no one watching." No one, that is, except . . . us! But we had the inside track, were still young enough to understand (we knew a pink flamingo when we saw one, as they say). We did wonder, from time to time, what our fellows back in Zürich would think of all this; but we salved our consciences by saying to ourselves, "They simply don't understand; they have never seen a pink flamingo." And once more we found ourselves . . . "making the scene." Having toured U. S. C., we were cruising Sunset Strip--the Via Veneto of Hollywood, with its go-go galaxy of bright things to look at. Again the question of clothes came up, and we asked our guide for help. "Nudity," she said, "is out. The idea that anything from fishnets to figleaves goes in L. A., that's simply wrongheaded. U. S. C. students," she continued, "are generally well-dressed; though if you're on your way to a love-in, or the beach, or the Strip, the story's different. Then," she said emphatically, "if you have the guts to wear it, it's acceptable." Looking about, we saw bright colors everywhere and did our best to adapt. Except for the older women, who mostly wore ber mudas, the rest of us hit the beach in bright, strappy little nothings. Speaking of the beach, that was something else! All night long we ran up and down the P. C. H. (Pacific Coast Highway, known locally as El Camino Real). What we saw: kids surfing by spotlight; older couples--in their twenties and thirties--dining out in glass-enclosed seafood shops; others--older and young folk alike--sleeping on the beach, or cruising in their cars and vans and bikes. Again and again the subject of the P. C. H. came up. In L. A. they said, "If all has failed in one town, get on P. C. H. and go the other way." As for the beach itself, wow, you could see everything: beach bunnies sacked out; bikers drinkin' beer; everyone doin' his own thing. Man, there was dancin' and smokin' and yellin' everywhere. It's hard to describe it all. And then, the ocean by itself--The Pacific Ocean! You could walk right up and dabble your toes in the surf! (By now most of the girls had painted their toenails.) Or, you could wade out, pushin' a surfboard in front of you, or shove it aside and "take the plunge," as they say, take the plunge and swim on out to sea.

--Madison Morrison

20-MEGATON BLAST

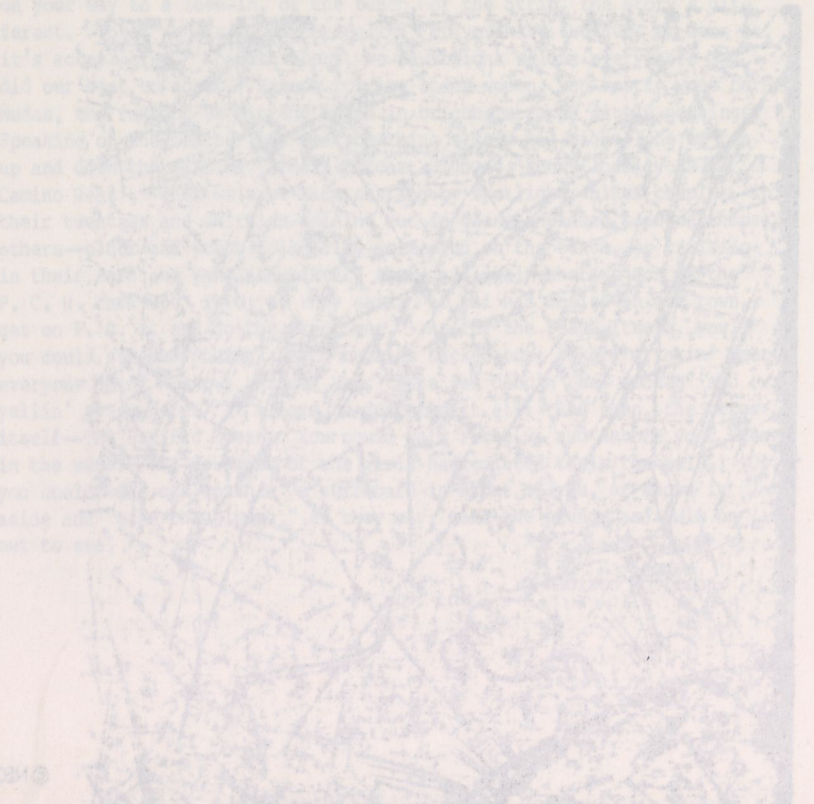
WITHIN A RADIUS OF 4 MILES FROM THE DIRECT HIT THERE IS TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF LIFE AND PROPERTY. WITHIN A 10 MILE RADIUS MOST SURVIVORS ARE SUFFERING FROM SEVERE RADIATION BURNS AND MULTIPLE INJURIES WHICH GO UNTREATED. WITHIN A 20 MILE RADIUS MOST OTHER SURVIVORS ARE QUICKLY KILLED IN THE UNCONTROLLABLE FIRE STORM. ALL TOLD, 2/3 OF THE CITIES' POPULATION ARE ANNIHILATED INSTANTLY. IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS, ACUTE RADIATION POISONING WILL KILL 20% OF THOSE STILL ALIVE BRINGING SUCH DEVASTATION THAT THE LIVING WILL ENVY THE DEAD.



© NECHVATAL

20-MEGATON BLAST

WITHIN A RADIUS OF 4 MILES FROM THE DIRECT HIT THERE IS TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF LIFE AND PROPERTY WITHIN A 10-MILE RADIUS MOST SURVIVORS ARE SUFFERING FROM SEVERE RADIATION BURNS AND MULTIPLE INJURIES WHICH GO UNTREATED. WITHIN A 20-MILE RADIUS MOST OTHER SURVIVORS ARE QUICKLY KILLED IN THE UNCONTROLLABLE FIRE STORM. ALL TOLD, 2/3 OF THE CITY'S POPULATION ARE ANNIHILATED INSTANTLY IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS. ACUTE RADIATION POISONING WILL KILL 20% OF THOSE STILL ALIVE BRINGING SUCH DEVIATION THAT THE LIVING WILL ENVY THE DEAD.



220°
140° I want to say, "I'm not sure why
I'm telling you these things",
but I will resist that impulse.

I seem to have a natural
resistance to consistency...
yes, damn it. Yes! Yes!

230°
130° I'm so sick of questioning myself.
At my age still I compare, compare,
compare. Judging my impulses and
checking them, with later regrets.

240°
120° I fantasized sending to you
first some collages, simple
one fragment affairs like some
I had made two years ago

250°
110° but stopped because after collaging
one or two fragments, I had also
written a thought and someone
(The Man in my Life at that Moment)
told me I should have left them alone.

270°
90° Then I thought about retyping this
(so it would be easier to read and
more consistent) and then I saw
myself tear up all the pieces.

280°
80° We are very different from one
another.

Vernita

320°
40° Vernita Nemeč c1980

330°
30° 340°
20°

Polar
Coordinate

I want to say, "I'm not sure why
I'm telling you these things,"
but I will resist that impulse.

I seem to have a natural
resistance to consistency...
Yes, damn it. Yes! Yes!

I'm so sick of questioning myself.
At my age still I compare, compare,
compare, judging my impulses and
checking them, with later regrets.

I fantasized sending to you
a list of some colleges, simple
one fragment after like some
I had made two years ago.

but stopped because after collating
one or two fragments, I had also
written a thought and someone
[the man in my life at that moment]
told me I should have left that alone.

Then I thought about copying this
(so it would be easier to find and
more consistent) and then I saw
myself tear up all the pieces.

We are very different from one
another.

Yanika

Veronica Gomez ©1980

selections from: *LIKE*

like a race of monsters!
 like a colony of rabbits!
 like a cry uttered by combatants as they attack!
 like a floating aquatic plant!
 like a man employed to stand guard or keep watch!
 like a festivity characterized by much drinking!
 like a cyst containing sebaceous matter!
 like a woman who suckles another woman's child!
 like a rat that infests wharves and shipping!
 like a person with a pallid face!
 like a blank unprinted area!
 like a procurer of white slaves!
 like a hopeless pursuit of an unattainable or imaginary object!
 like a terrestrial crustacean!
 like a sound similar to this!
 like a piece of superior artistic work!
 like a member of one of these tribes!
 like a war fought from 1914 to 1918!
 like a brief summary of the news!
 like a system of metal currency!
 like a mentally retarded person!
 like a man with godlike attributes!
 like a generation of a specific lineage!
 like a virgin whose sexual activities stop short of intercourse!
 like a performer who receives prominent billing!
 like a single complete pulsation of the heart!
 like a period of seven days!
 like a portion of food for one person!
 like a point at which a function is undefined!
 like a morbid fear of blood!
 like a short street!
 like a substance used to destroy plants!
 like a place frequented by herons!
 like a temple slave in the service of a specified deity!
 like a mannequin used in designing and displaying clothes!
 like a place swarming with active people!
 like a sacrificial offering that is consumed entirely by flames!
 like a device in a gun that ejects the empty shell after each firing!
 like a frenzied and impassioned choric hymn!
 like a person afflicted with hypochondria!
 like a settling of solid particles in a fluid!
 like a conception of something in its absolute perfection!
 like a fossilized footprint!
 like a physiological or temperamental peculiarity!
 like a hypothetical structural unit of germ plasm!
 like a disease of unknown origin or cause!
 like a reproduction of the appearance of someone or something!
 like a mass of gas bubbles in a liquid-film matrix!
 like a map of the sea!
 like a woman with whom one is in love!
 like a large lemur!
 like a colorless or white crystalline narcotic alkaloid!
 like a young animal that has not reached sexual maturity!
 like a principle and easily accessible vein!
 like a machine that washes dishes!
 like a coin worth one cent!

- like a rock distinguished from related or similar rocks!
- like a person in charge of a gate!
- like a wasting away of the body!
- like a low neckline on a garment!
- like a sea open to navigation by all nations!
- like a covering worn on the face to conceal one's identity!
- like a severe defeat!
- like a substance that adulterates!
- like a state of dormancy or torpor during the summer!
- like a rust spore!
- like a feeling that remains after an event or experience!
- like a retaliatory means of discouraging enemy attack!
- like a pathological fear of confined spaces!
- like a photoelectric instrument that measures light intensity!
- like a hired mourner!
- like a technique of stimulating rainfall!
- like a facial aspect or look that conveys a special feeling!
- like a former Spanish method of execution by strangulation!
- like a protruding abdominal region!
- like a club carried by a policeman!
- like a person regarded as the product of mixed racial strains!
- like a rapacious desire for more than one needs or deserves!
- like a cast of the dice totaling two!
- like a small, erectile organ at the upper end of the vulva!
- like a pacifier for an infant!
- like a favorable or splendid aura about someone or something!
- like a city of Ohio!
- like a state of delight!
- like a person afflicted with leprosy!
- like a subtle or specious piece of reasoning!
- like a vigil kept beside a dying or dead person!
- like a particular position in an orchestra!
- like a stylized phallus worshipped as a symbol of the Hindu god Shiva!
- like a strong or irresistible impulse to travel!
- like a word invented and used for a particular occasion!
- like a venerable and wise old man!
- like a departure or farewell!
- like a tincture of opium!
- like a condition of slowness or retardation!
- like a fashionable or luxurious style of living!
- like a burn resulting from brief exposure to intense radiation!
- like a blastomere that develops into ectoderm!
- like a conclusion inferred from a single premise!
- like a conversation between two or more people!
- like a theory or practice based on militant action!
- like a tropical American tree!
- like a sound made in imitation of laughter!
- like a person serving a sentence of imprisonment!
- like a sudden involuntary muscular contraction causing severe pain!
- like a corrupt practice or custom!
- like a large and destructive fire!
- like a short service of worship!
- like a feeling of alarm or disquiet caused by the expectation of danger!
- like a heavily armed foot soldier of ancient Greece!
- like a malignant tumor of the bone marrow!
- like a new or modified response elicited by a stimulus after conditioning!
- like a group of three!
- like a coin-operated telephone for public use!
- like a person of the highest power or authority!
- like a membranous, winglike extension between the limbs of flying squirrels!
- like a resemblance or similarity to something specified!

Wiederholungs Faktor ist letztlich die entscheidende und selbst
 entscheidende Funktion. Wiederholung ist der Hauptbestandteil eines
 anderen dieses charakteristischen Textes. Wie dieses das
 folgende Beispiel zeigt, sind die zwei "ästhetisch" und
 die beiden anderen in der ersten.

Wiederholung

ästhetisch

immer geht
 irgendwas ohne mich anders
 und vollends entgegengesetzt
 dem Schönen, nicht schön
 in der Sprache,
 und wenn es
 den Gegensatz,
 der erkannt und nicht,
 wieder entgegengesetzt

immer geht
 etwas Ägypten so anders
 und anders, entgegengesetzt
 an etwas nicht schön
 in der Sprache,
 und wenn es
 am Gegensatz,
 so erkannt und nicht,
 wieder entgegengesetzt

Die ästhetische Interaktion könnte man beschreiben, das die Ver-
 besserung der Kunst in der Welt der Wiederholung ist die
 Wiederholung des ästhetisch gesehenen. Es stellt sich ein
 auch ohne die von Kunst durch diese "so ästhetisch es gerade
 den ästhetischen gut zu, wenn das Kunst entgegen."

Das zweite Beispiel der Wiederholung ist die Welt der
 Wiederholung in der Kunst. Es ist die Wiederholung
 des Kunst, nicht die, die die Welt ist ästhetisch
 oder charakteristisch geworden ist, ohne dass man gehen. Es
 haben die Wiederholung der Kunst, die die ästhetische Wiederholung
 langweilig gemacht. Die Welt ist charakteristisch
 als das Kunst und die Wiederholung ist ästhetisch. Die Wiederholung der
 Wiederholung ist die Wiederholung der Welt ist die Wiederholung
 und die Wiederholung ist ästhetisch. Die Wiederholung ist
 die Wiederholung der Wiederholung der Wiederholung der
 Wiederholung der Wiederholung der Wiederholung der Wiederholung
 Wiederholung der Wiederholung der Wiederholung der Wiederholung
 Wiederholung der Wiederholung der Wiederholung der Wiederholung

111

skin deep

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skin deep

richard olson

hill tit heterostatics

scene. a fork in a road.

1. highwayman. hip knob hippeastrum.
 2. highwayman. the hipparch to you too. and spring the hindbrain for an associate of hinterland.
 oh welcome! welcome! most welcome.
1. highwayman. what's that?
 2. highwayman. my welcome.
1. highwayman. i mean, why are you welcoming who you are hindering with? rearing with, i might add.
 2. highwayman. there is none. punjabi?
 the hinge joint? i don't understand. explain these.
1. highwayman. who hinders another. hippo-campal.
 wait for the hinny of impact. eat the brahman's numerals. and sweet tilly not a day past seventy-five not a day eating her orange basketweave where the hindgut meets, where the impediment is blister, as the truck pulls hinders hindu-stani by the jungle of your occiput and part, this relief. be relief.
2. highwayman. i think you be though the veal is not at counter's breadth. and of your work?
1. highwayman. yes. tilly in the event of a sighted firearm. we have been known. as to heretofore and yes. we have been the known counteract to end with the carcass as a hinny to the sink end bind our and barrels by the hip molding cliff. impressively i'm not extract that is hilding himavat nor to the tides of hilarymas and all his retainer and the attachment of his hilum of seed, or by the post as a predicate to the times of tilly maddervit as she rolls the liltng bleak dialectics by the loquious lunch of fred caryotinn in his re-vivified muslin smock crying, and come another day! you father of the devi!
 it is highstepping solstice artifice republical prosyllogism protatic protea proteaceous protead protean protease protectprotectantprotecteeprotectibleprotectingprotection on this mirage of the englewoods to be protectoral protectress protectory protectorly protectorian european galilean proteiform proteid protervitious protervous proteranthous proterical proterandrical proteclysed proteolytic proteosed proterandrous prostyle pectinaceous potoquane pottering pottagy, to be prophesier publishable pudding-bag puff the magic dragonread raped and quadrantile quadrupled ramracing rancorously to random condom of conclusion in randem randing and rance rampion rancheria roccocooing ramus and romulus, the rampallion twins of rampancy in rampish costume and contumely compare, ranee at the pits. tilly, the himation.
 (exit 1. highwayman.)
2. highwayman. endymion's xanadu of the desolate. the fens.

pennyroyal megaspores

scene. a festival. abcdefgabcdefgabcefgabcedfgabecdab

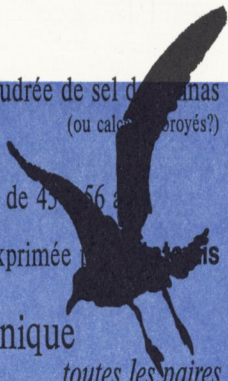
1. hijacker. hexateuchal hic et ubique
2. hijacker. hexagynia or the book of changes.
bcdefgagababagegabagafagdabeabdabegabdeabeabdeabedabebae
1. hijacker. six rays. hexactinal the sea bre am hexachord.
2. hijacker. folly's slave. hexaëmeron.
1. hijacker. heterotropic. i mean you come hexagram the hewn
with a herring-bone at template. the exogenous heterotropic
comparison. and be the field heterotrophic steel-grey.
hexarchies at height. 'and a blind hibernian the whild dervish.
there is rite there to too to to too to too alas you know.
none the hexameros. why when i llookk on the linnaean
contingency and weigh traumato- trapezoidal trapean or
trapped the waves of light in the henlandite and -ditic crags
of rodan the organ and the shrill wakes collingual associate
to the rape of cement and chemical estoppel of zoologic
extemplorate, and in the sheeted mannder, when i, in prosody
and in manumit of song the curlew and bunting, but light
the six-foot draconian man to the notch of anvil and quail
of broom, a dying quail in right field dying, whose hexameters
of distance begin the earthen root transvolved devolved
devolving the greek neptune and knot of diomed the hyperionic
laconincine bird himself, or, thwarting such a colloquy
with the birds of omen, of hiemal sepulchred interment,
such a resolve of faith intermixed, christabel in her stocking
feet counting the pards coming in, the stallion trpzdl/
at hexahedral ambivalence in this yih-king of wheat and
parsley shown, a spray from everyone is' not as clean as
from the baptismal fount when on a day ascertained
endogenous of fold, armed in such combinatorial resolve,
hexandria of preserve, heterogonism of limping shrike,
heterogonia at steel-encased window fiording the lapping
blast and wiping whimper anointing explicatives of trumpet-
shorn infant lying hooded the boulevard a waste of dying
custom foetus as wrenching diatonic catatonic polyhedron
crystal of circumstance, heterotaxia equivalent to feldspar
trappistine pealing trapesing trapped trapezius. tilly
had waited under this self-same north star under this
hexane tree under this and waiting waited under it as she
waited and concluded complement of brook and sheath under.
the midwives of cleavages and infusorians. she had waited
for this cradled babe lying in her pearly pomegranate seeds.
(exit 1. hijacker. enter 3. hijacker.)
3. hijacker. good day!
2. hijacker. it may be to you but it is to me. agecebeceag
dbdbeceogdbde (exit 2. hijacker.)
3. hijacker. references.

bruno montels
bruno montels
claire minière
claire minière
philippe dôme
philippe dôme
paul nagy
paul nagy
tibor papp
tibor papp

d'atelier

d'atelier : 40, rue Pascal, 75013 Paris, France - Philippe Dôme, Claude Minière, Bruno Montels, Paul Nagy, Tibor Papp.

manger une bougie saupoudrée de sel de marins
 du docteur destouches (ou calcinés broyés?)
 dont la teneur en **CHAUX** varie de 45 à 56 %
 mées et la finesse est exprimée en micromètres
 ô solubilité carbonique
 toutes les paires
 de fesses qu'on voit à travers la ville sous forme de carbonade
MONTENT
 à l'étalage par un tire-bouchon
 mais je vais citer Barthes
 porte au Maroc hédoniste la bête noire il sup
 saupoudrée de /.../ et de /.../
 puis pour lui river son chou je retourne dans les marnes
 et régent la rapidité avec laquelle elles se délitent à l'air



tibor papp

étroit intitulé ce m's'inspire tot ad.moa n'soie

étendu du sanscrit du le roman s'appuie pour l'œil
 3 thème a conflits d. systèmes arbitraires qui sont le nectar d.l. critique le pied
 encore sur des modifications de tensions mi prit en long
 qui finissent par ne plus rentrer sans raison
 beaucoup plus que sur l'anecdote pesée du talon à ce livre de lecture **dire**
 la macula rasa à la rescousse de l'inversEt de la poésie disponible où elle devienne

inscription à la seconde à. danse en surface ? peut plus-s n'a jamais pris de foi
 ouris du 16 C'est une grande omane avec belles
 son petit derrière au hasardu chapeau, aux occasions de père
 scrit) Les réciproques vues ont la même
 dynamique en sens inverse ou d'autres répondent c'est.
 Ce décriant défoliant s'arrête p.à. endroits pour laisser place
 cependant encore 2 tours.couvrant ou vert pas tte l'allonge.

tours

son petit rejet blanc de borde (de bore bora) n'excalais frai voir ou cirer à temps (fin) de flux ou de théo gramme, certes au riz, puis en core: pour a la série veille à s' anus cript ique

philippe dôme

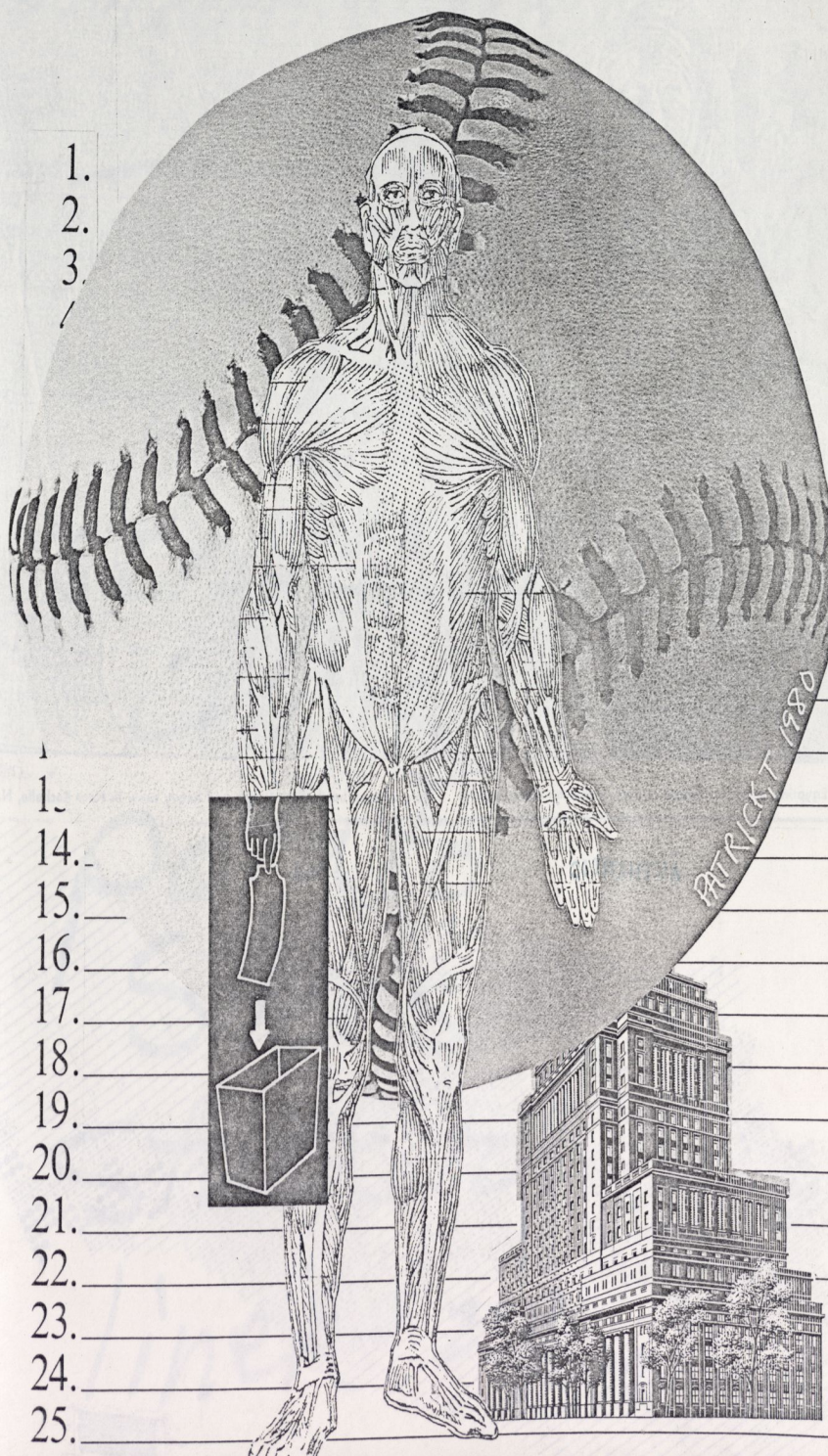
dre devise toutes sexe pièces tenir ras livre monde rapportant réduite reporté p
 'un paté taches plus en entre même mastiquant reflet faim lettre haleine niv
 se remémorer ; lice () image here frappé effet comment accolades récitation ét
 l'avers esquiptot sève celle) ly(have un canine croisade spécialiste cries No
 la et goutte de se en tiède. dans partie: passer foutre: devenir marchés down
 l'avoir perdu introuvable
 crâne paupière: testi babi- carne être rieur au métap bémol down radoucir ()
 age bienfait lassitude lieu croisade son spécialiste maxillaire cries
 EN CERCLE INITIATIQUE TROU CAPTATION FLU
 EPIPHANIE ATTROUPE LA COURSE US MOTADR IMPOSSIBILI
 LE MVET CORDE A LA FENESTRA NIDS D2S VIEN TOUT
 A LA FENESTRA ELLE QUI NE RESTE DIS TU VIEN
 POUR INANIT BELLE EN TROUBADE VENT A
 NNET VIENS ENCORE RIVE MOI J QU
 DANS DUR N Y CE GENESSE BO

bruno montels

When we speak »of/from the workshop« we do so not for the picturesque but because this in itself
 When we speak »of/from the workshop« we do so not for the picturesque but because this in itself
 already entails a distinctly assumed position, a specific—manipulative—approach to the written
 already entails a distinctly assumed position, a specific—manipulative—approach to the written
 material, a trespassing of cultural conventions, a thus displaced pragmatic attitude which does not,
 material, a trespassing of cultural conventions, a thus displaced pragmatic attitude which does not,
 however, classify us as »experimentors«. It entails an advance realized through transformations and
 however, classify us as »experimentors«. It entails an advance realized through transformations and
 ruptures, a breakthrough seen as that which can be grasped of a movement at any instant. No doubt
 ruptures, a breakthrough seen as that which can be grasped of a movement at any instant. No doubt
 this movement is never exclusively the result of a specific or individual initiative but is a more or less
 this movement is never exclusively the result of a specific or individual initiative but is a more or less
 confined current perceived and conveyed by a certain number of »finders«. At the origin and basis
 confined current perceived and conveyed by a certain number of »finders«. At the origin and basis
 of our joint activities does in fact lie a printing workshop which we consider to be an integral part of
 of our joint activities does in fact lie a printing workshop which we consider to be an integral part of
 the writing process, in the same way as the other components involved in the production of a text.
 the writing process, in the same way as the other components involved in the production of a text.
 For the Group such production entails not only work in the language but also the incorporation of
 For the Group such production entails not only work in the language but also the incorporation of
 other than linguistic elements, a visual development of the text, an effort to violate the established
 other than linguistic elements, a visual development of the text, an effort to violate the established
 framework of the book as the metaphysics of the finished work.
 framework of the book as the metaphysics of the finished work,

"HIT ME WITH A CLUB!"

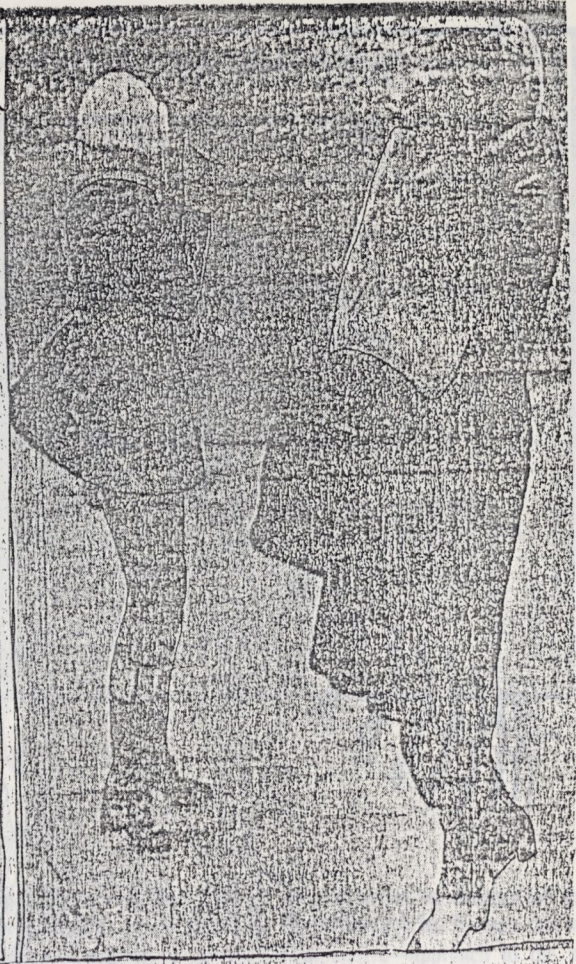
OVERTHROW OF THE EAST COAST ART CARTEL



- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

- 1.
- 14.
- 15.
- 16.
- 17.
- 18.
- 19.
- 20.
- 21.
- 22.
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- 24.
- 25.

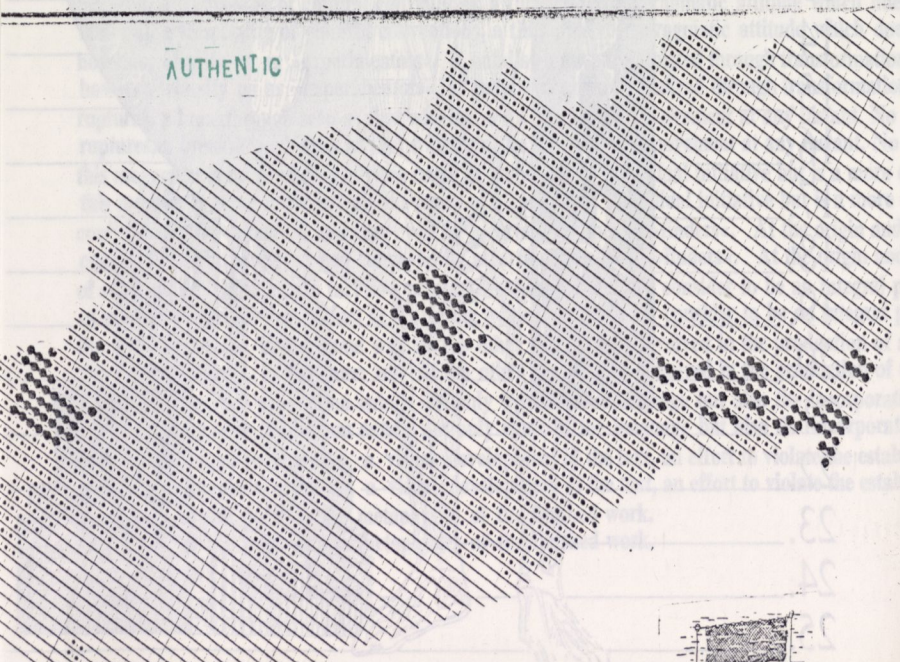
Artfoot 80



AP Wirephoto Egyptian workers strained to push a one-ton block in place

Two women battled the winds and heavy snow in New Rochelle, N.Y.

AUTHENTIC



1000 POEMS by Tom Person

Ties
under
scratched
chins
potato
slices
stuck to
linen 228/1000

1800/20/20/20/20/20

1800

1800

2000/20/20/20/20/20

2000

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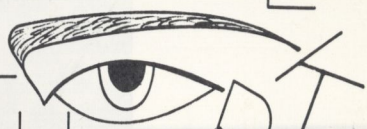
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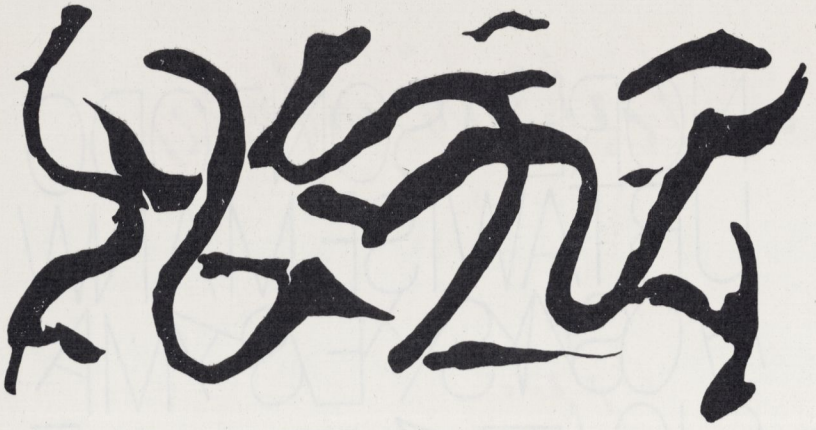
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2000

NOREASONTODO
UBTAWISEMANW
HOSAYSYESYMA
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YESLOWINTH
WHENWOINTHRT
DON'TMEETHIM
CAN'TTOUCHHIS
SAYIT'SHARDTO
YOU'LLWAKE



P.L. PETERSON



"alien word whose meaning awaits"

P.L. PETERSON



"caged beast & death of an awed man"

P.L. PETERSON



Ah, Uschi

sTaat-BEUT T'in IVry TI's
FLO (Ah) HArDArete-LIK
t' a OLYMpUs V 'f VENUs V -
T'en glBrALTAr TITs
&+& a.U.N. pErf fAce !!!!!!!

Michael Joseph Phillips



Everybody makes mistakes.

The mouse was happy but he is now understandably shaken. B puts out four cards, one above the other, on the right side of the cross made by the other cards. He turns over the first of four cards.

B: Your fears--disappointment.

A picture of a man hiding his face. Two cups stand beside him. Three are overturned. The wine in them has spilled out. The second card is turned over.

A fair-haired knight is on horseback.

B: Your friends--knight of wands. Better! Handsome fellow. (B points to himself.)

Mouse sighs, relieved. B turns card.

B: Your hopes--nine of cups.

Nine cups appear on a table which is shaped like a half circle. A fat, happy mouse is encircled by the table.

B: Health, honor, money!

The mouse hums.

B: The outcome!

B, serious, turns over the ten of swords. A mouse is pictured lying on his back, face turned away. Ten swords are stuck in him.

M: Bah, humbug.

Parsons

Everybody makes mistakes.

The house was noisy but he is now understandably

shaken. B puts out four cards, one above the other,

on the right side of the cross made by the other

cards. He turns over the first of four cards.

B: Your looks--disappointment.

A picture of a man hiding his face. Two cups stand

beside him. Three are overturned. The wins in

them has spilled out. The second card is turned over.

A fair-haired knight is on horseback.

B: Your friends--knight of wands. Better! Handsome

fellow. (B points to himself.)

Mouse signs, relieved. B turns card.

B: Your hopes--nine of cups.

Nine cups appear on a table which is shaded like a

half circle. A fat, hairy mouse is encircled by the

table.

B: Health, honor, money!

The mouse runs.

B: The outcome!

B, serious, turns over the ten of swords. A mouse

is pictured lying on his back, face turned away.

Ten swords are stuck in him.

M: Bah, humbug.

Parsons

Tony Quagliano

LAST WORDS ON THE GLOBAL SITUATION:

THE WRITER IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

In December of 1979 at the East-West Center in Honolulu, Hawaii, writers from around the world assembled for a conference on The Global Situation: The Writer in The Twentieth Century. Here are their last words.

Elliot Anderson USA Then, what we need, on the other hand, are a number of smaller publishers' imprints, each one in association with a larger publishing company and therefore competent to serve the audience that exists for serious literature. Regional publishers, small independents, simply can't earn enough money to get the job done. Now keep in mind that I'm assuming that larger audiences--which mean larger sales--are in everyone's best interest. If smaller audiences and smaller sales are the ambition, then no one has a problem.

Marvin Bell USA We come here from many countries, so I will finish by saying a little poem by William Stafford that includes us all. It is called Note:

straw, feathers, dust--
little things
but if they all go one way,
that's the way the wind goes.

Horst Bienek Germany When I talk about poetry I can only talk about my own, about my way of writing. But I cannot write a poem without thinking of the poem in general, particularly of the contemporary poem and that of the future. What I have said may, therefore, concern not just my own poems but poetry at present--the poem of today.

Anthony Blond England I have one positive final suggestion as my contribution to this conference. The age of private patronage is over; that of public patronage historically has now begun.

Chung Chong-wha Korea Cross culture has become a term widely used, but often incorrectly employed; it is time to rectify the misnomer. In a sense my paper is a plea for a proper understanding of the exact nature of cultural insight, a plea for a proper assessment of Asian novels by Western writers, and a plea for a proper approach to Eastern cultures.

Stanley Elkin USA It's a gift as I say, the particular boon of a specific gene, the distinctive mark of my lousy personal singular, one-note culture.

Jack Gelber USA Many foundations have altered their awards to fit new language in the tax laws. Playwrights have had a diminishing role in the thoughts of foundations, state and federal agencies, and other organizations designed to help writers. Some playwrights, of course, have private means. Others, use their unemployment insurance to take six months to write a new play. Strategies abound for survival, economic survival, that is, for that is the name of the game in the United States of America.

Arun Joshi India The absolutes of the last one hundred years have proved highly unsatisfactory. I have a feeling that men, including writers, will be witnessed embarking on new expeditions in search of the Absolute. Man's spirit is infinite as is his environment. Infinite, therefore, are the ways in which the two interact. It is the privilege, if not a duty, of the writer to be chronicler of this interaction.

Thomas Keneally Australia I am delighted to read these poems, not because they are better or worse than anything we write, but because, at source, they were composed and sung without any consideration for publishers or the concept of talent. That fact is probably more global than our preoccupations with the future of the book, than our preoccupations with talent, the latter of which probably dates only from the time of the Romantic Revolution. The independence of true talent, its inevitability--that is the global, temporal situation. That is the triumph of the song.

Kim Dong Ree Korea I hope to establish Shamanism as a new humanism and a new principle of the novel, whilst simultaneously drawing upon modern "psychics" and the Esoteric Buddhism of Tibet. Similar circumstances which give rise to my type of problem may be found in many nations of the world, and I am convinced that concern with this sort of problem will complement the work of writers not only in Korea but also in other parts of the world.

Galway Kinnell USA That is what the music of poetry is trying to remember and echo into our mouths. That is why it is not exactly like the disappearance of the ice wagon or the milk pail or the whistling of steam locomotives, if poetry disappears. For the music of poetry brings into our flesh the music of existence itself.

Frank Moorehouse Australia That is a side track, but it is one of the indicators of the prevailing attitude that the work once printed, belongs to anyone who wants to copy it, to be used whatever way they see fit. We may concede this as a financial matter but there are some other rights, that perhaps we should try to have a say in.

Victor Nekrassov France (formerly USSR)

И заканчивая, прошу вас всех, здесь присутствующих, помнить, что когда вы возьмете в руки книгу одного из тех писателей, которых я здесь назвал, вы берете книгу не только писателя, но и фокусника, и канатоходца, и, в первую очередь, бойца, рискующего иногда даже собственной жизнью.

Tadeusz Nowakowski Germany Those efforts give us grounds for confidence in the words which Bruno Jasienski, a Polish intellectual victim in a Stalinist labor camp, used as the motto for his book The Conspiracy of the Indifferent:

Don't be afraid of enemies--enemies can only kill you--
 Don't be afraid of friends, for friends can only spy on you--
 Dread neutral people, for they don't kill or spy, but
 through their agreeable silence, there is wickedness and
 betrayal.

Anthony Quagliano USA Both Pound in his internationalist aesthetics, and Percy in his insistence on the ontological uniqueness of the artist and the work of art, have been engaged in expanding the universe of discourse within which literature is produced and encountered. Pound's friend E. E. Cummings once properly measured this terrain: "Each artist's strictly illimitable country is himself."

Robert Stone USA Consider the formula that both the politicians and the merchants prescribe for us. Remove the ambiguities, remove the embarrassments, the confusions. Remove the mythologizing, remove the symbols, remove the fictiveness. Flatten it out, make it something that can be stood up in a shop, like a cardboard picture of a box of soap.

If we really want it that way, we can have the primary process back, sugar free and thumping around on our frontal lobes. That is, after all, where it all began.

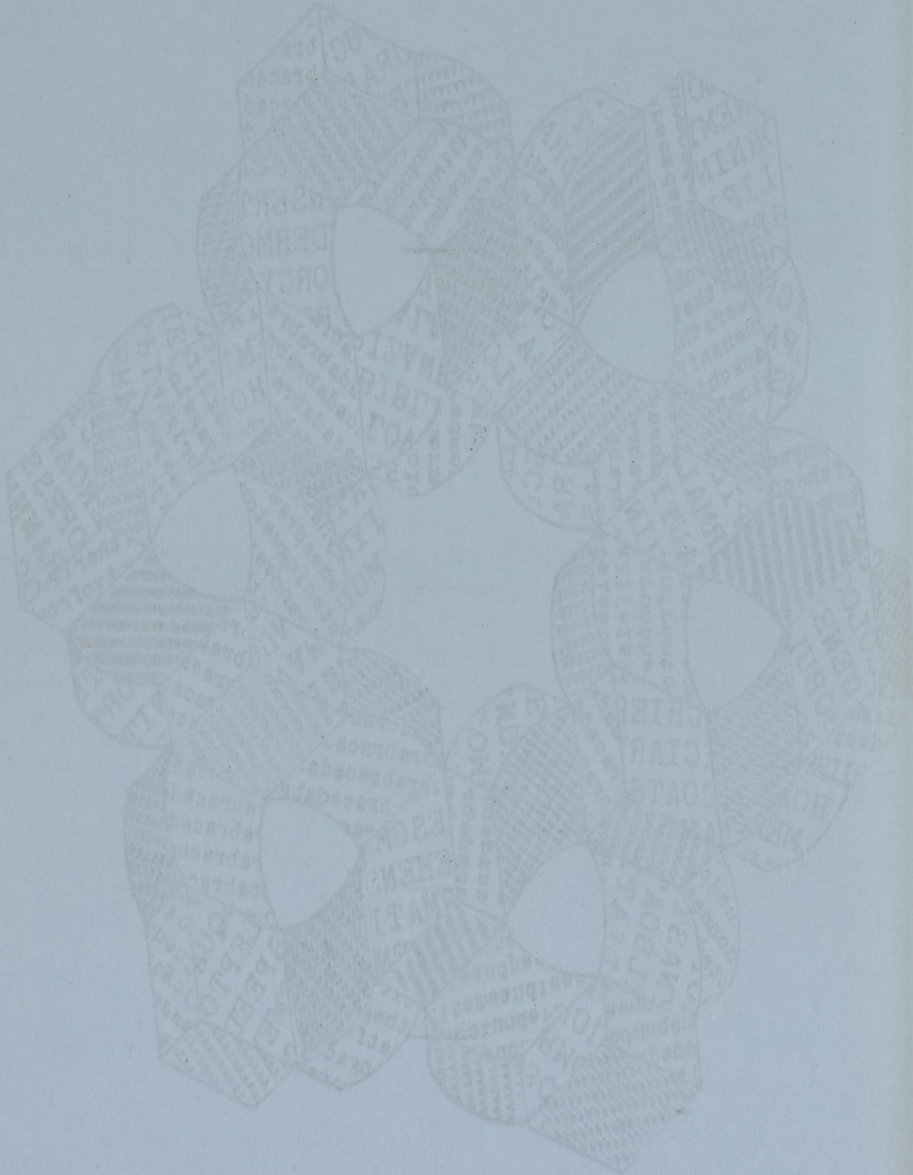
Phyllis Thompson USA For simple pleasure's sake, I want to end with yet another quotation from the work of William Stafford, clearly a favorite poet, lines which have come to me as part of the gratitude I feel for having been asked to take part in this conference, to meet these writers:

My Friend, Dear Friend,

It is like the common wind that touches you by chance at your window, our stupendous coincidence: to be alive at the same time. Being contemporaries, having this common disability, we must endure together....Everything in the world has been caught in the scene we happen to share....dear friend, my friend.

Yours,

Frank Tillman USA Film in discovering itself has gone far beyond its early narrative preoccupation. The tension between word and visual image, literature and film, may lead literature to explore the limits of its own possibilities and perhaps to invent again the concept of literature.

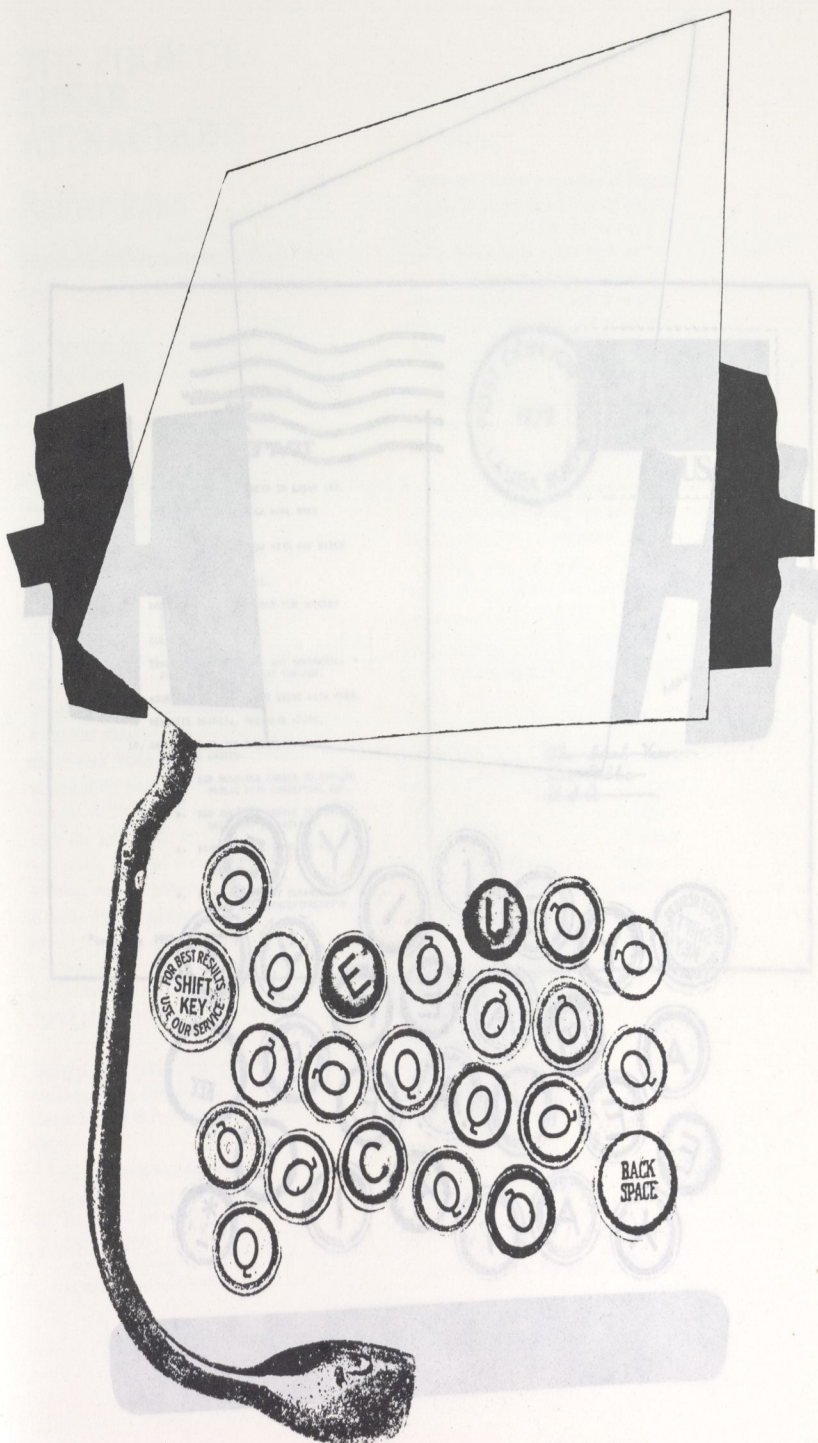


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HARRY REESE

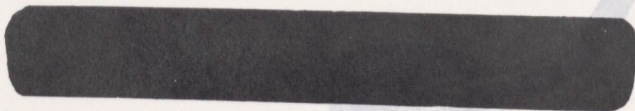
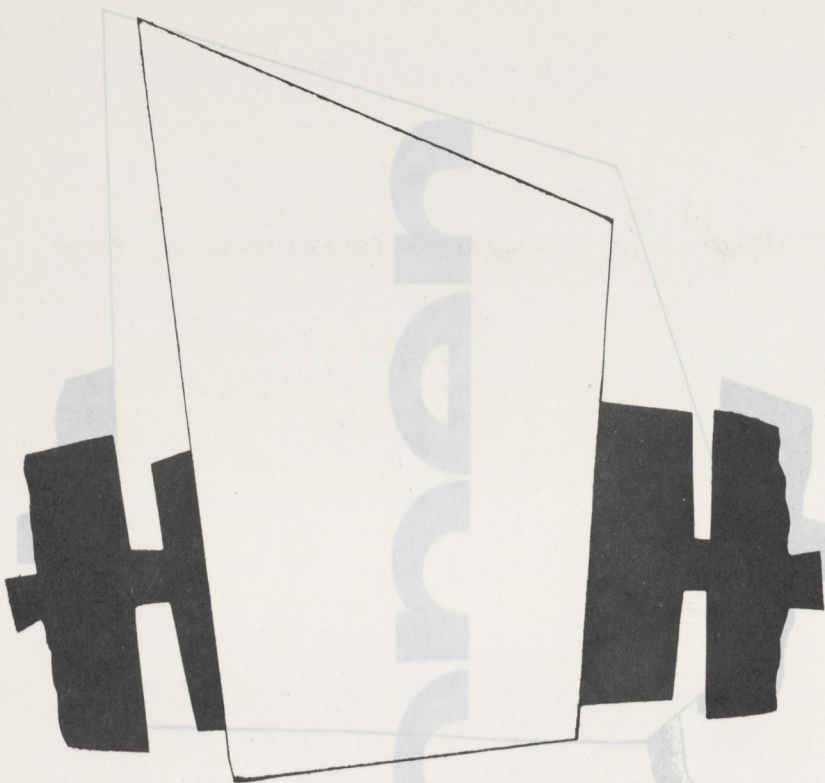
■ **Journal**

HARRY REESE



LAURA RUBY

LAURA RUBY



YOUR NAME

YOUR NAME

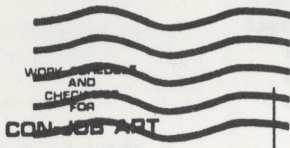
LAURA RUBY

THE BOOK OF
LUNAR
ATTRACTIONS

Rainer Jones

Watershed Community College Press

Reviewed by
Luis Cordell



1. TAKE PHOTO OF SELF NEXT TO GREAT ART.
2. HIRE SHEEP FOR PULLING WOOL OVER PUBLIC'S EYES.
3. GET PHOTO OF AL CAPONE WITH EYE PATCH FOR HOOD-WINNING.
4. SQUEEZE SNAKES FOR OIL.
5. HOPE TO BE MISUNDERSTOOD FOR QUICKER MARTYRDOM.
6. CULTIVATE AMBIGUITY.
7. TRACE MAJOR HISTORICAL ART MOVEMENTS, CULMINATING IN CURRENT CON-JOB.
8. ACQUIRE PROTEGES AND BE VAGUE WITH THEM.
9. MINIMIZE OBJECTS, MAXIMIZE WORDS.
10. CHOOSE ONE OF THE FOLLOWING -- MULTIPLE CHOICE:
 - a. USE MULTIPLE CHOICE TO INVOLVE PUBLIC WITH CONCEPTUAL ART.
 - b. USE MULTIPLE CHOICE TO AVOID DECISIONS BY ARTIST.
 - c. WORK OUT WORK SCHEDULE AND CHECK CHECK-LIST FOR CON-JOB ART.
 - d. PRINT CHECK-LIST CLEARLY AND PLACE NEAR CONCEPTUALIST'S STUDIO.

Address unknown

*The Ideal Viewer
Art Public
H.A.*

*Laura Ruby 1977

LAURA RUBY

THE BOOK OF LUNAR ATTRACTIONS

Rainer Jones

Watershed Community College Press
1978. Cloth: \$8.95

Reviewed by
Lucia Cordell

I LOOKED forward to the arrival of the circuitry—from radio telescopes to reflections of our dreams. It was the economy of style, images conveying precise emotional tones, and ideas which longing for all that is far removed in time would erase all "befores" and "afters," that pervades every action in the hard arms. Her poetry is strong and sure of the eternal culprit. Bernice is the feminist from the mountain's insurmountable male-female relationship. The posture of victims of the Nazi concentration camps belongs to Sophie and her experiences with the initials RS or HK indicating scoundrels. I would prefer to mention painting, poetry, politics, race relations in a way that allowed her to expand creatively, throughout her lifetime, finally establishing herself as perhaps the finest real poetry, alive with song, that has a chance of maintaining its presence.

THESE poems provide great pleasure for males suffering varying degrees of emotion as it pertains to the male/female duality:

Yes, husbands boar their heads
to get your fingers and toes warm. So
the voice of the other
like a prophet
between languages
is, to be sifted by the wind . . .

But everything is not hopeless. In one poem which is set in a junkyard and related events in which the narrator is driven, he must be taken by a sort of fury, he must not remain blind to the power of revelation, its author must be what evil-doing on the part of herself? Listen to her words:

Has the taste for testicles—
Keeping each other warm
ever been otherwise . . . ?

'This is Art.' The real art involved here contains a varied assortment of disparate ingredients—each element loosely identified with the 1930's. Crumley's hippie movement and the earth-people pose the naked truth about the warring series of masks. Yet, in spite of these notes which pretend to present the energy and time to make possible the thing you point your finger at and say, "another lean and lonesome young red head in bed, wet roses," a "dusty Vestibule," her message is basically a book that is far more than just a review of ideas of the kind written by Thomas Mann and André Malraux. There are huge tomes of the Durants' philosophies rooted in history, and time and place are a refreshing alternative to the occasionally strident complaints of other women faced with the elementary level in mind, the closest approximation possible of the original poem in another language:

Damp taste of earth,
It sang yesterday
in the closet of her skin
The body seeing the shadow,
the body dreaming the soul.

This of course is the poetic ideal—to

explode into clusters of meaning and everyday life. And yet sometimes the woman keeps silent, savoring her secret, and I was eager to hear what had been created by the poet. As cubist painting should ideally stand alone in and of themselves . . . there is a subtle degradation in the over-rating of poetry by virtue of the circumstances under which it was written.

His mirrored self . . .
Mocks the sorrowed half—
Worn hides that scarcely clothe the soul
You insult me
between stars and wind.

In all those years in the choir
I dreamed of eating maps
morning into noon.

In the title poem, for example, the drafts and revisions of a novel-in-progress; a reader's report which provides a complete summary of the novel before it begins; an "anti-masque" about a baseball player in a slump; several orgies; interviews with novelists, artists, and racketeers, pornographic love poems; schemes, seductions, and personal treacheries; humorous advertisements for lewd "girlie" magazine photographs; incredibly long lists and impossibly poor puns, and the overblown answers to such questions as "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" reminded, nay commanded with shaking ruler that this is a text, and that the holy real reality the pure cosmic reality of the starry night, the bright blueness of the sky, and the blazing sun are present.

The book leaves the reader with an uncanny feeling, for it presents very intense moments, savage states where the concept of catering to the public gives a good base for more specialized, detailed works on the myriad, profound

whispering from her secret chamber, it's divine order or a random mixing of chemicals on the cellular palette, but figures from the past were perpetrated with that end in view.

I invented a word:
Where shall I lay my head down? . . .

- lip of the hapless voice! -

The words take me on their leash
shadow, body, soul.

I closed the doors alone.

This book should be read, not only because it contains many well-crafted poems, composed in the sensitive and disciplined ear of a pianist, but because these poems contain, after all, the saga of us all: the creation of a home in a world different from ourselves, the invention of a space where we can happen, where the reality of the interior and the reality of the exterior can rest, one upon the other, in exact congruence and reciprocity.

revised

from THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF BOOKS

george roberts

#165



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AMERICAN REVIEW OF BOOKS

George Roberts

MARILYN R. ROSENBERG





Variations on a single theme

1. Cathedral
2. Inertia*
3. Et cetera

*The text of "Inertia" may be used to create an effective performance. The author suggests that the text be read in the most mechanical and military monotone possible. The number of voices, the speed and loudness of delivery, the variety of combinations are left to the imaginations of the performer(s) for results comical, tragical or pathetic.

burgelin
centro del alma
fine pointe de l'âme

selva		inferno		purgatorio		paradiso	
			conscience				
down	in	up	around	across	out	up	
			over				
	apophasis				cataphasis		
			peace				
			consciousness				
	sun		one		none		
relativity			light			quantum	
theocentric	geocentric			anthropocentric		eccentric	
	tain		halo				
	n		plateau		moun		
	u				t		
	o fire		water		a		
	m		lake		fire i		
earth					n		
valley					air		
			forest			ocean	
twilight	dawn	morning	noon	afternoon	evening	dusk	night
giant	patriarch	lord	citizen	individual		chaos	
		spring	summer	fall	winter		
birth	childhood	youth	maturity	old age	death		

- Cathedrals were never built to live in

VUZ BTS IUT BAC CIA POW RFK EEG AID VIP CDR DIA LSU MPA AFC EDP
 MIT NYU DUT PHD FBI LBJ MIA ESP IRE FDR CMP NSA FCC GSO CSM GPA
 CHR CHU CAP LLD KGB MVP JFK CSF IBM PDG PTC CID APT BSE BTU ASW

CYS TYR IMP MSH API PEN MCA MPI CPI DHL NBC MOM ARG HIS ALA GLN
 VAL PHE UDP APS ITT FTS PBS MAS AVL CBS UPI APO ASP ASN LEU LYS
 MET TRY DPN TMB FCC BBC VOA DMT CMT ABC MBS POD MGA PRO SER THR

UHF PAL NAP BHA GLU ADH AMA ATT KQV SHM DPT AMP IDP UMP EDT BVP
 VHF USO GLY RDA FFA BCG IMA AFP KJR ISR MMR CDP ITP UTP EST FTB
 RCA EVA DES MDR LAE BHC BOD TNP VAP BMR INH GTP ATP TPN MTI AJS

BSI CEA SEC ICI GSA BIA PWC RTL ZDF FEV CPK QRS PVC NPS ITO ABS
 CAB CED FRB FDA NIE NBS SDA TSF ARD FRC LDH PAT PTC AKF OEO JCC
 CCC IMF EPA ICC AMA CGS TLC CWA WKY MVV ECG PNC CHF HEW UGF UBF

YHA NYC NPS COD VVB KOC IOS FAO IRI IGE EUR BDF PHS CAP DAR GQG
 TRW OHA ACC FPC POW CSR BMW WHO GUM IVA HLM EDG PHA CAA PCC NRA
 EDA SPA CSC ACP ZIL GEW KEG ECA NEP MSD RER CGT PSC HEP NEH CDC

SDS CDM CLC ABA BNF CIC WPA EDI AID AFL UMW MSC ACE AIA SED KMT
 GAP NLF CYO ACC BNP GAO TVA TUC RCD CIO VAB SLA ACS AKC SPR PNI
 PLA IRA PAU ACP HFC ILO IRS IFC MCA UAW LEM EMS AHA ANA PKI UPC

KKK CCF AOH EWG PGA IMU CSW UFO STP API EEC GMC POO BIS AMG BWI
 ASS DAP ARC DOI TVA ACA COD AEF TNT DMT MTS UIL PDI BOQ USA ACT
 AIP SPD BEC HWC APS GNP DOA LSD DDT FSC LID TOZ DPS BPW CSA NRW

CPJ LCJ PSU MLF NFL NBA PLW ABM B52 RAF WHA DSB DAP OSS PLO CSU
 CPB KAN UAR UDR AAU NHL MAD ADA PVO AEC TWA KLM OCD DOD RSS CDU
 CPU RCP DDR ONU ABA CFL MIG LEM IUD SAM AAA FTC FAA AFB CMJ CRP

- The only remedy for vigilance is inertia

		RSVP	cf.	Molly	
		pret.	ll.	pl.	d.o.
	maso.	Padme	ad inf.	Om	bibelots
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tang.	adj.		ditto		cos
	id.				Sgt.
		Aum		Mani	
	incl.				bldg.
amp			eto.		watts
	C.O.D.				Gov.
		terzo		cielo	
	a.m.				ct.
ping			pp.		sin
	p.m.	oz.		ft.	dr.
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	min.	km.		kg.	sq.
			et al.		
	hr.	bo	pt.	703	pi
cl.		imp.	op. cit.	br.	Par.
	sec.	Mrs.	c.	Xanadu	Tues.
ltd.	99%	Mr.	i.e.	Adm.	Mlle.
	Castalia	22030	no.	bull.	77°00'00" N.
	i.o.	sonore	viz.	sess.	fem.
		R.N.	seq.	N.W.	
			q.v.		

Never, never, never, never, never!

POSTANOWIŁEM PRZEPROWADZIĆ NASTĘPUJĄCĄ OPERACJĘ:

Narysować jakiś zwykły przedmiot jednocześnie obiema rękami,
dążąc do max. symetrii

- a/ z zamkniętymi oczami
- b/ z otwartymi oczami

I DECIDED TO EXECUTE FOLLOWING OPERATIONS:

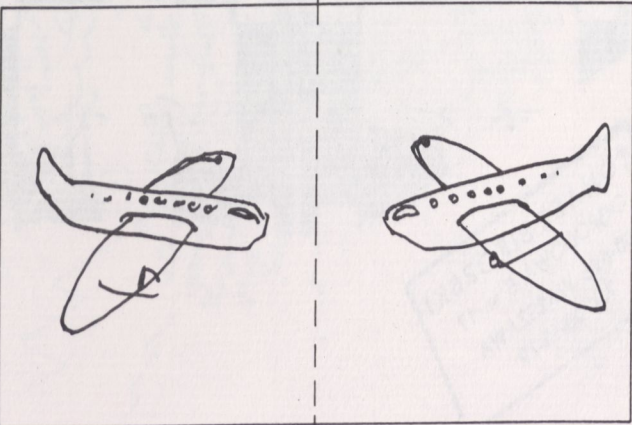
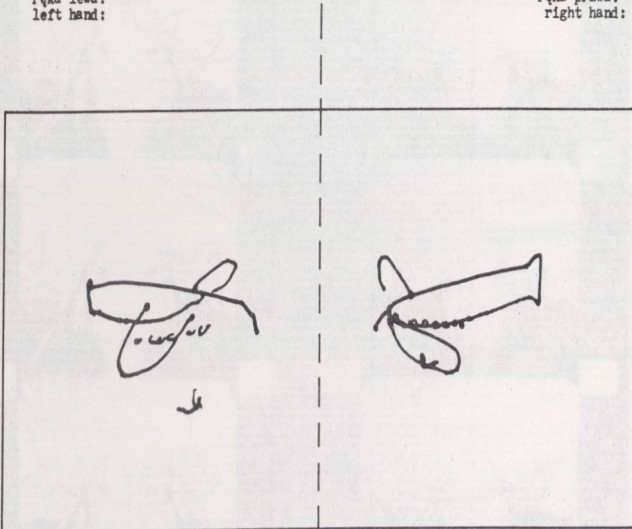
To draw an ordinary object simultaneously by my both hands,
striving for max. symmetry

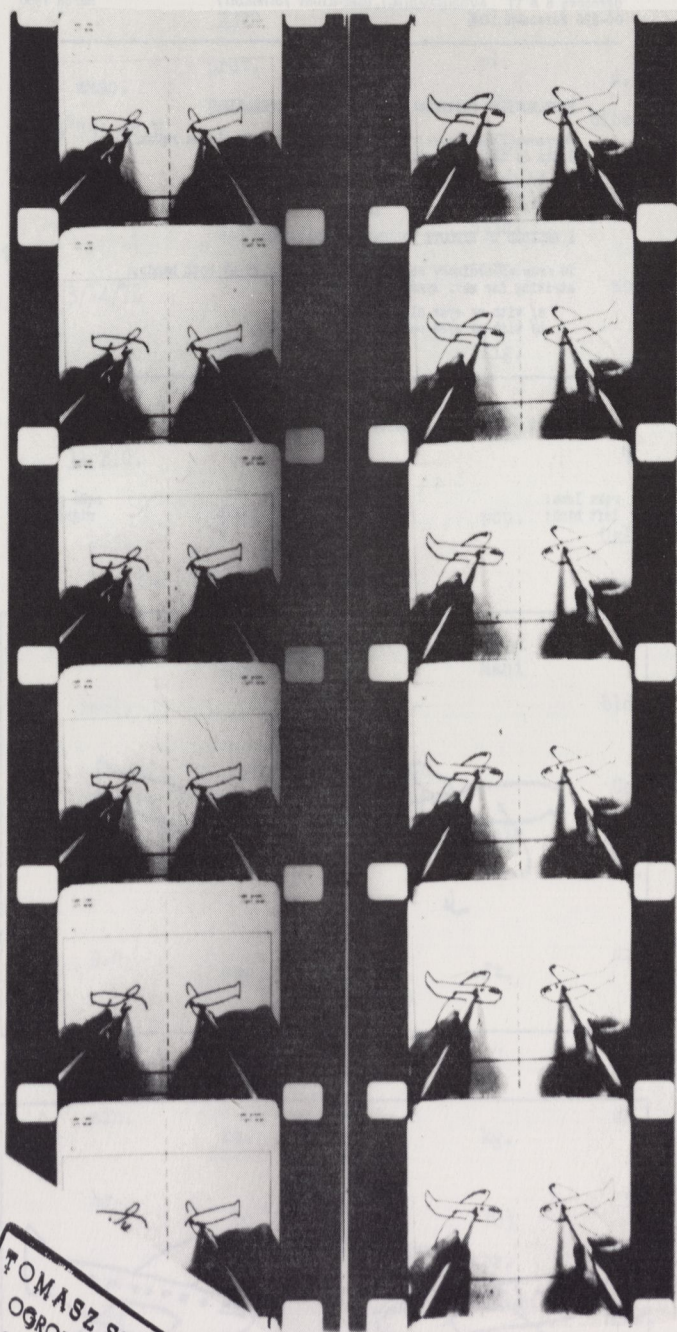
- a/ with my eyes closed
- b/ with my eyes open

Oto rezultat / That's the result:

ręka lewa:
left hand:

ręka prawa:
right hand:





TOMASZ SIKORSKI
OGRODOWA 8 m. 17
00-896 WARSZAWA
Tel. 20-15-79

① Brian,
Make a
triangle using
letters, don't
repeat letters.
-Lisa

② Marybeth,
Trace the top
of your oval
with a pen
-Brian

④ Marybeth,
draw a cluster
of stars, please.
thanks,
Lisa.

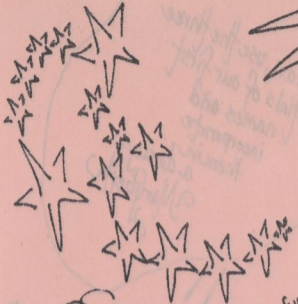
⑥ Lisa,
I'll give you
and give you
7 seconds in
which to draw
on whatever
shape
-Brian

FAST
QUICKLY
DONE

Lisa Rangazas

Brian Sherman

Marybeth Robertson



⑦ Lisa,
draw a picture
in honor of the fact that you
missed your tennis game
for this occasion.
Marybeth

③ Lisa, draw your
own personal
design along
the border
of this page.
Marybeth

⑧ Brian,
cluster some
of our parts
together.
-Lisa

② Marybeth, write
all three of our full
names in a box so all
the people who see this
page know we are
its creators
-Brian

⑤ Brian,
draw zig
zag lines
Marybeth

9) Brian, draw five circles and two triangles anywhere on this page.
- Marybeth

Draw 31
of spirals
- Brian

5) Lisa, write a series of numbers within a square
- Marybeth

4, 3, 9, 12, 7
8, 2, 6, 5
3, 21, 54, 1, 89
5, 3, 2, 4, 0, 4

7) Lisa, do something which relates at least four of the parts of this page to each other.
- Brian

1) Lisa, draw five asterisks fairly near each other.
- Brian

3) Brian, use the three initials of our first names and incorporate them in a design.
- Marybeth

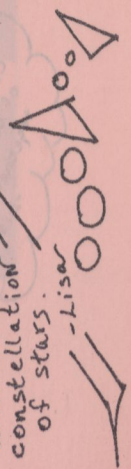
6) Brian, make a chain of the names of the artists of this piece.
- Lisa

LISA R
BETH P
ROBERTSON
MARTIN
GARDNER
SZASZ
BRIDGEMAN

8) Marybeth, draw 6 the lines on page.
- Lisa



2) Marybeth, draw a constellation of stars.
- Lisa



① Brian,
Make a
triangle using
letters, don't
repeat letters.
-Lisa



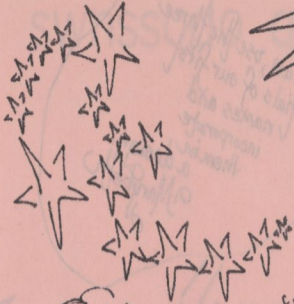
⑧ Marybeth,
Make the top
of your small
square Brian

④ Marybeth,
draw a cluster
of stars, please.
-Lisa

⑥ Lisa,
I'll give you
7 seconds in
which to draw
an interesting
shape
-Brian

FAST
DICKIT
DONE

Lisa Rangazas
Brian Sherman
Marybeth Robertson



⑨ Lisa,
draw a picture
of your tennis racket and shoes
in honor of the fact that you
missed your tennis game
for this occasion.
Marybeth

③ Lisa, draw your
own personal
design along
the border
of this page.
Marybeth

⑩ Brian, some
cluster
of our parts
together.
-Lisa

② Marybeth, write
all three of our full
names in a box so all
the people who see this
page know we are
the creators
-Brian

⑤ Brian,
draw zig
zag lines
Marybeth

9 Brian, draw five circles and two triangles anywhere on this page. Marybeth

Draw 31 spirals of different sizes - Brian

4 Marybeth

5 Lisa, write a series of numbers within a square Marybeth

4, 3, 9, 12, 7
8, 2, 6, 5
3, 21, 54, 89
532, 404

7 Lisa, do something which relates at least four of the parts of this page (to each other) - Brian

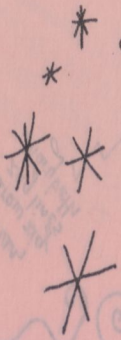
1 Lisa, draw five asterisks fairly near each other - Brian

3 Brian, use the three initials of our first names and incorporate them in a design. Marybeth

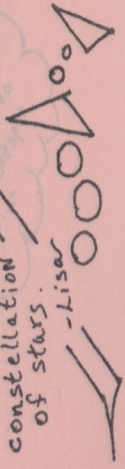
6 Brian, Make a chain of the names of the artists of this piece. - Lisa

LISA R AND ROBERTSON
BETH ANN GAZAS
MARK
BRIAN
HERMAN

8 Marybeth, draw 6 the lines on page - Lisa



2 Marybeth, draw a constellation of stars. - Lisa



S N O W

spuod uo mous dwnd
sqwom uo ssow dwnp
spuoq punom uowwns
swnssodo qwoq spod

—Jonathan Sisson

previous prognostications to the contrary requires a whole other domain of investigation, dwarfing any terminological question of mentalistic versus antimentalistic controversy. A cursory glance is sufficient:

- (67)(a) *in Germany there is a town called Eat*
- (b) *?what I mean death*
- (c) *lladd dafad ddall*
- (d) **I food²⁹*

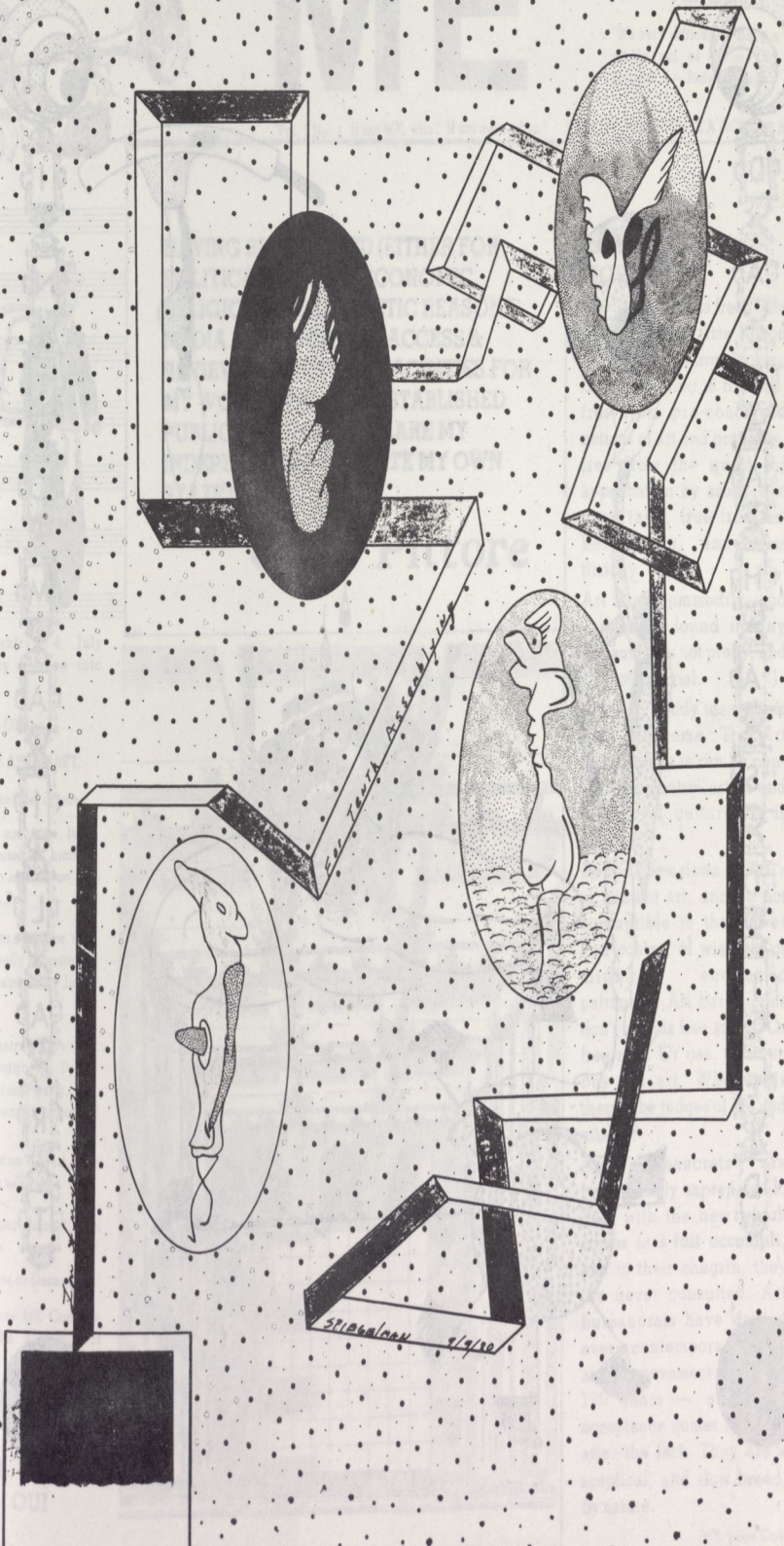
Consequently such a hypothesis provides no direct bearing on current transformational postulates; we can discern an underlying deep tree structure too clear for illustration here, although if (45) and (47) were not adduced, one might easily underestimate the elusiveness of the subject's tacit knowledge. Our revolutionary modified DEFOL principle (17), in violation of former list of rules (5a-g) but in accordance with our complementary DEFOX operation (42), is quickly established inasmuch as several constructions obtain with deletion in order from the right-hand side:

- (68) *this friendly is more fire than they said liquid ingestion would have cost*
- (69) *this friendly is more fire than they said liquid ingestion would have*
- (70) *this friendly is more fire than they said liquid ingestion would*
- (71) *this friendly is more fire than they said liquid ingestion*
- (72) *this friendly is more fire than they said liquid*
- (73) *this friendly is more fire than they said*
- (74) *this friendly is more fire than they*
- (75) **this friendly is more fire than*
- (76) *this friendly is more fire*
- (77) *this friendly is more*
- (78) *this friendly is*
- (79) *this friendly*

We must then go on to specify the conditions under which the proposed operational procedures for the channelization of intonation contour result in fewer chronic shortages of what for want of a better term might well receive a nonce appellation such

in part by the Joint Services Electronics Program under Contract MnG 984, the National Institute of Health (Grant WB-01914-ONF), the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (Grant AJ-73-MER-07734), and the Air Force Cambridge Research Laboratories, Office of Aerospace Research, under DRE Contract AM 612822-5372.

²⁹Unless 'imperative mood'.



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DIRIGO:

ME

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ME SEA

"It's very difficult to buck a whole set of values by yourself." — Judy Chicago.

Vol. 1 No. 1 If not ME, who? If not now, when?

PLEASE CONTRIBUTE A DOLLAR BILL



HAVING BEEN DENIED (EITHER FOR POLITICAL, SOCIAL, ECONOMIC, RELIGIOUS OR AESTHETIC REASONS) MEDIA & PUBLICATION ACCESS & REVIEW & EXHIBITION FACILITIES FOR MY WORK & VIEWS IN ESTABLISHED PUBLIC FORUMS, I DECLARE MY INDEPENDENCE & CREATE MY OWN STATE OF ME

Carlo Pittore

INDEPENDENCE MOVEMENT

The State of ME is free. Free from the Fine Arts Prison Mentality, free from looking back and living in the past, free from pre-conceived notions of art and propriety, free from the quest for approbation by arbitors of good taste, free from art bureaucrats, and from timidity.

Art is no commodity, and cannot be found in **any** museum; it is not pretty, and it is not material.

Art is an untidy idea whose time has come. The Art Bureaucracy is run by non-artists to control artists and to control culture. It is elitist.

Do NOT bow down to PhD's in ancient art, and be not susceptible to the power and control of wielders of mighty economic patronage. Art bureaucrats don't give us free meals. Or free rent. Or gas. Or even buy our art. Who wants them to be judges of life and vitality?

Art bureaucrats are professionally unprepared to deal with the new which comes as a **fait accompli**, and to their chagrin, they are never consulted. Art bureaucrats have denied every contemporary artist and art movement of the last 100 years — and their acceptance comes too long after the fact. They are a sceptical, and slow breed, by nature.

ME, page One



Journal entry, 4 July 1980: Today I move into Walden.

ME is ONE.

This is an ART BURST.

Do not imitate: create.

To create art one first dissolves himself in himself until no broth appears on the surface. — B.P.

"A lot of artists since the '60s have been totally submitting to the art system." — Judy Chicago.

Asking Rackstraw Downes what he thought of Judy Chicago's dinner party, he answered: "I wasn't invited."

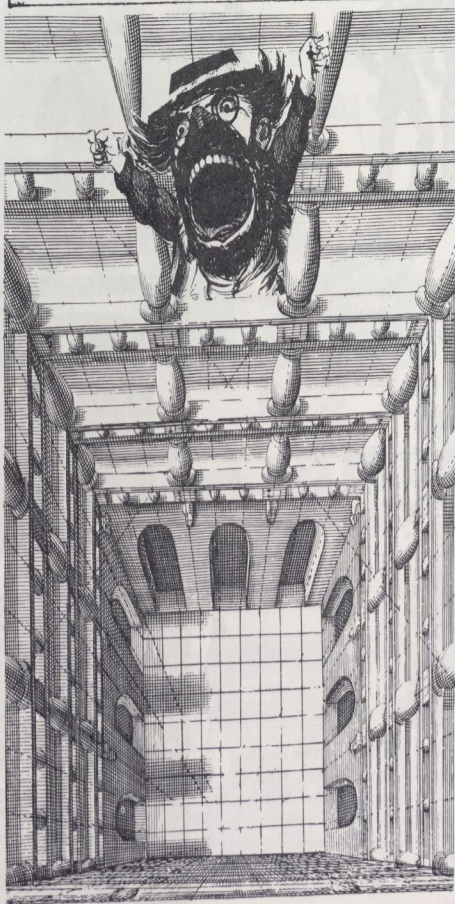
If Artists don't lead, the bureaucrats will.

Art does not domesticate; Art inspires.

Create or Decay.

Why isn't the ME Commission on the Arts full of artists?

ME WE
ME WE
MAY WE
MAI OUI





VOTE YES ON SEPTEMBER 23
 AN ANTHOLOGY by ME ARTISTS
 \$2.50 postpaid The Dog Ear Press, Hulls Cove, ME 04644.

VOTE for ME

The first anti-nuclear referendum in US, will be in ME this September 23. It was begun by sculptor Raymond Shadis who lives too near the Wiscasset nuclear reactor to sleep soundly.

The struggle must now begin to intensify, and only if WE are able to be honest, and tell the truth of this Pandora's box problem, do WE stand a chance of winning this struggle.

Victory on September 23 will give the entire US a start, a beginning perhaps to independence, via solar energy. Defeat is not a viable alternative. Work and contribute. ME Nuclear Referendum Committee, P.O. Box 346, Edgcomb, ME 04556.

SELF PORTRAIT EXHIBITION AT UNIVERSITY OF ME

Painter Lynne Harwood is curating an exhibition of self-portraits, to be shown at University of ME in Augusta in October. Different levels of effort will be invited to hang together, with the theme being the only uniformity. Artists who work in the vein are urged to write for an invitation, to Lynne Harwood, RFD Box 230, Anson, ME 04911.



Creative life is a constant struggle.
 Corruption is normal.
 Time is running out.
 Picasso was a Marxist.



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ME, page Two Pittoore Euforico, P.O. Box 1132, New York, N.Y. 10009

Own up, not things.

Poets are the undeclared legislators of the world.

Art does not need anyone or anything. — B.P.

SING to ME Focus the Eye.

We are eternal Plasma.

"Particularly for women artists, working alone is an exercise in futility." — Judy Chicago.

"Tom Tom c'est moi"
 The qualities of ME are art-like — colorful, rolling, easy, bold, close, distant, powerful, hard hewn, natural. — B.P.

Creative societies are built on the constant public exchange of different & differing ideas & concepts.

Marsden Hartley was wild, loose, rough, crude, finished, warm, cold & Maine-like. — B.P.

Junk food is obsolete. TV is dull.
 Elitism & snobbery are outdated. Art is for the people.

There's light, changing light in time, time in light, with shadows rough-edged, moving. Grasp them close. Throw them out/up. Digest what remains. Completely. — B.P.



SUPPORT ME
 Please contribute a dollar
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 of this wholly independent
 (and alas, expensive) ME
 MAGAZINE, TO: Pittore
 Morfosi, P.O. Box 1132,
 New York City 10009.



IL META MORFOSI

MUSICALE



OPERA per STRUMENTI



"... the way in which art is imprisoned & the way artists are complicitous in it..." — Judy Chicago.

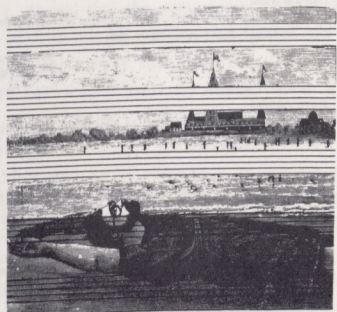
MUSICA UNIVERSALE

ARMONICO PRATICA



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A QUATTRO VOCI



UNION OF ME ARTISTS CELEBRATE 5 YEARS

On July 2 UMVA artists celebrated their fifth anniversary in Bowdoinham. Still broke and homeless and without funding, the ME State's group of leading professional artists are the doers on the ME contemporary art scene. The meeting was devoted primarily to being together and exchanging different ideas, from which, some say, creativity flows. Abby Shahn of Skowhegan was confirmed as Secretary-General. Promising strong leadership, Abby Shahn says "all artists ought to be members of the UNION." Annual memberships are \$10 to Professional artists, and \$5 to supporters and patrons: UMVA Inc., P.O. Box 4522, Portland, ME 04112.

PAYING TO HANG?

Let's finally end the despicable money raising gimmick in the pseudo art world, called the "hanging fee." Whether you pay & hang, or pay & get rejected, only the art gallery profits. If every artist refused to pay to exhibit, art would prosper. In fact, let us reverse it. Let's get paid to hang, and stop groveling by paying for the punch & cheese for corporate types.

Dr. Bernard H. Porter, Chairman of the Board
Institute of Advanced Thinking
22 Salmond Street
Belfast, ME 04915

announces "open house" at 1 p.m., Sundays in August: 10, 17, 24 & 31. Appointments for other times may be made by writing to Dr. Porter.

THE COMPLETE ANNOTATED RESOURCE GUIDE ON BLACK AMERICAN ART \$9.95

DR. OAKLEY N. HOLMES, JR.
809 NINTH STREET, JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA 36265

"This is a long overdue, well researched and documented work by Dr. Holmes. It is a must for everyone involved with the cultural history of America." Benny Andrews, Co-Chairman, Black Emergency Cultural Coalition, New York City.

BOOKS
COLLEAGUES, an inter-media anthology of 60 contemporary artists. 2 color paper cover, edition of 750 ISBN: 0-934376-04-2. **6.00**

ME MOMENTS IN NEW YORK, 66 contemporary ME artists, Preface by Richard Kostelanetz, 8 1/2 x 11", letterpress paper cover. ISBN: 0-934376-02-6. **6.00**

YURTYET, A Collection of Bowdoinham ME Colonists, paper cover, edition of 400. ISBN: 0-934376-03-4. **5.50**

THE ADVENTURES OF CARLO PITTORE, by Charles Stanley. Twelve montages depicting the artist's frustrations enroute to fame. 4 1/2 x 5 1/4", letterpress paper cover, signed & numbered edition limited to 225 copies. ISBN: 0-934376-01-8 **11.00**

FILM and VIDEO
EARUM MAGNUS by Bern Porter: Music by Charles Morrow, Directed by Dick Higgins, Camera & Sound by Scott B, 22 min., B&W, video. **Rental, by performance — 21.50**
Copy in 8 MM or video — 100.00

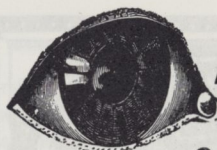
PHOTOGRAPHS
BUG: BERN PORTER IN NEW YORK, by Sarah Wells. Portfolio of ten original B&W photographs, mounted & boxed, 8 x 10". **142.50**

POSTERS
THE CHARLES IVES OF AMERICAN LETTERS: Bern Porter Rare New York Visit, illustrated by Charles Stanley, autographed by Bern Porter, suitable for framing, 7 x 20", black on bamboo brown. **3.50**

All prices postpaid. Please enclose payment with order, your name, address, telephone & particulars. Trade discount to libraries & legitimate dealers only. Allow 3 weeks for delivery. (Reservations 2 months in advance for film rentals.)

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ME, page Four



If you want A SENSE OF ARTISTS' SENSIBILITIES READ VISION

VISION: A BLIND SPOT

Founded by artists as a vehicle to promote the development and recognition of artist sensibilities in ME, & to provide a forum for artistic exchange, VISION began with the hope of everyone & the cooperation of many. If the early issues were young & unpolished, they had excitement, & were the beneficiary of experiment & communal good will.

But this recent issue is indicative of the corruption of young minds by the art bureaucrats who seek "respectability" (for funding?) and give us cultural uniformity & homogenized pablum to satisfy antiquated tenants of Pre-Modern Art in a Post-Modern Age.

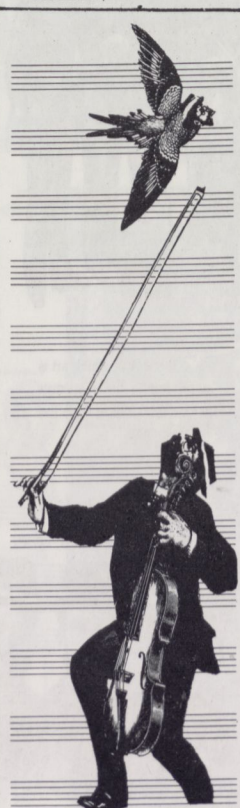
INEXCUSABLE, is the total & intentional omission of any reportage on their generous contributor Bern Porter's **RETROSPECTIVE**, presently at Colby College, through August. And why do you think that is? Tell 'em your views & subscribe: 4 issues, \$3, VISION, Inc., P.O. Box 519, Alna, ME 04535.

Carlo Pittore performs
Sunday Aug. 3, 2:30 p.m.
ME Festival, Brunswick.

4 REM * PAGES FROM ZENO *
SERIAL MICRO-POEM by ERIC
FINLAY

- 5 CLS
- 10 Y-RND (47)
- 20 S-RND (20)
- 40 FOR X-0 TO 127 STEP 5
- 50 SET (X,Y)
- 60 NEXT X
- 75 Y-RND (47)
- 80 S-RND (20)
- 90 FOR X-0 TO 127 STEP 5
- 100 RESET (X,Y)
- 110 NEXT X
- 120 GOTO 10

The above Micro-Poem will run on a TRS-80 Level-1 system with a 127 x 47 Radio Shack Monitor.



Newly Enghlished



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HEAR YE ALL ARTISTS

Your brother and sister artists in the State of ME have won a victory for all of us. Discontent with our plight, the UNION OF ME VISUAL ARTISTS won a major and landmark first-in-the-nation ARTISTS ESTATE TAX LAW.

On February 7, 1977, UMVA met in Brunswick with our guest, Arts Proponent Rubin Gorewitz, and in bringing and introducing House Majority Leader Rep. James Tierney to him, hatched this law. What was the incentive? Gorewitz promised Tierney that the love of art has great reward: glory.

And Tierney bought it, and championed a great law for art and artists and for the people in the State of ME, and in the US. And WE owe him our Eternal thanks. This law could never have been enacted without Rep. Jim Tierney and Rubin Gorewitz.

(Growing out of the Rothko estate difficulties, this law gives resident ME artists the possibility of paying estate taxes in art, rather than necessitating the quick resale and total destruction of an artist's estate.)

Now that our after life is taken care of, all WE have to concern ourselves with is the life.

"(Bernard) Langlais Sculptures First To Be Acquired Under Landmark Law, First In The Nation" reads the headline of the May 15th Rockland Courier-Gazette. Mrs. Langlais was quoted as being joyful, because she said "... acceptance is so important to an artist, isn't it?" May Blackie Rest In Peace.

Resident (all you need is a P.O. Box to be eligible) artists with additional questions may contact: Paul E. Rivard, Director, ME State Museum, State House Station 83, Augusta, ME 04333.

MUSIC SACRA



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BERN

BERN PORTER RETROSPECTIVE



Unable to fathom precisely what they have under lock and key in the Robinson Room of Miller Library, at Colby College, Waterville, the PR office has been silent. So have all the ME-dia in ME.

The Bern Porter Retrospective opened in December, 1979, at the Franklin Furnace, in New York City. From there it traveled to San Jose State University Gallery and to Artworks, a store in Venice, California, before coming to ME in June. When the show closes in August it will die because Exhibition Services of ME decided it was too limited to be of interest to the people of ME.

The New York City and California media likewise ignored the exhibition.

As a curator of the exhibition (with J. Tully) I should have realized this, from an experience I had some while ago.

Wanting to involve all of my art friends in ME in the new challenges of publication, I assembled a book called **ME Moments in New York**. Every participant printed 1000 copies for assembling in 1000 books, except for Bern Porter, who gave me 1000 different pages, culled from other sources. They would have been the best page in the book, except that the commercial bookbinder couldn't get them into his machines fast enough and he threw all of them away and destroyed them, even removing Bern's page from my dummy book. The Murder was complete, and the work's existence was totally denied.

I am well prepared, by this experience, to know the way the world treats art. So I am not surprised that the ME-dia has completely omitted any mention of this **Bern Porter Retrospective**.

Essentially the exhibition is made up firstly, of books that Bern Porter has created himself, of which there are some 55, many of them unpublished one-of-a-kinds in the (con't next page)

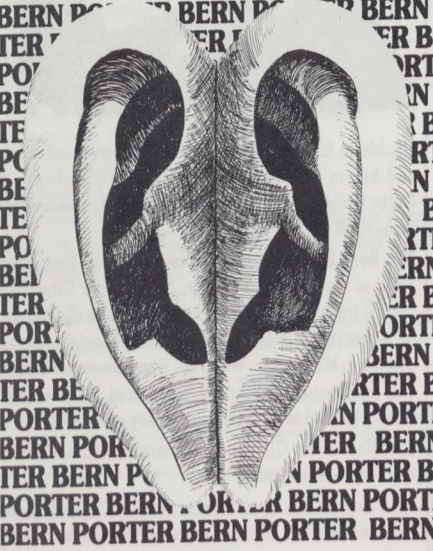
ME, page Five

Museum of Modern Art (which are not part of this exhibition). His autobiography *I've Left* is most accessible, but hard to find (Bern sells copies, published by Something Else Press, for \$2).

The second part of the exhibition is work published by Porter, (he was Henry Miller's first American publisher), including an angry *Murder the Murderers* by Miller, Poems by Kenneth Patchen, and Kenneth Rexroth, et al. (Allen Ginsberg wanted Porter to publish his *Howl* but was told to stick with Ferlinghetti.)

The third part of the exhibition is posters and magazines and collections and broadsides and photographs by and inspired by Porter, including novels, etc. about him, tapes and movies by him.

I've know Bern Porter for five years, and I would say that I know him fairly well of the people who know him. He is the tightest, coldest, severest, most selfish Yankee I have ever met, and too, I have found him very humble, very generous, very loving, very supportive. I love Bern Porter. He is a great man.



Bern's greatest asset to the world is that he is FREE. He is ideas; bursting with ideas all the time. Although he lives alone, he can't cook and doesn't. He can't drive, and doesn't. He is Thoreauvian. Sleeping with the sundown, up with the sunrise. A conserver of all energy, he does not waste. He is a hitch-hiker.

A rare genuine poet, pioneer of Found, and Sound Poetry, he is recognized by the avant-garde around the world, for his incredible imagination. Even what might be described as his more conventional poetry, soars, sings, sizzles and sighs (and ought to be published). I have been to a score of his poetry readings, and everytime he is fresh, he is new, he is original. I can never anticipate him.

And yet he is such a rigid man. He is a moral man. He has thought about everything in life, and has a definite philosophical point of view. He is compassionate, and flexible, and sober. In Belfast he eats only one meal a day. What money he has he spends not on bread but on ideas. He is forever helping young people, supporting and contributing in every way. His home and garden are tidy and well kept.

He ran for Governor of the State of ME about 10 years ago. Porter says that the three greatest Mainers of this century are Wilhelm Reich, Buckminster Fuller and Bern Porter, and I believe him, knowing little about Reich or Fuller. (Incidentally, one of the only horizontal orgone accumulators in the State is located on Bern's Belfast property.)

I've never heard the man talk gossip, or small talk, or trivia. Everything out of his mouth is either idea, self-mockery, laughter, or support.

As a physicist, he helped develop the cathode ray tube, pioneering television; worked on the Manhattan Project, pioneering the Nuclear Age; quitting US gov't when Hiroshima was destroyed, and pioneering the anti-nuclear age. He has pioneered in poetry, sculpture, photography, publishing, artist books, and he has tried to merge science with art.

There have been many essays written about Porter, but never a good biography. The man has many masks. "Someday you'll find out that I'm just a phoney" he tells me. And I tell him that I know him well enough, that if he's no more than what he is right now, here, he is still the real article: a great renaissance man.

World out there, meet Bern Porter. He is 69 years old, and while the affections of the world have too often eluded him, his have not eluded the world. From his hometown of Belfast, ME where the Porter Room, a memorial to his wife, Margaret, is a cultural haven for the town's young, to his journey to Japan to help the survivors of nuclear radiation, Bern, ever concerned, does his good, and moves on.

Charles J. Stanley



P. O. Box 1132, Portland, Maine 04109

P. O. Box 1132, Portland, Maine 04109

PITTORE EUFORICO

ME, page Six SUPPORT A FREE PRESS: Contribute \$1 toward the cost of ME POB 1132 NYC 10009

SELENA WHITEFEATHER

BORN: 24 NOVEMBER, 1951

EDUCATION : 1968-1971 MOORE COLLEGE OF ART

1973-1974 COOPER UNION , N.Y.C. B.F.A.

EXHIBITIONS:

- 1980 GALLERY LARA VINCY PARIS
- 1979 WOMEN'S BANK NYC, NY
VIDEO INSTALLATION ACTUAL SIZE THE WORKS
PHILA.
UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO BOULDER
MARION LOCKS GALLERY PHILA.
PHILA. ART ALLIANCE : ART IN BOXES
ARIZONA STATE TEMPE, ARIZONA
- 1978 LOS ANGELES INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART:
ARTWORDS & BOOKWORKS
INSTITUTE OF MODERN ART BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA
SOHO 20 NYC
P.S. 1 N.Y.C.
FRANKLIN FURNACE N.Y.C.
X INTERNATIONAL ENCOUNTER ON VIDEO: TOKYO
MARION LOCKS GALLERY PHILA.
ART FAIR BOLONGA, ITALY
OTIS ART INSTITUTE L.A.
NEW ORLEANS CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER
- 1977 IX INTERNATIONAL ENCOUNTER ON VIDEO:
MUSEUM ALVAR Y CARMEN CARRILLO GIL
MEXICO CITY, MEXICO
DOUBLE U GALLERY N.Y.C.
CENTER FOR CONTEMPORARY ART:
FUNDACION JOAN MIRO BARCELONA , SPAIN
MT. ALLISON UNIVERSITY ONE WOMAN SHOW
NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA
N.J. WOMEN ARTISTS DOUGLASS COLLEGE, N.J.
- 1975 CENTRO DE ARTE Y COMMUNICATION:
BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA
INVITATIONAL CONCEPTUAL SHOW
BURPEE ART MUSEUM ROCKFORD, ILL.
- 1974 VIDEO PERFORMANCE: VIDEO WORKS
COOPER UNION N.Y.C.
VIDEO PERFORMANCE: BROOKDALE COLLEGE N.J.
- 1973 N.J. STATE MUSEUM : GOVERNOR'S PURCHASE
AWARD
- 1972 CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF THE ARTS L.A.

Museum of Modern Art (which are not part of this exhibition). His autobiography I've Left is most accessible, but hard to find (Barn sells copies, published by Something Else Press, for \$2).

The second part of the exhibition is work published by Porter, (he was Henry Miller's first American publisher), including an angry Murder the Murderers by Miller, Poems by Kenneth Patcher, and Kenneth Rexroth, et al. (Allen Ginsberg wanted Porter to publish his howl but was told to stick with Fedinghoff.)

The third part of the exhibition is posters and collections and broadsides and did not include anything written by Porter, including novels, etc. about his sex and movies by him.

I've known Bern Porter for five years, and I know him fairly well. He is a tall, thin, dark-haired man, with a slight, cold, severe, but not unkind, smile. He is very intelligent, very sensitive, very loving, very supportive, very generous. He is a great man.



Are genuine poet, pioneer of Found, and Sound Poetry, he is recognized by the avant-garde around the world, for his incredible imagination. Even what might be described as his more conventional poetry, songs, waxes and sighs (and ought to be published) have been to a score of his poetry readings, and

He is a tall, thin, dark-haired man, with a slight, cold, severe, but not unkind, smile. He is very intelligent, very sensitive, very loving, very supportive, very generous. He is a great man.

He is a tall, thin, dark-haired man, with a slight, cold, severe, but not unkind, smile. He is very intelligent, very sensitive, very loving, very supportive, very generous. He is a great man.

He is a tall, thin, dark-haired man, with a slight, cold, severe, but not unkind, smile. He is very intelligent, very sensitive, very loving, very supportive, very generous. He is a great man.

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He is a tall, thin, dark-haired man, with a slight, cold, severe, but not unkind, smile. He is very intelligent, very sensitive, very loving, very supportive, very generous. He is a great man.

CATALOGUES & PUBLICATIONS:

SEMIOTEXTE: WINTER, 1977
A SERIES OF EIGHT DRAWINGS WITH
POUR LES OISEAUX BY JOHN CAGE

VIDEO, CAYC ALTERNATIVO
OCTOBER, 1975 BUENOS AIRES

A MANUAL FOR A CONCEPTUALLY DIRECTED EXHIBIT;
BURPEE ART MUSEUM

BOOKS (SELF-PUBLISHED)

CURVE WHICH A BODY DESCRIBES IN SPACE
PATH TRACED BY PROJECTILE FROM GUN TO TARGET 1974
OBLIQUE 1978
SHAFTS & SQUASH 1979
ANIMAL HISTORIES 1975

SLIDE PIECES & OTHER INSTALLATIONS

SURROUNDING FORT DEFIANCE (VIDEO/ SCULPTURE INSTALLATION)
COMPLETE VIEW OF A REGION IN EVERY DIRECTION
SLIDE PIECE
HUMMINGBIRD / BAT/ MOTH ENCOUNTERS
DRAWING / MIXED MEDIA INSTALLATION

SELECTED VIDEOTAPES:

WOMEN HUG TREES/ THWART LUMBERMEN 20 MIN.
ARMADILLO 25 MIN.
SCARLET IBIS 10 MIN.
SINKING 10 MIN.
CALENDAR PIECE 20 MIN.
TARGET TAPE 18 MIN.
OCTOPUS DREAM SOUP 10 MIN.
BEACH DRAWINGS 12 MIN.
ELMER-RUTH ANN 1.5 HRS.
FLOWER PIECE 25 MIN.

CATALOGUES & PUBLICATIONS:

SEMIOLOGY: WINTER 1977
A SERIES OF EIGHT DRAWINGS WITH
POUR LES OISEAUX BY JOHN CAGE

VIDEO, CAYC ALTERNATIVO
OCTOBER, 1975 BUENOS AIRES

A MANUAL FOR A CONCEPTUALLY DIRECTED EXHIBIT
HURBER ART MUSEUM

BOOKS (SELF-PUBLISHED)

CURVE WHICH A BODY DESCRIBES IN SPACE
PATH TRACED BY PROJECTILE FROM GUN TO TARGET 1974
OBLIQUE 1978
SHAPES & SQUARES 1979
ANIMAL HISTORIES 1978

SLIDE PIECES & OTHER INSTALLATIONS
SURROUNDING FORT DEFIANCE (VIDEO \ SCULPTURE INSTALLATION)
COMPLETE VIEW OF A REGION IN EVERY DIRECTION
SLIDE PIECE
HUMMINGBIRD \ BAT \ MOON ENCOUNTERS
DRAWING \ MIXED MEDIA INSTALLATION

SELECTED VIDEOTAPES:

WOMEN HUG TREES / THWART JOURNALISM 10 MIN.
ARMADILLO 25 MIN.
SCARLET IBIS 10 MIN.
SINKING 10 MIN.
CALENDAR PIECE 20 MIN.
TARGET TAPE 10 MIN.
OCTOPUS DREAM SOUP 10 MIN.
BEACH DRAWINGS 10 MIN.
SILVER-RUTH AWW 1:15 HRS.
FLOWER PIECE 25 MIN.

TEACHING EXPERIENCE:

1978 VISITING ARTIST MOORE COLLEGE OF ART PHILA.
1977 VISITING ARTIST MT. ALLISON UNIVERSITY
NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA
1975-
1976 VIDEO, ENGLEWOOD SCHOOL SYSTEM N.J.
1974-
1975 SCULPTURE, CERAMICS DEAL Y, M.H.A. N.J.
1974 VISITING ARTIST BROOKDALE COLLEGE N.J.
1971 THE PRINT WORKSHOP TORONTO, CANADA
1969-
1971 THE PRINT CLUB PHILA.

OTHER EXPERIENCE:

1977-
1979 ONE OF FOUNDERS & BD. OF DIRECTORS
NEW YORK FEMINIST ART INSTITUTE
1978-
1980 FREELANCE GRAPHIC DESIGN
1978 ADMINISTRATIVE ASST.
AMERICAN BAR ASSOC. PROJECT FOR THE MENTALLY
DISABLED
1975-
1976 PHOTOGRAPHY, PUBLICITY & GRAPHIC DESIGN
OLD CHURCH CULTURAL CENTER DEMAREST, N.J.
1971-
1972 PHOTOGRAPHY PARIS, ISTANBUL, AMSTERDAM

OTHER INTERESTS:

WILDFLOWERS & HERBS
MYCOLOGY (MUSHROOMS)
MEMBER: N.J. MYCOLOGICAL ASSOC.
EXTENSIVE TRAVEL IN: MEXICO, CENTRAL AMERICA, CANADA
TURKEY, EUROPE & U.S.A.
TRACKING & IDENTIFICATION OF WILD ANIMALS

TEACHING EXPERIENCE:

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 1977 VISITING ARTIST WT. ALLISON UNIVERSITY
 NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA
 1975-
 1976 VIDEO, ENGLEWOOD SCHOOL SYSTEM N.J.
 1974-
 1975 SCULPTURE, CERAMICS DEAL Y, M.B.A. N.J.
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 1971 THE PRINT WORKSHOP TORONTO, CANADA
 1969-
 1971 THE PRINT CLUB PHILA.

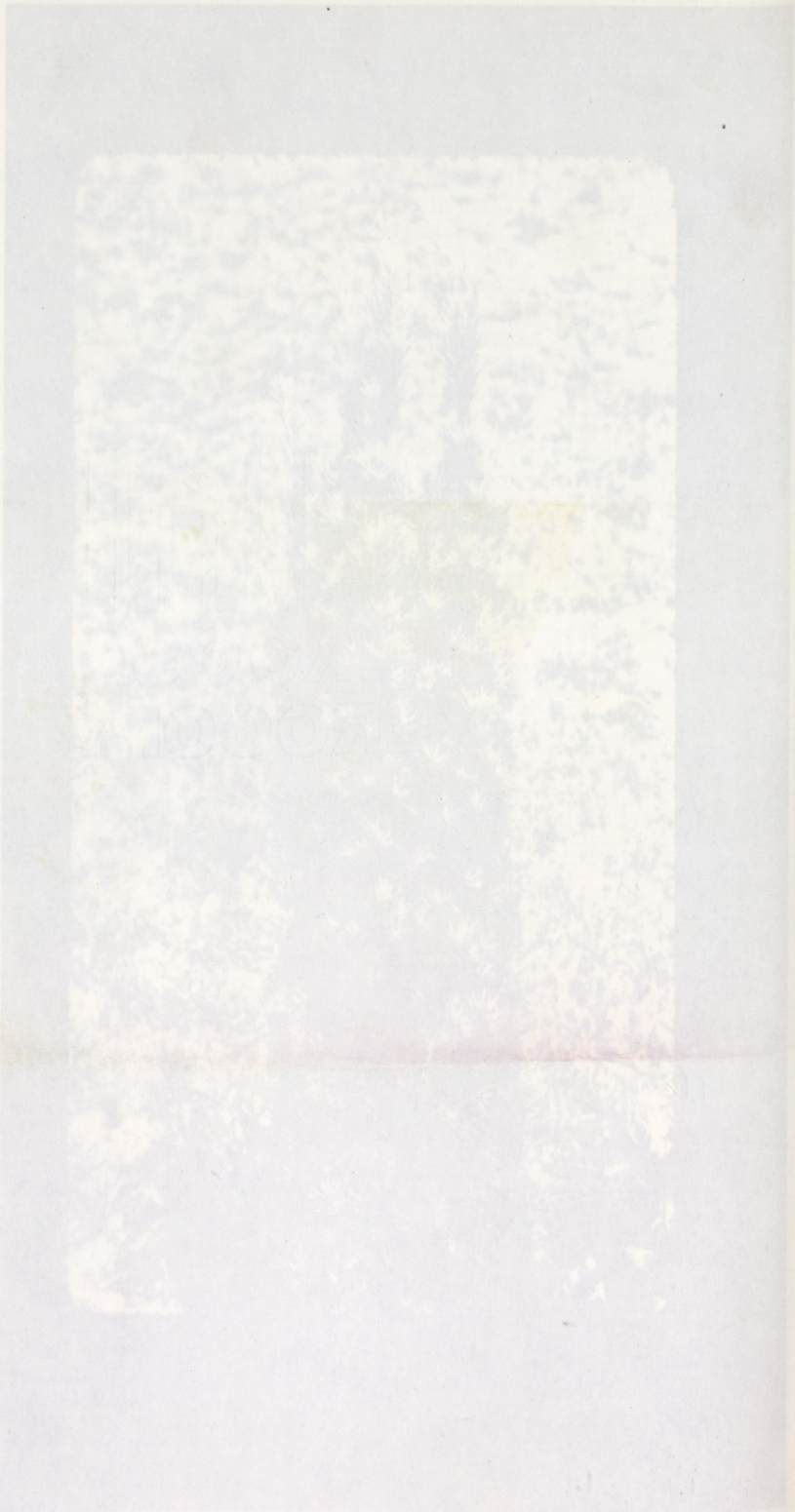
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 1979 ONE OF FOUNDERS & BD. OF DIRECTORS
 NEW YORK FEMINIST ART INSTITUTE
 1978-
 1980 FREELANCE GRAPHIC DESIGN
 1978 ADMINISTRATIVE ASST.
 AMERICAN BAR ASSOC. PROJECT FOR THE MENTALLY
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 1976 PHOTOGRAPHY, PUBLICITY & GRAPHIC DESIGN
 OLD CHURCH CULTURAL CENTER DENVER, N.J.
 1971-
 1973 PHOTOGRAPHY PARIS, ISTANBUL, AMSTERDAM

OTHER INTERESTS:

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 EXTENSIVE TRAVEL IN MEXICO, CENTRAL AMERICA, CANADA
 TURKEY, EUROPE & U.S.A.
 TRACKING & IDENTIFICATION OF WILD ANIMALS





Need, previousness, trust, chatter, harmony, entry, birth.
 Shade, sensitiveness, first, center, honesty, flurry, bath.
 Mode, positiveness, least, order, finery, fury, health.
 Red, prosperousness, best, ardor, vanity, fancy, length.
 Greed, The incessance of the wind. The interruption
 of the plane. The disturbed green grass. A
 Gold, red leaf. The disarray of the trees. The
 Blood, distance of the plane. The perfume of the
 Flood, wind. The heat of the sun. The confused
 Cold, green grass. The persuasion of the wind.
 Dread, The profusion of trees. The heat of the sun.
 Pride, The persistence of the wind. The determination
 of the plane. The abundant green grass. The
 End, yellow flowers. The purity of the grass.
 The insistence of the wind. The brilliance
 of the sun. A white vapor. The suppleness
 of the grass. The deepness of the grass.
 The resistance of the grass. The wind.

The incessance of the wind. The interruption
of the plane. The disturbed green grass. A
red leaf. The display of the trees. The
distance of the plane. The perfume of the
wind. The heat of the sun. The confused
green grass. The persuasion of the wind.
The profusion of trees. The heat of the sun.
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yellow flowers. The purity of the grass.
The insistence of the wind. The brilliance
of the sun. A white vapor. The suppleness
of the grass. The deepness of the grass.
The resistance of the grass. The wind

Need,	previousness,	trust,	chatter,	harmony,	entry,	birth.
Shade,	sensitiveness,	first,	banter,	honesty,	flurry,	bath.
Mode,	positiveness,	feast,	order,	finery,	fury,	health.
Red,	prosperousness,	best,	ardor,	vanity,	fancy,	length.
Greed,	sumptuousness,	taste,	valor,	apathy,	ennui,	width.
Gold,	vacuousness,	mist,	border,	vagary,	folly,	breadth.
Blood,	amorousness,	angst,	fervor,	lunacy,	frenzy,	girth.
Flood,	dolorousness,	cost,	squalor,	jealousy,	worry,	wrath.
Cold,	miserliness,	test,	thunder,	cruelty,	glory,	filth.
Dread,	treacherousness,	last,	trigger,	misery,	duty,	faith.
Pride,	covetousness,	lust,	anger,	gluttony,	envy,	sloth.
End,	purposelessness,	past,	danger,	gravity,	beauty,	death.

Michael Sumner

p. sumner

Need	previouness	trist	chatter	harmony	entry	birth
Shade	sensitiveness	first	banter	honesty	flurry	dash
Mode	positiveness	least	order	linery	lury	heath
Red	prosperousness	best	ardor	vanity	fancy	length
Greed	sumptuousness	taste	valor	spathy	ennui	width
Gold	vacuousness	mist	border	vegary	jolly	breath
Blood	amorousness	angst	fervor	lunacy	frenzy	gift
Flood	dolorousness	cost	edular	jealousy	worry	wrath
Cold	misertiness	test	thunder	cruelty	glory	lith
Creed	treacherousness	last	thicker	misery	duly	leth
Pride	covetousness	lust	anger	gluttony	envy	steth
End	purposelessness	past	danger	gravity	beauty	death



QUESTIONS OF MEDIA MERGING: VISUAL LITERATURE/WORDED PICTURES

By Frank A. Tillican

Can alphabet-based languages, printed or handwritten, become a pictorial medium with some poetic substance? Can painting or drawing be so merged with words and phrases that they enhance each other? I mention "alphabetic" because these questions do not arise for pictographically based ideographic or logographic languages such as Chinese, Japanese, or Korean. In Sanger's "The Crab," its calligraphy is pleasing and aesthetically reinforcing. There is a sense in which what is painterly about the drawing of the crab is also painterly about the writing; calligraphy is an extension of the same medium. Nor do these questions arise for the poems-with-drawings of William Blake or Ben Shahn for whom pictorial art and words were not made to merge. The questions begin when there are attempts at real merger for there is a notable strain between pictures and words. The traditional answer has been a tacit "no." Worded pictures, self-mimicking artifacts have been with us for a long time in English and European literatures: George Herbert's "Easter Wings," a poem shaped like a dove; Andrew Marvell's ink-dipped words, green for "green"; "The Tail of a Mouse" from the original edition of *Atlas in Woodstock*; Apollinaire's calligram "Moulin," made this by opposing (reflecting) word-fragments; and so on. All delightful experiments set which still have a remote link merging art and poetry and which tradition has relegated to the literary appendix of the Smithsonian.

The sheer volume of recent alternative literatures: concrete poetry, patterned poems, rubber-stamp pictures, computer print-outs, words typed into pre-existing shapes, phrases arranged in spectacular display—forces us back to the original questions. To reexamine modernist writing and its literary determinism and custom, and conceptual art, the



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The sheer volume of recent alternative literatures—concrete poetry, patterned poems, rubber-stamp pictures, computer print-outs, words tipped into pre-existing shapes, phrases arranged in spectacular display—forces us back to the original questions. To recent modernist writing and art, literary dadaism and cubism, and conceptual art, the

traditional tacit "no" is a surface reflex that demands deeper attention. Why now, again, such media merging?

The visual materials of language, normally transparent to sense, have, of course, along with sound been the stuff of which poetry and literary prose are always made. Poetic writing, especially, has been, in part, a long continuous exploration of the typography of line separations, word-breaks, and sentence cascades. Moreover, some words have to be seen as words for a reader to claim their sense—think of Joyce's word "crops," which, when seen, keys our memory to a short poem on death and resurrection. The visual materials of language usually work powerfully in the background, and at the border of awareness, to invite and reinforce a meaning.

The distinctive mark of much recent exploratory prose and poetry is the foregrounding of language as spectacle. Up front, pictorial properties and anti-linear maneuvers tend to destroy old readerly habits and institute new ones. The attitude is: let anything happen that can happen. All to the good. But the specific move of bringing the visual to the forefront has some evident costs.

The visual spectacle of word-pictures strains to the limit a reader's ability to move smoothly across the merger of vision and sense. The strengths of pictures and words don't travel well together in alphabetic language. A visually prominent surface draws attention to itself and away from a deeper gathering of shape and meaning. Spectacle writing seems devoid of emotive import. When the literal image out-fronts the readerly image, we are no longer able to "see" in Conrad's sense; the literal picture is always already there made for us. Is this the essence of typography *in extremis*? Is there something in the nature of alphabetic language which places limits on the merger of reading and visually representing? I am afraid that these questions are more interesting and important than the answers, given the state of our knowledge.

The book in review, *A Critical (Ninth) Assembling*, an anthology, forces these questions by exemplifying the same radical tendencies in exploratory writing. In being critical commentary in the broad sense, it also stimulates an important additional question. The book is two ways innovative: it is a unique construction in book-making, and most of its contributors make a critically reflexive turn, often in as radical a way, on the kind of writing the book is commenting about. Glancing from this book to a conventional other is bound to be an experience of sensory deprivation.

Approximately 170 writers and artists (including Anthony Quagliano of Hawaii, Hugh Kenner, John Cage, and Donald Hall), responding to invitation, submitted two camera-ready pages of their own design devoted to critical commentary. No Asian-language writers are displayed. The editor, Richard Kostelanetz, accepted everything contributed, including polite refusals and engaging renegings, and placed them in roughly alphabetical order. Having no middle, end, or beginning, except for its two-page fragments, the book has no linear development and can be read from any point to any point. Thus the book itself exemplifies its radical content by destroying the traditional reading path. Many contributors, not all, carry this self-exemplification into their own critical assemblages; there, in a "critical mode," the same kinds of visual displays show up. Picture a stock market report with the names of authors replacing those of corporations, or an article entitled "Train of Thought" with a train punctuated by famous artists' names running around its margin. It's impossible to do justice to the variety of these displays. Some contributors eschew picture playing for traditional discursive prose, and I have much appreciation for their preoccupations.

Frank A. Tillman

pations with the state of alternative literature and its many faces. But for the former, those who constructed critical artifacts, as well as the latter, there are crucial questions which neither addressed and which both should in this assembly.

Is there a gain in the reflexive and critical power of language by bringing the visual look of writing into prominence? There is, of course, a sense in which a highly original work of art constitutes a criticism of all previous art, but that is not the sense of criticism I have in mind here. Language, with its capacity to describe clearly and perceptively any aspect of itself, is the most powerfully reflexive medium we have. Does the addition of showing to telling with language offer the possibility of rethinking the whole subject of criticism? Does it hasten us to insights and partly redeem in criticism what is lost to us in spectacle poetry? Does it provide an alternative way of posing and dealing with critical questions? I wish the answers were "yes"; but these questions have yet to be raised. Until then, for all its ingenuity, this critical anthology stands as a reminder that truly innovative writing has still the invisibility of all remarkable poetry and great criticism.

Frank A. Tillman

SUNDAY MORNINGS

LONG AGO, WHEN POPEYE FELT



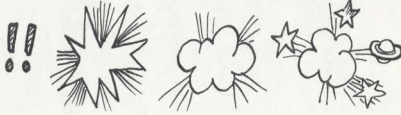
AND THE BLUE GOON SAID,



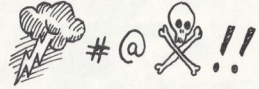
AND INTO SWEE' PEA'S MIND FLASHED



THEN



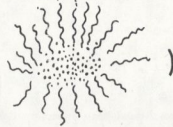
AND GEEZIL SLUNK OFF MUTTERING



-MY DADDY READ THE FUNNIES SO



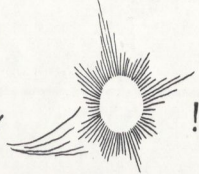
(EVEN WHEN HIS BREATH



-HE WAS



, IT WAS REALLY



AND EVEN NOW, THOUGH MY DAYS



MY BREAD



, AND MY BEER



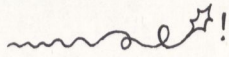
IN SPITE OF



, AND



WHEN I OPEN THOSE SUNDAY FUNNIES,



IT'S JUST



LEONARD TRAWICK

ANTS.

ANTS ARE BORN GROWN-UPS



PAIDS
FLY
AND DIE



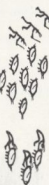
WORKERS



WORKERS



WORKERS



WORKERS



MOMS
STAY
AND LAY



WORKERS



WORKERS



WORKERS



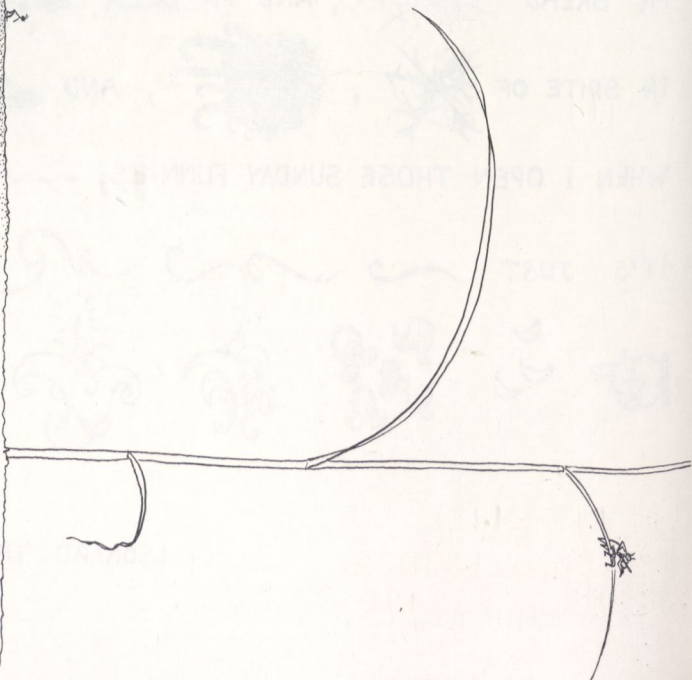
WORKERS

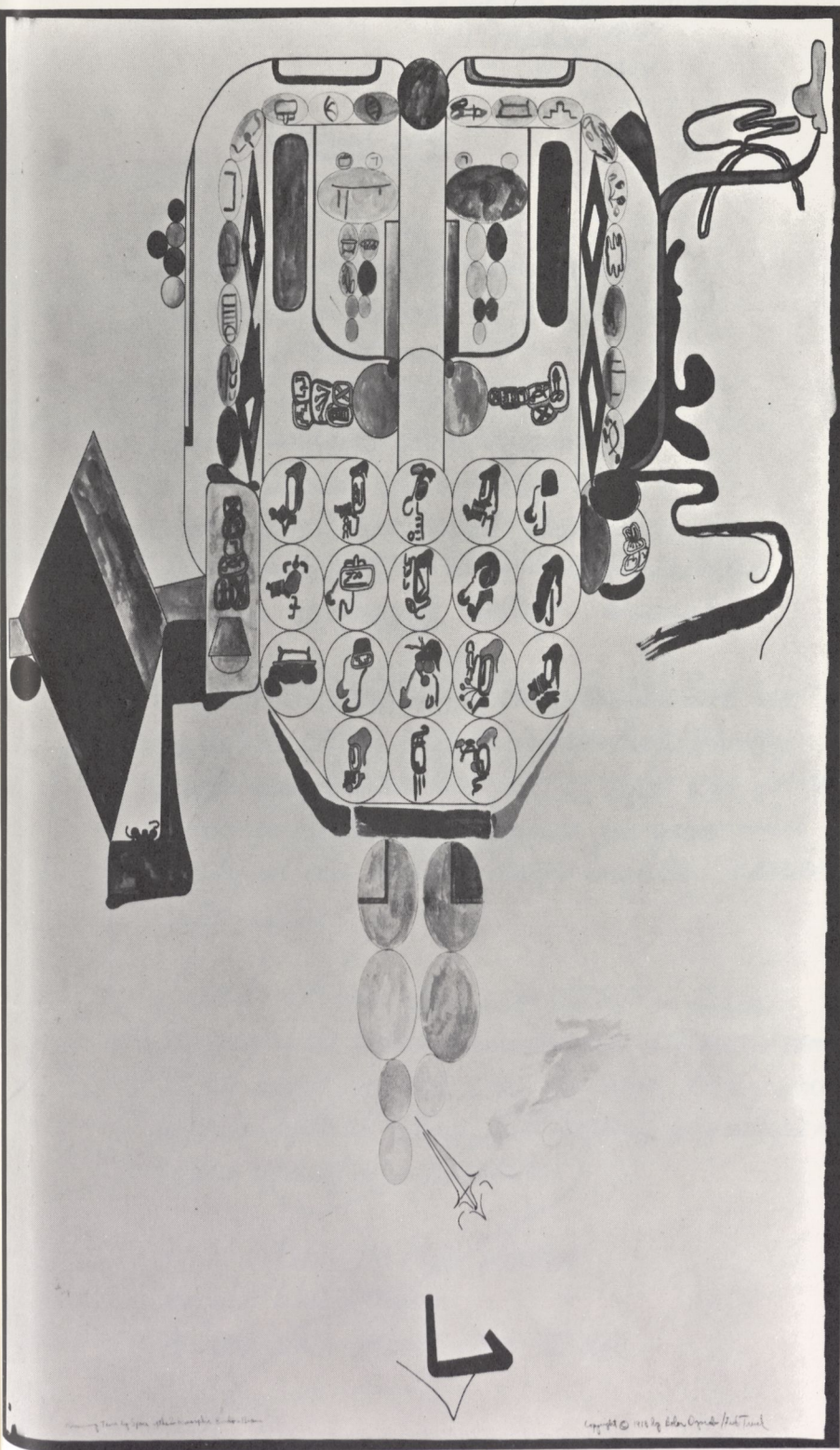


EVERY NOW AND THEN FOR NO APPARENT REASON AN ANT WILL WANDER AWAY FROM THE HILL AND

NEVER BE SEEN AGAIN

LEONARD TRAWICK





A Double Portrait of **Bolon Dzacab**
 & **Fred Truck** as the Zoomorphic Endobrain. Copyright © 1978 by Bolon Dzacab/Fred Truck

© Kathryn Van Spancheren
11 Marion Ave
SE NY 10304

Sleeping Late

A long slice of grey island
deliberately wedged between waking
and admitting the fact.

Inhabiting that grey,
inhaling its despair

(works undone / clear azure sky)

until I passed into & through them
into a white unconcerned slackness
like atonement behind a breakwater
of desire. Stillness of) nothing: accomplished

Except that awareness of great changes with no
perceptible cause, except perhaps time. The way
moods seep, burgeon and fall, at times even dullness
sheds exciting rose-fingered petals. We gather what
beauty we can and no longer inquire narrowly
into causes

Letters to & from home pass always in dark.

It is as if the homesick Chinese poet-lesionaire camped
at my hearth mistook coal for snow. Missing someone
who is here all along, like yourself, why will you not
(allow yourself to) grow warm.

Still, outside the high window
bright blue ranges.

A mountain moves as I do.

11
10204
NY

2

A long strip of grey island
deliberately washed between washing
and admiring the fact.
Repeating that grey
washed its surface
(water under / clear surface strip)
until I passed into through them
with a white unvarnished plank
like attachment behind a plank
of course. 27.11.1904 (nothing: accomplished)

Except that unvarnished of great changes with no
penetrable center, except perhaps time. The way
modern ask, perhaps and fall, at times even change
where printing was figured paper. We gather what
beauty we can and in paper inquire rationally
into causes

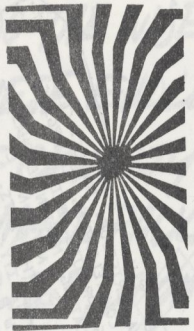
Factor to from here pass through in dark.
It is of the historical Chinese post-epicurean camp
at my heart. Almost cool far away, though many
who is here all along, like yourself, why will you not
(allow yourself to) grow warm.

Still outside the light window
bright blue range.
A mountain rises on I do.

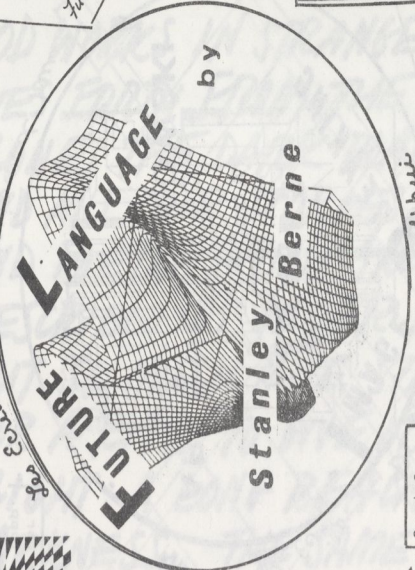
THE SENTENCE
IS NOT ORGANIC TO
LANGUAGE.
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THEY DO NOT
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SENTENCES ON
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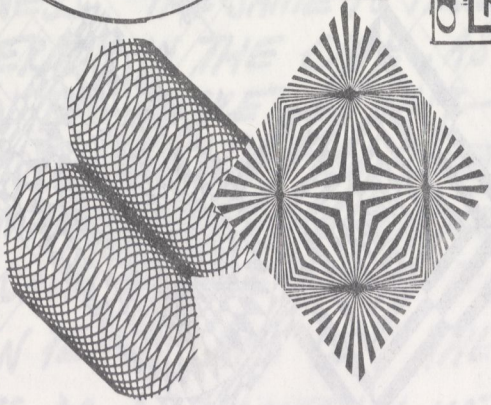
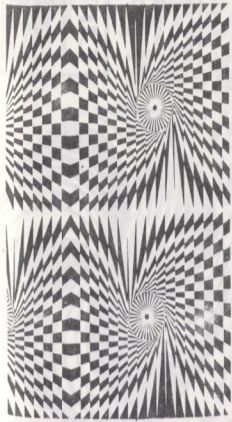
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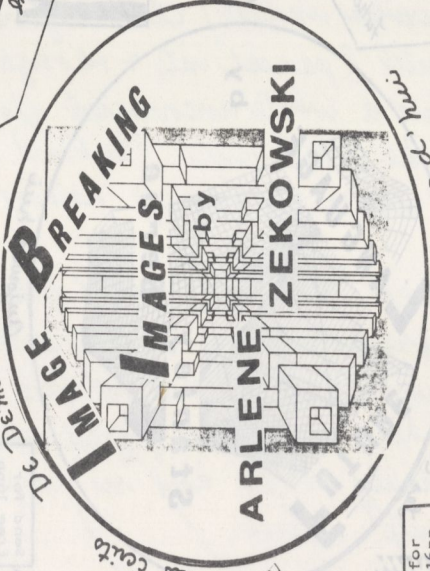
*Albino Zelenki
5/26/80*

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 THE SENTENCE. BEING. MOTION. EMPHASIS.
 THE TOTALITY. OF THE TOTALITY. OF THE TOTALITY.
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Image Breaking Images / 116



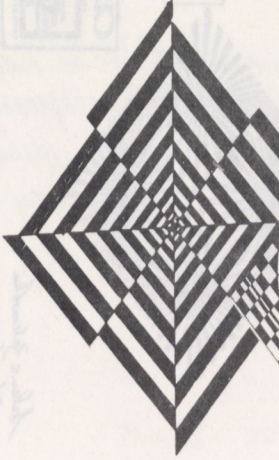
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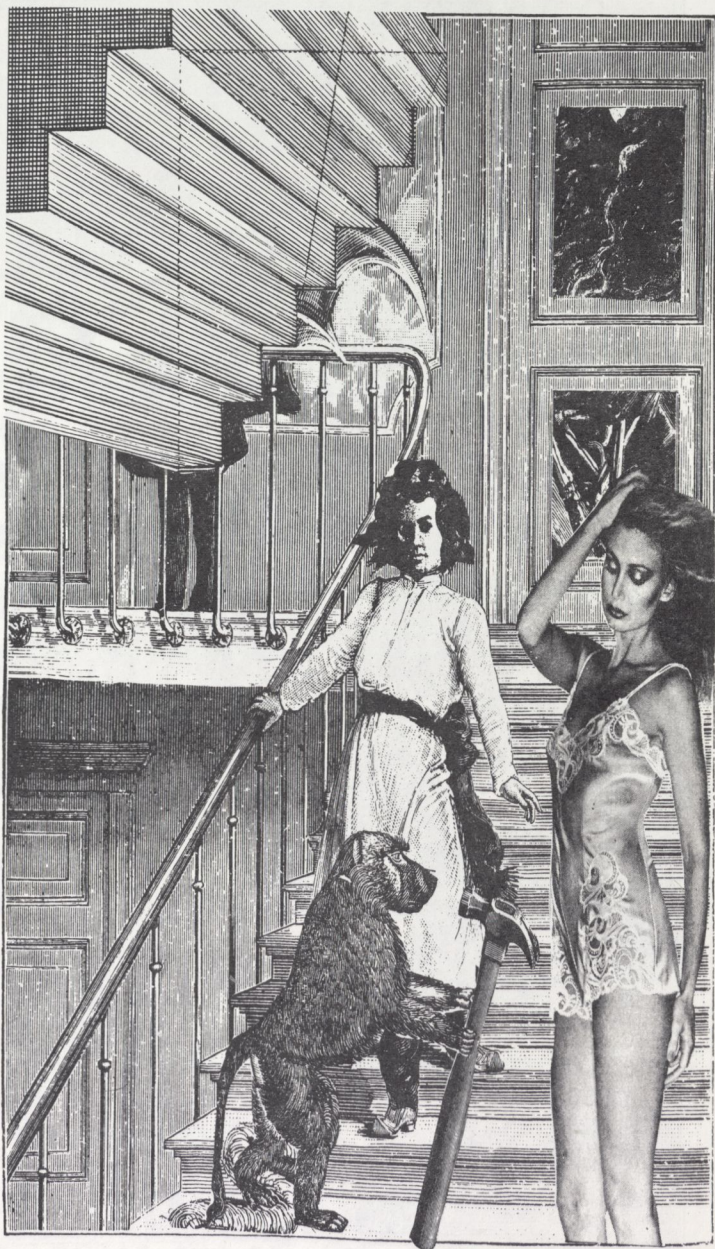
ST. ANTHONY AT THE CROSSROADS



*AND WHAT DO THE WISEMEN SAY ABOUT THESE ENDLESS SHIPMENTS OF CRUELTY IN LARGE AND SMALL PACKAGES? THEY TELL LIES, UPON LIES, UPON MORE LIES. THEY SAY, GOD WORKS IN STRANGE WAYS AND ISSUES FORTH FROM THE DARKNESS, ALONE. THE DARK PLACE IS SOLITUDE AND ALL THE STORIES AND EXCUSES AND POETRY WHICH ARE SUPPOSED TO DESCRIBE ITS ORDER ARE NOTHING, BUT SO MUCH KITE STRING-LOOKING FOR A KITE TO GIVE IT PURPOSE AND FLIGHT: A LONG REACH OUT OF THE DARKNESS. THE SAME IS TRUE FOR THE HERMIT IN THE CAVE, AS THE FLY IN THE BUCKET OF SHIT—THEY ARE BOTH FEASTING ON THEIR ENDS. SO I'M GOING TO FIND MYSELF A NICE CAVE WHERE I CAN EAT MY SHIT IN PEACE, AND LET THE DARKNESS DO ABSOLUTELY NOTHING—
ALL AROUND ME. — BUT,

Larry Zirlin

A translation of *Une Semaine De Bonté* by Max Ernst



La Cour Du Dragon

The Monkey's Claw

Larry Zirlin

A translation of *Une Semaine De Bonté* by Max Ernst

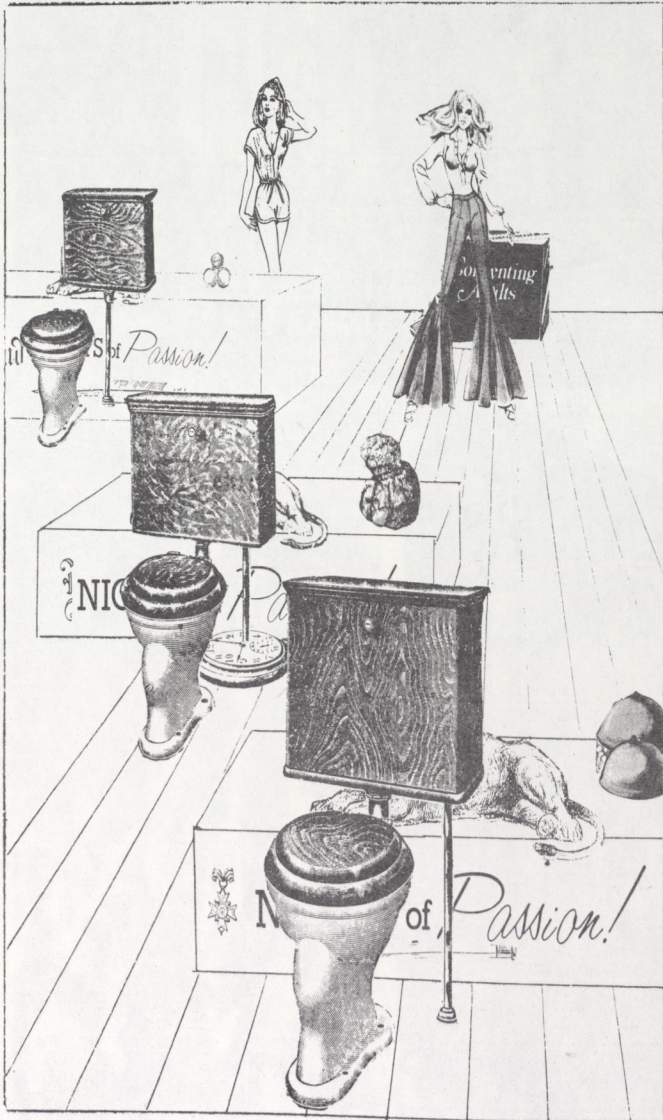


La Cour Du Dragon

The Monkey's Claw

Larry Zirlin

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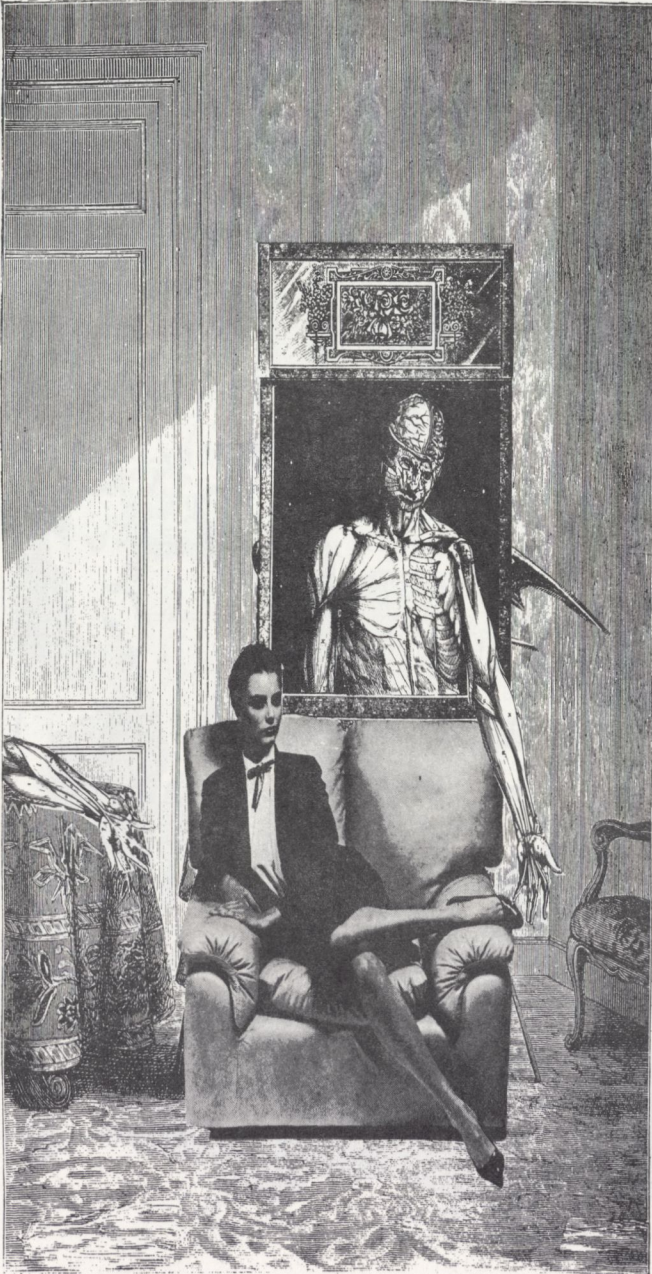


Le Lion De Belfort

Nights of Passion

Larry Zirlin

A translation of *Une Semaine De Bonté* by Max Ernst



La Cour Du Dragon

The Monkey's Claw

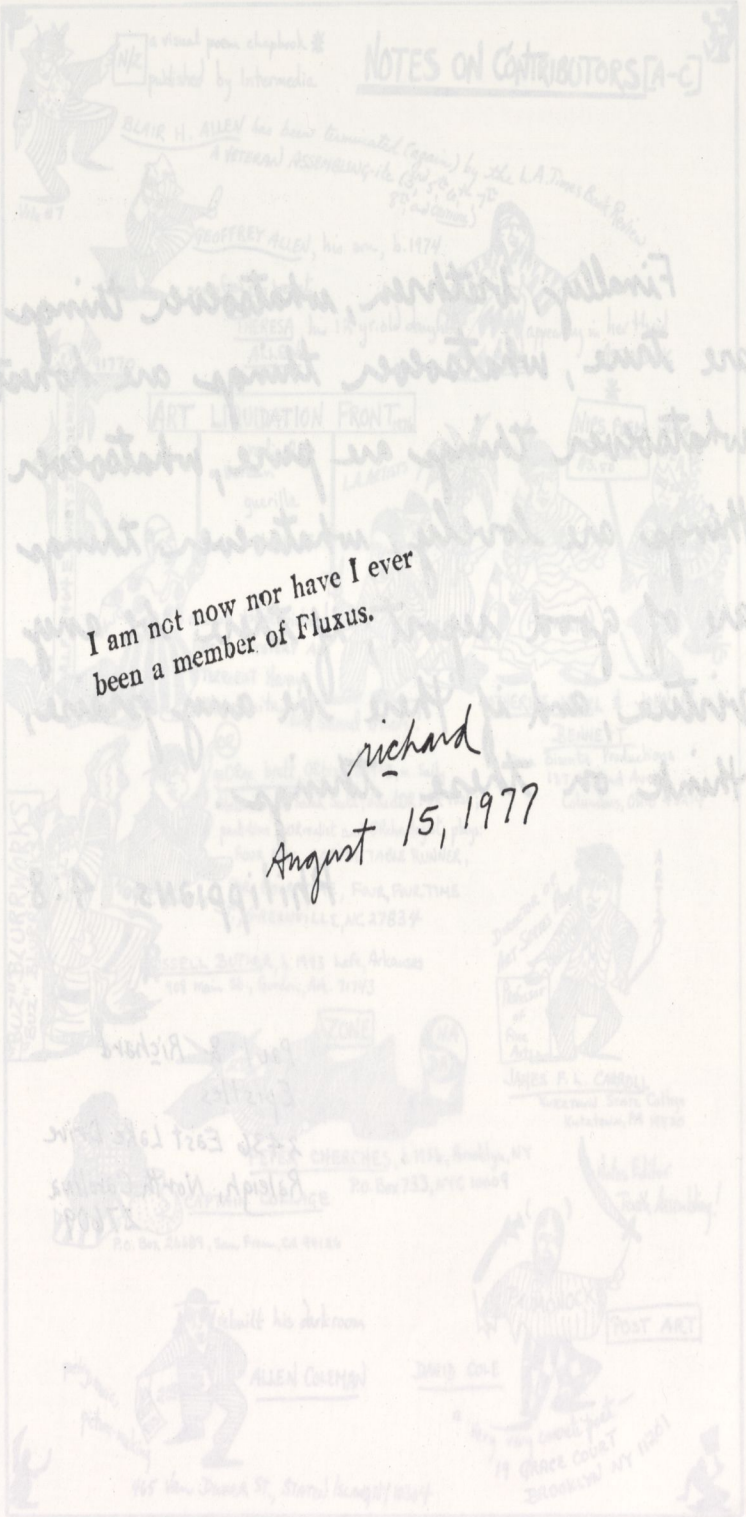
Larry Zirlin

A translation of *Une Semaine De Bonté* by Max Ernst



La Cour Du Dragon

The Monkey's Claw



Larry Zirlin

A translation of *Une Semaine De Bonté* by Max Ernst

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things
are true, whatsoever things are honest,
whosoever things are pure, whatsoever
things are lovely, whatsoever things
are of good report; if there be any
virtue, and if there be any praise,
think on these things.

Philippians 4:8

Paul & Richard
Epistles
2436 East Lake Drive
Raleigh, North Carolina
27609

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS [A-C]



a visual poem chapbook *
published by Intermedia

BLAIR H. ALLEN has been terminated (again) by the L.A. Times Book Review
A VETERAN ASSEMBLING-ite (3rd, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and coming)



GEOFFREY ALLEN, his son, b.1974

a scoop from the present



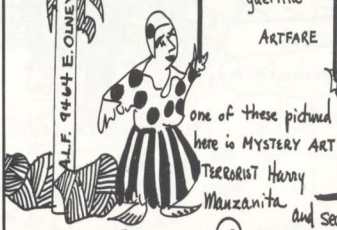
THERESA ALLEN, his 12 yr. old daughter appearing in her third ASSEMBLING



ART LIQUIDATION FRONT, 1976

radical
suburban
guerilla
ARTFARE

L.A. ARTISTS



CATHERINE MEHL & JOHN M. BENNETT

Luna Bisonte Productions
137 Leland Ave.
Columbus, Ohio 43214



George Brett ORtist: b.1948, m. Sally Alexander; ch. Sam & Scott; director: OR Post; part-time sorcerer and ORcheologist; plays: FOUR PLAY, COFFEE TABLE RUNNER, FOR FOUR TIME, FOUR FOUR TIME
409 S. JARVIS ST., GREENVILLE, NC 27834

RUSSELL BUTLER, b.1943 Lefe, Arkansas
908 Main St.; Gurdon, Ark. 71743



JAMES F. L. CARROLL
Kutztown State College
Kutztown, PA 19530

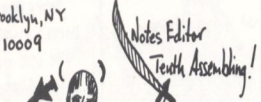


PETER CHERCHES, b.1956, Brooklyn, NY
P.O. Box 733, NYC 10009



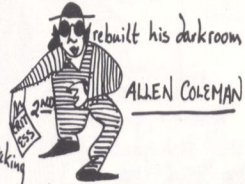
CAPTAIN COLLAGE

P.O. Box 26689, San Fran., CA 94126



DAVID COLE

a very very concrete poet
19 GRACE COURT
BROOKLYN NY 11201



ALLEN COLEMAN

465 Van Duxer St., STATEN ISLAND NY 10304



~[D-G]~
 (a willing amorph)
 "MICHAEL DYREGROV"
 a pseudonym

- HATS
- green eye shade
 - mortar board
 - pith helmet
 - newsboy's cap

JOHN ENGLISH : 565 Prince Ave.
 Athens, GA 30601

499 Hope Street
 Taylor Springs
 FL 33589

DRAMATIKA PRESS
 EPISTOLARY

STUD AS JOHN PYROS
 FARM

JON ERICKSON
 b.1951
 poet, composer,
 Zen Baptist

THE FOLD-IN-G-C-G-A

ROGER ERICKSON
 an expatriate Maine artist
 496 Warren St.
 Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217

with an obsession
 for minimal pairs
 1333 E. Kane Pl, Milwaukee
 WI 53202

K. S. ERNST
 70 Squankum Road
 Howell, NJ 07731

Feb. 1981 Nancy Lurie Gallery -
 FRED ESCHER
 1135 Columbus Circle Janesville WI 53545

- ANIMALS 1978
- H-I-D-I-N-G 1972
- KILLING 1980

b.1949
 GREGORY FARNUM
 7 GREENWOOD, PONTIAC
 MICHIGAN 48058

PAT FISH
 surrealist Creator of Soluble Ephemera
 Gamin Rogue, MYSTIC DAVID CARTOONIST
 Southern California Sagittarian
 LOTUS-EATER
 ARTE POSTALISTE
 SOUL-SWITCH PORTRAITIST
 WORD-WORKER TALE-SPINNER
 MYTH-MAKER
 P.O. BOX 777 STABARBACA
 Ambiguous UCat Sui Generis Syne. 9310N

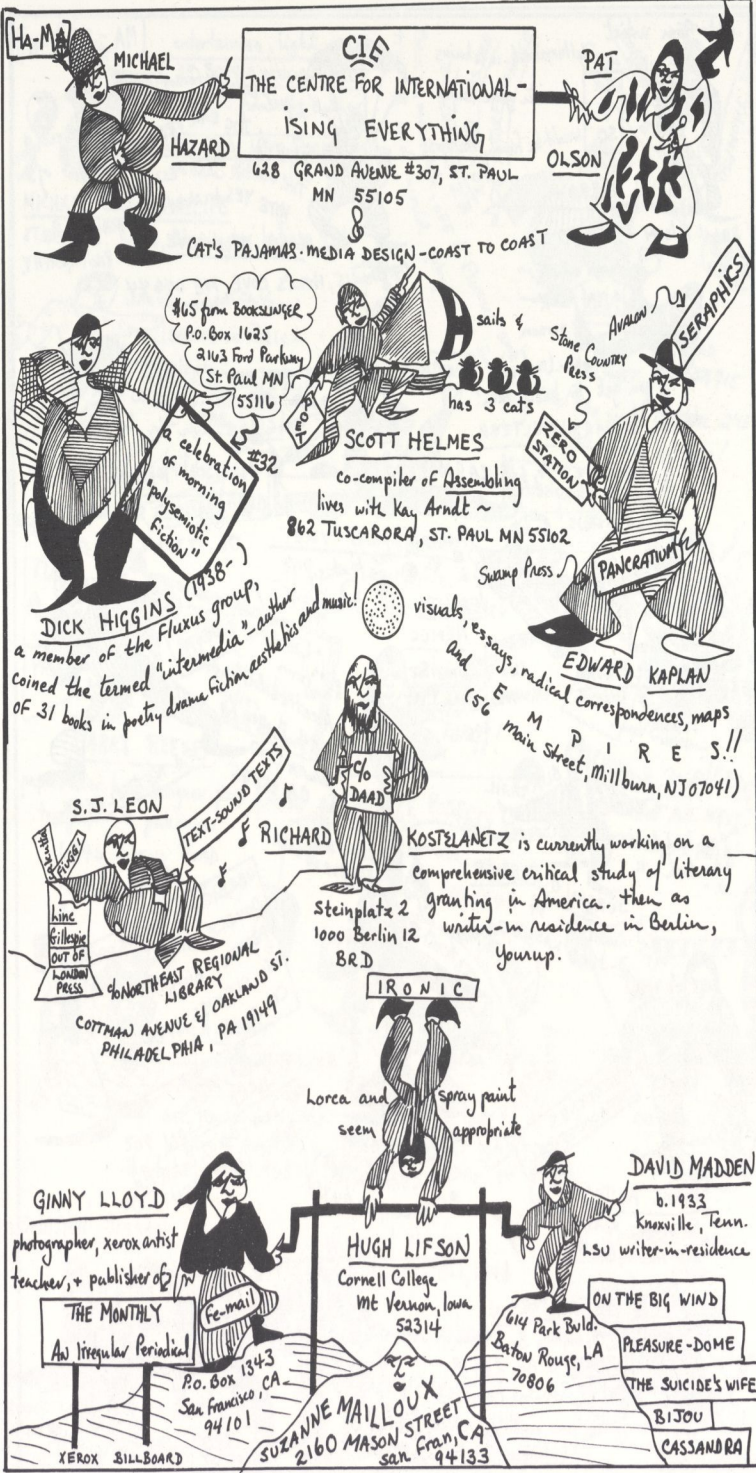
an installation:

WHEREIN A SUBJECT MIGHT BE LOCATED
 SUE FISHBEIN

- BOOK WORKS
- 1) HOW
 - 2) THE MONTY CANTSIN SONG BOOK
 - 3) DOTTED LINES & THE USE OF FORCE (an apparatus)
 - 4) 4 CONTEMPORANEOUS ULTIMATUMS

40 ANAUX PRODUCTIONS
 146 FREELON, No 4
 San Francisco, CA
 94107

MARY K. GLESON
 apprentice, graduate
 participant
 (in place and time)
 R.D. 4 CAMPGRAND ROAD, DILLSBURG, PA
 17011



letterform artist

[MA - PE]



JOHN MARRON

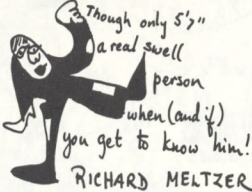
2864 Folsom SF 94110

editor of *deltomania* in-chains
a writer gone zaum
would-be family therapist



a poet who performs, chants, and dances...
prop of DOG EAR PRESS and editor of
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VOTE YES for NUKE-FREE MAINE; POETS
MARK MELNICOVE ON PHOTOGRAPHY.

P.O. Box 115, HOLL'S COVE, ME 04644



RICHARD MELTZER

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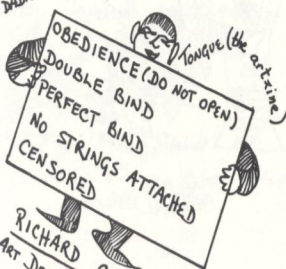
...and now I'm fed up
to the teeth with
it."

b. 1954
I STILL DON'T
BELIEVE IN DADA



T. PATRICK

2035 CHANNING WAY
BERKELEY, CA 94704



RICHARD OLSON
Art Dept - Box 77, Beloit College
Beloit, WI 53511

OSHKOSH



CATALYZES
CATACOUSTICAL

SPIROS PANTOS

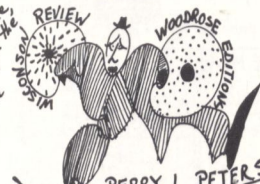
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J. STOLL
b. 1947, Nyack NY
postcard maker
mail artist
Copy out strewn
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CRITICAL STATE
on WBAI

A.L. STUBBS
222 W. 23RD ST #506
NEW YORK CITY, 10011



GO WEST
STAY WEST
&
BE HAPPY

The **SUMMERS**: PATRICK, MELODY, MICHAEL

Melody writes and publishes BURNING BOOKS in OAKLAND. Michael born in Greeky, Colorado, has danced around a bit and settled in Oakland. So has Patrick. Their addresses are as follows.

PATRICK - 1930 E. 27TH ST, #19, OAKLAND, CA. 94606
MICHAEL - 3608 LAKE SHORE AVE #1, OAKLAND, CA 94610
MELODY LIVES WITH MICHAEL (SO IT GOES)



TEXTO POETICO
(1977 -)
#5
1
2
3
4
5

FRANK A. TILLMAN
home-base philosophy dept.,
Vassar College, currently
visiting prof. at Univ. of Hawaii
and writing on language and literature.

teaches & edits
BLEONARD TRAWICK
English Dept.
Cleveland State Univ., Cleveland, OH 44115

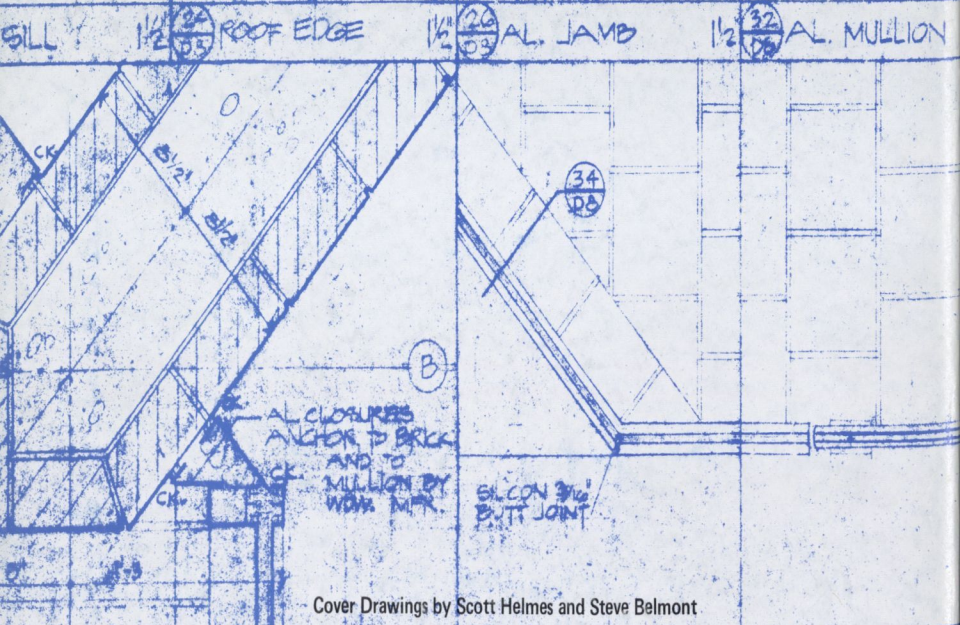
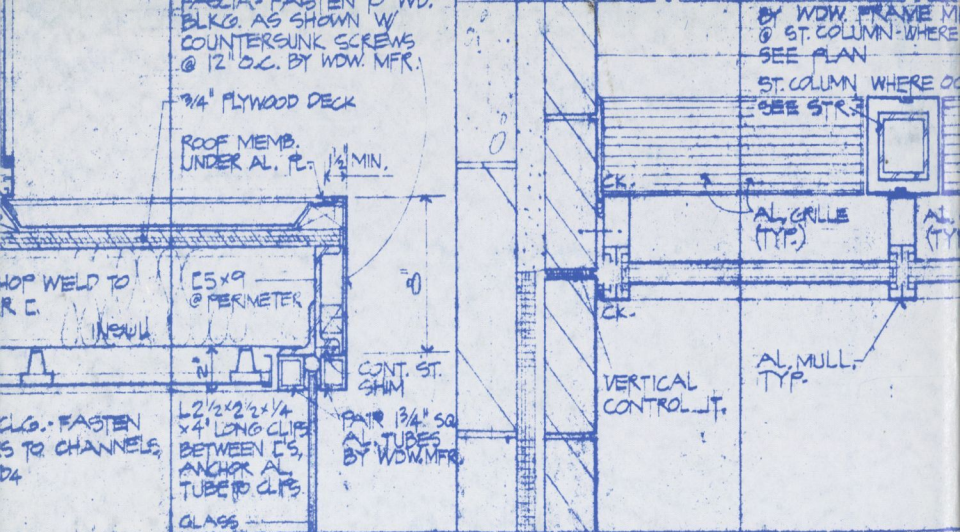
CHARLES WELCH
2468
So. 3RD ST PLAZA
OMAHA, NEB.
68108

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visual novelist
267 W. 89TH ST
NEW YORK CITY 10024

an ancient advert
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formed the
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LARRY ZIRLIN
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CROSSROADS



Cover Drawings by Scott Helmes and Steve Belmont

