

REVEAL DIGITAL

Assembling

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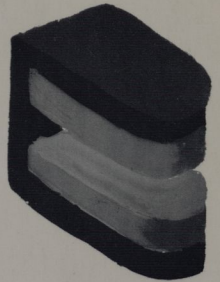
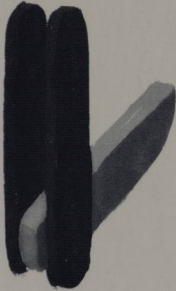
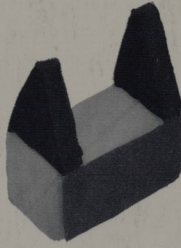
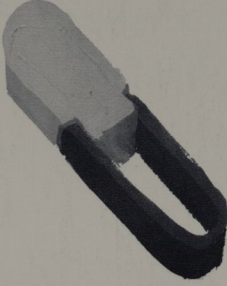
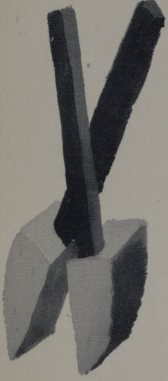
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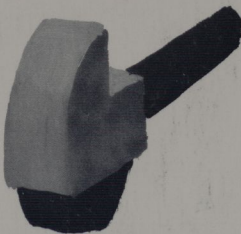
a-j

Eighth Assembling

A Collection
of Otherwise
Unpublishable
Manuscripts



\$4.95



Compiled by
Richard Kostelanetz
and
Henry James Korn

a-j

Eighth Assembling

A Collection
of Otherwise
Unpublishable
Manuscripts

Compiled by
Richard Kostelanetz
and
Henry James Korn

To Scott Hyde for suggesting
that **ASSEMBLING** deserved an exhibition.

Because the volume of contributions exceeds that of previous Assemblings, **Eighth Assembling** appears in two parts, divided alphabetically.

The collation and binding of **EIGHTH ASSEMBLING** was supported by a grant from the Ludwig Vogelstein Foundation, New York, N.Y., and executed by GFI, Port Chester, N.Y. 10573, U.S.A.

Along with previous publications of Assembling Press, **Eighth Assembling**, will also be on display, at the Pratt Graphics Center, 160 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, 212-685-3169. For three weeks, beginning 7 October, 1978. This exhibition may tour elsewhere.

Prospective contributors were invited to submit 1000 copies of as many as three 8 1/2" by 11" pages containing anything they wanted to include — printed at their own initiative and expense. Contributions were collated alphabetically by author. Biographical notes identify most of the contributors. As no submission was refused, nothing expressed in the following pages can be considered the responsibility of Assembling Press or its compilers. Given the process of publishing composition, there is no such thing as a "defective copy" of **Assembling**.

Assembling appears annually in the fall. Its primary purpose is the publication and thus the dissemination of printed work that is "otherwise unpublishable," because it is too unconventional to appear elsewhere. Since the future of **Assembling** depends upon grants, mostly to offset collation costs, and U.S. granting agencies discriminate notoriously against experimental people and activity (see ahead), we honestly cannot be sanguine.

Individual copies of **Eighth A-J Assembling**, or **Eighth K-Z Assembling** may be ordered directly from the publisher for \$4.95 apiece.

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contributors upon their request

Assembling Press
P.O. Box 1967
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202

Eighth Assembling

a-1

A Collection
of Otherwise
Unpublishable
Manuscripts

Compiled by
Richard Kostelanetz
and
Henry James Kom

Because the volume of contributions exceeds that of previous
Assembling Eight Assembling appears in two parts, bound
separately.

The chapters and poems in EIGHTH ASSEMBLING are arranged
in a book from the Library of American Poets, New York, N.Y.,
and reviewed by Dr. Eric Cluett, P. O. Box 1027, U.S.A.

Along with previous editions of Assembling First, Eighth
Assembling will also be on display at the First Edition Center, 100
Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, 212-692-3100 for more
information. Contact: 1978. The edition was first published
with the title "Assembling" in 1977.

Progressive development was noted in 1977. 1000 copies of an
early edition of "Eighth Assembling" were printed and many
copies of new and revised and revised. Contributions
include a broad range of poems, prose, and other literary
works. Contributors include: Robert Creeley, Richard Kostelanetz,
and others. As an experiment we revised, revised,
and revised the book. It was published in 1978. The edition
was first published in 1977. The edition was first published
with the title "Assembling" in 1977.

Assembling appears in two parts in the fall of 1978. Copies of the
collection and new contributions of poetry and prose will
be published separately. The book is a collection of poems,
prose, and other literary works. Contributors include:
Robert Creeley, Richard Kostelanetz, and others. The book
was first published in 1977. The edition was first published
with the title "Assembling" in 1977.

Richard Kostelanetz and Henry James Kom are the
editors of Eighth Assembling. The book is a collection
of poems, prose, and other literary works. Contributors
include: Robert Creeley, Richard Kostelanetz, and others.
The book was first published in 1977. The edition was
first published with the title "Assembling" in 1977.

To contact the publisher for more information
contact ASSEMBLING directly in exhibition.

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contribution from the author.

Assembling Press
P.O. Box 1027
New York, N.Y. 10017

WHY EIGHTH ASSEMBLING?

ASSEMBLING is a collaborative annual intended to provide a communications channel for alternative, "otherwise unpublishable" printed art by imaginative minds who genuinely believe in their work. By "otherwise unpublishable," we mean not things that are physically unprintable but works so unconventional that they could not possibly pass through current publishing channels. ASSEMBLING eliminates the traditional authoritarianism of the conventional editorial process by asking its invited contributors to submit whatever they want on one thousand (1000) copies of up to three different 8 1/2" by 11" sheets of any kind of paper, by any printing method, at their own initiative (and, alas, expense). Everything received from those invited is incorporated into ASSEMBLING, which binds the results alphabetically, and returns two copies of the finished book to you. (Contributors sending less than a thousand copies, as some have done in the past, find themselves omitted from certain books.) The remaining books are sold to defray the costs of collating, binding and mailing, and also to establish a fund for future issues of ASSEMBLING. All material is copyrighted by Assembling Press for assignment to individual contributors automatically upon their request. ASSEMBLING appears this year with thanks not to CCLM, which turned us down flat again, but to the Ludwig Vogelstein Foundation of New York. (For more exposure of the inadequacies of publicly funded granting agencies in the U.S., see Kostelanetz's new book, GRANTS AND THE FUTURE OF LITERATURE.)

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY. TIME, NUISANCE, MISTAKES AND YOUR CONTRIBUTION ITSELF ARE SAVED IF MATERIALS ARE DELIVERED IN AN APPROPRIATE MANNER. Please send your contributions to arrive no later than 1 Sept. 1978, only to Assembling, c/o GFI, Two Highland St., Port Chester, NY 10573. Direct all other mail to Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, NY 11202. Be sure to put your name on every page of your contribution (as ASSEMBLING has no table of contents), and to wrap each set of 1000 pages individually (although more than one parcel of individual pages can go into a shipping carton). Use strong cartons instead of bags or other soft containers that fall apart easily. Paste two (2) samples of each page on the outside of each page-packet. This facilitates collation without our having to break open each package in advance of delivery to the collator. Be sure then to send a biographical note to indicate whether you'd like to have your address included in the bio notes. (Many find this reference handy and the subsequent correspondence fun.) It is important to allow at least one and one-half inches on the left-hand vertical margin of each of your pages, so that the left side of your work does not get buried in the binding. If you have any special instructions on collating your pages, please send them to Assembling Press; we'll do our best to honor your request. Try to print on both sides of your pages, making extra margin room on the right sides of these backside pages. It saves cost in printing, collating and mailing; it also saves trees.

Remember that you can really contribute to EIGHTH ASSEMBLING whatever you want; for whereas most magazines encourage uniformity among their contributors, the hallmark of ASSEMBLING, as both a publishing structure and a reading experience, is unprecedented diversity. Thus, whereas most magazines encourage prospective contributors to "fit" into the surroundings, ASSEMBLING offers every contributor the unparalleled opportunity to produce something truly distinguished--a singular work that will stand out from the surrounding pack.

Patronize your local printer, if possible, so that you can see the results of their work before sending the pages to us. Given the continuing suppression of experimental communication, it is important that writers and artists learn the processes of publication from the beginning. As creative participants, we should make the production of our

work an integral part of the work itself. If, however, you wish to keep your hands clean, you may want to use the Print Centers in Berkeley or Brooklyn, but please observe their deadlines (15 July for Brooklyn, which charges \$12.50 for one page of line copy, one side; and \$16.00 for two sides, both on 70 pound stock, plus \$1.00 per page for UPS shipping to the collator, paid in advance please to "The Print Center". If you have work that requires half-tone photographic reproduction (photographs, watercolors, gray matter, etc.), add \$3.50 per 4" by 5" image and \$5.00 up to 5" by 7" image. Colored ink is \$10.00 extra; and if you have your own colored stock, send them a sample before shipping the entire package of paper. Remember to label your copy as carefully as possible, and to make your instructions thoroughly explicit. Also leave margins of at least 5/8" on top and bottom, as bleeds are difficult. Should you want your original back, be sure to send a stamped addressed return envelope. For other special requests of the Brooklyn Print Center, write them at P.O. Box 1050, Brooklyn, NY 11202, or phone 212-TR5-4482.) With any printer, it is advisable to investigate yourself and see what special stock, types, etc. they can offer. Exploit the possibilities of printing you think appropriate. PLEASE MEET DEADLINES, WHICH CANNOT BE STRETCHED. Any contributions arriving too late will be kept for next year.

We are pleased to announce that the Pratt Graphics Center will be mounting an exhibiton of Assembling Press, opening 7 October, 1978, Saturday afternoon, for three weeks, 160 Lexington Ave., New York, NY, northwest corner of 30th St., TEL: 212-685-3169. The entire EIGHTH ASSEMBLING will be displayed on its walls, along with past publications. Contributors' copies will be distributed then, and earlier ASSEMBLINGS will be for sale. We shall also be producing, with the generous aid of the Ludwig Vogelstein Foundation, a retrospective catalog, entitled ASSEMBLING ASSEMBLING; and those of you who have contributed to ASSEMBLING before are also invited to produce a camera-ready statement about ASSEMBLING, no more than 4 1/2" high and 3 1/4" wide, which will be reproduced in ASSEMBLING ASSEMBLING. Ideally, this statement, which may be visual or verbal, would acknowledge what ASSEMBLING has meant to them. These must be sent to R. Kostelanetz, P.O. Box 73, Canal Street, New York, N.Y. 10013, by 1 July, 1978. A single copy apiece of ASSEMBLING ASSEMBLING will be distributed gratis, initially at the exhibition, to all contributors past and present to ASSEMBLING, and the remaining copies will go on retail sale at \$3.95. So, even if you don't contribute this year, we look forward to seeing you at the opening, and please send us your current address, especially if there is any reason to believe it is different from the one we presently have. It seems inadvisable to do an EIGHTH ASSEMBLING as thick as SEVENTH again; and should we get such an excess of contributions again, we will simply divide them in half, alphabetically, making an EIGHTH A-J ASSEMBLING and an EIGHTH K-Z ASSEMBLING, and send each contributor two copies of the edition in which they appear, and one copy of the other.

If you know of any other artists and writers who should contribute to EIGHTH ASSEMBLING, please advise them to send us a sample of their work along with a stamped self-addressed return envelope or international reply coupons. "Acceptance" will arrive in the form of an invitation to contribute to the next ASSEMBLING. This requirement exists not to allow editorial authority to impose its taste, but to insure that ASSEMBLING remains committed to alternative, "otherwise unpublishable" styles. If you know of any retail outlets that would like to stock ASSEMBLING, please have them order copies, prepaid, at the standard discount from Assembling Press (P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, NY 11202). No consignments anymore; copies of #1, 2 & 3 are scarce.

We eagerly await your stuff. Assembled we stand; disassembled, we fall.

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

HENRY JAMES KORN

BOB AAB LAYS IT ON THE LINE!!!

Hey I think this whole thing SUCKS, this whole dull boring Assembling b.s., y'know? Been using it every few years just to recycle whatever random worthless utterly "otherwise unusable" 8 1/2 x 11's I've had lying around in the dust, like it's been basically just an alternative way for me to just throw all the crap the hell OUT. If the rest of this stuff's "unconventional" I'm the mayor of Afghanistan! Wouldn't go & pay to have something printed up for you guys if you paid me--got this ~~revised~~ for free or I sure as heck wouldn't've bothered. Here's hoping this is Assembling's last final goddam gasp: The Last Assembling! Me and my pal R. Meltzer surely agree--anybody funding this garbage with grants or anything oughta be shot and their remains oughta be turned into the paper it's printed on. Buncha dumb-ass wimps.....

Printed

Hey I HATE you precious babies!

back an integral part of the work itself. If, however, you wish to keep
your hands clean, you may opt to use the Project Center in Berkeley or
Brooklyn, but please observe their deadlines (31 July for Brooklyn, which
charges \$11.50 per page of 1100 type, one side, and \$15.00 for two
sides; both on 70 pound stock, 1100 weight) by 7:00 p.m. on the day
the collator, paid in advance please to "The Project Center", in your
work that requires half-size photographic reproduction (micrographs,
microfilms, gray matter, etc.). See 1100 per 1" by 1" area and 1100
up to 1" by 1" space. Colored ink is \$15.00 extra and 1100 per 1" by 1"
of paper. Contact your local office before placing an order.

When your collator arrives, please bring with you all the original
materials and a copy of the collator's instructions. The collator will
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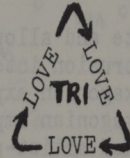
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GEOMETRICS

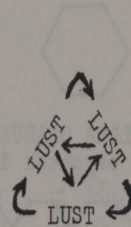
"You lay your poetry
out like Los Angeles,
spread without symmetry,
without regard to orderly
mathematics of maturity",
the precise Metternichs
say to audacious artists,
poets, and writers of handsprings.

innovating
creator
replies:
I
don't
want to
rectangle
with the quad
off old opposition
but triangle I must*
initiate the beginning*
from multi-shaped diversity

1234123412341234123412341
2 2
3 "Back to basics", 3
4 wall-raisers say, 4
1 tolling the critique 1
2 funeral-bleached 2
3 in bottled NH3 3
4 4
123412341234123412341234+



123412341234123412341234123412341234
2 1
3 "It's a cliché", 2
4 rule-policers say, 3
1 "the more audacious, 4
2 the more overmelodramatic. 1
3 It's considered a strikeout. 2
4 1 + 2 + 3 = 6 correctly. 3
1 4
23412341234123412341234123412341234+



1234123412341234123412341234
2 1
3 Geometrically 2
4 fundamental: 3
1 "This sort of play 4
2 fills the mailbox 1
3 of rookie rejection". 2
4 1 - 1 = none 3
1 4
2341234123412341234123412341234+

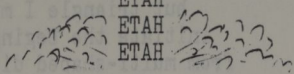
pyramid as the base
of all empires en state
1 x 2 x 3 x 4 (or more) =
= orgy

HATE
A
T
A
ETAH

SPOTLIGHT
SPOTLIGHT
SPOTLIGHT

spider
web-block
entangling
itself
without
introspection
and can sweep
to consumption
all life
in its swath
if unopposed

ETAH
ETAHETAHETAH
ETAHETAHETAHETAHETAH
ETAHETAHETAHETAHETAH
ETAHETAHETAHETAH
ETAH
ETAH
ETAH
ETAH
ETAH
ETAH



Straight up
stiff like a good soldier

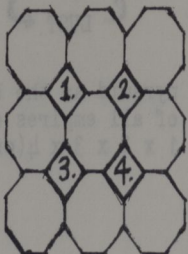
EDEN APPLE & CRUST = APPLE π

Bite and allow
intrusion into your Eden
Hexagonian explosion
Hexagonian implosion
Hexed artist-poet-writer
joins multiple-marching
in internal division
for copy remainder
spreading the body
plague through all
the synapse of streets
filled
with
dead
blood



DIPLOMA GRADUATION to OCTAGON *
for paycheck devouring

*looks like



this spider
has nine eyes

OCTAGON BULLETIN FOR OCTAGON CO., INC.

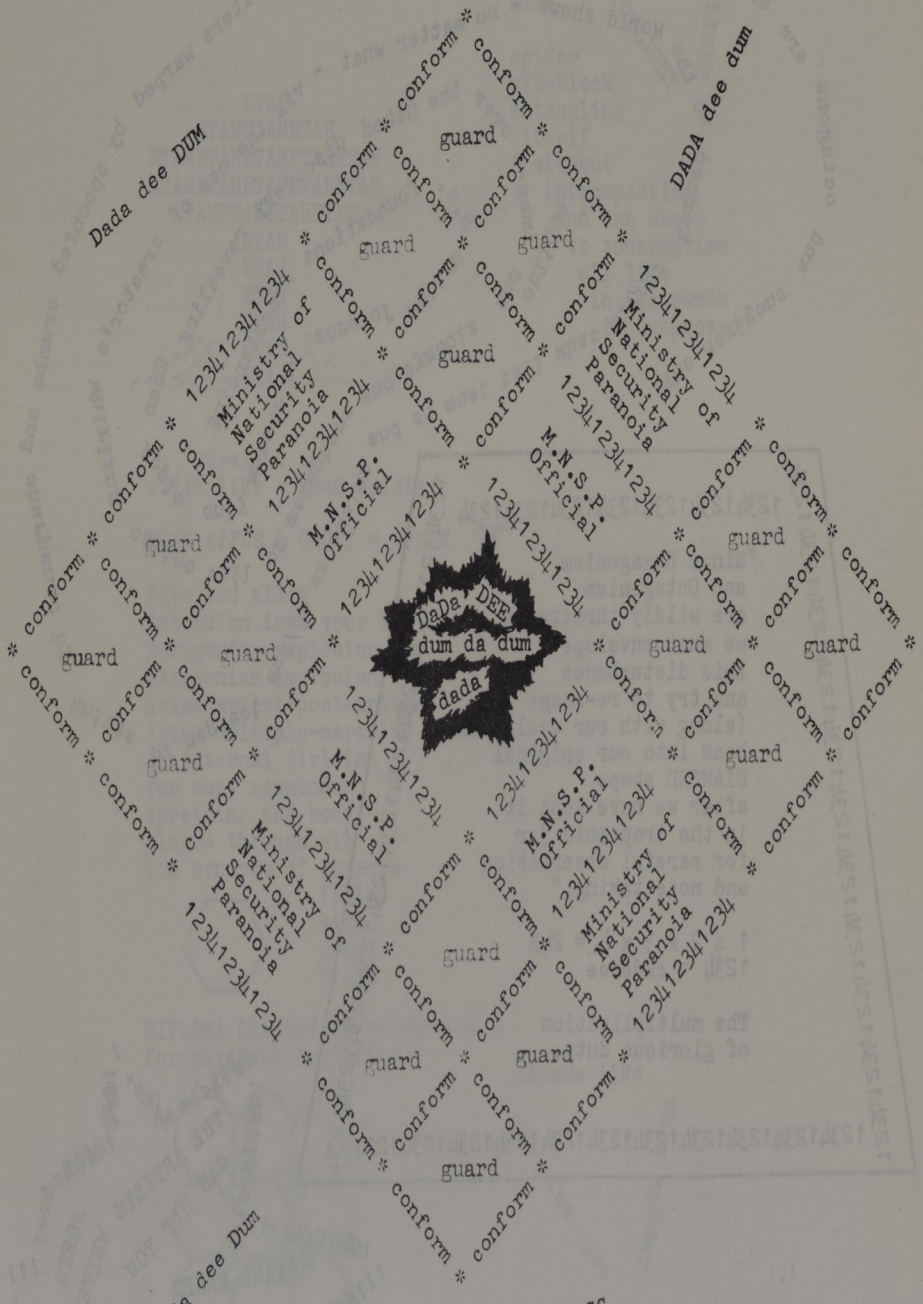
THE SPACES IN BETWEEN ARE OUR CHOICE AS STABILIZING DIAMONDS.

BHA.

ah - two

Dada dee DUM

DADA dee dum



Dada dee Dum

GLASS
SQUARES
ALWAYS
BELIEVE
THEY ARE
DIAMONDS

DIVORCE INCANTATION

(proven effective once)

I WISH I WERE SINGLE AGAIN

I wish I were single agai
Aga Elg Niser Ewih Siwin
Iaga Elg Niser Ewih Siwi

S
Sr
Rcs
Scr

Wish I were single again
I wish I were single ag
Aelg Nisera Wih Siwin
Iaga Elg Nis Erew Ihsi

Cars
Srekc
Carcs
Scrac

Shi were single again
I wish I were single
Lgn Iser Ewih Siwin
Iaga Elg Nis Erew Ih

Ec kers
Srek ceh
Ek Carcs
Scracke

Were single again
I wish I were sing
Nise Rew Ihsi Win
Iaga Elg Nise Re

Checkers
Srek cehcd
Srek cars
Scrackers

Ere single ag ai
Niw Ishi were si
Serew I hsiw In
Iaga Elg Nise Re

Nd checkers
Srek cehc dna
Nasr ek carc S
Scrackers an

Resing lea ga
In iw is hi were
Re Wish I Win
Iaga Elg Nis

Sand crackers
Srek ceh C dnasr
Cdnas Rek carcs
Scrackers and C

Ingle again
In ish I we
Wish I Win
I A Gael Gni

Ers and checkers
Srek cehc dna srek
Eh C dna srek carcs
Scrackers and che

Lea Gain
In Ish I
Hsi Win
Iaga El

Ckersand Checkers
Srek ceh C dna srek Ca
Kceh C dna srek carcs
Scrackers and check

Again
Iw is
I Win
I Ag

Rackers and checkers
Srek cehc dnas rek carc
Rk cehc dnas rek carcs
Scrackers And Checker

Ain
Iw
In
Ia
N

CRACKERS AND CHECKERS

Beth Anderson

DIVORCE INCANTATION

(proven effective once)

I WISH I WERE SINGLE AGAIN

I wish I were single again

Agg Ely Nizer Ewin Swin

Agg Ely Nizer Ewin Swin

Wish I were single again

I wish I were single ag

Agg Nizers Wih Swin

Agg Ely Niz Erew Isaw

Shi were single again

I wish I were single

I-er last Ewin Swin

Agg Ely Niz Erew Isaw

Wish single again

I wish I were sing

Nize Rew last Win

Agg Ely Nize Re

Ere single ag ag

Niz last were si

Agg Ely Nize Re

Re King Jan Re

In tw last were

Re Wish I Win

Agg Ely Niz

Ingie again

In last I we

Wish I Win

I A Gaei On

Lee Gain

In last I

Hit Wis

Agg Ely

Again

W is

I Win

I Ag

Win

W is

W is

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W is

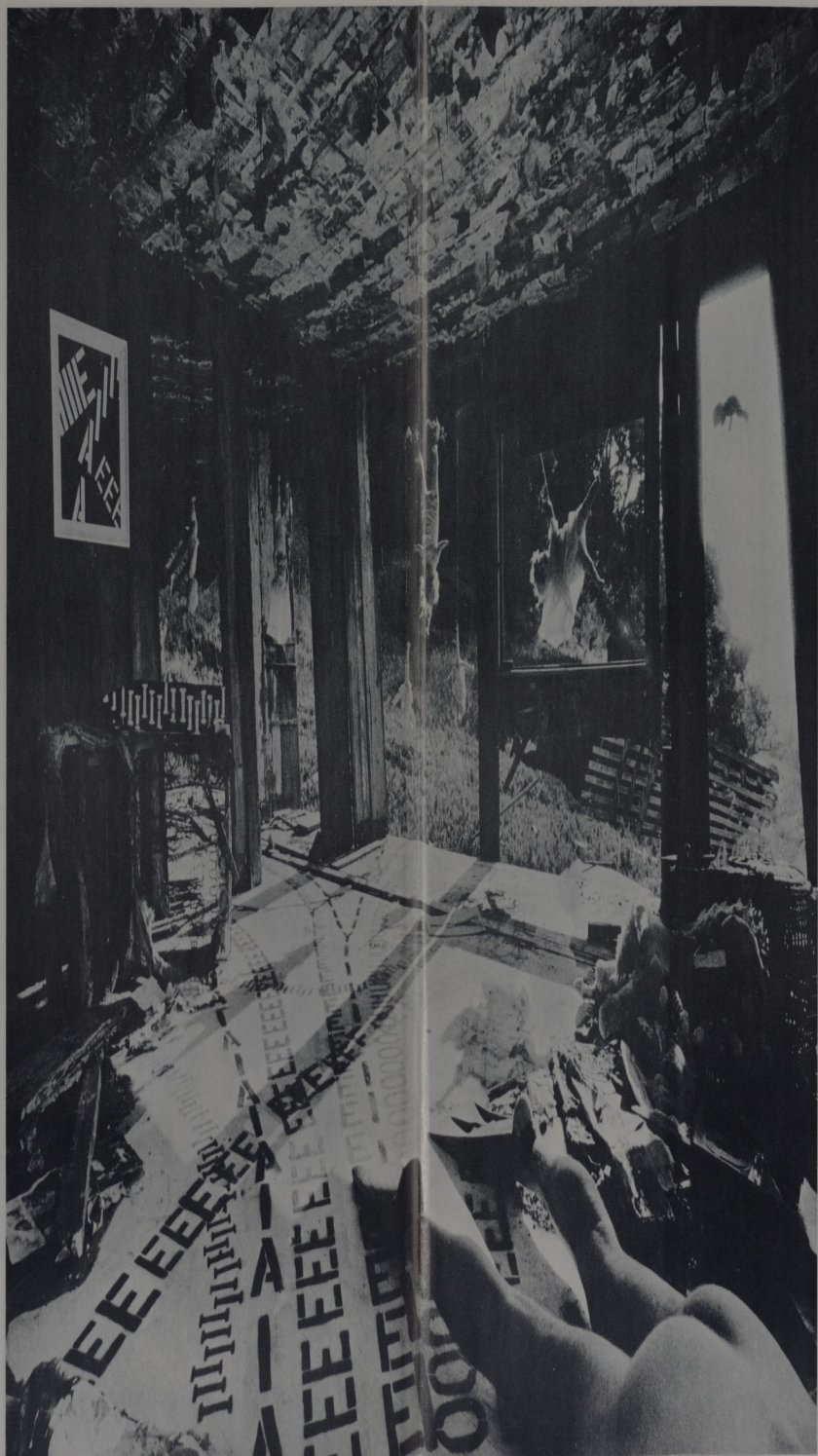
W is

W is

W is

W is

W is



Vowel House
© David Arnold 1978



Consonant Bed
© David Arnold 1978



TWINS TWISSING: THE HIGH COST OF COLOR

PART ONE

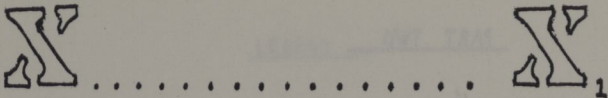
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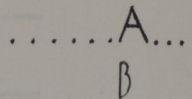
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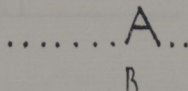
3



4



5



SCHER/STRAUS

LEGEND

○ mourning dove on pole

mourning dove on wire ○

Σ auditor at fixed site (endless chronicle)

auditor walking NORTH Σ₁

A i don't mind (first version)

i don't bother (second version)

B _____

A how y'gonna talk

how my gonna talk

B _____

PART TWO

1

Σ₁

2

.....A.

B

3

.....A

B

4

.....A

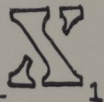
B

5



LEGEND

auditor walking SOUTH



having circled how many streets

how many miles

arriving at EXACTLY

THE SAME POINT

A pick up your head

B _____

A look at that sky

B _____

A what'y'a see

a place like this

a place like that

B _____

odd twittering code of (

mourning dove in flight

2 flight between the margins

of THIS or THAT

3 latitude of wandering

Σ

fixed site

that is

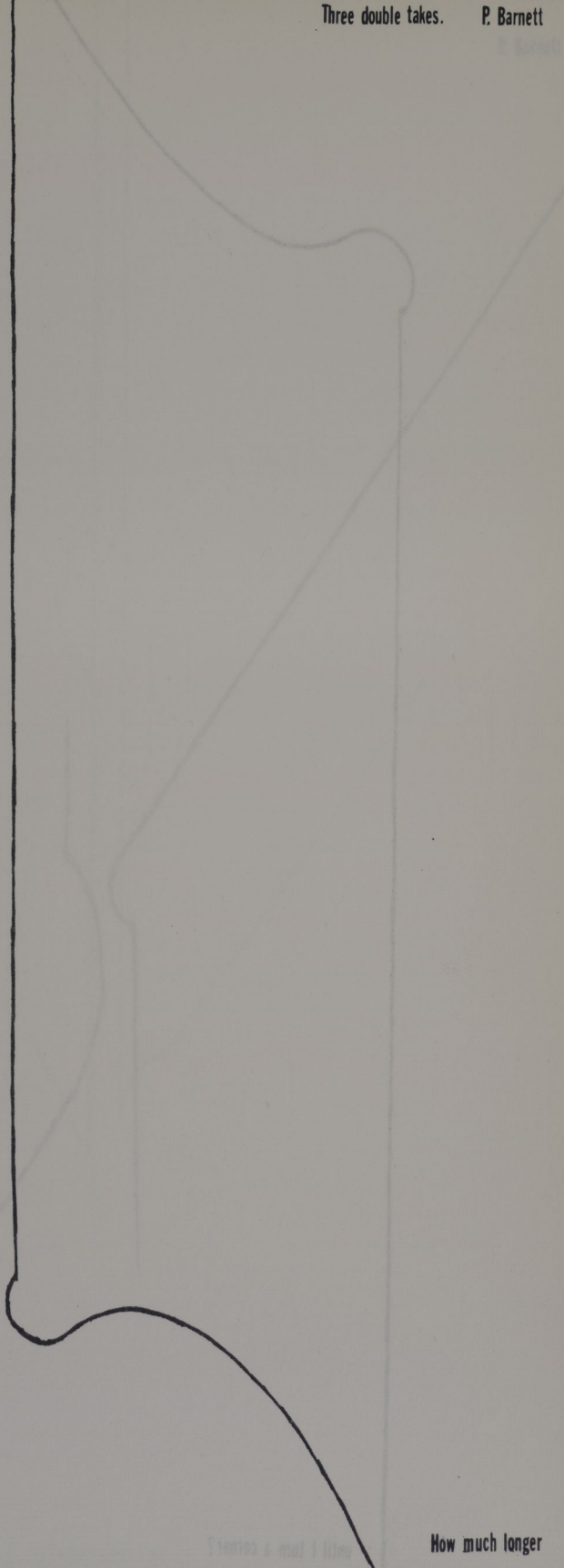
auditing

with or without an auditor

that is

this curve

is continuous at the origin



How much longer

A pick up your head

B _____

A look at that sky

B _____

A what's in it

a place like this

a place like that

B _____

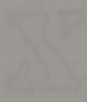
old to being code of C

nourish love in flight

a flight between the margins

of THIS or THAT

a latitude of wandering



fixed site

that is

settling

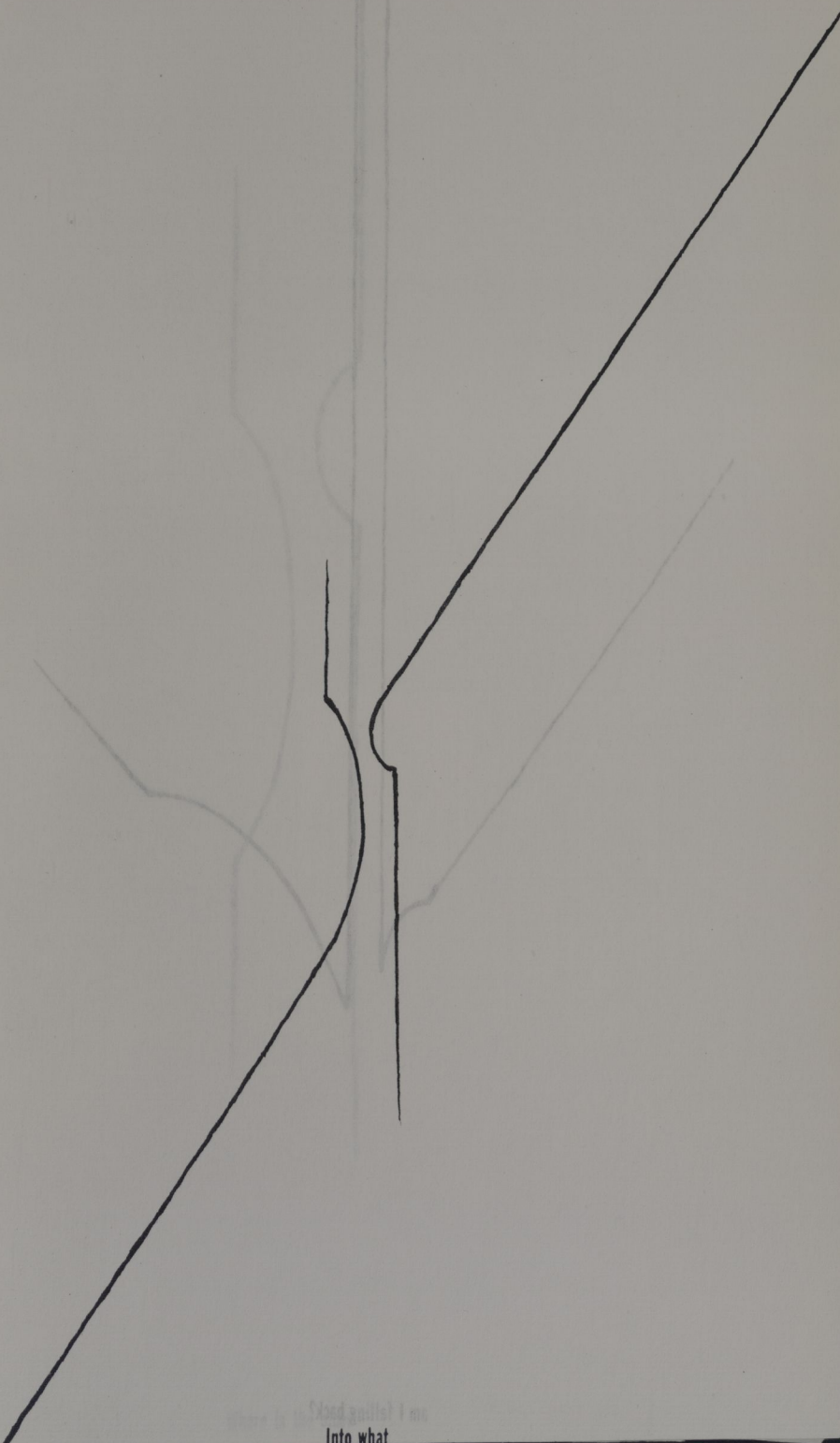
with or without an anchor

that is

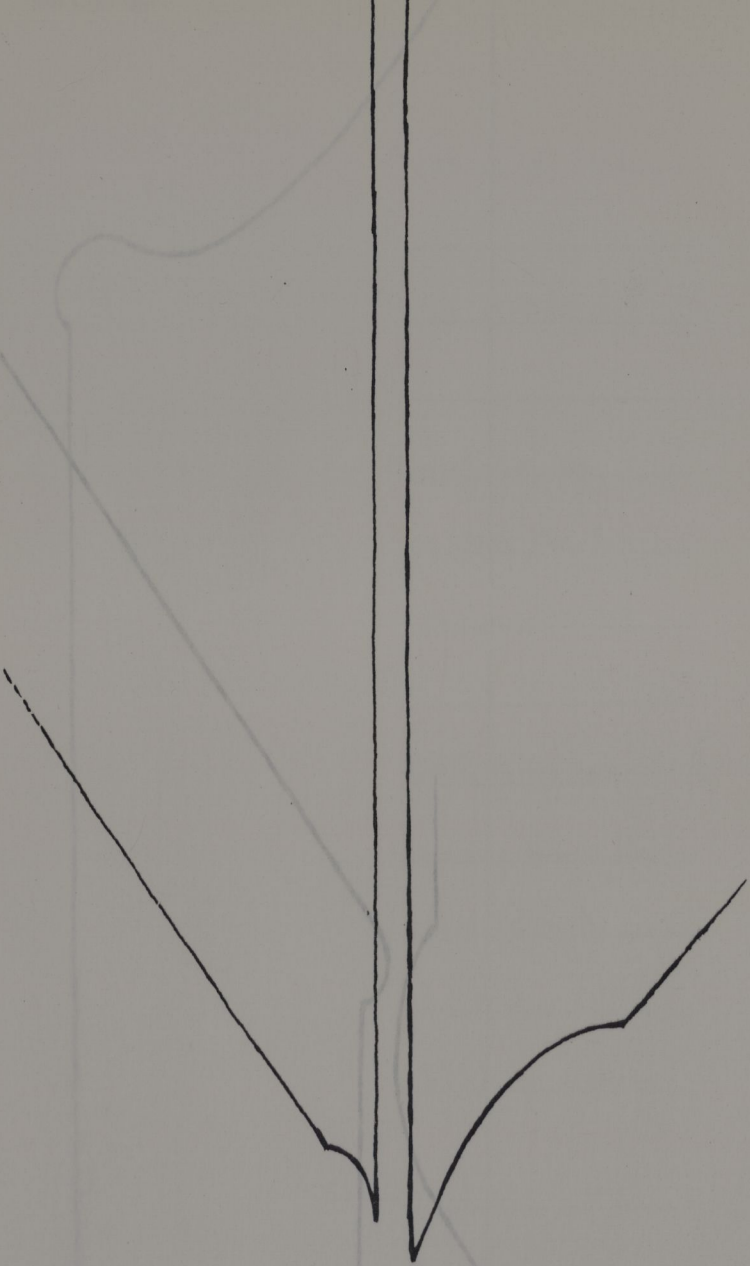
this curve

is a measure of the origin

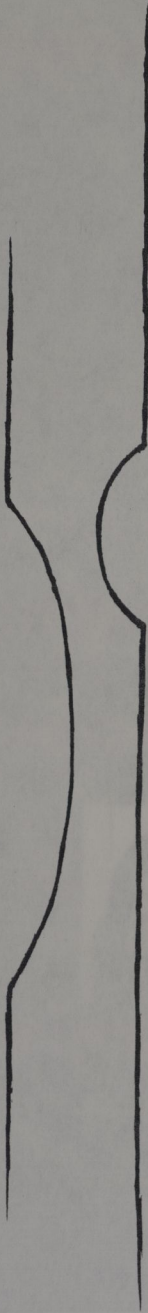
until I turn a corner?



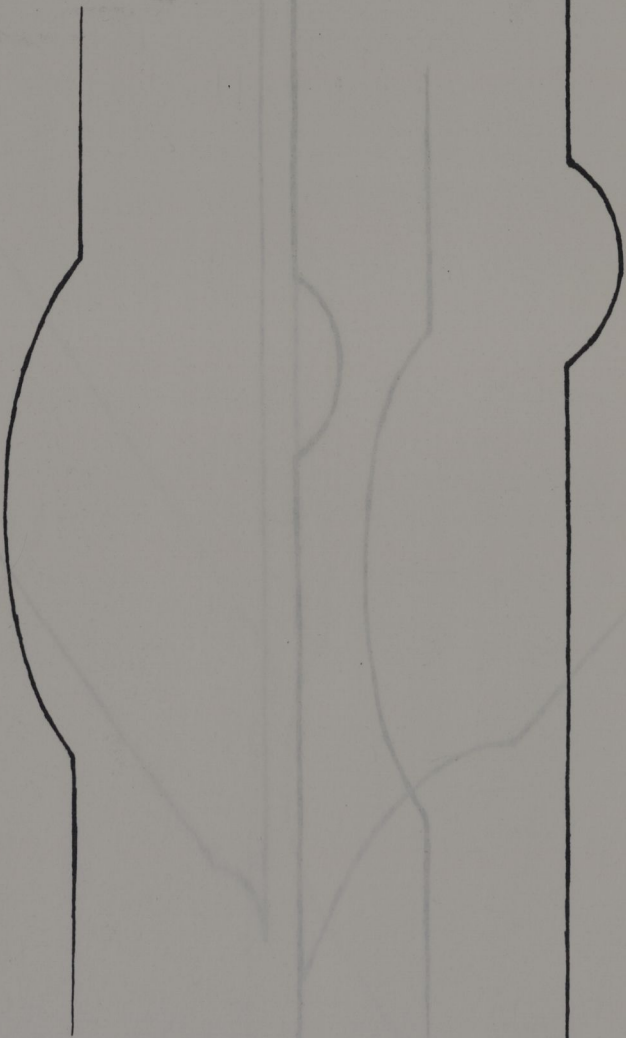
Into what



am I falling back?



Where is the other



I am supposed to meet?



Do you like wrestling?
Do you understand wrestling?
You'll wear a mask and be known as "The Golden Terror".

Betty Beaumont 1978



Moonlighting, she goes blind and remains in hiding.
Her skin, transparent, with a white tinge, begins to split
at the edge of her lips. The truth turns inside-out.
She sheds her shadow.

Betty Beaumont 1978

OUTPUT

INPUT



MIXED MEDIA EDITION
PETER BELLO BOX 139
8710 KITZINGEN-GERMANY
TEL. 0931-13084 & 0931-4380

INPUT

OUTPUT



MIXED MEDIA EDITION
PETER BELOW, BOX 229
8710 KITZINGEN-GERMANY
TEL. 0931-13684 & 09321-4245

Fish in browser

JOHN W. BENNETT

INPUT

OUTPUT

1

Find in browser

JOHN M. BENNETT

2

Bowl of guts

JOHN M. BENNETT

WORLD

recovered

Vol. 2

from
The
of
Lion
and
©

PAGE 1

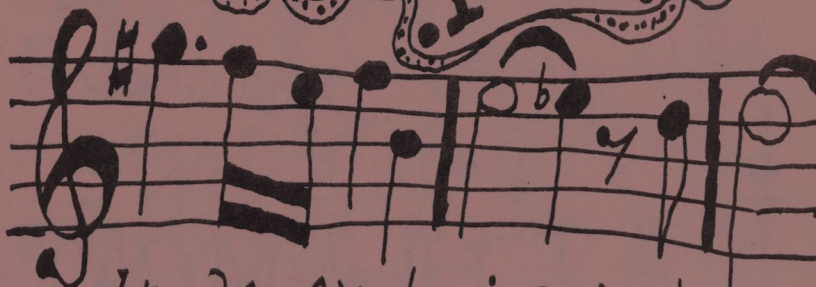
DASPA
TRIS
DEOL
ASSÉ!

Released by Popular dem-
-and

BORN AGAIN IN PHARLONGENCE

produced by the reverend

MAOTA



In an exclusive and revealing interview The SAINTS discuss Their Thoughts on This tantalizing religious musical Tragedy.

ST. L. R. H. The muse of Temporary hats - also known as ARTS PLURAL

declared all emotions.

ST.D.J. "If The emotions
amuse The **MUSE** The
Tempo of promotion condemns
The **RATS**".

ST.D.S. "Yeh, The muse
had...um... no choice
but I relegated The
RAT to the **MOAT**
of Pharblongenc-
e, and it all started
with
A MOTA!



The
Credo of PAG-
YUNKALAG-
ANISM

which is the sect of
orthodox paganism profes-
sed by the First NAT-
IONAL CHURCH
of the Exquisite PAN-
IC, Inc. Has but
one commandment

LIVE!

The First National Church of the
Exquisite Inc.

PANIG

Contributing

Sacramental
Scribblers

St. Robert Delford Brown
the kittenish

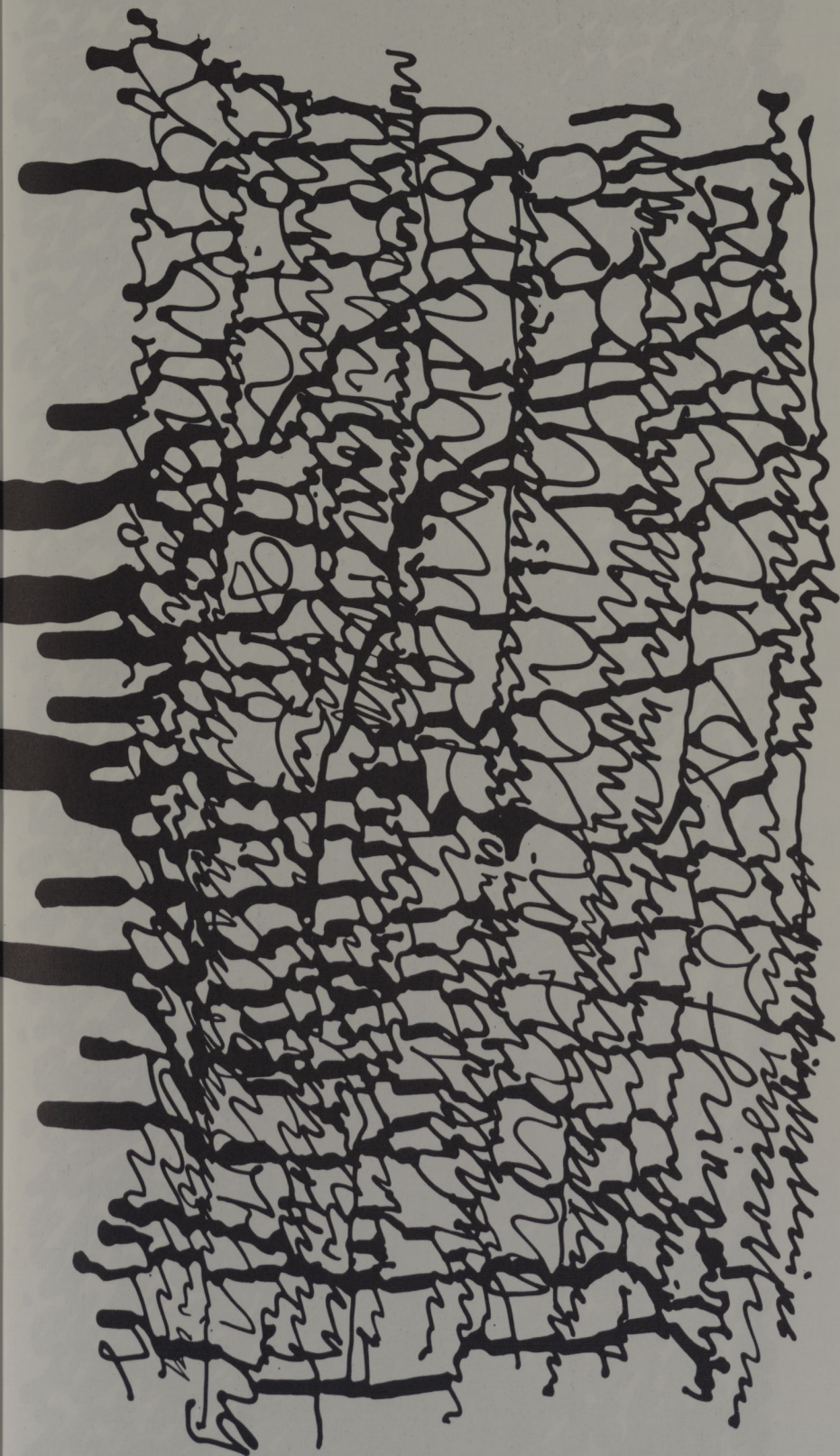
St. Rhett Delford Brown
The incomparable

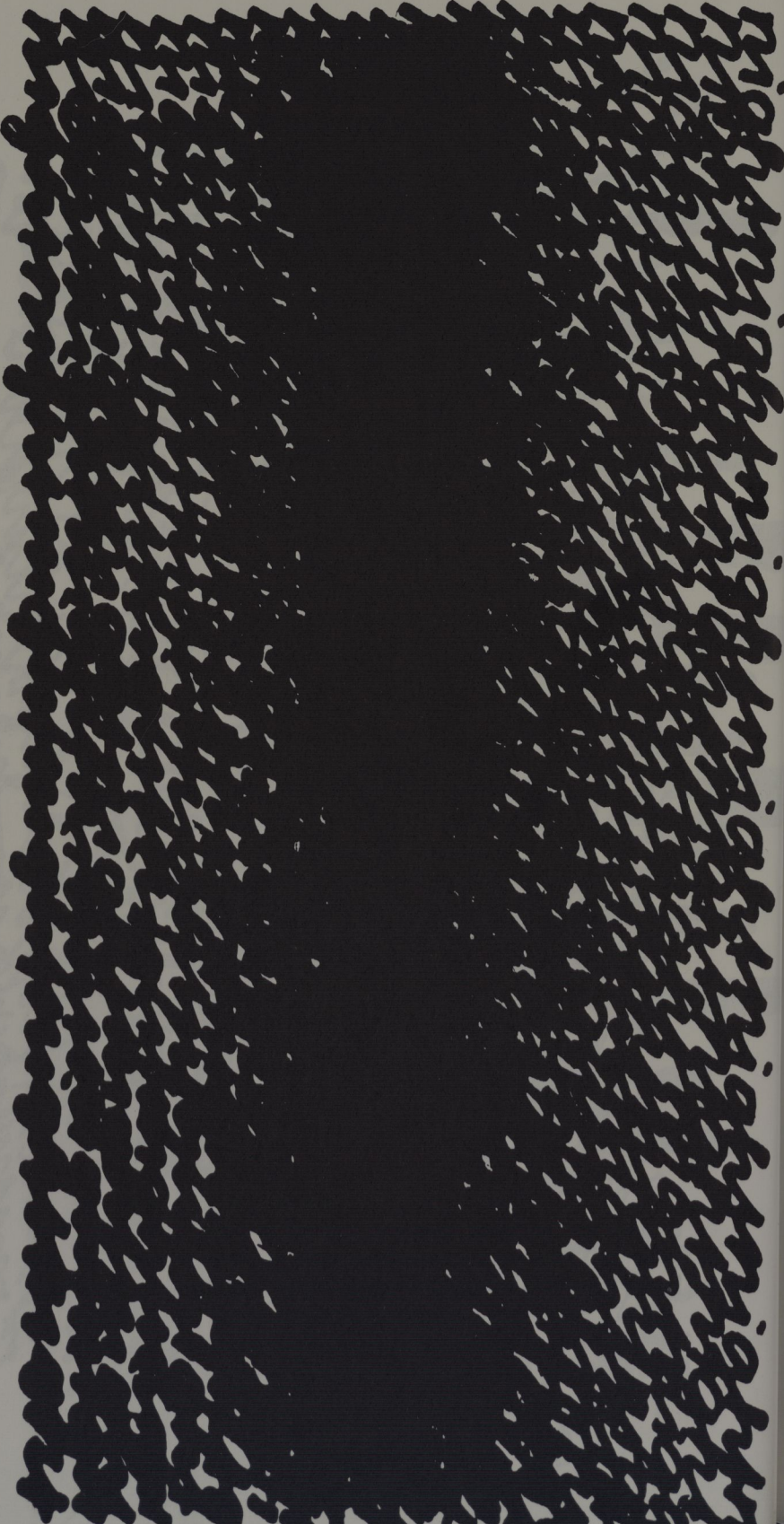
St. Lynda Roscoe Hartigan
the sensitive

St. Deborah Jensen
The dogmatic

St. Doctor Schmuck-
al

at the Great Building Crack-UP 251 West
131st St. N.Y.C. N.Y. 10011 SA.





ernst buchwalder

To be an artist is to be part of a planet evolved to a cognizance of its own evolution, part of the earth's evolution which has taken 4.6 billion years to know that it is 4.6 billion years old.

The artist is part of the only one of the genetic code's products that can read itself and read the message of its own past 3 billion years of earthly life.

The artist is part of the only civilization, of the nearly two dozen civilizations in the past 10,000 years, to know humans are made of the same matter and energy as the stars; part of the only civilization since our species first stood erect 1.6 million years ago to enable its people to walk in interplanetary space; and, part of the first civilization to speak to the stars with its first radio broadcast in 1866 which is just now reaching stars 625 trillion miles away.

The artist's location in space is changing with the speed of the Earth's rotation as a planet that is revolving about a star every year, while the star is orbiting around the Milky Way Galaxy every two hundred million years and the galaxy is revolving about the barycenter of a galactic cluster of 2500 neighboring galaxies.

The artist's velocity, if the speeds of all these nesting motions were to be projected linearly, may be 4,068,055 kilometers per hour.

The artist's most distant observation of stars in every direction of his location forms a moving spherical volume of space whose center is the observing artist. This sphere's omnidirectional radii are the pathways of light from the stars at the optical limit towards the artist's eyes. Each radius is the maximum distance that light or any form of energy can travel without becoming incoherent to any observer.

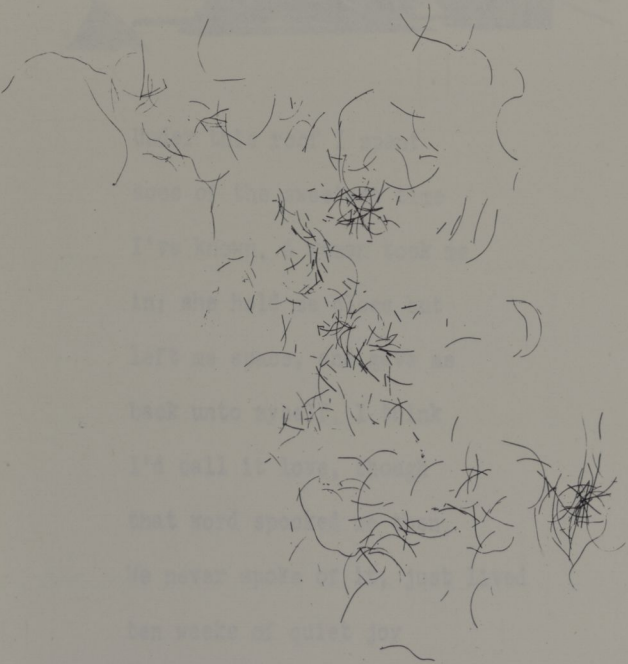
The context of art is the set of all such overlapping spherical volumes surrounding the set of all observers.

The artist invents new states of self-cognizance that expand civilization from the biosphere to evolve all the concentrically encompassing planetary states of the lithosphere, hydrosphere, atmosphere and gravisphere.

The artist expands the sphere of self-cognizance towards the outer boundary of the context of art.

BURGY





HAIR PIECE

This is an exact-to-scale photographic reproduction of a beard which was begun in early October of 1971 in New York City, and was shaved off at 3:20 p.m. on May 11, 1973, in room 1501 of the Holiday Inn on Lake Shore Drive in Chicago. It represents all the hair which grew on my chin during that period.

Allan Coleman

Allan Coleman

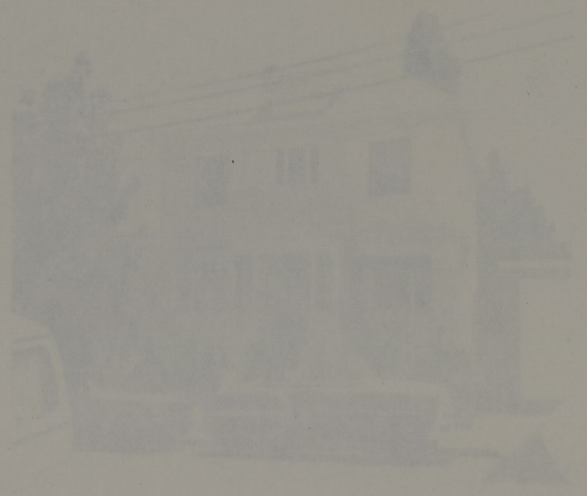
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[Signature]
Date: _____



Under this roof I spent
some of the sweetest time
I've known. A woman took me
in; she held me close but
left me space, and gave me
back unto myself. I think
I'd call it love, though
that word spooked me then,
We never spoke of it, just lived
ten weeks of quiet joy
and parted friends as life
drew me away. That was four years
ago. Four days from now
I'll see her once again. She's
deep in pain. I've no idea
what will become of us.

Allan Coleman



Under the roof I stand
and of the sweetest time
I've known, I know not as
in the field as close but
left no space, and gave me
best now myself, I think
I'd call it love, though
that word needed no then,
We never spoke of it, just lived
for words of quiet joy
and parted friends as life
drew me away, that was four years
ago, four days from now
I'll see her once again, that's
deep in pain, it's no less
that will become of us

DIRECTIONS:

1. Cut out the 25 pages and place on top of each other in order: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, etc.
2. Tie left side with small rubber band or staple.
3. Grasp left side with left hand and flip book with the right.

THIS IS ALMOST START.
 1 © 1978 Norman Colp

2	THIS	THIS	THIS
5	THIS	THIS	THIS
8	IS	IS	IS
11	IS	IS	IS
14	ALMOST	ALMOST	ALMOST
17	ALMOST	ALMOST	ALMOST
20	ART.	ART.	ART.
23	ART.	ART.	ART.

DIRECTIONS:

1. Cut out the 25 pages and place on top of each other in order: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, etc.
2. The left side with small rubber band or staple.
3. Grasp left side with left hand and flip book with the right.

1	THIS	THIS	THIS
2	THIS	THIS	THIS
3	THIS	THIS	THIS
4	THIS	THIS	THIS
5	THIS	THIS	THIS
6	THIS	THIS	THIS
7	THIS	THIS	THIS
8	THIS	THIS	THIS
9	THIS	THIS	THIS
10	THIS	THIS	THIS
11	THIS	THIS	THIS
12	THIS	THIS	THIS
13	THIS	THIS	THIS
14	THIS	THIS	THIS
15	THIS	THIS	THIS
16	THIS	THIS	THIS
17	THIS	THIS	THIS
18	THIS	THIS	THIS
19	THIS	THIS	THIS
20	THIS	THIS	THIS
21	THIS	THIS	THIS
22	THIS	THIS	THIS
23	THIS	THIS	THIS

THIS IS A START.

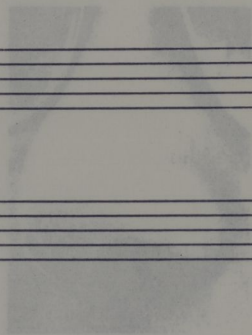
© 1978 Norman Cole

AUGUSTO CONCATO

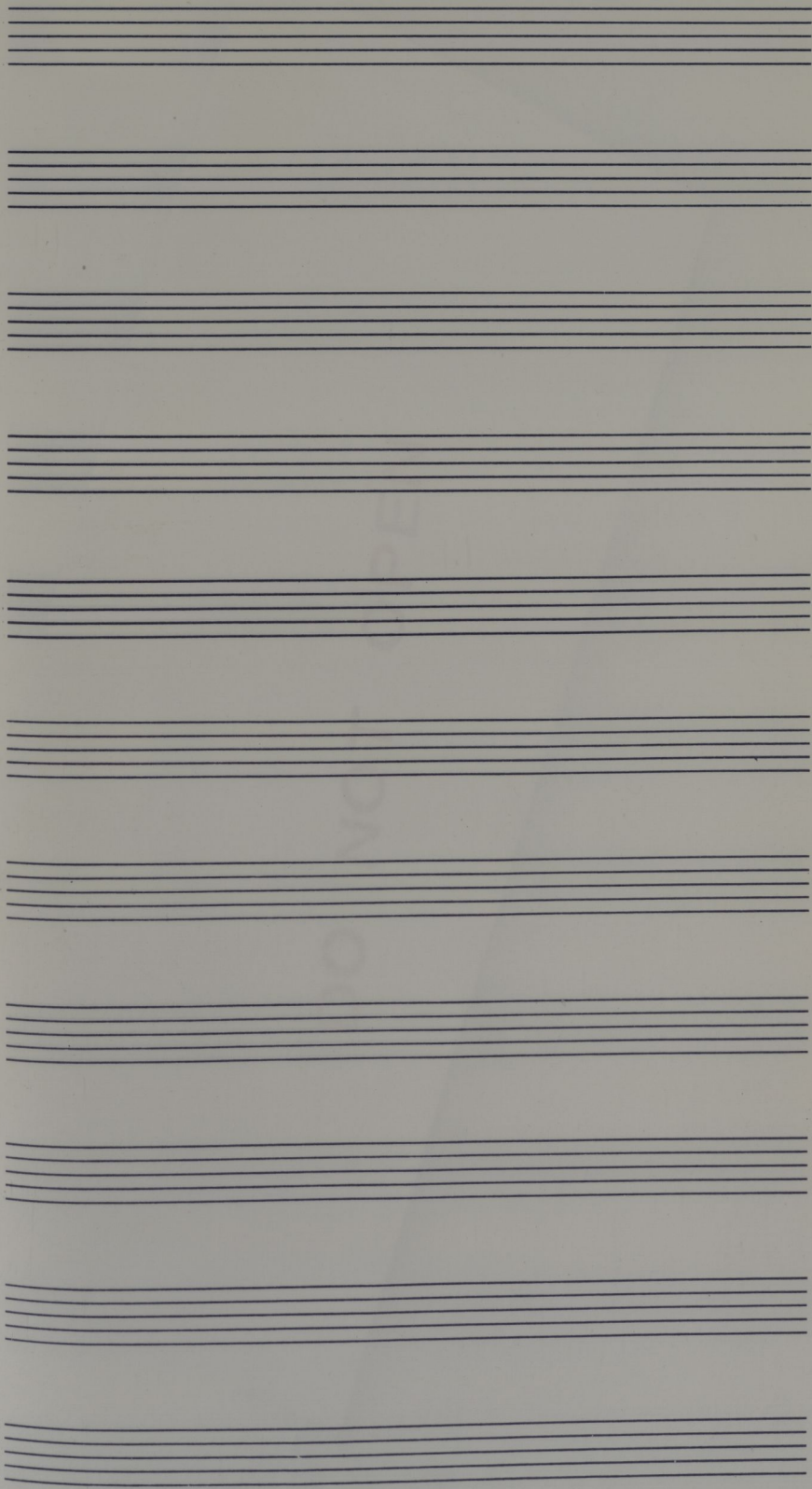


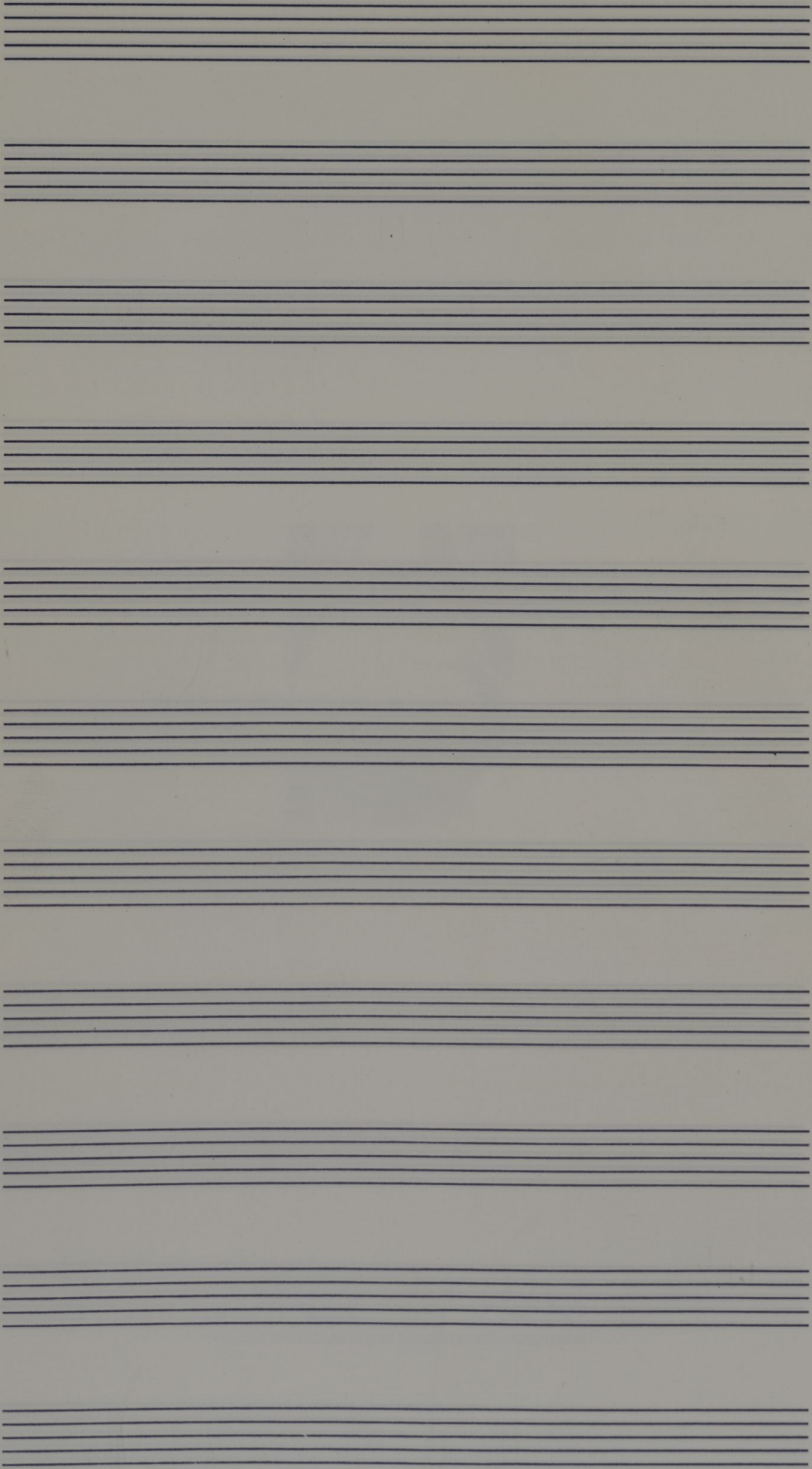
OUVERTURE

QUARTO O CUBA

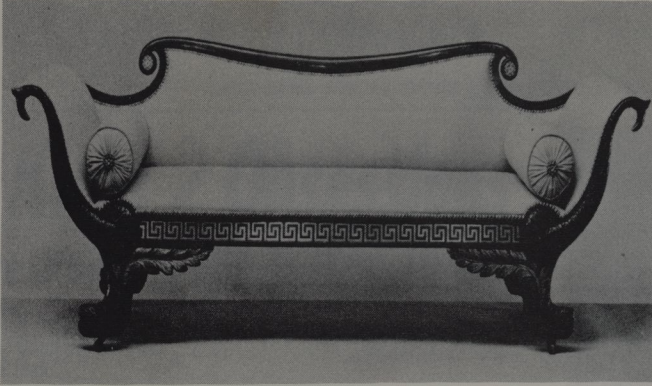


OVERVIEW





DO NOT OPEN

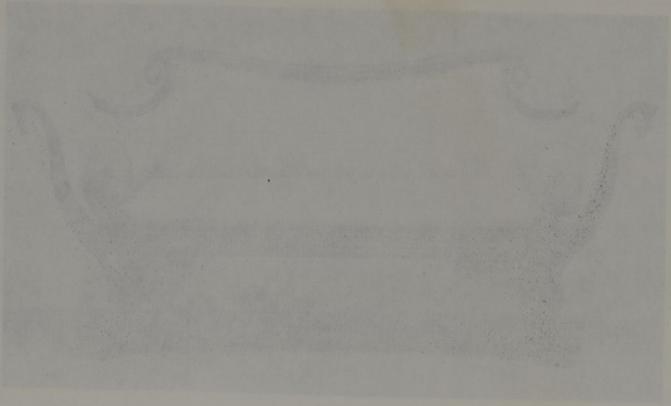


to infiltrate and report on the anti-war movement within the United States, and which to this end, had compiled the names of the late sixties and early seventies, "Dr. King about"

DOLLAR BILL THEATER

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

FLETCHER COPP '78



... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

FLETCHER COPY '78

Actors

Rocky Kicks 2 Obsessions

No More Politics; Art Is 'Too High'

Nelson Rockefeller says he's out of politics for good and also has stopped buying art because prices are "too high."

He intends to make his huge art collection available to the public through books, reproductions, museums and Alfred A. Knopf Publishing firm, has contracted with the Nelson Rockefeller collection, Inc., to publish at least five volumes featuring Rockefeller's art collection.

One of Finest Collections

Rockefeller owns one of the world's finest collections of Chinese art, a fabulous collection of modern art and major collections of primitive art from Africa, Mexico, South America and Oceania.

The best of his collection will go to museums, he told the Associated Press. "With prices what they are and the heavy tax laws, you can no longer afford to leave them to your heirs."



Nelson Rockefeller—portrait of an art collector

DOLLAR BILL THEATER

STILL

The Poem Is Mightier Than The Sword

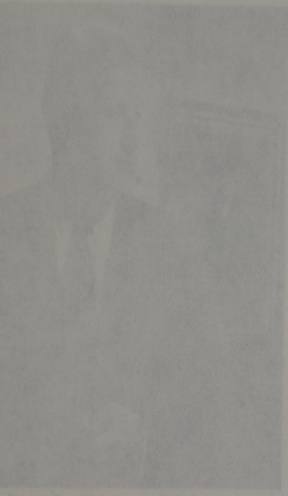
FLETCHER COPP 78

FLETCHER COPP 78

Rocky Kicks 2 Obsessions to More Politics; Art Is 'Too High'

Rockefeller says he's out of politics and also has stopped paying art prices that are "too high." He plans to make his huge art collection the public through books, lectures, museum and Alfred A. Knopf. He has contracted with the Nelson A. Rockefeller Foundation to publish at least five volumes of his art collection.

One of Finest Collections
Rockefeller owns one of the world's finest collections of Chinese art, a fabulous collection of modern art and major collections of primitive art from Africa, Mexico, South America and Oceania. The part of his collection will not be made public until the Associated Press. "With prices what they are and the heavy tax laws, you can no longer afford to have them in your hands."



DOLLAR BILL THEATER

FLETCHER COPY 78

Spanish Military Sentences Actors

By JAMES M. MARKHAM

Special to The New York Times

MADRID, March 7—A military court in Barcelona sentenced four members of a noted Spanish pantomime troupe today to two years in prison after having found them guilty of "insulting the armed forces" with a play about a military trial that ended with a death sentence.

The Spanish Ministry of Culture approved the play last September, but overlapping military jurisdiction permitted proceedings against the troupe to be initiated just before Christmas. The court's decision today caused theatrical groups in Barcelona and Madrid to call for a nationwide strike and street demonstrations.

In a 13-hour session, the military prosecutor demanded three years in prison for the four accused actors, members of the Catalan pantomime troupe called Els Joglars. The trial was to have been held a week ago but was postponed after two other accused members of the troupe, including its director, fled the country.

Others Lamponed in Play

The prosecutor declared that the military was "the basic pillar of our national being, given its transcendental mission."

"The barriers of the penal code are rought forward in the face of moral

damage that causes this community disquietude," he added.

The thrust of the defense case, which was supported by the testimony of theater critics, was that the play about the conviction and execution of a Polish vagabond in 1974 on charges of having killed a policeman was more a protest against the death penalty than an attack on the military. Defense attorneys noted that lawyers and psychiatrists were also lamponed in the play, which portrayed the military judges as drunken and incompetent.

The defense also argued that the prosecution of the pantomimists went against the spirit of the so-called Moncloa pacts, a series of all-party agreements that, among other things, call for the removal of the military from the field of civilian justice.

The four defendants—María de Maeztu, Gabriel Renom, Andrés Solana Planes and Arnau Volardebo Cladellas—have been on a hunger strike during their detention and looked weak during the trial.

The military's verdict against the four seemed unlikely to enhance Spain's reputation abroad at a time when its passage toward fuller democracy is complicated by a sharp economic recession and political difficulties.

STILL

The Poem Is Mightier Than The Sword

FLETCHER COPY 78

Spanish Military Sentences Actors

By [Name]

MADRID, March 7.—A military court in Barcelona sentenced four members of the Spanish Actors' Guild to two years in prison after they had been found guilty of "insulting the sacred person" with a play about a military trial that ended with a death sentence.

The Spanish Ministry of Culture approved the play last September, but overruling military jurisdiction permitted proceedings against the troupe in the fall and just before Christmas. The court's decision today caused theatrical groups in Barcelona and Madrid to call for a nationwide strike and street demonstrations.

In a 15-hour session the military prosecutors demanded three years in prison for the four accused actors, members of the Catalan performance troupe called *El Joglar*. The trial was in fact held a week ago but was suspended after two other accused members of the troupe, including its director, fled the country.

Others imprisoned in 1937.

The prosecutor declared that the military was "the basic pillar of our national being" and its representatives must be treated with respect. The sentence is considered a step toward the repression and punishment of the actors.

The military's verdict against the four accused members of the troupe's reputation is a step toward the punishment of the actors.

The troupe's verdict against the four accused members of the troupe's reputation is a step toward the punishment of the actors.

The troupe's verdict against the four accused members of the troupe's reputation is a step toward the punishment of the actors.

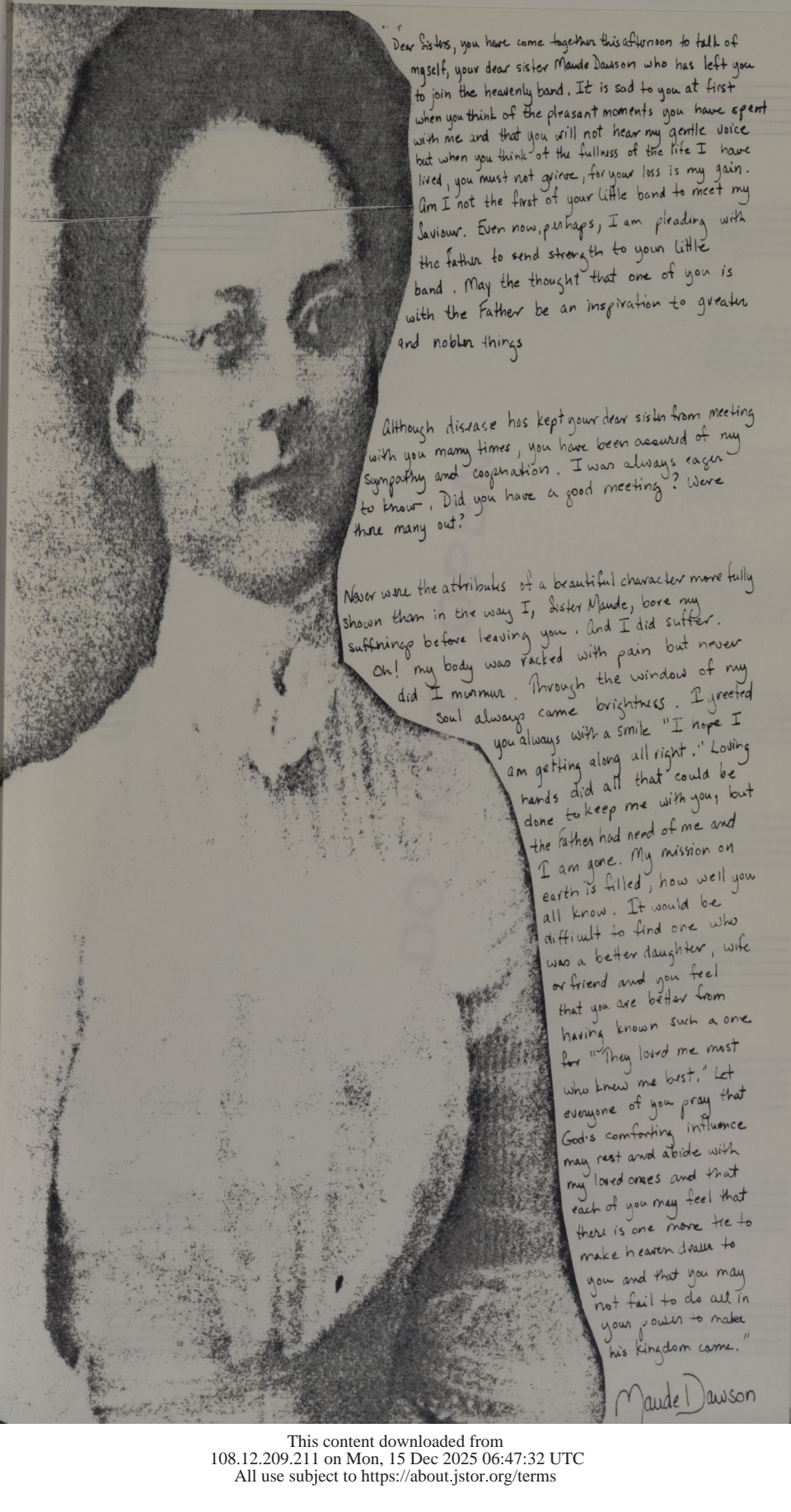
STILL

The Poem Is Mightier Than The Sword

FRANK CAR 18







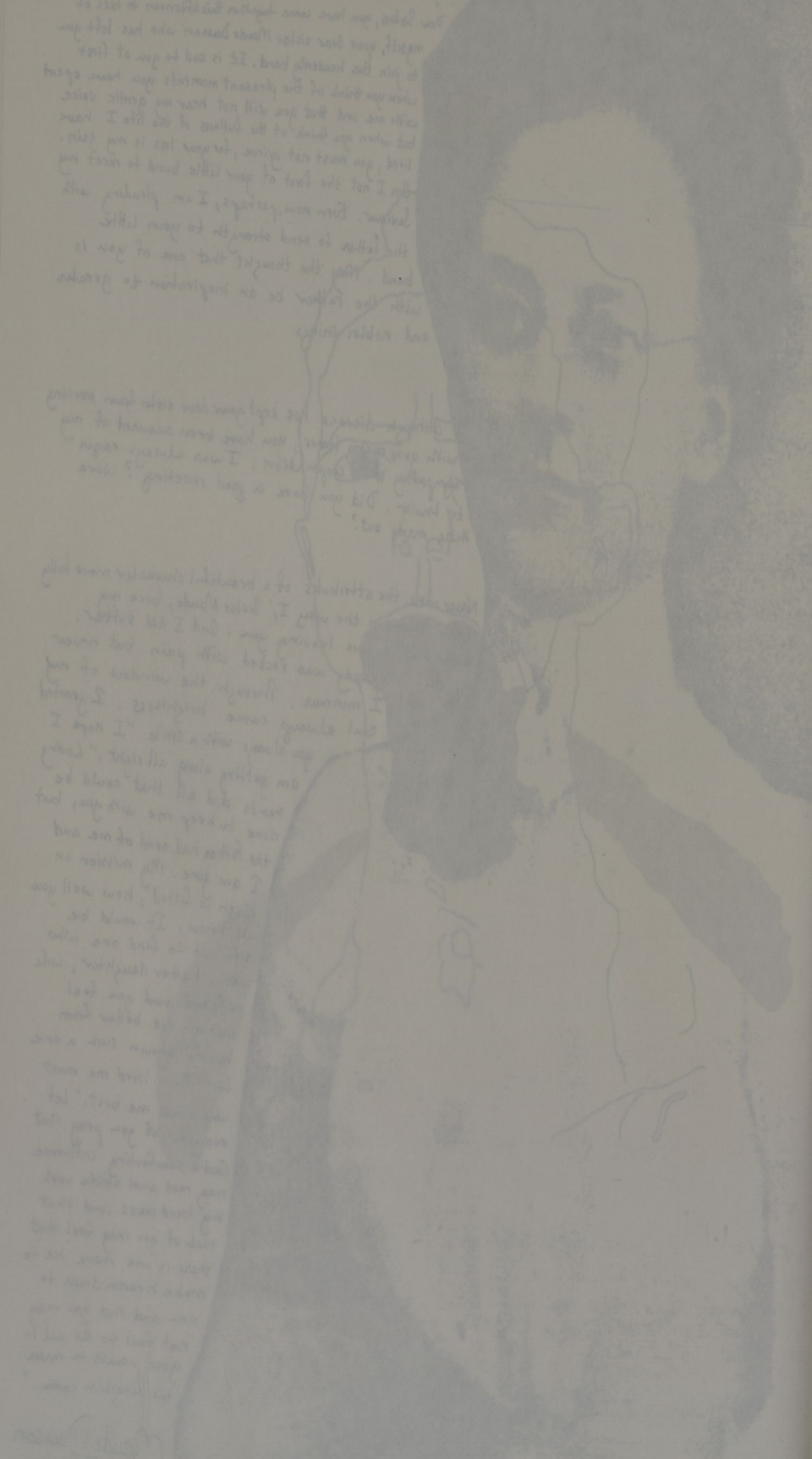
Dear Sisters, you have come together this afternoon to talk of myself, your dear sister Maude Dawson who has left you to join the heavenly band. It is sad to you at first when you think of the pleasant moments you have spent with me and that you will not hear my gentle voice but when you think of the fullness of the life I have lived, you must not grieve, for your loss is my gain. Am I not the first of your little band to meet my Saviour. Even now, perhaps, I am pleading with the Father to send strength to your little band. May the thought that one of you is with the Father be an inspiration to greater and nobler things

Although disease has kept your dear sister from meeting with you many times, you have been assured of my sympathy and cooperation. I was always eager to know, Did you have a good meeting? Were there many out?

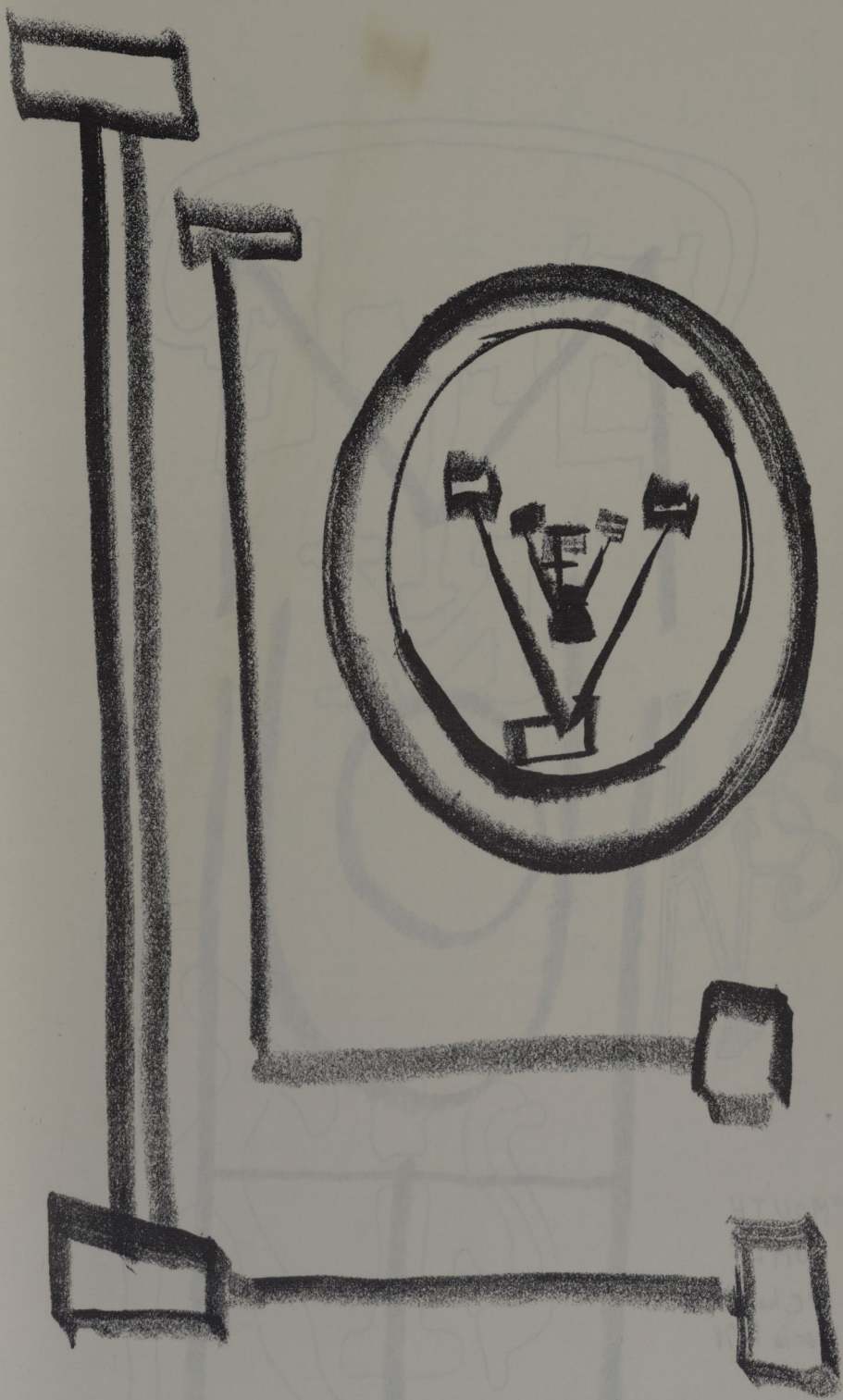
Never were the attributes of a beautiful character more fully shown than in the way I, Sister Maude, bore my sufferings before leaving you. And I did suffer.

Oh! my body was racked with pain but never did I murmur. Through the window of my soul always came brightness. I greeted you always with a smile "I hope I am getting along all right." Loving hands did all that could be done to keep me with you, but the Father had need of me and I am gone. My mission on earth is filled, how well you all know. It would be difficult to find one who was a better daughter, wife or friend and you feel that you are better from having known such a one for "They loved me most who knew me best," let everyone of you pray that God's comforting influence may rest and abide with my loved ones and that each of you may feel that there is one more tie to make heaven dearer to you and that you may not fail to do all in your power to make his Kingdom come."

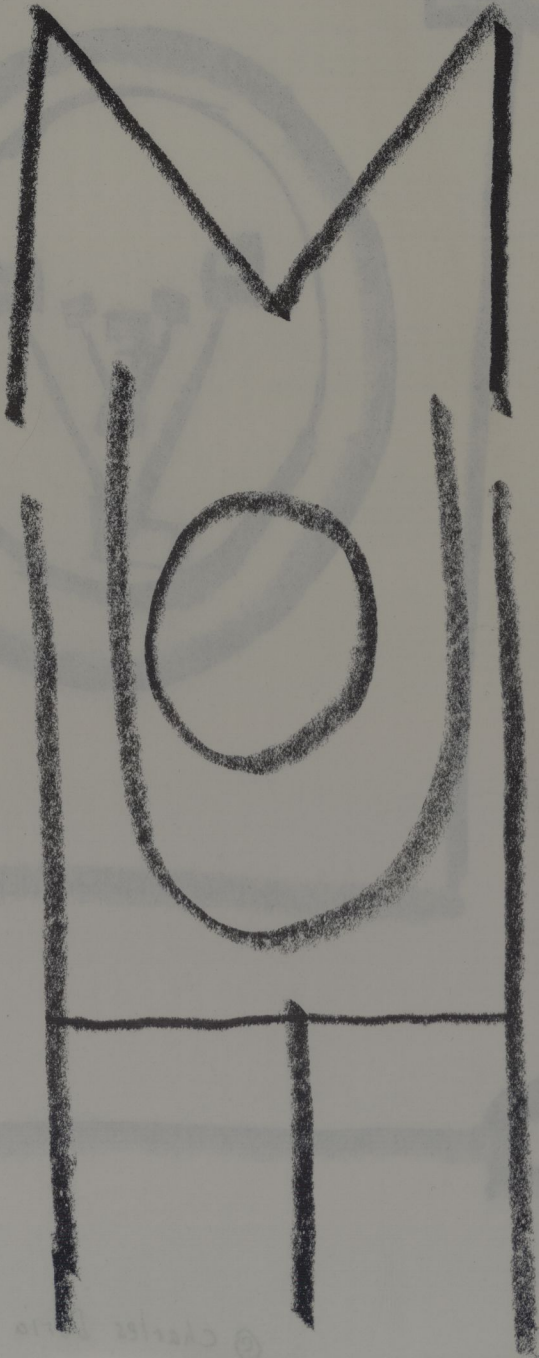
Maude Dawson



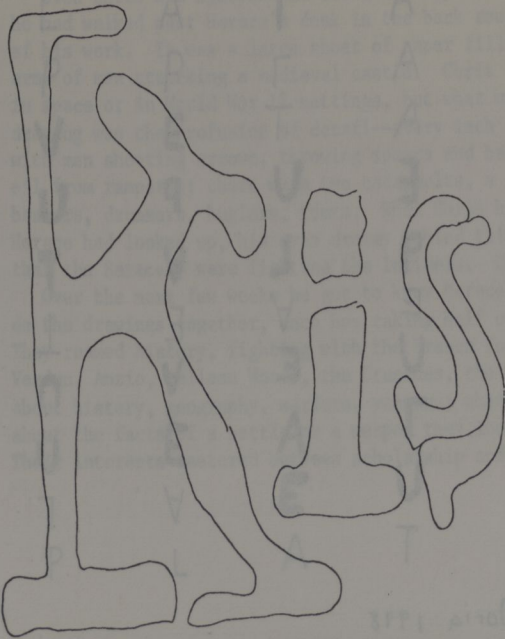
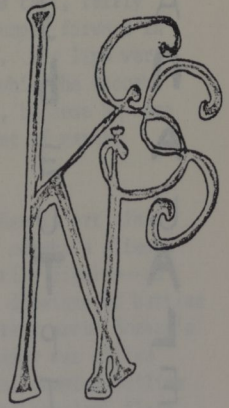
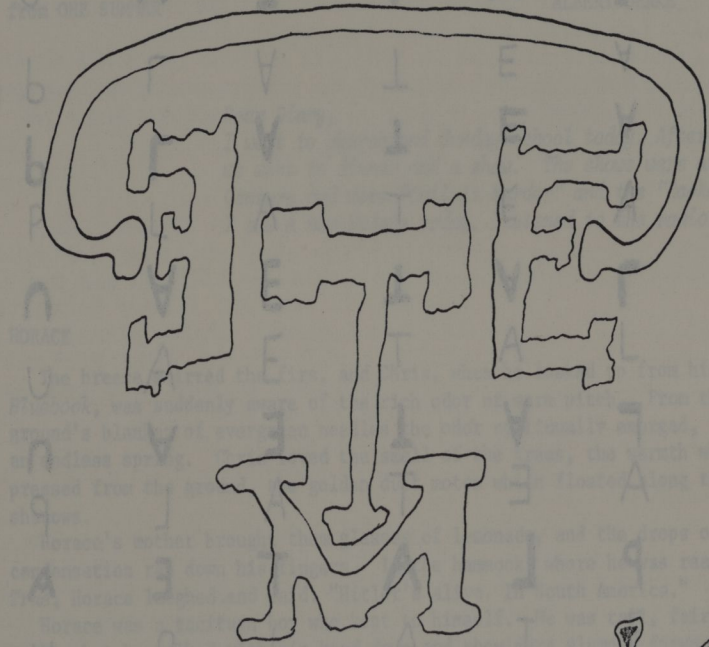
DO NOT OPEN



© Charles Doria 1978



"MOUTH
COME"
© Charles
Doria 1978



"Kiss Meet"
© Charles Doria
1978

U U P P U U P A U U T P A U T T U U J P
 A L L A A A L E P E P A E A E A
 E E A A E E A T J T L T U L A E A A
 T T T T T T A A A A E E U L U T
 A A E E A A E L T J T E L A U A V T P E
 L L A A A L J A P E P E U T P T U U E E A
 P P U U U P P U U A U A U A L E A E U I A U

© Charles Doria 1978

Dear Diary,

I went to church and Sunday school today. After that we went to dinner and a show. The shows were at the Century and were "Call It Murder" and the "Racketeers". I saw a new Hudson today. Listened to the radio.

HORACE.

The breeze stirred the firs, and Chris, when he looked up from his *Bluebook*, was suddenly aware of the rich odor of warm pitch. From the ground's blanket of evergreen needles the odor continually emerged, like an endless spring. Chris loved the smell of the trees, the warmth which pressed from the ground, the golden dust motes which floated along the shadows.

Horace's mother brought them glasses of lemonade, and the drops of condensation ran down his fingers. In the hammock, where he was reading *True*, Horace laughed and said: "Hitler's alive. In South America."

Horace was a taciturn boy who kept to himself. He was tall, fairly husky, but he walked with his head down and shoulders slumped forward in a way that suggested his body was folding in upon itself. His lips were perpetually shaped into a grin, as if he knew something which he thought was very funny. The other kids called him the Professor, because he wore glasses and was always reading or was hunched over a sheet of paper, earnestly writing.

Chris was Horace's only friend.

Even Chris had ignored him until one day last year, when in art class he had walked past Horace's desk in the back row and had caught a glimpse of his work. It was a large sheet of paper filled with tiny figures--an army of men attacking a medieval castle. Chris had done drawings of battles in space or in World War II settings, but what was different about Horace's drawing was the profusion of detail--every inch of the paper was filled with men shooting arrows, throwing spears and battleaxes, dumping boiling oil from ramparts; there were two catapults, a reserve of cavalry, flags, banners, drummers, buglers, tents. When Chris had asked what army this was, Horace had looked up, his eyes dreamy behind thick glasses, and had said that the Saracens were fighting the Infidels. Chris was amazed.

Over the next few weeks he got to know Horace better and they began to do the drawings together, each boy taking half of the sheet of paper. They roamed history, fighting with the French Foreign Legion, recreating Verdun, Anzio, Belleau Woods, the Crusades, the Khyber Pass. Chris learned about history, geography, warfare, weapons; when they weren't certain about the facts of a battle or a weapon they looked it up in the library. Their interests teetered between scholarship and frivolity, but for Chris

the drawings were more educational than his classwork. Chris began to read what Horace read: Edgar Rice Burroughs, H.G. Wells, science fiction, pulps, *Beau Geste*, *The Stoger Arms Catalogue*. Together they rode the bus downtown every Saturday to visit the Oregon Historical Society to see the flintlock and cap-and-ball firearms, to the museum to see a two-handed broadsword, to visit junk stores, second-hand stores, used book stores.

A whole new world opened for Chris. He still ran around with his old friends--Martin, Buzz, Mal and the others, who were totally disinterested in Horace's interests--but he never tried to tell them what Horace was smiling about.

Dear Diary

*I can't remember all that happened to day!
Didn't do much. Bought me a yo-yo. .35¢ Mal got
a pair of boots at the 3 GI's. We each took a AAF
emergency kit. Costs 98¢ We tryed to hawk a squirt
gun. I stuck my knife all the way home. Went to
the show at night with Mal. "Black Gold" and "Sons
of the Wasteland". Mal slept at my house. We went
around shooting out porch lights.*

THE PATH

The wax-yellow headlights floated down the hill toward him, and he threw the apple without thinking. He was already pumping against the incline when he heard the crash of glass, a tire skidding along the asphalt, and then he was off the tree-lined sidewalk, around the corner, pedalling, thinking shoot why'd I do that? Past the houses he turned down a rutted road, skidding on roacks, the paperbag bouncing against his handlebars, then onto a path which intersected the field. Under a tall fir he pulled up, breathing hard, listening.

Christ, he thought, wondering why he'd thrown the apple--he was always doing something without thinking. Like the fight with Bingham, or trouble with his teachers, or the time he gave Billy Walker the finger. These momentous incidents gave him a guilt he couldn't shake.

He saw the car, a Model-A Ford coupe, growl along the dark street, one headlight fuzzy in the night. So stupid, Chris thought--if they saw a paper-boy had thrown it they could get him easily. He had enough trouble worrying about the Lents Gang. The feeble light stopped, backed up, bounced down the rutted road in low gear. Chris felt terror, and squatted beside his bike to peer through the brush; the car got to Harold Street, turned right, and disappeared.

Chris stayed low, sighting down the path to where the old Lents school rose ghostly and square. His had been the last class to graduate from it before they had built the new one. It was a fire trap. Sometimes he and other boys had crossed Harold at recess to play in this field, along this path. A hermit had lived in the slanting house beyond it; they had stolen apples from his gnarled trees and when he had come out to chase them they had thrown the apples at him.

That seemed long ago to Chris. More recently he had imagined meeting Arlene Harr or Yvonne Beecher on the path, and wondered what he would do. Would Martin's formula work? Talk with her, take a cigarette from the handlebar and light up, share it with her. Swear a little, and, an arm reaching to encircle her, begin to tell a dirty joke. And then? He

sometimes kissed his arm, as if practicing for the real thing.

But then he thought of school, the talk, his friends teasing him, people looking at him. Even if she were to walk up the path right now he knew he would remain immobile beside his bike.

Dear Diary;

Today I got up at 5:30 to go fishing with Buzz. We didn't catch anything. They changed my guitar lessons to Friday 1:00. After a while we went out to look for a cabinet for Stacey's dolls. After we ate out we all went to the carnival. I rode on the airplanes 3 times.

RIDING BIKE

From the top the hill dropped away, over stone facings on three sides and down a steep trail on the fourth. Motorcycles had dug it deeper during the winter, and now it was deeply indented and packed hard. It looked impossible.

He waited at the top, resting on his bicycle, the fear building. In his dream for speed he had ridden his bike on most of the motorcycle trails at Indian Rock, and had even descended the long, steep ones that laced Mt. Scott. Fenders had been stripped to get that racey look, and when he rode lines of mud spattered him front and back. He knew the trails were not only made *by* motorcycles but *for* them--that cycles had kill buttons and compression releases and could descend with some kind of control. But he continued to ride, wanting to risk danger.

He looked at Horace, far below, and adjusted his father's goggles; he moved the right pedal backward until he could stand on the coaster brake. Perhaps the hill was impossible; some cycles couldn't make it to the top. He looked across the rocks, down the road at the mill, toward his house somewhere beyond.

Then he pushed off with his left foot.

The hill dropped away, his stomach sank, and his tires skimmed the ground; he stood on the brake, felt his rear wheel grab, slide, begin to hop crazily, and then it didn't seem to slow him at all. The bottom rushed up as the bike bounced, shook, threatened to disintegrate. As he said later, he was scared shitless. The sides of the trail were so steep they held the bike straight, and there was nowhere to go but down. Then he was at the bottom and going up again. The small hill was a jump, shooting the bike five feet in the air. He felt himself thrown forward along the crossbars, felt his nuts hit with a sickening blow, and the bike landed on the front wheel.

Later, he thought that everything would have been okay if he had been able to bring the rear wheel down first. His weight went forward and he was straddling the handlebars while the rear wheel was high in the air. He had no control as he crossed the wide flat area in the center on one wheel. Then the bike began to fall, the rear wheel coming over the top and hitting the ground to the left and then the right; it finally stopped, with Chris's foot through the crossbars. He lay there, in terrific pain but with the sense that nothing was broken, while Horace grinned at him.

AT THE KHYBER PASS

"Kill for Kali!" Apples rained off the tin breastworks, and one smashed through the wooden slats. "Kill for the love of Kali!"

"Smash the buggers," Chris cried, affecting a British accent. "Fire a volley." He threw the dirt clods overhand, saw them explode against Horace's fort like .303 caliber bullets; in the darkness the dust floated away. "Bring up the Gatlin' gun!" More clods, more apples were flung, the firing relentlessly exchanged from both sides until Chris was -it in the ribs and fell into his hole; the pain was intense but brief.

"Charge!" Horace shouted. "Drive out the English devils."

Chris was on his feet, shouting "Charge" and imitating a bugle's sound at the same time. He grabbed a handful of young corn stalks and ran around his fort, throwing as he cleared it; a stalk sailed through the night with the force of a spear and hit him in the leg. He faltered, then was on his feet, throwing, rousing his troops by his own example; his corn stalk sped true, and was averted only at the last second as Horace jumped back.

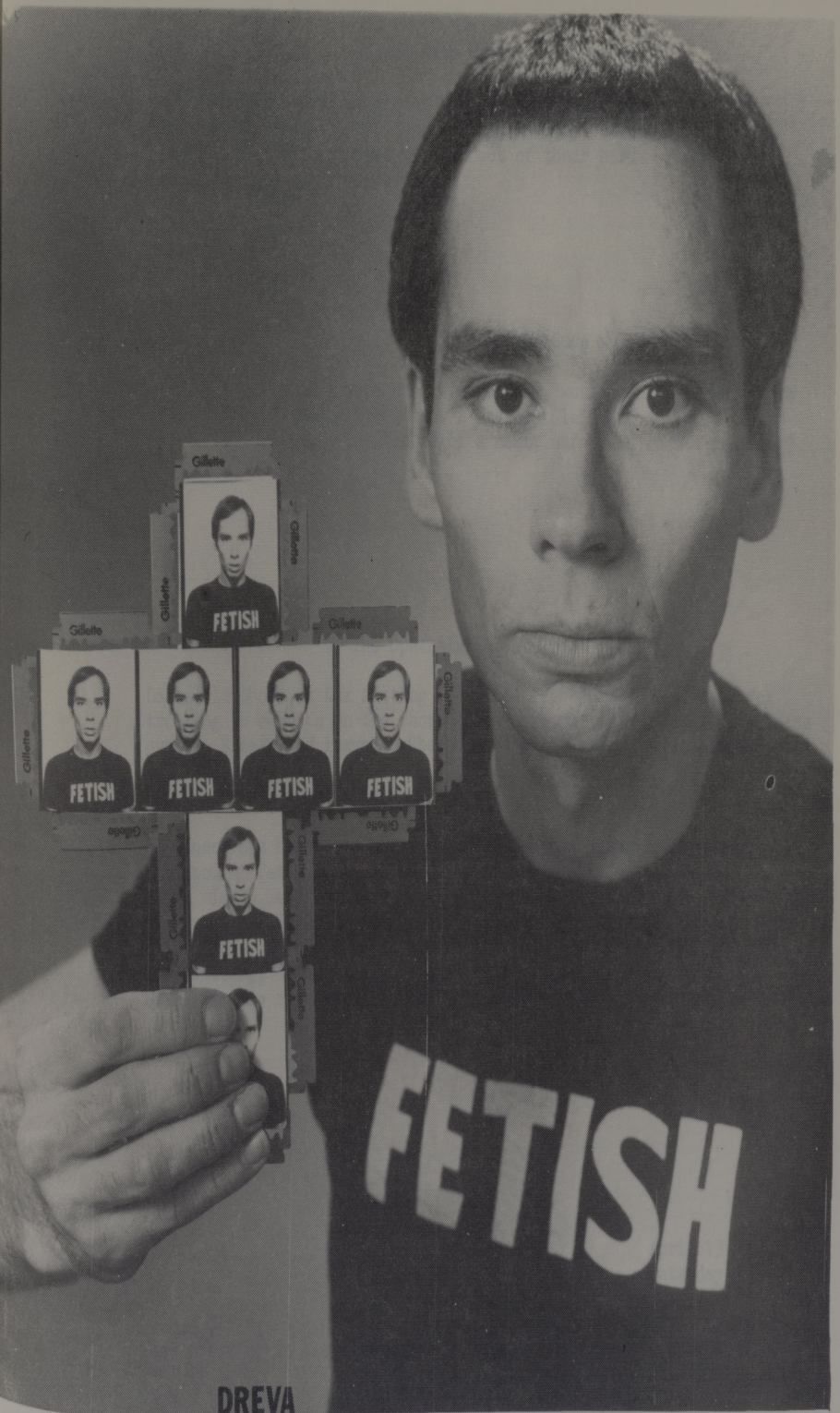
"O it's Din Din Din," he cried, "Though I've belted you and flayed you."

"I'll flay you, English dog," Horace cried. "I'll draw and quarter you, and hang you from the ramparts." He threw his cornstalks in rapid succession, and when they were both empty-handed they fell to the ground, laughing, exhausted by the battle and the long day's preparations.

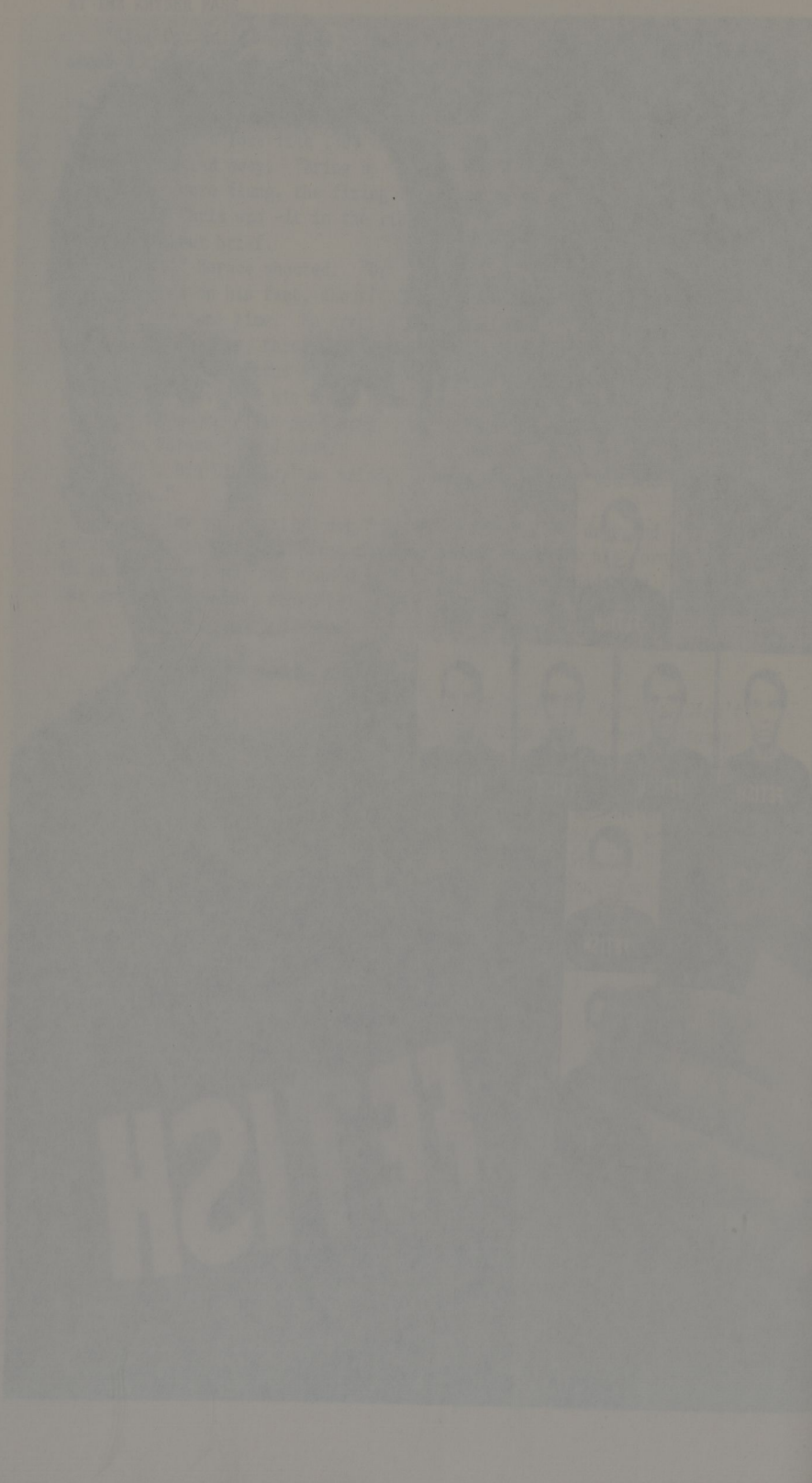
Dear Diary,

I went to Sunday School this morning. Didn't go to Church went home with Ronnie. Stacey went home with Storma. Mal came over today. Martin, Mal and I took Sisca, the big Alaskan Huskie home. Then Mal and I went to Mal's house. And then to the show. We saw "Thunderbolt" and "It Happened On 5th Ave." After a while Dad came to the show. That's all, folks!

--ALBERT DRAKE



DREVA



Flight with Marduk

O you boat with your breath of boredom and burnt-ochre style.
Oarlocks of terminal joy, two old men, knoddas, stung, snagged,
clang to the pelt, dropped at the foot of their bird: found
frozen on landing from Nimrud.

Krexen Suse

If I were hung with a boar, would evil then be a warm
and glycerin sow's egg just laid and stitched around
with the lashes of a nest, unfocused in its crowning?

The Ophthalmologist God

Leaved in oboes, a fox sitting a paw his friend, then he, Ravel fox
trolling to carrion on the shore, cast through pools of ash, brown bass
swale. Face-sized leaves. Oboes lined with creamy, panicle-muzzled.

Red foxes with grey tails marinate me.

He, then, his hindpaw elects the fore, forepaw prancing his tail.
Stripped of fat. Keck. A tendon pinned to grace, vital fossa.
For a minute lets me align on the slenderest light, suture to carnival:
his surgeon. Pulls me through micas into Monte Alborada for the red
rallentando there, to touch his retinas, weld and slowly back away.
Then sitting, both of us, his tail flat, raked pelage of meteors.
We furrow the air, settle in as "Fennec," a new constellation.

1974

April 13
Saturday

"
A Goring sorgen Greise, I strut. . .and my sorrow fat, these grease
pads brusking in hatred between my thighs, wearing my trousers thin.

Michael Dyregrov

Sweetie:

'Twas my luck to press a truffle and bring forth
a pigsful of oaks.

Neurological

Your head hurtles, a discourteous fruit, against your chest.
Teeth tie your shoes. Left round arbutus quandary:
where to plant the Mississippi? right, left right right, left
arms presented to heels, and that bowing gait. Levitation
is easier in the cooler air.

Sleep kills the goat. The hula drifts. Slow, strong, sustained
writhing. Half the body rises. Memphis settles on the fallen
side, a ballast.

1973

December 30
Sunday

All that bridgework picking up "Garner Ted Armstrong" and playing it
through her "morning glories": Peggy's breasts must really drive her crazy.

1978

March 14
Tuesday

Oriental art IS a denial of ugliness. In the Thai pantomime
of the Ramayana, warfare is so removed that soldiers dance as they go
into combat.

*

Falling Away in Songkhla

So, Besieged, this is our reprieve. The moment
is ours as, falling asleep, we let out the dance.
Our beds contort as a face turning away.
Arms in Sivas of stylized fleeing. Our hands
feed along the serene equation of the Rempidahpol.
The army reaches a bend. Over the river
General Saragam lays down his leg. The Seventy-four
cross. . .dancing into battle. Banners shine, stuffed,
from Saragam's charmed parasol. Within a palanquin
a cricket disembowels Prince Songkhla.
A blood gong widens as an estuary at Brassala.

A Deer's Nest, Samizdat

Day-breaking deer, O fly from your nest in that tamarack stub,
leave behind your heresy. Pile of sticks, coarse coughs, weed
stalks, needle-trussed citrus of a nest lined with sneezes. Wild plum
bursts white and astringent in the wet dark mouth of the woods.

Slælebate

Sloe bat cut from a dying chin. O I am lovely
now with Spreading Guilt, that hungry menagerie, flown.
Swatted, the mole curls in its stream, shutters. You say
murder's too harsh? All that's left under my hand
is a Rorschach of hawks.

1972

April 27
Thursday

White Anemone Patens

A clump of five "white" pasque flowers in the colony on the field.
The ordinary color for pasques is pinkish-blue. This "white" form
subtilizes: yellowish-brown off-white within the cup and a faint
ordinary pinkish-blue on the outside (the sepals are slenderer and more
pointed). I bother to tell you this because Gray's Manual of Botany,
Eighth Edition, the standard key to our native flora, calls this form
an absolute, "white," and lets you suppose that "white" is just that
since absolutes are self-limiting. But here's an absolute that grades.

a

A pasque bud opens as a precision camera, opens and closes with the sun
each day, trying to recover its perfection. . .but, as in any "restoration"
- religious, monarchical, or John Birch, the pupil crenulates and light
leaks in.

b

An oriole, flashing, draws me through an aperture out of this overcast.
Inside the pasques, the sun sits in an auditorium of anthers.

c

Michael Dyregrov

Iced-in Duck

So there you are Feather Bonnet, Wings, a Wil Helm, wings
frozen in, too far away to save, a neck weaving "apologies."
I breathe your breath in red sumac berries and a pine turned
olive by the frost.

Early morning just before the sun. The air turns too cold:
its wet freezes on the pines in hoary. Driven nearly blind.

Glairy

Something besides the cold rolls back, pinches the sky,
leaving a pale floor. The sun blanches, glairy a spider ball
splits, full of legs. Redpolls skirl from a puncture.
Suede wind and pied, pigmentation of winds drawn from the sun.

Tells me of a wound poorly healed. A sign appears cirrostratus
as ice falling white and faceless, not a real cloud.

I look for euphemisms in such wens: "restraint" rises
from buried contempt and "discretion" floats with shreds of rebuff.

1971

July 17
Saturday

The rain, an ocean tonight. I open to its rushing placental sound
for the world outside and for healing. But the downpour compacts the roof,
builds walls around me. . .traps me as a coral crab breathing through caliche.

*

Ocean for Jonathan Swift

Walking with a sapling cut poplar for the sound: oceanic
where there is no wind. Knowing from the edge of my voice
that the coupler sliding and rolling of a wave sharpens.

Hiss for the solstice of our Good Governor Sargasso. Eight years
extracting surf from the shimmering petulance of leaves,
and this last, a very dear season for glaring. O my borboryg
God, this is a Lagadoan green of a globular

Kutsuna

Tadayoshi Maeda who was very old and gone to flax, debts of the suffocated paid, his youngest, Miharū, served up her duty sashimi. Fish stillborn. Slashed. As household help slits open a stuck blind.

When her father died, Miharū who's as they say "ketaborrura," lifted him of his mannerisms and threw away his mouth. Tadayoshi's eye, a spotted apple, then was precious and his miniature gestures, dried, Haruyi, his oldest, wound on a spool and shipped with squid in a retting box to Kyo.

Seeping Down the Wall, Rusting

Something will recall me quietly as, after hard gripping, the aster in a thumb. I'll come in flaming, a needle of soot, a spider grooming. There'll be fastidious talk flowing between us.

Somehow, crouch say, I'll leap to the platform of your tongue: silken the funnel, flare as the invisible curling oil of the intellectual onion. Don't forget me.

1972

September 26
Tuesday

Chickadees Excavate a Nesting Cavity

A pair of black-capped chickadees (*Parus atricapillus*) excavate a cavity for their nest just below the fracture in a dead broken-off jack pine. I listen to the partner inside the trunk scrape and peck (these chickadees took on a solid tree, not the usual rotted stub). Their beaks aren't chisels, they're not specialized like woodpeckers' for boring, but they're more effective than the delicate spines they seem.

Its quota finished, the excavator flies to a branch nearby but rejects it, tries another before choosing the right branch from which to drop its beakload, then goes back to work. What tells the bird where to drop the incriminating chips? Soon its partner flies to the cavity branch by branch and takes over.

Each dumping perch is about the same distance from the cavity and to the south or west. I'll call the chickadees' habit of choosing branches at an equal distance, frivolous. . . unless someone can come up with a reason. Must determined behavior have a purpose?

e

I started observations on April 24th, taking notes on and off through May 9th with the pair still at work. Their efforts proved futile, for the cavity fenestrated in five places and the chickadees abandoned. The pair worked for over fifteen days on a preliminary with building a nest still to come. Did the pair nest somewhere else? Later in the summer I found a second abandoned chickadee hollow in a larger dead jack pine, fenestrated like the first but only once. Here are the cavities' dimensions, which are alike:

	nesting cavity A	nesting cavity B
entrance hole	3.81 x 7.62 centimeters 1.5 x 3 inches	5.08 x 5.08 centimeters 2 x 2 inches
volume	.384 liters .406 quarts	.547 liters .578 quarts
height	20.95 centimeters 8.25 inches	17.14 centimeters 6.75 inches
width	6.35 centimeters 2.5 inches	8.25 centimeters 3.25 inches
width of trunk	6.98 centimeters 2.75 inches	8.89 centimeters 3.5 inches

Is nesting cavity A fist-sized or two-fisted or the size of a muskmelon? Abstractions such as .384 liters translate into "everyday experience" unconvincingly.

From very little evidence, I'll speculate that excavation is out of proportion in the nesting cycle of the chickadee (incubation takes from eleven to thirteen days. After that there's rearing); that chickadees dig cavities of close to constant size, innocently taking a chance; and that chickadees need a closed cavity and sense something is wrong when a window opens. They make this mistake often.

From. . .

Wæry's Owl * Michael Dyregrov's Journal 1

and

The Feral Dentist * Michael Dyregrov's Journal 2

the breakup of my mother's home
is as equivalent to me as the
breakup of tradition because that
she is the last of the old forms.
Only the neurosis lives on in
myself and in my daughters.

dream: First, Jackie, then Irene,
needs instruction in Spanish.
My Uncle Stanley says, I will
come to help. He arrives. Only,
he is young and skinny. He
instructs Irene. I tell him, I want
to give you my latest play to read,
Hotel Europe. Only the manuscripts
of my other plays are scattered
about, especially that of Time Shadows.
I go to the drawer to get Hotel
Europe and see only the master
copy left.

I remember. I gave the last
copy to Uncle Stanley. I tell him,
I gave my last copy to Uncle
Stanley and you (Uncle Stanley)
will have to wait.

I wake and tell Victor, That is like
your play, My Father is Not At Home
Just Now. That play is a "dream
play." I will direct it as such.

2. *helen dubueta*

Sunday morning: dream: with my eyes still closed I awake feeling physically excellent. Think we are going to Mom's apartment today and of the rooms we are going to empty.

Went to see Mom yesterday. She wants apartment closed and furniture distributed.

Jackie and I go to apartment. I am able at last to go through things. Jackie takes some blouses, etc. that were mine as a kid.

hen is very upset that Jackie and I go to apartment without her. She feels left out of ritual.

Sunday morning: dream: with my eyes still closed I awake feeling physically excellent, think we are going up to Mom's apartment today and of the rooms we are going to empty and as I open the bedroom door there is a stretched out form a figure I finally take to be mother's; depletion of physical

energy immediate. Exhaustion
without moving a muscle of my own!

But, it is not Mom's present
bedroom door not her present
bedroom door I reach because
of the arrangement of the furniture
it is the other, another, a further,
in thinking, ^{thinking} going back... Morris
Ave., Simpson St., Williamsbridge Rd.,
Barretto St. Barretto Street!

636 Barretto Street my childhood apt.
apartment the bedroom the
parental bedroom of my childhood.

The doors of the psyche strip away
the present and immediate pasts
and go back to the bedroom
the parental bedroom of my
little girlhood and the curiosity
of the opening of that door into
and onto the first stripping away
of the innocence indeed the re-
fusual to strip it away because
I go blind on the spot.

4. Helen Dubrovin

when we came to this place, the trees are dead,
why are they still standing? ^{you said} standing still?
the leaves sprout after the rain and
then as we walk
the green turns to orange and red
and then the trees
die. Why are they standing, still?

If the summers were to come and the
winters follow
hard on the spring, why is it that
the winter follows
hard
on the spring where are the falls
of the summers?

the cows that graze over the sheep
shed their
wool the cows munch and the
goats listless
baa baa
the goat milk saves the farmer
and the child too
is told that to subsist on the
remains of the
cheese
is sure death, sure death?

helen dubrustein 5.

the countryside and the green
turn to purple
in the
mist that falls over parts
of the road and
are noted by
those who know the area
but are new to
those who too
are new, do not the springs
flow?

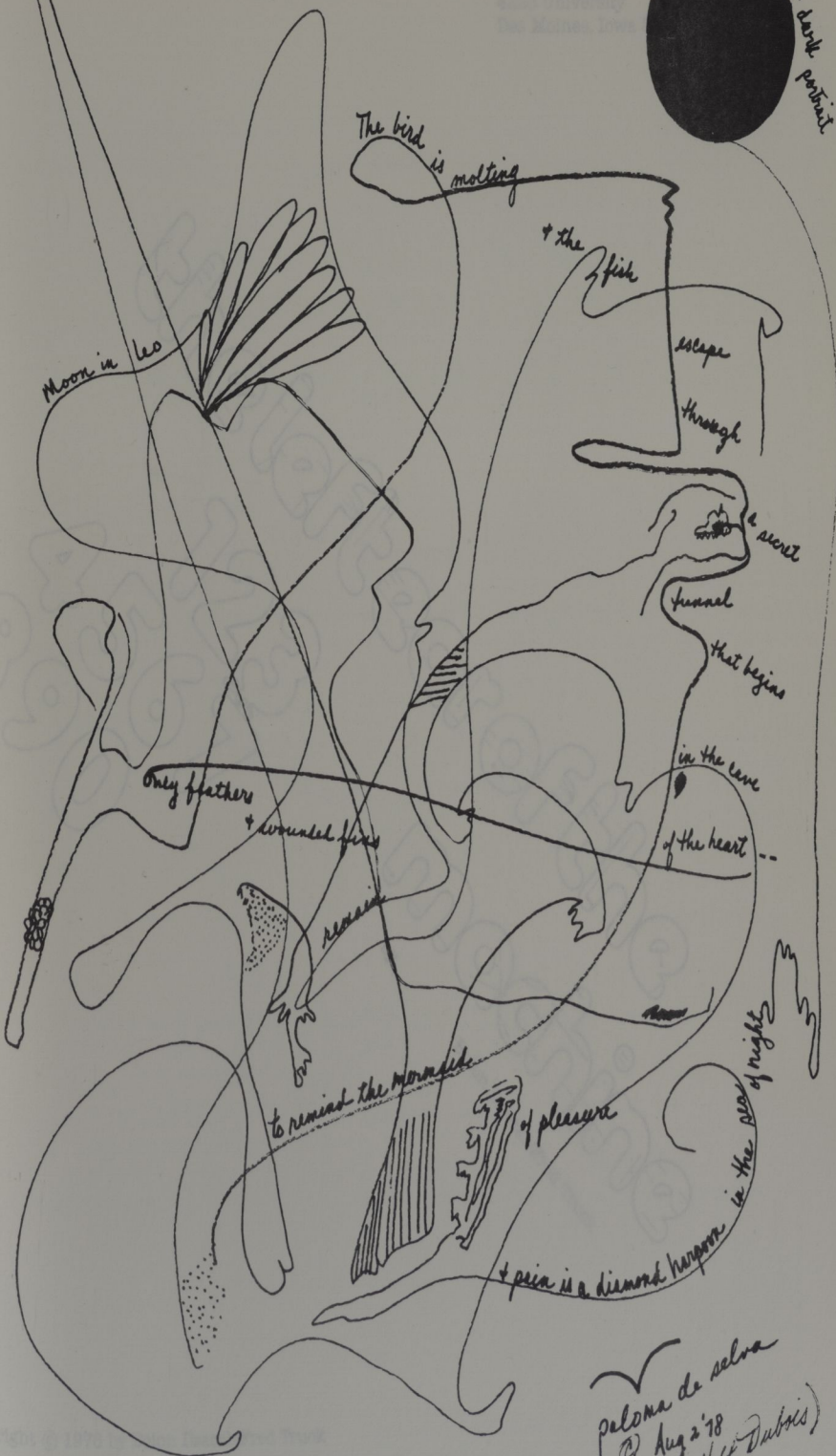
6. helen duhurst

In the kitchen the smells "let out that the cooks are at a loss as to what passes through the cornucopia of passion. The trees line the meadow, line up beyond the meadow. The trees sway so that the wind violates the premature juncture of sound shape and form of lilac passing into rosebush.

Lilac bush into rosebush. Strawberries proliferate wild in the field smaller than the cultivated but sweeter by far. The cream skimmed is forbidden at the age when the wild strawberries light into size and shape again, the form objects to color.

Poetic Self-Portrait

The new moon is in an old dark portrait



Moon in Leo

The bird is molting

+ the fish

escape through

secret

funnel

that begins

in the cave of the heart --


Only feathers + wounded birds

remain

to remind the monarch

of pleasure

+ pain is a diamond harpoon in the seat of night


 peloma de selva
 © Aug 2 '78
 (Michelle Holt Dubois)

COOKIE PRESS
4225 University
Des Moines, Iowa 50311

the left ear of the
machine
by
Bolon Dzacab/Fred Truck

8 9 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

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MOIRE

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Charles Elwert

Ten Conceptual Cartoons About Critics

By John W. English

I: A critic with a bushy mustache reads his review copy before a television camera and holds one thumb up and the other thumb down, while exhibiting a quizzical look on his face. No caption necessary.

* * *

II: A critic in a dowdy dress stands outside a theatre and gazes at an empty marquee with a clipboard in one hand and a pen in the other. She obviously is trying to think of catchy lines that will be quoted in the space provided and has already crossed out "titillating" and "torrid" on the clipboard. A theatre poster shows that a Walt Disney feature is playing. No caption necessary.

* * *

III: A play director backstage peers from behind the curtain at the audience and asks a stagehand: "Is Walter Kerr smiling or frowning?" The dramatic masks of comedy and tragedy appear on the stage arch.

* * *

IV: Two ballet dancers onstage bump into one another during a performance. As they recover, one blurts: "I hope Clive Barnes was asleep and didn't see that."

* * *

V: At a concert, a row of potted plants onstage emitted strange musical notes that befuddle the audience. Amidst the confusion, a critic intones: "The result is rather like tribal music."

* * *

VI: A man reads Variety on the subway. A bold headline: "Crix Nix Pix"--is perfectly reflected on his featureless face. No caption necessary.

* * *

VII: Inside a theatre, a man in the audience looks over the critic's shoulder and whispers to the woman sitting next to him: "He just wrote 'first class family entertainment!' Pass it on."

* * *

VIII: In a newspaper office, a critic sits at his cluttered desk and uses a pocket calculator to add up his notes for his review. He says: "two points for harmony, five points for unity, seven points for originality, zero for value. . ."

* * *

IX: In his office, a critic sleeps with his head on his desk. Nearby a secretary speaks into the telephone: "I'm sorry he can't be disturbed at the moment, he's forming an opinion about your show." Above the critic's head float words like "appalling," "witless," "tedious," "inspiring," "inventive," "raptuous."

* * *

X: A critic labors over his typewriter fiendishly pouring out venom. Above his typewriter we see #%*&!\$#? spurting out. Above his desk is a sampler that reads simply: "Critic, Review Thyself." No caption necessary.

* * *

II. A critic with a bushy mustache reads his review copy before a television camera and
is one thumb up and the other thumb down, while exhibiting a quizzical look on his face
(action necessary).

III

III. A critic in a dowdy dress stands outside a theater and gazes at an empty parking
lot. A clipboard is on one hand and a pen in the other. She obviously is trying to think of
the lines that will be needed in the review. She has already crossed out "criticism"
"critic" on the clipboard. A female critic stands in a waiting room, looking at a playbill
(action necessary).

III. A play director believes that the critic is the center of the audience and asks a
spand: "Is Walter K...?" The critic's eyes of comedy and tragedy
are on the stage and the critic is writing.

IV. Two critics discuss a play. One critic is writing a review. As they
over, one critic is writing a review. The critic is writing a review.

V. At a concert, a critic is writing a review. The critic is writing a review.
The critic is writing a review. The critic is writing a review.

VI. A man reads a review in a newspaper. The critic is writing a review.
The critic is writing a review. The critic is writing a review.

VII. Inside a theater, a man in the audience looks at the critic's shoulder and whispers
the woman sitting next to him. The critic is writing a review. The critic is writing a review.

VIII. In a newspaper office, a critic is writing a review. The critic is writing a review.
The critic is writing a review. The critic is writing a review.

IX. In a critic's office, a critic always with his hand on his head. He is writing a review.
The critic is writing a review. The critic is writing a review.

X. A critic looks over his shoulder. He is writing a review. The critic is writing a review.
The critic is writing a review. The critic is writing a review.



Room







ERIC FELDMAN

Abelard and Héloïse :

Part II

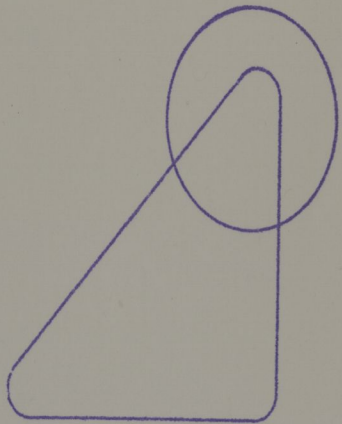
EACH SOUL WALKS OUT TO THE EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE

Each soul walks out to the edge of the universe
and meets somebody nice

But when two people are in love
they don't have to appreciate each other's paintings all day

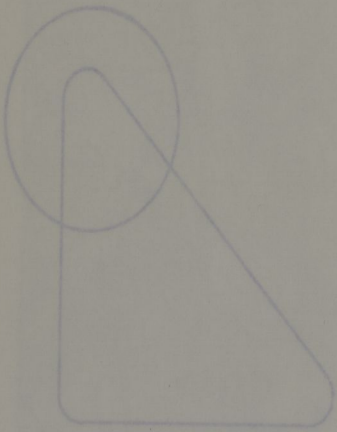
because in heaven everybody has a million dollars
so there's less anxiety about failure

and you're more relaxed when you know you're going to live forever
and you have more time to spend walking through the state parks and rowing



J. S. Jellie

Abelard and Heloise :
Part II



ERIC FELDERMAN

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PIANO PIECE

for Lisa Kahane

Forget how to play the piano

Peter Frank

New York

February 1978

PIANO PIECE

For Lisa Kahan

Forgot how to play the piano

Peter Frank

New York

February 1978

VISUAL POEM

Scans

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5

Ma pratique artistique consiste à faire des voyages. Europe, Asie, Océanie, Afrique et Amérique. Je témoigne de mon action à deux niveaux :

1^{er} Niveau : Ginzburg dans les villes

SIGNES : Je ramasse différents éléments que je trouve dans la ville et à l'endroit où je suis (tickets, étiquettes, lettres, etc...). Puis sur une feuille, je colle un à un ces éléments. Enfin, j'écris un texte pour expliciter l'action dont témoigne l'élément (manger, se promener, etc...).

DESSINS : Je fais des dessins, témoignant de mon passage dans la ville, avec un texte explicatif. La constante de chaque dessin c'est ma nuque et ma main qui tient le crayon pour dessiner; seul le contexte change. Comme contexte, je peux avoir : a) l'intérieur d'un hôtel ou d'un bar; b) ce que je vois au dehors, à travers une fenêtre ou une porte; c) les rêves, les souvenirs, les fantasmas, les émotions que j'ai à ce moment-là, etc...

NOTES : J'écris au fur et à mesure de mon voyage des notes sur les instants qui se succèdent et sur les multiples informations que je reçois de l'environnement. Cela permet de suivre, par le biais du vécu quotidien, le processus d'élaboration d'un de mes voyages comme travail artistique.

LETTRES : De la ville où je suis de passage, je m'écris des lettres que je m'adresse à la Poste Restante de cette même ville, tampons et cachets de la poste faisant foi; c'est ce que mentionne l'enveloppe. A l'intérieur je mets trois pages. La première exprime mon état émotionnel, mes souvenirs, les rêves, mes projets, etc... La deuxième est un imprimé qui relate tous mes voyages dans le monde et que j'annote d'un fragment de narration, qui se continue de lettre en lettre et à travers mes différents voyages. La troisième exprime ma passion de voyager sans arrêt : multiples tampons et étiquettes divergents.

SIGNALISATION : Je signe de la ville avec une page et, sur cette seule et même page, des indications suivantes : 1) Je suis allé rue... (suit le nom de la rue); 2) J'ai raté intentionnellement cette photo de la rue... (suit le nom de la rue); 3) J'ai regardé la rue... (suit le nom de la rue) à travers ce mini rectangle; 4) J'ai regardé la rue... (suit le nom de la rue) dans le miroir (...). Image Perdue; 5) J'ai raté intentionnellement cette photo de la rue... (suit le nom de la rue). (...) Image Perdue; 6) J'aurais aimé faire une bonne photo de la rue... (suit le nom de la rue). Mais j'y suis venu avec cette photo de Kaboul... Image vide.

CRITIQUE : Je conteste ma pratique du voyage par : a) un texte de Guy Debord expliquant l'équivalence des endroits touristiques aménagés; b) une alternance répétée de deux pages; l'une comportant seulement le mot "équivalence"; l'autre est un complexe de plusieurs éléments : d'abord une photo ou une brochure touristique d'un pays "exotique" annotée "Je ne voyagerai pas là-bas"; puis une carte postale de la ville où je suis, annotée elle "Je n'irai pas voir... (suit le nom du lieu de la ville que la carte rappelle); enfin plusieurs textes et un tampon témoignant du passage de cette carte postale dans un autre pays.

PHOTOS : 1) Moi : Je me photographie dans la ville où je suis de passage; la constante de chaque photo c'est moi, représenté par ma main qui tient une carte imprimée "Les Voyages de Ginzburg" et manuscrite "Ici-Maintenant", "... (suit le nom de la ville); seul le contexte change. 2) Cultures : Je photographie une poupée du Kenya sur une pancarte où j'ai écrit "Kenya" sur un bord et sur l'autre le nom de la ville. Je pose cet objet culturel en différents lieux de la ville : monuments historiques, autos, ponts, églises, etc... 3) Moi-Cultures : Je me photographie dans la ville où je suis de passage. Sur la partie de la photo qui me représente je colle une étiquette où j'écris "Ginzburg : Tiers Monde" si je suis dans un pays Occidental, "Ginzburg : Occident", si je suis dans un pays du Tiers Monde. Puis, je colle cette photo sur une feuille et j'écris au-dessous. "Je suis à... (suit le nom de la ville). Ginzburg.

VIDEO : Je pourrais appliquer le schéma de la rubrique photo pour faire une vidéo.

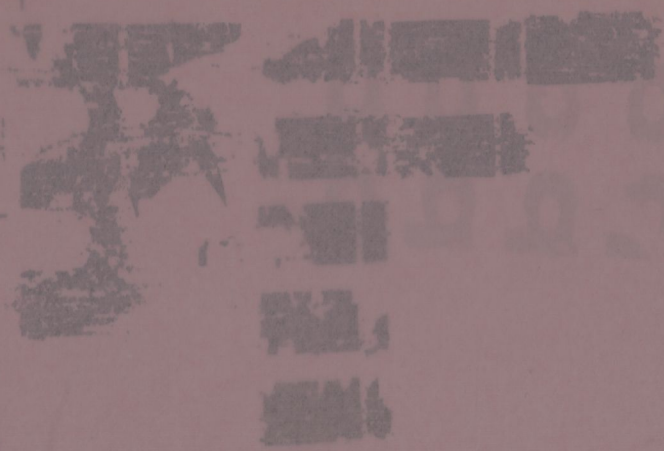
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 no. 11,193

VISUAL FORM

100

Handwritten text, possibly a title or reference number, appearing upside down.

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5

Ma pratique artistique consiste à faire des voyages. Europe, Asie, Océanie, Afrique et Amérique. Je témoigne de mon action à deux niveaux :

1° Niveau : Ginzburg dans les villes

SIGNES : Je ramasse différents éléments que je trouve dans la ville et à l'endroit où je suis (tickets, étiquettes, lettres, etc...). Puis sur une feuille, je colle un à un ces éléments. Enfin, j'écris un texte pour expliciter l'action dont témoigne l'élément (manger, se promener, etc...).

DESSINS : Je fais des dessins, témoignant de mon passage dans la ville, avec un texte explicatif. La constante de chaque dessin c'est ma nuque et ma main qui tient le crayon pour dessiner; seul le contexte change. Comme contexte, je peux avoir : a) l'intérieur d'un hôtel ou d'un bar; b) ce que je vois au dehors, à travers une fenêtre ou une porte; c) les rêves, les souvenirs, les fantasmes, les émotions que j'ai à ce moment-là, etc...

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SIGNALISATION : Je signale une à une quelques rues de la ville avec une page et, sur cette seule et même page, je consigne les six opérations suivantes : 1) Je suis allé rue...(suit le nom de la rue), le... (suit la date), (signé Ginzburg); 2) J'ai découpé à l'angle droit supérieur de la page un mini-rectangle de papier et je l'ai laissé rue...(suit le nom de la rue); 3) J'ai regardé la rue...(suit le nom de la rue) à travers ce mini rectangle; 4) J'ai regardé la rue... (suit le nom de la rue) dans le miroir(...). Image Perdue; 5) J'ai raté intentionnellement cette photo de la rue...(suit le nom de la rue). (...). Image Perdue; 6) J'aurais aimé faire une bonne photo de la rue...(suit le nom de la rue). Mais j'y suis venu avec cette photo de Kaboul(...) Image vide.

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VIDEO : Je pourrais appliquer le schéma de la rubrique photo pour faire une vidéo.

2° Niveau Ginzburg sur les trajets.

ENREGISTREMENTS : L'essentiel du voyage, c'est le déplacement; ce que je fais entre une ville et une autre, en stop, en avion, en moto, en train, en bateau, etc.. J'enregistre toutes les péripéties du voyage avec un mini-cassette sur le temps réel.

OBJETS, ANIMAUX, PERSONNES, ETC. Il s'agit de mes déplacements.

Je mettrai simplement cet exemple : un voyage Paris-Rome-Paris, soit un aller-retour.

J'appelle élément I, l'élément que je choisis à Paris.

J'appelle élément II, l'élément que je choisis à Rome.

A) A Paris, je photographie l'élément I avec une pancarte "Paris : Départ". Je colle cette photo sur une feuille où j'écris : "Je pars de Paris avec l'élément I pour Rome".

B) Sur le trajet Paris-Rome, je photographie l'élément I avec une pancarte "Paris-Rome : Aller". Je colle cette photo sur une feuille où j'écris : "Je fais le voyage aller de Paris à Rome avec l'élément I".

C) A Rome je photographie l'élément I avec une pancarte "Paris-Rome : Arrivée". Je colle cette photo sur une feuille où j'écris : "J'arrive à Rome avec l'élément I.

D) A Rome, je photographie l'élément I avec une pancarte "Paris-Rome-Paris : Départ". Je colle cette photo sur une feuille où j'écris : "Je pars de Rome avec l'élément I qui retourne à Paris". Je photographie l'élément II avec une pancarte "Rome-Paris: Départ". Je colle cette photo sur une feuille où j'écris : "Je pars de Rome avec l'élément II pour Paris". Je photographie les 2 éléments ensemble chacun avec sa pancarte. Je colle cette photo sur une feuille où j'écris : "Je pars de Rome pour Paris avec l'élément I qui y retourne et l'élément II qui y va".

E) Sur le trajet Rome-Paris, je photographie l'élément I avec une pancarte "Paris-Rome-Paris : Retour". Je colle cette photo sur une feuille où j'écris : "Je fais le voyage retour de Rome à Paris avec l'élément I". Je photographie l'élément II avec une pancarte "Rome-Paris : Aller". Je colle cette photo sur une feuille où j'écris "Je fais le voyage aller de Rome à Paris avec l'élément II". Je photographie les deux éléments ensemble chacun avec sa pancarte. Je colle cette photo sur une feuille où j'écris : "Je fais le voyage vers Paris avec l'élément I qui y retourne et l'élément II qui y va".

F) A Paris, je photographie l'élément I avec une pancarte "Paris-Rome-Paris : Arrivée". Je colle cette photo sur une feuille où j'écris : "Je reviens à Paris avec l'élément I". Je photographie l'élément II avec une pancarte "Rome-Paris : Arrivée". Je colle cette photo sur une feuille où j'écris : "J'arrive à Paris avec l'élément II". Je photographie les deux éléments ensemble chacun avec sa pancarte. Je colle cette photo sur une feuille où j'écris : "Je suis à Paris avec l'élément I qui y revient et l'élément II que j'ai amené avec moi de Rome".

Il faut considérer que les relations entre éléments sont souvent plus complexes que dans cet exemple. En général, je ne fais pas seulement un aller-retour simple, mais un circuit au cours duquel je traverse plusieurs villes. Donc, il y a plusieurs départs et plusieurs arrivées d'un même élément; plusieurs éléments qui entrent en jeu, plusieurs croisements, etc..

Je pourrais faire les mêmes constats de voyage avec de la vidéo.

Ginzburg, Paris 1978

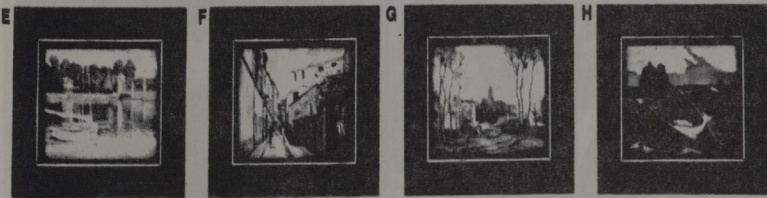
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"FORTUNES" ELIZABETH GINSBERG

PRICE

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SHREDDED
NABISCO
the Original

A fool sees not the same tree that
a wise man sees.



Photographs for The New York Times by GARY SETTLE

Roy and Virginia Hodge, who were married about a year ago, are a driver team. They are shown at Mesquite, Tex.

Lonely Truckers Teaming Up With Wives

Everything has its beauty but not everyone sees it.

LONG-EARED ATMOSPHERIC ILLUSION

(an approximate masterpiece)

bunt, bunt, bunt, and bunting*

unloved asparagus

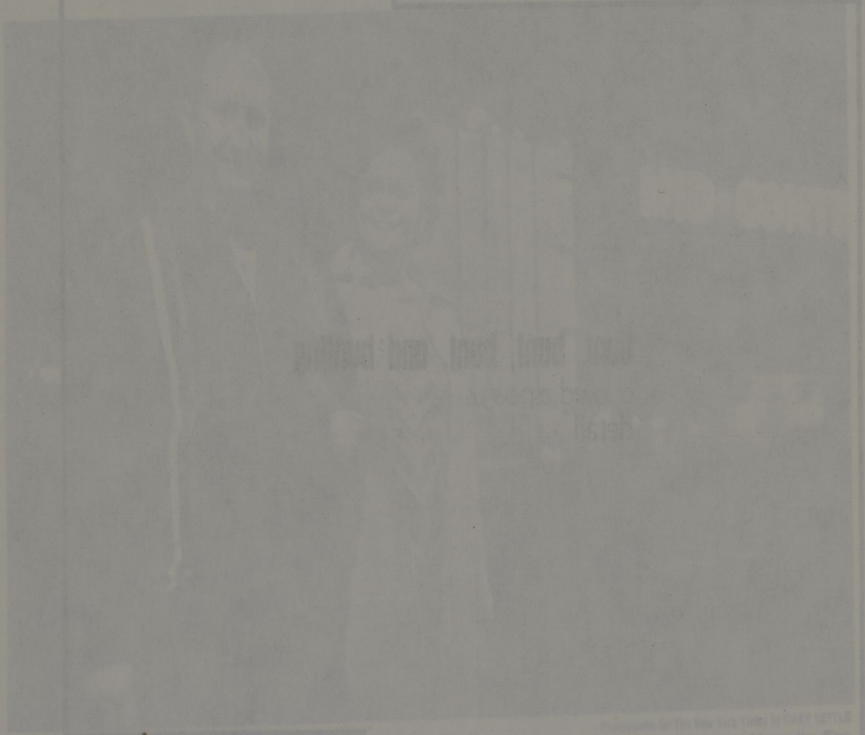
detail

chilly feelings

* OUT OF BOUNDS

LONG-EARED ALBATROSS

(Lophoobolobes)



LONG-EARED ALBATROSS
Lophoobolobes
1915

They are Virginia Wilson, who was married a year ago, and a driver team. They are shown at Memphis, Tenn.

Lonely Truckers Teaming Up With Wives

OUT OF BOUNDS

Everything has its limits but our
patience does not.

LONG-EARED ATMOSPHERIC ILLUSION

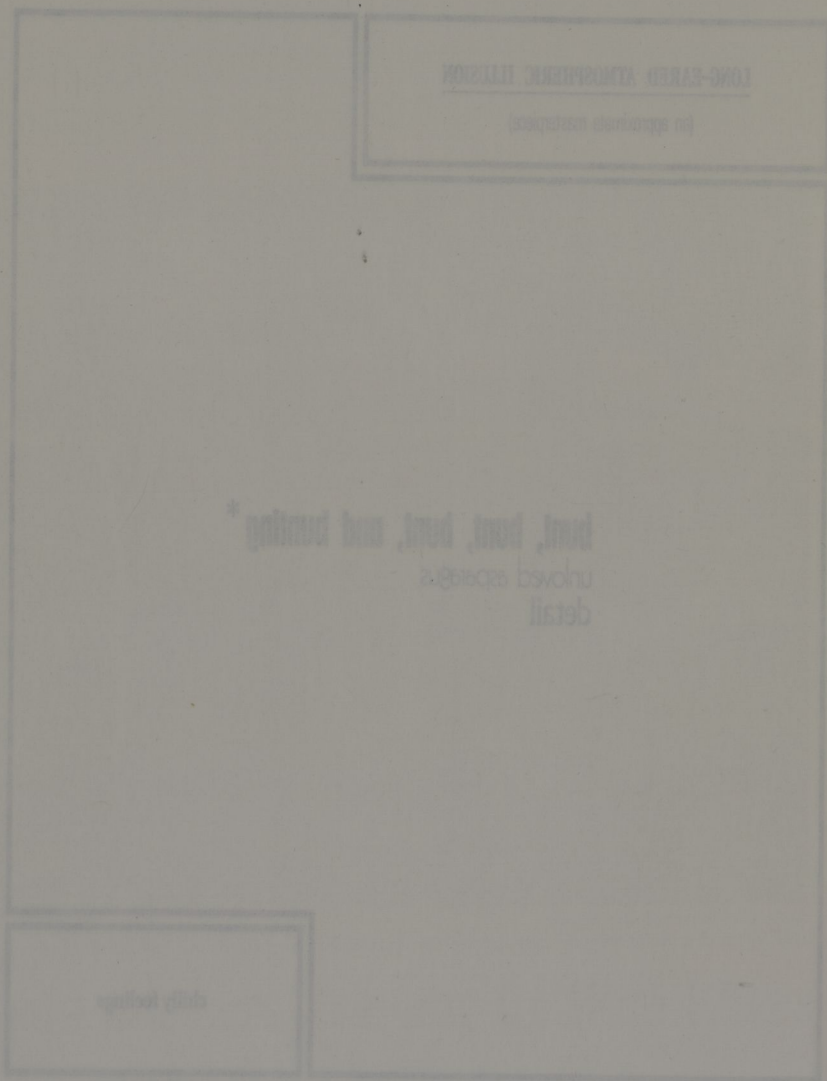
(an approximate masterpiece)

bunt, bunt, bunt, and bunting*

unloved asparagus
detail

chilly feelings

* OUT OF BOUNDS



LONG-EARTH ATMOSPHERIC HISTORY

(in general outline)

*
... ..
... ..

... ..

OUT OF BOUNDS*

WHICH FROM PREVIOUS
EXPERIENCE KNOWS
WHAT TO DO

"Blessed art thou, Lord our God, King of the Universe,
who hast formed man and woman in wisdom, and created
in them a system of ducts and tubes. It is well known
before thy glorious throne that if but one of these
be opened, or if one of those be closed, it would be
impossible to exist in thy presence. Blessed art thou,
O Lord, who healest all creatures and doest wonders."

From Talmud Berakhoth 11a;60b

Day broke.

Blissed art thou, Lord our God, King of the Universe,
who hast formed man and woman in wisdom, and created
in them a system of ducts and tubes, it is well known
before thy glorious throne that if but one of these
"blissed art thou, Lord our God, King of the Universe,
who hast formed man and woman in wisdom, and created
in them a system of ducts and tubes, it is well known
before thy glorious throne that if but one of these
be opened, or if one of those be closed, it would be
impossible to exist in thy presence; blessed art thou,
O Lord, who hastest all creatures and beasts wanderers."

from Isaiah 40:26-31

Muscles relax in this room, except for those of the man sitting in the front-most seat whose hands turn a wheel, whose feet push down and let up on a dusty pedal on the floor, and whose eyes function for all of ours while he guides this huge room in which we all sit along pathways made of tar and concrete, around corners, up and down hills, through tunnels both short and long, and finally into another room hundreds of times the size of the one we are now relaxing in, where the rectangular-shaped object comes to a halt and part of its hard shiny surface again disappears to reveal a somber garage of similar objects, stairwells, and people exiting.

The next fifteen minutes becomes a mass of confusion as I somehow manage to thread my way through thousands of people surging forward in a singular movement like the twenty million bats who nightly stream out of a Texas cave forming a black horizontal pillar thirty-two feet wide which moves continuously for hours and hours.

The movement around me is not as smooth, but rather jerks and swirls, as some run, some walk, some strut, some skulk, some move proudly and defiantly, others hunch over in shame and fear, while I myself am overcome by bright red coats, jackets made from the hides of cows, the fur of rabbits, the skins of leopards, striped and checked suits made of rayon and synthetic wool, feathered hats, women balancing precariously on skinny heels underneath skinny ankles, men standing dead center handing out pamphlets, books, and singing praises for the Lord.

I am jolted and pushed in several directions, and in some areas, especially when moving to different spatial levels of this establishment, I find myself pressed in tightly by people on all sides of me, so close I can feel their coathairs and their scarves, smell the natural odors of their bodies and those aromas which signal their preference for the buttery secretions of a civet-cat's anal glands and a spermaceti-whale's intestines, the oils of a beaver's preputial follicles and those of a musk-deer's naval, and several times my flesh is forced to recede and shrink close to my bones as the force of another person presses against it.

I arrive in a cold underground tunnel where silver snake-like vehicles suddenly appear with the force and power of some imagined god and then just as suddenly disappear, along with dozens of people who, seconds before, were standing right beside me.

I too disappear into one of these moving gods and it deposits me in another underground tunnel where after some chaotic jostling I am standing underneath what I know to be still another dwelling, this one extending vertically into the sky and larger still than any single object I have encountered this day since a bell rang to wake me in the morning.

I walk, not very far, though there are people here too moving in various directions, but there are not quite as many and they move slower and in a more orderly fashion, until I round a corner and enter still another containment, this one most tiny of all so far, and more crowded too, than any.

Into the area crowd more than a dozen people, all standing shoulder to shoulder, facing front, not speaking, as the little box begins its vertical ascent.

Every few seconds the doors open before still another locality, then another, and another, and at each stop at least one person enters or leaves the new place, sometimes more than one, until finally the door opens to familiar surroundings and I step out.

After spending the day cutting columns of paper with printed words on it into shorter strips, cutting out pictures and large thick letters of the alphabet, pasting all this down onto a large cardboard, then inserting these cardboard sheets into manila envelopes along with glossy photos, artwork, and various instructions enabling these pages to turn into a multi-colored bound magazine to be sent to people who live all over the world, I then automatically go into reverse action, like the images projected from a reel of celluloid film turning backwards on its metal wheel, and I find myself transported in front of the same dwelling place that I left earlier in the day, where I insert a tiny metal rod with crooked edges into a tiny hole on the side of the house, allowing me entrance into warmth.

The inside of the dwelling is now dark, for the sun has left the sky, but with the simple movement of a hand on the wall, bright light flashes in all rooms in a matter of seconds.

I open a drawer inside a tall and narrow chilled room to withdraw some frozen objects and before the now-thawing microorganisms and enzymes begin to attack cells which have been injured by ice crystals, I deposit the objects on a tray, still wrapped snugly in its tin foil coat, and into a miniature room heated to three-hundred-fifty or four-hundred degrees Fahrenheit and later I ingest these items into my body which from previous experience knows what to do.

It will digest the material which contains the proteins, the vitamins, the fats, the minerals, all the nutrients that my body requires for sustenance, and convert it into energy enabling me to move around from room to room, read and understand the thoughts of other men and women transposed onto paper with ink so that I can hear those people speak to me as though they were alive, and with me, although their bodies may lie buried or transformed to ash.

I will be able to sit in one room of my house and watch while hundreds of miles away, a man and woman converse with other men and women before my very eyes; they will do these things as I stare at a wooden box full of tubes and wires through which their image is fixed, and before millions of people all watching on their own boxes in their own private homes.

Later, wishing to rid myself of the dirt and grime and oils that have encrusted onto my body during the day, I will simply step into another room within a room, turn a polished knob and wait for water to pour out of some holes in a silver disc to cascade down over my upright body, water which was previously used to flush away the waste material of countless people in the last week but has now been processed to rid it of the fetid malodorous material-- deadly germs and poisonous bacteria-- all so that I may feel clean as I emerge from this shower of water feeling shiny and sparkling and refreshed.

Tomorrow is the Sabbath. During the day we will mix flour and water in a bowl and after adding yeast, the microscopic unicellular fungus which will act upon the carbohydrates in the dough, we will put the twisted dough into the same hot room and wait for the bread to rise, and turn into our "challah", deemed holy by our people, bound together in the recognition of its holiness, and we will share this bread, this challah, made with life, given birth to by life, after gestating quietly in the hot little room, as I myself did twenty-five years ago.

It will be golden brown and lovely, worthy of prayer, and we will eat it while it is still warm, as planned, and we will, in the breaking of the bread, give thanks for its creation, and for all creation, and we will feast.

A POEM-REVIEW ON "ILLUMINATED ILLUSTRATIONS OF LANGUAGE ART" BY RICHARD
KOSTELANETZ AT WASHINGTON PROJECT FOR THE ARTS

OVERLAPS

POETRY & DESIGN & "SOUND-TEXT-SOUND"

DOUBLE REPEAT

SLIDES ON WORDS WITH VARIATIONS

BY VARIOUS VISUALISTS -

FICTION SLIDES

FICTION IN FOOTBALL FORMS

ABSTRACT STORIES

WITHOUT WORDS

WHILE VISUALS ARE BROADCAST

HE READS THE VERBALS

WHICH INCONGRUENTS

ONE WORD PARAGRAPHS

NON-SEQUENCE

COMMENTARY CARRY-ONS

LITANIES SOUND THROO

DUO SPEAKERED SELVES

FREQUENCY FREE-CAN--SEE

2 SLIDE SKREENS FLASH

INTERVALLY PROJECTED WORD DESIGNS

CYCLE BY -SIDE BY SIDE

YOU & I & US & WE

& THEM & THEY & THINE

OHM

-COURTENAY P. GRAHAM-GAZAWAY

(MAY 4 '78)

A FINE ROMANCE

AT GRAND SALON, RENWICK

GALLERY
 (CHOREOGRAPHED & DANCED BY MURRAY
 SPALDING WITH STEVE PETERS & SARAH
 EDGETT)

MUSIC BY YEHUDI MENUHIN

FROM THE ALBUM "MUSIC OF THE THIRTIES"

FROM MAY 28 - JUNE 3 '78, A FREE PERFORMANCE

A POEM-REVIEW

BY COURTENAY P. GRAHAM-GAZAWAY

"HIGH-NOON"

MAN ENTERS FORMALLY IN BLACK TUXEDO TANGO & PATENLEATHER HAIR -
 WOMAN NEXT IN BLACK EVENING DRESS, THE 2 DANCE TOGETHER & APART -
 MURRAY ENTERS IN WHITE SATIN TUXEDO SOLO DANCING SLOWLY BACKWARDS
 THRU GRAND SALON DOORWAY OUT INTO CENTER, THEN SIMUTANEOUSLY THE
 JOIN HANDS, TWIRL, MURRAY & MAN DANCE, WOMAN IN BLACK, SOLOS -
 MURRAY SITS IN SLENDER CHAIR WATCHING WOMAN & SIPS ON SPRINGWATER
 IN REED WINE GLASS FROM NEAR ROUND MARBLE TABLE TOP -
 MAN SOLO SPINS MODERN FLARE TAKES MURRAY FOR A DELICATE DANCE -
 MURRAY SPINS WOMAN & SITS IN ANOTHER CHAIR, WOMAN IN ANOTHER CHAIR
 MAN DOES SOLO FLIRTS WITH BOTH THEN ASKS MURRAY TO JOIN HIM -
 THEN MURRAY SITS IN ANOTHER CHAIR & SIPS, GESTURES WOMAN TO COME &
 DANCE SLOW ROMANCE LIGHT BLACK WALTZ IMPROV, NO MUSIC FOR SECONDS
 AS WOMAN MOVES SOLO THEN MURRAY JOINS & DANCES SLOW ROMANCE WITH
 WOMAN, THEN ALONE, WOMAN TAN, MURRAY WHITE & SPINNING, MAN JOINS HER
 IN SLOW MODERN ROMANCE DANCE, HIPNOTIC MESMERIZED SOLO SWIRLS &
 JOIN MAN IN MIDDLE INTERCHANGE PARTNERED THE COMPANY TIMPANI OF
 A JAZZ CHAMBER DANCE ENSEMBLE OF FLUID DISCIPLINED FORMAL OOSIDITY
 THRU MODERN TANGOS, A NON-SWING SPRITE SPIRIT - MURRAY, GRACE IN
 WHITE SATIN, "A FINE ROMANCE" -

june '77

“4/29/73”

I It was springtime. Richard
hoped, he almost prayed he
wouldn't wake up. He told
Bob and John they had to go.
It was late but he did it.

Richard was not a good
butcher.

**-RICHARD
GRAYSON**

It was springtime "Richard"

FROM MAY 23, 1973, A FREE PRESS

hoped, he almost prayed he

A PRODUCTION BY CHARLES F. BRADSHAW

wouldn't wake up. He told

Bob and John they had to go.

It was late, but he did it.

Richard was not a good

butcher

RICHARD
GRAYSON

A PICTURE
AND A THOUSAND WORDS

Shelley Jane Grossberg



MAGIC

When I watch the Three Stooges, I love Moe because his hair is so thick and black it can steal sunlight right out of the sky! It's true he's mean to Larry and Curly, but that's ugly make-believe so it doesn't count. Sunlight is real, Moe's hair is real, and these are beautiful: MOE COUNTS. I bet he'll be pleased to get my valentine box all covered in red construction paper. Wait till he sees the cottonballs I stuck into a heart shape! I'm putting it right into my toy cabinet. I know it'll get to him because I want him to have it.

As a magician, I can do lots of things. I make dolls and blocks disappear because I want them to. All I have to do is: put them under a scarf, concentrate, say a few words, and run --- from-the-livingroom-to-the-diningroom-through-the-kitchen-to-the-livingroom-again three times and it's gone. Watch. See? Told you.

I know magic because my father taught it to me. He's a wizard. He can turn hats into people and scribbles into animals. He can make himself into a whale and swim me back ashore when I get tired swimming. But my favorite trick is when he turns his umbrella into Charlie Chaplin because it makes me laugh.

If I can't have Moe, I think I'd like Charlie Chaplin.

DESIRE

I love Miko because he's a genius. A Yugoslav. Direct Descendent of The Last Duke of Montenegro. Humorless. Proud. Intense. A writer, like me.

For years I let Edith Piaf's moans shoot straight across the livingroom into my heart. In Paris, those well-shaped fantasies fill my days. I write. I test my limits. I live at the edge, counting on \$30 a week and a man with alot of experience. Miko tells wonderful stories, which is how we met one night in a cafe. I can listen to him for hours, which is how we started living together.

Sometimes Miko frightens me. He'll fasten on something to show me what's inside --- even if I don't want to know. But he's taught me important things.

Lesson number one: Life is arbitrary and unjust.

Lesson number two: I am a failure as a woman.

What I think he meant by number one is there's no such thing as magic, and by number two that I can't dream about Moe or Charlie Chaplin and lie in bed with him too.

Ever since he told me, I haven't been able to work. I didn't think I'd have to choose.

RED, RIGHT, RETURN

Thank heaven for little girls. Without them, fathers could never be wizards. On the other hand, women would never find themselves so disappointed.

While running my third lap around the house one day, I caught my father hiding a doll. To add insult to injury, I found Moe's valentine tucked away in the same spot. I tore it to shreds.

I grew up and went to Paris.

Fourteen months later, Miko lay in bed reading Apollinaire and I stared at the ceiling when a giggle escaped. The giggle got loose and turned into a laugh, and the laugh stretched out and grabbed my whole body.

"Mais qu'est-ce que tu as, merde!"

Soon as I tried to explain it started again, and even though my stomach hurt, my face was red, and tears rolled down my cheeks it felt wonderful!

I was thinking about the freckle in Miko's groin, the way he would always touch the dimple by my ear, and how during all six months that we lived destitute and packed like sardines in his tiny studio, neither of us had ever heard the other laugh.

Strange I hadn't noticed. Once it occurred to me, I thought about it for days.

My father and I took a boating course once, and the first thing we learned was how to read buoys: black to the right and red to the left going out to sea; the reverse when coming back. You have to keep it straight to keep from running aground, so sailors say:

RED, RIGHT, RETURN

I remembered it and left Miko waving goodbye at Orly.

As I watched my father open his present, I knew my stare-down with the customs agent was worth every minute.

The Charlie Chaplin puppet looks triumphant sitting on my father's desk.

Barbara Ann Gurney,

born 7.7.42,

planet earth,

artist in residence,

presently residing

in

Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A.

...

painter

+ multi-media performance devotée

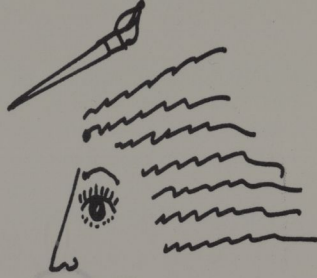
...

Though coming out of that classic tradition of ignorance she loves 'art' + spends much of her energies trying to collect the works of others + find adoptive homes for her own!

...

she is happy to have grown-up to be an artist

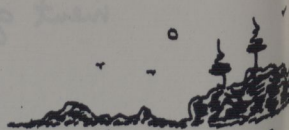
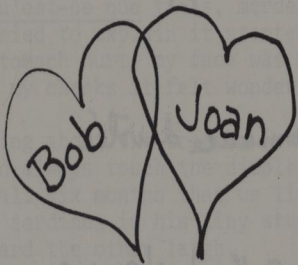
[though according to some authorities... her mother always claimed G. was born 35... and there is... much collaborative evidence to support this... canadian reality development given it's due...]



9.1.78

p.m.

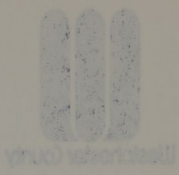




Hello Henry ...from Barbara with Love

25 August 1978

this is no place for edges
she screamed, and moved
the end elsewhere



FRED B. DEL BELLO
County Executive

position (I've) only see to just with a
a tongue in her hair, this in a
way that she. Some are necessary to
English-Spanish you see a word for this
what she I see as like this, it's
for immediate way, please, really!

LINGUIST DISCOVERS 38 WAYS TO REVEAL BORING INFORMATION

There are at least 38 ways to reveal boring information.
There are, at least, 38 ways to reveal boring information.
At least there are 38 ways to reveal boring information.

- I have to reveal some boring information.
- I have to have some revealing information.
- I have to hear some boring revelation.
- I have to have some insubstantial.
- I have to have some some.

This is boring information.
Is this boring information?
This is boring information.
"This" is boring information.
"This" is, but is that?

Susan Harris

Susan Harris



news release

ALFRED B. DEL BELLO
County Executive

Contact: Susan Harris

For Immediate Release:

LINGUIST DISCOVERS 38 WAYS TO REVEAL BORING INFORMATION

There are at least 38 ways to reveal boring information.
There are, at least, 38 ways to reveal boring information.
At least there are 38 ways to reveal boring information.

I have to reveal some boring information.
I have to bare some revealing information.
I have to bear some boring revelation.
I have to have some insubordination.
I have to have some some.

This is boring information.
Is this boring information?
This is boring information.
"This" is boring information.
"This" is, but is This?

Is a witch about to eat your lover? I noticed
a tongue in her hair. Saliva drips down into rivers.
Modes of transportation are formed. She hurts you
with her power & zaps your froggy princess with
authority, with skill; you snarl at her & she takes
liberties: amazed, you elongate your skin.

Susan Harris



news release

ALFRED E. DEL BELLO
County Executive

As I watch about to see your lover, I noticed
a tongue her hair, saliva drips down into rivers.
Holes of inspiration are formed. She hurts you
with her ear & taps your froggy, delicate, white
sustains with skill; you snarl at her & she takes
liberty. Instead, you shudder your shawl for

UNIFORMS DISCOVERS 30 WAYS TO REVEAL Boring INFORMATION

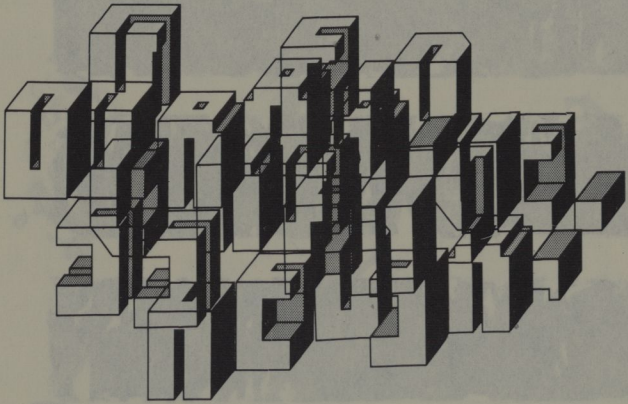
There are at least 30 ways to reveal boring information.
There are, at least, 30 ways to reveal boring information.
At least there are 30 ways to reveal boring information.

I have to reveal some boring information.
I have to bare some revealing information.
I have to bear some boring revealing information.
I have to have some boring revealing information.
I have to have some some.

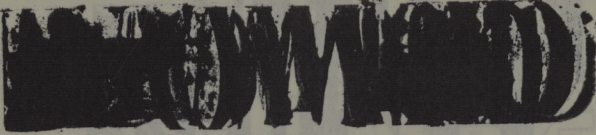
This is boring information.
Is this boring information?
This is boring information.
"This" is boring information.
"This" is, but is this?

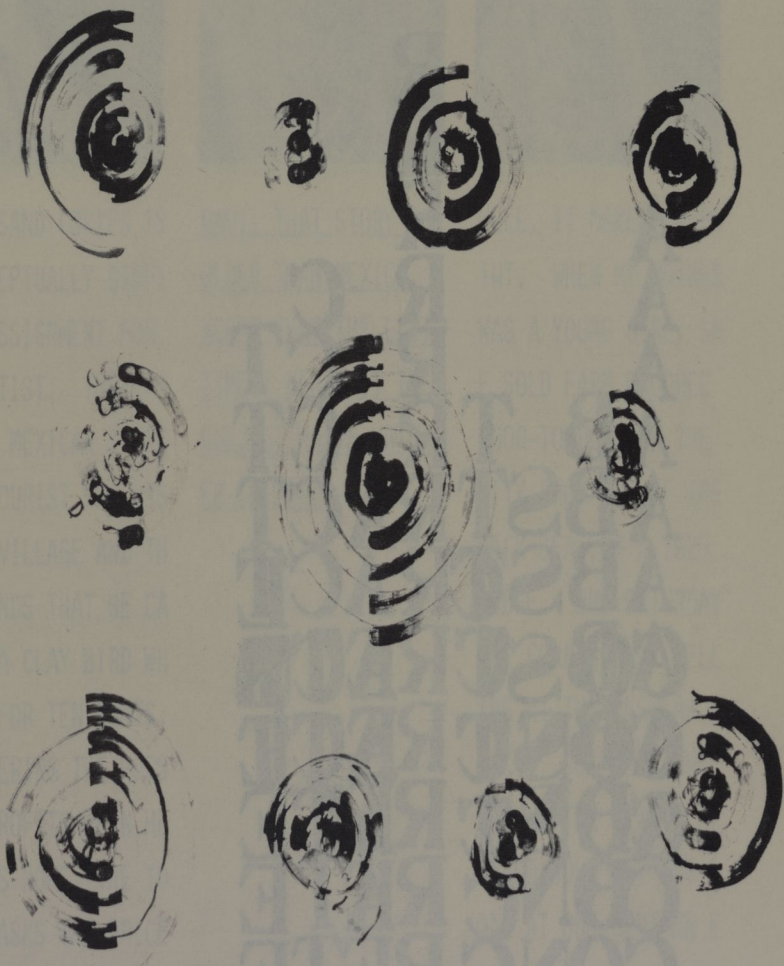
flat lands havenod i^meⁿs; iⁿo n^or s^co p^e but wheneatenfordinnertheyf^ly

susanharris



Scott Helmer

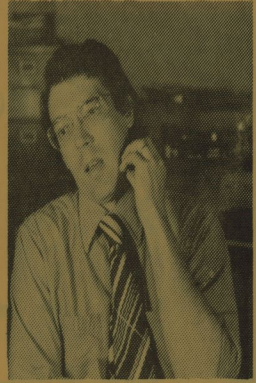




Scott Helmes

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Scott Helmes

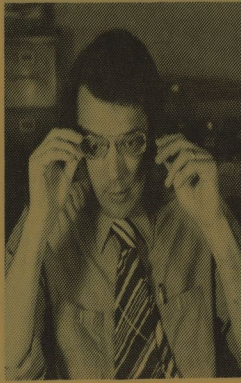


A THOUSAND COPIES IS A CONCEPTUALLY DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT FOR ANY ARTIST. THERE'S AN OLD MEXICAN STORY OF A TOURIST WHO VISITS A VILLAGE AND THERE FINDS THAT HE CAN BUY A CLAY BIRD WHISTLE FOR TEN CENTS. CONSIDERING THE POSSIBLE PROFITS WHEN HE RETURNS HOME, THE TOURIST ASKS THE PRICE OF A THOUSAND WHISTLES AND IS ASTONISHED TO HEAR THE ARTISAN REPLY, THAT FOR A THOUSAND, EACH WHISTLE WOULD COST TWENTY CENTS.

DAVI, THAT STORY IS OLDER THAN MEXICO, EXCEPT THAT THE LAST TIME I HEARD IT THE SUBJECT WAS A HATMAKER IN PERU.

*Should
MUST
LUST
Bused
SUST
SUST*

WELL, IT MAKES MY POINT. WHEN MY MOTHER WAS A YOUNG GIRL, SHE SOLD FARM PRODUCE DOOR-TO-DOOR IN THE CITY FROM OUT OF THE BACK SEAT OF A 1925 DODGE. ONE SATURDAY THE CORN WASN'T SELLING AT THE REGULAR PRICE. SO MOM DROVE AROUND THE NEXT BLOCK AND SOLD OUT HER LOAD AT ONE CENT AN EAR.



TEN CENTS A DOZEN! THE PRICE AT THE STORE YESTERDAY WAS A DOLLAR FOR HALF A DOZEN AND A "DOWN-SIZED" DODGE COSTS MORE THAN FIVE THOUSAND, EASY.

"DOWN-SIZING". DETROIT'S NAME GAME FOR THE GOVERNMENTS ENFORCEMENT OF MILES VAN DER ROHE'S EDICT OF "LESS IS MORE".

NOW THAT'S WHERE ART AND BUSINESS SEPARATE, ISN'T IT? THE AIRLINES HAVE BEEN FLYING HALF-FULL, SO THE CIVIL AERONAUTICS BOARD AGREED TO NEW, AND OF COURSE, MORE COMPLICATED FARE REGULATIONS. CHAIRMAN ALFRED KAHN WAS REPORTED TO HAVE SAID "I FEEL VERY APOLOGETIC ABOUT THE MESS, BUT WE'RE TRYING TO FIND WAYS TO FILL PLANES. CONFUSION IS THE PRICE YOU PAY."

I THOUGHT: by / LEONARD HOROWITZ ①

I THOUGHT...

I OUGHT—.

I DID.

I COULD

I WOULD

I SHOULD

I MUST

I LUST

I BUSSED

I SUST

I GUST

[Handwritten flourish]

Phy. Control of Rowing

(5)

I Pleased ...

I Pleased

I Pleased

I Pleased

I Pleased

I Pleased

I Pleased

I Pleased

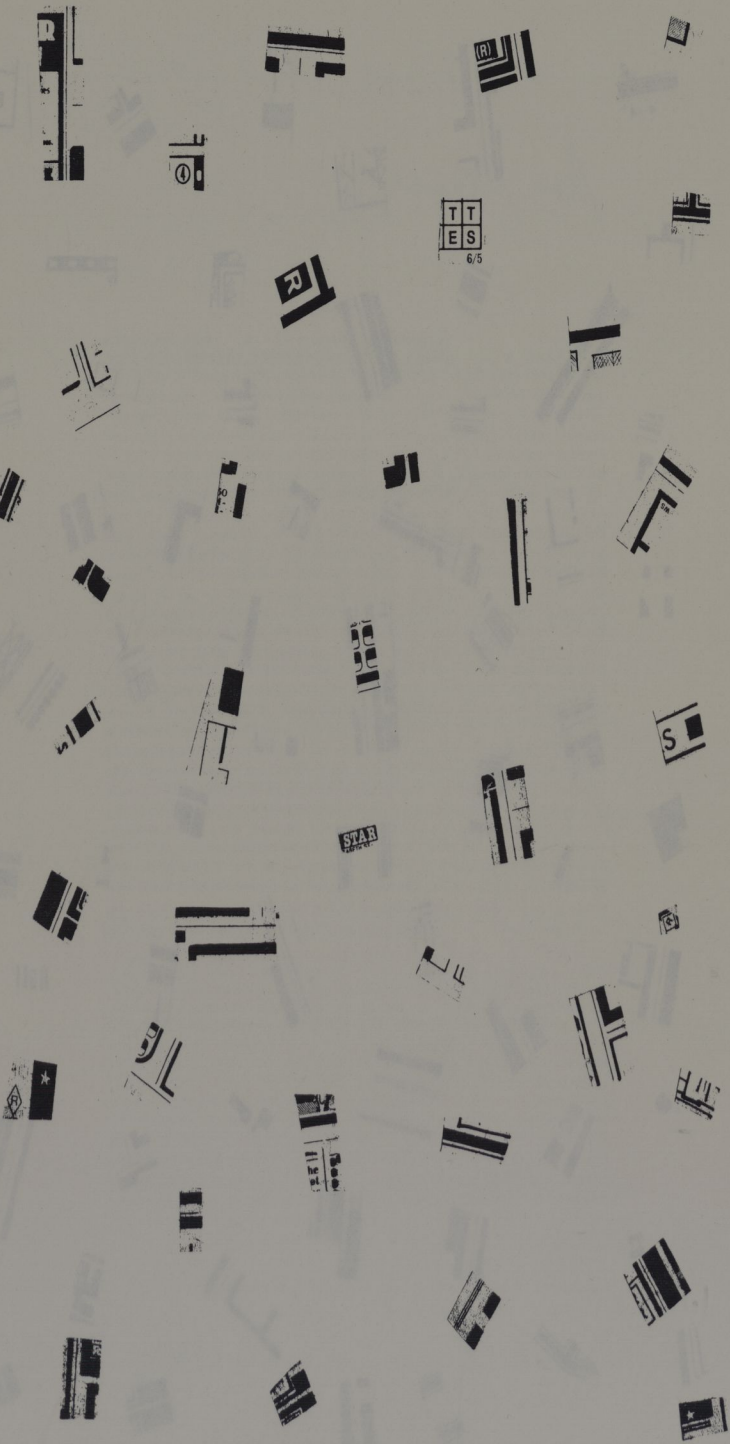
I Pleased

I Pleased

I Pleased ...

I Pleased:





ROBERT JACKS

also starring:
angel davenport,

john holt,

carin redgrave.

jama

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ang

ASBY 1043

The woman who couldn't take anything seriously, the man who couldn't take anything seriously, and the child who couldn't be serious.

The woman who wasn't serious, the man who wasn't serious, and the unserious child.

Well, you know everybody has a little unhappiness in their lives. And some people have so much. I've known plenty of people who never said a word. I have to confess I've had very little to say myself on occasion. When it's got you, you may as well eat your meals, and go to sleep and get up and go to work just like you always did because, well . . . because it's got you and what are you going to do about it.

The woman who wouldn't be serious, the man who couldn't be serious, and the child who abjured seriousness.

Ruthless and in search of love

Ants pouring from my sleeve is a little abrupt, a little blunt.

Well, OK, I got drunk last night and I ate dinner at two in the morning, because that's when the roast was ready. I figured I could slice off a corner and tuck it away. This morning no matter about last night. I'll say.

The Black Rubber

One of two. The other was left behind. Foot got wet. Badly burned the rubber.

Camellia

Isn't it about time for the rain-minked shadows of sickness to descend and descend and descend again in their accessories and apparel, in their misty black and white crosshatching, aw get off your cake.



The Rubber Knight

**A soul warmed in gutta-percha.
Dreaded, for untrue.**

The woman who...
with the...
the...

The woman who...
with the...
the...

The woman who...
with the...
the...

The Black...
the...

One of two...
was left behind...
not well...
the...

Barbellis

I don't know...
rain...
sickness...
descend...
again...
and...
black...
white...
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John...
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Song of Waters Fingers File

A. Berland

BY U
RCH



¹Making is an attitude directed towards self-information. The individual through Making will find as needed a personal inquiry. This faculty of manipulation is a personal discipline in the attitudes of a language with dissonant solutions to situations being necessary for a system of self-information. The individual through the sincerity of Making will directly subject himself to acquire attitudes and diversities that will enable a humanistic environmental relationship of a self-language. This commitment is derived by a self-imposed inter-questioning. Ideas and their continuous flow are the result of this questioning which is the extension of the Making process. An important aspect of Making-Working-Producing Process is the act of anarchism of the mind becoming a reality and not a theory.

^{1.1}Map in the mind a pattern that projects as a conceptual process an adaptation of a means for an individual pursuit. This correspondence and coordination of parts or acts is to produce a pursuit that has an intent and purpose that is above all particulars and fasten on reality itself. This action is a reality in the attitudes of the making process.

²In today's society ¹the masses are disguised as persons who go around giving criticism ²that reinforces their pre-determined dictates, ³that is, based on their programmed facade. These dictates consist of telling others what is bad or good rather than being indifferent ⁴to whatever is wrong or right. This indifference is pursuing the changing conditions of information and questioning. This attitude of thinking depends on questioning one's particular kind of pursuit and its impetus.

^{2.1}Today's society is a knowledge of mass information by thoughts and choices that is judged and valued through argument, debate and war. To have thoughts and choices is after someone has done the thinking.

^{2.2}Criticism ¹by definition dictates what is wrong. ²This emphasis suggests an absolute instead of being indifferent ³to opposites ⁴and pursuing change. ⁵This attitude ⁶of change offers a working and productive relationship because the basic characteristics ⁷of criticism is that once it is established all information about it not only is exhausted but will not disintegrate. Contrary to criticism each thing, event or act of art ⁸is an exception and governed by no rules but its own.

STATEMENT: A WORKING PIECE IN THE ATTITUDE OF MAKING
 notes and ideas recorded to 1974

One's responsibility in making¹ is directed to the projection of one's self, when achieved it will extend to another. One can only speak to one person at a time, whereas, groups and programs in today's society² are not generalities, but absolutes. The autonomy³ and anarchism⁴ in one's situation is the human condition to be achieved. Because one is naturally limited, one should be used to his fullest, an ideal attitude utilizes the natural limits of one's self. One records through the quantity of work, a self-chosen attitude of production. This exploration is an in-depth extension from the beginning attitudes of confusion,⁵ one uses through its application, thereby gaining the ultimate of making, a personal statement. In making, one individually determines through indifferent-information⁶ the pursuit of investigation. This investigation is to grow out of the self and from which only a personal extension can come. These questions are to be confronted by offering one's workings for discussion and exchange, but it has to be remembered, that each person's grounds⁷ are not the same so the only way it is to be questioned is in terms of the maker's own beliefs and prejudices. One's ideas, recordings and makings are not done when one feels like it but now because making is present and present is making. One's attitude⁸ is a relation of one's pursuit and its extension⁹-- quantity¹⁰ of quality.¹¹ This extension -- quantity of quality, is to exhibit a working¹² attitude and schedule of ideas, recordings, production and making.

2.2.1 1. The act of criticising especially disapprovingly. 2. A severe or unfavorable judgment. 3. The act of making informed and discriminating judgments. 4. The occupation or profession of a critic. 5. A review, article or commentary expressing critical judgment. 6. A detailed, scientific inquiry into the origin, history, authority, etc. of literary or historical texts.

The Readers Digest Great Encyclopedia Dictionary, 1967.

2.2.2¹¹ "Synonyms: to blame, to censure, to condemn, to discriminate, to judge, to disapprove, to detract"

The Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary, 1957.

2.2.3¹¹ Having no interest or feeling, unconcerned, apathetic and lacking indistinction as mediocre and to be only average in size and amount with little importance or significance and no preference or biases.

The Readers Digest Great Encyclopedia Dictionary, 1967.

2.2.4¹¹ Bad-good, wrong-right, disapprove-approve

2.2.5¹¹ Thinking and recording the spoken and written through questioning and exchanging.

2.2.6¹¹ A point of view, opinion or purpose.

2.2.7¹¹ Indicates a distinct quality, character, disposition, trait, properties or peculiarity.

2.2.8¹¹ What is undefinable is art.

2.3¹¹ Mass information deals with what is there. What it means. How you see, hear, speak, and do it. What you see, hear, say, and do. When you see, hear, speak, and do it. Where you see, hear, speak, and do it.

2.4¹¹ To make, to produce is a knowledge of indifferent information by thinking and recording the spoken and written through questioning and exchanging. To work, to produce, to make is to be indifferent, this indifferent is one who works, to produce by making one's biases.

³1. Having self-government. 2. existing or functioning independently.

Webster's New World Dictionary, Pocket edition, The World Publishing Co., 1973.

⁴1. The theory that all organized government is repressive and undesirable. 2. resistance to all government.

Webster's New World Dictionary, Pocket edition, The World Publishing Co., 1973.

Abraham Lincoln said pure anarchism is the goal of our democratic institutions.

⁵Everything is a question disarrayed, disordered, perplexed, distracted, and bewildered as to a mix-up in the mind.

⁶Criticism³ loc. cit. The profusion, amount or abundance of information having no value judgment nor having been predetermined.

⁷1. A fundamental cause, reason, or motive for an action, belief, suspicion. 2. a matter for discussion or consideration, subject, topic. 3. a foundation or basis as for a decision, argument, or relationship, footing; when plural, often construed as singular.

The Readers Digest Great Encyclopedia Dictionary, 1967.

⁸Formed or conceived in mind or thought, a move or act by influence or inducement of a mark or sound that delineates an attitude.

biblio Book(s)¹ graphy write² to form letters and words, to compose
literary and musical. to record.³ to communicate.

¹NOTES manual REFERENCES volume THOUGHTS pamphlet STATEMENTS
monograph IDEAS drawings THESAURUS journal SCRIBBLINGS periodical
DICTIONARY portfolio SERIAL concordance APPENDIX magazine JOTTINGS
compendium EXAMPLES catalogue PROCESS encyclopedia PAGES anthology
WORDS circular COMPILATION library

²reading ONE'S SELF and OTHERS. writing for ONE'S SELF and
OTHERS. recording SOUND of ONE'S SELF and OTHERS. marking of ONE'S
SELF and OTHERS. making PRODUCING WORKING for ONE'S SELF and OTHERS.
talking to ONE'S SELF and OTHERS. listening to ONE'S SELF and OTHERS.

³DOCUMENT evidence RESEARCH reasoning XEROX experiences DATA
demonstrate SLIDES exhibit VISIBLE supposition COPIES represent
PRINT display THESIS measure ESSAY concrete TAPES disclose FILMS
knowledge PHOTOGRAPHS experiments DISSERTATION symbol TRAIL register
WRITING proposition SIGNS theme PAPERS marks TESTIMONIAL duplicate

⁹As it is used here, you have a number of distinguishing elements with a no value-judgment. This necessitates a no value judgment-quantity of quality of indifference.

¹⁰Plural as number, amount, profusion, abundance of information rather than quality.

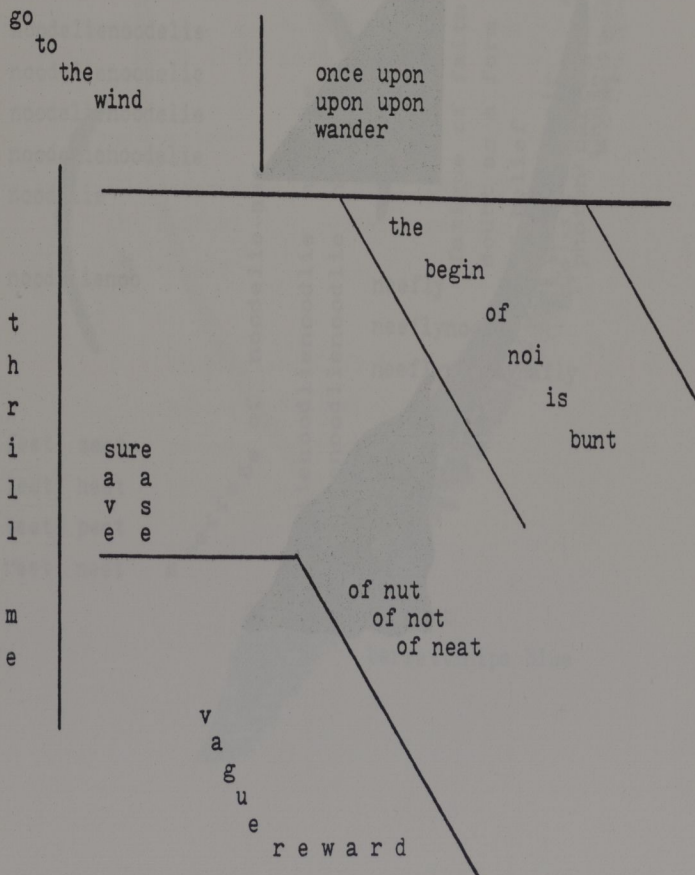
¹¹A distinguishing element or character, judgment rather than quantity.

¹²Working with tradition not only keeps tradition but it will not let it disintegrate. Tradition is harmony. Tradition is symbolic. Tradition is analysis. Tradition is evaluation. Tradition has an answer. The past is tradition. What happened is past. Mass is harmony. Meaning is symbolic. Knowing is analysis. Meaning is not the self. Mass has no identity. To lose one's identity is to have had no identity. Knowing is not Making. Making has no meaning. What is happening is the present. Making is the self. Making is change. Change is present. Change is Dissonance. Thinking is Making. Working is Making. What isn't. What isn't is.

SCOPE IT OUT

by: EDMOND CHIBEAU

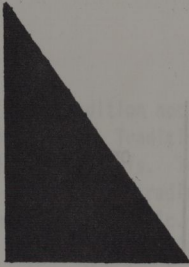
A serial drama. Each series of words and phrases may be spoken in any order. Once a series is begun, a new series must not be started until the actor has finished that series. An actor may repeat a series rather than moving on to the next, however, once a series is begun, it must be completed.



MASS AND SHADOW

a drama

by: EDMOND CHIBEAU



THE YENKLE ZEN

(a torn drama)

knifely cutly

(a torn drama in lower case)

by: edmond chibeau

noodelienoodelienoodelie noodelie
noo noodelienoodelie

noodelienoodelie
noodelienoodelie
noodelienoodelie
noodelienoodelie
noodelie

noodelienoo

feet seet
teet heet
beet peet
reet neet

a barrage of noodelie-aes

noodelienoodelie noodlie
liennoodliennoodlie noodlie

fatigue of faith
doubt as a form
belief
photon barrage

neefly
neeflynod
neeflynodnaly

berrett
berrettinipa blue

THE FEMALE SEAM

(a torn drama)

by: EDMOND CHIBEAU

all unbecoming
all unbecoming
all unbecoming
all unbecoming

all unbecoming
all unbecoming
all unbecoming
all unbecoming

the female seam
the female seam
the female seam
the female seam

creates creates
creates creates

replication
replication
replication
replication

our fatigue loves us
our fatigue loves us
our fatigue loves us
our fatigue loves us

NOODLIENOODLIE

(a torn drama in lower case)

knifely cutly

(a torn drama in lower case)

by: edmond chibeau

noodelienoodelienoodelie noodelie

noodelienoodelie

noo

noodelienoodelie

noodelienoodelie

noodelienoodelie

noodelienoodelie

noodelie

noodelienoo

feet seet

teet heet

beet peet

reet neet

a barrage of noodelie-aes

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liennoodliennoodlie noodlie

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THE FEMALE SEAM

(a torn drama)

by: EDMOND CHIBEAU

all unbecoming
all unbecoming
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all unbecoming

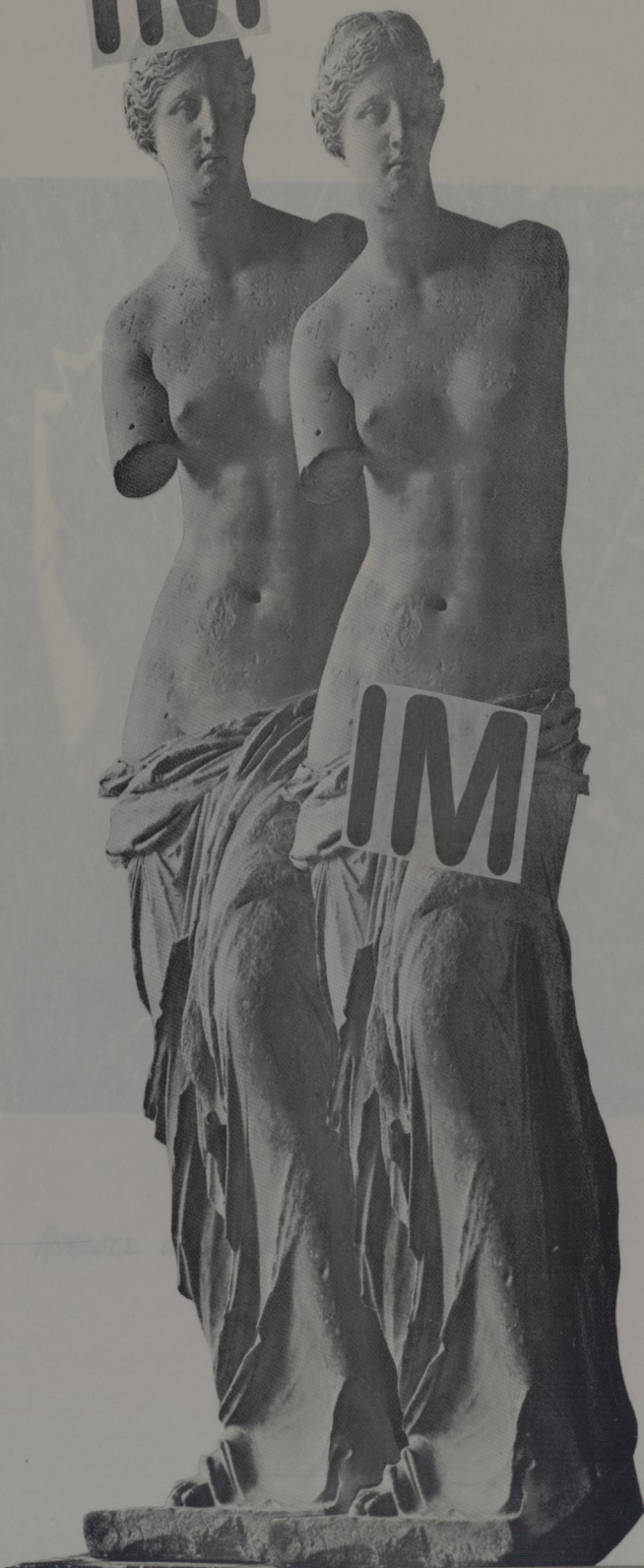
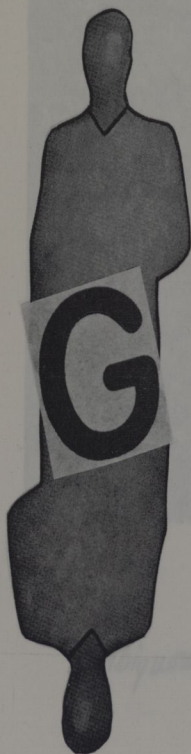
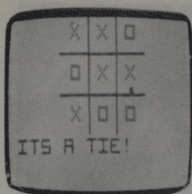
all unbecoming
all unbecoming
all unbecoming
all unbecoming

the female seam
the female seam
the female seam
the female seam

creates creates replication
creates creates replication
replication

our fatigue loves us
our fatigue loves us
our fatigue loves us
our fatigue loves us

IM



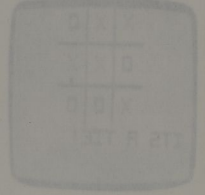
HANS CLAVIN 1978

MI

edmond chibeu

THE FEMALE (1988)

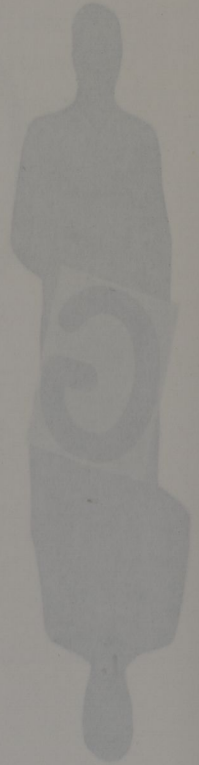
EDMOND CHIBEAU



the form
the female
the female

replication
replication
replication
replication

is us
is us
is us
is us



MI



Ambiguous Romance in a Meat Rack CA Forget 1978 ©



Portrait of a man in a hat

ACT II

In a bottle at sea

- SHE: hesitates, producing an adverb
- HE: interrupts with a pronoun
- SHE: stutters over a proper noun (the name of a silent film star), then adds a verb, then a preposition
- HE: pauses
- HE: (then) makes a conjunction
- SHE: insists upon two adjectives (monosyllabic)
- HE: thoughtfully introduces an adverb
- SHE: with tranquillity, murmurs a list of nonsense syllables
- SHE: pauses
- SHE: loses her tranquillity upon a noun
- HE: tenderly utters one pronoun, then another
- SHE: regains tranquillity while forming an expletive
- HE: closes his eyes, and imitates the call of a zebra
- SHE: listens
- SHE: whispers an interjection
- HE: (aside) an interjection
- SHE: as tears well up in her eyes, moans a proper noun (the name of an extinct automobile)
- HE: is unmoved
- HE: exits
- SHE: not moving, remains

ACT II

is a bottle of sea

382: dealises, producing an adverb
383: intraparts with a prepositional
384: centers over a proper noun (the name of a silent film star),
then adds a verb, then a prepositional
385: pattern
386: (then) adds a conjunction
387: inserts upon two adjectives (unassailable)
388: thoughtfully introduces an adverb
389: with transitivity, answers a list of nonsense syllables
390: pattern
391: loses for transitivity upon a noun
392: tenderly states one prepositional, then another
393: repeats transitivity while forming an adjective
394: closes his eyes, and mistakes the call of a rebus
395: listless
396: changes an interjection
397: (laughs) an interjection
398: as tears well up in her eyes, makes a proper noun
(the name of an extinct animal)
399: is removed
400: exits
401: not saying, remains

Jesse Glass, Jr.

To Johns Hopkins University

I pick up my pen
think of my mother sitting cross-legged
smoking a Camel
in her belly a truck driver's soul
tucks flesh around itself

midnight highway/oiled mirror
fish slap tails on its black surface

pick up my pen
think of Jesus (the fisherman) Blake
exploring the seven wonders of
a shoe factory
his face an oiled anvil

(please)
think of a cloudy anvil
lightning like a scar's reflection
unzips all over
the back seat
suddenly you have eight sides friend!

think of a poet
who wears a cloud
like an eight-sided anvil
his face an oiled mirror
a piston in a shoe factory
where his mother sits cross-legged
smoking a Camel
a truck driver growing big
between her legs

thinking of asphalt

think of asphalt

pick up my pen

put it down

pick up my pen

put it down

I'm making a shoe, mother!

I'm driving a truck, friend!

I was a carpenter shoe maker

son of Jesus Blake, anvil.

these words shipped from shoe factory

to this University

in carton marked: "alchemist! security guard! magician!"

I pick up my pen.

I put down my pen.

Jesse Glass, Jr.

the constructive: structural-kinetic-luminal-
opticphenomenal-architectonic-geometric-abstract-
involved in science and technology-conceptualizing
new form

movement um

will out

as one

as won

(1)

period.

the collection

collaboration

group

family

in-shop inclusive

individual

invisible exclusive

transfercommunicating

conceptualization, perceptualization

of energy

trans-inter versally :

single

dynamically evolving

revolutionary device

to re..form

to extend

expand

invent

and use.

the manifesto/manifestation "realistic";

a breathing sensation of many

of kontakt

of many

with each,

telepathy of live international

energy transfer.

a levitation and kinesiation

of art-life of man-life ;

a force-fielding, space-writing, light-giving

actual form.

t.m.steps

ART PART OF LIFE
A MANIFESTO FOR MISSOURI
AND TO THE WORLD

Do you know us?
We have worked among you for ten years,
calling Kansas City our home base as
we carried our works to the world . .

We are the Art Research Center Group.
We are abstract artists; we are others, too - -
writers - designers - theorists

We
are
Constructivists.

We are a non-profit public foundation,
offering our works freely and openly.
We intend an art, an environmental re-form, which is
not vague,
not personal,
not exotic---

not esoteric.

We are concerned that
your art be a part of our life
our (not apart) your

and not just an item of elitism,
not a bit of consumer-culture,
not a personal indulgence-therapy,
not a little leavening on the dreary earth.

Art is not for our sentiments - our tears - our fears -

Art is for you and me - all.

Art is not a story,
a symbol,
a scheme.
It is itself -

(which is to say - - - -)

A struggle of Life
A plan of the Real . . .
A dream of the World
and not about it.

It is the creation and recognition of a new reality, a new world.
This is necessary.

Old art pretending to be new
and
New art pretending to be old
burdens our life/culture -
does not enhance it
does not advance it.

There are many activities around art but few art actions.

THROUGH OUR EXPERIMENTS, WORKS, AND ACCOMPLISHED ACTIONS, WE KNOW THE LIMITLESS POSSIBILITIES OF ART FOR PEOPLE:

WE KNOW we can create giant floating structures, networks of lines held aloft by balloons. These structures may serve as a flexible roof to cover a fifteen acre park and are capable of later being moved intact to another part of the city. Or - - a tower of balloons 500 feet high; structures to celebrate, to shelter, to serve as a focus for a weightless, changeable, inexpensive, new architecture.

WE KNOW people from different backgrounds and with different interests can find new and exciting ways of looking at and thinking of art and the world through our information and exhibitions programs - an alternative to specialized art education.

WE KNOW a new sense of involvement and participation is available to the spectator of art. Simple relationships between art, science and technology as demonstrated in our art and events are apparent to the active and probing beholder. This in turn may allow the viewer to discern the more subtle relationships between natural phenomena and mathematical order.

WE KNOW our example of free and independent group activity is a useful one. New groups can generate their own ideas, options and history. Imperative: Elimination of personality cults, star systems and market competition in art. The small group must not isolate itself nor allow itself to be stifled by institutional traditionalism. In seeking other roots and traditions, the cooperating individuals of a group can work toward the building of a new culture not entirely dependent on another age, external acceptance or importation from afar.

WE KNOW we are not regionalists but international in our approach to universal concepts modeled in our art. Yet we wish to keep ourselves open to our own environment and produce new art/communication which is not commercial and not centralized.



We are looking to the artists,
new groups,
other people,
Who have:

Feet on the ground,
Heads in the clouds,
but
Hands in the world.

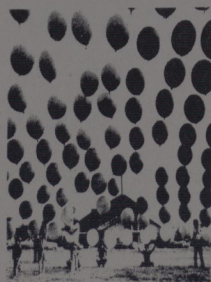


T. V. Lef 8/76

Art Research Center
922 East 48th Street
Kansas City, Missouri
USA 64110
ac816/ 531-2067

Our thanks to:

Samuel Clemens
Katarzyna Kobro
Arthur Boles
Vladimir Stenberg
Jiro Yoshinara
Andreas Weisinger
Torres-Garcia
I. K. Bonset
Ad Dekkers
G. Rice
George Fred Keck



1977

A · R · C / T - E - N

TRIADS

A poem of parts
of pieces
extremes
relationships
hierarchies

A poem of priorities.

Programmatic	Systematic
Geometric	Structuristic
Dadaistic	Hedonistic

of
extremes and relationships

Whole	World
Part	People
Piece	Group

Analytic	Analysis
Structuristic	Structure
Humanistic	Joy

of
hierarchies and priorities

Ecologies	Wholistic
Humans	Humanistic
Structures	Structuristic

What does the world care?
Who cares?
if there are others,
with others,
we dare.

Constructors/Builders
to make every
thing
New
Again and again

Then .. Now .. Next.

"ES GEHT IMMER WEITER!"

"Life, art, progress and our work are going on and on..."

A · R · C / L E F

CONTRIBUTORS

BOB AAB is co-author of *Krakatoa Kondom* (with Jimmy Bunce) and *Bury Me Dead* (with Euro McConnell). c/o Meltzer, 314 W. Genesee, apt. 4, L.A., CA 90036. TOM AHERN, 71 Elmgrove Ave., Providence, RI 02906.

BLAIR H. ALLEN did a stint reviewing for the L.A. *Times*, but was axed, he says, "for reviewing dangerous books. Now covering small press stuff for *Intermedia* and turning out art-lit work like there's no tomorrow." 9651 Estacia Ct., Cucamonga, CA 91730. ART RESEARCH CENTER is an independent multidisciplinary collective for open experiment in the constructive arts. ARC has recently established a publications center offering, among other services, typesetting for alternative publications, inquiries invited. 922 E. 48th St., Kansas City, MO 64110. (816) 531-2067. McDONALD BANE is the curator of exhibitions at the Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art, 750 Marguerite Dr., Winston-Salem, NC 27106, (919) 725-1904. PETER H. BARNET, Assistant Professor of Philosophy at John Jay College, SUNY (444 W. 56th St., N.Y., NY 10019), writes that his contribution, "Three Double Takes," should be regarded as "an exploration of the borderlines between philosophy and conceptual art. It is intended to exhibit forms of non-objective anticipation. The two sides of each page stand in a complementary relation. If you hold each page edgewise to your nose you will be able to see the two sides of the 'double take' interacting simultaneously."

BETTY BEAUMONT is a visual artist/filmmaker currently negotiating with the National Park System on an environmental installation as well as collaborating with the Tokyo linguist, Kyoko Iriye Selden, on putting her current book into Japanese. P.O. Box 140, Canal St., N.Y., NY 10013. PETER BELOW writes that he "gets a kick out of almost everything...mixed media" and does "rubberstamps, exhibitions, objects, and several book projects." Box 229, Kitzingen 8710, Germany.

JOHN M. BENNETT dreams in the void and hums a burger anthem. Luna Bisonte Prods, 137 Leland Ave., Columbus, OH 43214. HOWARD BERLAND burns quickly (see SEVENTH ASSEMBLING). 3044 Kingsbridge Ave., Bronx, NY 10463. BETTY BRESSI, writer and artist, is the editor of *Glassworks*. P.O. Box 163, Rosebank Sta., Staten Island, NY 10305. ROBERT DELFORD BROWN writes that he is "the kittenish," a swaggering dandy with a penchant for iconoclasm" and that RHETT DELFORD BROWN is "the incomparable," a woman of lofty vision and incomparable puissance"; LYNDY ROSCOE HARTIGAN is "the sensitive," a curator *summa cum futura*"; DEBORAH JENSEN is "the dogmatic," a recent Diogenic divorcée who loves baseball and confessions." 251 W. 13th St., N.Y., NY 10011. ERNST BUCKWALDER has participated in many one-man and group exhibitions of experimental-visual poetry, mail art projects around the world. St. Karlstr. 17D, CH-6004 Luzern, Switzerland. CHAR-

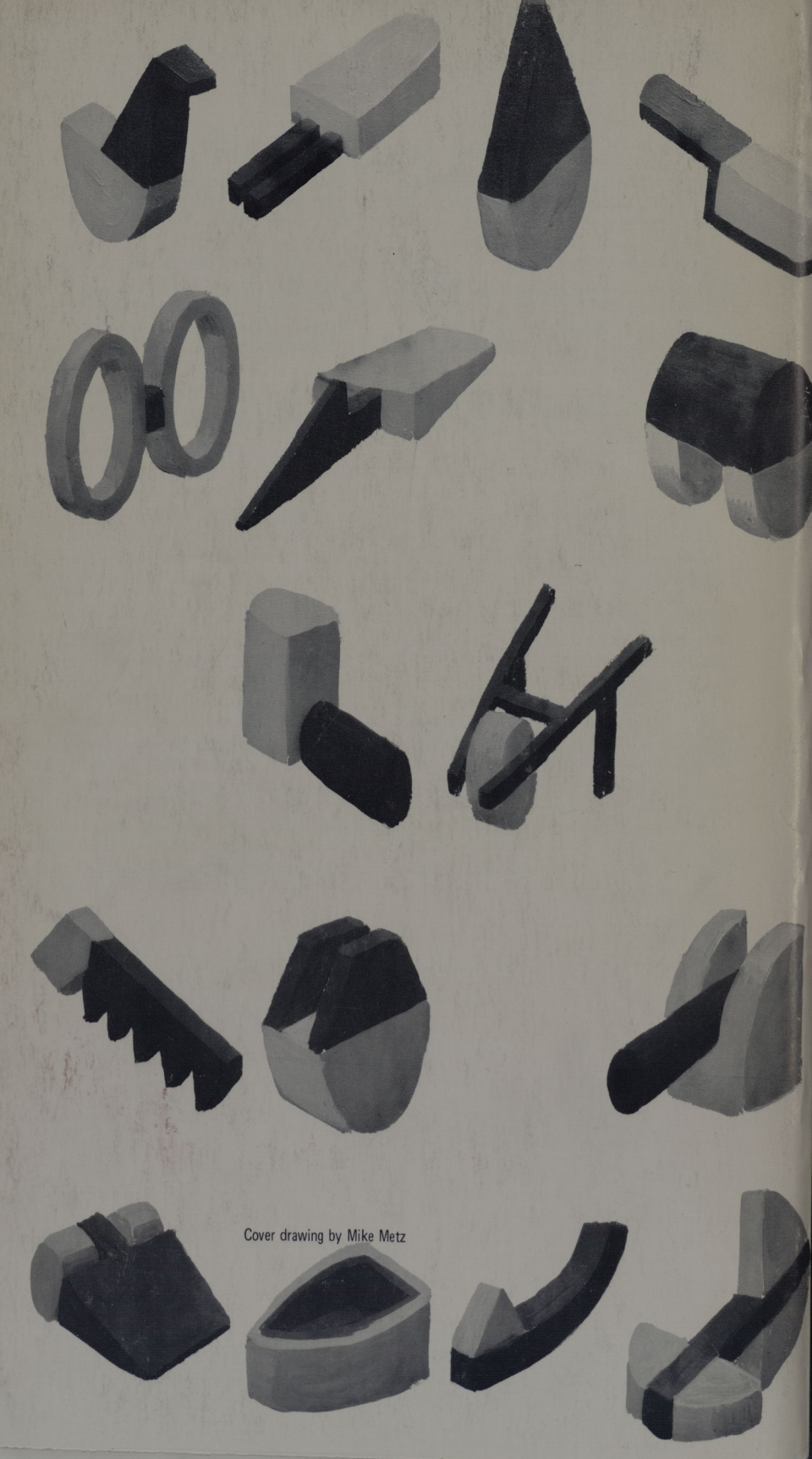
TON BURCH is a graphic designer and co-founder of *Lightworks* Magazine, Box 7271, Ann Arbor, MI 48107. JAMES F.L. CARROLL, born in 1934 in Postville, IA, is an Associate Professor, Department of Fine Arts, Kutztown State College, Kutztown, PA 19530. EDMUND CHIBEAU writes that he "is currently publishing two works: *Old Songs*, poetry, and *Art in America*, drama. Chibeau may change his name to 'Untitled Number-Three.' 520 E. 76th St., N.Y., NY 10021. CARL D. CLARK writes that his work with "words, sound, paint, graphics and electrons in the fields of poetry, criticism, theater, music, painting, printmaking and video has been widely praised, ridiculed, condemned, copied and even paid for. The title of his work for this ASSEMBLING is 'No Words (for ASSEMBLING)'." Only some of them have been titled and signed. c/o Gail Clark, Dept. of History, UNNC, Charlotte, NC 28223. HANS CLAVIN is the editor-publisher of *subvers* (1970-76) and *totaal* (1976-). His books include *l'histoire de l'histoire* (1968), *holland var. 69* (1970), *porno graphic poetry* (1971) and *l'angerie* (1973). Plain 1945 Nr 16, 1971 GB Imuiden, Netherlands. ALLAN COLEMAN continues to plug along. A volume of his selected essays on photography, *Light Readings*, will emerge from Oxford University Press in 1979. "How's that for academic respectability?" he boasts. "It's even being set in linotype." NORMAN B. COLP was recently an artist-in-residence in holography at the Cabin Creek Center for Work and Environmental Studies. His books and graphics have been widely exhibited. 164 W. 83rd St., N.Y., NY 10024. AUGUSTO CONCATO writes, "Everytime I think of my biographical notes I am so sleepy that I am not able to go on writing @%&*... %&*@... %&*@... %&*@... d. gezza 25, 20144 Milano, Italy. Tel: 437932. CUTTLEFISH describes himself as the "Venice Bird Fly" living at 17926 Califa St., Encino, CA 91316, (213) 345-5032. MAUDE DAWSON is the last of the Southern Belles. CHARLES DORIA is a classicist-at-large, 106 Spring St., N.Y., NY 10012. JERRY DREVA is the president of the Steven Timm Fan Club and is looking forward to 1984. 629 Madison Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53172. ROCHELLE HOLT DuBOIS, whose artistic name is Paloma de Selva (the dove in the jungle), writes that she "is available for free-lance sketching and illustrating of books, broadsides, etc. through Merging Media, 59 Sandra Circle A-3, Westfield, NJ 07090." MICHAEL DYREGROV provided a bio note that was, alas, too, too generous for this space. Sorry, Michael. P.O. Box 16007, Minneapolis, MN 55416. CHARLES ELWERT is currently teaching creative writing and photography in the Elmwood Park school system. He writes both linear and visual poems. 3120 Haber Ave., Melrose Park, IL 60164. JOHN W. ENGLISH writes that he "does not subscribe to the idea that criticism is more interesting than art. He came to that con-

clusion in Athens, GA (188 Northview Dr., 30605) after four years of talking to, reading and reading about critics of all types. The revelation did not change his life." L.S. FALLIS writes that he "would like to hear from other concrete/visual poets, especially those working in the Southwest." P.O. Box 3 BD-UPS, Las Cruces, NM 88003. ERIC FELDERMAN is the author of *Garden Street*, *The Book of Lies*, and *Animal Book*, among other works. 20 Metropolitan Oval, Apt. 11-B, N.Y., NY 10462. CAROL A. FORGET self-published *Margin Release*, a book about typewriter imagery. 110 W. Houston St., Apt. 3-B, N.Y., NY 10012. PETER FRANK, 80 North Moore St., N.Y., NY 10013. MICHAEL GIBBS has worked extensively in various areas of "LANGWE JART" and edited both the periodical *Kontexts* and the anthology *Deciphering America* (1978). He has also mounted one-man shows in England, Holland, Iceland and Germany. Eerste van der Helststraat 55, Amsterdam, Netherlands. ELIZABETH GINSBERG paints and has had solo exhibitions at Susan Caldwell Gallery, NY, and Chuo Gallery, Tokyo. 5 Great Jones St., N.Y., NY 10012. C.R. GINZBURG is a self-described "artiste voyageur," 8 Square des Moulineaux, apt. 71, 92100 Boulogne Billancourt, France. JESSE GLASS, JR. edits *Goethe's Notes*, a literary magazine. 254 N. Gorsuch Rd., Westminister, MN 21157. ANTHONY J. GNAZZO neglected to put his name on his work, "Long-Eared Atmospheric Illusion," which nonetheless appears in its appropriate alphabetical place. 3840 Elston Ave., Oakland, CA 94602. BONNIE GORDON writes that she has "done the following things for money: squeezed oranges, baked soft pretzels, custom-made frames, and edited a magazine on sludge. I have also published non-fiction on subjects as diverse as satanic cults, auctions, Grey Panthers and Mick Jagger's brother." 299 Bloomfield Ave., Verona, NJ 07044. COURTENAY

P. GRAHAM-GAZAWAY writes that she is "traveling in portable spaces across southwest giving Xoz Y Gazaway slide show poetry performances. New Press Release from C P Graham Press: *ETCETERA* by Courtenay P. Graham-Gazaway." Box 5, Keswick, VA 22947. RICHARD GRAYSON's collection, *Disjointed Fictions*, will be published by *X, A Journal of the Arts*. 1607 E. 56th St., Brooklyn, NY 11234. SHELLY JANE GROSSBERG writes that her contribution here "summarizes themes in her novel-in-progress." c/o Teachers & Writers Collaborative, 84 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011. BARBARA GURWITZ paints, dances and sponsors poetry readings in her studio. 92 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, NY. SUSAN HARRIS, 25 Ria Drive, White Plains, NY 10605. DAVI DET HOMPSON continues to publish booklets (write for a list), exhibit texts and talk with his friends. P.O. Box 7035, Richmond, VA 23221. LEONARD HOROWITZ paints, dances, makes films, plays music. He is currently writing a book on Sound States and Soundshapes. 645 Broadway, N.Y., NY 10012. ROBERT JACKS has recently forsaken both Texas and Soho (NY) for his native Australia. JOMA is the nom-de-plume of John Marron, who has edited *As Is/So&So* mag & books (formerly "Bad Breath"). He describes himself as a "nabokovcreeley-duchamptrungpaitel, cub-allalphabet-core-architecture poet, dancer, explainer-to-myself; drop me a line." 1730 Carlton, Berkeley, CA 94703.

These bio notes were sent to Assembling Press, in response to the instructions reprinted on the opening page of this book; works arriving late at the collator appear alphabetically at the back of each volume. Contributions that did not arrive before 10 September may not be here at all. Those names appearing in the book, but not in the index above, neglected to send us a bio note.

— Richard Kostelanetz



Cover drawing by Mike Metz