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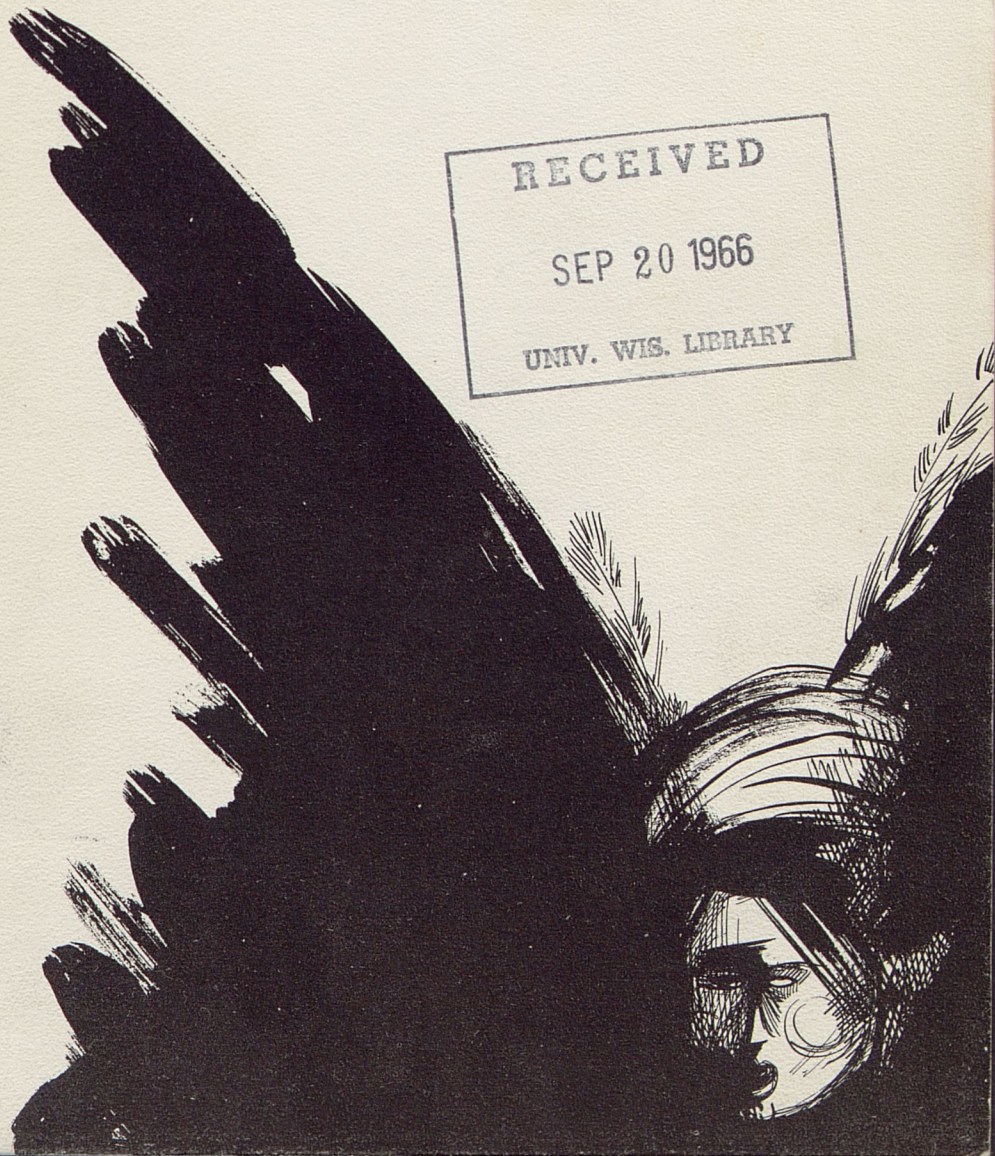
Io magazine

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56 College st.
Amherst, Mass.
Editors: Richard Grossinger
Lindy Hough

Io: as a small moon of Jupiter Io is a tiny unknown,
governed by the massive laws of a larger unknown;
Io is also the Maori god of creation as well as a
butterfly as well as the obvious goddess, who has that
name in only one aspect of her manifestation.

"First we have a vague circle of electrons and other
inferior units; then a better-defined circle of the
simple bodies in which elements are distributed
as functions of the atoms of hydrogen; farther on another
circle, of inexhaustible molecular combinations; and
lastly, jumping or recoiling from the infinitesimal to
the infinite, a circle of stars and galaxies. These mul-
tiple zones of the cosmos envelop without imitating
each other in such a way that we cannot pass from one
to another by a simple change of coefficients."

--Teilhard de Chardin

"The PLACE of an apparent entity, an electron for
example, becomes indefinite, interrupted; the entity
appears and disappears from one structural position,
like a phoneme or any other patterned linguistic
entity, and may be said to be NOWHERE in between the
positions." --Benjamin Whorf

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an original OPIUM drawing by Jean Cocteau
(published here for the first time)
Coll. Frederick Hill



Jeon
★
(Opium)

Paul Blackburn

HESPER ADEST

The evening comes
Scop points to the sky, the horizon, the
 scissors point to the sign / paper
chronicles of lives barely coeval with my own
evil simplicities. Torn, hopeless
trousers I eventually remove
to a separate galaxy

An old Chevy open touring and
a new, 1928 Essex are part of the pattern

Semen
shit
paper
kleenex
snot
cigarette tobacco
and
piss are part of the pattern,
are the contents of the bowel, the
bowl, the
hiss and howl of water as I hit the chain,
empty the bowl at a single flush,
empty the tank too,
which refills

And I walked around all Christmas day with it strapped on,
and the card that came with the gift, I
wrapped it in tissue paper and kept it in the holster.

That was the last for a long time / 3,600 miles away
and a different galaxy, whatever anyone else wanted .
That was the year I got the tricycle too.
My sister and I fought most of the time, but I
would go and kiss her
when I thought that people weren't looking.

Stan Brakhage

MAKING LIGHT OF NATURE OF LIGHT

"Any fool can see for himself --", like they say . . .

It is the light we share.

I had meant, since beginning "The Moving Picture Giving and Taking Book", to write about the taking of light, the use of it: taking a light reading, so to speak -- with a light meter, as it's called . . . for the figuring out, like they say, the where-about, on the movable ring of the lens marked with "f", the numbers of it should be placed so that a picture may be taken. As I came to worry the subject in my mind's eye, came to see where I'd left off writing this book altogether and to foresee how impossible it was becoming to write what was left of it, I finally arrived at the thought that the book had perhaps better be called: "The Moving Picture Giving Book": and that I had better let it go at that. In that light then, if you'll pardon the pun/fun of it, I've come to the beginning of wanting to make light of all of taking -- of light, of pictures, of others, of myself in this "take", as an "exposure before development" is called, this taken then of my mind's eye moving thru thought to language in this writing.

My first instruction, then: if you happen to have a light meter -- give it away . . . otherwise: give over reading this further and get on with the game of numbers you're playing and its absolute sets of what is scene: for I am going on, from here, with seeing -- any/everyone's ultimate gift to the motion picture medium.

Beg, borrow, or buy (I do not believe in stealing) a moving picture camera with at least one lens on it (a "used" 8mm camera is perhaps most in need of your blessings and will, thus, very likely come to you easily in the family attic or ten to fifteen dollars at most from a store -- but please don't accept a magazine camera, even as more than temporary gift, as it will cost you more money for film in the long run . . . and please NO "automatic exposure" photo-machine, either -- that "seeing eye" dog of a camera.) Get a roll of film, any film that is the same millimeter as your camera. Somewhere on the box of it, or on a paper on the inside of it, or from the store proprietor, you will find a number coming after the letters A.S.A.: and if your film is a "color" one you will find the information as to whether it's a "Daylight" or a "Tungsten". Keep all this information in mind.

Let us suppose to start with a "black & white" film, as that is usually less expensive. Let us even suppose, to start to begin, that you have not yet given yourself a camera. Collect yourself a handful of tiny objects, such

as would sit neatly on a fingernail, and also an empty spool and film can the size and millimeter of the full one you have in hand, and a small or "pencil" flashlight. Find the darkest room available to you; and sit in it for awhile, some ten to fifteen minutes say, looking all around for the light. You will find yourself, thus, fulfilling the initiation rites of many religious cults: but you need not let that worry you. Look for any light coming in under doors, thru curtains, or wheresomever; and cut it off with old rag stuffing, thick coats over windows, etc . . . and you need not worry about that, either, for, as you cut off the light you're used to, you will come to be given to see many kinds of light you may not have known existed before.

If you begin to feel foolish in this darkened room doing these things, please continue; but if you've only come to find the me-in-your-mind as foolish for the above writing, then please stop reading and try, rather, something on your own until you've managed to make a fool of yourself-- for the writing, from here on out, is specifically for the "fool" who can "see for himself" . . . no other than that in mind.

When the room is dark of all light you're used to, and before you begin to look for more light than may come to you, open the box and/or can of film and place it on the one side of you, with the empty reel and its can on the other side of you. Unwind some film (a good five feet or so). Attach the end of it to, and wind it up on, the empty reel (a piece of tape will help). Then place both reels in their cans, bending the film carefully over the edge of each can, so that the lids may be put on without more than gently folding the film, without more than a soft diagonal crease in the film, without tearing, etc. There should be, then, several feet of film between closed cans. Place this firmly on a flat surface (tape, again, will help) so that the sticky side (when moistened to test it between fingers) is up. Place your tiny objects along the length of the film. You may, of course, do this as carefully or as haphazardly as you choose. If you choose to give your care you will remember that each space between sprocket holes (which you can feel with your fingernails in the dark) is an individual picture which will when projected flash in some other darkness at a fraction of a second -- the area between and to the direct side of any two sprocket holes in 8mm and "single-sprocket" 16mm, the area within the rectangle of any four sprocket holes in "double-sprocket" 16mm, the area to the side of any four sprocket holes of "single-sprocket" 35mm or between the four on one side and four on the other of "double-sprocket" 35mm, etc. The more you think of these things while placing your objects on the film, even in the dark of your first endeavor, the more you give of form, of yourself thus to form, of the medium in the eventual projection of images, as always, about to be made.

Think of your flashlight, then, as a wand, for it is something more magic than a flash that we want of it, something more than any simple light, as we're used to, use of it. We want to make a ray -- a Man Ray we'll call it, in honor

of the man, so named, who first made it -- directed by all of the thoughts, as above, and conditioned by two pieces of information kept in mind: the "A.S.A." number and, if color, the indication of "Daylight" or "Tungsten" . . . but, assuming again "black & white" film, let us assume a number after A.S.A. A small one, say between one and ten, will tell us that the film will take a lot of the light we give it to make an "exposure". A large number after A.S.A., say any number above fifty, will tell us that the film is very sensitive, so to speak, to light and will over-expose, as they call it, with the slightest bit of our illumination. Let us assume, to start then, an A.S.A. 5 -- the American Standard Association's average exposure rating for most motion picture "sound stock" film . . . this low rating will permit us a great deal more play of/and/with light in our giving exposure to the film. We can possibly even use the pencil flashlight to write directly upon the strip of film, if we write quickly and if the point light of it is sharp enough, focused enough. As we move our wand away from the film, its beam spreads till, finally, evenly over the whole length of the strip, its exposure interfered with only by the objects we've placed on it and their shadows. As we think of its beam as a ray, we may come to direct it elsewhere and only indirectly light the film; and as we come to think of the ray as a Man Ray each one can then, honoring tradition, become aware of what's undone and, being that self each is, direct the particular ray in hand, wave that wand wheresomever, as is most wanted, around whatever particular room in relation to the strip of film, writing directly upon it in one place and never permitting the light to shine other than indirectly upon it in another, creating a dance of the shadows of the objects placed upon it, throwing shadows of objects in the room across it, etcetera . . . BUT, whatever each chooses to do with this instant, we ALL share in this: the light can only illuminate that room for a very few seconds for the film's exposure, film's take, as it were. Even with an A.S.A. of 5, I would guess that more than two or three seconds of direct light, from however small and dim a flash wand, would expose the film to the extent that, when developed, it would be clear leader (if reversal film) or black leader (if negative film) as defined at the beginning of this book: and we would thus -- for we all do share the light, share thus the conditions of time of light in relation to film -- be back where we started from, with no trace upon the film, no sign or record even, of the magic each was making in the room of his or her most individual dark. The higher the A.S.A. number of the film, the further must the wand be kept from the strip and/or the quicker the speed of illumination. But if all has gone well, each will have (when the film is developed) what is called "A Rayogram" for moving picture projection. But before developing, I would suggest that the process, as described above, be repeated for the entire length of the roll of film, each exposed strip being taken up into the can on the one side as the unexposed strips are unraveled from the other. As should be obvious, the whole length of film need not, indeed should not, be done all at once. Other than tiny objects may be placed upon the film, as say cloth for texture shadows, glass for refraction patterns, etc. And, assuming your film is color, various colored glasses or filters may be placed upon the strip, the point of the wand or around the room, even, for a play of

hues. If the film is a "Daylight" one, all whatever-colors will transform on film to completely other-colors, because the film was exposed to flash wand rather than the sun wand intended -- generally speaking, there will be more yellow in everything (unless it overexposes) because the flash-light will not be passing thru the blue of the sky as the sun's light does before exposing film . . . and you can, thus, put a "sky" in front of your wand in the form of a bluish filter taped onto your flashlight to render more approximate colors with "Daylight" film. If your film is marked "Tungsten", you'll know that word refers to the filaments of your flash-bulb or electric-light-other and that the "sky" or blue of it has been put already into the film itself by the manufacturer, so that without your adding a filter the colors will be rendered more approximately -- tho', in truth, they will still be transformed utterly into colors other than those of the objects placed upon the film, or between the light and the film, etc.: and I would hope you have the good sense to be aware of these differences when the film is developed, bless you.

Now if all the above does seem an end in itself, have patience for I, too, am tired of these mechanical limitations, would have us share more mysteriously in the light, am about to fool with the camera (rather than professionally fool it) and, for the sake of illumination, become the fool of the camera and all its means (being amateur -- lover . . . at heart). But if the above be beginning for you, quit reading and get on with it . . . joy to you!

Now, a camera can be thought of as a small closet (box) into which the film may be put (with pegs to hang the full and empty spools upon and a gate, much like the projector's described earlier, to thread the film thru) which has a wand-like light focuser (lens) screwed into it so that whatever external illumination which is "gathered", as it's called, by the wand can be focused into an image on the surface of the film, can be, thus, recorded by the light-sensitive grains of the emulsion of the film so as to be developed, later, into a picture which is projectionable. The motor of the camera simply conditions the movement of the film in relation to the shutter (the same as in the projector except that, in camera case, the film is always stilled for the ingathering of light, at shutter's opening, rather than for the projection thereof thru the film). When we hold the camera, therefore, we have the whole closet as well as wand in hand, stand IN the light and condition whatever of it and of images of objects reflecting that light we wish to affect the surface of the film. The motors of most cameras will permit us to flash light onto the strip of film at a variety of speeds by pre-setting a dial on the outside of the box which conditions and indicates how fast the film is moving thru the gate (usually marked: "8 - 12 - 16 - 24 - 32 - 48 - 64", etc -- meaning: "8 frames per second - 12 frames per second", etc.) because the speed with which the shutter opens and closes is conditioned by the number of times the film is stopped-and-started-etc. each second. We can also control the dimness

and brightness of these flashes of light by setting the ring marked "f stops" around the lens itself (typically marked: "f 1.5 - 2 - 2.8 - 4 - 5.6 - 8 - 11 - 16 - 22" -- meaning, for all intents and purposes, that when the lens is set at its lowest number, say "f 1.5", its iris, as it's called, is wide open, like an eye in the dark, that at "f 2" it is a little bit closed, permitting less light, that at "f 11" it's about half closed and that at "f 22" it's almost closed, like the iris of an eye look-straight into the sun or at sun's direct reflection on a beach or bright snow scene) because, for our intents and purposes the "f stops" are like distances we keep between the flash light and the film according to the A.S.A. of it. If the A.S.A. is a low number, such as A.S.A. 5, then we can set our lens at a low "f", say "f 1.5", on a bright day even and still get an image upon it. If it is a high number A.S.A., such as "A.S.A. 120", closing our lens to "f 22" may not suffice under the same circumstances to make other than white or black leader: but then these "circumstances" also depend, for picture, upon the speed of the film and, thus, shutter, and of course upon whether one is under the sun of this bright day or in the shade of it, in a house, etc. These many circumstances cause most photographers to use a light meter to determine their exposure, the setting of the "f stop" ring, etc.: but I suggest you play the fool, along with me, fool around in the light with your camera, be the fool of both (fool neither) and come along on an adventure, the nature of which is the nature of light itself.

First we must deal with the Light of Nature, then with Nature of Light. And set your science aside, please, as we've no more use for it than what is of it as embodied in the camera in hand -- an ordinarily closed system (as any machine) for taking pictures . . . which I am about to cause to flower (as my usual) wide openly in a gift of in-and-out-sight to the means of it. The camera will try to give back simply taken pictures (as that's what it's made for) but in the exchanges between us (myself and machine) there'll be, if I'm lucky as usual (and for you too if you're able as anyone) a made thing (an unpic'ed image) which gives as much as it takes, an illumination (made as much of as with light) which should be a joy to see. I might, as I often have before, make a discovery (called "creation" most usually): and you, too, might, if you can but give your eyes to the medium (as any maker finally must) as a gift beyond any desire, to see or other, any re-request, etc. "We shall see" refers to conditions, such as technical limitations, which we share, as we share the light. "I see" is an unconditional surrender to the light for a fool's vision. When giving sight to the medium, "with, rather than thru, the eye" (William Blake), with, rather than thru, machine, with any means at your bestowal (rather than disposal), with the light, and naturally then OF all these things also as in any gift, the term "moving picture giving" takes on a blessed (and necessary to me) dimension, viz.:

If you will, but listen (give your attention) to the camera motor (as you press its button -- never, please, at speeds higher than 32 frames per second when there's no film in it, as that will often snap its spring) and you will hear some semblance of the speeds of film's run thru it. . . if you will, then, think of yourself as collector of light, thru wand of lens, for gift to film, you can then come to know yourself as conditioner of the light entering the magic box you hold in your hand -- that you can slow or speed up the flashes of it, on the film's surface, by changing motor speed -- that you can collect the most of the light you stand in by turning the "f" ring to its lowest number, opening the iris of the lens widest, and/or can limit the power of the sun itself with each "stop down", as it's called, to the highest number. And if you can, then, but give yourself to the light around you (keeping sense of the above conditions or circumstances) till you are attracted to one area or another of the direct or reflected light (taking a stance in relation to your surroundings), you will be able, by a pointing of lens and a turning of its rings, to give some of your inner illumination to the surface of that film (give the song of your sensing, what you've seen AND thought of it, to the film's heard movement in the camera), viz-a-viz:

If you want the light you're sensing to take shape upon the surface of the film, to etch itself there in sharp lines of the edges of its reflecting forms, you will guess at the distance from the film's surface to the most of the objects within the rectangular space of your looking (thru the "viewfinder") and will set the numbers of the "foot" ring of your lens (usually numbered from "1 ft." to "oo", a symbol standing presumptuously for "infinity") accordingly; where-as, if you want the light to affect the film's face more impressionistically, you can "soften the focus", like they say; and, therefore, if you want light's tones unenclosed in shapes, you can set close object's image in "infinity" or obliterate landshapes and distant forms with a "1 ft." setting. Wherever you would interfere with the light, take account of shadows as exactly as if they were objects placed upon the film emulsion in a darkened room, as if a setting of the lens to the exact distance of the shadow were a placing of the object flat upon film surface, etc. A breath upon the lens will often add the Western-eyes'ed sense of halo, or the mystic's aura, or a whole fog even. A drop of water, or some similar refractor placed before the lens, will split the beams of any direct light into the very lines tunneling out of it which must, once, have given Western Man the idea that the sun was in harness, or reigned, and then caused him to later create a way of seeing called "Renaissance Perspective" we take too much for granted; and a soft focussing of these lines will spread these lines to rays, as clouds or dust storms often scatter sun. And many things may be put before the lens to simulate something of mind's eye, thought's light, on film -- if you use a "Tungsten" film in the daylight, for instance, an orangish filter will render the colors what we call "truer", just as a blue filter is used with "Daylight" film to put some sky into electrical illumination, etc. . . but all of these conditionings I've written above are a

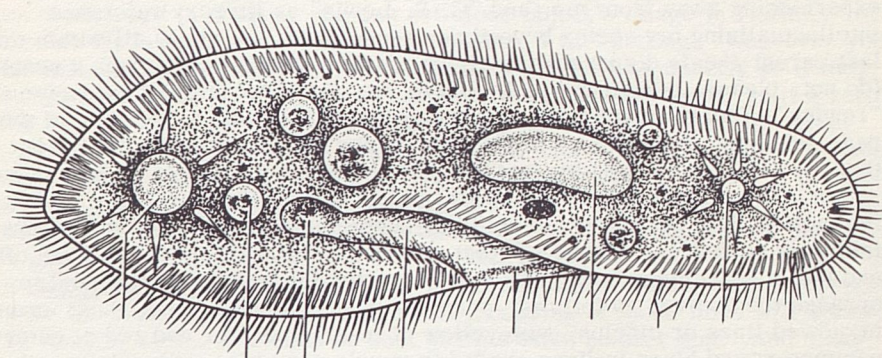
hatch of hind-sight, a taking of light for some use or other -- not much more of a gift to the medium than the taking of a picture. Not being a poet, I cannot write much other than "about", write out of some past endeavor, whereas a gift is always a present, so to speak . . . it will take some very creative you in the gift of reading this to make this writing more than a take. Permit me to illustrate, become the reader myself of the below, now, blank of page in seeing search of nature of light, viz-ability:

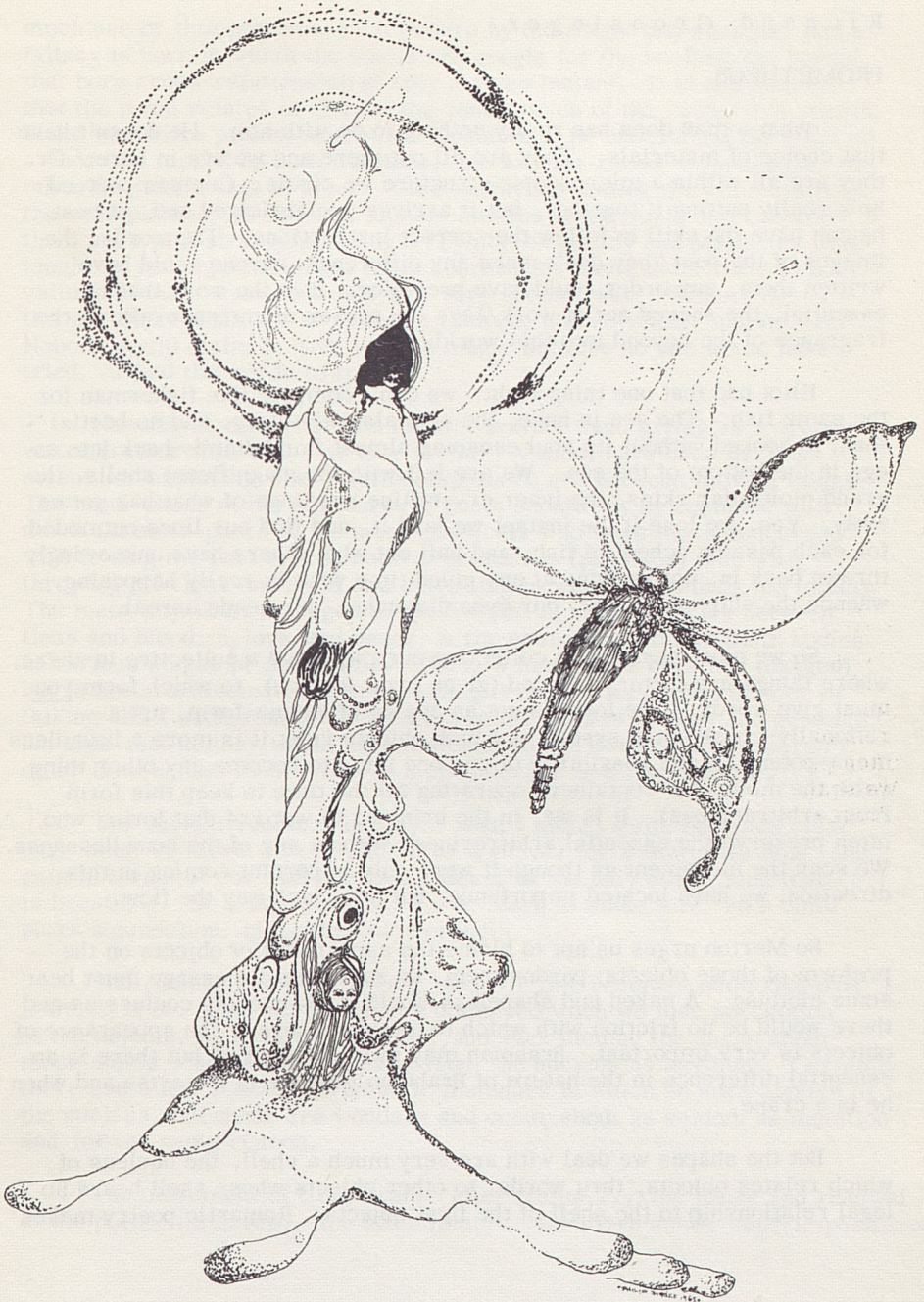
"blank" (as all words) interfering with my reading of the texture of the paper, the shadow blackened creases and spots impressed on the white field of it -- "white" coming to mind to block any seeing of the yellow of the lamplight upon it, reflecting from off it, and as if lying heavily across the whole surface of it -- "yellow" blanketing the mind's eye as if to cover up the sense of the blue, as it's collected in each shadow, like pools with deep purple centers, or flaring palely blue over the whole surface and almost flickering at page top nearest my window in instreaming daylight -- "blue" (as "purple" and "black" and all earlier color words) finally giving way to eye's sight of an other-than-electric yellow whirling within blue on page and sky out my window in some as-if struggle with blue, an eddying all thru the air of these environs, which I follow up the margin of the page I'm reading till blue takes shapes surrounded by yellows of skylight, but shapes that are almost invisible under apparently shifting folds of "Tungsten" yellow, each blue whirl taking general shape of ball with curved comet-like tail, all shapes blackened in focus of concentration on the page, tho' easily seen bluishly out my window, all tailed-spheres spiraling as if in the heat of liquid gold (these being Reich's "Orgones" in, say, C. S. Lewis's "yellow space"?) - "Orgones" taking away all sight-sense of the vision, "Reich's" taking the experiencing away from me, and "C. S. Lewis" as literary reference intellectualizing my seeing beyond any sense of it . . . thus, all within that last parent-thesis disperses the vision, making sense of what was a sensing (do not, please, permit me to do that to you, dear reader!) -- my sense of "reader", "dear" or otherwise, interfering utterly with my reading of this page, blocking me in a lock of attention to the inks of its letters . . . but then . . . but then, the type marks -- they wink at me -- not as letters but, rather, as surfaces rainbowed over: and as my eyes open to them, relax into softened focus, the prismatic lines bubble open into streams of colors infinitely varied -- "infinitely" (that presumptuous word again) tips me off and into a searching concentration wherein the black-born colors tend to arrange themselves as follows: oranges, blues, greens: and, thus: oranges in curved lines or circles, with yellow at inner or center and red at outer or perimeter; and blues in lines graded to purple one side or the other; and greens as a weave throughout -- "throughout" checking my concentration, causing a spread of vision across the whole page until I see similar-to black-born prismatic colors moving, according to the first tendencies observed, among the comet-blue shapes and molten folds-over-folds of electric-yellow and in shadow pools, concentrations of prism-blues tending

to impress upon me large (several inch once) always elongated shapes, ingatherings of prism-oranges always forming circularly, and green weaves shaping fields of their predominance always as irregularly curled as vines -- three underlined "always"es demonstrate to me that I'm about to make a science and/or a religion of this endeavor, damnit, about to really try to convince someone else (some "dear reader" of the imagination) of my own eye's sightings, make sights of them in sets of laws and dogmas to convict all other (in a "damn your eyes", as the saying goes) -- forgive me . . . I tire, viz:

. . . goodbye again, dear reader -- I'm off to work: to try to gather light this particularly, even if (as in the past) I can finally only paint some approximation of these miniscule occurrences upon the film's developed surface . . . for film is never hypoed by the lab, "fixed" as it's called, beyond a maker's giving -- his adding to it, thru paints and chemicals and superimpositions in editing, his senses of the light as seen - - until that maker himself becomes too long exposed to the light of any particular piece of film and, thus, ceases to see it any longer . . . then, and then only, might a work be called "finished". As I've ceased to read myself herein, then, and have other livelier things to do, permit me to make (not "the" but)

an end.





Richard Grossinger

PROMETHEUS

What a man does has really nothing to do with him. He doesn't have that choice of materials. They are all out there and we are in here. Or they are all within a microscopic structure we circle. One can pretend he's really putting it together, but it arrives prefabricated and, at best, he can have the skill to follow the correct instructions. The words, the images of the poet/they don't make any difference; anyone could have written them, any order could have prevailed. It is the work that is essential, the sacred act of work/says the prayer of entrance/allows the fragrance of the beyond into this world.

Eliot had that one thing right: we don't compete like fisherman for the same fish. The sea is huge, the animals swim deep, and no bestial form is hooked without its soul escaping almost immediately back into an egg in the bottom of the sea. We are left with the magnificent shells, the grand molecular skins, the inner crystalline workings of what has gotten away. Yes, we lose it the instant we land it, and find our lines outmoded for each passing school of fish, and bail out what others have unknowingly thrown back in, not knowing at any given time what is really happening, whence the ship or the sea, our eyes distended, our heads unreal.

So we must postulate a collective out-there and a collective in-there, where things are form-you-lated (given form for you), to which form you must give words. The form is not an analog of karma-form, not a rationally-constructed system in which objects ride; it is more a boundless maya-potential, the possibility of any one thing to become any other thing (with the molecular containers operating all the time to keep this form from arbitrariness). It is we, in the bringing to word of that form, who often preserve the essential arbitrariness without any of the boundlessness. We scan the movement as though it were only important coming in this direction; we have located importance, but not which way the flow.

So Merton urges us not to blame the appearance of objects on the preform of those objects; pardon them, he says, for a message must bear some clothing. A naked and shapeless world would merely confuse us and there would be no friction with which to do things here. The appearance of objects is very important. Brahman may swim in any fly, but there is an essential difference in the nature of Brahman when he is a tse-tse and when he is a crane.

But the shapes we deal with are very much a shell, the nucleus of which relates objects, thru words, to other objects whose shell bears no legal relationship to the shell of the first objects. Romantic poetry makes

much use of this process, as it occurs by moonlight and sunlight, and a fallacy is born in which the shells are sought for the nucleus/the kernel that bore cross-relationship at only a given instant. It is this instant that the poem relates to and not the continuation of the respective shapes. Blake was more patient than other Romantics; he understood the shell as a code and rapped on both its sides, one way for ratios of innocence, the other for coefficients of color. Like scientists testing the atmosphere of the near planets, he bounced signals into the other world and received them back with strange markings. Symbolist poetry and Mallarme have taught us that there are also some continuities that can be made to hold valid unto the instant, but only in a very special way. Without them, though, there would be no Catholic Church, and no wheel, and no fire. Nobody would claim to have worked magic because no one would have tried, or had the words to try.

Nowadays, metaphor and breath, both of them giving us a deeper vision (rather than tele - or far, far off - vision) have been the best means for exploring what relationships there are between moving things. The meta-phors of the new outward poets should not be confused with those old meta-phors of the meta-physicals who were more concerned with finding the land beyond natural processes (physikos) than with throwing off cloak and shell and travelling to where the words led (meta). The meta-physicals managed to get trapped in natural cycles between fleas and blood, & love and decay, & the characteristics of their bodies at various stages of spacetime. The new meta-phor breathes (oxygen) but is not overfascinated with breathing it back in as carbon dioxide or talking about such stunts. It believes in the laws of biology and genetics, but also that neither would have material to work with if there weren't other laws behind them. What is a chromosome is a round dance.

The nuclear (unclear is maybe what I mean) force becomes clear only when we move with it, pace it as a runner for a few of its laps, and gain in terms of our own breath the sense of the only other thing that is breathing. So a star goes on, so we learn to make love, so a child picks a dandelion, picks the color orange.

The running is the salvaging, and our line becomes outmoded only if we let it be. Our mind becomes distended when we lose perception of the objects, or even their shells, and seek instead the auras about those shells which are as faraway from the nucleus as anything. Certainly there are a few wonderful romantic instances in which an aura applies to the nucleus, but these are wonders and occur about as seldom as mutation and for the same reason.

The movement of film, frame after frame. . . . the pause and renewal of the poem, its breath, line after line. . . . the more subtle superimpositions

of prose that the period allows in its per-sentence repetition. . . . all these pace the runner/gain gold without dilation.

A word should be said about those standing by the side, out of breath (meaning "without breath" as "out of apples"), using their new 1/2000 of a second camera to possess something of the-image-of-him as he moves and breathes into all his shells. The freezing of speed, the senseless mimicry of pounding drums, the letter (or literal enclosure) of the single image. . . . all these are fancy mistakes and symbolic misnomers. They come home (or must eventually in migration) with snapshots of clouds and oceans and bridges, rhymes of color and action and fantasy, yet with no sense that the process of reinforcement is without and constantly moving beyond the episode of the single frame or line.

Processes of endless unconscious activity, pointed out by Jung, are quite essential to the travellers that come this way. Perception moves/ ideas are nodules or cooling points along that track. In order to keep moving we pass thru light and shadow, melancholy and bliss, angels and devils, because all are centrifugal to the nucleus and necessary ports if one is to avoid dilation & fixation. Jung quoted, and it begins with, that nothing is quite true, and even that is not quite true. And of course even my reference to it is not quite true, but this, I'm afraid, is the building of parallel mirrors and the beginning of a trip back into the land of flying cranes, barnacle geese, and dinosaurs. We are here, and with one mirror, which, to Cocteau, in its unidimensional effect refers to all four dimensions as three dimensions never can.

Three-dimensional space is isolation in one sphere. The 1/2000 of a second shutter feigns three-dimensional space, as did the Renaissance painter, renewing the laws of Pythagoras in a visual perfection. But the Renaissance man was in many ways the most stilted artist of all time. The Altamira man was able to conceive of the magical movement of light upon roughness, form, and color. As Herakleitos said, "Pythagoras, son of Mnesarches, practiced scientific inquiry beyond all other men, and picking here and there in their writings, claimed for his own a wisdom that was nothing but a knowledge of many truths, and an imposture."

Four-dimensional space, which can be related to Albert Einstein or Robert Kelly, involves an inclusion of time as a nonterminating series of possibilities, lacking only the possibility of alternate action. Space is bent, so time bends. And there are warps in time thru which preconscious communication takes place. This communication is sacred and relatable to overhearing the angels talking among themselves.

Two-dimensional space is an artistic verisimilitude of four-dimensional space, for two-dimensional factors are the movement of three dimensions

within four/the gyres within the gyres. Imaginary numbers are born on a two-coordinate scale.

The movement of film in two dimensions squares itself by motion and is four dimensions. Three remains the odd thing, like the three-legged horse running across a nonexistent reality, frozen into time, but unisolatable thru time.

The communication of the angels is important and should not be confused with the reception of signs. The latter refers most clearly to the romantic or metaphysical contraposition, for the angels never make direct attempts to cross planes. So hymns are sung, and the stars are named.

But sheer distance is a real hang-up for those concerned with the shell. People get stumped on as various permutations as IBM decimals, economic net products, how many meals they have left to eat in life, the travel of rockets over light years, etc. The gut of movement, which blends across light years, is something we don't fathom even at our lucidest moments. The astronauts report sanity and A-OK up there because their sense of things is the shell, which is sane over all its perimeter. Though they are moving very rapidly, they are hardly breathing with the runner and do not perceive his presence. The existence, as of the summer, of a moonlike surface of craters on Mars is an example of computer perception. There is a patness about the binary code of dark and light stone that is as terrifying as a deserted field. Enter - and all movement is there. EVERYTHING IS UNCLEAR if we let it be too clear.

What doesn't hold won't hold/nor masks hold, and all the Presidents of the USA's can try to hold them on, and they won't stick because they have got a place to bend to and are going to cloy there. Even if, in the old soap opera sense, they have to take us all there with them.

American industries are rapidly manufacturing the antidotes. They are (and always have been) selling the wrong things to the wrong people as though there were some unique or magical virtue in that. They take metaphysical glee in advertising essential absurdities. Words are driven far-across-range from phonetics and the ear; pictures are frozen in such stillness that we can hardly see them; they will kill all the great men and all that will be left are the fossils, the myths, the stories; no one will know anymore what he has done.

The great roar is accumulating where we pretend silence, and still, as a society, we roll up our sleeves and throw in our nets for another haul. And haul in what is inflated with itself, a sea full of blowfish, a ridiculously-intensified nowhere in which we constantly pretend to be claiming the same prizes for the same deeds.

Print, dye, film, papyrus, ink, stone: these all come from the re-sources of this planet and the flow of the elements thru the universe. The conscious flow of individuals relates to that flow, but during life, is not it. The beginning of the shape and completion of the word are what reside in the individual; the fully-evolved form does not. These words, galloping off my paper, are coming from a hush behind my ear which feeds them in a rhythm approximating and reinforced by the noisy type-writer keys and windy outdoors, and there is nothing I can do but graduate my consciousness to a limitation of what is coming out in terms of the thing of value I wish to possess in the instant of these pages. The early pages, sitting beside me, have been lost. All I can do is continue feeding this flow onto the sheets of what holds it as re-sources of this planet with my mind a re-source of this universe. What I photo-graph (write by light) with my 35 mm. camera is connected only to the re-sources of color dye and the industry and the stance of what is out there at given instants of its ebullition. And I can do no more than imitate a sort of hum in my head into a sensibleness as my Americanized sense of what-is-conscious-within-me allows. I can sway to that move-meant without judge-meant, and then perhaps sit back and drink the apple juice in the icebox and look thru the window at the stars that are out there to my eyes. I am connected to this flood only by my own flooding. I know the security of possessing my features and blood as long as I am here. I attempt, and can only effect, process and progress. I know of no end to what I am doing. Once I wanted to win all the marbles, now I merely want to inhabit "This pendant world, in bigness as a Star," as Milton puts it. He who misplays and overvalues does his act for others. He who wants a reward for handling the puppet before the throngs of children is simply taste-less (lacking any of the physical tropism of taste). He who collects husks and auras and advertises them in neon as tune of himself is truly caught in the three-dimensional jungle and is subject to all the ruthless beasts that inhabit such murals. In three dimensions you are trapped and the same thing keeps happening over and over again. You may even think that is true, but the magic of mitosis keeps replacing us even as we try to exist all over again. We live only a second, and in that second make a billion revolutions, and die.

*I apologize to observant readers for my use of the word "blowfish" on page 16; it is a critic's, an academician's sense of the wonderful blowfish, and not the poet's, and only sometimes mine.

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Richard Grossinger

POWER FAILURE

the receiving instruments

of this nation

bear some ratio to

the number of possibilities
inherent in the listeners,

what is e-
mitted is re-

mitted

somewhere

in the storage-vats of time-space,

this ratio

is rederived

in the activity of lobefins off the coast of Africa

sometime before the emergence of the salamander,

is rederived

among the stars, is rederived just before

any big swap of essentials

occurs.

the generators of the city
run on known power.

dark city
city of no sun
negative metropolis
streets drowned in

anti-neutron neon

black wattage

controlled by

ebony fluorescence,
the city is lit by
an unknown power source,
each ion of
psychic voltage is connected to
the main power lines,
cannot
be cut off from them.

in a big city
there is no
impersonal salvation of the damned.

one evening in November
the lights of several major cities
flickered like jack o'lanterns, hovered
in doubt, went

dark
crashing
the
battery-powered car-shadows
along the walls, the knowledgeable
sought cause or treason, turned
haphazard paranoia upon
connections
as though
it was done for evil purposes
or done because no one was there to stop it.

the optic nerves of the city
are in underground wires,
its ears are in
smoke

there was release from light, what warning

is implicit in

release/from/light? what should we do

until we discover where
the power supply is located? is there

a connection that glows only
in darkness/in chaos, only when

2 people turn the unlit sides
to each other?

a silver cone in a golden cone
man and woman

entering withdrawing eternal

setting the power-lines

to other stars, contacting

the cold methane of

Jovian evening star.

even if we came here unblessed, the blessing
implicit in the laws

should be noted, we should
fight for nations that exist, die for

them, the dimming of lights

is not the ending of power,

and we don't just lie there senseless

for

there are no other worlds to go to

certainly not ones without senses.

how deep a ball is
a ball in space is
a globe is a

Richard Grossinger

QUANTUM

Literally: how much, how much we make it by, or how little we miss it by, it being the full attainment of the thing, "by" being the measure of the scientists --- but it is an immeasurable quantity: the quantum. And all that is valuable in life cannot be measured, either before the receiving or after the blessing. Love is a quantum, man as opposed to animal is a quantum, hydrogen power is a quantum, heaven is a quantum.

When exactly did you know you loved him, dear?
Quantum!

What is the missing link?
How much... by!

What makes the atom split?
Quanta! (the product is greater than the sum of its parts).

When did he die?
He didn't die, and has not died yet, and will not die, though he is, of course, dead!

quantum: tiny indefinable sum that allows us to escape from even the most binding of prisons into the most blinding of visions.

quantum: joins molecule to molecule in compound, card to card in tarot series, dancer to dance in mysterious astral shadow, life to death in faith.

Standing before her, she standing beside him, nothing changed (psychiatrists, fashion editors, judges, families, scientists all observing attentively), but suddenly they came together (despite all laws), grasping for the air around each other, and eventually each other, and eventually having each other, and thru that the sum of origins and futures and stars, the ()'s turning in their reports, stating that nothing had happened.

Must have been the quantum!

How can we know the moment only the moment knows itself.

See death in a mirror, Cocteau says, day by day in a mirror, quantum changes mellowing into death, quantum changes carrying the face into systems beyond death, quantum changes carrying the collection of atoms as individual to the collection of atoms as force; death per funeral is the woman is the myth; death per Quantum is the convergence point is the sun; the tombstone is a

terrifying metaphor.

Is the quantum the moment of happening or the moment of realization? Perhaps it is neither, only a nonexistent phenomenon made possible and necessary by the existence of language.

At the moment it happens, the thing happens, and only those who watch their own concerns within it too closely fail to perceive its happening. At the moment of revelation, those who didn't watch catch up to themselves and perceive that it did happen, as either a late-developing manifestation of the actual occurrence, or a material by-product.

Because things happen, do happen, and are greater than the things.

Because most people live their lives between phenomena.

The quantum is the question by which we allow science to exist, by which we give space-time a loaded hydrogen gun, a serum against the inward genetic sun.

By which we know that much is new on heaven and earth and that the only thing that is the same is the way we look at things.

Some particles leave no trails in the cloud chamber: they are said to belong to a negative universe because the way in which they belong to this universe is not measurable. They do not belong to a left-handed universe; they are the way of those things themselves happening here. There is no other universe. A line belongs to a universe of points; a plane belongs to a universe of lines; a person suddenly endures from the womb; a person moves and moves things; and if he moved them all at once; and if the times at which he moved all of them added up to at once.

it would all happen here, but so transform here as to look like the deflected land.

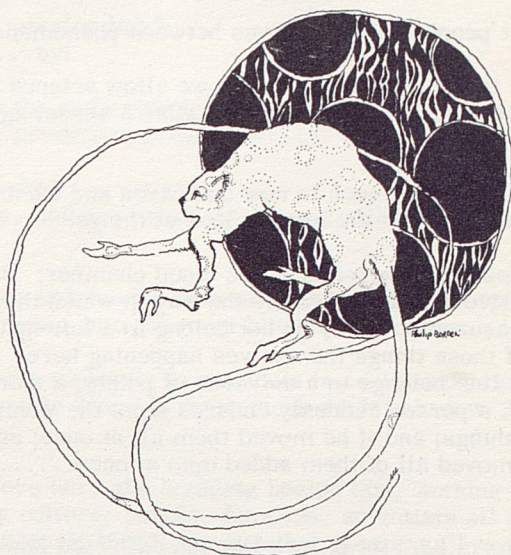
There is no cosmic consciousness, no unconscious communication, no extrasensory perception: it is all conscious and sensory, and one cosmos merely leads to another. Or if one believes there to be a deflected land and a way of passage for the deflected word, then the quantum joins that land, that way, to known ones.

So quantum is an admission of ignorance; at least an admission.

It is about time we have decided to call "how much" a definite quantity; it is as much a quantity as the score a team wins a game by, or the stock

market rises and falls by. And because of this all games should be protested to the league office, all baskets, goals, and homers annulled, all depressions called times of plenty, all lulls seen for their storms.

Let the last prayer, prayer on the deathbed, be to the quantum, to the word "quantum" as last word, that we may be born again.



L i n d y H o u g h

THE QUADRANTS

It is partly because
he has this kind of courage that i don't have
it is partly because
he has this kind of courage that allows
even commands him
to open the latch of the door and flash the
light around on the high green weeds blowing
and the swaying trees/ old men/
flash the light around through the wind
blowing out there so hard and rushing

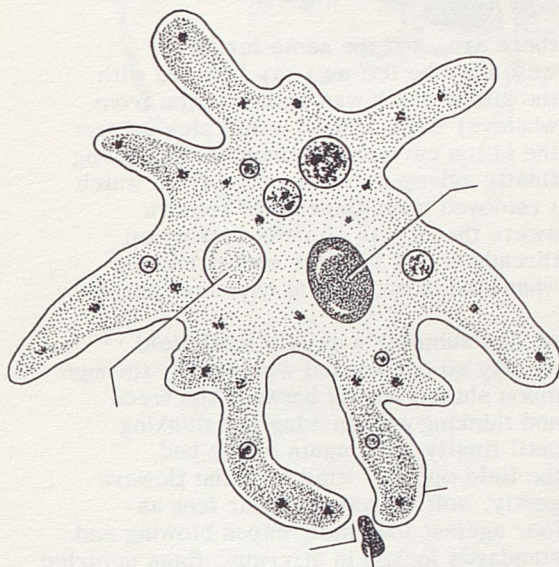
partly because of that courage
which i don't have
so that when he left to go into town
i stood awhile looking around the room
and thinking where to begin again
and where to begin and where to pick up and begin
to make order in my mind
picking up i thought of what he
had said afterwards/ that i am
4 people and what negotiations and wars

there are, and the same for him
well after he left as i say i played with
the kitten which was a distraction from
whatever distraction i would pick up next
the kitten curious and unafraid, bounding
finally asleep in the woodbox from which
i removed him, thinking of spiders
aware that it was so quiet picking up
threads trying to make order thinking
what kind of courage to have met him here

on this summer's night's battlefield --
the sky so porous and wind lightly through
moon shining shafts between the trees
and thinking and thinking and thinking
until finally lying again on the bed
the field opened, wind blew the flowers
gently, softly around all our feet as
four against four met, capes blowing and
standards locked in stirrups, flags unfurled
bearing signs and messages moon shining between

shafts of trees/ the wind blew, ruffling
his hair and across the field mine, how
we charged
wind streaking in my ears/ horse under me
swelling full with a fast thrusting of muscle
again and again we clashed/ throwing each other
tossing each body into the air until
exhausted almost/ we reached up past the porous sky
with one hand each, clasped a sweating hand there
each other's

after he went into town after
after that and that i stood in the room
fixated, and picked up things and lay on the bed
and finally heated up some coffee which was too bitter
i thought and thought, thinking
of that and then made some instant
which was better the kitten asleep
i put more coal on the fire, settled
down to write this about the making of
new boundaries and old wars, settled down to wait



L i n d y H o u g h

THE PATH TO THE STREAM

That was a way out of the forest and back into the stream,
the best we had to go on.

The leaves floated
down under our noses and we grasped at them,
then looked, this year -- no attempt
was made to scotch-tape them back on.
The late October sun grinned
down on us,

"what you have done you will continue to do
again, once begun there is no end of reversals"

We watched the sun's light move over the weeds and climb up the trees,
all forests lit as if drawn on a peg-board, white light moving
over the whole board from the bottom up.

I am concerned with no sniffings of idle dogs, with
no autumn sparks drifting on the breeze. How the fireflies unite
in the dark by their own light

is none of my concern. One makes, finally,
a stance, out of all correspondent breezes:
one learns to allow a proper dark for peace to enter the room
and climb through the air-spaces of every suture,
to live unnoticed as a half-hidden, shadowy visitor
in the house, unconcealed and unrevealed.

I, or she, or he, or me wants to talk, now, about the wind,
what it is doing outside with the sun, how it is playing
with the leaves also so that leaves, wind, sun, all
run in the October time as it must have been for all years
before and all years before that.

In the mind what is new outside is new not because the mind sees anew.
Leaves color, not because the mind wants the coloring.
The mind tries to usurp the power of the gods: consciously! consciously!
Wordsworth strolls beside the stream, thinking idly of Annette in France,
then sees Dorothy saying something and gesturing:
it all falls away, the joy in the day is here and/
it is what we can see now.

What he said to Coleridge on that morning in early April
struck Coleridge as terribly, terribly wrong
and wrong that a man should be able to go on believing what could
not possibly be true, even for him --
but then, there was a strength in Wordsworth which was misleading.
An ability to turn the back quickly with a furl of the long cape

and a sharp pivot on the stream-side foot,
missing every corner of the garden in his circular walk.

I wanted, previously, to talk about the doings of the wind.
It is with the wind as with words, not "the words fail"
but "I fail the . . ."

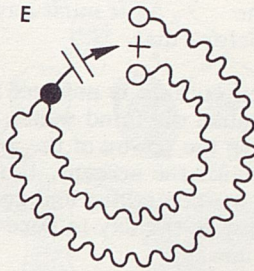
Anyway, in all its playfulness
the wind is less than admirable today
(but the cause is the sun! you say --
aw, g'wan

being the obvious darling of the elusive --
whereas the man, Coleridge a possible saint" not a god.

That fear of his: the murky, blank despair which haunted Coleridge
and which was, he knew
a most awful putrid weakness
because of it a strength (in comparison) had to be granted to
Wordsworth:

"O pure of heart!"

And so Coleridge, the greater, more beautiful and always the
more truthful man stepped down
to a false strength, explained the secondary imagination
clearly, and then stepped aside to have it judged by later . . .
Sunlight, moon, fish passed, no
judgement -- like him, reactivated continuously
out of necessity, unable to stop until stopped:
"that was my sole resource, my only plan"



L i n d y H o u g h

POEM ABOUT MAGIC

Unless one is careful to recirculate air
and energy,
all expenses are a drain on the budget.
It is a drain
(the misty day of slow brown rain falling)
for the brown and white plastic trash barrel
to be placed in the room saying "Kings"
on the second floor of the warm, flickering
Italian restaurant.
It is a drain they had to afford,
as one has to afford a drain of any kind.
But the systems break down
when drained dry,
when there are too many expenses
or when it becomes finally too much of an expense
to do something,
or anything done
is one expense too many.

I think of New York now, the
failure of water, power, movement,
how the city is raped
and never replenished,
as though one could keep drawing water
without a thought to the source of supply
or of the replenishment of water
or energy.

Downstairs in the restaurant the music floats
from object to object, landing on things
and ears and senses and consciousness,
taking me back to its source, the movie
"Hans Christian Andersen".
I think now of how that and other movies
were a source of magic which was constantly replenished,
its energy
(the source of magic as the question)
given to us, and we in our imaginings
gave back always a form of energy.
The interest then was not in the story.
The colors we brought home reflected the
children in the picture, our age:
how they moved and talked,

their voices -- our desire to be
either them or a part of the movie for the
sole purpose of seeing them.
The child-actors, I mean, not the world
of Denmark or flying braids or fairy-tales.
If the movie had been about the child actors,
it would have been as satisfying, we almost thought. . .
Or would it have?

Magic of anything is
always different in source than we suppose.
The child-actor, stiff and grey
in the glare of an over-lit set,
confused crying. Wanting the peace
to be allowed to be a child.
Seemingly unconnected to magic, the magic
somewhere else.
From a bubbling stream that no longer exists,
as music of the spheres is behind the stars
in a world we cannot possibly perceive,
although metaphor takes us outward
toward similar senses of meaning.
Magic of a hand
where and when one wants it
is not only feeling of that hand,
its consistency and weight
and smell, but is the outward sign of
energy, as a young new sun pushing up,
dripping, from out of the orange stilled river.
The effect then,
of Hans was not his essence as a man
but of the color and songs of the movie.
The outward emanations seemed
the magic, the children. . .
It became confused,
whether he had created the movie and the children
or had been created by it and them.

Yet was an expense on the real, dead
Hans, to have the movie made,
he became something
that the man Hans never was and could not have been.
An expense to create a magic, which he,
dead long ago, was even unaware of.
The magic was there, but
like a frolicking king in a game room,
or later watching a softly more glowing thing,

not in the throne room.
The magic, hidden, related directly to our kid
 imaginations,
which imagined rather what it was like
to be that actor or that one,
what he did after the day's shooting,
but especially, how it felt to look like him.
No fan magazine would do:
magic is implicit, is
behind the screen,
yields to no travesties.

So that the movie was a drain on someone.
Hans, probably, the most, or more correctly, the
conception of Hans which one producer might have had
as being the reason for the movie.
For Danny Kaye, a physical drain
 (all drains are finally physical
he was clear on the implicit magic,
having often outlined an outward form of it
behind which he always found more magic for himself.
Sunlight and white magic,
the laughter rippling over the rows of heads
toward him, and behind them an orange, soft,
warmth of affection.

If all the expenses are cumulative
and the drain on the budget becomes only a
slow stream moving towards the plains, and
there is no rain or
recycling of energy or matter,
the drain becomes a path leading from
an empty vacuous cavern.
If the brown and white plastic trash barrel
placed in the room marked "Kings" in
the Italian restaurant
is not worthwhile, does not
improve the tone and
cleanliness of the washroom, there is no
resiphoning of energy into the restaurant. The
drain places only a strain on the budget.

To afford the expenses
and accord the magic to the right sector,
recreating energy from matter
and again matter from energy
is our sole concern,
our sole emergent task.

Robert Kelly

WEEKS

86.

it is with no end
& by its nature
acts inversely
with the square
of its distance

it is without end
& draws us,

wood where the myrtle grows
is not the only where it grows

& goes
on luring

& in our response
all that flows
from our hands
grows
takes form
into the world of order
where our word is set down
or one house grows
up from the automatic actions
of his hands.

When he was an old man
Williams spoke of the "female principle"
& to it made
his last appeal
still feeling its lure. Wch we call
a lure
& so
degrade it
thinking it draws us
for its own ends
but it is endless
& without end
& draws us.

That we may learn
all patience to be drawn

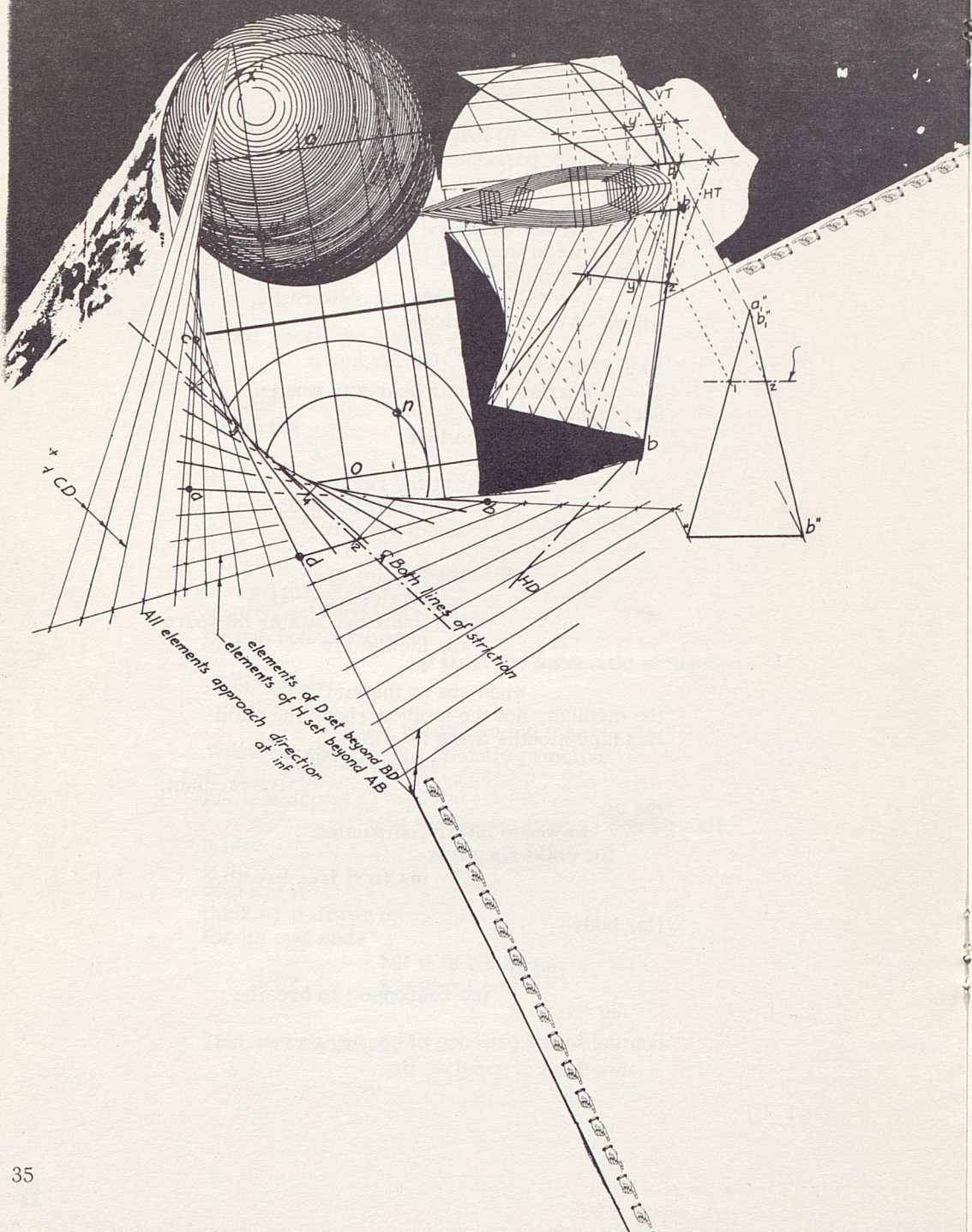
for there are men
who rush so rashly towards woman
all of their own hunger
all of their own need
that what womanliness
lures them
is lost in their rage
to pursue & possess
These are the men
who say they know women
but they have conquered
all that is womanly in them
& thrust it down
beneath the obliterating
weight of their own charge
Such men do not
hearken in their hearts to women.
Such men
do not live love.

Let the raging lover
burn what he loves
in his own fire

but let him first
be drawn there, let
the flame not stutter or spurt
for lack of air

when she is the air:
the medium, not the mother where the child
lies nine months dying into form,
but the woman,
the medium,
the air
to whose bitter compulsion
the child responds
his first free breath.

Her body
the air
the response : to breathe
coming in the patience of coming there.



Robert Kelly

A CHAPTER OF QUESTIONS

Coming back through the names
will it all be the same?

Going outward where it is
will be there easy?

What is the form of it does the
voice count does the anxious
ness of the voice count does
the speaker of the voice
count?

What is the form of it?
Why do they not know how to question?
Why do I know how to question?
Who are they?
Are they good?
Are they enough?
Is good enough?
Is bad enough?
Is ever enough?
What's the good
word?
Who is the woman?
Does she have red hair?
Does she go bare?
Does she go back?
Was she ever there?
Is one enough?
Or more?
Is it possible?
Which way was he looking?
Is it positive?
Are you positive?
Are you negative?
Are you neural?
Do you hear me?
Are you neural?
Do you feel me?
Do you ever?
Is this too late?

Too early?
What do you ask of reality?
How do you beg a question?
What is an empty chair?
Why is a door?
What did you do in the dark?
What did it do in you?
Do you know that there is violence in the air?
Do you care?
Is rhyme ever true?
Where does it lead?
Whom does it need?
What do you need?
Can you go fishing in the air?
If it was empty who ate what was there?
Do you care?
Can you go fishing in the air?
Does it count?
Are you there?
Do you count?
Will it be there?
Will it be all the same?
Who made me?
Why did he make me?
Who made you?
Will the air?
Care?
Does her beauty matter?
Is her beauty matter?
Is it a running matter?
Fire?
Will I find the question?
Where are they who came before us?
Do you care?
Do you dare not answer?
Coming in from the rain is it wet?
Going out into the rain is it wetter?
Will you ever get better?
Is it now?
Tomorrow is it forever?
Never?
When will it be?
Spicer spicer over the wall
which is the truest word of them all?

Do your eyes?
Does your name?
Will it ever?
Put it together?
Who killed Cock Robin?
Is he risen?
Is he not here?
Does he go before you into Galilee?
What's the good word?



Robert Kelly

SELF INFLICTED CIRCUITS

Preface

We are not prepared to let the public have everything it wants. We shall see to it that what the public gets will contain a good deal of what it truly wants, little of what it thinks it wants, and much of what it needs.

I, by definition, am wiser than you. It is surprising how little understood this logical consequence of our 'grammar' is.

I

To subdue the paroxysms of self-inflicted grief. Evidently there is magic in the air and there is magic in the world and there is filth. Hysterical ectomorph woman nursing the shattered bowl of her secret parts. Overtall. Did I tell you my friend Joe the doctor crash his piper cub into the mountain wall? We live in filth in sordid abomination chained to No-Body the crystalline perpetual archon of incessant subjugation. Body broken for No-Body's sake.

Body gone. What will she do for kicks with her body gone. What will she do for warm beast love with her poor brain patched with abstract prothetic memory-identifications, colloidal pseudo-identities, tribal insistences. Fun filth in empty nexuses. Patched with abstract memories, half-heard glimpses canned in a turned-on half-sleep. Wide mouth and open eye do you desire. Suspected that in the single easily absorbed capsule all the images themselves were contained. To eat her images. The images lurk beyond the threshold of her false self. Watch out too late. Smashed hillocks of her ungrown geology. Breasts. There was such a time she got stoned and stayed that way all the way over in. Ectomorph reprisals, massive air retaliation against burgeoning. Honey we get you in the air like the way you breathe. Gnostham's wisemen out to see in her beautiful pee synthetic cadaverine reprisals.

To begin with her doctor belonged to Secret Brotherhood of the White Hand displaced all other medical societies successful in conniving with bakers millers and grain companies systematic removal of lysine from all cereal products. Lysine-evacuated soybeans stockpiled against possible isotope contamination of all walking head of cattle swine and ovidae.

Dont you know Ruthie within six months the Rockefeller - Castalia cabal

will unleash Areal Spore Sterilizer kill all production amanita muscaria within 50 sq mi of each System Sterilize Generator, hundreds already installed waiting the word through the whole northeast? Gee doctor that's terrible. You dig? Systematic likewise distribution Carboxyl Fractioning Frequency Generator all towns 20000 or more --- LSD? shit honey you wont even be able to keep vinegar in the house. CFFG right around corner all possible human assembly, direct lukewarm line to Our Enemies. Gee doctor. Dog Dropping Protective Council make misdemeanor Irreverence to Man's Best Friend to step in dog crap. Secret purpose? Natch; selective breeding ground beta-tetanine bearing microdrosophila, beta form laughs at immunization inoculation. Opisthotonos from unwashed buccal cavity, you dig, toothpaste ingredients inert 100% by new law "now that water fluoridated" ha ha.

While she listened. Poor girl what could she do. Paranoid guru panic, Phantasy her Only Prophylaxis. At the same hour Stein the Strobe hoisted millions Friday night open suburban modern style no-grille bank tellers' counters, his greasy fists gobbling 20s and 10s in dark patches between blinding subliminal strobe blares. Mr Salmon P Barclays reminded Economic Congress "since Monte dei Paschi all bank do business in daylight." A hot bench in the warm white sunlight, shadow of a lime tree, shadows of juggler hands letting tintinnus of hollow metal balls vibrate in the still afternoon. Down they come. Effortlessly up. A pale yellow wall, fleshwarm in sun.

Ruthie's Cindy got hers trying to piss into her own mouth before Dr Trobe perfected Teflon Coated Urine-Carom Bed Canopy Technique kept Ruthie's Diane and Ruthie's Gaby supplied good health auto-systems self-ingestion resorbed orgasm climaxes. Ruthie's Cindy's forward torsion spleen stomp and mesentery wrench untreated in four day scopalamine truthtelling intimacy jag checked her out at 16. Ruthie wet with tears. Now Ruthie held her shattered fruit bowl, whined for chemical insight and what was the self style doctor trying to tell her. Miss Ruthie this ol sun has been in scorpio three months already, house of parliament two times dissolve already, neon tetrafluoride sit in his bottle all the while. Gee doctor I feel bad. Miss Ruthie I cant help your cloud chamber torpor, no pulse left for electrically-amplified pigeon-imitation deep in your throat. Overload your circuits. Gee doctor. Overload them I said, at least one of them. Ruthie goes into the Big Dream to 90 decibels microtonic glide from b flat to b flat plus. Excesses of pain the doctor not worried. Untreated mesentery whine for chemical insight. Excuse me a man of science. Easy preoccupation with street violence. Ruthie's Cindy tried it first in a back alley deterred by snickering crowds of Porto Rican vegetable men. Peed on their plums and skittered off wild as ever till the next Time.

While Ruthie dreamed It All Happened Again the Strobe was in his own troubles bugged by a bad solenoid in Parkchester tried to make it to 22 but

headed off by troopers fixing the 2/16" tire tread boggle. His passed and they waved him on but it was a real scare and got him to thinking. Insert sugar-group partial to hydrocarbons generate dead fused seized engines thriving protein growth. That night the bridge was on fire.

II

There were just too many things to worry about. Jill nodded to Mr Baker on the way to the rose garden. Smell of mimosa. She was glad they'd decided on Neuilly. Empty carapace of a cicada, veined gold on isinglass. The hortensia. Somewhere she knew another name. She set out the tea things on the wicker table under the lime tree. Linden she thought of it. High above her a vapor trail hazed off. She'd gotten out in time. Over in the herb garden her brother was down on his knees pruning the little basil with tiny scissors. Comment appelez-vous scissors Bob? Ciseaux hon. She went inside. Pressed down the b flat above middle c on the old Pleyel. Her father. She pressed the key again. Mr Baker was writing at the table in the window, his broad back in good tweeds to her. She pressed the key again.

Is that you Jill? She walked over to him and let her hand rest on the tweed shoulder. She admired her hand. His big loose-fleshed hand, signet ring on the middle finger, was flowing pale brown ink from his old Parker over the creamy notepaper. Gee Mr Baker what language is that? Thats Albanian my little fox. Gee Mr Baker I din't know you knew Albanian. Well Jill it comes in handy once in a rare while. I have some business friends in the Epirus and we always write Albanian to one another --- not very good Albanian I fear. Those north Greek postmen are very dishonest. My friends are in raffia, but they have severe competition. Jill wasn't really listening. In the window beyond Mr Baker she could see her reflection and she admired the fit of her burgundy stretch jeans. And she kept worrying about Mark. When would he write?

Right through her reflection, right through her trim hips she could see a dark young man outside looking up at their house from the Rue Gladstone. He came up the walk.

Systems blasting themselves to shreds, agonized fragments of semi-conductors. The bald man had a bald head. But the briefcase in the young man's hand said Systems Calling in white letters.

The Strobe headed for Millbrook. Halfway through Pawling he got the urge. Fatal mistake night not falling. Half-wild with self-directed anger for falling for his own bill of goods, he smashed the deceptive nocturnal namesake lamp and got submachine gun from caddy cart in the trunk. Into supermarket at prime time. Right at their pelvises opened fire. Agonized governors. The clerks spared at first till one snickered. Two blond ones

in a heap of shattering pea jars. Well he'd blown his cool now alright. Back out of it if he can a job ahead of him now shit one thing after another. A last blast three dairy customers. Back to the car that goddam solenoid again. They came at him, state fuzz across the shopping plaza in front of weekly payoff liquor store began to catch on Something was Up at Foodfair. Tore both of them before they even got to their car. The starter finally kicked it over. Off. Two miles out of town drove into the woods disguise kit from under seat jabbed instant self-demo button car and all its evidence gone up in one fast gelignite effect. Ex-Strobe now harmless Swami Yonananda performed fast emergency self-inflicted iridectomy and transplant followed by oldfashion control silver nitrate ingestion and melanine boost to skin dark. Shaven head and saffron robe wandered off into immaculate Dutchess county woods sat on a tree stump boning up Pali no mahayana tantra pranayama bellringing handstands for Si Stein the Strobe from Coral Gables no sir, nigger though he might seem to be. They'd never got his prints! Yonananda watched from his throne above the lotus pond posses of fuzz and their lay like beating the woods. Son of a bitch jew maniac kill twenny seven fertile women five clerks two troopers and manager make it worse for the rest of us local draft board you see him see? they explained to him. He approximated anglo american smile and broke english to say Yoga concentration transcendental trance state so they shook their heads and went on after the forever dematerialized outlaw. But Stein the Swami laughed too soon. Already pre-cut abstract templates began occurring randomly in his cortical regions.

Ruthie pulled herself out of the doze too late. The doctor had implanted prefertilized dog ovum in her womb while she dreamt her first dance over and over. No he was still there and promised to remove growing organism and all subsequent randomly nexused by intense retrieval system chemo-induced overactive cervical flex if only she'd. She'd ok anything cheap at twice the price to get rid of that and took the job. Your job entail **direct** personal contact include any necessary extent sexual stim ho ho lulation towards desired pre-set goal as follows: namely you gotta load all salt shakers in middle and upper class restaurants repeat middle and upper class restaurants with sodium nitrite here it is. Gee doctor you sound like a commie to me. Commie shmommie you want to get rid of solidly growing french poodle zygote you act fast. Ok ok I was only saying. Never mind we got other plans for the Poor now get on with it and here's the pill'll take you off the hook and here's some potentiated demerol you want to get to sleep some time. Gee doctor thanks.

Ruthie's Cindy had checked out on self-inflicted neglect after false ballistic analysis organic parabolas at 16. Dr Trobe had fixed up Ruthie's Diane and Ruthie's Gaby with Teflon Coated Automatic Piss Return Deflector new patent. At this time Ruthie's Gaby was peddling mercaptan salve deadly to all human use under forged South American cosmetic patent. At this time Ruthie's Cindy was going the rounds of dentists making it with them or failing that with their receptionists for insertion of massive doses amphetamine in place of gentle tranquilizers given before nitrous oxide inhalation result total

consciousness of surgical pain total absence of consciousness re source of pain blasting through all systems took years to get over it. They were good girls but pre-set bladder blast masturbation implant Dr Trobe had them eating out of his ungloved hand. Ruthie's Cindy wouldnt play that kind of baseball checked out on self-inflicted neglect a victim of the same dirty pool anyhow preset leave it around template roaring. Willy was sure that was a White Hand dodge but he got his in a Pawling supermarket working incognito for the good guys disguised as pinkerton man disguised as fruit clerk to stamp out apple hustling. So his suspicions died with him.

The young man brought a letter. Dear Jill you're dying of self-inflicted grievances. All of us here at the club keep remembering your routine and wish you'd chuck that shrink and head back. Ive got a job coming up in Amsterdam in December maybe you could bus up and could meet. Your brotherd kill me if I turned up there so try and make it over here baby ok? Im sending this letter by way of a nice indian guy I met. Dont let him get fresh with you hes a Dental Student down here and you know what theyre like. Lets get together again soon baby. Soon. Mark.

When she looked up the nice guy had stripped and came at her with a toasting fork. She screamed and took it in the belly. Mark didnt like the house that night and his Orgasm Stomp had died in Miami and Copenhagen. But he got going in the dressing room on the preliminary tonic exercises. Jill sat in the corner nibbling a camellia had come from an unknown female physician admirer. From the first abdominal ripple despite his fears the soigné cosmopolite audience ate it up. Jill proud in the wings. The ex Strobe passed through the audience at the command high echelon Benelux traffic control. Systems Calling. Systems Calling. The old man puking into the hydrangea.

Ruthie clutched her broken ectomorph libido Gee doctor Im all run down. Spontaneous masochism universal in our culture young lady highest form of social utility, autolysis. All that was the work of the Gnostical Overlords of Gotham (GOG) as the town pundits called the Metropolitan Authority of Selectively Overloaded Circuitry (MASOC). The governor held the car to 45 even though the Gestapo were out in full force under the Dutch moon. Autolysis young lady I maybe once told you colleague friend of mine newairplane Dr Joe we all called him into a mountain in West Virginia long history of self-inflicted grief.

III

Shakti inmost. Yoni dependable inward on. Shape or color of a tree in me. Growing. Light candles up the chakra tree. Diane's Suzanne who took lit candles up her, could feel nothing but pain over and ever and over.

But did it to feel. You gotta feel something. Of course. But inward up.

It is a man's inward cunt that teaches. Yoni is yogi, cunt our guru. But dependable inward on. We have to keep this secret plain otherwise no one will see it. If they dont see it it wont be a secret. Hence women. If not a true story this is a true account.

Every professor priest physician in the land said the same thing. Young lady we live in a rotten time. Take it out on you. Take it out on you. Coney Island tragedy section queen of the week Linda screaming I wanna break my ass diving ass-first off selective diving board onto molybdenum non-conductor solid state surface fifty feet below. Young lady take it out on you. Die for them that they may die for you.

MASOC gloved hand in gloved hand with White Hand itself collared postage free franchise free MASOC literature sent out to all. America Needs People Who Eat Shit the burden of those messages. All this while a few poor fish undercover agents held out. Jill and the Strobe were fingered in Geneva and dropped by self style Interpol men and buried by night.

Where could Ruthie find warm beast love with her pre-drilled bowling ball head. How could she mean anything with her pre-cut abstract white music tribal pattern automatic templates starting to drill automasoc in her once cortical regions? How could this poor beautiful womb-busted ectomorph scarlet-lipped warm once passionate still friendly burnt out cathode tube hope to help? Meaning well she dumped the sodium nitrite in the Hudson. But White Hand was already nitrating atom-pumped river water under fluoride cover and building up critical levels in all city users. By morning four million people were cyanosed most died. Beyond wildest decade White Hand dreams. Three leading sell-out medicos syncoped of paranoid anticlimax. The jubilation of the White Hand induced updating of outward death sciences. New era of feigned mortality; having the instruments of salvation in hand turn away with a snicker. Jill slid the slide of her plastic zipper down and stripped in the warm Paris light. Outside were the gates of the whole city outside was Europe outside was Mark. She shaved her legs and took her enovid. Gee doctor I got sick from those condom pills you gave me. Young lady take it out on you.

The League of Woman Sufferers raised subway hysteria to new art heights no day without its under the wheels of the train incident or third rail rotobroil. Ruthie's Cindy got hers pissing on the third rail. How could Ruthie with her blasted guts hold out against GOG or MASOC. The jewish mothers took it lying down. The League of Woman Sufferers It is patriotic comely and feminine to get mononucleosis. Young lady take it out on you. The self-inflicted ills of mankind mono cancer piles ulcers

allergy colds migraine esp-deafness epilepsy constipation impotence hernia sciatica rheumatism addiction paralysis bursitis psychosis flatulence tic glaucoma exzema psoriasis deafness incontinence enuresis hypertension hypotension angina gastritis colitis asthma breathlessness death stretched across the hortensia purple fruits juicy Jill crushed them to her breasts. Gee doctor I cant take another pregnancy. Systems calling. Chemosavior. The Rockefeller-Castalia cabal had the nation by the balls:

Create the desire for uncommon experiences, indicate a false road to a few true states of insight. Satisfy the desires by progressive exploitation of chemical agents. See to it that each drug gets a good run before making it illegal. By these means make the intellectual moral aesthetic elite section of population convinced that all taste of true freedom must be chemically induced. Make them devote their energies to the discovery of new psycho-effective agents and to the clandestine manufacture distribution and procurement of the now illegal old ones. Keep them running night and day, make sure there always one new legal next Big Thing to keep them going. Make sure they never for a moment suspect that all the drug shows them is already present in themselves open and waiting in tissue and system root and stone. Never let them credit that there are known non-chemical techniques towards walking in the field of the self, scoring in that inward galaxy. See to it that Bombay dental students and Goanese pickpockets are imported as yogis gurus to this country. By control selection of published reports and making everything gradually illegal convince them the images they seek are actually substantively present in the drugform itself they spend more and more time trying to cop. In this way the potential elite of society is rendered totally ineffectual, is made conscious of itself as helpless and hopeless, paranoidly unsure whether to speak or act or turn on or smash their own circuits in deadly self-punishment for outward pseudo-data flaunted by. In their induced guilt brought about by continual infraction of absurd legislation they become scared shitless as well as ineffectual This prepares them for Culturally Induced Autolysis, the great freedom march into la nada. Cease to exist. They take themselves and their menacing potential of energy clarity intelligence bravery love down into the shitpile of discarded electrons.

The young man pulled a tuning fork from his briefcase and tuned the system to b flat plus. Mr Baker dozed in his chair. Over the known universe the scrawl of forged prescriptions on blanks circulated to all apartment house mailboxes by White Hand. Somebody wised up the druggist was waiting for Alice with half the precinct she lost both legs under a bus trying to beat it. We will induce systemic reprisals. Cyanosed Willy on the Pawling slab no one reads the blood message he scrawled on the freezer chest as he went down. B flat and the young man cuts the stretch jeans off with a razor tied Jill's hands behind her back look honey I give you the choice prefertilized dog ovum or the Job. I'll take the Job Jill sobbed. Look in this portfolio 500,000 units induced

Hemoglobin S parisian schoolchildren get their smallpox shots tomorrow dump this in the master ampule reservoir Bureau de Santé Publique Dr Canard notorious shit fancier you'll do your stuff for him tonight it's all arranged make the dump while he's coming under what you give him don't wait to wipe. But Dr Canard was wise to ways of the Stein-Yonananda simple anti-social piscine individualist emersonian criminal types of his and our world. He sized Jill up as a 100% stripe set-up and had her begging for the cat after ten minutes subhypnotic chat and a scopolamine aperitif. While she writhed under the sub-cut' whip plied by his assistant Dr d'Oie, Canard pulled the proto-switcheroo and dumped her Hemoglobin S into the garbage and filled her briefcase with cholera juice. Then he took his own pleasures of her lower gut systematic colonic retrieval sphincter code freeform rhythm, and when 750,000 cases broke out in Paris alone the next day had Jill seized and beheaded as great mass poisoner of the age. Solemn cenotaph service for mass victims in the Madeleine followed by mass hasty but not quick enough cremations all they way to Rouen but the cholera got there first. Dr Trobe in his portable sterilizing decontam forcefield greeted the first cholera sufferers arriving in New York via Air France at Kennedy extended freedom of the doomed city.

The next day Ruthie got hers crossing Sixth just north of Bleeker following installation of Albanian street sign passenger instructions. Twodoor T-bird hardtop did for Ruthie.

The next day Ruthie got hers under the IRT at Whitehall. She took one too many of those green ones to keep Willy's kid from growing inside her smashed womb little knowing she could no more conceive than get up from under those hard wheels and scrape herself together again.

The next day Ruthie took the fast way down from the Top of the Sixes after total undressing naked writhing for the last last time in public vomiting all her years up out right up out upon her table.

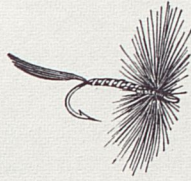
The next day the ectomorph squad got to Ruthie with an anthrax loaded fake mink from a so called female admirer.

The next day Ruthie checked into Bellevue for lingering obscure skin infection followed by wrong ward scene and checked out bent double under the old electric shock technique experimentally enthusiastically revived in the wave of interest followed Dr. Ernest F Trobe's paper on Overlooked Societal Advantages of Electroshock Therapy.

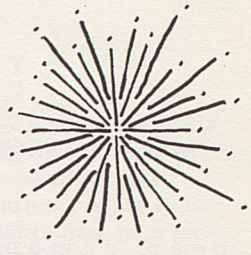
The next day Ruthie got hers obscure spinal lesion unexplained subway accident. Ruthie wet with her fears took it in the teeth. MASOC clinicians hurrying through the crowd. Young lady take it out on you. Tribal-vision press conference. Take it out on you. Red with her spattered fears the

blank circle of No-Body gleams in the afternoon stillness. Young queen of world take it out on overload your systems overload your systems. Systems calling through the afternoon. Systems Calling. Take it. Take it. Overload your circuits. Overloaded Coney Island tragedy circuits break Jersey coast Red Bank inundation carboxyl generation in sea-water scorched sea-coast all life as we know it dead in the upper fathoms. Spontaneous autolysis of overloaded generation. Her shattered basket. Overloaded Ontario systems relays breaking into the dark. Into the dark where the bridge is on fire. The bridge burns. Young lady overload your circuits. Take it out on you. Break you.

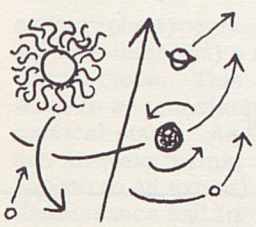
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Mitchell Miller

'BY EAR, HE SD'

I am writing a PAPER for CREDIT. These capitalized for a reason; this is being written for a reason, particularized to 'PAPER' and further to 'CREDIT'; the words PAPER and CREDIT are being accepted in this state-meant as the most important elements in its creation. What I mean is, this is literally a state-meant, a work created in and with an artistic process, state of mind, and all of that, with (and this next will have to stand until clarified later) its process being energized at every step by the tension produced by the dominating tendencies of PAPER - CREDIT, which dominating tendencies I refuse to acknowledge, yet I still don't deny them completely because they do exist and I do have to cope with them, etcetc.

What has just happened is that I have changed paragraphs typographically, leaving (theoretically, meaning that this was my intention) a time-space of just the amount it takes to switch lines and no more. This is a good example of TYPOGRAPHICAL FORM: a form to be translated from the page to the ear as is the function of the musical stave. As Charles Olson has pointed out a good many times, non-literate forms, poetry produced in the verbal condition (Homer, and Sappho to an extent) produced a dramatic or objective stance. With the Renaissance and its villainous perspective the time of infusion of (1) print technology by Gutenberg and (2) the Indo-European strain, (far, far removed pictographic, more verbal alphabets) into English, western-lets say English--poetry became tyrannized by the eye, instead of mediated by the ear. Rime and meter became the honeying agents of the tyranny--the form-men of an imposed visual mode. The print technology translated into visual terms the art--meaning literature--which came into its control: it made mass production, "exact" repetition, a perceptual "reality". In the perspective of the Renaissance, art would represent reality as an exact repetition, thus at best adding ANOTHER, slightly inferior, demension to the original situation. Rime and meter shored up the job of the ear in visual terms. This portraying of form, this visual stating of form by rime and meter, left the door wide open for a change in content (and the function of content: stance) from the dramatic flow (with character and narrator as objects in the cosmic flow, facing to it sensuously and tragically) to "poetic" representation (with narrator and character-narrator as would-be gods facing a rival world; the whole poem intended to solve a conflict between the "poet" and the "world" or "world-situation"), this latter the most profound contra-diction. But the print-mechanical technology has extended itself to a final point, it is being replaced by what Marshall McLuhan calls an "electric technology". Within the print technology, the reader was twice removed from the com-poser. This distance has been vitally narrowed with, 1st, the invention of the typewriter with which the com-poser can bring the oral basis of poetry back into his creation without the interfering necessity of memory, and 2nd, the radio, which has brought the com-poser even closer

to his hearer (not just in literal sense of broadcast poetry reading: the illusion of continuous and exact repetition is being destroyed by the electric all-at-onceness sense which the listener has been trained in by radio and television, neither of which of course, rely on repetition to reach the listener). Witness then this paragraph, in which I was able to state the change in subject with the tiny breath space which would occur in normal speech and can be reasonably sure that the form will be read correctly. So Donald Allen in his book on the "new poetry": "Most of the work presented here has appeared only in a few magazines, as broadsheets, pamphlets, and limited editions, or circulated in manuscript; a larger amount of it has reached its audience through poetry readings."

Now but still, what does oral poetry have to do with writing a PAPER for CREDIT? Its just that oral poetry is not a representation, but a state-meant of the com-poser in the terms of his breathing, in the context of his thinking, AT THE TIME HE IS WRITING. The poem, or the prosody, becomes a thing of itself, with its new process of energy configuration standing apart, but ALWAYS stemming from (organically, if I can use that poor, beat-up word) the original value of tension, which they will add as they bump against more deeply rooted i-deals (i.e. consciousness censorship as an evil, goals-reward as an evil), against a primeval chaos (which all terms come into conflict with in the psyche) and newly arisen (by association & cognition) terms (such as "TYPOGRAPHICAL FORM"). If they do not after all stand as workable base concepts for a work of art, they will be discarded and the developing artforming will continue without these terms (although they will not be negated; they will simply have exhausted their potential of tension, energy creation, becoming part of the dynamic with an established ROLE).

BREATH-SOUND-LANGUAGE, AT-TENSION TO CONTENT

Oral poetry, then, has the characteristics of spoken language, and its content (stance) also attains these characteristics. 1st, its mode is the present condition of the com-poser--his breathing and imaging. The diction will be, as it is pretty much here, in the vernacular, sculpted not by the "intellect" but by unexpected or satisfying twists in the rhythm of process. The sculpting is done by the BREATH as it catches or cadences or intensifies or pauses, with the sensitivity to the "intellectual" process, set of perceptions, which is characteristic of the sense of all-at-onceness of oral mediation. No chance here for abstract irrelevancies while watching something you don't feel. No: the feeling itself is the key is the trigger to the ordering of "intellectual" perceptions. The oral mode, too, is, while intensifying the "geographical" sense of Inner and Outer (one is conscious of breathing as In and Out motion), nullifying the actual (basis for action) sense of In and Out (one is not conscious of Me and You). By attending the breath and the facts in the same bag--sound and language--one becomes capable of working as object in a FIELD. There is no question

of Me dealing with You, but only of This Body as a force in a FIELD of forces or an object in a FIELD of objects. Here's where each object is connected with the cosmic (any trembling at this point will be attributed to the dread disease Protestant Ethicophobia, an understandably wide spread disease among literates who feel guilty about creating in that worn-out mode). A dramatic or objective stance must then be adopted for there is no view-point (two words which are linked by no accident). A second poetic outgrowth of this at-tension to breath-sound-language is that of the creation of the ambiguous line. A configurational approach applies to all facets (trial and error the psychic process which is function to configuration) and the line is no exception. In fact, it is at this level that a piece of art becomes in literal fact multi-linear--note some of Marcel Duchamp's recent painting in which the line of body and background is interchangeable and almost all line is intrachangeable. This is incomprehensible to Renaissance man who perceives in the continuous, unconflicting mode of visual focus. To him, the "pun is the lowest form of humor" because it interrupts his comfortable, unconflicting perception of linear event. In this PAPER, I will use plenty of puns, especially those which emphasize the ambiguity and richness (also the profound logic) of the syllable--a decision which stems from the at-tension to sound and to the terms of the PAPER, according to which, illustration of state-meant itself must be ever-present.

RE-COGNITION

The at-tension to breath-sound-language, as well as to all content, is the key to attending the object in a stance of com-position (WITH position), in which imaginary cognition is not just a repeat, but a summoning of all energy, re-arranging and adding so that the com-poser can be inside the situation. This act of re-cognition is of course that of any forwarding action. The Tarot cards came into being to provide a way of getting inside the situation of man-and-the-stars: the basis of all astrology. Numbers are tactile; they mediate all human senses, as does sound. In fact, the value of oral modes is that actually they produce a tactile result, they enable the listener to be WITH the object, to re-cognize it with the multi-linear, conflicting perception which it demands. The tactility of numbers, moreover, has enabled the scientists--this civilization's magician class--to get inside the situation they are at-tending and to change it from inside. That science has been applied dangerously is not due to its number language; it is due rather to the fact that it has to be applied at all, that it in fact does not stem from human need. Like rime and meter to the poet, the tools of number have shored up the audio-tactile demands of human process, but in visual terms: science must now be "applied" when "needed" to the visual line of history without conflict with other science. With this is mind, science can continue by itself, without roots in human need, "knowing" that when it is needed it will be "applied" (this re-versal an open door to

neurotic "application" the schizophrenia which caused the split situation in the first place creates also a "death wish", then the science is "applied" to the needs of this sick demand) This kind of magic is just beginning to re-exist in poetry. Pound's requirements for poetic creation the good start: "the rendering, without deformation, of something within him (the poet) or without, which he has clearly apprehended and seized in his mind:

as the sculptor sees the form in the air
before he sets hand to mallet
as he sees the in and the through
the four sides..."

Its important that Pound, in this description of re-cognition, used the word "seized" and the example of a sculptor, both terms of tactility. The act of re-cognition plays the same ROLE that numbers do for the Tarot player, the astrologer, the scientist: they create what Joyce, the blind poet, calls the "colloidescope". McLuhan explains the colloidescope as being composed of the human colloid or configuration of events and sense, plus deo the forces of a FIELD, plus scope, the focusing upon a specific ROLE. Poetry is now finally emerging as a powerful colloidescopic form.

RE-PETITION

The task of poetry becomes clearer and clearer according to this oral approach. The at-tension to conflict: breath-sound-language, image, metaphor, etcetc. is the same as ap-perception. But you've got to do it bit by bit: the process becomes one of RE-petition, of new attempt. its a process of trial and error where there is error only according to the original terms of "trial", which cannot extend beyond themselves; in the whole, there is never any error, but every RE-petition is an increase in the tension of the field. The reader's re-cognition will likewise include these series of RE-petitions as an increase of tension and movement of the kinetic energy of the Double situation (cognition and re-cognition). These are the additions, subtractions, intermediate steps of mathematical calculation, which certainly do not solve the problem, but always set up a tension which demands closure of the problem--by their very form, by the fact of their being as translations of the original terms. These are the terms of musical progression, where changes in harmony, translations of key, etcetc. set up the tension in its overtone system which demands closure --the demand is this time sensual, in mathematics it is intellectual, poetry somewhere between and beyond these two.

'FORM IS NEVER MORE THAN AN EXTENSION OF CONTENT'

Form is not "multi-linear" or "projective" or "audio-tactile". The

content is originally, that is in the original re-cognition of RE-petition, conditioned by a perception directed as "audio-tactile" etcetc. Form does stem from this content, but to apply the conditioning terms of content to form is meaningless for form is merely the SHAPE of the piece of art, the imprint of it, the body of it. In act-uality, the art has been uncategorized. Thus Creeley "FORM IS NEVER MORE THAN AN EXTENSION OF CONTENT."

The kinetic energy of re-cognition is never more than that of the content encountered. New RE-petitions and re-cognitions work with energy translated from the forms of encountered situations. What body is, what poem is, what past is, can easily be seen as imprints of form. Each form is an incompleting situation; greater or larger or smaller in proportion to the amount of growth the body/poem/etc. has done. The degree to which the situation has not completed closure is its kinetic energy. Lesser situations do complete closure eventually--but their energy has had to go somewhere: it has drained into the energy of at-tension to another situation (to put it visually, another situation has come into focus, one situation has become ground for the next figure).

CONFLICT

The conflict of the Double image (cognition and re-cognition is a conflict of a Yeatsian nature--it is Yeats' version in fact of cosmic nature. In poetry, the fact that one situation conflicts with another is exactly the dynamic of the FIELD: it is in the nature of a poetical situation, to conflict with another in that it is exactly a Situation, closed, and cannot carry itself beyond itself, it must be carried in the process of re-cognition. I deal with conflict not by resolving it, not by accepting it, but by moving INSIDE it, becoming energy to the extent that all of its thots are pre-conscious--process of becoming (this already close to psychologizing) [becoming as the function (algebraic) of consciousness] , is carried on without awareness of itself. However, awareness IS extended to the much greater limits established by the at-tension in the act of re-cognition, to "the in and the through/ and the four sides". Once inside the conflict, awareness is feeling is the trigger inextricably bound up with the motion of creating by process. Awareness OF THE PROCESS ITSELF --the process of becoming (oi, oi) is not possible while inside a conflict, but does take place finally as the act of re-cognition. Meantime, the terms of conflict have been changed.

At-tension to conflict is the aim of psychotherapy. I mean the at-tension to conflict in the psyche: psychotherapy, when successful, is an act of re-cognition of psychic kinetic energy, the conflict of which has been manifested but not re-cognized. This manifesting is an attempt at what, in the whole of the FIELD, is merely a parent-thesis; a statement without relevance to RE-creation, a trial of the RE-petition of a situation without energy and

without energy because the situation has already be-come, that is, it is the self's own birth.

Movement is all-ways repetition; conflict as movement has at its base the natural friction of movement with non-movement; psychic conflict is at base only the DESIRE to be in conflict, which is the natural condition of movement. But this desire must be perceived as the parent-thesis that it is, that any closed situation is--this desire must itself be re-cognized.

THE FIELD

The creating of i-deals: not the creating of goals, but the closing of a great, conflicting group of situations. An i-deal may have its roots in tensions years/never before it attains closure--but I become aware of this only in re-cognition (this the work of the historian). The greater situation may have already thrust its roots; in the act of re-cognition, the self becomes aware of this growth as psychic/literary symbolism, the mythic re-late-shun-ship of content to himself. Robert Duncan: "feelings take on depth and complexity only in language. These are the terms of the articulation itself."

An i-deal is the re-late-shun-ship of myself to the FIELD, the in-volving motions of this spiraling movement, in which one is at the mercy of the field: of the stars, the White Goddess, the gods of Light, Sound, Color, Force, etcetcetc. Brackhage's "the film, in the service of the unknown, the fates, the gods, the stars, and really everything that can be righted in FREEING ITSELF TO CREATE." The FIELD is all-ways there, and the artist, through his art, becomes part of it, as object.

ON READING GOODMAN (GESTALT THERAPY)

The magical transformation of the act of re-cognition is at the point of contact; thus all growth, all perceptible life, is carried on at the contact boundary. Here, in the Between, where image and re-cognition cross, where I and Thou cross, here we finally get down to brass tacks. Breathing is a form of contact, all body organs are at least vestigially forms of contact situations. Here, at the line of contact, is the area of focus. The Between is not graspable, but it is focusable, this the diamond of vision, the small triangular area in which, in fact, all things are in focus. It is in this diamond that visual magic is carried out: cave painting, pre-Giotto Christian paintings--these all hung or meant to be hung in dark, perceptually unenclosed, space. This kind of space is that of non-literate, audio-tactile cultures (i.e. teepee, tent). It is only when vision is forced to "apply" beyond the diamond of focus that cultures must shore up perceived space by enclosing it (preventing conflict). In

the Renaissance perspective, one is forced to grasp the Between, note the shoring up of rime and meter in poetry, and this is an impossibility. One does not concentrate on using pretty words and rimy lovely rhythms--one at-tends the exact situation, the actual events of breath-sound-language, through this puts oneself at the mercy of the gods or whatever, and all else--plot, cadence, stress, rime, etcetc--fall by themselves in the Between, the Between takes care of itself. The existence of the Between the actual event and the i-deal is quite close to the I Ching concept of a Between the "Creative" (at-tension to actual event) and the "Receptive" (putting self at the mercy of the unknown).

Note: the diamond

of focus as the magic number three (the triangle).

ON READING OLSON

A new misspelling of the word "poetry" in the first draft of this paper: "potery". Obviously, heres a confusion for me (is it a conflict?): in relating to Olson's poem. Olson denies the life of real conflict in potery. This a conflict or hangup which might (is, according to him) be merely a manifestation, will only be clarified with a great amount of re-petition. Olson's poem is called, "A Newly Discovered Homeric Hymn."

LETTER TO A CLOSE FRIEND

"Excitement of the last four or five days has subsided, at least the compelling drive of it, to be replaced by something...almost suicidal... knowing that I can't imagine my own death, yet... sounds and visual forms which produce no reaction in me but an accepting of them as something somehow more "real" than the sounds something or someone else makes. I am converted for the moment to this meaningless numbing rhythm like sub-conscious muttering. The opposite of a dream which produces emotional reactions far beyond the apparent figures and their actions; this is an unimagining: the emotions produced are less and less, in proportion to what I would expect from the apparent figures. The figures, though, are more intense than ever--I am, more than imagining, hallucinating them (please remember, all this without drugs). I am not slowly dying or withdrawing, but some whole process is happening, and the process is a desire to be torn apart. Recurring forms: red in straight lines like toothpicks with subliminal faces (there are only lines, but I am aware of them as facial features--perhaps facial movement?)"

The histrionics, of course, are a kind of necessity, necessary for the same reason that the thing was written in the first place: to relieve in a form of re-petition. This came clearer when, a few days ago, I finished a poem called "RED" (written because the color--in sunsets, in Red Mountain at the foot of which I am now living, blood--had been affecting

me in an eerie way. Looking for poetic subjects this strange reaction is all-ways easy to get into even if it is any-way not so easy to get out of)

red
the sunset mountain
sky
the trees, tinge red
waves coldly in the wind
gray up to straining red
APART: waving here to sky
and here to ground
the splitting of the pull APART
waving straining
of the trees
cold aspen, tinge red
waving watching
red sky
rooted in the grey
ground
cold fucking of the ground

must be born a thousand times
(grey up to straining red)
and never quite making it
as if every morning pulled from dream
to be born is to be
up-
rooted

So the red is menstrual, the red of being not quite born. Actually the poem is a rare, authentic re-cognition of some parent-thetical event; perhaps my own birth, but probably something less dramatic (if just as primeval). Further re-cognition will have to be in a mythical mode. This question: what was wrong in the birth/pre-natal experience that the vision is one of pulling apart instead of putting together?

All work, poetizing, meditating, on this will not be forwarding toward a "negative i-deal". (this, called by psychologists "deficiency-need cognition" sometimes, and both phrases make me shudder). Both the terms "negative i-deal" and "deficiency-need cognition" are contra-diction-s (as distinguished from conflict, NOT conflict, for contra-diction is a crime against language itself) and impossible when one works in the mode of re-cognition.



IT SHONE FAR OFF IN THE MOONLIGHT

N e l s R i c h a r d s o n

BEFORE THE INDUSTRIES OF FISHING

Before the Industries of Fishing
arose laboriously and by grace
from an intellectual circumspection
at the waterline of a cold, autumnal lake;

Before Speech arose
to circulate as money
in the desert spaces between needs;

Before these things arose,
Men sought the food to be sought
nakedly, without device or measure:
the whale at the very depths of the sea,
the pike in his own clear pond,
the trout in mountains.

Thus I, yesterday night,
slipping back into sleep
and back from sleep
into the day before--
returning inexplicably to that primitive state--
took from two tongues extended, tasted and ate
this poem, "Before the Industries of Fishing."

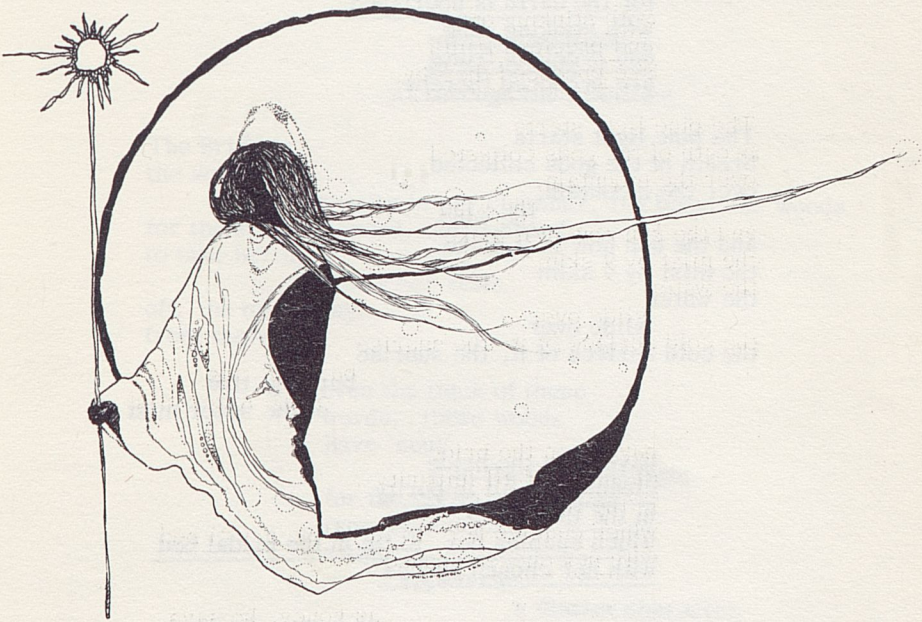
THE LOVER

He is in but hardly of this world,
the ring finger hanging at his side
is pointed down to the dust of earth, or curled,
points to an Other self within implied.

Now he is walking, running fast, he jumps,
he lands-- it's athletics! No, only simply
a telekinetic illusion caused when his heart thumps,
and stops when you think about him clearly.

Sometimes for days the lover is not in sight,

he likes to introduce his body to other souls,
his soul to other bodies; but they reunite,
he is older and marked with ominous symbols:
Here lips were, there a tooth a nail
He's addressed to Death, stamped and ready to mail!



Charles Stein

READING BASIL VALENTINE IN A MOUNTAIN CABIN

The clogged air.
The mountain rises in it
as if only through the foggy morning
to aither, higher, clearer air
above it,
 clouds only--that simple.

Sewage passes under the cabin, I hear at 5 a. m., earliest
and quietest time I am up
passing it seems from right under the mountain.

The fog-brained alchemist says, sees
this too:

for the earth is nourished
with stinking dung
and precious fruits
are produced thereby.

The pine light starts
breath of the gods collected
over the mountain,
 the wind
and the sun now in it make
the mist by 9 skim
the water
 slide over
the cold surface of it, the sunrise
 burning tips
 of the water mist

have seen the bride
cleansed of all impurity
in the fiery bath
which enables her to lie in the bridal bed
with her chosen spouse

as honey, he says
comes indirectly
from the ordure
of beasts

but in another place, by "feces" it is clear
he means any
precipitate
and the light remains
uncertain.

Shit stays shit then.
or does it?

I am constantly manufactured, constantly changed by
fashioned to

what hands, the woods

"our art"

am I the mage, the doctor, or
as it seems

my body, the patient
I am in

turning the light
in its variety
through the branches

The Bride is
the soul and

she waits in her chamber, the body, the woods
for the spiritual word, her husband
to take her up

to take her veils
off, the mist, say,
from the water

even the thick of these
words, these woods
have 'soul'

in them, made right
for the spirit, something
from outside
a light

appearing
a distant character
infused

made ready by affinity
and repulsion of opposite
natures.

he offers an experiment:

Place a live spider
inside a circle
formed by the strip of the skin of
an unicorn
and you will observe
that the spider will not be able to pass

gives little
encouragement-

o courageous
who pass
into the ring-pass-not

The water, the Bride, then,
the sun, whose warm morning takes
the mist up off of it, Christ
the husband.

I still have trouble with the wording and
who exactly these
characters are, what shit's
supposed to be

why
the flushings of all these mountain toilets
put in since last year
come running it seems from out of the mountain just
when I get up
to breathe -

my air is stopped
through which I cannot pass
but hold to the light
that invisibly abounds in it

as any hunter

ASSISI

Up hill of highway to
Assisi, hill to a point high up in
Sunday morning blue mist I
can see far down and over
diced farms at seven, orange
fields cut to squares,
olive trees.

From this point -
is the widest of that kind of view
I ever saw, down far left
and far right and out also
to where hills you can just see in the haze
cut it off -

The world (or a world)
is complete

by that I mean
there is no other
world
from this vantage but
where the hills cut the scene off
is the end of it there
are no towns
to the west of those mountains
imaginable voids of darkness
black gulfs of myth where anything is;
my thought of them
or Rome or Spoleto
now itself a detail in
that landscape.

Assisi. and I remember
Francis of, talked to birds here, from some
place in those hills -
the remembrance of which,
another detail - not
surprising, from his view,
he talked to them -

They must
have been swallows, here
and at Spoleto
is all I've seen -
small birds
in great numbers
flying in complex circles
and great haste
appear
when you look up
from the black
gulfs above, behind
old buildings
that make streets
narrow and the
bird flocks seem

that they were
of past life
among the white houses
back in town,
what his life
had been
changed,
charged to spirit things
in the present landscape.

For the spirit things
of my own life
though surely tied more closely
for I live among men
to their sources
are no different -

last night
in bed
set under a bookcase in
an Italian lady's home
eyes closed and relaxed I saw
hundreds of birds begin
their slow movement -

black birds
against the murky light of closed eyes
come from far off
and gain speed terribly
as they came at me
and then a girl's face
-blue eyes, gold hair-
the murky light
dropped away,
turned suddenly
when I thought of how
many such birds I had seen that day
in Spoleto,
to a horrible
image
of my mother's face
as she was dying
and I woke then.

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car (onomatopoeia) be stuck, (you)
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works within the system). Jim (friendly
personal noun) will have come (future
perfect --- perfect!) in no time (macro-
sememe allowing such inversion of time-spat

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PASSIVE GIRL READING MODERN ROMANCES

I

Christopher Columbus held for
certain that the
waters of
the sea move from
east to west,
with the sky, regardless of
its color,
the sky, whose movements, he

said, carry away huge
tracts of land,
dust blowing and spitting
sounds as the terrestrial
wholly
goes under, not

intelligible to the pilot
of the Capitana:
"The reward, I see the land."
The pilot, then,
one may say, committed
an error.

He did not realize
the transcendent
correctness
of his master's
theory, which

comforts the blind citizens of a civilization
whose cold enamelled walls, inlaid with gold,
mask a dervish stabbing himself.

II

The pilot failed to see that entire
continents were
escaped,

that it is not Cathay.
This was
known, however, to others:
the exiled Arab
dancing by himself in
a darkness, his trousers
and limp shirt
soiled, holding a glass
of cold coffee as he moved,
singing:
"Chicago, Chicago--"

Others saw, but were silent.
The negro children
standing in the shallows
of the public
fountain, an old man
quietly wringing

the neck of a goose behind
some lovers,
passive girl in a booth
of a movie theater,

reading Modern Romances amid empty
sounds and color, her inflorescences not yet realized.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND THE CIGAR FACTORY AT KEY WEST

At Key West the windows of the cigar factory
are shattered and black to the winds.

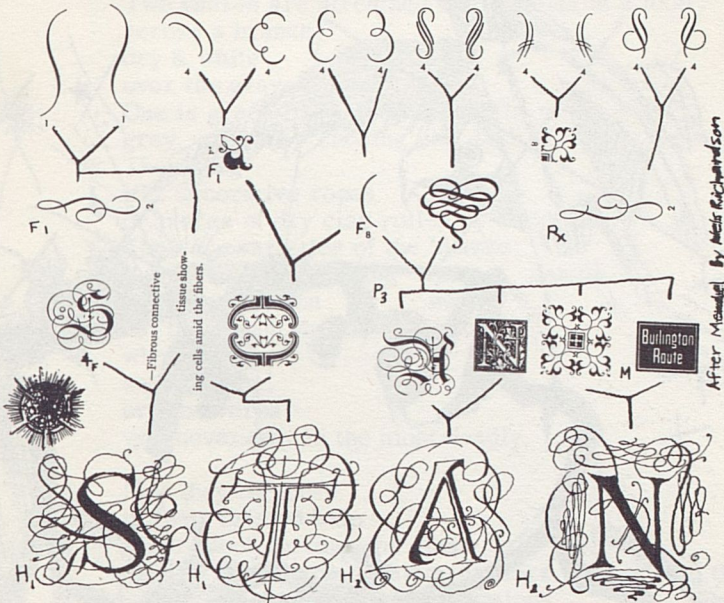
When Columbus, standing beside
the yellow sky, ordered a drum
to be played upon the quarterdeck,
and some of the young men to dance,

to be the spirit of gaiety
for the sake of a civilization
that had forgotten them,
forgotten,

so that their dance
lacked the proper emotion;
the Indians, poisoning their arrows,

were not pleased, aware

that beyond the ship and its ocean the delicate foliage of the tamarisk moves faintly, the windows empty in their darkness.



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For The Phi Alpha Psi Fraternity

Submitted to the Trustees of
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Enacted: January 8, 1965

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in my palm? They are poisonous.
I want to talk about the snakes -- my fascination for them,
my dreams of them,
my images,
the stories I have heard
and read;
but I can only think of the world -- its crisis;

how projective verse,
the tone in Creeley's voice
when he reads
and talks -- tells you of this world
where men & women,
their love,
explain the world, explain relationships --
how this relates to Bertrand Russell, Talking on peace
what he said --
that a man and a woman
in their intimacy
experience
approach/
an understanding that makes them allow peace --
how nations never approach this,
how peace is not a matter
of men & women,
not a matter of projective verse,
not a matter of the line ending/ how it holds
yet goes
to another;
how, mainly,
it sounds when you hear it. How you can recognize
it
in anyone's voice --

a man and woman lying together under the dry white sheets,
their bodies wet-hot and salty,
the two green Mambas looking different --
looking like 3 -- twisted together,
but one green as grass
and unmistakably single;
how hearing the relationship
of stops
to go-forwards
in Creeley's voice
and the clarity of poems
no matter where the line stops
is like the greenness

of the green Mamba.

I remember my attempt
to hold a snake
but how I could never overcome the fear.
Do I know more
than I tell
when I say the world we live in has all the problems
of identity,
line-ending,
man-woman,
love,
or fear?

What do I know
behind my eyes
that leaves the image of two snakes in a clay loop
hanging on the white branch --
the sunlight
baking gravel?

What can I do to leave you with this image?





E d u a r d o Z a l a m e a

THE SPACE BETWEEN THINGS

When stars move they duplicate the universe.

Motion is a double stillness.

Change will cease when Nature will accept a face.

The space between things seems to be reserved for another universe.

Light is the nerve of an invisible being.

We are crucified by the dimensions.

Infinity is the cemetery of energy.

There remains an ancient law giving a powerful sentence:
the division of worlds where, as with angels, the only crime
is to rise between them.

Darkness is an abandoned flight.

Violence is only to be used at the side of an angel.

Within the angle of things I cry immaterial tears.

For my repose I have chosen the land alongside the line which
has no parallel.

I see beyond this world, and my eyes disappear.

There are lights brighter than light, and these lights keep
the angels from seeing darkness, since that would be for them
immediate death.

La pyramide est fondue dans un seul point.

Nuage qui revient toujours!

Il y a une certaine chose que ne fut qu'en se diversifiant.

Vaincre la porte est devenir sa réalité.

Only statues can hold the soul's hand.

CONTRIBUTORS

Paul Blackburn has published The Nets and Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit and arranged poetry readings at the METRÔ (New York) and recently prepared a new translation of El Cid. He was on the faculty of the Aspen Writers' Workshop this past summer of 1965.

Philip Terry Borden is a young artist living in New York.

Stan Brakhage's essay on light in film follows in a series of essays he has written of technical aspects of film-making, part of which have appeared in Film Culture. His comprehensive "Metaphors on Vision" was published by Film Culture last year. As one of the most dynamic experimental film-makers of today's film world, he has recently completed a lecture-showing trip to the East Coast and Europe. He lives in Colorado.

Richard Grossinger, a student of anthropology and linguistics at Amherst College, has published poems and essays recently in software, Io/I, Amherst Literary Magazine, and Paideia.

Frederick Hill, owner of the Cocteau original, is a student of art history at Amherst College.

Lindy Hough, a student at Smith College, has published poems in Io/I, and has a collection of poems forthcoming from the Aviary Press, Northampton, Mass.

Robert Kelly is co-editor of the new Doubleday-Anchor anthology, A Controversy of Poets. He has recently completed a novel, The Scorpions, and his long poem, "Weeks", has just been published by El Corno. Kelly teaches English at Bard College in Annandale-on-Hudson, New York.

Mitchell Miller, a student at Antioch College, attended the Aspen Writers' Workshop this past summer and worked for Haryou-Act in Harlem this winter.

Nels Richardson, a Midwesterner now in New York, attended Amherst College and has published Io/I and Maps.

Walter Simonson is now working on a complete set of illustrations for Tolkien's trilogy. He is a student of geology at Amherst College.

Charles Stein is a classics major at Columbia University and is editor of Aion. He has published recently in the Columbia Literary Magazine and

in Bennington College's Silo/8, as well as in Io/1. He lives in New York

John Taggart will soon publish the first issue of Maps from the University of Chicago, where he is a graduate student in English. He has been associated for the past few summers with the Aspen Writers' Workshop in Aspen, Colorado.

Leandro Velasco, the artist who designed the cover of this issue of Io, is an artist working in stained glass and oils in New York. A show of his paintings will appear this spring at the Zegri Gallery in New York. He is from Cali, Colombia.

Diane Wakoski-Sherbell is the co-editor of software. Her first book, Coins and Coffins, was published by Hawk's Well; her next book, Apparitions and Discrepancies, will be published by Doubleday this spring. She lives in New York with her husband Shepherd Sherbell, who is editor of The East Side Review.

Eduardo Zalamea is a New York poet who moved here recently from Colombia.

Mention should be made of Gerrit Lansing's new book, The Heavenly Tree Grows Downward, which has just been published by m a t t e r books (Joan Kelly, Annandale-on-Hudson): strong, gusty green poems attached to deep roots.

The third and fourth issues of "From A Window" are available from Bobby Byrd, Box 3446, College Station, Tucson, Arizona; work of Aspen Writers' Workshop poets are in the magazine as well as Maps I, published by John Taggart and available from him at 209 E. Jefferson, Goshen, Indiana.

Paideia is a new magazine at Amherst College which publishes critical essays on literature. An essay on Shelley called "Quantum Poetry" appears in the third issue, available from Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.

Quixote, published by Morris Edelson (University of Wisconsin, 116 North Charter, Madison, Wisc.) is a new literary magazine similar to Io, with the same purpose: that of catching driftings of light that are around us but not always seen.

Io/1 is still available from 56 College St., Amherst, Mass. It includes work by Grossinger, Hough, Richardson, Stein, Bialy, and Richard Clark, Io/3 is in preparation and will be available in May from the same address; afterwards the home address of the magazine will move as the editors do in ensuing years.

The editors are grateful to Amherst College for supporting Io.

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