SPECTACULAR DISEASES

SPECTACULAR DISEASES **issue no. 1**

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river and lake poems
to be finished and
completed before started

.

i sat and watched it flow

do we need another book of endless verse
perhaps better a few songs for
those among us that reach that
far some melodies for the dancers
and for the horn players who take
such large tokes even a few words
of wisdom to squeeze your head around
as the water flows into the word forms
grey dry mud waiting for the river
of life the love juice inside the crack
is there more behind this mirror
of life *if so* then we have it here
in all its opposites each death its
rebirth and flower its scent for in my
last moments the silence of such thoughts

WENDY MULFORD

RELATIVE FREQUENCY

We are going to ascribe probability on the basis of a
one in a hundred thousand chance meeting a wing
mirror in the dark we are speaking of facts zak zak
the jaw snaps lets begin again. We dont
just do it for kicks you know
(though what we get is often just that
a relative frequency in the lives of the poets
which has no certain application to the
individual event & the particular is
swallowed in the one in fifty-two chance
since our speech refers obliquely to the
whole pack of cards not to this animated film
of a fruit machine satisfying the laws of an actual
fruit machine, some joker might put a picture in
and you would then of course be mistaken
as you are now lying in your cold Northern heartland.

for Rolf Dieter Brinkmann

BIRD POEM. For Ann.

dipping my pen into the ink
lights in the fen dusk
plain tail lights
old crescent moon-rind light

water pouring in through cracked slates
over worn sills
inks pouring over my fingers

messages
figures dancing before my eyes
the old fiddlers warm themselves
rousing the spirit of the air

little bird fly beside me in the dusk
watch the tail lights flair

let me dream the tunnel has an ending
& the passionate geometry of the jet trails

the dusk is composed of a million elements not more
delicate than ours
our common our remarkable air

DAVID TROTTER

Sections from THE MILTON ARMS INSET

It will not say
this anodyne sortilege
will not say its
shuffling the hymn numbers
might prove eventful.

Nor dispose itself
in sonar array
to track delinquent
weaponry,

nor enter
the coven of affects.

insouciance

like a gap in the fence
where children have bent back
the bars to scramble through

never mind the gate
twenty yards further on

vacuum cleaning
hoists its fungous pall

batter of hairpins
against the machine's good nature
occasionally a small coin

triggers a
putsch of stale gritty air

duty lies
seeded in arraignment
under the sofa, intestinal
wadge I carry at arm's
length to the bin

whoever said
resides in the blood
and primes the heart
rather than vice versa
was surely hopeful

or desperate

promethean theft
of a cortical vein:
the lie craved

DAVID CHALONER

BATTLEDORE & SHUTTLECOCK

the reaper sighs for springly notions
but Raphael grins a regional fruit lip grin
marked nearer fumes choke the monocyclists
"tricks refused" badge clearly displayed
quests net the lozenge permit
token news announcement credits dizzy lurch
string suits tie noble legions to their stance
the loser rises looped in dread
ah cellular mound to dome retreat
your ruby gloat circles felt blocks for walling
loose flute recites the capacity
of the mittened musician asking his permission
conductor waves the melody aside between himself
and goodbye courtyard grandeur
moatless meter strands invoke green areas
that not only tender ripples flaw sweetly
but snarl in run down creepers and reach
prolonged residual sediment mustering afloat
compact tone less all else fail terribly
by such cabinets the lugger tacks
impelled transactions fuss and expostulate
they know hurly-burly cosmetic dotage
the gaffers dawdle primly outlandish
feeble replicas supplant innermost regions rejoicing
the rights consent by slender alarm
to relinquish annotation principles that this is
ardent thistledown croons routine palaver
audible to the junketing affections of a rake

24 January 1975

the swarthy ripples of her finger-tips
combing an indigo gentleness
from the deserted arena
to make the morning departure
against which is the loosened grip
that permits a divulgence
yet retains an option one way or another
would you have guessed such scenes
is your view this same concourse
with its devotion to order
tipped askew in a spasm of avoidance
or do you see defined
some further implication
as if say you are surrounded by chairs
and yet have not the slightest desire
to sit down

November / December 1973

a tight lipped aurora
disperses the last threadbare remnants

the logic imposed by sequence
and that next to changing device intention

your instinct folded in a concertina crush
not journeying as it should for you

today spreads maplessness
ahead of hesitation

by which you mean something transient
might step between the riffling pages unease

in an otherwise ponderous vista
or simple mobility as a baffle

touching the thematics of relativity
that sense of being in control again

and such scary propositions recall
listless and lost the simple energy of the past

28 January 1974

PIERRE JORIS

from: TRACES

february 10th, 1975

8.45 a.m.

out of future

dream about old friends

12 year old

daughter

(unborn)

bore into

london fog

for which

milk & bread

coffee pot steaming

coffee brewing

waits

"The work

starts in the conviction of death.

Not somebody else's . . ."

convict of
my own death
beyond my
left shoulder
or in front
of my left
shoulder
blade
before my
old eyes

around
my past
my part
the heart-
land
parceled
ever the
darkness.

over foreign
seas & lands
lies the shadow
where your work
needs to be
done. It is not
a resting place.

THE MUFF-DIVER page 59 of The Coffee Box

Dallas City, as yet unfounded, was moving closer day by day. Eva sat by the bean pot thinking about the motorcade and a shoot-out that was still years in the future. Night after night she sat by the fire scratching her crotch dreaming about the violence that was to come.

Dallas City? Jesus! Texas wasn't even around at the time.

"How I yearn for the purification of violence," she would murmur to herself when she was alone.

"How I long to stick my fingers in the wounds," she would continue after looking round to make sure that no one was watching her.

"To rub the blood in my hair and coat my face with the gore."

She usually licked her lips at about this time and reached for another plate of substitute beans and pig fat.

(ends)

"What yer got?"

He looked down at his hand and felt The Shadow Walk Over etc . . .

"What is it?" asked Carmen.

"He's got The Black," said The Cohort.

"I feel," said Bernard, "that I'm not in control of what is happening."

"What's control?" asked Eva.

"Six men with only five slugs," said Long John.

"I don't think I want to get involved in this shit," Bernard said going white.

"What is wrong?" asked Carmen insistently.

Bernard turned a card over and lay it face up on the table.

Remember Barnet it said.

There was silence in the room.

The lights dimmed and there was only him & him.

(ends)

PETER RILEY

Reading exercise in certain close terms:
island isolate insular insulate insolate

An island is something surrounded. There are the two kinds: fortunate and defunct. Defunct islands are owned by millionaires. All islands are offshore and all the land masses of the earth islands.

Isolate is when the sea is rough. It is what some people said when they saw an Irish saint rowing like hell for some skerry with a boat full of vegetable seeds and bees. To some people the sea is always rough.

Insular means "narrow, prejudiced, provincial" on dead islands, but on live ones it means that someone has realised that a row of stepping-stones is a row of islands.

Insulate is when he prefers to live without ore, on a kind of island. Which is not in this case desired but rather settled for in the lack of obvious alternatives such as gills. You can't see the mainland because of the mists. The island is really an active volcano.

Isolate adds ice to the island, just as island is the Icelandic for Iceland. But this ice also contains to sun to its heart.

The inn in insular is clearly a willing-in. But the movement is polar, shifting to inhalation at sunset.

Insulate is closed at the end like a chomp.

Insolate is nothing to do with it. One vowel shifts half a millimetre upwards and the whole world changes face. Insolate is when the island is made of glass, when the island floats around, when the etymological dictionary is flung on the fire, when the island is full of white pigeons singing close motets.

FOR MILFORD GRAVES

the most intensive and multiform gradients of energy

precisely where the lens is thickest, the ground firm

cerebral cortex preserves and concentrates entire
life history of the organism and its archaeology

as each process of excitation transforms the whole
structure recognition owes nothing to repetition
of any kind the promise is direct and neither the single
event nor its temporal antecedant produces slightest echo
in the heart chamber

which never ceases, not even during sleep, constant work-
process of transformation cell by cell every known
name of all point of spread application
— an enormous
surplus can be expected: drive expectation converted
to motor impulses outweighs gratification in sensation
always

passes through the gate

———————————

into the vale, the stone the blade
decline obliquely into knowledge from centre of contemplation
not part of this world not in day colour
without external stimulus

the stockpile dissolves and he
cups hand by the course of the stream
direction modified by wound expectation
only, only modified not initiate not fired
the fire is in the night beyond the skin
the fire is like nothing, a misplaced call, outcrop of
edge material in the folding of settlement

the stream runs its course with the same continuity

through the rhythm

PAUL BUCK

AN ERROR OF THE WHIP for colette

From the search

Within the fright is found the sharpness. Within
the cry is situated the surface that grates against
the eye. Only the torso remains for expiration.

From the purity a sudden desire. The howls of the
wind rape between her folds.

WITHIN GRASP for colette

a stroke to pale it
capable of wanting oneself
which couple are supple
lighten
she said let him be stimulated watch my
steadiness turn into linked compulsions
their roundness
sprawled by the penetrated girls had
been constrained a small firmness
that can control disturbance
through this persistance confinement was
allowed into the into a fever
that outlasts endurance
an immensity hugeness had lead
through he holds
that hand is surrounded

ALLEN FISHER

from 'place eighty' Letter to Eric Mottram

we are the uncertain generations
wandering (wondering) not after
still into the conflicts

sure, we know may know where we go or lean towards
too often unaware of the buttons we push

feet tired on concrete

recrossing the old tracks still here that are is here
the main shopping centre
invoking – so it seems to me
unfelt forces

I followed an underground river map south london
showing the places of epidemic disease
in direct relationship
out of that I pulled the imaginary map of the energies
that might show the places of cancer victims
where the forces are shielded
from pulling at us
the rising damp in the brickwork
using Reich's sense where the currents
the currently used
specific causal factors are futile

the cancer map then that
must include the body's

what I'm finally sometime getting at
we don't think we feel these forces
or are unaware we know
of their suppression

well the forces are there alright
    in earth and space around us
in our bodies and ground beneath us
                and at times I get to them
                more often
affected by their absence
aware of their absence beneath
    compositions of sand gravel cement
                shot with rods of iron

                my Father's blood condition
                conditioned
& that's not just the body electric
    the speed of underground waterflow or
the surfaces' heat transfer
the rusty blade changing the hydrangea's colour

it is that the whole of it and more we miss
not a nostalgia or
    as the historical pleasure palpitant
that too
    but by a realisation of the men that lifted
the sense of this to here
                gives us the sense of it
how to trace the feel of it
    find the paths in the graves of their absence
generated perhaps accumulated it
    in our knowledge in our
                land we no longer know

from 'place eighty' Letter to E.M. contd.

my concern is not to invoke the imagined past

"The Golden Age" "the tribal return"

that is not even in our day dreams
but never was anywhere else

these invocations have been planted
by those that stifle my senses
with their superstitions and suppressions

that is the best I can say for them
that they raised my concern

my work beginning where I am
my own configuration
entering and belonging to what "we" means

which now I have as a connection working in both directions
to continue
"in the living center where there is no composure but
a life-spring of dissatisfactions in all orders from
which the restless ordering of our poetry comes"
(Robert Duncan)

and on the edge of that hole where
(Olson warnd Duncan)
"art is washt away, turnd into that second force,
religion."

from 'place eighty' Letter to E.M. contd.

it could be then that outside of linguistic fetish
I wish to renew our acquaintance
with say feudal imperfection
in order to transcend it

to search out the sound the social origins of constraints
that divide each of us individually
and each from each other
inside & outside
as oppression
uniting us in a false bond under controls
forcing our choice of protector

we ball bearing this concoction
which is the best I can
call it
this life
on laws
not programmes that we can really make substance of
roads directed by commodities
by traffic–flow
buildings laid down not by sense
of where or for whom

and were you asked what you wanted
tenants of these houses

IAN PATTERSON

SPARKLING FRUIT SALTS

KINO

—ever be alone. Cell
protein constructs its
narrative in the dark
we sit taking in aerial
snaps of receptor sites
proper conditions of (common)
sense whirring across
the surface of the
reel crime every mount-
ing sentence resounds
appealing and falls flat
against the screen where
there is no convers
ation
        Blinding
one growth first
egg of history
flickers and proposes
a resolution of this
more celestial device

LINO

for Denis Roche

no admittance board gleamed above hedges
or nests of pippit rejoined the lost
cuckoo of summer, opening eyes in early sun-
light as re-entry into the forbidden
matter of dreams
such a future is inconceivable
amulet of tender stance useless against
my power of hatred and its speckled
vision collimated or transcribed for two
flutes and a barrel-organ. Buff
architecture like in Florence lacks the
lyric presence of granite. I wonder if
song is a mineral function of our material
chemistry? or last the substance of
each ideational trace of our passing

NINO

co-workers refuse offers of dis-
junction appropriate to a landscape
of pineal variety more than the board-
room where I thought your shape improper
your smartly groomed pubic hair verged
on the blase veered off
that moment's utterance into buttercup
fields of your arse memory
my linguistic referents laze in
polymorphous undergrowth scatt-
ered in a corner of my research
casamatta where I escape floods of
bombs and the thud thud of pine
cones fruitless occasions the surf
torn jacket shifting beneath the sur-
face of a role she might see as im-
personal amid miscellaneous visions
mirrors confronting an innocent
subject with its constant
business of living

RHINO

eye this tragedy of
unmasked circumstance pink
faces reveal trembling leaves
something to seize
hold on to removed
from actual life
would you allow me
an encyclopaedia a neigh-
bouring bed in the
munitions plant–
ation? Quick hide geranium
seed floating formally
acquitted but still
guilty oral or not
carry your house on your
foolish back grind
your horn the pool of
reminiscence I regard
as my amorous history
condition we inhabit as
the ground thunders
with its approach

VINO

Effective light falls
on her from its
source behind the lens
enough to limit
pressure on the round
fruit rinsed of cog
nition in such baths
of purity as
to sing in truth
and in time

3.10 – 4.50 pm
9th July 1975

BRIAN MARLEY

BINOCULARS

"All of our ideas come from the natural world:
trees=umbrellas" – Wallace Stevens ("Adagia")

1

The winsome arrow comes from all directions
hopelessly pushing one finger like flint like a personal
replica towards this minute: *Heroic* where they
stand alert at the wheel of the little
grass cutters/ in parallel movement flicker
of ancient travelogues undercutting
the director of incidental music whose ethnic
roots plum quota and pruning invention remain to the
waking world terrible plunder —— i quote to
& from the almanac of merchandise and social pensions
frozen northern lichen which have evolved
two-fold interrogation tactics with much loss to be expected
amongst baseball stars in the mid-twenties hitherto/

the range of years since
sweeping the piano

& tobacco
just across the
bay of Boston Harbour where the removals touching
finality gave way to eight miles of family life the first
mention creaks like a rusty hinge – misguided metaphor
the pounds pile in the bank and open spaces touching:
no: nurturing a warmth total taxation
of knowledge inserts a method of weather control

Alfonsine Tables

Mush mush! when it was time for breakfast the old have
another trick outside of local circulation which
memory . . . ; or the prison (dedicated to
furthering old remedies and postulations by
a process of selective imbalance: and so the morning –
of necessity blue sky birds open window
when seized by a coughing fit Satie deliberated
carefully on the open palm until it was covered

with money

or aside of such
a mysterious smell
arose from the bowels

i sing to the birds
upon a subject of

my own choosing &
coherence

scenes of life at the capital are absent from the itinerary

TERRIBLE DANGER! TRANSITIVE VERSION!

witness thermal indecision when causing
crop failure/ the three messages
received from the transmitter of telegrams

Visit New York

Turned Oak

Ignore Counter-orders

temporarily i
unclean
searching for nature poetry

II

ARMPIT WEAPONS

A lonely shout
from the empty foxhole

A. *The Taxation of Leisure*

The Taxation of knowledge is complete to a
final scratching of dust from the valves of the archive
another potato crop in the hold and clutching at
some form of udder risen from the kitchen to
become sentry

as the Romans had geese

and sly religious cod

therefore i inspect young sandals for
pressing; an unfamiliar tension

(really the problem lies with cancer of the armpit!)

B. *Long Start*

The next move is contrary to banking snow
against private housing with true
panache waving cigars to great revolutionary leaders
at the least trifle his nose flicks up in disgust
killing communication dead even the worst of
novels has been projected further

in motorway cafes tread lightly the ants
linger searching for a stray of underwear

refrigerators receive no compensation other than
sunbeams reclining by low temperature
level on a gradient of 1:3
                so swiftly then the
pulse catches
                my merest whim will be packed in
aspic and purged of earthly pride to an outsider
this can appear more drastic than the buckshot furies
back from prospecting in the hills standing an
inch deep in their own dirt . . . as rifles are loaded
the dead will invest in tropical fervour the
phone and the following in transit i slowly bestow
to planes plummetting through fog on September
nights with the mail schedule

III

THE SOURCE

Measles have always been feared she confided
you haven't the heart to tell her your dream where
the asbestos sheeting . . . jungle closing in
many is the time i've awarded a new mower
to the winning entry of best poem competitions
so much a matter of

cultivating

a sweet blow

to the kidneys

IV

TOTAL TONGUE

Never easy non-existant wary but
as the hackles on the back rise
so many more reasons to stop
worrying about the ocean
or watch the spinal cabaret
limp like squid into the baby's bottle

(for John Robinson – 28th May 1975)

MARTIN THOM

FRIGHTENING HAPPY GLOW

an excerpt from: THE BLOODSHED, THE SHAKING HOUSE

I fell asleep at the gate (the twin-horned gate
of sleep and dream, of the mine – where Nerval
stood and shivered). I dreamt that we were on a
farm. This 'We' spken of in dream-accounts – it is
not the wide sweep of the social inscribed in each
man or woman, it is only the brand of the family
burnt into the forehead.

'It may
also happen that the formation of a composite
figure of this kind is unsuccessful. If so,
the scene in the dream is attributed to *one* of
the persons concerned, while the other (and
usually the more important one) appears as an
attendant figure without any other function.
The dreamer may describe the position in such
a phrase as: 'My mother was there as well.' . '

(Freud: The Interpretation of Dreams p. 321)

I dreamt that we were on a farm. A herd
of horses – wild and black – were in a field.
They had porcupines on their backs. A flock of
pheasants flew up into the air, quite without
warning, as it always is with 'signs'. Suddenly
the horses bolted in the direction of the birds . .
and an attendant figure without any other function
stood up and turned the television off. The porcupines
sailed up into the air and caught the birds' tails
in their teeth. Afterwards we found odd feathers and
bones scattered all over the ground.

to break the libidinal ring
        Circe's island
    rich in all there is to do and be

On a dust-jacket, Michel Leiris : 'rompre le
cercle du moi'

and she is thrown back on her emptiness
        haunted with lack
    I & in warlike rage, shying away

say 'I flamed amazement'
    the crew terrified
to drag the curtain down
    beads falling in the lunar wind
and from the star circling the star
        a piece breaks off and coalesces

there is a dog beneath the tower
        howling at the star on the Egyptian card
    transferred by mystic builders
    men schooled in the sacred art

    the animal barks
        to be a sign for all
you cannot steer

'correspondence lost, the letter announcing our
marriage, and all the star-charts'

Rich off
the dead
strata, he

is all possible forms
of gain
(the hollow sign
Iron, haematite)

yet herding
nomadism
outstrip
his double articulation, do not rise
through the mesh of quantities
suddenly deferr'd
until the true season
comes around, shuffling across the market
in small coils of gold air, tickets

Which is
only the passage
of their cattle, ankles tied
to stop flight. Already sold
before birth
the blooded calves
in unwinged music of
what is to come, kick out
against this pressure
of hooded cities, do not rise
to sudden wealth and love
the quality of soil
to leave it
within the cycles
of slow animal care, to be

with him in all the
fading inscription of his thought on
such a pale sign as he could now
give to things, in a
magical world
girl or boy, blood
or bone. Disappearing
he could have the key
in all his will does not
pretend to

riding into the arena
waving the zero
phoneme
the finally human unhuman
bearer of meaning
in Arabia Deserta for years

'I thought I would write just to let you know / here it is
all sand'

There is no art
in his frantic art, being
alone he sings
across the pasture and breaks
into damaged music
only the fear in his words transferr'd.

Against the ore and elements
at dead heart of earth
hollowed out in wish, desire
    there is a dark stream hiero-
glyphic
        to carry your intention high
from death to some other blazing bed
on earth face, not mine
                where black beads, black wood
by the sea rolled
shining, colour of liver
    so rich in assimilated forms, the hermaphrodite
is all gift
shooting
you
into a wall of dream bees. To seek you out
wherever you are
is good.

        Frightening above fields
the work of creatures in
exchange, their impish glow
to things unknown It is freely given as ghost
    pollen to lunar child
in tidal loops already marked
                all starry, to be
                come. Human in her pain and blood, a little

    beyond the village
    is not witchcraft, only
    birth to rise to

this liquid too
shines, where work and love are
        he should
in the screaming genetic shaft
should he scream so
Out to them

A strange emptiness in towns
there is a hollow music of cost
in everything I touch, turning to
Iron 'I'
cannot be touched

And ran to the book of love
for illumination there

'An impure tone resonates through everything
buzzing as it were with murmurings from within'

Said Lou Andreas-Salome
of Dr. Victor Tausk
whom once she

held to memory and across the
board, a lightening fork
on the Egyptian card . There where
the Prince of Acquitaine sat
garnets in his cheek
mined in the
Pyrenees

Image of dried blood : in all stones raised high
and the word 'strange'
absolute property of this moment or else
stop writing. It draws
a unity from nothing in face of death
signifies everything to be here and amaze
the thin ghosts of animal speech
caged and silent.

A sign is so strange in mind, it works
through a phonetic blaze
we are agents

Earth speaking us.

'In the market-place I was sore astonisht
: everyone I saw a broken reed, and so to
Alcohol, most potent here as elsewhere.
and a storm for all Indo-Europeans who
could not come too.'

'Everyone and Everything
apart from you
is feminine'

the trader
in false
dualism, shrieked
and fell
singing the dissolution

: all earthly structures
in their airy reversed images find
comfort through Nerval
asleep beneath Sirius

Turn and return
distance is the last quietness
far from wish
ringing in the ear
everything is sewn to everything
is threadbare
not broken, coheres

.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED AND WORTHY OF MENTION:

GREAT WORKS no. 4 from Bill Symondson, 47 Windsor Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. 50p. Sinclair, Trotter, Thom, Riley.
LOADED DRUM no. 2. Published by Laundering Room Press, 137 Wingrove Gardens, Newcastle upon Tyne NE4 9HR. 35p. Fisher, Hemensley, Marley. From the same address: THE PRIAPIC BEATITUDES 40 p. by Jeremy Reede. And A TAPER TO THE OUTWARDE ROOME by Elaine Randell 35p.
SPANNER no. 2. 30p. from 18 Hayes Court, New Park Road, London SW2 4EX. This issue devoted to IRON WORK by Martin Thom. Section from THE BLOODSHED, THE SHAKING HOUSE.

VELVET CURTAINS with work by or about Georges Bataille, Maurice Blanchot, Bernard Noel.
PRESSED CURTAINS which is 're/qui/re(qui)re' by Paul Buck.
Both publications cost 50p. and worthy of purchase from 12 Foster Clough, Hebden Bridge, West Yorkshire, HX7 5QZ.

SIXPACK. 99p. from 19 Deale Road, London SW17.

And VARIOUS RAGGED FRINGES by Michael Haslam. 50p. from TURPIN, 17 Warnborough Road, Oxford.

KT-733-086