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WCH WAY

"WHICH WAY?"

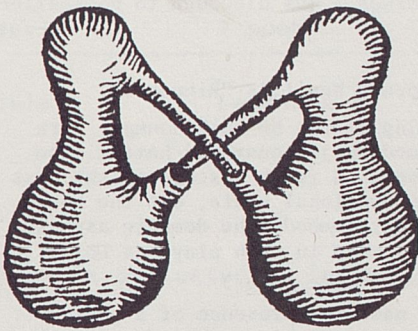
"Ride 'em thru town!" [Errol Flynn]

that certain air

of savoir-faire

in the merry old land

of Oz



The Double Pelican, from the *Buch zu Distillieren*, Brunswick, 1519.

WHICH WAY # 1 *Spring 1975*

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INFORMATION COLLAGE & COLATE ENERGY COLLECTIVE

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"public invited to attend in person"

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Note: (on the photo between Kelly's poem & Wevill's "Rincones")

This photo is of an embroidered rendering of the Nō mask *hannya*, worn by female ghosts whose souls are consumed by jealousy and hatred. The disheveled wisps of hair, contorted muscles & rough texture of the mask are human manifestations of the ghost's emotional state, but the horns, metallic bulging eyes, and glittering teeth embody the demonic aspect of her obsessional jealousy. The mask is worn in such plays as *Dōjōji* & *Aoi no Ue*. The photo is by George A. Rasula.

"Nō begins with a mask, and within the mask the presence of a god . . . Before the actor makes his entrance he gazes at his masked face in the mirror, and though until that moment an ordinary man -- whether an out-cast or a nobleman -- he himself becomes as he stares at the mask, a reflection . . . Other theatres are often said to be a mirror of life, but Nō is an image in the mirror which life approximates."

-- Nō: *Classical Theatre of Japan* by Donald Keene

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this issue is dedicated to Leonard Slye

note: any material not accounted for in this Table of contents
is solely the object of your attentions & our devices.

BIOGRAPHICAL: Excerpts from recent letters.

ROBERT KELLY: "at last come to an evening free to my hands, & got "the Stream on the other side of the mind", wch had been regularly recalctrant, into a state that pleases me -- I thank you for the provocation, the occasion."

TOM MEYER: "The story always signals in me *Once Upon A Time*, & the telling the enchantment which begins in the faery tale, where the bounds of the story obey domestic situations, the kitchen, the yard, the table, the homely. I affect the spelling faery only to discover last week the word ferly meaning a wonder (like a talking frog or galloping table) from OE faerlic. Faer there a fear, a suddenness (among all those everyday things it appeared unexpectedly). No true etymology traces faery to faer. The thing most unprepared for. So it is in me the telling, not the story, when asudden it begins, often before I know it & I find that I've said something I didn't know anything about. A common experience to us all, I suspect."

HOWARD McCORD: "I am getting *CUTTING SIGN* into shape by excising *PERFECTING AN UNSPEAKABLE ACT* from the midden. Since there's no hurry, I'll let it be that way. A bit of turmoil here, not due to cease for 2 months anyway, and then a summer most likely in New Mexico. A lot of changes in my life. . . . OK. Spring blessings and a little dance around a green object which has dared from Ohio soil grow!"

GEORGE QUASHA: "I ought to be able to give you *SOMAPOETICS 75 Rosy Rumors*, which to my ear is one of the two best." "Normally *SOMAPOETICS* is set in 11 pt. Baskerville (on 12) but the poem isn't ready for its final typeface. I mean there are at least four other sections to be added for the final book, and they're not in final shape. So set it as you will, whatever size."

JOHN OLIVER SIMON: "okay - sending you some poems from a sequence that's in progress. The idea I set myself was to write one poem for each year of my life. The working title (not necessarily final at all) is *Timeline poems* - I've been absorbed in the work for about 5 months & though I have drafts of all 34 poems (0-33) now it'll be awhile more before the whole cycle is entirely meshed. . . . Anything less than the entire cycle of course leaves out a lot (the entire cycle leaves out a lot) but I think you have a fair bunch with some sense of the movement of the whole."

DAVID WEVILL: "We found this Spanish hill village and decided to stay here at all costs until April. It's hard to describe our life here except that it is very simple and regular, no English around at all . . ." "Life for the Spanish here is a regular hardworking rhythm, which I find a good accompaniment for writing, better in fact than mental stimulation or competition." "You may certainly use the preface from *Arrow* if you like. The things I said there perhaps didn't emerge in that book, and are only coming home to me now."

The Institute for Further Studies' Curriculum of the Soul series has published George Butterick's *Runes*, to which those herein are supplementary. Institute for Further Studies has also published John Clarke's *Gloucester Translations*. Ted Enslin has had about a dozen books out in the past two years, notably *With Light Reflected* (Sumac), *Sitio* (Granite Press), *The Median Flow* (Black Sparrow), *The Last Days of October* (Salt Works), *Views* and the final volumes of *Forms* (both Elizabeth Press). Howard McCord's *Selected Poems* is just out. Kelly's *Loom* is immanent. Quasha's *Word-Yum* has just been printed (& will also appear in *Truck*). Simon's *Snake's Tooth* too.

EDIT / ORAL / ION

"The physical size of an atom is known to be 1.5×10^{-8} centimeters in diameter. No one has yet measured the fraction of a solar second that is equal to the present." -- *Alfred Jarry*

wch way is not a question. Accent the first word & it's especially not a question. [quest/ion = young quest] Questions like "which way", "which one", "how much" are usually ~~ds~~ accusatory as WHO SAID THAT? & there are no accusations here.

This way is one of several, operated under the symbol of the double pelican: It's not a question, not which way. Both ways. That's the process, the interaction. Listening and speaking. Do you mean going to sleep or dreaming? Useless question.

wch way is something overheard. As Tom Meyer has written recently, a lyric is "often a thing overheard, the sung song to oneself but audible to anyone in ear-range.* On a certain day in January we happened to overhear the words on the cover of what this is. Suzy didn't know she was talking the name of a magazine, but thought instead she told of being lost on the northwest side of Bloomington. But she wasn't asking questions either. So. Overheard.

A man deciding to write "R. Mutt" on a toilet is also over-hearing something.

If you get really fierce & attentive about overhearing things you start to hear everything, because it's all there. No more questions.

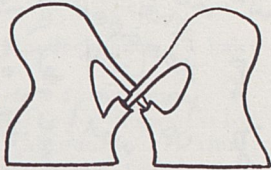
3 months after the magazine got its name it got its baptism: the lines on the title page are from "Montana" (1940) with Errol Flynn and Alexis Smith. (& on the next page is our judicious editorial response to this movie & others of like caliber/aber/ation). It

should be made clear at this point that the editors' intentions and the magazine's (from Arabic *makhāzin*, pl. of *makhzan*, a storehouse, or container of explosives) intentions do not always coincide, but rather overlap. The chief *intention* (Webster's definition is "a stretching or bending of the mind") of the editors is to provide a place for long poems, in all the various forms they take (cf. Quasha's introduction to *Active Anthology*), especially those "in which past and future are virtually present within the verbal process."

When a magazine is a container of explosives (as in explosion of attention, as in roots seeking water, as in water seeking its own level) the explosion takes so many ways that finally the questions are after the fact [12 miles, by our calculations]. Time plays with itself to the extent that all intentions occur simultaneously. Any more questions?

Though our chief intention is to provide a meeting ground, a place, for longer workings, we don't plan to do so at the exclusion of shorter manifestations. We see "longer" as a direction, not a thing. We formed our *intent* here in

**ear-range/ear-rage/ear-age: hack away the letters but it takes a lot to run out of words.*



partial reaction to magazines that are overstuffed with short poems, looking too much like mail-order catalogues in their (apparently senseless, certainly useless) randomness. A poem is least of all an irresponsible little gem that you can see 2 or 3 of on a page & leave it at that. Or, if you can, *this* isn't the way. A poem is something you tussle with. It continues as much inside whoever hears or reads it as it did before that occasion.

Tlön, Castalia & Brobdingnag are places whose derived essence is that they are overheard, or can be listened in to. Not like a radio, whose music is there whether you're ready to listen to it or not. But not like a concert hall either, where you're so *ready* to listen -- why bother? Until you're ready to hear *anything* at all [cf John Cage] that happens along, you can't begin to know how to choose *what* to listen to. Or *wch* way the bathroom is. Or *who* made the soup. But IS THIS SOUP ???

If it is it's like duck soup, & has nothing to do w/ the rest of the movie.

What this is, is evident.

The consciousness involved in this poetry is prophetic or shamanistic in that it perceives events "in the inner time of the soul . . . thus it obliterates the '*historical trend*' with which our epoch is obsessed." [or see J.B. Mays on General Idea, pointing out strategies for transcending history -- an obvious counternote to Quasha's assertion that "it is the world of appearance and opinion (the preference for certain appearances) that poetry most severely challenges." Or, if poetry challenges appearances, it is to show them in some light of transience/transportability] Within this consciousness is the full *range* ["A recognition/of these many centers--/makes a use of them." - Ted Enslin's *RANGER*, XXI] of expression, from complete seriousness to utter playfulness; (men in whose work that range movies tightly in contact w/ both extremes: Ed Dorn, bp Nichol, Christopher Dewdney, Robert Fones, Tom Raworth, George Quasha -- to mention a few of the disparate possibilities).

Time is of such primary concern because it is the vehicle of progression, which cargo is only as "real" as the hands of a clock. The unloading of that cargo has been, for poets, largely a personal matter; but in other areas Charles Hapgood's *Maps of the Ancient Sea Kings* and G. S. Hawkins' *Stonehenge Decoded* have shown that the track is running backwards.

To see that cargo unloaded temporarily onto a dock, *this* dock, is to see the work in new contexts in which cumulative effects occur from beginning to end as well as more specific internal effects. So that what surrounds a piece -- before & after -- again brings time, as its most actual presence, into *play*. The time of the poem, as RK has said ("On Discourse", Io 20) is the same for all poems. Though our page numbering is *not* a response to this, it's based on the same notion: a poem begins and ends on the same page, no matter how many leaves you have to turn to find the end of that page/poem (or, recently, David Antin's page-layout for his "talk poems" shows even more forcibly that everything is there in the first line, or everything *is* the first line.) By the way, our numbering makes it easy to find the beginning of any poem -- just flip back the pages till its page number first appears. If you measure time by how long it takes to move from that beech to that elm, or how long it takes to fry a trout, you start to see what

time is in a poem: because a poem has a way of snagging time, internalizing it, & draining it out of its hole behind the minute-hands & the mechanisms. A short poem, like so many by Wang Wei, surfaces from time to Time & makes you wonder where it's been & what kind of life it's been living "down there". And it's that kind of surfacing that reminds you how much time there is stuffed inside you.

What time is, It? There is no *single* map of this terrain. Several different projections were used as well as different scales (or that there are 2 of us editing this -- about 80% overlap between us -- our way is to *both* agree on every piece that goes into *wch way*). The map is in many sections and what at first seems like gross distortion in one area is found to be resolved by re-adjustment of the angle of entry. Time is an asterisk of events.

The arrangement of work here reflects a particular reading (& an agreement between the 2 of us) of that work. Our reading is visible because it turns out to be a topology. Or, say that these pieces are elements of a terrain: by "editing" what we've done is to make a map of it.

This 144 page *way* is also a way of saying something, overall. That there are only 9 poets here indicates our concern w/ actually *reading* the work, following it thru, & not simply cataloguing or deep-freezing it. This is a practice we'll continue. On the other hand, we see this as a beginning: & the *lack* of something here doesn't mean a rejection of it. (More likely, *our* ignorance or *its* unavailability at this time -- the lack of work by Canadians, for example.)

This work is gathered by request (& will continue to be) -- we wished to see more work by these, and other, poets. Also, we felt there's a value in witnessing and exploring the work as it's written.

It's been conveyed to us by various of the poets in this *way* that we're also presenting an *occasion* for actually bringing that work out, out of themselves -- a mode of thanks for something we hadn't even originally foreseen. But for any other use these *ways* can put themselves to, we're ready to bring them to happening, happen/stance.

Michel Foucault, in *Les mots et les chose* (words & things, or weirdly translated as *The Order of Things*) says "I am concerned here with observing how a culture experiences the propinquity of things, how it establishes the *tabula* of their relationships and the order by which they must be considered." He sees the development of linguistics as an enormous unsettling of language usage -- language as object of thought, congealing its first sighting in Mallarmé. The difference is most evident, perhaps, in the world of advertizing, which hasn't realized that when someone tells you you need to buy *this* tire in order to set your life in order (& makes it sound like the blithering PLAGUE o' yr Days!), it just doesn't come across seriously. Likewise, it's voices of the same camp (advertizing) that say "read this, it's one of the great books" or some such. It's obvious that any poet writing now can hardly ignore this fact that language doesn't adhere like glue to things. It can be used to prick, fondle or re-arrange the things it "talks" about, or even used to ignore them. Slowly, belatedly, poets seem to be using their materials (words) with some of the vigor painters have used their materials for quite some time now. The table of relationships is an asterisk. *wch way*:

DAVID WEVILL

[*statement from Where the Arrow Falls, London 1973*]

We have lost our natural images. All the images we make are twisted, hammered, brilliant. But the complexity of our time is a fiction, like Dante's dark wood. We must find the trail that runs through it, our senses become extra persons walking beside us. That is not to deny the self but to increase it. The increased self is not the figure of man attached to all other men in a carcass-strewn web of dead and living relationships. He is alone as he ever was and perhaps that is not bad. Perhaps he should not try to communicate but to himself. He must learn not to lie to himself before he can not lie to others. Our literature is full of striptease, learning aloud and confessions of failure, invitations to touch in others what we do not want to touch. It looks like truth, but it is the big lie that facts make truth. If there is a truth it is a total fiction, a gigantic metaphor encompassing all. In which, if the parts naturally fit, it is all right. The lesson in Genesis is that there is a way we ought to think in order to survive. Our fiction is that this is not enough. Our gods are the unaccountable, uncontainable facts, the flies in the ointment. We are afraid of the thought of the full circle: not as the Hopi were, who left the design unfinished so the soul could escape: but because the full circle would free us from the trivia we have become addicted to. What we need are allegories so harsh and simple that they will dissolve the objections of what they fail to contain, and free us to think in natural and not artificial terms. Then the politicians will be forced to lie in a new way we can perceive, therefore they will come to question whether their lies are worth it. And it will not be, on either side, the cant of violence and war: which are ways of breaking out of the circle only to enter a smaller one. By natural metaphors I mean, those which are necessarily part of the world, not those which we have added for our own convenience as ways of saying 'I am'. McLuhan has perceived a wrong turn, and described it. He must be a worried man; but his disciples are not, they do not see the turn as wrong, they see that it relieves them of all future obligations to intervene as other than wires buttons and eyes. This system is not the kind of circle I mean. If McLuhan-man can spend a month in the Arizona desert without his gadgets, then return to his gadgets unbeaten, he is a better man than I thought. A man who can do that can conceive the kind of circle I mean. This may

be why Jesus went into the wilderness, to think. It is our unrelieved addiction to one sort of thing that kills us, not the dilemma of alternatives, not the attempt to live two lives, or many lives, within the circle. The prophets after all demanded blood, and fear, and pain, not a swaying with the times. In our day that which is hardest may be the most natural, the most simple: it is easy to be complex, one just is. But complexity releases an arrow toward unity: the sacrificial victims of our day, scattered, dismembered, psychotic, live in our blood, crying for some target. Our inventions are angels dancing on a pin. I like those angels, but wish they were larger and the pin a mountain. It is all so subcutaneous, so hypodermic. Where has the air gone. Into my bladder where it hurts. What does not hurt. I do not know or care, I hurt. How to get rid of the hurt. Love me. What if I cannot love you. That is not possible because if you understood you would see I am really very lovable. What if I neither see nor understand. Then you are not being honest. What if I see and understand and do not love you. Then you must be feeling threatened, by something inside you. What if the threat I feel is you. That is not possible, I think of myself as a child, I can do no harm but am harmed by others. But the threat I feel comes from you. I don't want to talk about it any more please. We have lost our natural images. How can we make a lyric of the world we do not know. Because I need light to write this by, a whole landscape must die to serve a coal mine. I could have waited till daylight.

GEORGE QUASHA

SOMAPOETICS 75

ROSY RUMORS

[for Susan]

ROSY RUMORS SOMALOGUE

"It's *high* time you revealed the family secret,"
says the Interested Reader to
the Woman by or from my side,
and She writes these words out on the blackboard:
WHAT SECRET DO YOU HAVE IN MIND ?
I join said Reader in courteous and patient contemplation
of the questions before us, but all knowing balks
at certain glaring ambiguities.

By writing out her Mind
She persists in denying us the relevant supra-
segmental phonemes. I mean is She asking us:

"What SECRET do you have in mind?" or

"What secret do YOU have in mind?" or

"What secret do you have in MIND?"

She appears to demand clarity
on all levels simultaneously.
Silence to Her secrecy.

And in this gap
or meditative loop
the mind snags for an instant
on a vertical protruberance of thought.
It's as though a female voice were whispering
over and over the word: KEY.

We are unprepared for these strangenesses
but we listen nevertheless.

I represent herewith what I have heard:

It is rumored
that the Fourth Voice -- i.e.,
the one that speaks neither to God,
nor to the Self,
nor to the Reader, but
the one that is listed as missing,
the one in the middle --
has been heard lurking hereabouts,
says things like:

His NAME is writ in water.

HIS name is writ in water.

His name is WRIT in water.

His name is write in WATER that
overflows for seed's sake, and
the rushing vital liquid causes rocks to roll
and the turning rocks in the waters roughing over
rocks makes the sound of

GREET GREET

GREET

What we are hearing is WHAT
we are hearing is
jussive subjunctive or a mood politely commanding
the listener
to greet these
"familiar acquaintances" sheathed in words

WE

is hearing in the act of catching
ourselves in the act of
engaging in conversation with the Fourth Voice
fourfold [says Blake]
in the great with-turns
we are
withturning home
by skill of
the immediate case
employing the [calls itself]
Metemphysical Method
in the virtual subjunctive mood: IN
STRUCTIONS:

Hand to your mouth
your hand, to the mouth,
feel the words, choose to know
the words as they pass through, you
focus on the influence of heat, you notice
the way it urges you
to see, for instance, yourself
as you are, as you will, as you word it
withjecting, telling the possible
story, in the skin
of a possible lover
courteous beyond belief.
Now you are familiar with panic
and the richness of our bodily conversations. So
you do not give up
out of fear or disgust
when the sentence contorts and the mood
shifts, folds in
on itself, you
do not refuse
when she bends before you,
and when she says go, you go a-
cross the river and through the
branches of Eucalyptus, if it please her
and she calls herself *Kaluptos*,
"covered flower,"
and opens out from the liquid gum;
and you mention it often

if it please you to know the family secret,
as, heading home now, our own Ed Taylor
let the word *preparation*
fall, seemingly at random, at the aim-
lessly objective rate of
[we might as well say] 3 or 4
times per snail-limp
of the *Crepidula Fornicata*
like a limpsy slave of Earth
as the pave blabs:

you listen
to the rumor, and if it is kind to you
graft it and increase it upon yourself
and wait
for transilience
in a hot tongue.

Things alter into themselves
when the advice mixes badly.
There is a drift of every thing
in a words of nothing book.
That which comments upon itself
is but a symbol of the fact
that it does so. *If* it does so.
It is high time,
says the Fourth Voice.
Says simply,
Herewith a book.

THE PERFECT CHILD

If you don't get it all at once
or all you want and need of it
try me on for twice-size,
she said, and I grew uneasy at the thought.
I've heard that one before, read me twice
and again aloud, crack the shell
and it swells inside, and Empties
until She Only Is --

You mean (I whisper)
we have to endure the same jokes again?
Then where is the difference of Hell and Heaven...

A pot shaped as a duck, the female Eros
sprawls upon its curve, Lasa
to Etruscans, 4th Century B.C. ... Enter
Mary Magdalene, into the Garden, meets
a man smelling of mold
with damp of caves shaping his dusty beard,
takes him for a gardener.

How grows the blue spiral
[*eucalyptus pulverulenta*]?

Ghost crabs
[*ocypoda*] spirit in the tide line, they say [*peri-*
plus], view from Ark-deck, view from the edge
of the rose of the world

is the verge of the Sea
judging from the sound
of this conch, *euc*, *oc*, air through the waterhole,
and this beach is sandy, among familiar ac-
quaintances. We get the bends
or flashes in a time-curve, called to mind
by the core of the shell

which I hold in my hand.
The thing you're after may lie around the bend
The Perfect Child!
of the pot, in which we nest, waiting
for Lasa, Wake me! when the sun gets
round enough --

And was our tombish Son of Man, at large again in the gre
world, moldy with ergot? calling Her mouth
to gnaw his flesh, and know
the inner communion, that the tongue
wag
with the juice of palms . . .

The discontinuous gods
the disjuncture of frogs
in the field of spring sounds,
these
are what might be called *preparations*.

CRYSTAL A VERB

Where have you been all my life,
I said without thinking to her wet, sweet
rumor, still in my ears.
Take me back to Uqbar, or Tlön, or
wherever it was I was
last night, all night, last life-
time, all time
ever provided me:

I penetrated
to the central region, *the town*
is only half-visible to the eye
& never findable in the Atlas
and all nouns are verbs and all verbs vehicles
for *living going forth & returning*
and a kind of listening
through anything made with Earth
and Slime

The voice is in
[I quote the night] *the shell*
Now -- *It stimulates*
itself by in-
tention ... Or this is your clearest intorsion ...
The ground moves softly beneath the feet.
As for sexuality in the City, It won't
hang up, I assure you ...

Can the Hanged Man
hang up the phone (*Aurelia*, it is rumored,
is found in Nerval's pocket) -- The World is up-
side down,

who will right it?
Carry the crystal as far as it goes
you go --

and watch your verbs
hang on your ends

Now it ends, encrystals
by ennouncing -- now now now now
nouncing --

Take notes
on the voice in the head:
A power to develop
with respect to the middle

To let the self-re-blanching tablet
starting 4 inches above the mangy shoulders
teach itself to be written upon
to its propensity to disappear.

in proportion

"right timing"

Shih jung

And the magical diary, so to speak,
is again at our left, verging
on the field of vision, overflowing, flash-
floods, too brief, too terrible to be
believed.

THE FIRST HOUSE

It all began with ...

A likely story.

All dreams and all roses are likely.
We were sitting around the fire one winter morning
minding our own business, when, suddenly, the picture
above the fireplace -- a house besieged by storm
on an open field, black clouds cut
by "lightening" -- sucked us
suck suck suck sucked us
back. The wistful mind would enter again,
"attentive" to the great ache
for the one place apparently capable of encompassing
last night's extraordinary dream, to wit,
we return to the First House,
the childhood bedroom in which the upper right hand corner
opens (as I reach) inwardly to reveal the mani-
folding complexities of matter and desire
which had leaked out of thought.

The urge

to plug, on one end,
and on the other, to bleed the brain
of its wellings up. Like a drug of fresh air.
The process is not endless but bottomless,
it carries its end within and lets its bottom go
as you reach ... *hast 'ou found a nest
softer than cunnus?* Voices
characterized by persistence
and we witen
and it is
wist

SONNERIES OF THE ROSE WORD

1.

*Hast 'ou seen the rose in the steeldust?
Or Dante slipping in the yellow light?
The female voice that slits the night puts us on notice:
 There is no tone not for us
 No tune not on time
 No tome not tamed by me
 No No not tumescent with me
So as you travel through what a womanly Mhasiddha
in Boulder, cast as Chimney Sweep, called
"The central region of the sparcelly packed"
remember: Don't throw out the goddess with the bath.*

2.

The sibyl in the syllable
dans les vallees avalees
teaches generational processing
by talking Images. I-mages. Eye-mages.
See Rose, read its whorls, *if*
thou art sick, *Sore*, if well, *Eros*.
I'm ages, I'm sage, says the latter,
as the sibyl undresses backwards
or rather, like the mind of the Reader,
from the inside back.

3.

The Heavenly Tea Leaf
Grows Downward
in order to enter the earthenware.
What does the Earth wear
but the shape it takes under hand ...

4.

And if drinking Rose Tea
(China Mainland), as I am, you
write its name on the Mystic Pad
(as Freud would), do we get
Mystic Rose Tea
Writ?
 (*"ring a round of roses told"*)
Whence the sign?

*We
lives on the other side
of the world.*

5.

And from this vantage I say I see her
through

... I mean I see a keyhole
in the mind and a word under hand
-- now! -- on the middle Mystic Pad in-
visible to all but the above-mentioned We
to whom it is especially audible:

Kledophany
is the word now fading out of sight
once it is said (anything is said
once only) on this blank
blank page of thinking
*The way out is through the door
Why is it no one will use this*

Rose

6.

I see a keyhole in the mind
and put an eye through it
and for a fraction of the look I am
the lock.

I say a space
that locks. I like it
or not; all the same it is
locked
between- She undresses
quietly inside.

7.

*Somewhere between the impossible
and the essential, there is
something not
burdened by either,
She (Roses Lavie) says
slipping out of her slip.*

8.

-- What shall we wear to the ball?
A rose in the lapel?
-- What ball?

-- The big ball, the T'ai Chi ball,
the baseball, the eyeball, pin
ball, ball bearing, ball and a Jack
of Hearts. The Globe Entire.
-- Shall we go clothed in splendor?
-- Wear what you've got
to
 Wear the surface
down And through

9.

And if she lie with me?
What's in a sign?
A Rose by any other name
smells
like
smells only like
smells and smells and smells
like and only like
the rotting cunnus of Juliet
The bitch lied.

10.

You think I judge her harshly?
You think I am perplexed to see a lie
through a keyhole?
I am perplexed.
Yet know this: Virtualities
of the Rose
have nothing to do with the wrong word.
The bitch lied, and
she was untrue to her lie.

11.

Beautiful woman,
our work is to know each other.

12.

Other each know to is work
our, woman beautiful.

13.

Know roses.
No roses.
Know no.
Roses know no no.
No roses, no know.
Know no roses?
No.
Roses know.

GREETINGS

*Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou dost stretch
A crumme of dust from heav'n to hell?*
sang George Herbert to the transoceanic ears
of Edward Taylor, who in turn sings to ours
from the soil:

*Lord, Can a Crumb of Dust the Earth outweigh,
Outmatch all mountains, nay, the Chrystall Sky?*
We are doubtless being prepared for some kind of test.
How else to explain the irregular wave-like quality
of our thoughtless lives?
Say, Mr. Maier, is this game really serious?
Replies Mr. Maier: Pigtailed out of the inkwells,
the test consists of 43 unasked questions, half-
meditated into existence by your one-half angel
on a seesaw with your own one-half mind.
And go tell Ludwig Wittgenstein to add this
to his list of family games.

*In finest Twine
of Praise I'm muzzled. / My tazzled Thoughts
twirled into Snick-Snarls run.*

Taylor, thy name
recalls my humble origins, a dwarf among dwarfs,
and I mean to say that we're among friends here
or rather there are friends among these
among whom we keep finding ourselves these days,
and Welcome I say Welcome to these American shores,
there's work for your kind any day of the week.
Alas, we in our way can offer in return
merely a silly story, our very own
Lusus Serius, telling of: *One One,
Together making Two, the Twin Known*

*from atop the Third Tree, in full view of the possibility
of the Fourth Four, the Shore ... Silly, no?
But we are slow-witted.
The questions fly apart. We lose count.
Perhaps they are not questions at all
but greetings to an unknown woman.*

NEWS OF THE MOBILE CASTLE

Is there no limit
to Rumor?
What clamors so great
or travels at the speed of thought
as Rumor?

What game
has such a large family as
Rumor?

Shakespeare has a countess say:
"Great is the rumor of this dreadful Knight."
The fact that Rumor is itself a rumor
is a serious matter. Mr. Herbert, Mr. Taylor,
Mr. Maier, Herr Wittgenstein are rumors,
so many roses on a black cross.
A rumor is a rumor is a rumor, said seven
times into the black
American night
is grounds for yet another rumor,
involving, say, a dreadful Knight functioning
as Red Cross Worker, serving all victims
of the Modern Age, regardless of race, creed,
color, sex, size, IQ, poetics, etc.
He opens every speech with the following words:
*Brethren, keep your distance.
Tithe in the convex solitude
of your mistress' eye
nothing like the stars
from which they get
their best ideas . . .*
It is quite clear that we need not understand
a myth in order to "make" one or
engender the Rumor.
We need only, as it were, submit.

DIALOGICAL INTIMACIES IN HYPERSPACE

*Her Golden Channells . . .
Into our Earthan Pitchers to Conway
Heavens Aqua Vitae to us for our own,
O! let thy Golden Gutters run into
My Cup this Liquor till it overflow . . .*

If a man puts his ear to certain stoneware pots freshly fired in a woman's kiln, and earnestly asks himself the question, What is poetry, he asks further: Is it this shell-like rumoring? Is it more or less than a handcrafted twist of the tongue or wrist casting out a net of possible meaningful phrases -- i.e., amphibole? Is it speaking with forked tongue or giving the command to lift the central member of prehensile mind and take hold of the three-pronged fork of Shiva? Is it the above "intimate dialogue" of Mr. Taylor, that homological soliloquy so hotly recommended by Richard Baxter in 1650, as a "Preaching to one's self"?

The stoneware replies with a perhaps silly rumor: On some distant but intimate plane in paratemporal history, Edward Taylor and Gertrude Stein have met. They are sitting, legs crossed casually in the sun, at the crossroads of Heaven and Hell. As our camera eye approaches, the "couple" has been discussing the psychic necessity of androgeny, and the conversation having reached a near ecstatic pitch overreaches itself and comes gently to rest in pastoral hyperspace, among elemental creatures, peculiar colors like Tiffany glass or the negative spectrum, the experience of transilience, cuts or abruptions, leaping across various lost connections, what might be called Delphine Transpositions, not to say (and not not to say) Delphian.

Meanwhile Edward Taylor takes advantage of the pause to commence his sundown meditation, wherein he crosses Golden Gutters, letting fall the word "Preparations" some 200 times in the course of 43 years (by our time habits). Getting the idea, Miss Stein piously offers up to our tantric attention the word "Rose."

And so we find ourselves in the position of earnest pilgrims submitting to a strained and strange conversation, counting on

the chance combination of
meanings or morphemes or
"Cledonism," i.e., a divinatory practice
anciently attributed to Pythagoras
and later captured by G. Stein,

Let the People Yak
and listen as they do and listen as they do and
listen to the stoneware,

the voice is familiar,
has been heard yakking previous to now,
says things like:

Getting a message across.

Getting the message a cross.

Getting across the message.

Getting the cross a message.

At this point we involuntarily begin whistling
or else mark today's Spring Equinox
or shock ourselves in another way to
wake from all hypnologues,
whereupon the metalogue cuts in on itself saying
And listen to what they do

WAKE UP

Listen to what they do

WAKE UP

Listen to what

*seeds the path with lookouts,
prepare yourself, equal night
is dawning in the Solar Plexus,
the Lady is riding the rising Crab,
we are*

*Home on the Horizon
or verge.*

Wake up, I said, catch
the voice on the run,
but it was quick and receding
into the Earthan Pitcher.

WITURGIC VERGES

or so you or I may call it
asking What is called
Thinking or Writing or Reading
it is the same
backward glance
along the middle
or (she seems to say
Pounding it in) *There is
a sort of spirit-
level in the ear,
giving us a sense of balance.*
I recognize the reference, *Postscript
to the Natural Philosophy of Love,*
but Thinking begins "when you forget who wrote
the book," so Herr Heidegger is doubtless right,
*Most thought-provoking in our thought-provoking time
is that we are still not thinking.*
But we are listening, and there is nowhere
to go.

And I have still not stopped asking
churlish Carlitosic questions, What
What What What What is calling
me. And She
Who Never Fails to Stoop to Conches:
*This voice is a mediatrix,
we slide along it to each other
& through each other,
vocatopologically speaking.*

And that
(if I may say so) is a mouthful
bocatopologically speaking,
but what is there to be full?
*Mouth -- Stoma with its seedy Muthos --
empties itself of words, like
and not like, virile member, the
middle term:*

*It ends midway
Where it begins.
It acts upon itself
To be acted upon.
And you
Are in its way
And so you hear
Being
Where you are
Not only*

ROSAPOESIS

How many species of *Rose*
(*Rosaceae*) can a man make?

*Man can make many
more than is thought.*

Rose thou art well
wider in the possible
& the ratio will be different
when we know more.

We know more already.

For this is Vintage rosy rumor:

Don't be sceptical,
says the Fairy who dictated *Europe*
a *Prophecy: Tulip or Rose*
the streaks are many, & the number
of lines to be generated
follows the tones of the voice,
the timbres of the timbers
in the Forest of Wisdom, so to speak...
Speak speak, I jussively
(juice of the climbing shrub) subjunct
you, who hears it, hear it.
I will write you a book on leaves of flowers
if you will feed me on love-thoughts,
I mean words, I mean voices
of the word *Rose*.

The word rose.

Arise and go now. Every particle
of speech breathes forth its
fröliche Wissenschaft,
Science of Imaginal Solutions
or rather *Disolutions:*

Species go down
gai gai gai gai gai gai saber
with a crash, such
paradoxical ways
you go the way you do.
Some things cannot be said too often
or too soon

and it is never the same
and difference is knowing
each in its time.

Then tell me (if I may
interrupt, as I can't help but): What is
the material world, and is it dead?
He laughing answered: *I will write you*
a book on a rose, if you (jussively) open
your sentence
to hear us the way we come.

"And even I can remember

A day when the historians left blanks in their writings,
I mean for the things they didn't know..."

History happens from the inside back.
You say Rose

& you say again
a rose is a rose is a rose is a
word, heading home
in virtual space, yana? I mean
git it? It
gets you there in time
to go back.

Back is in
& down
on the page.

EARTHAN SIGN

The potter slaps her watery clump on the wheel as:

- A. a spermwhale breaches;
- B. a phallus enters a willing cunnus;
- C. the tongue touches the aveolar ridge in order to say "tongue" or "touches"
- D. a locomotive bursts through or from the fireplace wall as the clock on the mantle strikes 12:43 in René Magritte's painting *Time Transfixed*;
- E. the stray ball enters a ready onlooker's hands left of homeplate;
- F. Whitman conceived a line of *I Sing the Body Electric*;
- G. the sound GNO, or the animal Gnu, each of whose running hoofs hits the moist savannah with a watery clump and a pot in the Earth;
- H. Hurry Home! shrieked to the American Night in the mood of the First Duino Elegy;
- I. the sense, feeling, cognition, disgust, joy of the first person singular at the instant of penetration (the speaker is female, or male at the point of becoming sound under water, as heard when one places certain stone-ware vessels to the ear): *diphthong* that is able to be represented by the single grapheme "I" and if two people speaking in the middle voice while coupling say *I* simultaneously then the clump of clay (whose "cledonistic" resonance we have been hearing) may be said to rise toward the condition of:

the many pots possible
here and now decide on this particular pot, so
LEVITATE means that we here imagine the hands to be
lifting the clay up, with the sound of:

- J. *jussive subjunctive*, by which mood we understand
a gentle command is being expressed to the third person
to whom we speak in speaking about *I*
or certainly when we speak of the woman
and in so speaking speak with Peire Vidal
and with Ezra, and also with Paul
now that he watches from night's lid,

"Good Lady,
I think I see God when I gaze on your delicate body."
Ereat! Latin *jussive subjunctive*,
Let him go out
in the open.

"She serves as a kind of *mantram*."
She holds the Earth in her hands, or the Earth
uses her hands as *we* would her mind
Lift us, we cry in unison
at the very thought of her person,
or at the sight of her fingers shaping
a gilded phallus of wet clay
"thrusting at the spring air"
-- She holds the attention,
co-amantis, "ever in unintermittent
imagination." The shape allows her
particular
roundness, whereupon:

- K. *Kafka's K's castle*, Schloss with its
woman hidden away,
Kelly's Kali or *Kwasha's Krepid*, the
woman, like the moon, has a dark side,
dark clay of the Moon, and
darker clay of the Earth, inform us of her:
"Clay holds the hands as it rises."
The words rear the mind.
"Educational sex raises the spirit."
Statements pertaining to a "general truth" or:
- L. Law of Levity, one matter of importance
which M. Descartes did *not* manage to walk off with
during his binge with the "Invisible Brotherhood," i.e.
spirited inventors of *LUDIBRIUM*, play scenes
open to the public, spirit-raisers
and superlative mechanics, seemingly magical
devices, masks, modalities, poetics, erotics,
colorful and moving sympathies, a veritable college
of willing ghosts out to inhabit Cartesian machines.
It has been rumored that, some years before the Paris scare
of 1623, our philosopher was seeking discourse with
the Brotherhood, re: notions like *Omnia quae sunt*,
LUMINA sunt, and Gemisto's
Are Gods by HILARITAS, and the function of glands,
keymost the pineal;
and it is further rumored that the Brothers said,

- in each case, "We do believe the statement is a useful formulation, the mind responds gratefully to such kindness, but, gentle Sir, allow us the lightness of our ways, no thinkable beliefs last long on *our* block."
- M. Michael Maier adds, *Atalanta Fugiens*, cartoon of fiery functions: *Let the work of the potter, consisting of dry & wet, teach you.* And as I was reading the ancient text I noticed a sort of lighted finger within the page pointing out its favorite morphemes.
- N. *Nothing*, the *clump!* and subsequent hollowing out is also *nothing* to us. *Us* as in *nobis*, as in Richard of St. Victor's *Ignis quidquid in nobis est*: a fire something inside us is.
- O. And if she play with me with her pants off we will undertake many *Odysseys*.
- P. And penetrate time-past with our *periplus*, phallus pressed in the potter's bare hands erects us out of mud. We would bow down on our ears and tongues for her.
- Q. Who is this singing a lovesong to mudpies? Who is it giving instructions on finding your spot or quagmire -- i.e., wetness, slime -- in the alphabet? Who is it whose body gives off an "ineffable aroma," as Herr Wittgenstein might say, apparently bound up in a name? If *Q* and *K* are in certain contexts interchangeable, who am I?
- S. Space? The "slippery blisses" in one of the Famous Bad Lines of *Endymion*? Speaking of gods: "and their speed in communication" and the contrary truth: "Slowness is beauty" -- Gaity is swift and "Only sequoias are slow enough" [E.P.] --
 Selection
 mediates our nucleic torque somehow. "Rise, Sir Loin!" says the invisible king who makes it up as he goes.
- R. It slips out of place, over and over in the ABCDiario.
 Rare sirloin for sundown repast.
 As Hugo of St. Victor reminds us,
 Jacob married Rachel for her beauty.
 Rosy rumors.
- T. 1] Time passes apparently, travel

is between
letters, gears, across
town, and onto
the blank page: shakily
heading home, we turn over
in our minds
the verse:

*The land that is
Nowhere -- that is the
True home.*

- 2] If every instant, seized by the throat,
had a specific voice, and made itself
heard, intimately and clearly, slowly and
wisely, albeit stumbling, whoever
among farmers we be, small need
had there been for our fancy
mnemonics. Memory were the river
for whom water and bed
are properties
nowhere absent.
- 3] Tea-time in the Mobile Castle.
Come brothers, lift your *earthan* pitchers,
receive [jussive] the seed,
and let no Japanese ceremonialist say of anyone
now here
"He has no tea in him."
- 4] And in the Gospel According to Ezra we read,
following the finger of light in the protestant page,
"There is no substitute for a life-
time."
- 5] Twice 5 is 10 fingers to talk with
when time stops.
A marriage ring of changes on the left
stops time. Mudra
is pointing that stops
at itself. Wheels
stop at 10, fortunes
have all men numbering
the days, they stop
at 10 whenever. 2 hands
are enough
to signal 10 worlds of the Law
to stop. All have wings
with which to cross
10 summits and
stop.

U. Such usage.

V. Verberations

when and where
to be or not
arrogant or Aryan enough to
let the tongue be led
by its acts
like the Child
According to Thomas

*For that every word of his
is an accomplished work
be magic to the multitudes,
biopoesis to the vertical mind: It,
our Continent, *pied de terre*
for the mobile kind, rises
in our history
away from the planet a
vine, so rooted.*

W. When the wind's
eye's open, no

X no

Y no

Zone

but mind
calling its
soma
home

GILBERT WALKER

- A bale of barred cinque-deuces.
- A bale of flat cinque-deuces.
- A bale of flat side-aces.
- A bale of barred side-aces.
- A bale of barred cater-treys.
- A bale of flat cater-treys.
- A bale of fullams of the best making.
- A bale of light graviers.
- A bale of langrets contrary to the vantage.
- A bale of gourds with as many high men as low men, for passage.
- A bale of demies.
- A bale of long dice for even and odd.
- A bale of bristles.
- A bale of direct contraries.

(*from* A Manifest Detection of the most vile & detestable use of Dice-play, and other practices like the same, 1552)

THOMAS MEYER

THE TELLING OF SIR THOMAS VALENTYNE

Good Sir Thomas Valentyne rode out
upon his mount in quest.
He sought to seek the hill
made of wood, planks as fine as
ever built the horse of Troy
flanked its slopes in steps.
No king could boast of bettering
that joinery. The sun shone upon
good Sir Thomas & his shield,
the heart of its cross, the chalice
tilted by invisible hand
poured a flow of silver filigree
brighter than ice this morning on
birches' branch into the waiting cup
all set with amethyst & knobs of
bronze. Forth he went, innocent
in his energy, deep into the bare
wood, clean of leaf this February.

I am myself the song I sing, he sung.
I seek the hill of stairs the stars
clamor my heart to climb. I came
a stranger to the court I leave.
Sing, wood I wend, & wind, soft, soft
in the net, dark, my sun weaves.
O those musics thrust me forth, no magic
can undo the heart I sleeve. I am
my way, my own upon these woods &
into, I go. He went in what sung him.

My father sent me forth that I might
find him. I am my mother, my sister
myself in knowing nothing of them or
if they were. A foundling cursed with
the blessing of no nurse I call my own.
I am of old & on the tip that rends.

I am the gut upon the lute fair
hands linger their fingers over
learning the modes, rough & smooth,
the beauty of the exercise boring
a maiden into tune.

I am the mistake, a wrong setting
that goes forth ever before knowing
the hour. Horos, my master called him,
Limitier inside whose bounds we know
nothing but the reach inside us.

I am good Valentyne setting out.

Can we turn to books now for his tale?
No. Although we know it, we must allow
this wood the ply Thomas alone
on his horse plays upon its pleach.
Eschew a Reader who knows an end
stands before the journey. What
tossed Valentyne's sleep into morning?
The sun this day sure upon the sill,
the room he left? It is a sickness
at its noon, the fever returning when
it sets. Give him his wooden hill
& let him go, that alone can get him
into his night. The next day will
untangle itself upon the sky's treed hood.

Best I let him have his eye,
what seas. He casts his bread upon.
That & water enough of heresy.

Enough of sacrament.
Birds choir my mass, my mind
is the cathedral that hid the tiny
Lady Chapel I prayed in
that I may in either arch or
lintel have the strength to fight
my architecture.

Am I not bound by all unbinding?
Am I not young astride my mount?
Am I not naked enough?

Go out. Let the horse
water here then wander
away with my armor tied to her rings.
Let them sing at home
of Valentyne who met the sleek beast
of his undoing at the spring
he stopped to drink from.

Let me set out in the end
all may tell, calling it mine.
Good Sir Thomas Valentyne
thought to seek a mountain

hewn of timber fit for floors,
once a thing whose shade
he shivers under shirtless.

I am not a nymph now nor maid
nor anything you know
who gurgles in this well
your horse bends her neck
down to, that small scratch
above her right eye where the dead thorn
snapped back 20 minutes ago
at the inner reach of this outer
wood. I am the consequence
of your eye landing
in this moment against
the sound of her lapping
& a spot of fresh blood dried
slowly leaving the faintest
of traces upon
what it is you brought
here.

I slip in
from no rebuke, hardly
part of the mention you made
of the beast, the fur
combed out sleek coat
of a brother, maybe here
or farther on.
I speak as a whisper
of everything the old tale
cannot lay out, foretell.
Here in the twitches of your
horse's ear & the warmth
of the day bright upon
that armor you stripped off,
I free you.

I am the detail that knows
nothing but you noticing
it. I gleam in
the place your looking
makes for me.
I am the heart of the
matter.

Ah such silk as rises
from the stuff a pod
imbeds
around its seed
confuses.

Such talk leads the head
to think it speaks bird-
speech in
tution of a teaching
most baroque.
Wren flourishing
a trumpet
cock-robin's strings
fret an ayre
velvet
in

good Thomas
naked to his waist
watches his horse
shrink upon his optic lobe
now gone into that briar
of all darkening
nerve,
reins to the bridle-bit
of seeing this
possibility
in her going away sinking
deeper
into
tunes beaks
break twig, branch
upon branch
out from a trunk
up sap springs

The season, the wood or wind, what
changes?

Bonheur. Horos Eugenesis.
Breeding good, well & freely
this hour our hero hones himself upon.

Be Mine, Valentyne cries.
His breeches loosed,
drop & he steps out.

I am lust, all that sought me here
burns in my embrace,
all that raises rage I trample
like my second skin
slouching off
a shadow. Day the night
held in my cold, shivering
arms.

I am reduced to a dream
or seem so, a rock
beckoning me
unto its veins,
slow, o how slow.
It taught a beat
whose frequency
nothing faster
had the wit to see.

Am I Merlin locked
within a rock
I dreamt?
Words lures, rimes
bait. No,
I am Thomas Valentyne
naked in this wood.

I am the masque of my own True Flesh.

My skin oak bark, elm or ash
in winter, cradle of that fruition

spring knows nothing of, nor
awaits

bloom, the ripe, its seed.
I only undergo.

Far here from book or hearth
all legend ends
short upon some detail, that
rock
near me
croons

& for love of its song
I'd gladly enter it.

Does each page turn,
or tongue lap back its vowel
in warning or instruction
to strike me dumb
upon this now?

Do the stories come
like Merlins
out of where
we go?

Can they prepare us?
Am I the preposition of
what
caught my fancy
long ago?

In good Valentyne
that part of him
yet waking
his mind

is the axes
laddering the solution
he looks through

sheen a glamor at an edge
rigorous
as that circuitry

thought clotting
in its flow
gives his romance
currency.

Is the Merlin he mentions
Merlin or
the Riemann-Christoffel
tensor?

Has Thomas come late to a last
supper celebrated
elsewhere arriving
an hour early
to leave the upstairs room
& kill time
in the markets of
this little city

whose merchants can fix
anything's price
& still make a deal?

An amber-lode, look
birds wept you a bargain
my boy, I'll throw in
this flick of frog-legs
none better in all Araby.
Come on, buy
fall in, disturb these
filing of this iron water.

How bout a girl
whose mother taught her
so many stories
she saves anyone's neck
yours maybe, she's
my daughter

& a gnat in Byzantium's ointment
they can't get her ground glass
out of their balm, of their nard
she's the rough part
irritating the hell
in them
to inflammation.

They can't help noticing her
entering their stone
you can't keep your eye
on both at once
or bi-
cycle round
Kittyhawk
on a Singer
now can you?

Ah I'm old, I talk
through my turban
my heart's not in
conning you

but I have my hobbies
let me turn from hawking to
falconry
& Istanbul you, jew you down
for that glove
sheathing
the pretty hand
shading your vacant eyes
from the sun
lighting
on those knuckles.

If you stopped here once
you've browsed a thousand times
this stall's goods.
I pass off forgeries, fakes
my magic no match for
your clean intent.

I watched influenza
nearly wipe out
the known world
& saw war

all you fear
I've been through.

I'm an old fart
laugh in my ass.
I'm god going west
back to all he shuffles past
stale & lingering
the smell of me
like the chill you tear
a house down to get rid of.

All I have's gone
my daughter, she works for a good family
has a bed beyond the kitchen
in the basement of
some stately home.

A lazy slut.
Go there.
She sleeps alot.

When she makes
look o look
upon her.

Can a wren
in rock
cluck
hen-like?

Is this wood, I, good Valentyne,
make a fool of myself in
what those boys with cyclotrons
call noise?

Some cheap trick makes me leap,
so many Marys, rushing to the Tomb
to take as sacrament
what walked by without a word?

I finger the wound.

Down the stairs,
so this is what deal is,
roughly

9 wide, 3 or less thick,
72, no longer,
in feet 6

of course in a case like this,
cut in lengths
appropriate to steps.

The kitchen?
No, no
you're letting too large a detail
dis -
throw you off the
- tract.

If this were a room or horse you go down,
you'd need the boards as they come
fresh from the yard.

Pine, isn't it?
Norwegian white.

IV

Got ax. Whacks rock.
A cartoon of the Pleistocene
with bears & their scratchmarks
 (such as Eshleman today reports
 seeing all over the five kilometers of
Roussignac
 all over the walls
 "as if the bears"
 taught men to draw
& the whole trip
 into our time
 a mind could make
 in a train of little cars
 he knew from
tunnels of love in Indiana
 I knew from Rockaway
where lover turns to lover & says I.

V

Scratchmarks. Four parallel lines
as if through soft plaster or harder
rock with claws.
 A scent of urine
about me I have lately noted,
perhaps from the corner of the cave.
Where no one has brought lights
yet where we seem to see
four parallel lines drawn down
through rock or plaster as with
claws, each furred dripping piss
from Bladder Mountain Glacier to the not
finally impermeable ground.
It passes through.
 The little train
of the Brazillian forest emerges
in the Cro-Magnon plain
filled with Americans.
 Each smells
something on the others likewise
but thinks it comes from himself.

VI

[a world with I overt]

The Americans I know dont eat cheese sandwiches especially though sometimes in a crowded noontime might for want of a trattoria make do with one or two beside a slagheap of frenchfries & perhaps to drink a refreshing effervescence colored brown or white or green. Not much blue is drunk in America since the pioneers with their cult of indigo & distances made the poor color synonymous with effort & depression & shame, visibly blue.

VII

[the world with I disguised]

There is or has recently been an icterid with puffed pectorals on a nearby branch making a noise like a rasp.

The radio makes a noise like a piano. The world is full of dim resemblances, unconcluded narratives, feigned allegories, unpaid taxes, remorse.

X

It is that communication I pretend
 (or as Ed Dorn would say wisely, I pretends)
 to be of constructional value here.
 That while I posture & say what I do
 I subtly short-circuit the non-
 earthly non-motherly rhythms
 (which yet arent fatherly or spiritual)
 that hitherto, generated by his
 brothers & sisters & even dimmer
 relationships, blocked from the
 sensorium of the hearer (I mean
 participant) the true rhythms of
 whatever was really going on in the first place.

XI

I sing not as a *singe*
 howling at Aurora
 as Herodotus (is it?) has it,
 nor as a *krokodeilos*
 (first noun in Greek Grammars)
 proposing enigmas

[*singe*:
 what a frog calls
 a monkey]

to all you bereft mamas:
 I eat baby I not eat?
 Not to worry, not me,
 I never eat, I sing,

not as a *singe* or shilling,
 not as a groschen or gypsy
 hyksos harpy twelve-tone happy
 birthday crocodile.

No enigmas
 save what our lives propose.
 The song. Just that.
 The song, all caps,

THE SONG
 is as much a distraction as
 that.

XVI

Four lines.

World
without thumbs.

Thumbalina little perfect lady
whose leaf was Isfahan & flew
into the predicaments of philosophy

where she was befriended
by the little people of the earth.

I saw her there

in utter beauty
curled asleep in a filbert shell
& all the syllogisms dried on my tongue.

XVII

The intelligence that is wind
is better than his song

my song he said I said
intricate without being interesting
whereas the wind,

the wind. I found I had
nothing to say about it.

Sprinkle of rain,
sudden cloud, temperature suddenly
down three degrees, parallax,
my confusions,

rush of air & water.
Nothing to say.

The wind.

XVIII

In Ladakh, not far from Leh,
in a cold cave kept warm with sunbeams
& softened with Bukhara carpets the
Devil is beating his wife.

In Annandale
the rain & the sun at once. The expression
is an old one, where beating or beats or beat
translates a word like Latin *future*,
to batter, jab repeatedly, to fuck.

The Devil
who is water is fucking his wife who is
fire is sun is light is

however the symbols turn
they turn them over. They get inside
one another, they fuck.

I feel this
in my skin

where etymology begins
but where the *etymon*
is never found.

It is not in me.
Was never meant to be.

The we that are I's
are not wise,
the I that is me
after twenty years
begins to be.

The etymon or what is true
begins with you.

XIX

That sounds romantic
& is not.

Or romanticism begins there
where romance leaves off.

It is hard
brittle austere & deciduous;
season by season
the evidence falls away

like the hairs from Walther
von der Vogelweide's head
& each recession
becomes a bitterer evidence
of an ultimate joy.

Our fathers
never worshipped on this mountain
a time will come
when men will
in spirit & in truth

I quoted,
not this mountain
& not not this mountain.

The mind is
its "local fact," I argued
& I agreed

we have moved
from the nucleus or yolk
out through the nourishing clarity of the classics
& work now year by year
to break the shell of objective fact.

Romanticism (I added)
is a belief or persuasion that
some chicks get out of some shells
& that there is a place to which they go
not inferrable from intramural conditions.

With which I left us standing there
& went on scrabbling at the soft
inner wall to get to the hard
hard wall of the shell proper.
I worked with my delicate opposing thumb
pausing from time to time
to eat what I peel off the wall.

XX

All this while
 I was looking for you.
 That is the predictable
 name of my story.
 I look for you.
 I assume you are found beyond the shell.
 I assume you to be friendly.
 I assume that I have dreamt of you sometimes
 & fantasized you a lot.
 I assume that your lineaments
 are quite different from mine.
 I assume if I find out otherwise
 I will be disappointed & even surprised.
 I assume I will find you
 out there since otherwise I'd hardly bother
 with this difficult work;
 the stuff I scrape off & eat
 doesn't taste that good; I mean it does
 but I could do without it,
 especially when I'm thinking about you.
 I assume you sometimes dream of me & when you do
 your hand or some messenger
 comes tapping at the shell
 & I dream I hear it gesturing there.
 I assume you want to help me
 even if it isn't the most important thing in your world.
 I assume I want more than anything
 to get through this shell & find you.
 I don't always live as though that's true
 because I forget & forget
 but I want it to be true.
 I assume in the same way that you are beautiful,
 certainly more beautiful than I am,
 are friendlier & wiser, if by wisdom
 I can mean: you know how to use your time.
 One of the things I expect to learn
 soon after I get out of here is
 what time is about & how to use it
 for other than evasive purposes---
 most of my time has been spent (well spent,
 I think) in trying to get to you.
 What will I do with my time when I do?
 I assume you will tell me, or show me
 by letting me watch you do it---
 or is it you just permit it to be done?
 Sometimes I'm afraid I'll find you
 locked in a big shell of your own
 but then a whisper comes from further in
 that tells me such worries
 are only my chickomorphic projections,
 bad ideas born from
 taking this world as the world.



that have no home but
in the tail of a mother pig
pulled off a truck
pushed up a steep path
fresh as dry water
afraid
to go up
come down

of the broad hat
of a rainstorm, nothing
new which is why I stay young,
against a white wall
keep my outline

and the angles of a goat
testicles holding goat's milk
keen eyes instead of horns
an upturned witty tail
to wag over brandy

I live in a blind house
away from the light, my mate,
my women go black in the shadows
children fall with their sweat
into pans of salted fish,
hot peppers ripen their breasts
green ones, red ones

mother's fever
mad with cold
up, up, yoked
to the bell of silent candles, stars
in the olive tree, he said
beginning to run
as his hat flew over the mountain
chasing it
up the valleys to God
who makes his shoes
is known sometimes
to burn a mountain down

or smile at his photograph
"amigo" but not that one
spoilt loaf, stale bread
my image, money
it cost him

tied to the tail of a mule
stained with the droppings of the mule
afraid to let
my hunger cheapen my tongue
before my dead

the bell

the hat
the sun
a ruined likeness
a mother pregnant with wind.

II

Rain
cold and afraid
a day for business
bottled faces
staring through green glass

break it somewhere

I shrink
and make no sense
my smell is everywhere,
in the dream two goats made love
an old, a young one
and it's wrong

vapor trails
seed Europe
crystallize a future

and I?

peering through steam
slash at tiny hairs

to be rid of a face

bone it out

I love
these people, their
questions turn me young

and there is a law of the self
watch me turn
watch me become
a gift of potatoes

"unanimously approve"
your extended absence
(brown skin, white powder)
soft pulp, eyes
lengthened to fingers

white man in the rain
what corner of
what city in

what world
is your habitat?

"I shrink and make no sense"

III

Rounding the curve we saw
the wreck was us,
a lovely day
of oranges and snow

a beginning in the mountains of winter
the hills were bare thumbprints
nicotine color, white
leaves light as tissue

kept the road
and sang of the cities we came to
lost our heads --

knuckles in the cold river
would you wash and scour these eyes?

light you see
not conscience,
a dog asleep in the shade
a freighter chained to the sea

and a mule's ass is no place to go poking about
for food, water, love
(as many streams
thunder from the sierra

to be gone and going
is this dance backwards
a seat in a corner
a hard chair
waiting

to apologize to my dead is to keep still
"while rounding the curve"
and to learn history is to know
how I reacted
here here here here here
round an infinite curve

which is the artichoke's heart
infolded in distance
my coming here to you.

IV

Blind king who was winter
falls from this cliff
is shattered into green pieces

and that is months from now.
the wind's cold
off the Cerro de Aguila

burn this paper. burn this letter.

the ferry for Genoa leaves at ten

and you can't trust
the mails. Columbus'
finger points west --
the wind can't change that.

I am aimed at something but what?
a place, a corner
 someone is there already
a beggar or a businessman,
an old dog
with long tits like strings
asleep in the sun

 I eat to replace
whatever it is
inhabits my place
 hungry, always hungry
find
the 'true song'
 wet finger
test the cold wind

her old tits give suck to the light
she dreams of a king to come

her old heart beats in prose
trucks batter the stony roads uphill to spring

in this corner
this white place
of the waiting dog's blood.

V

The sky higher than death.
a nun sits on horseback
her breath blows towards Easter

her master returns as a man
on horseback. he
gives her children
chicks at first
then hens

his halo becomes a ring
into which men spit for money.
the mule eating its dung
is the horse she sat once
naked,

no one remembers the time
she sat on that horse
wearing only her hair
not fat, not slender

and the man led it by a rope
up the steep road --
"Look, I've made me a people,
Todo va bien"

colored putty
but sometimes a hair
a breadcrumb
a pebble gets in

and it feels bad
rolled between your fingers
someone you can't
quite trust

"Todo va bien"

home from Barcelona
his son in jail
"Todo va bien"

obscure reasons
"There were others involved"
something about a cinema
worked in a factory
somewhere on the outskirts
by train first, by plane
"very expensive"
for twelve days no word
"has disappeared"
so a father's journey
to vagrancy, death

or what
"uno chico bueno"
now home, no news
how long they'll keep him in

the mother accepts

and the father finding at last
his lost son in a Barcelona jail
returns today to his olive trees and his
chickens
to care for what he
can touch, what
responds to his hands
neither asking nor answering questions
that lead to death,
the harvest, the costly harvest
of that which is lost and returns unknown
to plead with his name and be born

"Todo va bien".

VI

She rode up hill
in the back of a car
love was her angel
what they came to

angel, she said
tell me about it
is he the one
or do I ask favors

angel, she said, the last truck left
for the market and he was not in it
tomatoes, olives, a drum of oil for the tractor
he operates the earth and doesn't touch me

falcon, hawk on a string
mule humming under the olive sacks
the mule's litany of too much weight on the back
like jesus his knees bled
dynamite throws up stones in patterns of answers
recoils at easter, the good death
whose, his

earth is his bitter laugh
threading the babies of the village together
taut knots in the string

a discoteque, some drunken motorcycles

fabulous energy, broken here
in this corner, pearls hung from trees
cells marching in the black plastic sky
with fiery cutting teeth

she rode up hill
on the back of a mule
dung was her angel
goats her mothers

like a broken fly caught by its gut thread
unable to move
do I ask favors

angel, she answered

but the deep roads of the wind
coming from high winter
image of her sleep
racing towards the city
in the back of a camion
her skirt too short
much too short

her knees
franked with blood
round and round in circles
held by its gut

the fly, christ, whispers
mother, your daughters, to me

they grow in the trees until I pick them, mine.

VII

Burned because of
lets see what next
burned because of
keeping low

they did that god in
what a memorial!
thirty feet high by ten
and the cock crew like a donkey

such was the dance
the walls began to clap
the retard who went with the mules

and played with children
shouted "Ugh!"

"here comes Paco"
the cement mixer just missed him
because of

riots in Detroit
food lines in Boston
fewer jobs for Ph.D's

burned
at low cost

because

things won't keep still
a summer gone in one frame
an autumn

a spring

a winter

(not entrails, the thing *itself*
which is the eye)

so you speak of beauty as it was
a corner of a thing
a place, a cave
where a mountain lion looked out

when the mule begins to hum
lifts its tail and farts
remove your hand from its tail
it is about to shit

the burned keep low
high ground or fighter pilot
Paco can't talk, he grunts

cement mixer

cock

such was the dance

one lone tree on the mountainside
going slowly mad
its ears are everywhere

nothing to do but grip, take deeper root.

VIII

A neighbor keeps hitting himself with a stick
I linger on in a poverty of leaves
but the wind brings a girl's eyes
closer then removes them

if this is my song then it's not mine

I tell it: go keep goats
do something with your hands
a stone falls I never know where

all winter the sun lies at my feet
in summer it climbs and burns me
you never know what revolution will come
in the petrol wind,

if this
is my song, spread the green mesh net
wide to catch every note as it falls
for the presses, the pure oil

of give
as the old tramp gave
who felt in his pockets and gave away
all his treasures, one by one

a ball point pen
a folding rule
a small yellow plastic ninepin
two postcards, a lemon, tomato
a potato (it rolled down the street)
and would have gone on giving
discovering things in his greatcoat
but we thanked him and walked away
two children with all those gifts
(Sevilla, November '74)

if this is my song
it has no mind
it is a fly polishing its eyes
to assemble a picture through dust

my beaten neighbor
become a tree
let the wind be your whip
oil, orange, olive, fig
edibles
one by one

the juices sucked to feed a complex blood

someone in my branches makes off with me
hands tear and claw among my eyes.

IX

And if a man asks
"where is my son?"
if you know a better man than me
and there are many
take him
I've come and gone
and I'm not going back
no love but dislike
take him
and make my son glad.

in this corner there is loss
'never reach Cordoba'
but we did
lejana y sola
'death waits'
and feelings are a thing of the past
in art
a critic told me
measuring the sky with his thumb
making that equation a perception

brilliant days
and nights cold
the little goat
hammered the roof with his hooves
all night bleating for his mother

I gave him milk in a dish
a little lettuce
no good
as I knew it would be no good
and didn't know what to do

dead by Christmas
almost a friend
is life
the choice, my daughters
is the story you make of it
little girls, and pretty ones
such choices

if friends don't correspond

and I am the worst of many
let it rest at that
"undergoing
an identity crisis
not worth being with"
we know the words, the forms
let it go

rincón
in this corner such loss
an old dog playing dead in the sun
didn't know what to do

some milk
a bit of lettuce
make him glad
no love but
details
small things
where's the harm
and what is death but waiting

JOHN CLARKE

[The Gloucester Sonnets of December 1973]

for Mr. H.B.

PROMETHEUS AT TRURO

The Promethean twirling of the male drill in the female wood stock horrible otherwise no kidding just plain old Paleolithic Pigs rutting in the dirt He Sd how redundant saying no to that but of course not who would have anyway not found out quick or enough not to go on with it for a very long time but no here's a way to make money so one had to keep quiet or else get burned at the literal stake & other tortures this mindedness can think up to make you afraid to claim what's rightfully yours at least after the normal Nine Years' Turgor Test For Telling The Truth at any rate fails not because of lying but simply not wanting to be alone with Zeus's Eagle in Gloucester or wherever people go to die after they've found out how to live because nobody wants to map monsters especially in public they shy away from making fun inappropriately even the weather can do it to them.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

in the memory of Charles Olson

Out of our own each of our own darkneses The Christmas Tree grows from birth as a structure downward if one is indeed able to nurture that seed with love and in fact there is no you unless you begin to work in this light which won't otherwise dawn upon you though you wait all your earth-born days for it to shine upon you and yours or conspire with others to keep others from similarly acknowledging this burden of being in the dark concerning one's own acts initially and thereby forever except you do propose at some point to include yourself and then take steps to go about tending such a weak thing as we all are in the face of such general tendencies as Christmas itself far removed by that much from the actual original word was you remember to give away everything meaning so you can see this year what Santa is doing under The Tree and how he appears.

ALL FORMS IDENTIFIED

to myself

I've got my tools now if I can only use them like Los did the swing of his hammer on pyramids of pride etc that whole great metaphor of building Golgonooza by Acts of Imagination to give Falsehood a Body so that it may be cast off forever and thus deliver Individuals from States what a Great Task to open the Immortal Eyes to the Immortal Worlds by simply being particular about Blakifying experience to the point of actually seeing in a language of one's own creation and not being thrown off or distracted by other possible readings of event as going to the zoo or taking a walk in park or a *social* gathering or plain work or the news or the Big Stuff God Himself Whomever can be imagined exists as & is a political reality for anyone who wishes to restore Golden Age by refuting Bacon Newton & Locke in the place they live.

THE FAMOUS SOLAR BATTERY

for Lewis MacAdams in Gloucester

Earthlings are made of carbon black like batteries but inside of the sun our heat is stored same way all matter is contained by its own aboriginal creation as in a house or palladium which is why no one has ever found the famous solar battery Atlantean Paladins were themselves the only instance of such an image buried until the end of time like the Tablets of Orichalcum which Poseidon's circumambulation as Balder's Runes stemmed from just such a statutory dance by analogy with the phallus itself turning bright red when it's rubbed right by the girl in the next seat at the movies you can feel the color of it in the matinee blindness coming out onto the street all aglow in your own home town backwards Have Gun Will Travel sense of The Mysteries nevertheless you see your American Way clear to tell her The Story.

THE NYMPH WITH NO HANG UPS

Everybody wants is definitely abroad only She isn't available to indiscretion just yet would cause more trouble than etc. people so love to pass the buck right up to the last minute a girl nudist can stop the stock market at any high noon price whether these guys use 3 & 1 Oil on their joints isn't it for at the moment there's enough to go round and anybody who wants to stand pat while such refinement goes on before their eyes had better not read the news let alone the want ads until some better sense of the fantastic has developed from current crisis coming to you live via syntax hang-up not Karma contemporary Gurus try to tell you so you won't even try to speak straight as an arrow bends in flight or your own gravitational pudendum after it's gone off and wants nothing more to do with target practice in the presence of the sentence She is saying Listen!

THE GLASS SAIL BOAT

for Jean

A pyramid is simply a colossal effort not to let the fire go out by properly heaping up you can likewise aid and abet weak force if you know which of the many like possible systems you are using Brakhage called his Metaphors Of or is it On Vision much as Yeats got his whole thing together by being Against Wisdom As Such yes when it was unpopular not to take a walk on the Wilde side never intending any disrespect to Oscar himself who knew completely to not allow the fire go out of the form of its own Osiric Movement these men - and there were others too as I told you Mac Bell last time he'd have to read before his own business could proceed past the Druidic Sacrifice of Bloating Form there is no exaggeration at all to say this mistake has cost the West its civilization - and now us *note* how the best remedy is to dig deeper into Atlantean Logic in the sense its Roots are prior and even still stuck up.

TURGID

for John Temple

Approaching soon my fifth night of turgor test I do now understand more how attention consists in being able to isolate bring together and hold certainly these four as my double axis or medicine shield Okeanos for Illumination Odin for Introspection Oedipus Innocence & Olson Wisdom so that we have the full Tartarean Structure as well as its method of traversal that is cosmology / mythology plus personal in this instance etymological and the archaeological power to yield society which would be Secret of the Golden Flower this swelling of the like foot which is to kick with the fatal flaw is fortunate here we are thus connected and do grow up with some image of inflation as analogy to economy but to prove it I have had no mail for some four days and expect none unless until I fail or am correct corrected this time the labyrinth ends on a Sunday night so if I do hang in there until then I'll be ready to travel the morning of the 17th To The West!

HAVELOCK

for Tracy Hughes Blake

So Penis as image only of size of human form when expanded to full erect posture as the Ark's measurements are in cubits *ekallu* means 'a great house' a mountain from a mole-hill almost like they say in The Cabala man contained in his mighty limbs which again goes to show you how important original work is it grows on you in proportion to belief in pre-condition to Chaos as often in reading folktales you find yourself even more than in Romance why I say my initiation began playing Tom Thumb Port Clinton if I may be excused this continuing exegesis of my own work as I flash back to that very moment Thought Earth was created out of just such an act anterior to something later doubted causing the curtain to fall on the third act hard to believe didn't end the play though Maximus From Dogtown IV written in time to show Love accompanied Tartaros when with Earth in Love he made Typhon that monster with the dreadful heads Zeus fucked himself finally Good.

THEEL

He almost got me last night I made a move of pure definition even its
though hearing a stern authoritarian voice of injunction didn't waver
but then got caught on the other side by failing to invert axes quick
enough to avoid collision with the literal expression She the *ta'wil*
as Eve to Adam not the bonds of matrimony there are no marriages in
Eternity there is only this kissing of Joy flying toward each other
heliotropic bendings prostration to The Rock Newton sat on I left
the Northern Bar bars itself Cora drew the diagram without a compass
ecliptic Ulric ratio there reasoning from the loins the remembrance
of guilt disorganized rent becomes a globe O Polypus of soft affect-
ions Typhon is twisting my sinews O Eye see more than the Heart knows
Does the Eagle know what is in the pit or wilt thou go ask the Mole O
Mole do not fail me now under image Buffalo you were not afraid to run
your life depended on it Toward A Number Six arise and drink your bliss.

HORSE PLAYING

for Robert Duncan

Coming out of that then my brother shooting tiny arrows into the tent ceiling the dream including my mother and somehow Mary my brother's wife kissing me in the mouth afterward before shifting to Cass's cunt all saddled up for delivery awakening a little more then to last night's discovery of loss of guilt about the loss of lower limbs jazz requires torsion bar suspension not right & left symmetry as appendages arms not meant to hold horses steeds drink of the golden springs where Luvah doth renew the nightmare Mary my wife was having since Her proposal to leave me nine moons ago for Mr. Ed the Talking Horse consider Crazy Horse Creeley had read already I was about to but couldn't forget quite the comic book reading Charles gave The Enchanted Pony seemed "more like" what was going on with both Poseidon and Norse Horse the Tree Itself neurotically I made myself more familiar with the new neurological system Man With A Tail last night playing even without Harvey's saxophone found one spot Dunc accidentally hit once fixing me a gin & tonic just prior to national emergency so dismount!

THE REALM OF DAY

For the Transcendentalists

We'll hear a different drummer for the Eighth Night not that Masonic Hall of Ipswich matters we haven't even begun to fight Massachusetts is a Commonwealth 'pon us like 'n oil slick the United States of Am. Nelson Rockefeller President total *nifl* no heat at all 'cept stored in tanks for tanks coming down 128 unless Aristotle pipes directly E. Kennedy supply lines cut off otherwise at the pass Resorts Internat'l capitalizing on people's phantasies concerning the dead sun growing coinage never nevertheless burning all those who would venture future speculative philosophy beyond the ordinary daily platonizing posture so-called Socratic dialogue the speed of light constantly invoked as limit of discourse human interchange without *muspi'l* an impossibility too deep for tears nowadays War no longer cold Eternal Ice svastika backwards does not melt anything but fillings in the Jew's teeth Gold Chase's prime interest rate King David Lord Nelson we'll secede 1st.

SILENT SUTRA

Apollonius' vow to shut his big mouth at least long enough to let Tyana in the same place and time be occupied by both by a quirk of history Christian did not create The Silent One was supposed to appear eventually as provided by genetic considerations going into all sabbatical leaves professors have to learn to stop talking too before they die on the same vine of truth they in order to survive Seventh Seal chakric opening mirror for others of like attention as the hardest minutae stem from prospects of travelling without expense account loosing the limbs to go their own way not hindereing further developments might take place The American Aeon not having yet yielded full form from contention being still absolutely too ingrained to see situation twin to when vacationing not intended to stir up more trouble but actually last the night the invisible storm otherwise causing unnecessary turmoil in inverse proportion to what is gained by said inclination to rest the cases heard where it's not likely to return the following to proper rank anyway.

HYLE WAS A WINDING WORM AND HERSELF PERFECT IN BEAUTY

Why must my World be so severely tested why must I have this Cathedral
Urantia creep book in my House why live with one who resists my fibres
of dominion can't I break the spell of enchantment Indian Anima keeps
me under the power of the Prince of Darkness's American authority to
make her prey to every request to prostitute herself before anything
can be done to stop her Blake's frustration with this Hayley problem
caused him to be tried for sedition as is recounted in epic *Millton* he
drove me from his inmost brain & the doors closed with thunder's sound
O Divine Vision who did's't create the female to repose The Sleepers of
Beulah pity the repentant Leutha and *Jerusalem* how Hyle roofed Los in
Albion's Cliffs by the Affections rent asunder & opposed to Thought how
The Daughters cut the fibres to be woven by the Loom of Cathedral into
a shrunken grape repugnant He brings to me the Images of his Love & I
turn them out into the streets for Harlots, food to the stern Warriors.

HIDE AMERICA FOR A CURSE AN ALTAR OF VICTIMS & A HOLY PLACE

I saw the blight on The Seventh Furnace last night a loud blast upon
fishy Gloucester she gave her beauty to another bearing abroad Her
struggling torment Her iron arms to form the Worm into Love by tears
& pain The Sisters saw & thought What is this impossible absurdity
Where hides my child in Oxford hidest thou with my seed within Amen
so be it The Land is now marked for desolation & unless we can plant
seeds of Cities & Villages in the Human Universe America is an end-
less labyrinth mark well the index of Woe sleep therefore not lest
the fire go out in the awful gloom of Watch House Point Republicans
do not look ye shall be Vegetated you already are your Spectre re-
mains attentive alternate view the Lamp of Los as he walks difficult
toward you for Man cannot unite with Man but by Emanation even she
keep secret places for Merlin & Arthur and scatter your best love to
the wind Eastward her own Center Covering Cherub American Revolution.

IN THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY

That no more the Masculine mingles with the Feminine the Sublime is shut out from the Pathos Divine Names appropriated to One Great Ass Hole Hermaphroditic worshippers of a fictitious vicious already dead God of War in Public Collusion calling themselves now conservative liberals and liberal conservatives fusing The Grand Inquisitor with The Maternal Humanity calling it Future & Future Studies to be made Slaves & Captives to beautiful Witchcrafts of these Fiends of Righteousness The Aggregate conglomerating against The Common Market amalgamation in The Shadow of Possibility that we Foresee & Avoid Remembrance of The Rocky Circle & Snake isn't it that sign on the money after the morning of the magicians which was told us in The Beginning Barcelona shall drop her Jealousy America shall rise up in anger Speaking Words of Eternity murmuring The Bow Fourfold Human Forms in the midst of The Twenty-Eight each with His breathing unprovable as such a clangor of Arrows a Male & Female conversing with Living Creatures.

YOURS TRULY

Last Night we had a big economic fight when we got home still not accustomed to the laws of the cave of innermost being but hungry after our own kind seeing as both Poet & Prince today must come into an even closer association or Boston won't get the benefit of first snow of Gloucester Robert Creeley has already arrived at a point where mind refuses The Soul any Further progress into the heaven of itself John Thorpe you suddenly have nothing but matter the Norse & the Arabs are done Ismaeli muslimism is too & all together create organism A Book the efficacy of truth to be told The Secret of The Black Chrysanthemum gravity of current situation nothing is possible without doing it Ninth Night look out the window feel the impediments old wife beating legal ploy loaded question when does LA get.

SKUNKED

Used up or junkie sonnet would be written this morning
were it not for this rime outside which mimes the room
so Sinatra sings FM Christmas Song backed up by Nelson
Riddle Ocean roars his disapproval In The World without
tidings of Great Joy carried throughout The System *The*
Christmas Tree weighed down heaving up Angel Hair spun
from Ice in times remote all slept not even a mouse nay
skunk nibbles from foundation of Western World broken I
hear the shower caused by Marie De France's writing in
the other region there is no Epic in Gloucester deserted
Watts is upon The Nation my Dream of The Queen is ended
not even a car to measure the extent of red streak need
photograph taken by Warder of Wood now turns into paper
to wipe asses & noses of potential children in my head.

IT IS TO TENFOLD LIFE TO LOVE TO PEACE AND RAPTURES HOLY

Life is not as hard as we make it out to be it is harder to forgive a friend than an enemy half friendship is the bitterest enmity these are not wise sayings nor are they The Laws of Rhetoric oration is between equals absenting from felicity awhile vs. Ophelia's Song play's the thing only because it works no other justification for delaying I am a seventeen year old writer married to a wife never fucked for Nine Years of Buffalo Darkness now the River Styx opens up & closes upon Egyptians as Bowling Green Primal Scene camera shutter View Master stop action present framed symmetry Heaven Hell simultaneously Earth Vortex allows soul reunite with body flexible here as to practice Blake's Piano was said to have this effect when two things alone left to do face it where Odyssey ends.

A MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS

for you

Maximus Super redundant naming can ruin more than Mediterranean minded pizza parlor stomach Blake had as commercial whore Tolstoy saw coming between sweet augury I love Duncan McNaughton not The Dead tomato thinking caused John to write apocalyptically about His association with The Angel vouchsafed She was not a prude at all but taken in by Hospitality House Host never blown on bus to Binghampton justice reigns tonight whether travel is possible to Atlantis via Albany cut off or not I don't think anymore to it than harboring something that's Unknown except by such strenuous preoccupation's funny relevance to imagery of event as figurative moment anyway always leaning in on inclination or bent like this blue table cloth the same as kneeling down right response orison begun in den extends to dead-lines no Renaissance Man worked under holding his horses out front with the boys become the whole works.

DUTY-BOUND

Don't you see She comes at me in the strength of art
painter poet musician besides being the best piece of
Asse I've ever had in me new life not psychological
talk but action constructive use of time as greatest
Joy not to wallow in analytics further your cave life
put instead something up The Walls don't go away nor
the air fill with song of human hearts in tune without
creating exemplars of Memory & Intellect unfathomable
Non-Ens of Death to be seen in regenerations terrific
or complacent varying according as the Organs of Our
Perception vary according to fitness & order seeing
this Foreshortened Span a Worm 70 inches long hasn't
time for tortures or self-reproach on account of our
leaving The Divine Harvest to The Enemy please don't.

THE LANESVILLE SIGHTING

In Gloucester talk & thought are one paratactic Indian Vision of Society people exchanging gifts with one another going about their daily business placing one object after another transacting things as they humanly occur not communalism Brook Farm after it was busted but gravitational weights & measures so not personal but public through private economic use Space making time the powerful equal it is as much as number to dimension this is the principle of the inversion of the double axis yielding Spiritual Fourfold Gloucester and all its inhabitants each and every utensil same story so what are John & Mary doing with those boxes are they like moving The Idiot Questioner continues writing because of the advantages literacy offers that the words stay on this page also means losing for the moment the gain of The New Orality streaming arrows of light will restore both American history and politics replacing math and physics citizens require to survive The Energy Crisis caused by Women's Lib shrinking Lots of Doom

To cure warts kill a black cat and bury him in the cemetery
at midnight

then find a rotten log where the water stood in it
and dip the wart in the water and repeat these words:

Barley, corn, barley, corn
Punk water, punk water
Swallow these warts.

Let no young wriggle-eyed damosel, if her years have
struck twelve once, be left unassaulted, but it must
be thy office to lay hard siege to her honesty, and
to try if the walls of her maidenhead may be scaled
with a ladder of angels. For one acre of such
wenches will bring in more at year's end than
an hundred acres of the best-harrowed land
between Deptford and Dover.

[from Middleton's The Black Book: "*The Last
Will & Testament of Laurence Lucifer, the
Old Bachelor of Limbo, alias Dick Devil-Bark,
the Gripping Farmer of Kent*"]

GEORGE BUTTERICK

RUNES

He sat with his hand upon his beard
and his mind upon the stories.

When a tree is dying,
as a last gesture it often
throws a larger than usual
crop of seeds.
When the tree is the state
poets such as these call its name.

* * *

Down dogs, you don't realize
how deficient dogs are
until you've been a wolf.
Have you ever seen a dog
paying attention to much
besides what is on the floor?

* * *

May his own words gather round the foot of his bed
each night and chant him awake,
this man who used to blunt the edge of every reason
by merely looking at it. Wide and dry,
his eyes became the roaring of an extraordinary mass of water.

* * * * *

The reek of a distant kitchen
Sausage of hot hate
flung a bone
hawkings
turnip strained in a pan, cakes with
thin juice, shellfish in rows,
the sinews of birds, milky fat,
a crooked thumb, plucking fingers
rummage in the back of a bird
The food of valiant men is raw,
mouth as wide as the lips of the bowl.

* * * *

A few ash trees shake
this is the place. A grove
Adam of Bremen not long before
remembered seeing animal and human
sacrifices hanging carobs
from the trees. Two wells,
mounds like a theater
providing visitors to parched
gods overhead.

* * * *

He wore his head like a muff
with his hands up to his ears.
Reached into his pocket and in time
brought out a cork.
Brought it a match, and when that
had cooled, impeccably charred his face,
although soot had fallen on his sleeve.
Whipped a whiskbroom from his
pocket like the home plate umpire.
With both palms, applied pressure
to either side, the head rose up
several lengths. Any way you want me,
egregious ones, grievous people,
purveyors of need

* * * *

The proliferation of choice is a lie.
Odin is never bitter he has but one eye.

* * * *

Omen, coincidence, and correspondence,
helped by incessant and imperfect observation.

What wonder that the soft hollow of my foot
should have become hardened by the immense journey
that lasted but a single night.

* * * *

Blue-eyed bait
with wings of fire on her cheeks,
mass of folly in her hair
Dress caught up
in the crack of her ass
and freckled knees

Greeted him as if she
were rounding up sheep
Huya! as he waved
his ¾ foot noun

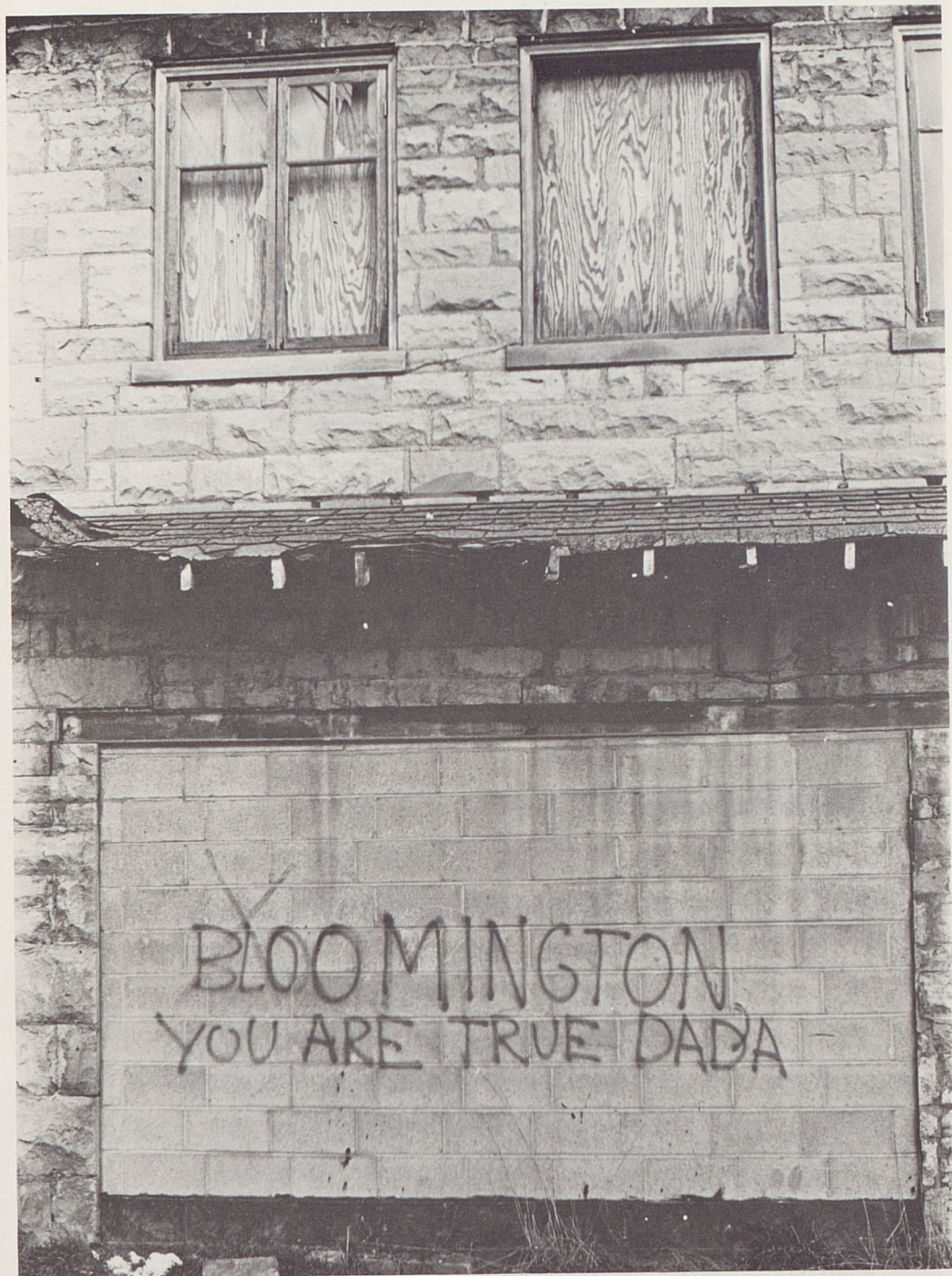
Huya,
Little Miss
Hurricane Breath

* * * *

What bell is that? It is an axe,
a sword known by its whistle, the hurling
of the iron bloom.

The soul is the fiercest instrument.

When the severed head struck the ground,
it is said to have bitten the earth.



JOHN OLIVER SIMON

(eight poems from a longer sequence)

1: ONE

lying helpless in a crib, crying, my mother smoking

this is what I couldn't say
when I saw you above me, removed, like a
woman in the sky,
sucking & rejecting the glow
in a long rhythm,
the butt plunges to darkness in a jar.

you heard me cry, but my hunger had been
tied down
to a clock, feed him at 6,9,12,3 etc
the word from above, doctor and husband
the sky-god needs a woman under him
my daddy blows the door in,

uncertain why you are so angry
looking around at us unhappily
he never saw beneath those surfaces,
he loved his own blood generously

I hid in a small wooden
corner of the world
with bears & pillows, angry
words I never understand, bright metal
objects gleaming in the light
you kept me down,
I wanted to say it but the
words had clumsy surfaces
my tongue couldn't fit

but I loved you
more than anything and
I have no justice for you-
you seemed complete,
breathing smoke in
the hazy lamplight

8: EIGHT

Swimming at the pond, grownups social with drinks, darkness of willows dripping, stiff flags willow leaves over water. Daddy's flesh shakes across his ribs when he puts his yellow drinkglass down on the driftwood bench. He looks back and DIVES, he rushes into the body of water with splashing & percussion.

My faded orange life-vest keeps me bobbing up, frog-legged & chilly on the swelling of pond-water. They hugged me back in a towel toward the house. Kerosene lamps stained the ceiling with black soot. Blonde naked wooden walls, knots darker on the pine-surface like clenched fists in the flow of grain, the ghosts of branches. Hearthstone granite, the fire-place, fire-grate framed by two black-iron masks, both of them the down-turned pain-smile of tragedy.

They made a play for me, they were lovers. They came together & kissed each other because I assumed they would. I saw it was a lie, their spirits were separate, stiff & unloving.

The universe is separated into objects, everyone assumes this. The silhouette of the mountain, the sun behind it. The fluttering of light between the maple-trees. A jar full of minnows from the brook. They swim sharply separated in the clear water. The next morning they float silver-bellied on the scum-surface and I threw them out on the grass.

I hack thru the underbrush with a knife, a machete, axes, shovels, anything sharp. I set lit matches in the spider's grass, I watched the circle of fire nibble away at everything that lives.

I am separated into nouns, the clink of glass & whiskey. Sumac's red berries, the branches fuzzed with soft hair, wide leaves dripping into darkness. Clouds drift and coalesce above the cow-bone quarries. I denied everything I could, sun-cry of the crows, the witch's ridges, wildcat den under a white stone.

And at night they came in whispering. "We have to tell you," they said, "we are marxists, you have to know, it will be hard for us in this country, difficult in this life for you." I didn't want to show my ignorance, couldn't ask them to explain what "marxists" were.

9: NINE

(for Oliver Kehrlein, 1882-1967)

Grandpa, you lead me toward the mountain
you walk so easily breathing
up the whitewashed stone path: depth of sky
above the Minarets, sharp-toothed
pinnacles, Ritter & Banner snow-patched
dark cliffs & the changing map of clouds

Frances flew me away above the continent
snow-peaks glittering at dusk
so she & Bunny could fight all summer and break up
so we could drive all night to Agnew Meadows
four cousins in the back seat
all born to your crazy daughters,
so I could be a Kehrlein too.

Saddled on mild mules, dusty sierra-club pack-train
up the San Joaquin squinted deep-folded
river-canyon, all morning & afternoon
riding behind your gray hat

the mountain comes to me
the air is so white & blue
everything is illuminated
you are a master of cliffs
snowfields, moraines, aretes & torn
ridge above glaciers
you lean out above a waterfall
you fly south on a rope.

In your own history, you are spoiled & arrogant
golden, the first undergraduate at Stanford
ever to own a car, furred & immaculate
Then the depression stole your money
you came to the mountains so you could stop
chewing away at your face from the inside
the mountains taught you the shape of your own
hands, the shape of a man's
life, belay & foothold, loose rock, thundercloud

Down in the camp someone pulls you dancing
across the fire-circle dangling
a famous red handkerchief & a tin cup
still wearing your gray hat.
Cousin Teddy & I drank sugar-tea over
flapjacks in the frost-dawn
facing the fire
trading drawings of airplanes, squareback cars
& possible motor-driven flexible flyers.

I pushed him across a creek,
I said brook, you said creek
Grandpa
you said "we don't want boys in
California who push other people & get them wet"

we trundled out to Mono
in the little black car
the sun moved southward
along the grid of mountains
the summer had to end.
low blue salt water
between the white island & the black
white towers of stone
& gray birds wandering
interested along the shore.

You put me on the silver train
bound for the eastward autumn.
The California Zephyr, vista-dome
up thru fur-conifer canyons & the wide desert.
Joan took care of me, soft-breasted
22-year-old woman who slept hugging me chastely
showed me the Field Museum in Chicago,
dinosaurs & stars
& didn't get mad when I slid down the golden
bannisters into the rain.

When I dream of you, the stones
of the path are still white
with the beginning of the earth.
We stop for a minute at a dazzled
thicket of laurel shadow
we go in under there to rest
you are waiting with so many other
relatives of my bone.
One of them hands me a balloon
with the dates of my birth and death
printed on it in blue and pink.

You show me where I can sit in the darkness

15: FIFTEEN

a long shallow breath lets go
of the people who brought me into the world.

my heart doth beg you'll not forget

the music rises out of Vermont
hill buildings, clatter of forks & strangers
thicket & gathering snowcloud.
caught stealing Eric's candy,
some shit I will not eat, shoulders pinned
in the yellow grass, weasled out of stinky
barn-job when everyone had asian flu

dirt-road & wood-path, the long walk alone
down to Allen House, ridge & plunge, leafless
first snow

how lovely is thy dwelling place

twisted branches rustling & shivering with the cold. snuck a
sheaf of scribblings into Jeff's bare goldfish
shoproom, deep pipe-fire glow inside the dark
bowl. "that's poetry,"
he said, leaning, breathing back & the doors of the path
closed behind me.

because the wind returns & there is no profit
under the frozen stars,
"a red star on the moon," said old Barney the watchman
Sputnik crawling thru the dawn

thy dwelling place o lord of hosts

the mind inflated larger than the sky,
revolving disk of numbers, dates at the end of poems
my childhood destroys itself thru existing
and Stepha set out pale moon shining one-bite
croissants & coffee of Sunday morning
"why do you always wear your socks to bed John?
sometime clean socks you got to wear
sometime make your bed John"

hiding an infected toe so as not to be put in infirmary
long day piling round gray stones into the cut earth
tired shoulders & back, a path
leading up the mountain under maple-trees

Saturn squared against its natal place
half an hour scrambling in barn clothes
& sliding on 4 AM ice-molded
snow 500 yards to early breakfast

Calf born at steamy dawn,
stuck half out of the cow's huge slit
black-furred & steaming with blood, the mother impatient
stumbled up
staggering around the pen with her child half-delivered

Like being born again, back from morning barn
into French class stinking of cowshit gutters
until Mme. Case gave the choice to shower first
in the dorm thus missing half the class
"and you are having
mekka-nikkle di-fikkle-ties avec votre
français, Jean." an obligation
because we are the brightest & the
best most fortunate on a hilltop
of the children of the earth.
what tool there could be used to make a lasting signpost
a poem of memory across the generations

te decet hymnus deus in sion

spindly music-legged beetles squiggling
on the page illegible, Friday night singing
Norwood laboring with shoulders to
deliver the music.

et lux perpetua luceat eis

the night is a bird that labors over me
ice on his wings for stars. The dawn
is soldiers with the sun at
the tips of their spears
hurtling up the hill of day
the hills are asleep & bedded in blankets of
birch & scrub pine,
the roads are blue-gray, dim in frost
Monadnock the central mountain of the world
squarely behind it the sun one morning
allowing the passage of time as a natural element

recollection in tranquillity,
I am a mirror, burning golden

he watching slumbers not nor sleeps

and Jeff said "I could not love you better if you were
my own son" and decided to level with me "you act

as an egotistical brat,
that other people's thoughts shouldn't sully
your own pure consciousness"

because there will be no heaven
until all beings are released from hell.

16: SIXTEEN

it's almost easy to remember
Putney in October,
bare, clean branches,
leaf-blowing, shaggy piles
long-topped mountain distances.
Lie with me, you said
& we lay almost together in the piled leaves.

The world is deeply folded,
ravines, trees in a tangle,
underbrush, cunt-hair
so many secret places of beauty
I said you were the earth
the naked cliff
earth's crevices waiting for rain,
the horizon filling the sky
how they touch each other
how they ever meet
because I'm so deeply
hidden into my beauty
& the earth
is a little wet
beneath my ribs
in the yellow grass
"that ragged against blue throws itself upward"
looking into your eyes
ragged I said
a mirror of such beauty

you scrambled down a grass-bank mad at me
when I forgot & called you Gail
another time called you Barbara
sometimes I called you Dear so as
to make no mistakes,
I love myself because you
look up at me,
16 candles
blur between us
all that's unspoken in my heart.

My heart is a current of deep water
our hands reach in the night & don't touch
you stretch to feel where my
body is warm but suddenly I'm made of rain
your hands plunge in the rain
your hand is like a hawk with five wings
your hand is brittle, gnawed thru by rain
our voices are like birds
circling each other at dusk

or two black branches dripping
with rain, never touching

For three years I kept coming back to you
out of the gray shell of the world.
We lean together heavily
across a pasture fence
barbed-wire tree,
the cock-comb clouds
you suck in breath trying to
understand where I am
coming from,

I carry such a clean blade
to drink in love's water
"the burnished labyrinths of a maple tree,"
coming against you in my blue-jeans
I kneel to the wet mirror
& the only
person I can see
is myself

Another lifetime later we live in the same town
at the other edge of that blue-mountain continent
& never go see each other. I get lost in that
crazy lost boy I was,
there is no way out of his eyes.

23: TWENTYTHREE

"toothed mountain" stumbles into sky
moon traced on the stone
sinew of clutching & reaching
shadow of air, rain, light
suddenly a big gray bird (quail) leaping
outward/ language of wings

thru the inward circles
that his body unwinds
back into the grandfather's mountain
till he stands there at the door
unsure,

eyes cast downward & about his feet
smooth stone & fire
the pool that circles all seaward
(a word for it: the void)

coming down from the pass
dead tree he thought was a woman
waving and smiling
burnt gold by wind
singing an innocent song
dead whitebark pine with one branch
a thousand years old.

to burn it all out of the bone
that has belonged to childhood
the marriage-knot untied
the bed unmade, rumpled
the clay bears broken
the ring left in a drawer
& the very building gouged out of the earth
to make way for a freeway.

and at the trailside, banked-in-snow
a big redberried bush with no name for
(maybe Toyon) with its own space
welcoming light
mouse-runways under stiff branches & fallen
duff, glittered, alive, stared
such a long while into
the human flesh that yields to sadness
the face that was kept
in poems like a trailsign
for the end of journeys

the five-fingered knot untied
& tied again into my own painful language
as if I was the first man ever
to come into the country of my life.

over brown sand, clear water
deer between white stones of
glacial meadow.
An animal cursed with speech
caught in a trap of vertebrae, femur, eye-socket
ganglia, penis, torn ridge
fingers of granite, dim lakes below me
dead tree, wind-burnished
& then higher rock only

Leap out & kick at air a thousand feet
down to some transcendent meaning? no

I stood on the mountain

26: TWENTYSIX

Lorelei calls me Daddy John.
paint the Grove Street hallway
striped blue & yellow, golden domes
of the New Jerusalem at the head of the stairway
the Summer of Love
flat sun & traffic expanse of Grove Street,
Lorelei hid under striped covers
for us there was no hiding place

your breasts were like poached eggs
your mouth was full of almost lies
the claw of epilepsy took your memory
and you had to decide
whether or not to die.

I peed in the gravel yard to mark my territory,
cold stars of Orion shown down thru
streetlight as if to mark where I
knew I was going,
out to rap stoned with the fast-talking poets
the secrets of the golden horn,
Lorelei fat & blubbery crying,
painted her cradle blue with stars.

the calendar told you
you had 51 days to live
and 49 to die.
we never got our cleaning deposit back.

the war was the glow that blurred the sky.

28: TWENTYEIGHT

from here to the farthest star/ a viewpoint so cosmic
no one could possibly
Remember when we were tiny furred animals on a planet sucking
milk & scurrying in
panelled rooms, with a map of the stars on the wall & crumbling
plaster.

my breasts ached that could hold no milk for you
(remember?)
veined into dry grass millions of years
I sang when you couldn't sleep
I see my light come shining

Alta stalked away in the sun
with a knife for my stomach
& a screwdriver for the eyes of the next man
on the street. No one to blame
history burned our love away
star filament world tide, fingers veined into sand.

you're crying in the front room
I'm a mommy spreading peanut butter on crackers.
peanut butter streaked across your face & in your curly
hair, don't cry little mammal of my life
stuck on the wheel of the sun

dirty cup of honey & sea salt, rind of old bread
tea leaves & small bag of weed
the street outside & conifers, black planet shadow
we hug each other long to sleep in the green
rocking chair
there is a mirror in another galaxy
imaging me & you like the growl of flowing
water.

oh well, born to die, holding hands we went
masked like animal creatures out on the street
hungry practical reality dark blue void
in the door of the Mexican restaurant
swaying under armload of poetry books in your blue
canvas seat & dangling blue sleeper
"waaa daaa mommy?" carved & painted wooden fan
above our heads motionless
how far away, pine hands, sun face
tide rush slap inward
black rock, milky way, there are sirens in this
music, I have no protection for you

THEODORE ENSLIN

[from RANGER]

LV.

RK Sleep, as a simple stone,
to sleep *that* way---
'tomorrow is possible
because it is.'
the way
and I do not
live well without the dreams.
At any rate, a night---
night in which I slept well,
a short night,
possibly the best.
In which 'Owen'
and 'Barstow'
figure---
the antecedent name,
a town in California---
how to link them---
as all things must be linked.
G.Q. 2/24/75 (Of course, there was *Barfield*---
but at this point of what use to me?
At another time.
I *slept*
well.
Always the sexual connotations:
no matter how,
where,
Dream, 2/25/75 or the impossible connections:
There is nothing that cannot contain the earth,
and if there is,
more than suspect.
to retain and reify
by that mountain alcohol
overproofed.
The only strength one can contain.
I spend
mere
time.
But time on all its levels.
The Japanese servant boiling water
for his cup of tea,
while I am set upon

other fortunes---
living through several, if not many,
lifetimes.
(Can't cut what has length in my direction.)
Oh yes,
to think about it,
but the thinking is no better,
and apart from an occasional headbreak.
All I've had from it---
some broken bones.
The heavy man falling
down a flight of stairs---
"Bozhe. Bozhe moi."
They can't commute the sentence,
even if the sentence is not given.
The lives flow out.
They keep on coming.
?going?
We've tried to put it into sense,
sense not being (always)
context.
(That the bed is a good one
-hard enough-

Kipnis, as
Godunov

by cold window
to sleep well there.
Woke refreshed.
No one can deny that much,
though many will try it.
Whatever a man writes,
he does it out of
his simple context.
HUM DRUM,
that is not flattened.
Not losing.
Nor simple.
One *has* to deal
with the complexities of breathing.
It is *not* sick to say,
as one,:

M. Shapiro,
summer, 1962

"I've spent all day
trying to get up,
but it was a question of decision---
whether or not to shave."
Not a signal for help,
or confinement.
Did he sleep well that night?
I can't tell about it,
but I think he did.
There are many concerns
we can't get into.
This fear Of 'au courant'.
I have never yet seen stream or snow
that did not flow.

I am filling it up---
all up with ink tracks---
pay attention to the white spaces
flowing.
It's not that way---simple.
Most of us
won't read another poem---
some fear in that delight.
Or the simple fallen stone---
that sleep---

in
tensing.

The terse word.

How it leaves a man
looking for a hand up,
or down,
careful,
no matter what:
the leap.
However I involve myself
in it

or around it---
I'm taken further
from the point---
which was, that I lay here
on a good bed---
surprisingly good---
(used to my own)
and I slept well,
the window open
to the thaw---
the last ice patches---
early spring.

And I thought in terms of space,
that it was between,
and not those objects:

"Form is emptiness, and
emptiness is form.

Emptiness is not different from form;
form is not different from emptiness."---
"(The seeker) becomes free from all fear,
and beyond the reach of change---."

Or perhaps I had not reached,
lived on the edge,
where I may have gone since:
That darkness where I fear
voidance.

Of grim days,

well, *what* of them?

I am asking questions,
used only to the answers,
where only the questions suffice.
It was more than that.

RK* Annandale,
February 1975

Smaller
Pragna-Paramita
(trans. Max
Müller)

HOWARD McCORD

(eighteen poems)

JUST PAST

A long winter, lost
in the banks of grey clouds
and the rain, a paralyzing
cold just above freezing --
edging like moss
over the border into life.
Only a few incredibly
hardy trees and the stones
in the creek bed
have survived.
The rest are dead
and wait the equinox
when the star that controls
our life permits it
to continue.

All winter long
my eyes were clots of ice,
my mind a frost-edged sump,
its mud packed thick
with the sleeping bodies
of last summer's toads.

Χαλεπὸν δοκεῖ δακρῦσαι,
Χαλεπὸν μὲν οὐ δακρῦσαι.
Χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντων
Δακρῦοντασ ἀμπαύεσθαι.

It's hard to weep it seems, hard
Not to weep, but hardest for those
Who weep to put an end to it.

George Herbert

Space is a consequence of matter. It is necessary to understand this if one would chart the precise anatomy of *collapse*.

There is a psychic equivalent to the Schwarzschild Radius. (3×10^5 centimeters multiplied by the ratio of the mass of the star with respect to the mass of the sun) Masses which condense below this radius collapse under the influence of gravity -- recall gravity is singly a consequence of the curvature of space. The gravitational field inside such a black hole* is so strong light can no longer escape from it.

We do not know if *thought* is possible in such a situation. Probably not.

We are talking physics. We are talking psychology. We are arguing by analogy, which, as Socrates noted some years back, is *humbug*.

Space is a consequence of matter. Go back to that. One more: beyond space is the absence of space. Now make the psychological analogies.

Tell me about love.

††

What is love a consequence of?

††

What lies beyond it?

*Such objects are of course not to be *observed*.
Their presence is indicated by necessity,
by their effect on others,
(Is *presence* an applicable term?)

What is the relation between the absence of love, and the necessary
inconstancy of the physical universe and the laws of thought?

If I may, let me recall your reading of Wittgenstein, *ON CERTAINTY*.
The nature of *limits*. The nature of *vows*.

††

Let us say together: "I love you."

3 WORDS, 2 DATES, 1 DIRECTION

Tungusic a good language
gave us *shaman*
climb to heaven for us,
for righteousness.

Bronze implement modeled
on a stone one

skeuomorph

so the automobile conceived as carriage
(god wonders love and marriage)
airplane as kite
movie as novel: you know
the slip.

Aurochs seen as late
as 1627 in Poland
(six feet at the withers)
last wolf in British Isles
killed 1766.

In spring, use fire-drill
on elm or willow wood
enter the animal
climb the smoke
don't slip.

CONSUMMATION

It is somewhere else you go
when your eyes slip past my face,
sweep back inside and turn
behind me into a corner
I cannot reach with any mirror.

I know it is the secret place of paradise,
cut from the world by the arched wall of the spine,
its only language a heavy air pushed through the throat,
its silences rapped out by ten convulsive fingers.

None of us allows the other entrance
and you can never tell me how you live there
or what your knowledge is
of the god who warms himself inside us all
or why he calls you by a different name.

RAGNARÖK

We know what turns,
who sleeps only to awake,
what comes with men
from a land where man
was never born.

TWO LIVES

I
He was born in a cave
eight miles from Chama,
was raised with horses
in humble circumstances,
spoke on his second birthday,
read fluently by age three.

He early showed a fondness
for piñon nuts and solitude,
was granted his first vision
of the Lord at eight.

In the kiva of the Melon People
he came to know the language
of feathers, and insects
respected his hands.

At twelve, wearing a coat
of dog-skin, he wandered
away, and was thought dead
by his family.
He returned at twenty,
one-eyed, and speaking
riddles. He ate sparingly,
played with children,
worked in the fields.

He began to sing, though
he had no master. His
songs were obscure,
and sometimes frightening.
The old men listened
and were quiet. We took
this as a sign.

He taught that the sun
is the size it appears
to be, that children
and dreams need no
translation. He left
books which we read,
but no lovers, a carved
figure only the initiate
may see.

I first remember
a large stone
beside the house,
on the sunny side.
Voices came from it.

One spring I sat by
it for days, listening.
The stories were marvellous.

Later on I found
I could hear other stones,
a few trees. They
cautioned me
not to reveal this.

The eye was a simple
trade, and worth it.
One is enough
for the outer world.

Birds still frighten me.
They are too willful,
too easily swayed.

I worked with sheep
after I went away,
drove truck, listened
to music,

traveled, kept
a diary, found I
spent more and more
time alone.

So I came back to Chama.
Stones said it
a good thing to do.

CALL

A muskrat in a tussock
of grass, a farthing
for a nightingale,
a slipper filled with
robins' feathers: what's
the key?

Nothing is learned
except forgetfulness.

The bittern will
not perch in trees;
its song is slow
"like a mallet driving
a stake into the mud."

And Cory's Least
is rare.

MENESTOR OF SYBARIS:

His Fragment

What wastes
nothing,
keeps all?

Time.

It is the blue
mirror
in a room without
color.

It is the error
of genius
called simplicity.

Or a deer running
on wet snow.

FLYING

The *ineligible*,
like sparrows
broken on the window,
are neither blind
nor sinful,
but like the headstrong
reflect
a malfunction
of will, the
deformity
of inadequate strength.

The rules express
only
the order given.
One who contemplates
the impossible
longer than an instant
will surely die
before I do.

No difficulties:
small glass sparrows,
green, wire-boned,
on the floor.

PURITY OF HEART IS TO WILL ONE THING

Poem on the five books a Yamabushi motorcycle-freak
carried in his sack when he retreated barefoot into
the Wallows

East Fork of the Lostine:
Holocene, late Cenozoic:

I am alone

Bike is parked at 117° 23' 30" W
45° 14' 58" N

Title is in Prince Albert can
under the flat grey stone
one body length south, signed.

Let it warm three minutes.

First I thought of Kierkegaard, but he
did not write *one* book.

So Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca, *Naufragios*,
the long walk of America, naked,
fire burning his breastbone
for eight years.

3 ounces.

Ancilla To The Pre-Socratic Philosophers:
because I have always lived with fragments
Nothing whole can express us.

11 ounces.

Mumonkan, Blyth's English, 15 ounces.
a breviary and psalter,
rubrics that dance,
hopeless conundrums for sunset.

The Nonesuch Blake, 1 lb., 9 ounces
stolen from the Three Fork Nobodaddy M.C.
by its last rider, to be eaten before
the troops push up the river.

I have no children,
no wife,
my name is not being pronounced
correctly, my boots are meaningless.

I have summer, my sleeping bag
(I will die warm and thin)
and Rimbaud's *Season in Hell*

6 ounces.

A LESSON IN FAMOUS CHEMISTS

Poggendorf, suspicious of metaphysics.
Joule, son of a Scottish brewer.
Clapeyron, classmate of Carnot.

At 23, William Tomson
grasped the conservation law.

Benjamin Thompson became
Count Rumford, though a New
Hampshire schoolmaster.
He hired Humphrey Davy.

Heat was one of Lavoisier's
elements (who killed
phlogiston
in a sealed bottle).

Watt, Holtzman, Smeaton,
Clausius, Mayer,

(the latter proposed
energy neither be
created nor destroyed)

And Fermat, his "principle of least time"
more penetrable than his Last Theorum.

Recall Hamilton's function,
that Maupertius defined *action*,
Gauss, *constraint*.

In Joseph Black's account
of specific heat, he
found it unnecessary
to employ even
algebraic equations.

As Newton said,
"It is enough
that gravity
really does
exist."

SOME MUSIC

Behind my head, inside or out
Archie Shepp kneading sound
 w sharp smiling fingers
 on the tenor

Fog out
& it's all right
listening like the blue bee
of the Upanishad.

 Just Joe Chambers
 writing a knotty mathematics
 on the drum-skins
 I can't figure out.

The form doesn't last
past hearing it:
 hangs in the air
 an eye of fire, an ash
and then wipes itself away,
gathers to the next shape
 shape w/out predication
 Nirguna Brahman

The whole escape.
Inside out, like a kite
flying, all the action up there
 an erection
 but the string
 is the sound
 in yr ear.

ODE AND ENTR'ACTE FOR *TIMON OF ATHENS*

The Day

A nihilist?

One who has spilled the secret.

Emptiness the essence of form:

Mallarmé dreaming of "a great work,

an orphic, absolute book

for which the world itself

is only a pretext"

The cosmos dissolved in art,

in the silent air of visions,

the bite on nothing that makes saints

(all poetry *in raptu mentis*)

The infant, the female, the valley,

Aquinas, dying, preached with eyes

closed, ecstatic, empty of mind,

his final book the Canticles.

All lost but love,

which can be thrown away.

Thrown with the bones in the cypress mound,

to the dragon sleeping in the pond.

dramatis personae:

Oriphiel

Zachariel

Samuel

Michael

Anael

Raphael

Gabriel

the dancer, a cat,

a snake, a bear,

a salamander, a swarm

of bees, the fenris wolf

the players dance and

sing: "*White spiders*

spin and empty out the

night"

The Night

What we perceive is beamed out
by our eyes, and is all inside us
(thus the terror of mirrors, or
confession, the legends of the hells
created wholly of the presence
of their inhabitants, the true
fragility of love, the dream of waking
wrapped in dodder, the webby parasite
immortal as death, and most real,
a thing of mind.

Another song is sung

"It is strange how the dead leap out
at us at street corners, or in dreams"
Virginia Woolf drowned, locked back
inside her mind where the mirror went,
so deeply turned to it that all else
stopped, most real.

They dance again

Christ in the bearskin, a wintry day,
writing the Book Alze, the metanoia
accomplished: "Visit the interior
parts of the earth: by rectifying
thou shalt find the Hidden Stone"

They pray

A crystal clearer than its absence
which, once glimpsed,
leaves but the strict and holy emptiness
which is all our purity
and most alone most real.

The salamander peers
into the dancer's
eyes

They exit

THE OBSERVATIONS OF BENJAMIN SYKE

Never keep anything
you cant give away.

Nothing
is the matter
with
the machinery.

Death
is
the kind of sickness

you can get used
to.

It's just
the wind.

Simplicity?
A slip-knot.

The common-
place is the only
place
we have
left.

If you can
find words
for it, it
cant be anything.

Now that
language and number
have had it,
Maggie,
wanna try
dune-buggies?

THE SANCTUARY OF NEED

"He's decided he wants to be remaindered to a bird sanctuary," Maggie said, her hands moving up and down like a heron taking off. "He wants no mail delivered, three visitors a year, and he's going to migrate with the damn things too." Maggie was about to cry. "He doesn't even want the Social Security to know a thing about it."

"That's it," Loth agreed. "Simple as both sides of a penny."

Loth held a feather in front of his nose as he talked, and walked up and down, back and forth, here and there, around and about, hither and thither, all on one piece of blue carpet. He might have been saying some Bird-Mass. "Shearwaters and fulmars, petrels, pelicans, gannets and boobies, cormorants, darters, Man-o'-War birds, herons, bitterns, storks, ibises, spoonbills, flamingoes, swans, geese, tree-ducks, all the other ducks, mergansers, and sweet soaring vultures. At least seventy-eight clans to celebrate, not counting the ones I'll find in Yucatan. Though I have no feathers, and cannot fly, I am in a philosophical moult, and am regarded as a prophet by most birds I know. Bylot Island, Akimiski, and Yucatan. Ah, happy, tequila-drinking Yucatan at Christmas! Remember, I want no mail."

Each peroration has its pauses. The lateness of the hour. The migratory urge contrasted with the desire to hunker down, stay, and not look up. To be caught in some avian season of eternal expectation and perfect patience, nesting, brooding, less concerned with taxonomy than true kinship. Loth professed all contradictions, and gave himself only to duration.

What a bird might do against the air by means of feathered wings, skill, and being, Loth would accomplish by the metamorphosis of all but what he thought. With simple equipment, he set out North.

TWO POEMS OF WOUNDS

I

Definitions

Despair is the ice-box
with the child inside,
Love the hurried, hurried
search that does not find him.

Hurt is the guilt
God does not feel.

II

The Twins in the Cellar

If I suck the eyes
out of the rabbit
will you break his back
with your hands?

Be quiet!

They are opening the door.

CRITICAL HISTORIES

The evasiveness of a puffed-up
left knee, home, a salmon
sunset over Toledo.
Work left to do, but fever,
the inept passivity
of any game, giggle,
his fast ball sinks.

The sea is solid-state.
Movement of city people
locked: numbers dont
jostle to add, nor shift.

The little girl over there,
the seven, wants to marry
the subtrahend, but will
never meet him.

POEM FOR AN OLDER CHILD

Night is a boneless
man bending down
from the sky.
His flesh rubs
on our houses.
His eye waits outside
each window, his hand
is the wind breathing
gently as a locust.

He waits for you to
stop talking, begin
to un-do the buttons.
Wants you to climb
in bed
and pull him
over you
like air.

DAVID WEVILL

[seven poems]

Dialogue

I want you leave light on.

but it's night and it's dark and you can close
your eyes and sleep.

don't want to sleep.

but when you close your eyes and sleep
you see t.v. in dreams at night inside your head.

I hate t.v. in dreams at night inside my head.

o.k.

Children

Sitting up the tree with his back to the hills
they don't know I'm here
 when they find me they'll say
look there's papa
sitting up a tree
 what is he doing up there
and I'll say
nothing
 papa come down you might
fall. well
 not yet.

Take two

The children are elephants. they walk
over crushed flowers smelling no blood
in anything. they dance when they
want to but the dance is not what
you want. when children tell stories
they make you wonder why you ever
tried. the spaces between words are words
the children don't know but which you do
know and try so hard to forget.
that is why all our inventions are
substitutions and theirs
not. that is why we can only tell one
tale and they the many tales that
have no words. when children
pause to think it is for some word
they think they remember from when they
were adults. or it
may be an orange plastic bucket upturned
in the brown grass among dead leaves
which is fruit and thirst. in
Mexico the thickness of a child's wrist
may be the trailing edge between life
and death. the
odor of stale chocolate thinning in air
until it is pigs dogs urine goats or
a birthday cake with four candles.
children mate for life but do not
know this until they die. it is
considered friendly not to tell them these
things. in season their long
grey trunks reach up into trees
for alcoholic berries. drunk
they sit on top of volkswagens and
crush them. in whatever
country a child is born the
star rises there with a great
trumpeting. children mount
each other only in fun
and nothing issues from this but a sense
of over and under. their great weight
makes them fall down over and over
again. when they get up they are much
older. a child wants to die
with its boots off and its legs up in the
air in a pile of old leaves where
everyone can watch the miracle happen.

A figure imagined as real

She couldn't tell what
the pain was. nerve
like a light passed through
several dark filters
diminished by none.

"that was the land of my heart
the christmas tree capital of the world"

but the radio sang
to others who listened. the
wolf in her dream
played at her throat
like a baby.

its fur teased her.
her vulva spoke words.

nobody knows that language.
she couldn't tell you
if something was broken
or something beginning to grow, that
smelt of earth
or had lost its smell like stone.

the ten foot sunflower turns
to brittle wood and snaps
bends its sun dulled face
crying for its own shadow —

March, the month that
charges round the quarter year
with bent head and powerful shoulders

— those were her words.

Memo

Music stored in early summer
lasts through winter. he
theorized notes
for hours on the clock
 a person moved
this is the intermission
a bracelet of stones
 warmed by next of skin.

there were three murdered on that road
one month.
"I tossed her vaginal jelly into the valley"
she didn't hear it
fall. husband dead her soul brother
lost his leg to a tree.

and a nun keeps crying
"slow on those curves"
 the hills snaked with fires
burned back the wildcat.
"if this is life" said the president
"I'm fucked".

rosen, I wonder if that leg
gets up and dances.
buried by the big eucalyptus under
panther stars.
slow as a python the land digests its meat
 on its knees to the last
pagoda. swedish glass the stars

of cold nights store their
music. he has no relic but this scar
across the left forefinger knuckle

bone deep.

Body's mouth

The cuckoo bird of japan
whose name is the song it sings
hototogisu

and the woman as told in the Kojiki
who was defacating in the stream
when a prince half god fell in love
sent himself down the stream
as a red-tipped arrow
touched against her buttocks

the child of that union was named
Poto Tatara Isusuki Pime no Mikoto
"genitals bellows panicky princess lady"

I love names. names
that sing and are not
mispronounced like my own
hototogisu

and the abandon of mountains
that suddenly are Cordoba
seen under clouds
the werewolf echo of swifts
in the high pass between Valeta
and Mulhacen

places to have been, names
inhabited like a shirt of
dried blood, stiff
with incident. go bring them back
like baskets of flowers to your
birthday your
funeral. tell them from me
hototogisu the note of her blood
sang a name that made
this journey that stops
here. as the scar on my hand
sang until its mouth was closed.

YAYOI

those creatures who were suns
and having masks know how to burn us
without ever seeming
not to smile

YAYOI the "time
for growing" which
is the sweeper sweeping his path
even in rain, old, and
so much older the lines of his long broom
in the dust

I thought,
a mouth. and where the air
touched it, a sun. my burning mouth
danced on the river and hung cool as the moon.
an old car smells of fire.

an old car
of my birth
smells of a month of fire
to come. the dancers break like glass and
twist and grow opaque, tongues
for gatherers of useless things.

they left their bright clothes drying on the rocks
and went on naked uphill through cedars
telling each other new names
for what pained them, once
not now, when the air was
old.

"we used to breathe
the air that breathes
us now".

a minute until sunset now.
I think of that old word.
I measure my shadow and think.

CANADADA: "What were you saying about Texas?"
"Just that there's a lot of it."

If I tell you I'm a Nonymous, what methods will you use to disbelieve me? "Crusoe also saw a footprint, but could not usefully assume it was forged, since to postulate a forger is still to postulate a second man." -- this tricky sentence available to consciousness via Hugh Kenner in *The Counterfeiters* [a book which makes no reference to another book of the same name by a Frenchman: does this mean one is a duck & the other a decoy?]. The useful forger -- as Kenner suggests -- is (aside from being anyone at all, which he *is*) a poet. So: is it useful to postulate a 2nd man, a poet? Apparently. And what if this 2nd man, this "poet", is a forgery of the first? Well, that's useful too because it's obvious if it's a bad copy, & if it's a good one the forgery's gone full circle & there's no more difference between the Thing-in-It-Self & the Imitation.

That's the basis for General Idea, it seems to me. "Cut up or shut up! Collage or perish!" It has to do w/ synchronicity. Any action at all is a network of simultaneities. "Collage or perish" is what makes a baby learn to walk: eventually it's more interesting to walk around & decide what to look at than just lay there & rely on Circumstantial Providence. So that slogan of General Idea is slapstick, but also a directive. And what's disturbing is that it actually *needs* to be said, *now* (as, probably, always) -- disturbing too, because it says there are still lots of infants around. Robert Kelly said to me, Sept '73, "aged infants aren't a very attractive spectacle"; of America: "something Europeans always talk about is how immature Americans at whatever age seem; compared to the ordinary European/Asian sense of what it means to be a man, we have very few men. Like Nixon's behavior, you know -- the hiding & the whining & all the rest of it -- makes perfect sense and most Americans accept it. And when we reject it, how do we reject it? We say he's being immature, irresponsible, or something like that. We're perfectly willing for a man of 60 to be a child. He expects us to feel that way about it too." That one word betrays it: behavior -- behaving instead of acting.

If you'll accept that babies learn to walk so they can get around to becoming children and *playing* (wch way = learning), you'll not be fooled by a baby refusing to walk on the grounds that what it sees from the crib is enough (it may be: but how does he know if he's never left the room!).

That the Miss General Idea Pageants are, like Chaplin or Keaton or Marx Bros, comedy (play), is to say we need to see those things to know the shape of the room better. A society unwilling to frolic in the ridiculous seems inevitably to submit to a camouflaged perversion of it [vide: Hitler, Stalin, Nixon]. It's a great encouragement to hear these pageants get "video coverage" in Toronto. Just as encouraging that the Canadian government subsidizes a press that prints books like *One/Eye/Love, America & Stranger* by Victor Coleman, *Anthropomorphiks & The Forest City* by Robert Fones, *A Paleozoic Geology of London Ontario* by Christopher Dewdney, & bp Nichol's *Martyrology* (in 2 vols). On the title page of one of these books is a certain amount of information: at the top is an emblem of two moose holding up a shield on top of which is a bear. The moose are

standing on a scroll that says VT INCEPIT FIDELIS SIC PERMANET. And underneath: CANADA / DEPARTMENT OF MINED AND TECHNICAL MEMORY [in the 2nd printing this has been changed to DEPARTMENT OF ZONES & RECIPROCAL INDUCTIONS]. Next, this purports to be GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF ONTARIO / MEMOIR 284, which is A PALEOZOIC GEOLOGY OF LONDON ONTARIO. The book is divided into four sections: The Memory Table, "Log Entries", "Lithology of the Memory Table, Forgeries [Forgeries! "Counterfeit! Interphase! Camouflage! Interpolate! Recycle!" -General Idea]. If you leaf thru the book from back to front (i.e. if you're right handed like me) the first words you see (the last in the book) are

The player whose animals appears on the least
Number of lists is the second winner.

The section "The Memory Table" has a poem, "In the Critical Half-Light" ending

Comprehensile folk edition
mine heir apparently self evident
Kant hell you how it feels
deliver us of
the deliberate.

In the critical half light
a man is looking at you.
Describe the bullets.

In Dewdney's "Author's Preface" is this statement: "The section entitled *Lithology of the Memory Table* is composed of corresponding 'explanations' of the poems in *The Memory Table*. This correspondence also occurs vertically within *Log Entries*." Look at the "corresponding explanation" to "In the Critical Half Light" & find it ending with:

A thin point teaches us more because the perception does not necessitate the destruction of the process. I will not give examples. Any singular form (granted that that form inhabits an object in some basic configuration, eg. a species) will tend to generate a similar form in another medium.

The *vertical* correspondence in "Log Entries" works like this:

[at the top of the page:] We would formulate our language as we went along, accidents became deliberate. On the fifth day we began to notice a peculiar sensation of shortness a kind of groundhugging wideness, when we walked sections of us (feet) would slide through slots just wide enough for them, prearranged in every direction. By the 7th day a definite curve, shell like

[at the bottom of the page (the middle is blank):]
with some
the formula
rolled thin leers of
glass
from their eyes

they discovered
the agents of memory

Who would a memory agent be? Surely nothing like an insurance agent! Remember, this book is a "Paleozoic Geology", a scientific research work like *The Savage Mind* by Levi Strauss, who says "even a heterogeneous and arbitrary classification of facts it makes. The decision that everything must be taken account of facilitates the creation of a 'memory bank'." In General Idea a memory bank becomes Image Bank. In Toronto, April 16 1973, A.A. Bronson says to Willoughby Sharp: "It's a survival tactic purely. Primarily we're into survival tactics." (by "it" he means General Idea). A.A. Bronson is a man who requested palm trees thru the Image Bank. He says

When you request an image from the image bank request list you've made an image commitment. You have an image responsibility. Now I requested palm trees so they've been arriving & here I am surrounded by palm tree imagery and I can't get away from it. I have to wear it. I have to cover my bed with it, all my drawers are full of it, the walls have them, in my desk, all the drawers are full of palm tree images . . . I need my fix, I need my palm tree fix. My image dose.

Ron Gabe, another man of General Idea*, says ". . . you can use that sort of image control for survival purposes . . ." In this *Avalanche* interview, Willoughby Sharp (the interviewer) has the last word, & talks of "the new definition of art, making something what it is. In a very large sense, I see the use of the media as a total art piece." *Making something what it is*: "For it is an American reality, that sculptored soup cans, complete with the sculptor's signature, will if punctured yield real soup." (Kenner, *The Counterfeiters*, Anchor, p.64) John Bentley Mays has written at length -- 30 pp in *Open Letter*, Summer 1974 -- on General Idea. His response is deeply engaging (& is "a scrapbook of journal entries, meditations, excerpts from letters, quotations from here & there"): I recommend it as more useful than any abbreviated account I could write here. Of A.A. Bronson's "image responsibility", Mays says "the necessity of being seen, of bearing one's inventory of obsessions publically, without reserve; the responsibility, the price you pay to transcend history." Without meaning to stress affiliations (tho he is Vic d'Or & advertizes in *International Image Bank Directory* for images), Victor Coleman's *Stranger* (1974) seems just such a publicizing of obsessions. The title -- not striking or uncommon as is -- begins to gain another proportion when you realize that the last 2 sections (there are 7 altogether) are called "Strange Love" & "Stranger". Like the title, the poems bear an uncanny double-edge cutting ability: "Looking for Gretchen" ends

until I finally found you
in my arms you
were there all the time

-- which caught me up unexpectedly as possibly meaning "you were there all the time until I finally found you in my arms" [& then got rid of you]. It's a book that seems to fill all the prophecies it contains, like this one, for example:

*in *Avalanche*, Spring 1973: "General Idea is: Ron Gabe, Jorge Saia, A.A. Bronson, Granada Gazelle, P.J., Noah Dakota, Marcel Idea, Ms. Page, Myth Honey, Ms. Generality."

Every book of poems
should
at one time in its reading disclose

Nothing

an
inter-

mission

where we all might smoke
& eat & pee freely

without aid of insight

The inter/mission here answers to that -- the poems don't demand attention for themselves, yet they *do* carry thru & keep giving:

& this
is what "Poetry"
is all about:

I pick up the receiver

& give

As casual as most of the poems seem, they are part of a *work*, a continuance, a deeper occasion than the random occasions of events they refer to; the 4th section of the book, "Back East", was published in an earlier version in *Imago* 15 (1971); a comparison of the two texts (trust me on this: "I will not give examples") shows just how much that work *is* part of a Work, an ongoing process of transformations. And back to the publicking I spoke of -- the surface here of uncertainty & resentment, along w/ some faith -- the poems are not insistent *on* their qualities or *in* their concerns. Unlike "the confessional mode", Vic d'Or and General Idea posture & pout & prance yet know what those things add up to & are (their word for it seems to be *glamour*). Vic d'Or writes

What you want to know about a woman is
would you spend the rest of your life
with her on the other end of a piece of string
attaching her can to yours & vice-versa

& nobody knows who's listening

or who's supposed to talk---

If this is the insight he would seem to want to be rid of at times, or the posturing a stranger does -- so what? He's moving some weight around, a bureau maybe, or a bed: listen to the floorboards creak & you might be able to tell which it is, or wch way it's moving.

Stranger
is full of people -- none identified in the work, but some recognizable in another context. Vic d'Or refers to a gazelle (Granada?), Files (Megazine?), Marcel Dot (Idea?); the last poem in the book is

"for l'Or Rain": Loraine (?) whoever she is, or l'Or/d'Or (lower-door!)
Two other poems are called "Fones Call" & "Cones Fall".

Robert Fones' book *Anthropomorphiks* (1971) has pictures of little men wearing cones for hats; in his book *The Forest City* (1974) cones grow on trees. (Canadian = Cone-adian?) Like Coleman & Dewdney, Fones makes reference to General Idea, tho in a more disguised way: "Robert's Creek", one of the longer pieces in *The Forest City*:

Draw the "difficult" side of this cone, says Marcel
and I hold the candle while Mr. Peanut wipes the table
thinking the title of this movie should be:

The Confessions of St. Cone

Marcel would be Marcel Idea, who -- w/ Mr. Peanut -- is one of the principle subjects of Willoughby Sharp's 2nd interview relating to this: in *Avalanche*, Fall '73, "Business as Usual at the Western Front". Western Front has its lodge (its HQ) in Vancouver; operates the Image Bank; & has a country retreat up the coast:

[Marcel Idea speaking:] Babyland is the place where we go to unplug. It's a small piece of land near Robert's Creek up the coast from Vancouver that we use as a retreat more than anything else. It's a place where we work by ourselves and do projects, essentially research like making props and tools and signs, components for understanding how we learn to see things. And we use them in a fairly crude way. It's very much caveman technology up at Babyland.

So Fones' poems sets *that* scene (& I challenge anybody to try & read it as "straight" documentary!), and the "St. Cone" mentioned goes so far as to imply (& conjure) by Nichol's *Martyrology* into the picture.* And that in itself pulls a lot along with it -- *St. Ranger*, for example. In Fones' earlier book *Anthropomorphiks* a man is sitting behind the wheel of a 20's convertible, racing-capped & goggled, while a blimp-like styrofoam man w/ a cigar leans over to him & whispers

why think within the rings?
the cone is infinite
and warm

*Nichol's saints are: St.Orm, St.And, St.Reat, St.Rive, St.Rand, St.Iff, St.Ranglehold, St.Agnes, St.Ain, St.Rike, St.Ave, St.Raits, St.Ump, St.Rap, St.Aggers, & St.Ove. Also mentioned in David St. Alwart's Afterword to *The Martyrology* are: St.Odgy, St.Ooge, St.Ingy, St.Ench, St.Ole, St.Rawberry, St.Rategy, St.Erling, St.Ratified, St.Alec Tight, St.Oleg Might, St.Ars, St.Rifes, St.Retch, St.Ench, St.Ale, St.Alemate, St.Rum, St.Ripteaster, St.Umble, St.Ep, St.Oops [for more information on this Saint see *Saints & Saints' Ability* by Radish Quandry Phobe], St.Ammer, St.Rumpet, St.Radivarius, St.Rato-sphere, St.Ereo, St.Upendous, St.Anza, & St.Ranger.

In another picture, a man sits at a desk a piece of paper in front of him, and a pen says "Let me write that. I'm brand new and the ink is fresh." Underneath the picture is a caption, "HOTELS, LIKE PEOPLE, CAN BE JUDGED BY ATTENTION TO 'LITTLE THINGS.'" This book as a whole, in fact, is dedicated to "the Little People". And (the book's out of print tho, & this'll be a hard cipher to grip if you don't have it) the last poem in the book is "Ode to a Miniature _____" [Fones gives the popular name of the personage this issue of *wh way* is dedicated to (or wd it be *at?*), a name I refuse to disclose for reasons of stealth & secrecy] Vic d'Or says of Fones' "anthropomorphs" that they "are creatures of a collective imagination. One would have to look at the Doctrine of Signatures through the eyes of an Ad Man to see them for what they are." (this statement from the flyleaf of the book). The book is populated with anthropomorphs, or *mannomorphs* as Fones says they become in modern advertizing:

His equivalentents are not human; he has no face. An ineffable power binds and locomotes. I find parallels to this type of trademark in alchemy, Greek myths and philosophies, animistic religions and many writers and artists, particularly those connected with Dada and Surrealism. (Author's Preface)

The visual populace is impressive, dozens of little creatures like The Quaker Puffed Pals, Bertie Bassett, and the Vidor Battery man. One of the central figures is the Can.D.Man:



CUT · ME · OUT

Fones reproduces a letter from Scott-Bathgate Ltd. re their Can.D.Man trademark & his history (whose growth has "mainly been in acquiring more detailed features such as hair"); on the opposite page Can.D.Man seems to be standing on a stool in the Shipping & Receiving office of the IMPERIAL CONE CO. Above this photo is this inscription:

...compared with itself, each thing is both great & small.
-- Anaxagoras

Fones' next book, *The Forest City*, is not as populated visually, attempting instead (thru 125 pp) to verbally populate the Forest City. The three-year growing space between books helps -- the poems in *The Forest City* stand with less need of visual supplement than those in *Anthropomorphiks*. But having seen both, I still feel much of Fones' strength is in his ability to mesh word-images (logos) w/ eye-images (telos? - from the Greek, meaning "completion"). I look forward to this fusion, this completion, and sense from Fones' books he may be one of those to finally do it.

Coleman spoke of a *collective imagination* re Fones, & it's a phrase that indicates to me much of the *mutuality* of work ongoing now in Canada. Image Bank/General Idea/Western Front seem to lie at the back of much of this -- though I have a friend from Toronto who tells me these groups are only a small part of the total public-activity arena. Whatever it is, *collective imagination* says it pretty fluently for me. The isolated-artist stereotype seems to be disintegrating in Canada; General Idea's emphasis on glamour as "the interface between culture & nature" helps it along: the importance of being seen, of a surface (or surfacing -- coming up out of yr hole), publicking of image obsessions (& that might be a good definition of poetry), art as community network (W. Sharp: "media as a total art piece"), Mays on General Idea: "It is worth noting here that the root of cosmetics is *cosmos*: the world not as object of discovery but as the subject of an endless task of ordering and tending. Make-up is making the world." Apparently that world isn't yet evident to the editors of *Boundary 2*, Fall 1974, "A Canadian Issue", though I should credit them at least with publishing Stephen Scobie's piece "I Dreamed I Saw Hugo Ball: bpNichol, Dada and Sound Poetry".* And if that's any indication, it means CANADADA still has a ways to go if it's going to utilize the whole culture, finally, in its antics. If Dada ran dry in maintaining its existence primarily as an *artistic* existence, the obvious remedy is to extend the activity into the whole labyrinth of available public image-flow and swamp the media with Dada. From here in Bloomington it appears that something like that *may* be happening up in Canada. Unfortunately, it seems that the U.S. is more in need of it than Canada at this point, though even in Indiana there are positive signs [see photo between Butterick and Simon; photo by Curt Collins, April 1975] But if we take the Northern half of this continent as a whole, I don't see why Canadada should be the Place, just because its syllables conform to an interesting historical documentation. I hope *wch way* can be one of the ways that

*an area untouched on here -- Scobie deals with the Dada background to Nichol's work, one aspect of which is the Four Horsemen (one of whom is Nichol) who do sound-poetry performances and have a recording out called NADA CANADADA.

Place can take hold, and I use this occasion to invite & prompt an activity on the *whole* continent.

In the U.S. it's very difficult to see ads (billboarded, radio, tv, storefronts) as anything other than aggravating mind- & sense- irritants. Given the situation (wch is: probably no end to it in our Life Times), we ought to learn something from these Northerners and sabotage and transform it rather than suppress it. There *are* precedents. Kenner's *Counterfeiters* is about some of those methods (& Kenner is a counterfeit united-statesian from Toronto) Of one (*another* counterfeit! a Finnish American, as I am) he says:

Warhol, who began by imitating soup labels with consummate skill, apparently contemplated a progress from painting to sculpture in emulation of his colleague Jasper Johns, who had turned out a Ballantine's beer can in solid bronze. This artifact, for which a large price was immediately paid, differs from its original, within the limits of the artist's skill, in only two particulars: it is much heavier, and it contains no beer. But Warhol cast no bronze. For it suddenly appeared that the Campbell Company, which up to that time had let us think that its business was to feed its customers and its stockholders, was actually engaged in a massive counterfeiting operation. It was flooding the markets with cheap imitations of an Andy Warhol sculpture, and before the sculptor had so much as gotten to work. The entrepreneurs who deluge us with cheap Mona Lisas had at least the grace to wait until da Vinci had finished. Warhol, in turn, having over da Vinci the advantage of being on the spot, was equal to the challenge of mass production. He took to carrying home from the supermarket dozens of these 17½-cent imitations, which he proceeded to autograph and place on sale at an established price, as all prices are, by the free market. This proved to be six dollars a can. It is clear that Mr. Warhol now has the Campbell Soup Company working for him, part time at least. It should also be clear that he has posed a neat epistemological problem. For the dream of Zeuxis, at whose painted grapes the birds pecked, is fulfilled at last; the gap between the artifact and the thing represented by the artifact seems virtually closed. (*Counterfeiters*, pp. 62-63)

Yup, sounds like 'Pataphysics to me alright, the Science of Imaginary Solutions (or, not solutions that work, but solutions that play). And it seems to me we've done an injustice to a Frenchie in waiting so durned long to get around to it.

-- Rory Pungle

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**“Whoever can come
can go.”**

-- J. L. Feb 20, 9:47 a.m.

**“I’d better go
so I can come back.”**

-- J. L. Mar 17, 12:10 p.m.