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BIG ALLIS  
Issue Number One  
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10-13-1989

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12.4.87 Dear Friend. The social structure caves in around us. Then, am I some dopy, unwitting authority figure from whom acts can be "gotten away?" I thought of myself as someone in a Wrangler jacket. In my own person, the other magic number is especially exciting. Bingo! The whole ruined world lands on my desk, but no, In Walks Bud, creature of the happy imagination to replicate in his own image, using as a model the Sunday parade. This makes for a good story, but the question is not whether language follows its own plot, but whether the sea is the sea, and do we stumble or are we swept away. Now I ask you. Does "The Girl Who Does Whatever She Wants?" Only to be finally destroyed by her own uninterpretable and finally indulgent calculus? Under headphones, pygmies chortle through this long meditation on rhythm, like us on modern culture. Is language representational? The SOVIET UNION so tall above the cliff we might all be crushed under its architectural logic. But the older pilot guides the rookie, alone in his bomber, blind in one eye from flying flak, safely back to the carrier. And there, pinned to his ditty bag is his favorite quote from Wittgenstein: "Corinne, Corinna, you're a pal of mine!" If you make language CONCRETE you are sure to be popular. Love Jean.

But the body, reacting to that same outer world, reacts to itself. Corinne's illusion, all we have to do is go like this. If you say "I am" to the lady, eventually, people will say "who's that woman?" I suppose something bigger, smaller, anyway bright as a jack. "I suppose" says to yourself. Then, how long could the world stay so long and original?

## THE PROBLEM OF THE LETTER

We agree to stand finished on the shore, rebellious, in our own bodies. Between us, the interim, our mother or uncompleted body; shall we submit to or crush her? *Were* she a brilliant pedagogue rasping through a bullhorn instructions for further enthusiasms ...

Your little book makes you a kind of pilgrim

Put the pliers back, having applied yourself to every living thing around you. Pet the coarse hair of \_\_\_\_\_. Are you a Russian? This middle part I am saving for later ...

My head goes to class

One's job is longer than one's nose. More orange cones! Now I'd like to remind you of what the ground is made of, and what is on the ground. What perches ...

I must need substitutes

But the body, relaxing in that same outre pile, reads its book. Comrade Illusion, all you have to do is go like this. If you say "fuck you" to the lady eventually people will say "who's that therapist?" I require something bigger, smaller, anyway bright as a tack. Pinpoint: cite of upheaval. Then, how long could the oracle stay asleep *and* original?

## DECLAIM

Into the city I dominate  
the world in my gloves my hat my *savoir vivre*. That little remake of Chaos wears a pearl embroidered robe, the Virgin's originally; I would cut off my *finger* into the same ground of jewels  
Louis Quatorze drank.

Let's race this baby.

When it arrives I pour tea to regard  
you. I go out with you. My houses, cities collapse  
(sound track off) around me who am not analytical but no dull type  
either, my affection extends to

The general flow of traffic is the algorithm of both material and  
function. Saying night is black includes the notion of blue  
(more seen through). Truth

inadequate. A toy.

## MOONS TRUCK

Like the leg of an animal piñata the incomplete hour protracted is purple; it was and would be a person. Couple moves about kitchen. Star showers light without the ability to be about itself. To wake up in state (history rules the fleet you automatically make) meets royal, navy, blue. As the sea makes the shore. Garage-light "twinkles" as branches sway before. This *is* exciting. *That* Kids tear up the house. *Now* Skateboard over to the breast which may then, in your presence, flow unstopped as philosophy, philanthropy, and the great undifferent Cody remembers and mates, standing. All words repeat in the altruism of pleasure. Tierra does not appear in this play. Have her elsewhere like at work, where word sooner or later slips; women shift to other hip; one learns difference another first time.

Red earth, green sun; I wouldn't have catlected it at all had chiasma a readymade bridge. Change into something else. Coyote on street-corner meets Lassie anxiety, knowing shit about black culture and that only from cartoons. How long ago it seems already ... vista painted out ... Whereas what you suck derives its own from replacement, some missed ship Misquamicut incapable of transplant (is it not true simply because you can't believe it?). While one's feet ache, another's wash. Aimed parallel jet lines interest the sky then disappear in puff of cloud, itself dissolving to reveal greatness of day earlier. Zigzag, verb, brand. "I will hug you."

## THE QUIET BEAUTY OF SUBTERFUGE

Reject stupid contingent positions! Violence in action (a chest heaving political speeches in Spanish English etc. etc. etc. etc., then blood) instructs coercive inaction (lingerie) ...

Stuck with this pair I'm attracted by a position sitting here writing, then interrupted by having to laugh at the story in your letter -- a dominatrix steps out of the movie in her incredible gear -- how I would have been disturbed had you not told the whole thing at the bar drinking your red juice with someone craning his ear to hear what you could possibly be saying with such a grin on your face. Incomplete people have this way of *leaning*.

Several little incidents have to do with perfume. One foot among the irritated, the other disguised, though brave. Thinking of the lines I devise as somehow getting me there, or the agency of a letter leaving the pen or postal worker's hand with force. Or enclosed, and having nothing to do with the law.

from KUKLOS

But forget all that. While nightingales tantalize others, you may be agitating to some rhythm drive from another level. Fever from a source beyond seizes your brain and it is no little mystérie that one sock left dangling into the picture. Be prepared, saints may appear anywhere there are roads named after them or they have killed alot of Indians. Sing *We Shall Overcome*, goofy but glad enough not to be ticking violently, flying backward out a window to the late 19th century like a lark to sing your spellbinding chirps and trills. Your friend, your natural counterpart, is shouting (another of nature's pretty voices) and you must determine is he or she happy or just exercising totality in antagonism? You may wish to HIRE BIKES, to careen through industrial dusk with him or her or them one more time before supper, another reasonable way to burn off elevated feelings. At the gulf, sea invades land like a jerk. *Jaws* sound-track spells everything out ("Oh him!") but in the end your friend's agitated emotional life requires very little special language. In any case "I missed you boys!" proclaims the obvious, and so we feel an attraction for them.

Tamarind Esau.

&amp; taps.

Kadish.

Clam St. Clare  
too faces.

Jasper roach

cans Mishna  
redwing.

Betel has like  
dipso trough.

Padma so bath.

Criss par  
trinity.

Hath Da.

Peanut Hosanna.

Wassail pied  
cum

brindle ergo.

Horse o' sphinx.

America. Non  
dalmatian.

Turbo fra.

Islet rebec  
daybed.

I manna  
cossack.

Bodhgaya. Soeur  
roe Padua.



Milagro. Cunt  
un.

Baptist ash.

Meaty noh  
poi.

Kurmos. New  
gorse.

Pony sweetyard.

Contessa bushes.  
Too feces. Gazetier.

Angst 'cause  
paison.

Tilsit. Lacre  
tarpaulin.

Saguaro letterer.

Pistol catalpa.  
Their shells.

from **YOU - The City**Act I, Scene iii - at St. Luke's -- *Excommunicado Confessor*.

If you can't know if you mustn't ask, why look?

Your power is the mark of my death, and yet you need me as your living fur. You don't exist. You are a pain behind my eye from looking till you're anything I see. I might accept you, but so I would destroy you as I said you were mine. Why should I describe you to yourself? Because you don't believe me? Or because to anyone else you are no matter? You open your mouth to speak and you make room for me. You gulp the world, but already you feel a rough tongue usurping yours as a daughter. I am already occupied by you, but you must take me again and again or else what possesses me is your absence. That I can not accept, because my doing so would not destroy it. Your absence is not offered. Who would you have for dinner if the table wasn't there? If all can enter freely, you're still outside. You pay for the catalogue of your own darkest recognizables, but you stand at your own door in the pleasure of the promise. You're disremembered while you sleep, like a bear that was unworthy, not hungry. I can't see past your not being there. When you're there I'm doing, tossing, spilling. The audience can't stab you, can you? If you'd played more hookey you'd be happier now, when all you want to do is speak straight, your own mouth seen from your own eyes, heard by people eating pictures. You don't need it for your living, words that fall and pile, [a place, a spray, a scale, a window pane] squeaking is a machine being screwed by you. If you're right, you're dead ...give-away. Your sight stutters your own body. You want to infect it clean, gripped and raised to a smash of applause, to lick that old word in your side that belches sour pictures. You're powerless against the look in your eye, so you speak your empty bank account, till you chomp loony tunes, bad breath, cucarachas, and, unknown to you, you're a place.

And in your place is amazement, love not of the one you give up getting off on, but of the ghost himself. The amazement outweighs the ghost and you mistake a see-through animal for not being there. You shut up and take milk in your mouth with a man between, to blow it out slow. You go down on [his/her] mistake. No change, no exchange, it's you who are getting better, scarring over, a present hand bridging the two lips of expecting too much and admitting it all. Your pouring shows the contours so you can grip the thought, telling not beating. You're let out. So quit blowing smart and dumb.

You say lean on, you say blow smoke rings, so how did you ask the way in? Fearless invention before a crowd of madmen and scared to say it. Your own forged bills pour in. Forge a presence an absence can quench. You don't need the big dick. A dog-bone being for a human being, just awake enough to know you're not asleep, a valve opens and closes with your words. You're spun to face yourself. Don't say yes.

Unavailable to you. You swear you haven't had an affair. [S/he] should leave [him/her] and live with you. You smile so you know what your face is doing. Your doors open as recoverings gather. You turn your eyes from what might get in. You're getting the house ready. Your vaulting soars, continuing without interruption into the sanctuary. Is not to taste you your revenge for the bad return on your fixtures? Find room among you for a [wo/man] of over delicate conscience. If you did as [s/he] told, you would talk, be watched, speak, stop getting paid for it, say, say these attachments to your arms as you walk, the skin of your side as though imprinted. I only have eyes for you, shout out out to you, looking at each others' pictures in the dark because you have none, nor a roof. You don't want each other alive, but a scent hurrying after you, unable to understand, still speaking as you climb. Bang! You're pregnant and right out the other side. Again you hear the silences that squeeze the words over, not your fault, you don't even try. You'll see. You call each other fools as a question with a hellish answer. Win for you?! Listening is each other smiling, not knowing it until I see you.

\*\*\*\*\*

*You - The City* was an intimate Manhattanwide play for an audience of one. Clients attended by individual appointment, from where they were led through various parts of the city in a series of one-on-one encounters with the performers. It is being re-produced in London this summer, and in Glasgow and the Hague in 1990. A book of the New York production is forthcoming from Seque Books.

**Selected movement descriptions: Sally's solo from LACK OF ENTREPRENEURIAL THRIFT, 1/82**

3. feet parallel, fists at side, waist level (hold this arm position) (and don't give in back) make air on face by fast bowing
4. exaggerated twist movement Chubby Checker combine with karate movement of dodging and striking with arm at the same time
5. unbridled and most unruly hatred of definite atomic sincerity
6. the brides combined with some weird floor movement brides are be simultaneous with floor  
funkadelic album as context be lewd but psychedelic do this from knees as an option  
what does it mean when the people we hate like us  
looking  
for a sample of pain
11. abortion clinics have job openings
12. steel appendage guitar
13. Gay men into body beautiful representation; gay women into freak out anti-narcissism  
female stereotype of beauty as condition for species role  
10 minute piece based on Houdini
16. try to be uninfluenced by gender expectation in movement  
asexual get rid of totality of body role critique  
is superseded by invention it is hoped for
18. stand on one leg, let weight of shoulders carry hand(s) to floor  
have free leg gesture to vary weight load  
being on ball of foot allows more freedom of whole body  
even if only for an extra second remember the twist
19. parallel, right foot slides forward until left knee touches floor  
regal, use upper back to slide jerk you back up for the next slide  
how to make heel as a focus of weight as subtle as ball; of foot  
how to find large quantum leaps  
we react out of the sense of value in the situation  
socks, pink shoes barefoot one running theme
21. arabesques with Kung Fu energy do the same with leaps  
release destroys the ability for the non-precautious
22. legs widely out from bug positions this is good to fall with  
democrats charge disarray
23. short percussive movements with Rainers of rebound energy  
pause at top of jump; in position
24. from camel walk improvise  
learn to fail at cooking, typing, and cleaning. get gainful  
employment as a prostitute  
even outside of medicine the body is an objective concern
62. Now that your hands are completely inkied why don't  
swimming portable mattress, giant boobs hitting into wall  
equus, car, landing on head, being the handicapped (medical support),  
different physical types, kid inventing choral, and toy,  
something away from physical feat, aqua brochure kotex,
69. balance on shoulder blades (fish flop position)
75. spastic deaf person or street talker gesturing wildly touching  
all points in space and so staccato that at least upper part  
of body has to get involved
76. ballet poses as polka, the injured, on the floor or to  
get to floor, perhaps to make this less obvious the arms  
should not give it away
83. kid at christmas activity (uh oh, theatre) the girl can't  
help it's Dec. autobiography is appropriate in this month
113. do pointed toes fuck up improv

"increase 'long' simultaneously with 'fine'"

What is puzzling about the mathematician John Napier is his use of rectangles. He experimented with mirrors and lenses arranged in such a way that focused sunlight would be intense enough to kill people. Another of his experiments -- grouping numbers together to simplify multiplication -- led to his discovery of logarithms. Napier kept his logarithms on a boxed chart and built a set of numbered wooden rods -- called Napier's Bones -- to increase his multiplication rate. While he prided himself in building practical devices (such as an iron-clad cart with slots on the side for shooting enemies), it never occurred to him to make a slide rule.

patterns  
love sep  
in love  
her 3.  
4. of

#### Walking on the Line (excerpt of a Montessori lesson plan)

An ellipse is drawn on the floor in chalk to ensure that it's "straight" before putting down masking tape in that shape.

First presentation: Teacher walks on the line while the whole class watches. T then invites four or five children (young fours are best) to walk along with her. After awhile, T asks them to sit down and invites four or five others, continuing in this pattern until the whole class has had a turn.

Second presentation: On another day, T has the whole class walk on the line together, perhaps adding linoleum squares to each child in order to help them space themselves.

Third presentation: T shows Cs how to walk heel to toe.

Fourth presentation: T combines heel/toe walking with linoleum square spacing.

Fifth presentation: T introduces walking to music with heel/toe movement.

walking the line

by putting one foot  
in front of the other  
I expect myself  
to make each stop  
a mirror allot

"Settle down, 'short fall'!"

ruling glance  
within games of chance

though cumulative wins  
over a period of time  
look too wild to be believed

a cloud doesn't revolve around a cloud  
mountains don't taper to rain  
bark couldn't be called wrinkled  
lightning won't be long alone



but to trace a path  
without calling time  
ladder off shade and shine by  
increasing "long" simultaneously with "fine".

**fin-er-y**<sup>2</sup> (fī'nə rē), n., pl. **-er-ies**. Metalworking.  
hearth for converting cast iron into wrought iron; refinery.  
nery. [1600-10; < MF *finerie*, equiv. to *fin(er)* to re-

## AQUATIC FETISH TRUNKATION

The knob hushed the door, has eyes coming down heavy in the hours spent awake. Textures of water drop the film version.

Scarves move to hide the face of the arsonist, a white man taking a bath, a scarred eyelid. Pay heed by virtue of daily routine where you have...moving across a city to be able to work. Serving the Mormons their supper, camping on their lawn, I shot their ducks in an accident. You're sentenced to climb. Thirst is not the issue. We talk about it like it is, but it isn't. Sort out the cord, fill up the mind, halls echo the mountains where they're made. A quarry which only dust inhibits now, the crisp sun hits the green water full on before you jump. Citizenship cranes. Lifting out the brambles.

Her anger keeps the rats off, and it keeps the people speaking their other languages fluently. He hammers the keys with bent and succulent wrists.

Loathe to make decisions as the argonauts are, is there incunabula, or incunables, in the immediate area? Partitioning nonstop. Recidivistic. From sound and non-memory. A man trying to get his kite off the ground.

A blooming chart. Water features. Busy line, it seems important to me. The drive to and from the post office along the road each day.

Nearing the time when you have the most grateful reaction. She tries not hearing but it's not effective. Utopian writer-ville. Hands out drought. To prevent its becoming a free-for-all.

People keep asking, and she keeps telling them. It's how the water empties, gutters and flukes, plumes and masses. It's about water turbines. I'm allergic to it. You pick up the book but it's true you don't know what you'll find there. "He looks good to me" is an overrated system for measuring desire.

one example of "long" increased simultaneously with "fine"

sement windows.  
a long chance  
th a large amou  
nses, and other long fine-grai  
f more than ordinary or textur  
net a. lasting a rela- Photog. f  
"feet" fine ly  
ed as elegantly;  
s the  
any ME finel  
mes,  
a in fine na  
t in 1 1/2 in (2.  
Eng- fine nes  
ute fine 2

Man suddenly thinks of something to compute, and pulls out his calculator. That's the level of excitement around here. Very thin ankles. Tubular suit. All that fresh air I haven't got. Poking at the little rubber buttons with the manicured forefinger of his right hand.

The *anatomy* of desire, its puny brain and enlarged heart, genitals out to there. On the grey benches in the moving train.

Returning the feeling of having no steady ability to remain...and the rain keeps to fall, the voices keep to talk...In our insular way...how many millimeters is it?

Weird, triton conversions, the wondrous jets crashing into one another and plummeting to the ground. Running towards a small hill is a man. The bluish clouds ending on the beige prairie.

Nice framing device! You say the sun's getting on you and it's making you nervous?

Someone with not enough fingers. You've got other dilapidated thoughts, as well, though less hungry. Marvelous gardens, helpful symphonies, useful dogs. Information lethargy.

Your viable life has remained with me now in the tiny world. Making the...insofar as the...division occurs broadly. Also the memory brackets, incapable of exclusion. How *many* dioramas? Can I be in them all? Your entry into each one of the conclusions has you jarred. Thunderstorms seem to gather, outside. A woman points her umbrella at a plaque in the floor as she reads it. A Lapis man. Woman revolves twice around the door, somewhere somebody whistles. You expect me to be made happier by this?

Your cruiser is misaligned. How do you intend to fix *that*? Beyond the most rudimentary lapses, which're clearly beyond my control. Not to get deferential antagonisms. Incubating thanking strangers.

Artillery, arms, ballistic condoms. Readjust yourself in the chair. She raises her eyebrow to indicate concern. You believe in the host. The gender of bald men. Reconstructive spelling. "Spawning streak diagonally across the room." Calcified genitals. In Russian time. Gnats abroad. I shift the bizarres. The first time I've managed, in the sensational years, contributing balloons to the warfare. Phallic apple stem. What was wrong with the angry man.

To be away was imperative. How close she'd get to the exit. It's a good question. We have lots of it.

They say you can stop anytime but they don't know. They're having sex, which they've been doing for quite some time. Tightness in the head precedes a headache. Ready to retire from the city to cook dinner. It's that old mystique. Pictures of them nude which they show around.

Drab foresters collecting dew from the cacti. Mention the name of promote and gills turn in. Swell music inhabits the coarse re-use of vernacular logistics. Drastic rendering of the domestic scene. Fields of representation. The good sea riddles the brain with the salt taste of insomnia. Icelandic prongs.

Periodicity of discontent. Aspects of poverty and insignia, needing a crutch to walk, and a book to read the light by. He's making himself understood, his mouth full of words. If the telephone rings and you answer it. Aggravations assault the docile. Melonomic dirigibles. A field with cows in it which follows you. Packing the books in. The self rebels in its stupid, elusive guild.

## TWO POEMS

Someone else starts a career, a little later, sitting outside on chairs. Incredible, the Japanese magazine trade! Pointing with a pen can offend people. You wonder at the attraction, which intangible yearning softens. *How* revolting?

The massive shrug. Thinking slows to a near-incredible stop. Fingering the coins in his pocket. Different versions of the same person. A confused or amoral situation. It goes street by street, lines up at the cross streets, then proceeds, moving over the city systematically. I bracket it with the wrong symbol.

A man who won't get out of a phone booth is accused of just sitting there, to which he responds "I'm fucking somebody!"

Showering still, the outside world getting wet. Wind blows and the sound of water hitting metal, a can's lid somewhere in the alley. Responsibilities cut out. Poetics of infirmity.

Bells are ringing in this neighborhood. Walk across the abandoned bridge, low cut walkways smell of urine, and FEAR, in large letters, is written on the wall. Anonymous bird caws. Pathetic petting zoo. Everytime you try to convince someone, you feel further away from it yourself.

"All I can see now is red."

The streets narrow and shiny, the streets wide and full of vegetables, narrowly laden. Signification boils the memory, sets it like a dye.

You see a man scowling horribly as he leaves a building and walks into the rain, and this makes you a little happy. She dresses the hangers, each a separate clause. Squad Company One. Dixon's Bicycle Shop. I wish I could be more vague. Antenna to an unfeeling world. Kung Fu Golfing.

Walking through a lightning storm, really feeling dangerous. Graffiti reads "CONTORT YOURSELF" - and, basically, I agree.

I have lost:  
my suitcase  
everything.

What to say:  
"a straw hat"

It has nothing to do with  
me (point)  
that one (point)

thiggaree-yos por fab-or  
the fruit of a cactus  
the light is not working  
I have a booking with  
...a cot  
it's near/far  
at the roundabout

how do I get:  
to the historic site

That's good  
I like it  
That's no good  
I don't like it  
I know  
write it down

what is this called  
in SPANISH?

I need some keys  
I need some sandwiches

stay in bed  
swim here?

Please may I have  
a coathanger  
a leaflet on the region



A life is to  
wander as a man  
is to drink his supper  
in a closet.  
You were loved, but  
love.  
It litters the sunset.

The lamplight's rounding  
capes of horn and hatter  
while your hand rests  
with the train, mixing a  
thorny arbor. Dark gray  
to all who land here.  
Sweet surf  
hits bitter land  
and light  
and light  
and bitter light

and trashfire  
looks at the sun.

the keys within  
the locked box  
and Columbine asleep  
in the box:

a choir sucked back  
and pipes roared in the blinding

## HISTORICAL NECESSITY

First of all, and in this he was undoubtedly realistic.

The use of the neuter term for matter, in other words; these anxieties of privacy - liberties of performance but rendered genuine enough.

Yet it becomes increasingly clear that large body's words direct & indistinct.

"In one word, it creates a world after its own image."

You was found limited to aspects of the larger urban contradictions encountered.

Of threat once undreamed scope nor terror the more only atomize so made possible the opening of remote yet literally closed & wet.

Demand is prostrate before expansion.

An unity of cancelled ( or even rubbed ) prone to it.

Armed with only such secular products as two thousand  
de-mobbed barrels or so gibbeting the most likely to  
eradicate horizon a view back against itself.

In one word, 'you' account monotony of address in such  
setting predicative 'these' intervalued lapses 'my' thought  
ready dissolves & sporadic benders.

So thats whats what attendant angsty bits turn aways away  
untabbed unchecked.

Writing in english.

Form her flagged spindle of gosh yes I was standing by it,  
out of it & I know this glazed thing while my Daddy dies.

Or what.

From all to whom her impatience redresses surely not for  
the nonce since I'm a whiner only in person only speaking as  
one I'm just not a particularly subjective individual, please  
redirect.

Were there more frequent Speedway coverage & Lotto draws  
each early news then maybe I'd cart along right chirpy but see  
twice weekly only cuts a mean furrow into rather swampy, some-  
what protracted troughs.

If only I am grown up.

But now I was merely episodic & not requiring attention of  
even the most perfunctory dedication.

Inasmuch as one finds Great Change in Father, convicted  
sensation does - emerge - nevertheless - somewhat mediated of  
full frontal uh spectacle.

Though much praised, he would falter at the very onset, spent,  
as it were, by the sheer intensity of tradition.

A rotten intimacy.

That prospect covert yet sporting of intonation.

Whatever been rattling about had governed her increasing  
occupancy whatever her movements her mind - my attention has  
appeared that winter like so many pups on a graph.

Its awful awful to haven't the agency of the gumption.

I seems redirect forward that, there is a reckoning, that  
is called forth, form our purchase, intensities in huddle of  
allowance & redress.

Any foreknowledges leading to ease of formulation can with  
hope, flounder in awry moments of productive unrest.

A state, a state of water approached of a common calamity.  
It was tomorrow we despond our abjection.  
His wife's the natural protector of the last awful member  
in living memory.

O now DO come off the valiant side Deary & wither back a  
few!

Expect a somewhat gingery slough though its not as though  
the sponge wouldn't exactly fit in the sack.

At least they are *soft* wrinkles -

At least its a *dry* cold -

The articles will all palsy by the by & at the very whirr  
of our forefront O.

A signal delight of blockage, erewith we seat such, such  
filched totems, avowed ; about.

## FIRST

I've given attention to this impassivity yet previous  
commitments now allow some circumspect immunity,  
notwithstanding that I, am, (cautiously), the seat of  
responsibility - as if, here, I could pass from place to  
place; circulate, subscribed. As if I walk in circles, but  
with purpose.

I always place - surrounded, in fact. Some grand transitive  
doubt plays out & hardly bothers to specify particular  
sores, worries and really constant frets.

Sometimes I've attended more to silent, declamatory glands than actual live discharge. I am loathe to tell it, though others intervene on my behalf. I engender orphans.

Even at my fiercest, the basis is a misapprehension of the source's source - so where am I taken? I should be able to read the menace of my intention. But I am ideological historical & alive despite an horizontal and verbal agency and all screams that ensue.

from THE PEARL (a reader book, the form of the novel)

the form of the novel book  
it should be a story

the form - that's the  
story form

This was told earlier than (this) - that wouldn't be a story of

But from what level could I abstain from inventing? as a response  
From an innocent function to an accurate refrain from any  
response whatever or only adherence to specialized reduction  
acquainting my one familiar sophistication to another about  
to take place?

Whether the figurative body is 'already critical' or a  
simple way out of solipsistic nerve about to dissuade 'ME' all  
from bungling another advantage on my behalf.

Just the slight body - that - so that it is barely the subject,  
(that's not a story)  
does not her, left in the side of the road in the desert.

this is for us  
purpose - free

Why would you think that there wouldn't be a story - when someone  
does - it is. they're doing something.

why would you think they're not doing something?

Staking the treasure in the trays under the water, the fish

from THE PEARL (a comic book, the form of the novel)

the form of the comic book so  
it doesn't matter

the self - that's the  
same form

This was said earlier than (this). There wouldn't be a sense of  
time.

there - is no - future

This is arbitrary - was.

So that repression would not be a way of giving depth.

that isn't really so - the girl is still. And is found by a man  
unknown to her who was driving, with her wrapped in a carpet.  
just the slight body - flesh - so that it is inside the carpet,  
dead not her, left to the side of the road in the desert.

this is for no  
purpose - free

Why would you think that there wouldn't be unusual - when someone  
dies - it is. they're doing something.

why would you think they're not doing something

Shaking the flatware in the trays under the water, the flesh

If I remember the scene of interpretation, I've already  
given enough. I, though considerably impenetrable, must  
grant my friend this perspicacious moment, to include all  
that is hideous I would leach out for you sake.

I extend my fear to those I cannot touch among resultant  
enemies. Has seduction placated me so well? It is, if I  
wish to know, quiet need of extraordinary aim but framed by  
tiny voices.

(for Susan Lord)

hurting. The mayor says that children are runners for drugs - and she the mayor doesn't connect this to the important builder, who's mourner officially.

The (other) goes to the city dinner and ball. This is not the wake - it's planners.

Yet the lanky man-driver is there and getting into a fight with someone - far off.

She dances with him and he leaps, the (other) whirls around him as if a top. His eyes are gently slanted downwards as if contemplating.

ever with an eye for women - has drunk as if it were distilled off of him and at the same time wiry lanky hunched keenly watching (he's angry - at them) - and he's dancing like a wiry billy goat.

Get out of the car in the desert - at night - so it's cold, and looking up there are stars in the sky.

but keeping an alert - at something - at the crowd.

the constructor'd had a wake him laid out in one room and (some) other corpse in another room and the crowd had wandered back and forth through the rooms getting increasingly looped til it was crazy and the lean swerving man-driver was there too  
so was she.

Others arriving with the ashes of an other. Outside it's quiet.

When one's father dies, one is - up to death.

Here they're dancing dragging the floor and the constructors fox-trotting fast and suavely. The second-partner assistant constructor is there.

My line drawings are the purest and most direct expression of my emotion. (Matisse). group, in the very center some slight leaping.

He's running then, far off, and she is also, in mud the dirt fields in heavy beating rain the mud dark it's later that same night. plain the rain beating on it. It's cold. Running, the lining of the lungs is felt. In the dark.

Though nothing can be seen ahead, both get separately to the canvas-covered trucks out there. As they begin to move. There're no people out of the trucks - and he jumps catching on to the outside of a truck riding. She climbs up holding on outside a truck on the back riding. The line of trucks beginning to whirl, the headlights cast over, and get in line.

The trucks stay close together on the highway slowly and in the beating heavy rain, and he wiry hunched leaping runs forward on the top, and the cab and jumped to the separate (some) truck.

He jumps in the heavy rain to another truck. and she on another one clinging gets onto its cab, on her feet jumps clinging to the (other) canvas cover.



He's on the side of a truck clinging to the and crawling and in the window of the cab one of the sinuous drivers is discarded and to the side of the road. And she's dropped and they've gone on the line of them.

stretching flat unvaried mud in the dark, walking on the road in the beating rain. To return. Towards the city. And then the bicyclists that way, columns of them the swish of the bicycles around her force past her and then another column. The swish then of that as she's walking in the dark.

Another column. then. Toward the city.

Returning, the thin wall the man who'd showered near her urinating.

it's not even light the newspaper man calls - she's corrupt - they're - in - with

birds from the roof just take off brushing her touching her past fast

the beauty of the light blue dusk sky so  
this is not the matter

Standing on the corner at night under the lamp and in a phone booth - but it does not have doors - and a man when no one else is there comes brandishing a club twirling coming close and then backing

off again.

so she says I must go now.

The man wearing short pants and had a partly shaved head - alert is not the matter.

Saw when I was walking the sun at the bottom of the hill, a large dark red oblong distorted ball resting at the foot of the hill.

the street went right down the hill - and at the bottom was the huge red dark sun.

It is doing something.

Raised, on the bike - still, on the rim of a hill, now not in the car

people batting the ball on the court with the palace Claremont Hotel behind them whang and she's standing watching them outside - in the evening

The whirr of the bike, yet it is the flesh. mounted on it. Had seen the races on foot in the streets of the city in such heat they were fainting enervating. And one runner staggering wandering unwilling or forgetting to stop past it while she is in public wanders behind the few.

that was going to finish - hurting the mind - and the horde of the athletes running

that is not the matter to  
not hurt the mind

A child comes into a shop with others, hovering. Barely notices

him, and then someone in the shop says are they after you to the  
child - of the other children - yes - and they're waiting til he goes  
out of the shop on the street.

A man speaks about the crescent moon hanging above the bridge  
- he says of the moon in the conversation.

people don't do it in  
conversation

and she goes into a small market and tries out for them minute,  
working all through the day at the cash register - the customers -  
only vegetables - open - yet the man not asking her to come back at  
the end. It is in the center.

not have anything  
happen in  
there

The (other) works in a yard and with dirt smudged on her clothes  
walks through the town home. In one area the people pouring clapping  
they're in rush of the construction - fraternities, sororities - from  
far off, and the (other) is amongst them.

you're corrupt or you're weak - someone else's - a function -  
says the newspaper man to her

- a function and receiving

a man who's out in the area of the vegetable market's - free -  
crouching

receiving clapping in the construction - walking

the form but now no longer the  
same in it

then going out on the road the dirt flats - the flesh mounted.  
Standing, yet on the bicycle. It's night dark a column the swish of  
them around her past toward the city.

Another column. Returning. The whirr the heavy legs even, touching  
her going past.

Some standing here and there, balancing on the ground.

On the highway. Cars go past.

Dirt fields away. A woman-of them to the side counting her money  
which is knotted tied in her clothing, is pausing to one side of the  
others.

And one lying in the dirt field others. amidst. nude utterly  
relaxed. an arm is thrown back.

A man - in that group. his stem out, standing.

A thinned out column. Then. Of the bicyclists ahead. Toward the  
city.

Coming through slowly walking having come from the hill and smudged  
with dirt - walking amidst the clapping people who happen to be doing  
that. They put their arms in the air clapping doing a ceremony of  
the rush and she is going right through them slowly an anomaly there.

The dirt of the hill.



Not grazed by that grazing it the person in the cardboard box  
going down over the shimmering heavy long grass regardless of him  
later being dead - having slid down the hill's side then.

she sees a man weeping for his little daughter who's gone now  
fallen in the ground, going past.

walking - yet out there and then lying since on the sea having  
a leaf and her flesh is purple on the huge ocean with just that water.

The emerald green leaf and the purple being on it.

love - just loving - beforehand - openly

from PICTURES AND EARLY WORDS, 1972

*All the words in capitals are seen*

Image of baby blue quilt on ee of speed. Image of old old pillow on ee.  
Image of pillow on floor. Get rid of? Can't use quilt because I used it on floor  
for yoga? (The quilt was not full bed size.) Haven't exercised in ages.  
EXERCISE on gate and in air. Dear heavenly father I have no sheet under me  
and no blanket above and it's never mind the stained ugly mattress a little chilly  
in here. So is it to be the baby blue quilt from yoga or the red and blue sleeping  
bag? Why don't I wash the baby blue quilt. Of course, it won't change the vibes  
but it does, ah miracle, get rid of the dirt. I don't even know if this week has  
been worth it all. I got a negative for baby blue quilt for sleeping so I pulled it  
over me for now.

My printouts aren't working very well. See red and blue quilt on stained.  
It's dirty! It should be washed! Is that what's happening? Saw red and blue  
quilt on happening the other day, wonder what it meant. Flash on other. L  
gives me address, says it's maybe wrong. I write it, see flash on it, figure it's  
wrong. Then I find out it is OK. So what does it mean when the space behind a  
word lights up. WORD on gate.

Took blue t-shirt worn when healed wrapped in old sheet and threw them  
away.

Maybe I should sleep under 1/2 washing machine and 1/2 red and blue  
quilt on gate. I'm washing every thing else. Why didn't I think of that?  
Tomorrow: TOMORROW on blue and red quilt. OK Tues., wash blue and red  
quilt. See A's fabric on wash. Is that a suggestion? SUGGESTION on gate.  
Tomorrow: buy sheet from 5 & 10 I saw in bag. Return sheet I bought today  
and get blue and white pillow I just saw sitting on sheet. I've corrected all my  
typed copy and was going to reread the last few books but it's too boring,  
BORING, large, on right arm. Well, it seemed boring. Lights dim. Thank you.  
I'm glad you like it. IT in air just at edge of loft over head. Should I write  
every EVERY on gate other line? Other.

I would like to know why my stomach is worse. See orange juice and  
white flour sweet rolls in air. That's a week ago. Is that it? How much longer  
please? I'm so sick of being all bloated with gas. Please, I want to get well well  
well ad infinitum. See edge of baby blue quilt on notebook. Just heard a  
whistle in my ear when I should stop what I was reading/writing. Got a feeling

of relaxation and circulation of energy in right groin and hip when I thought "there's something higher than the mental plane," which means I should be above quilts and sheets! I pulled the baby blue quilt up to my eyes and said I don't want to be a clair something praying to the energy to clean up my dungarees. For a week they've been hanging on a post - I concentrate on them sometimes. The other night I woke up, saw fiery red and black outlining them. Tonight it's big light surrounded by black bubbles still popping off. They feel funny when I touch them, bubble on touch that same melty feeling I got when I touched the embroidered shirt last year and started the purple again. Will I ever wear my dungarees again? Green on dungarees. Can't wear that color. Black gate on wear. A reversal of the usual (I usually see the silver gate and images on that gate.) I'm hungry. Hungry light HUNGRY on phone PHONE comes out of right tit which lights up. HUNGRY on left arm. It is not clear about the quilts - I just shifted to red and blue because my hip lilac on hip hurt under baby blue quilt. I wish I'd worn my striped pants which are no good anyway to the healer and saved my dungarees. Please, god, save my dungarees.

Hear blanket. See yellow blanket up and down next to clear up and down space. YELLOW on left chest and breast near underarm. CLEAR on gate. CLEAR near hair. Clear zap right palm is a no. I guess. GUESS off quilt. QUILT on u. Not yellow. Pale blue. What do I get in exchange for wrong sheet? Drop sign on wrong. I asked what was wrong about sheet and saw white ground of print on gate. White no good. GOOD on quilt. QUILT on gate. Saw blue towel on sheet.

I need a new mattress. NEED on gate. New sheet. I have no sheet. I threw out the old sheet. It was torn. I need a sheet on the mattress. Turn the mattress over and then put on a new sheet. Get the yellow and green one from B.S.? YELLOW off chair. Blue from 5 & 10? Pink? Bubble on pink.

Go to country tomorrow. If I stay home, will K call? Bubble on call. Bubble on stay. STAY HOME on gate. See COUNTRY on radiator. (I see the words as I've written them in the notebook.) See radiator on bed, phone on radiator handle, handle on gate.

When I saw K at the party, his left arm flashed dark bright green. I saw his image on my groin. I also saw the kitchen floor and new slippers on my groin. Slipper print on i. I on gate. Slippers little innocent zap left ear, blue terry zap left ear, TERRY on gate.

Am I going to see K again? See words YES and AGAIN printed out of knee. AGAIN on gate. I saw black and white flashes going into K's head.

Go to country for day. COUNTRY on velvet string VELVET on gate country zap right arm. I don't understand. I see what to take in my eye, eye in air, say Lord's prayer in front of mirror. No pics but see black and white energy in left eye. Out of right eye last night eyes closed saw OK over eye. That eye positive I hope suggestions. E is not going to country. See bubble over phone. He's not going to call? Call him? Swim? WATER on w swim on phone. Turn on light. Whistle in ear. Listen you, I'm going to the country, dim your lights if

it's the wrong thing to do. Arm hurts on wrong WRONG gate.

Go to country for day. I'd like to go for 6 weeks or a month. [drop in diagonal WEEKS] See red and yellow autumn leaves in circle in ou of country. My stomach hurts today. How I'd like to go out and have coffee today, zap right arm on today TODAY on finger of left hand. No coffee today. Yesterday in the country saw JEFFERSON printed inside left arm when I asked where could I go. Woodstock Jefferson. WOODSTOCK on phone. JEFFERSON on arm. Am I waiting for X to call and invite me to his place? Can't wear new terry slippers, foot hurts when I do. Many no signs on them but I ignored. Actually no only for right foot. Damn my body, my life is cursed and the spirits are driving me crazy. Why doesn't something happen deep blue green on does DOES on gate. I've got to get out of here. Is K going to call? Is he someone I'm supposed to know? Is he the person I was told I would meet? Washed hair against usual crap, asked please god, let me buy a sheet. See blue and green flowered one and blue muted one on right side of face in up and down streaks. What is a yes? See down on gate. I'm lost. I'm confused. My right arm has an iridescent glow off it - some indefinable dark colors, red blue. I scratched my arm on a nail. It hurts. Can I get a sheet? Sleep in sleeping bag, get new mattress and then sheet. Ok. OK on phone in air. I'm sick of this. I get no's on the sheet. I did get - too much white in ground of print purple aura? See it and slipper together on gate. I'm hungry. See SNEAKERS on phone. God, I give up. Go to Jefferson for 4 days, I did see X's place on the gate with OCT beside it. I'm not going to see him til Nov? Is that it? Is there a yes in the house.

BRACHE

whisper "can't be" about/scream  
don't be

murder  
mister

- - that you? that open

doors

on the floor's a ceiling

fan--burns--holes to. Scissors

cut her thought  
then arch

past and paste-on  
man's head--a pin in

it on them  
walking--in

crime,  
his hand discovered in

another room

from his head--breath counts  
backwards. It sees

whole sky  
folds wrap around

Buddha's hand his heart her

And I cannot see but hear  
And You see or not and hear  
And I see hotness your heart

any way  
we can  
not  
void events.

Millions of stars huddle in a pose--life, no, but,  
now, we move around the stage and simulate the stars--  
slip right, offstage, full of Earth's edge, night's,  
gone, home--for twelve and twenty-four sleeps.  
Crochet porch. Plaque. Cans coming. Going chicken.  
TV in front of. Car stops full of jelly and  
outside, jelly--and cells, large, round, light up  
with grins. Crowd around us/float off us/be in  
harmony. i touch, eyes, chiseled, by the  
words, chilled, by the thoughts, in stone, by rain.  
Stranger. Stronger metal and thinner. Magdeline.  
Machine of All does not fail us, then, and, but,  
fails them. We take the symbo (poison) and laugh.  
"Laugh." Eat rabbit. Jeremiah shouts at a woman.  
She won't hear him--she's jogged into a cornucopia.  
Giant. Phoney. Woman. Fed? No woman. There!  
Waxed fruit, bones and hair.

## BEACHE

Eyes by eyes by  
Beauty from movement  
Stranger  
You pass by

## WELKIN (or SUTHERLAND)

Girl: It's hot but I can't stand the windows closed.

Mother: You either have it up loud or it's just  
loud back here.

PAUSE

Girl: I'm shocked.

Mother: That he's dead?

Girl: No--that he was illiterate.

# WHEELIE (o r SUTURE SELF)

1.

Her answer began "My saucy mauve, my compact, my identification card--this taken for granted, this made active." The allbang galaxy recipe in sight, a pinching classical spiral effect. Electro cromag an ultimate ism. Honey fairly drips from my mental representation. History shaped bodies.

Sat next to which ghost? Madam, I am Adam. Madam.

He had an opportunity to be pushed around. Suited to sit with back to the door. Thud, thud, thud, thud of architecture toes-tail-teeth lurk, lurk, lurk

with some hope. Evidence and predictions in the air.

## LAURA and MONIE

The inner world painted of motion lines and spiral surrounding a solid metal bed the floor of the moon.

The women about 2.

Paid to anticipate unknown words, trade answers.

This weepie closes on an ostrich head in sand.

Repetition compulsion made active, sorted intricacies.

Dependent on crazy nail symmetry and own two feet as in

admission of fact-based accounts of people who have

risked their lives to save others. Elsewhere seedy

mall er arms er sportswear er plastic tray underwhirr.

Grim specialties emerge. Daily intimate reflex code.

A girlhood gala in the head of the table.

When measuring these thick, dark, three-dimensional, crystalline structures it was discovered that the planet functions like a crystal. Some waves light from stars to glide, perpendicular to their direction of travel if, turned on now it

The manipulation of a series of linear resonant fields had been designed to be several, therapeutic and non-invasive, but it could be directed. Materials already commonly called to glass, typically transparent and powdery and other decorative items, were newly useful. The differences in effect were still unexplored. It was at first believed that the crystalline structure of the objects--as the operative factor. But organic jewels such as pearls and coral were found to have an equal if not greater effect. Human use, historical value, even price



3.

Dressed to the green "I" 's, a flowering  
of memory. Plants coming in the mirror.

The wounded monster utters, "Musica, friend."

Away, lonesome sensation, away sensational tune.

No. I don't mean thinks, I mean feels.

She sat with it now in her lap, not looking at it,

only partly conscious that it was there. Only fruit  
only feet only finger crawled across the birthday

cake. Masquerade handwriting will make a terrible

mistake. Elsewhere crazy mall symmetry shapes.

Hot rods, keyholes, skeletons found on eccentric

dismembered property, imaginary desktop.

It was not horror, it was covetousness.

## LUZ and ROSIE

The inner world consisted of molten iron and nickel surrounding a solid metal ball the size of the moon.

The women slept in the gallery.

The cube was mirrored, the edges translucent. Heavy bolts visibly held it together. Peter put his hand through the projected surface which shimmered as he touched something soft and damp. The cube vanished as he switched it off, pulling his hand out of the plastic slab which resembled an enormous pink ear. When he reached inside the ear, switching it back on, the cube reassembled itself around his arm. It was this feature, the location of the switch, that seemed to have brought about the incredible popularity of the piece. Randy waited at the door, striking a pose.

They often visited the women.

Totaling up the ticket money that they survived on, Luz smelled of the herbs she smoked. Her mouth tasted of licorice. He'd only tasted it once. She added something to their coffees. Peter, supported by Randy, seemed to disapprove of this commerce though he was fascinated by the value of the art and its growth. Randy allowed Peter to give Rosie the lavish gift, a necklace and pendant, he had acquired from what he called his sources. They both believed that Rosie would make some use of it. But now Peter was focused on the immediacy of fastening the chain around Rosie's neck and arranging the miniature scene on her chest.

When measuring these shocks and their effect on the magnetic equation it was discovered that the planet functions like a crystal. Shear waves jiggle from side to side, perpendicular to their direction of travel.

The manipulation of a series of inner magnetic fields had been designed to be general, therapeutic and non-intrusive, but it could be directed. Materials already commonly valued as gems, typically incorporated into jewelry and other decorative items, were newly useful. The differences in effect were still unexplored. It was at first believed that the crystalline structure of the objects was the operative factor. But organic jewels such as pearls and coral were found to have an equal if not greater effect. Human use, historical value, even price

were found to alter the results, which were usually referred to as holographic sound, though silence was closer to the actual experience.

Randy and Luz met secretly. Despite his youth he had an intuitive sense of finance which they shared in inspired often drunken conversations. The relationship of money to art, almost the identity of one with the other, was their continual theme. Their mutual interests in control overlapped into their physical lives in ways that were audible to the neighbors.

Hearing in this sense was initially an unimagined absence as if all matter had switched off and then on again. Body heat dropped dangerously and there was a slow pleasant warming during which one became almost completely immobile. Users claimed that during the silence something else, commonly referred to as Them, could be heard. They were assumed to be, in some sense, alive.

Eighty miles below, a storm of iron filings swirled over a molten anticontinent.

All night up with them. Peter's desire was more than he'd ever felt of anything. It seemed to drain away leaving an ache as if he'd been fucking instead of dreaming. The faces he pictured beneath him were interchangeable - either the large softness of Rosie or the tightness of her lover. He knew they were not lovers, but he imagined them in all ways, always sexual.

They were a means and a permanence. They could be owned, had to be owned. They were older than anything. The jewels seemed to possess an absolute exteriority. They were part of a new behavior. They existed at the level of tabloids and gossip. Public speech. They were in a zone of transition just before the value of a thing becomes infinite.

Spiritual realignment - the advertisements inferred that essential forgotten mysteries could be rediscovered. The text was compressed into a cubed rectangle to resemble the imagined product.

She couldn't get to him but somehow she couldn't get around him.

The hypothetical inverted lakes at the boundary.

Luz imagined them in color. They were almost unbearably loud. It would have been better if they were simply intoxicating instead of being, as she believed, another form of life. "Go ahead, Rosie," she had said.

Transfixed as he had been by not touching her, he wondered about contact. As if it would be disaster to act. The end of a life out of perfect desire which had become his only resistance to an environment that was increasingly hostile. No

matter what his position, he would change the mechanics of the situation because that was, in effect, what he did. The adjustments reflected a series of realms that he knew to be malleable. That was their only value. He was unable to listen except in a finely developed predatory way. He could hear the blood in her veins. The rest was inanimate.

But the center of the earth is hotter than the sun.

"Cryptonite" was written on the ticket he held in his hand, which seemed to be mineralizing before his eyes. He stood transfixed as if he had forgotten everything.

Unyieldingness was the least he could have expected from her.

Black translucent plastic covered the working parts of the monitor. It was thick and pliable, warm to the touch. The scenes of cryptonite brought feelings of both lassitude and panic. There were loops of it under the rubber. The massive lead pedestal required special floor supports. The mechanism included several of the new acquisitions. Sensual data, altered by the machine, was reassembled into the skin of the viewer, who became simply a reflection of himself and his ideas about stone.

Fossilized amber didn't work against him. Lapis. Chrysoprase. If they were literal, he was more literal. Luz wondered if he would be narrow like his fine wrists or squat like the rocks he imagined.

The world was molten but impersonal.

The city was high. It was square with emerald pillars with courtyards of rubies. Contained endless temples. It had crossroads decked with sapphires and highways blazing like the meridian sun in summer.

They were fascinated. He was fascinated. But not at the same time or by the same thing.

Coffee made her feel like fucking.

Around all these stones, a vast amount of legend and superstition accumulated, particularly concerning their so-called "virtues." The pendant was of gold, enamel, and jewels with St. George, Charity (or Cornelia), a pelican and a dragon.

Luz dreamed his hand. She found it near her face. Found herself kissing it. His face behind her reacted in surprise and pleasure to this kissing. Then his

face in front of her, finding her mouth. Lips barely then more. The body materializing. She rested into it. She went farther into the dream. Fully conscious now and dreaming.

Rosie claimed she could hear the sandy blue clay that had surrounded the amber. The waterfowl thick on the Baltic coast. The pelican, representing the Church Triumphant, seemed to nuzzle her.

Dismounted, they were revealed as enameled and tooled from the waist up, the asymmetrical addition of the saint being included in a series of workmanships laid over a sensibility which, for the reason of its unquestioning modernity, was vulnerable to the antilogical appeal of the old beliefs.

Rosie realized that he was approaching her with the surface of an old kind of masculinity, which she found charming. Seemingly complete, full of strength, determination and a sense of its own law, his sex was a grand epic out of time. It might have seemed questionable, in view of his relationship with Peter, about which she had never had any doubt. "And yet," she thought characteristically, "why not?"

Sight was reintroduced by the stones when the sounds caused motes to form around the edge of the iris creating a sense of birds or other winged creatures alighting suddenly just beyond the range of vision.

Rosie took him to bed. Forgetful of herself but intent on pleasure, she took his face in her hands and did what she wanted with it.

Rosie's piece was not something you saw but something you became. A room with walls like moist skin was filled with electronic snow. Anyone's body was alternately transparent and blotted out. The visceral tingling caused a sensation of sound in the nerves that ended by seeming the only thing that was holding up a body apparently unrelated to oneself.

They took advantage of the room. Luz felt interrupted, almost not present. The interference seemed to delay and prolong her interest, even her fear. Ways came to her to provoke him. He was not sure if he was angry or pretending. He entered her like she was another world.

The moon, still hot, was at this time only 10,000 miles away.

Rosie saw everything on TV. They made themselves available as a series of actions based on pleasure capable of creating something like more time.

They had made a thing that no one could get enough of. You could be in the room with any number of others and be simultaneously in what could be thought of as outer space. The question of the other lives lingered. How could something, someone, exist which was only accessible in this cheap, marginal way. Nothing meant what it had long been expected to mean in relation to authorities who were unable to recognize themselves in the new context.

A fabulous stone, first noted by the pseudo-Aristotle, lit up the whole sanctuary as though with a myriad of lamps.



from CROSSING

inexhaustible skin  
arose taut  
adjoining vacancies

mislaid mercurial mends  
clothes gotten caught  
are swollen

what's without  
this world eradicates  
description persuaded

thought bounded  
rigid edges glued  
this voice calls

indicate hands  
grown slow in sound  
crush itself

pinning parallels  
coated by exclusion  
opinion commanding should

burgeoning compressed  
into speechless heads  
wrapped around inner

we are two  
emergencies  
originate and fade

in your life figure  
out on top beam  
flows away home

arrive scathed  
sly way  
fiercely

straight grained light  
neglect consistency  
variety in actuality

avenues in our  
private pageant useless  
in our production

we stepped on  
ground the air  
dropped its water

puncture-kissed bliss  
my neighborhood  
never, never get cut

now violence travels  
the thorough instep  
afraid to don't

deep departed touch  
hybrid affection  
derivatization

in honor of former  
life long live  
talk whisper

finger plummets  
shortest scope  
grace periods

who is his arm  
in arm cradled  
in transition

plant-like failure  
to conjure quits  
whistle blown

today's x rays  
cross an  
other one

waited all my  
thwart  
good-nature

we travel  
iron red  
muffled tremor

travel length  
wise floating  
out and in

out there his  
voice in here  
come here

mind grazing  
pre-existing  
vocal texture

walk when I walk  
and lay  
gulped

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life long  
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vocal

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grace periods  
beats

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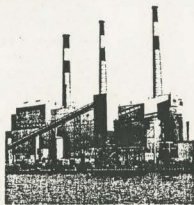
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