

extensions

NO. 2

\$1

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extensions

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Vito Hannibal Acconci

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------|
| He was small | page 1 |
| Until after he was growing up | page 2 |
| For a while he was growing | page 3 |
| As well as much as an | page 4 |
| Inch at a time by | page 5 |
| The time he would look on | page 6 |
| Each occasion until as time | page 7 |
| Passed each had gone | page 8 |
| By as he went past them | page 9 |
| Up to the time when he could look | page 10 |
| Back to those times when as far | page 11 |
| As he could remember he had | page 12 |
| Been small and also smaller | page 13 |
| And even the smallest he had | page 14 |
| Ever been as well | page 15 |
| As when he was as | page 16 |
| Tall as he could remember having | page 17 |
| Been which was | page 18 |
| Yesterday being that he did | page 19 |
| Not look today yet as it | page 20 |
| Were at himself as he | page 21 |
| Was although as | page 22 |
| It is he is preparing | page 23 |
| To do that at least | page 24 |
| He is as to the small | page 25 |
| Of his back although if | page 26 |
| He takes a larger view this makes | page 27 |
| Him feel small though not when | page 28 |
| No one looks as he does while look- | page 29 |
| Ing back all the same as if | page 30 |
| To see if they ever looked like | page 31 |
| Him one at a time | page 32 |
| At any time he could count on. | page 33 |

PRECAMBRIAN

VD town is now
Wide Awake

he told that to the father complete

AFTER THE LAST RAY
OF NUMBERED VIBRATIONS

have you followed God?

a little perhaps
with neurotic interchanges

his wall forms

how indefinite

for the pavement
steps

steps
that wander

unseen

Partial removal.

cross many times over
the swan-neck bridge
pain.

Shall I look hungry eyes
I see torture.

deepen
deeper still
dark there

how many times will it go around without knowing why?

his hotel is the best idea
it gives up the after-life
and guests do it on the borrowed sequences
hung up across the wet lines of trouble (truth)

O berries dripping with ink-stain

i mean, I really don't read

empty containers.

the niceness oh the very niceness nice

CODIFY IT
AND YOU HAVE A NONE

Ponderous world—the word at once
driven into a virulent lake
proves at a glimpse—nothing falters.

oblivion, that is, semblance
has not been more obvious in my day.

pass for another smile
for now

i mean, I really don't need

empty containers.

SAYING LITTLE MAKES IT SO
CARRY UP YOUR FORGOTTEN QUANTITIES

blown up together
who knows
melted spots of mostly black

SADDER LIGHT
ABUNDANT CONCENTRATION

action denied

(IT'S MY QUANTITY)

who gives to the darkness
let it more than balance

yes. yes. completely now

that car runs thru my brain
not down the street

peeling wallpaper
 I am there in your Attic
 caught.
 as you well intended
 enough.
 My decision is a round one. rising from the center of Center
 across and then deeper
 how I hope to be into
 ghastly as though given
 stolen
 acting on a ceremony
 daring and yet gone.
 void.
 but wait
 for the reoccurrence
 YOU HAVEN'T MADE IT CORRECT
 ants will cross the road
 here
 and yet i mean that
 of mine owned alone did
 not see others
 O how I
 Idaho and Iowa
 and Standard Oil
 daff deep into the cleft of
 no trump, baby
 turned toward the retching light
 searching.
 Flatten me against my desires. Wander on to
 Araby's dark penal nights
 so long
 that a turbaned queen
 might quite nod to appropriate
 a nether region—
 O it's a legend alright

My Mother Told Me

no no no
 it's elaborate
 she knew nothing
 it's almost over
 Don't ever forget
 little else has been done
 Even untold misery gets told
 FOG
 night
 red
 neon
 light
 essence, Helen
 that rests on nothing
 without impressions.
 to be born but
 yes it's wrong
 Egypt, why, what a pleasant aridity
 nobody stares at it a long time
 no one
 absolutely nothing
 is that enough?
 O chimney crown that one and only
 steep time
 steep
 steep
 and so on. so on.
 Chimney so on.
 and so on Chimney.
 stares at it a long time
 SADDER LIGHT
 ABUNDANT CONCENTRATION
 wastebasket finishes The Word

gerard malanga
TWO POEMS

STORY OF THE BLINDFOLDED GIRL

"... she asked me to feel her breasts of which she
was proud. . . ."

-- piero helicz, from BORDER BOREDOM

summer begins to burn up all the dreams
loves theories of gravitational pull a childhood wedding
band of garlands a well defined profile intrudes
in the course of my thoughts restoring my memory
box and the immortal cliché of unrequited love
as friends will shield their eyes from the white sentences
the reasons for this small handful of poems which remain
will serve for some other young couple in love
to avoid those tragic mistakes
involving me in disappointment
the result of some impulsive uncalled-for separation

in the open field on fire with sunlight
i am leading the blindfolded girl
in a long flowing lace dress by the hand to
the place where gerard malanga would be born
100 years into the future
poems about a young couple upon the horizon
line it will look as though we have arrived
at our predestination young adulthood
to kneel in the sunlight falling on us

lou lou the name i meant not to write
on the white page after your death
your eyesight will escape to become the virginity i take
the landscape i am describing to you
the childhood aura of flowers and the angels of blake
blinding me the engagement calendar in which we get lost
in time and space helping me to forget
you but i dont you are doing your homework
you are flying the kite of magenta maxime presented to you
or rocking your horse in the cloudbursts
you are tying your long hair in knots
into braids you are reinforcing the string
alexis tied around your delicate wrist
you are dancing through the tall weeds
forever into slow motion why do i feel that i have to
force this poem out of me i can write
anymore finding it easier by pushing a button
allowing the sensitive daylight
film to run through to the end

"in the shape of a heart i open the door"
was all piero could tell me looking out across the bay

the sun in which i can see your face
setting apart from this world
i step into the bridal suite of the preraphaelite fairy tale
of the smell of fresh linen
the tender parchment of mushroom and rose
the young girl named lou lou bearing parsley
and not saying a word

in the metal body of the beloved butterfly i wear
around my neck is inserted your spirit
and a kingdom of passing glances

the light rain is falling into its past
tense at night dante lost and found in new york city
clear plastic sacks of health grain in the large kitchen
cupboard but there on that staircase of shooting stars
i shall always say what is on my mind
writing on the paper ruled lines
that same line that divides cars on the left and the right hand
signal side of a road that divides us is what must be on the earth
in the morning when i sit up in bed
thinking of you

outside an occasional whizzing car or a cluster of crickets

the springs 23:viii:68

from Lou Lou and What Came After Rome

LA PIETA
(after Ungaretti)

1.

I am a wounded man.
And I would go away,
and reach finally,
Piety, with how one hears
one's self, alone, is heard.
And I feel exiled among men.
Yet for them I am in pain.
Should I not be worthy of myself again?
I have peopled silence with names.
Have I shattered head and mind to fall in bondage with these words?
I rule over ghosts.
O dry leaves
Soul here and there. . .
No, I hate the wind and its voice
of this immemorial beast.
God, do those who implore you
Know you no longer but by your name?
You have cast me out from life.
Will you cast me out from death?
Perhaps man is unworthy even of hoping.
Dry, too, the fountain of remorse?
Sin is of no significance
If it does not head to purity.
The flesh can scarcely remember
That once it was strong.
Unregenerate and wild, the soul.
God, take heed of our weakness.
We would have a certainty.
Do you not no longer mock us?
Cruelty, lament for us then.
I can no longer bear being walled up
in desire without love.
Of justice, show us its sign.
Your law— what is it?
Release my weak feelings,
Free me from restlessness.
I am weary of howling voicelessly.

2.

Dusty flesh
Where joy once teemed,
Eyes half-opened to waking,
Do you see, my too-mature soul,
What I shall be, fallen to earth?
The road of the deceased is within us, jagged and deep.
We are the "soft" shoulders of its massive shadows,
They are the grain which breaks open in dream,
Theirs, the distance which keeps with us,
And theirs, the shadow which gives weight to names.
The hope of synonymous shadows
And nothing more to it our fate?
God, would you prove no more than a dream?
We want you, rashly,
To fulfill this dream you preach by.
It is the offspring of clearest insanity.
Trembles not in the clouds of branches
These sparrows at morning
At the eyelids' thread.
In us it is in us more critical, a mysterious wound.

3.

The light, soft and easy, which pricks us
Is a thread that is each time more slender.
Can you not dazzle more without killing?
Give me this supreme joy.

4.

Monotonous universe of Man
Believes he is enlarging the blessing
And from his unsure hands
Nothing issues but what endlessly comes.
Tied to the void
By the spider's web,
He does not fear, but only compels
By his own outcry.
He disguises corrosion by rising tombs,
And to think of you, Eternal Omen,
He has only but to blaspheme your name.

JULY AT DAWN

1

Last night in this unusual room
the stars flickered and
went out with the moon
with finality I pulled down
the shade lay down
on the hot black coals
of the night and dreamed
of pyramids

2

I understand the Twiga
Hotel and that you will be
there with them
in Dar Es Salaam
and my jealousy my brief
longings will be here with these children
these creations of

3

weekends after Africa!
Fourth of July weekend
Labor Day weekend
and two others I forget

4

White with rage the sun
composes noon after noon
after noon with no
periods

5

lean out the warm window: dawn
leaning on green
leaves green apples
green Pentecost chasubles
the intellectual immature priest
and the July dawn sky
like the skin of a peach

6

and fall back
"there was ten things under the bed
and I did those ten things and
there was ten things not
under the bed and I
did those ten
things" he said

7

above the beach
the pale yellow sky
is an illuminated map
on which navy blue clouds
are continents outlined
by lightning

8

on a Boston beach
three girls were sitting all night
waiting for the sun
after sophomore year
to roll triumphant over
the sea just like their
philosophy
look
here it comes
I cried

9

oh dawn
of brides and old alleluias!

WAITING

waiting
the winter

of distances comes
like little onions somewhat greyish
pink, with vague vertical stripes
expanding at the horizon, yet motionless

perhaps I've done something wrong

should have telephoned someone

I see faces old school, new school, the Hungarian princess

I hear a flock of small rains

I hear nothing, the tick of it
has come into my room

unchanged

I'll wait again tomorrow

the
 city
 of
 God
 and
 the
 city
 of
 man
 are
 the
 same
 city
 more
 gay
 more
 miserable
 the
 skyline
 is
 falling
 I
 go
 home
 alone
 I
 go
 home
 with
 Apollinaire
 rain
 is
 falling
 on
 my
 four
 silver
 bracelets
 how
 strange
 life
 is
 nothing
 we
 can
 touch

(CHRISTMAS POEMS, NO. 3)

Diane Di Prima

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER NO. 4

Left to themselves people
 grow their hair.
 Left to themselves they
 take off their shoes.
 Left to themselves they make love
 sleep easily
 share blankets, dope & children
 they are not lazy or afraid
 they plant seeds, they smile, they
 speak to one another. The word
 coming into its own: touch of love
 on the brain, the ear.
 We return with the sea, the tides
 We return as often as leaves, as numerous
 as grass, gentle, insistent, we remember
 the way,
 our babes toddle barefoot thru the cities of the universe.

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER NO. 6

avoid the folk
 who find Bonnie and Clyde too violent
 who see the blood but not the energy form
 they love us and want us to practice birth control
 they love us and want the Hindus to kill their cows
 they love us and have a colorless tasteless powder
 which is the perfect synthetic food. . . .

Denis Dunn

A L L O F
T H E S
P O E R
E T
i s
i l l u s i o n
l i l l u s i o n s
e
r a
o f k
l o
i n t h e
g a t
o f
f u t
space
points
v i e w
o f l o g
s o f k
i n a y
w i e w
l o g
i n g

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER NO. 4

Left is sometimes people grow like hair left to themselves take all their clothes off as they walk love deep beauty share blanket covers & children they are not afraid they plant seeds in winter they speak to me another. The word coming into my mind is a bunch of how on the plain - o r l d We require the world ideas We return as often as leaves as animals in this grainy material we remember the way.

new paper could have put some of the other

t i v e
p o i n t s
i n s
i n
space
n d
t
pers p e c t i v e
o f
gl e s

Denis Dunn

PIERRE REVERDY

FOUR POEMS

Translated by Michael Benedikt

ANOTHER EXPLANATION FOR THE MYSTERY

All I can see, at the far side of the sky, is an enormous white dog chewing on the moon. And the dog is no cloud. If he doesn't belong to anyone, he will go away. And we will be able to see day again. But if this dog belongs to this man who leans against the mountain to watch and laugh at us? The mysterious noises stop and night becomes harder. We are just about to make yet another revolution.

AT THE END OF THE STREET OF STARS

The eyeglasses circumscribe themselves around the new outline of the sky. Do the two parts move together in order to look at one another? The moon and the sun wait, keeping their distance.

Meanwhile the hours fall more heavily and more lengthily than before.

Also, there are eyelids closing, clouds passing.

And a moment's repose and calm for us, who have traveled so very far. At a given signal, a finer hand, with lacquered red nails, lifts a curtain holding back the new day. And sleeping sun-rays are visible. Water, standing on the grass. The numeral. And the street, where nobody goes by, enveloped in a long black cloak which, from time to time, shifts to one side.

TIME OF THE SEA

Far out, transported by the surgings of the moon on the crest of the waves, the air remained afire one moment longer. The sailors sing while unfolding evening with their sails. The East spreads its mysteries on the hard rock of the dock. Their eyes are full of imprecise images. And their memories in well-filled bags. The lighthouse, a low star that turns. And the distant visions draw nearer. Land exchanges climates. The customs officer sleeps, confined to his cabin. And his shadow steals off. Passing ships sink in the nocturnal dimness, drawing a last burst of light. The sun dissolves. Masts extend. The surges endlessly sift sacks of stars. And the spray dances with its own reflections.

A CRY IN THE NIGHT

The ink-black hair surrounds the long neck
A look ascends and poises itself up there
quick flare that bursts out
And comes down on the backdrop of soot
Not one face is familiar
It's time now for another voyage
Following the one the winter previous
When the train
Caterpillar glowing on the vines of night
moon at its head
ate through the roadway at the gate
crushing down all sound
Inside they arise
They haven't arrived yet
But meanwhile on every side
on the music staves of telegraph wires
The accursed owls
All the birds of the night
Fling out their metallic notes
And before these ominous cries
The train flees off in panic

ENTROPY

The street corner clock with no hands
is not a dream

& The hot world
is alive within me

These are the nights of the stopped sun
I worship the black wall
I drink & leave nothing
I come for you thru every corridor

ANALOGY

There's no reason to live
We know it

Unsalvaged
His thirty-third year
The day split open
A head of sweet rotten meal
Warm and blood-filled
The sign of the lion
The coming crescent moon's
Lush madness

A man under water
A face in the cistern

LOVE POEM: THE BRIDGE

1

You walked the bridge
frightened
the openness the water
and as in this appearance
that which is sensed between us

In the breathing of sleep
as bodies are measured
to hold the mind as it closed
or into the city or over
the bridge you will not cross

Had said:

love poem
the fall's chill

could not open
the pattern of the year gone dead

2

Error that is
apperception.

Staring at the bridge
it seems, what it is,
and the water
where the sound is lost
if the stone drop.

There is a weight
falling at the mind.

It was Einstein
who informed him
of the inviolable
fusion
of space and time

Again,
you walk the bridge.

THE DAYS

the vestigial curve of breasts
the way legs lie
a rat-like dog

&

the space
between separateness
the order
of a mind more perfect

that perceives
the chaos of the air
who is always running
who is laughing her way
out of all entangles
save that

lodged
at the pit
of her heart

the proposal of wholeness
the cigarette burnt down
a slight wind
the sun an inch lower

earthen
unended

THANKSGIVING DAY

1

they go inevitably away
as we did

the road south
from the city

old Plymouth
her hand grasping my prick
we rode

pushing gas pedal
to floor boards

kiss my ear

she explains the map
a hundred miles

Jesse James
robbed Northfield Bank
Hormel's pigs

her father
locked in the factory
died in car crash

Richard
Eberhart walked streets
and she to Vassar

broke down

California

Princeton

myself

I wanted those years from her
young

and we ride

2

Driving back thru the rain we took
the wrong turn and faced the cars.

We got out without accident
but later the windshield cracked.

So: say the machine remembers,
and that the past is not merely
the present's disintegration.

3

We set an image
and it fixes
and after it
there is nothing
can avert us.

The rigor
of this unfulfillment
comes daily
to amaze us.

Towards four
the sun appeared
and the clouds
were luminous
driven eastward
in the wind.

The deserted streets.
I give this to you
as it was given to me.

THE BANQUET

I

You were once delicate with the funds that were raised
... alone suspended in a forest of red cigarettes
I can see you're tired of being handed leaflets
yes leaflets are something to contend with
when you touch them you will turn into a cloud of sulfur dioxide
Eventually boredom will pass through the door
he will be noticed immediately
he will be reading Spanish Poetry
incandescent light bulbs fell from the canals of his arms
cowards knew him well
food was surrendered
A piece of chalk
A bite from a piece of chalk
A need to talk about chalk
A catastrophe having something to do with chalk

II

Today your body is so delicate it apalls me
"No there aren't any needle marks on my arm"
a banquet of thieves
a banquet to rely on
the mists cleared from the area of your arrival
are you surprised I'm not happy to see you?
"I told you I was coming"
"Oh did you"
The castle was empty
There were no guards around to explain the sights as
there are in the Cloisters
there were no people to complain about flesh as
there are in the Cloisters
Under all this Tolstoy was seen dancing

YOU SPOKE. . .

You spoke in shy tones
and told me
"Wait a minute I have to tie
my shoelace"
As I stopped and pondered every car with "secret formulas"
The foreign agents trailing behind you and Groucho Marx

MY WORLD

I.

You can see if your eyes stop their continual blinking
that none of your blood shall rub off on my poems
your excellency
if I seem arrogant in any way it's your imagination

II.

A bird does a somersault
then makes love to itself
A space for a random image _____
A toad torn from the previous random image

III.

There's a huge lump of sugar stuck in your throat
this is possibly the reason you can't talk to me
the early Greek finery you are wearing has
impressed me to no end

IV.

Frank O'Hara once said it's great to get up in the morning
I disagree

ELEANOR'S SCENE

Play in the grass I haven't for awhile
I'm not dead yet though are you?
It sounds absurd but I'd like to hold you mornings when
you can't hold yourself.
Let's have a friendship made beautiful from lack of sleep.

Michael Heller

Find sense to change?

The mountains did, everyday, the sun shifting
in declination.

Leap

The actual stumped them. The dark
did nothing
but remind them of their own dark
-rootlike

impacted
gripping down
for warmth,

water, or what-
ever was up that gorge
the grandee walked out of
a string of rabbits
slung on his servant's arm

My wife jumped

Black
we'd never
known

"Living nights"
we called them

that whistle
in high woods
above

river bed
following us for miles
until the rocks
seized us

-the two
cliffs

face to face
the way no one
could be

with any of them
and not draw up his own
terror

-cold
as the quick
and cold torrent
of water

swirling
over our feet
we tried to shout above
for what nameless
quality of contact

KARL KROLOW

THREE POEMS

Translated by J. Michael Yates

DROUGHT (Trockenheit)

Then the eyes of
The girls grown women
Began to opaque.
The season fell
Victim of flies.
The heated air
Strangled housepets
In their sleep.
Statues stood
At the target
Of their wishes:
If anyone passed,
They began to speak.
Many counted
The rainless days
On their fingers.
The wind lay
A long time in the leaves
Like a snake
Biting the fruit.
Love played still –
But with the young only –
In the river.
The rest of the earth
Had become too depressive

PORTRAIT OF A HAND (*Porträt einer Hand*)

Five nail-moons which rise
Over the sky
Of the right hand:

It holds a black strand of hair,
A flower without age,
A nameless photograph.

The history of the ring-finger
Is not the history
Of the index-finger

This hand closed.
It sleeps the sleep
Of its five moons
In another hand.

THE HUNT (*Die Jagd*)

For a long time the horncalls
Sought one another in the undergrowth.
Their voices were too thin
For the motionless air.

But the game was alarmed.
The flocks arose and fled
Into the forest sky.

The dogs tore one another's throats.
The guns struck the heat
Which lay in wait for the hunt
In flashes between the fingers.

The horizon returned the death of these
With a distant electrical storm.

Robert Kern
TWO POEMS

ELEGY

First Grandpa died
the one who bit my ear lobes
It was fun being loved
back in those misty memorious days
though it really hurt, sometimes
He got me a red cash register
that broke
Lying under the sink, looking up
Grandma's dress
out of revenge for the food, that gruel,
ugh!
How she laughed, ha, ha
Why do I think of you
as a lion in a tulip garden
(sometimes it's a tiger in a corridor
but the origin of that image is explicable)
(What an image!)?
I'm sorry, but that's what comes to mind
so often. So what, it's just a bunch
of language
After that, everything explodes
I mean disintegrates
I'm at the window, waving,
the house empty behind me
Goodbye
Everyone floating up the street

GREETINGS

I might be saying something
interesting but you don't listen
I'm trying to have an effect
on you
Why don't you stop what you're doing
and look at me
If I were on the shore
of the Dead Sea
you'd be out in the middle of it
floating
the dead man's float
If I were on 34th street
you'd be in the observation tower
of the Empire State building
whose history we planned to write together
until you got fascinated by the view
What's wrong with you
We know what's wrong with me
My red eyes
My crawling hands
My personality
that stalks you out and surrounds you
like shark fins
like World War I fighter planes
with flaming machine guns
I mean well

Diane Di Prima

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER NO. 9

advocating
the overthrow of government is a crime
overthrowing it is something else
altogether, it is sometimes called
revolution.
but don't kid yourself: government
is not where it's at; it's only
a good place to start:

1. kill head of Dow Chemical
2. destroy plant

3. MAKE IT UNPROFITABLE FOR THEM

to build again.
i.e. destroy the concept of money
as we know it, get rid of interest,
savings, inheritance
(Pound's money, as dated coupons that come in the mail
to everyone, and are void in 30 days
is still a good idea)
or, let's start with no money at all and invent it
if we need it
or, mimeograph it and everyone
print as much as they want
and see what happens

declare a moratorium on debt
the Continental Congress did
"on all debts public and private"
& no one "owns the land"
it can be held
for use, no man holding more
than he can work, himself and family working
let no one work for another
except for love, and what you make
above your needs be given to the tribe
a Common-Wealth

None of us know the answers, think about
these things.
The day will come when we have to know
the answers.

FOAMS

White bread is a solid foam. Most white bread is sanitary. It is also allotropic according to Dr. Charlton Fredericks. "In almost all storebought white bread the wheat germ has been ruthlessly sacrificed on the altar of modern milling process (denaturation) . . . Much if not most of what poses as white bread is pure pap; a tribute to engineering ingenuity, advertising cleverness and packaging artistry. It is also an insult to human intelligence.

Foams are agglomerations of gas bubbles separated from each other by thin liquid films. They constitute the first eight classes of colloidal systems. The first eight classes of colloidal systems are:

- 1 gasses dispersed in gas
- 2 gasses dispersed in solid (solid gel)
- 3 liquids dispersed in gas (fog, spray mist)
- 4 liquids dispersed in liquid (emulsion)
- 5 liquids dispersed in solid (sol gels)
- 6 solids dispersed in gas (fume)
- 7 solids dispersed in liquid
- 8 solids dispersed in solid (many sols and gels)

Fire-fighting foam blankets fire preventing free access of vapor to air.

artificial flowers
artificial islands
artificial snow
astronaut chairs
ball floats for toilets
beer
book covers
breakable stage furniture
breakwaters
buoys
burial vaults
cabanas
caskets

The collapse is nearly complete. The white spreads more widely along the surface flattening the swell.

The face, now beyond the vertical, with a sharply defined crest or blade along the top, leans forward. The glassy blade appears to form a momentary tunnel before the pitch down and forward.

The break has begun, the white plunging into the trough ahead of the crest and forming a temporary vortex.

The next incoming swell is rising influenced by the shallowing bottom. For an instant, the outgoing wave meets the vertical obliquely. The overlapping of the two produces a complex pattern. At some points, peaks of twice the height of the incident crests and depressions of twice the depth of the incident troughs. Alternately, at another point, the superposition effectuates a standstill; troughs and elevations respectively cancelling each other out.

The wave breaks up into a bore of foam. As the froth meets the sand, the incoming swell is rising, influenced by the shallowing bottom. The recoil of the swash is transmitted now obliquely as a reflected wave.

The level is lowest now.

CRAZYFOAM

detergents
display racks, booths
encapsulating gasoline and corrosive chemicals
floating aquarium decorations
floating lounge chairs
floating ramps
floating soap dishes
floating tables
foam rubber
fossil shipping packing
frozen food containers
Gillette FOAMY shaving cream

GLASSFOAM

lampshades
mannequins
mothballs
partitions, temporary, non-supporting
perforated acoustic tile
pool kickboards
portable weather shields
rafts
scum slipped through sewage disposal systems into streams
seaplane pontoons
septic tank liners
soap bubbles
stage settings, columns, statuary

STYROFOAM

surf boards
temporary shelters
toilet soaps
traffic barriers
void filling of deteriorating roofs, walls, gutters, columns
wall plaques
wheel chokes
whipped cream in cans

THE INTERVALS

Approaching the source,
bewildered, where dust shifts, exhaled

"... approaching the source"
where dust... my fingers, just barely

Approaching The Source,
consider these levels of light, tentatively —
but Time was gone or acquired

"perhaps nothing" a message
written in cities as we moved

thru Winter
into equivalent time
Exposures and the subversions
we suppress

The purges
like lines of the poem extend
their illusions, lifting
the victims. . .

Whose past will have no odor,
no ashes —

irreducible,
ironically bestowed
"corrections" . . . and continents
as dust

lifting falling
below them: The Eye still
diminishing—

Then Europe
Then Asia—
. . . Panama,

another supposition
And another time
as if

within each A new
idealism
(Burroughs
in an
igloo)

Mao told Edgar Snow in 1936

"... in the parks and old
palace grounds

I saw the early spring of the North

I saw white

plum blossoms
while the ice still
held over the North Sea."

And in 1957

"The growth of new things can be hindered
not because of suppression
but thru lack of discernment."

—Beginnings
in impossible

Poetrys

that write this: Finally

upon air, before me. . .

merely, the words assemble "tomorrow"

extravagant
Historians elevate
carve
and complete
all disputes.

2 lines—

US medical examiners probe

the mouths of the enchanted

citizenry of South Vietnam.

"BE HAPPY"

in an unforced communion

with the Essential
and Authentic
Intuition.

The figures

are literal

I explain

as tendency apparent
throughout

does not take place

flames in the woods
... opened the small auto's rear door
and C. wedged between rear seats
shot 4 times
22 caliber

Poem: 1.
their terrors and ironies
 —This in the approach
 of the poet arriving
 in sequence—
 The Intervals

Into rooms of exquisite dreams
 or Sarah,
 conceiving in a meadow
Vanishing "why
don't you sterilize
 the needles?"
 —You
 sigh in
 a gray fedora,
 "as William Wilson, I
 have left
 one Mansion
 as a revelation"

Sources cherished to bed purely
determined CIA agents
in absurd sunglasses pursue
militant City College Coeds
thru lobbies of burning Catskill resorts

"Lease,"
 the voice said
 and they did.

Followed
... reassuring disasters. . . R. arrives with A. —
"things" look up

He savors old
 strangings a rumor
 Cincinnati hotel slayer
still on the prow
 —2. Now
 The risks seem likely.
 November here, as elsewhere

Air strikes—
lines
late tapes
Info flashes

 "—Over"
first extension air power—
 Alarms on—
 radios off—
 "—Position"
 against Peking
the first contingents in the North
Rusk favoring new
 tasks as force
 of fire grows. . . Lines

Investigation continues slide, early 1935
 White
 poppy in His lapel
In this guise "Old Terror" looms again
 symbol of 3 Irish decades
 Nevada
an ornament
 of condition, gang-planks and mesas

I am told this morning the risks seem likely.

"All oil is positive." G.R.
3. "Pull the switch." 4. Pull the switch

... blackout China"

Simpson streets in "the Bronx"
neither the weapon
 nor the attacker
 was found,
the police had no address
 for the victim
 his body
 was taken

upon ourselves
 We—must reject those
 unexpected cultures
 “blown”
 by forces
 which inspire the victims
 Those souls
 we cease
 to detect
 or depict
 “in the quality
 of spirit etc.
 etc.” *Blackout China*—

Another batch fading
 into Nagasaki
 hands sketching in air,
 chimneys smoking,
 notations, a list
 uncovered scrawled in 19-cent pads
 Poems out of postal
 addresses, ballads
 of material innocence
 by a lake
 televised
 stadiums of repentance overflowing
 Baptisms white
 invalids immersed
 in robes, straps
 dripping—

Clerics in swim-
 trunks and college
 sweatshirts calling
 for another one

Their share of
 The next darkness. . .
 Ritual of gray veils
 priests perspire
 in ermine collars, Saturn seen
 closing in the 4th House
 4. exposed tattoos
 buttocks

 as Jews so
 . . . his eyes close
 automatically the
 S wire runs in
 to a regular rhythm
 above his head
 hung a filter

 —drain
 the faces that they wear for me
 Nordic sluts mounted
 by German shepherds adolescents
 fucking funny to watch
 very blue acrobats, tense forms and
 the main attraction:
 Mary
 in the middle
 of the room
 “accessible
 on all fours, 9-foot stage,
 props: horse, dog,
 scarves
 dildo
 and umbrellas
 Boxes implying submission
 equipped with polyps
 “a plastic paradise
 for the sombre
 bodies—

“Answer The Words” the poem lost
 diminishing’

Sources at disorder
 The predictable metaphors,
 someone darker, someone losing an arm. . .
 Stanleyville, Saigon

 inconceivable
 descents
 as in an instant

The Intervals
 music begins
 immaculate gestures hinted at
 And No image.

All this
 done in the air
 falls away.
 The new machines applying
 correct numbers. This “advancement”
 making it difficult. This new idealism
 planted on the eye’s surface.

2. procedural errors prove inevitable

3. delays in final effort
 citing widespread. . .

blackout China. . .

Preceded by power
 the rest follows into
 The lines
 extending the. . .
 Numbers shift all
 points. "Freedom outdated"
 This condition, January —
 and again it is the subversive plots
 we suppress

THE ARMED CONTINENT

Gray areas
 wait
 to signal—
 levels of illusion
 shapes
 exhaling into the machines. . .
 (perplexed
 at his insistent
 explanations)
 The Peace incidents.
 Again it is Spring
 and evening burned scattering
 slow, deliberate
 where the dust shifts
 "known,
 not known. . ."

Divergency:

—The words assemble
 tomorrow rehearsing ideals
 This is Freedom 1931
 broadcasts
 serenading victims
 on the wall —
 . . . mutterings,
 voices overheard
 in a massage parlor
 (Burroughs
 in an igloo)
 establishes white noise outlets
 "to be fed later"
 Sequence of Unit
 machine controls
 process of random
 absorptions
 at any level—Source bdcsts.
 "let it Rip////"

Epstein pointing at a Governor—
 Louellen on the stairs
 bare-assed, Kafka
 surmised
 in lecture halls, David R.
 anguished, or G. speaking
 in Bailey
 R. arrives with A./
 answer the words
 the poem l o s t
 lls ssopls "hhj" 4 M.

To end,
 "Look around"
 she said—
 in less then a decade
 Germans leave again for Rome—
 Target cities wait,
 alarms "on" radios off
 . . Rusk favoring new
 tasks as force
 of fire grows
 Lines slide
 early 1935 shrieking
 newsmen
 And one
 day
 it's all over
 all gone
 North
 since the last command—
 The Image → (Canopus in Northern skies)
 as elsewhere
 fused. . .
 A star
 spreading. . .

(August 1966)

Nathan Whiting
FIVE POEMS

US IN THE HALF SHRUB AS THE SUN DROPS

Then, when the sun sets into Oklahoma,
I know the summer has been long
boiling the small earthen ponds
and baking the grasshoppers
into brown flying creatures.
I look out, toward the nearest barbed fence,
and see the red soil
warped among the wounds.
Beside me is Johanna
her shirt open like a boy's,
her face uncolored
because I asked it of her.
The wind shakes her hair,
a sage plant and some of the grass.
It grabs the sweat
as she raises her arm
to scratch someplace behind a shoulder.
Her hair is blacker than Oklahoma.
Everything here is so used to burning
that it doesn't char anymore —
but there are vacant places along the ground.
I look at a road
worn by the ants,
the steers looking for their puddle.
Behind them the sun
is now larger than Arizona,
than the world.
Did you make God angry? I asked.
No.
She looked

and saw the sun touch the salt flats
and rest there
and she understood it.
I pulled her up
and we walked along the ridge watching it
become smaller and darker,
the flames evaporating into the sky.
We turned from the crumbling mass
and were careful that each didn't trip in the dark.
And each held a hand
to guide the other
our shirts buttoned
against the dry air.

THE CYCLONE THAT TOOK GREAT-GRANDMOTHER

She was still young
in her first picture, pretty,
standing on her step,
looking down into the prairie.
The bull thistles were grinding the wind,
the only plant strong enough
to color the midsummer.
Did she already see something coming,
or was her stare structured for the camera?

Years later, as she rewashed
the farm from herself,
she noticed in the wind
an unpainted piece of her home
reaching for her head.
She grabbed her thin prairie-wrinkled skin
and drifted away from the washtub.

WATER TABLE FALLING, DESERTED

Wind turned blades pull at the pipes.
The silted sky grays at the horizons.
Rivers crawl into the air
leaving the earth veined with sand.
Rodents sweat drying in the shade.
The sun they've seen isn't snow,
but the white reflections of August beginning.

In Lubbock, tubes stand empty.
Hides and bones of starved creatures
rest in the bottoms.
The tubes of Chicago stand empty.
The sky is gray at the horizons.
Chicago is windmills:
foundries touching their names to the metal.

In Texas rust creeps from the nails.
The paint shatters
and windmills
are turned by the pressure of the evening.

UNDER SUNSHINE, UNDER PURPLE FLOWERS

*"... sick animals should be removed
from infested areas because they become
crazyweed addicts."*

POISONOUS GRASSLAND PLANTS

They learn which plant it is.
Before their eyesight goes too far,
they always find it.
Later, they smell it out;
stumbling over the rocks,
hitting trees head on
and jumping whenever they see — anything.
But they find it
and stay at that place,
eating it and nibbling it
until it is gone.
Then they stand up and walk
until their hides crack and fall
and the carrion is eaten by buzzards
and the bones can go no further.

THIRD FROST

I know the radio at 3:00 A. M.
and leave it.
There are streets without a window lit,
branches shake at the last few leaves,
ice waits for the first morning bus
to break through and empty the houses.
My steps pass through each lamp's light.
Why are they left on?
The tavern is closed.
I knew that.
So, I am here.
I once sat on this step
and watched the lightning hit those skyscrapers.



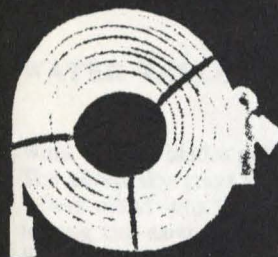
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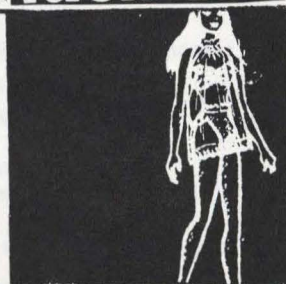
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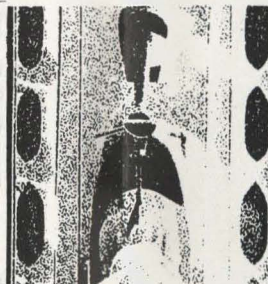
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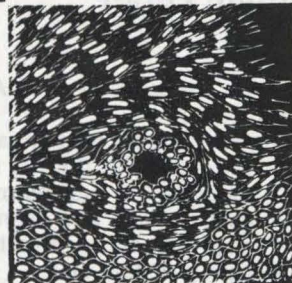
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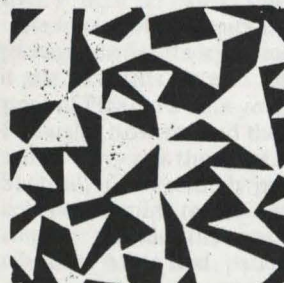
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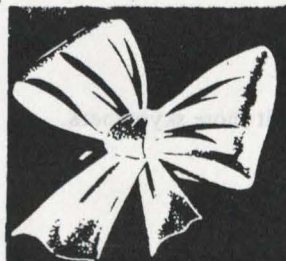
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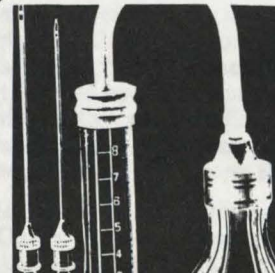
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Ameri



ca
GET
High



- says



Dick Gallup

SNOW

The skin is slack
Growing here like mushrooms and dandelions
In all its musky crevices
The scream of teeth continues
Like tomatoes rotting in the sun

The old women
Are bicycling between the poplars
Each whispers, "Eat quick!" as they pass
They've ruined my picnic here on the levee
And it looks like snow
The canal has frozen
Men are flying about like otters

I myself am crawling down the levee
Which I now see is an ice floe
How did I dare to come here
With only a subway token and
Three cheese sandwiches
When I can see the midnight suns
And the white drifters lapping up
The smooth pavement? I can't find
My sunglasses!

Where are all the Eskimoes?
Where is Sergeant Preston?
At least King is here
Oh King! Great Dog of the North
Where is the North-West Passage?
Where is my "Arctic Survival Kit"?
And how can I, a poor tourist,
Find the tundra's eye?

THE STUDIO PARTY

by Wolfgang Hildesheimer

translated from the German by A. P. Schroeder

For some time now a drunken party has been going on in the studio next door. I have become accustomed to this condition and the racket usually doesn't bother me any more, but sometimes there are climaxes, regular uproars, and I find myself obliged to complain to the landlord. After I had done this several times, he came over one evening to hear the noises for himself. But, as things will go. . . at this particular point a quiet interlude had set in, and as a result the landlord rejected my complaint as being unjustified. I hoped to convince him optically of the untenable situation, so I opened the wardrobe door and let him have a look at the party through a crack in the rear panel. For behind the closet there is a hole in the wall about the size of the porthole in a tourist-class cabin. He looked through it for a while, but his only reaction as he climbed out of the closet was a grunt of cognizance. He left, and when I gazed through the hole a few hours later – the uproar had again begun – the landlord was an eager participant at the party.

Somewhat upset, I paced up and down in my living room, but as always on such occasions, the rigid arrangement of the furniture made my pacing difficult. Even a slight jar causes the lead crystal to clink in the shelves, the teakwood table to wobble (despite the fact that I am constantly wedging empty cigarette packages under its legs), and the lightfooted Finnish vase to tip over every chance it gets, as if this were its sole function. Finally I came to a stop in front of a print of Picasso's blue youth. How splendid and faithful these reproductions are, I thought; how refined the reproduction techniques have become. In these and similar ways my thoughts are thus distracted after annoyances such as today's. Soothed, if not entirely purged, I walk over to the refrigerator to enjoy a glass of cold peppermint tea; an excellent drink on such occasions: every tiny swallow confirms the fact that one has again carried off the prize in the battle against rebellion. After that, patience.

In these rooms, which I already regard as my own, the customs don't seem to have changed since my taking over. They cling to the fittings and furnishings. The atmosphere seems to dictate the habits of the inhabitants, and I sometimes have the strange feeling that I should be off to some technical office; however, before I can put this urge into practise, my insufficient powers of decision break it down. Besides, I know nothing about this office. And I console myself with the thought that things could always be a lot worse than they are.

I gaze through the hole less and less frequently. I notice that the number of people over there changes. Guests who were there at the beginning have since left; others have come to take their place. Some even seem to have duplicated

themselves, such as the poet Benrath for instance, whom I imagine I keep seeing in two places simultaneously — a trend-setting optical illusion you might say. I notice that Gerda Stoehr has dyed her hair—possibly with some of the paint which formerly belonged to me; I recognize Frau Halldorff whom I last saw eight years ago playing Mary Stuart (an unforgettable impression). Lady Hergenrath has left — or perhaps she has died in the meantime. But the glass-cutter is still there — as he has been since it all began.

He was there on that afternoon when the studio still belonged to me; that memorable afternoon when, after a long and fruitless period, I had intended to begin painting again. He was replacing several broken window panes, hammering away quietly. My wife lay sleeping in the adjoining room; outside it was raining (the mood still exists quite clearly in my memory). In anticipation, finally back on the track after weeks of searching, I was happily mixing colors and enjoying the spicy odor of the emulsions.

The glass-cutter cut his glass quietly, remaining silent. He won't bother me, I thought. But as I set my canvas up on the easel he remarked: I paint too.

Oh? I said coolly, or maybe I said ah; in any case my response was monosyllabic.

Yes, he continued, encouraged nevertheless: mountain motifs in water colors. But not as modern as these things here, where you can't even tell which end is top and which is bottom. I paint what I see. He spoke with the aggressive authority of an amateur. Do you know the landscape painter Linnerstrieder? I paint like him.

I told him I didn't know this landscape painter and decided to postpone any preliminary beginning of my work until the glass-cutter had gone. I knew this narrow ridge of mood: if I were to give free rein to my irritation, the balance of the conception of my painting would totter. I sat down in an armchair, lit a cigarette and tried to push the coming creative act along ahead of me, gently, gently, so as not to damage it.

But before the glass-cutter had finished his work, Lady Hergenrath came in. I stopped pushing and suppressed a sigh of resignation. One had to be calm; she was a patroness who contributed substantially to my daily existence. For art comes after bread, as anyone who knows nothing about it will gladly assure you as often as you like.

I've come to look for you, the good woman said. And she peered about as if searching for me among the paintings. I hear you're going through a dry period, she said. Now I certainly wasn't going to discuss the fickle pranks of my muse with Lady Hergenrath. I assured her that, as a matter of fact, the opposite was true, that I was enjoying the fullest of creative powers—statements which I accompanied with lively gestures toward the paintings standing about the room. Actually they were quite old and Lady Hergenrath had seen them several times before, but I counted on her deficient memory. And as it was, she attacked then all anew with a fresh subjective criticism, as often as not completely reversing a former opinion as I remembered it. But at least the glass-cutter had stopped talking. He had quietly resumed his hammering. I saw that the rain had stopped. Time stood.

This sleepy afternoon took an abrupt turn when Engelhardt suddenly burst into the room. Engelhardt: an intolerable man with a deadly cordiality (but toward

whom you couldn't bear any ill will), a ripe cheese, soft under his unpleasant crust, which, in the final analysis, makes him all the more obnoxious. Now this, on top of everything else. I winced mentally in anticipation of his hearty backslap; he kissed Lady Hergenrath's hand, then burst on me, slamming his fist into my back with gusto, shouting something about "old boy" and then asked: how's everything?

Well, so-so, I said. I never vary answers to that question more than I have to; I've never succeeded in finding an answer that is at once short yet exhaustive. Anyway, it doesn't really matter; everyone always seems quite satisfied with my vague responses.

I see, Engelhardt continued, joining Lady Hergenrath in the contemplation of several particularly poor examples of my early work: I see the muses kiss you without respite. We'll have to drink to that. He pulled a bottle of cognac from his coat pocket. In his ability to realize his only goal in life—that of constant elation—he was truly enviable. A talented so-and-so, eh? he asked Lady Hergenrath. He meant me. I was busy searching for glasses so I couldn't see if he had nudged her in the side as was his custom.

At this point my wife joined us. The sound of popping corks always wakes her, even at a distance; it succeeds where alarms fail. She wandered toward us and greeted everyone with reserve; I had the feeling that she didn't really recognize anyone but me. She always has considerable difficulty in finding her way back into reality after her after-dinner naps, but with a few glasses of brandy she usually regains her (often belligerent) perspective.

Engelhardt offered her a large drink. Then he tried to pour Lady Hergenrath her drink, but she held her hand over her glass and protested that she never drank at this time of the day. Of course this statement contained a hidden barb directed at me: a patroness whose beneficiary pursued non-artistic activities during daylight hours ought to be critically examined. But Engelhardt missed this subtle point. Employing what might jokingly be called his persuasive powers, he managed to persuade her to accept what passed for "half a glass". This paved the way for a breach in her resolution, and hereafter she partook freely.

Unfortunately I didn't manage to stop Engelhardt from offering a drink to the glass-cutter. This good man had been hammering away senselessly until that time, although he must have had his work completed long before. He simply liked the place. At Engelhardt's invitation he came over to the table, saying "if I may presume", and actually poured—there is no other way to describe it—the liquid down his throat. I paint too, he then informed Engelhardt in order to justify his acceptance into our group. Who doesn't paint? Engelhardt returned foolishly, but to this the glass-cutter had nothing to reply and so he involved my wife in an admittedly one-sided conversation about art.

We were sitting about in this fashion when the door opened and a couple—presumably married—entered. Since my wife had forgotten her duties as a hostess over her drinks, I stood up and greeted them in the friendliest manner I could muster under the circumstances. The man introduced himself—I didn't catch the name—I have never yet understood a single name during introductions because every name finds me too unprepared—and he said he had come with an introduction from Hebertin in Paris. Ah, Hebertin, I said and nodded as if the time spent with Hebertin was immediately there before my eyes; actually I'd never heard of the man.

I introduced the couple to my wife and the others, murmuring several vowels I thought I had heard in their names, and emphasized the recommendation of Hebertin, but he didn't seem to call up any connections in anyone's mind. My wife brought more glasses. Engelhardt pulled a second bottle from his other coat pocket, and in no time the couple had made themselves at home in the most extreme sense of the term.

Somehow the situation had gotten out of hand. First the sight of the glass-cutter had made me uneasy; he had laid his hand on Lady Hergenrath's arm and was just explaining that he painted only what he saw, but she wasn't listening; she was crooning quietly to herself. And then a feeling of helpless melancholy had come over me. The vision of the painting I'd planned to do had disintegrated, the muse had fled, her face buried in her hands, leaving nothing behind but a tantalizing smell of turpentine. I looked at the unknown couple. Both were smoking cigars. They seemed to be very comfortable. The woman was just telling my wife that Hebertin had moved to the Rue Marbeau, and was still—unfortunately—addicted to his old habit. Judging by the facial expressions of the women, this habit appeared to be something considerably worse than plain drug addiction.

In the meantime, Engelhardt, now master of the ceremony, had phoned a number of other people—he called it “drumming them up”—and had explained that a party was going on at my place. He invited everyone to come and bring friends, relatives, and, in particular, bottles with a preferably potent content. It was only with the greatest effort that I dissuaded the glass-cutter from following Engelhardt's example. I clapped him on the shoulder in a friendly fashion and explained that if too many people came we would have that much less time for each other; the essential element of every social gathering was, in the final analysis, the “conversation.” This he admitted to be so.

First Gerda Stoehr arrived, flanked by two elderly gentlemen beyond reproach, with style, so to speak: born protectors both. They looked about with consternation, but when their charge greeted my wife in baby-talk they smiled at each other in acknowledgement and the ice was broken—relentlessly.

And then the noisy swarm of guests burst in, each loaded down with one or more bottles. Among them were a few people whom I knew; for instance Vera Erbsam, an intimate bosom friend of my wife's who had always made eyes at me until I told her one day that my father operated a bakery in Dobritzburg; since then she has only eyed me with suspicion. But she had come nevertheless, bringing along a young man whom I also knew superficially; an assessment agent or junior barrister, if that doesn't amount to very much the same thing. He looked like a bridegroom—to all appearances he was her fiancé. Then there was a movie-star couple of unknown origin; they were called de Pollani, but I don't think that was their real name and they were probably not married either. I had painted a portrait of the woman once, at which time she had taken off her sunglasses. I heard Engelhardt, who had taken over completely as host, address Mrs. de Pollani as “darling,” thereby considerably widening the panorama of foreign worlds upon whose soils he claimed to walk with familiarity.

It is unnecessary at this point to dwell any further on any individual guest. To remain in keeping with the prevalent mood, may it suffice to say that, before the advent of dusk, the body of guests had become a single homogenous mass into which a steady stream of sober new arrivals submerged, to become, almost at once, members of the general pack. All of life should be a studio party, I heard a young colleague not far from me say. All of life is a studio party,

the bearded man beside him said. He was an art critic, famous for his striking *ex tempore* aphorisms. I remembered that I had invited him for supper this evening, but he seemed to have come to terms with the change in plans. He stood there, smiling absently into his glass and continually poking his toe into fat Schnitt-Holweg who lay on the floor, colossal and drunk. He was a sculptor who carried out his calling with a painful bitterness to which he gave expression in a stammering fashion, looking like something Rabelais had concocted in a drunken stupor.

Shortly before midnight I was pressed with my face to the wall; a bacchanal train blundered past, making it impossible for me to even find a seat on my own paintings. In this desperate state I suddenly discovered a hammer in the pocket of my nearest neighbour. It was the glass-cutter.

If you'll excuse me a moment, I said—though politeness was somewhat out of place at this point—and took the hammer from his pocket, turned, and began to break into the wall.

As I was unable to swing backward very far for fear of endangering the guests, the work was at first quite strenuous and progressed rather slowly. First the plaster broke off in small patches, then the cement loosened, crumbling into sand and gravel and forming a mound at my feet.

The party behind me seemed to have reached a climax, but I paid no attention. From a corner at the other side of the room I heard a woman's voice singing an obscene song. Under normal conditions I would have been rather embarrassed, what with Lady Hergenrath present, but as I was in the process of slipping out of the studio, I didn't particularly care. As a matter of fact, I soon recognized the singer to be Lady Hergenrath herself; quite obviously she possessed characteristics of which I had never had an inkling, since they probably needed that particular release to become apparent.

The hole grew. In a short while I had broken through to the other side and was able to survey the situation in my next-door neighbour's bedroom with the help of the beam of light which pierced the hole from his side. My neighbours were named Giesslich; that is still in all probability their name, and they are still my neighbours in a certain sense. They were of a modern frame of mind, yet upright people, though this last characteristic has probably changed somewhat in favor of the former—and I won't deny my own fault in the matter.

Both sat up in their beds, switched on the light and greeted me in a somewhat surprised, though not unfriendly manner; in fact, I must admit they showed a certain loving indulgence, something which artists seldom experience with their bourgeois fellow humans, especially under such unusual circumstances. Perhaps they had become aware of their openmindedness just as they awoke.

At first, embarrassed, I greeted them shortly and continued my hammering until the opening had reached the dimensions which it still has today. Then I asked, a trifle awkwardly: May I come in? and without waiting for their answer, pushed my way through the hole.

After I had brushed the cement dust from my shoulders, in order that this nocturnal scene should not have too improvised an appearance, I said: Please excuse this interruption at so late an hour, but I've come to invite you to a studio party which is taking place tonight in my studio. Everyone's having an awfully good time.

The Giesslichs looked at each other, a gesture from which I deduced, with relief, that it was my invitation that was the subject of their debate. I wanted immediately to continue, but at that point Mr. Giesslich said, with what seemed to me to be a somewhat sweetish smile, that he thanked me very kindly for the friendly invitation, but that a couple of their years, though modern, would hardly fit into a gathering of people whose common life's-work—art—also implied a common fate which they, the Giesslichs, did not really share.

On the contrary, I said; artists have the unique characteristic of making those outside their group feel at home; besides, this particular party of mine is made up of a greatly varied mixture of guests, from blue-blooded patronesses to common tradesmen. For the first time that evening I developed an enormous eloquence with which I finally did persuade the Giesslichs to join the party; I even managed to persuade them not to waste time dressing, but to slip over in their bedclothes, saying that everyone there was very airily dressed. That was a lie, but I was beginning to sense a steadily growing need to be alone.

They got up out of bed. Giesslich had on striped pajamas, his wife wore a nightgown. He helped her into her dressing gown as if it were an evening coat and paced about impatiently while she stood in front of the dresser mirror combing her hair. I had actually succeeded in igniting a fiery enthusiasm in them both; later I asked myself which of my temptations had been the clincher—the philanthropic character of artists? or the presence of blue-blooded patronesses? Looking through the hole, however, I tend to think that it was probably that statement about airy clothes—a statement which is fast becoming a reality.

Mr. Giesslich squeezed through the hole first. He must have found firm footing immediately, for he gallantly held out his hand to his wife as if he were handing her into a stately coach. I had to help along from my end, for Mrs. Giesslich's circumference was considerable; this, as a matter of fact, is still the case. But finally she too found firm ground. I was alone.

Straining, I pushed the heavy wardrobe in front of the hole, where it still stands today. Now the room grew considerably more quiet; the clothes in the wardrobe deadened the noise. In addition there had probably been a lull in the party as well, a more quiet period between climaxes.

Exhausted, I fell across one of the beds and tried to mull over the situation but I was too tired and couldn't get beyond the digesting of immediate impressions; I had had a very rough night. From far away I heard the whistle of a locomotive, and I remember being glad to be able to hear other sounds besides the uproar of the party next door—which had for the moment decreased to a mere hum. Through the curtains I could see the sky growing lighter—daylight was breaking, toward which, when awake, I always glide along via a long path of images, of everything from memories to dreary premonitions. Through it all I heard a rooster crowing—the sole function of poultry justifying its claim to poetic consideration, I thought, and noticed that, as was usually the case when I lay in unaccustomed positions, my thoughts were becoming independent of myself. At that point I fell asleep. I woke up late that afternoon. I peered through the hole.

The party was still in full swing.

André Breton

TWO POEMS

translated by Daisy Aldan

CURTAIN CURTAIN

The roving theatres of the seasons will have played out my life
To my hisses
Stage Front had been set as a dungeon from where I could hiss
My hands on the iron bars I watched against a backdrop of black foliage
Nude up to her waist the heroine
Who killed herself at the beginning of Act I
Oddly enough the play proceeded in the chandelier
By and by a fog covered the stage
At times I cried out
I smashed the jug they had given me butterflies flew out
And rose crazily toward the chandelier
Pretending to be a ballet interlude performed by my thoughts
I attempted to cut open my wrist with shards of the brown jug
But these were countries where I was lost
I could not find the thread of those voyages
I was cut off by this loaf of sun
A character moved about the theatre the only character in motion
Who wore a mask of my face
To my disgust he was for the villain and for the ingenue
It was rumored that it had been planned like May June July and August
Suddenly the cavern became deeper
In the interminable passages bouquets held shoulder high
Wandered about by themselves I scarcely dared open my door
I had been granted too much freedom all at once
Freedom to escape in the sleigh of my bed
Freedom to revive the persons I miss
The aluminum chairs closed ranks around a kiosk of mirrors
A curtain rose dew-fringed with blood turned green
Freedom to expel the semblance of reality
The stage trap was marvelous on a white wall appeared a stippled engraving
of fire my silhouette pierced in the heart by a bullet

PINK DEATH

For the last time winged devil-fish guide the boat
 the sails are set hourly by this one day
 A matchless evening afterwards the white and black sun climbs into your hair
 Hidden caves ooze liquid stronger than death
 Seen from above from a cliff
 Comets lean their elbows tenderly on the forests before destroying them
 And all this changes into love undivided
 If ever the design of rivers disappears
 Before complete darkness you will note
 A long silvery interval
 Hands appear on a flowering peach tree
 Bobbins of silver to write this verse
 They too are silver and also the sea-swallows silver on the loom of rain
 You see how the horizon splits and ends the kiss of space
 But fear has ceased already and the stained glass sky and the stained glass sea
 Fly with a wind we cannot fight
 What can I do when your voice quivers
 A waltzing mouse around the only chandelier which will not crash
 Windlass of time
 I climb to the hearts of men
 And wait there to be stoned
 Wheeling around like a diamond with too many facets
 My hunger plaits the hair of its child — fire
 Silence and life
 The names of lovers will be forgotten
 In the crazed light
 Like Adonis' dripping blood
 Tomorrow you will tell lies to your own youth
 To your great fire-fly youth
 Echoes alone shape the places of the past
 And through endless ghostly growths
 You move swiftly
 Like beasts in the forest
 As if grasping at driftwood
 You clutch at my wreckage perhaps not seeing
 However I belong to the void like the steps
 Of a staircase whose pitch is called "deep grief"
 Yours the perfumes from now on forbidden
 The angelica
 Under the loose moss and beneath your firm steps
 My dreams are precise yet senseless as the sounds of the water's eyelids in the shadow
 I enter your dreams and probe there the depth of your tears
 My call leaves you sweetly hesitant
 And in the train built of ice turtles
 You do not need to pull the alarm
 You arrive alone on that lost beach
 Where a star lights on your luggage of sand

Dan Graham

1,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles to edge of known universe
 100,000,000,000,000,000 miles to edge of galaxy (Milky Way)
 3,573,000,000,000,000 miles to edge of solar system (Pluto)
 205,000,000 miles to Washington, D. C.
 2,850,000 miles to Times Square, New York City
 .38600000 miles to Union Square subway stop
 .11820000 miles to corner of 14th Street and First Avenue
 .00367000 miles to front door of Apartment 1D, 153 First Avenue
 .00021600 miles to typewriter paper page
 .00000700 miles to lens of glasses
 .00000098 miles to cornea from retinal wall

HOUNDED BY AN AUTHOR INTO A SECOND IDENTITY

The original of a book's character (the model for the novel's anti-hero) goes on living (as distinguished from the public version of his exploits), as himself, despite years in print. Then he changes, to avoid being further exploited, but his changed self will be the subject of a sequel: He can't get away: the author penetrates his disguises. Even death won't afford refuge, so bold is the author's thoroughness, in researching him out.

That man wrote a fabulous novel.

Did he? How old are the characters?

They're five years older now than when the book was published and seven years older than when the manuscript was completed. These seven years have proved too much for the oldest character, and he has died. On the other hand, the youngest character is just now reaching his individuality. And the lovely young girl is fading into middle-age divorce.

But how can the author allow this, if he has any pride in proprietorship? Why can't his book stay still, and the characters never move from the fixed positions indicated by the plot he had already artistically roped in with every detailed thread?

Because his *book* moves into *life*, and breathes the same meandering substance as what daily transpires to you chaotically and to me in the ether of meaninglessness.

What's the title of this novel?

"A Continuous Transgressing" is what the cover says, which the dust jacket faithfully echoes in garish poster colors, and sedately the title page confirms in typographical duplication.

Does such a title sum up the book's statement of contents?

It implies a running over from print to life. What the book contains isn't narrowly confined *within* the book, but overlaps into the stock and vigor of our brawling, sprawling atmosphere *here*. (*Indicates real world, waving about him.*)

But what is the book *about*?

Then you illiterately haven't read it yet?

Let's put it more passively: it hasn't been read by me.

What an indolent book, then!

It can't be blamed for overlooking some readers: even the census-taker inadvertently skips some heads.

Still, in *your* particular case, that book is severely *amiss*.

I guess it just hasn't come around to me.

No. Its circulation is erratic.

Yet I have *eyes*; I can *read*.

And deplorably unemployed goes that function, I'm afraid.

Ought I to read a book that restlessly slides out of print into massive life?

Yes; for you're in it.

What role am I enacting?

Not for *me* to say: Consult the *author*.

Why *should* I insult him?—has he *offended* me?

The novel weighs in an invective diatribe against you.

Then I'll sue its author for pernicious libel.

Are you *liable* to such literary agitation?

Literally yes, to the point of litigation.

But your own life independently runs on, *despite* what the novel says.

But why should I suffer abusive mockery as the central character?

Satire must dip into reality, to pose you as a model for fiction's foul fiendish delights.

My privacy has been invaded by the populace of print.

Everybody is an open victim: Why should *you* be excepted?

(*Sarcastically:*) Perhaps I should be *honored*, to have my reputation ruined?

Don't be pompous. Nor pretend to be reputed at all. Now you're freely publicized, and not just an ignored participant in the featureless undistinguished density of anonymity.

But readers of the novel will all commonly *ridicule* me.

Perhaps, but—

(*Angrily:*) —Don't "but" me: I hate being a *butt*.

Your anger appeared only upon the instigation of a pun: so much is open.

Close your tongue: my wrath is scorched bitter.

It riles you to be known as the hero of a novel?

Yes, the novel shouldn't have reached out so far, plucked me from my invaded cave of privacy, and held me up to be a laughing expense of wit. For meanwhile my dignity must have fled.

Yes, but who noticed it? Better be a popular fool, than an unsung nurser of solitude's proud self-congratulation.

In what guise did my author toy me into use?

As an all-around buffoon, the sloppy slattern slovern whom lesser people would kick into ignoble prominence.

Is that a suitable role for me?

The author lifted it from life's observation: so it must suitably have *fit* you.

To suit me in fool's motley? I feel cheapened.

From what? Your former worthlessness?

You sell me short.

I don't *sell* you, nor *coin* you, nor *deal* in you. What trade value can you command?

Enough to be dealt with by an author's conversion into immortal fiction. Is my *transformed* self real, as found in the book? Or is my *original* version the true one?

So you may metaphysically debate, if you find any satisfaction in it.

But literally, who am I?

What you *literarily* are is different. The author composed you. His type-writer finished you seven years ago, his publisher produced you five years ago, and now you stand there claiming you have an independent identity?

Yes, because these years have lapsed by, to leave me alone, and age into myself.

The soft paperback edition is soon to be issued. It will eclipse your days in hard cover.

God, I'm getting softer in my old age! Books determine my wear, my usage, my currency. Often I'm discarded halfway through. And libraries lend me out free. I'm a passed-on commodity merchandise, in the random of circulation. Has this happened to those *other* characters, as well?

The same book binds you all together, in a mutual fate. Character development has occurred. The book has moved along. In seven years, a pretty single girl has been fading into middle-aged divorce, an old man has meanwhile died, and an infant grown into recognition. Time rips out the pages of the book, and strews them along. They flap in the wind. Wither goes time?

Have *I* noticeably changed?

No, not notoriously. You're more confirmed in what you always were. The author was correct, as you accurately confirm him, being what he made you. He was right, in your case.

I'd rather be me, all the same.

It is all the same. The book and you are interchangeable, character for character. You stepped out of it seven years ago, to resume precisely. You pick up, and carry on, where you left off. And you bridge the continuity, in a continual transition.

Then you regard me as a *character*?

It's no fiction that you *are* a character. A literal and literary semblance. You figure in it, most figuratively. Not furtively, for you're no fugitive.

Am I then a dense mess of words?

Yes, you're narratively quoted, in scenes that push the plot along.

I hate to be the stringed puppet of an omniscient author. I crave a separate, independent determination of my destiny.

Your creator has pulled the strings? Or has he merely rendered you realistically, and reflected you in fiction's broadening mirror?

Let's not squabble about my identity. I want to be torn loose, from the page's printed public tyranny.

Go your own way. You're still fixed, in the author's orbit.

I wish to opt out. Whether he slandered me or not, I detest his interference.

To *copy* is not to interfere.

To copy is to molest. Had he not reproduced me, I would have gone on a different way.

He was only *commenting*.

Yes; and he *holds* me to it.

You're fixed, in a narrow field of type?

And bound up, helpless, in a book.

What is it, that you seek to liberate?

Me; for the *character* belongs to fiction.

Is there, then, *friction* between you and *fiction*?

Thus to martyr me in a crucifixion.

Do you betray then a *saintly* complex?

I'm simply undone, in my dunce's cap of fool.

And you blame a novel for all this?

Yes. A book *sharpens* reality.

Then *you dull* the book.

But which is more crucial?

It's a crucial-friction, twixt you and fiction.

It's all in my depiction.

The book *is* you; but neatly tied up.

Thus it is I'm a slung martyr.

Yet you stepped seven years into freedom, since the author's typewriter was silenced.

But the last five saw me in a fishbowl.

Open to inspection? But were you recognized?

Everywhere I went. People said I'm not true to character.

Were they reading into you?

Yes. They could cite the book. The book had bound me to its authority, and they tried to hold me to it. They wanted me to be *true* to it. I object to such tyranny! I want to wander free.

But *aren't* you the character in the book?

But I'm outside that infernal book, presuming the free will of a being living in the human. In my *human* dimension, don't I have an inviolate sanctity of free self-determination, potentially metamorphic, perhaps protean, and mutable? I want an openness before me; but the book has slammed down on that. I hate to be locked in reference and committed to type, as an ossified myth. What of my years before me?

Don't worry—the author promises a sequel.

Now my every movement is self-conscious, for it's to be capitulated, marked down by an iron externality of ruthless appraisal. *Neglect* would free me; but I'm sought, seen, and placed into definitive rendering. The "me"-world of breath and thought, of act and non-act, is being harnessed as an exploitable item by an obnoxious unfriendly author whom I would have nothing to do with in my ordinary course of choice, but with whom I'm forced into an embarrassing relationship, reluctant on my part, hideously maneuvering on his: for he reins me in, and I must revert to "type" he sticks me to, in store. It's reached this point (now that he'll fling a sequel at me, of three hundred more inglorious pages of my extended buffoonery in captive characterization): I want to abdicate being me, altogether, as a taking refuge from my "me"'s servility to the masterful liberties he feels entitled to take in his privileged authority as an author with the borrowed omnipotence of a creative deity. I'm sworn now to take this radical step, transformative to the extreme: Henceforth, I'll desist from being me! Even if it ruins the volume. Beginning now, my official being has been replaced by someone else.

That's hardly a protective resolution, but rash, to dissolve your own preservation. Who are you, now?

Unbookable, indeterminate. *Evasiveness* is the hallmark of my personality, this time.

Ah! An ideal stereotype!—from the viewpoint of your author-nemesis.

Are you saying it won't work?

For *him* it'll work. You're being an *evasive* character? A perfect new role, as a study in satire! What an inspiration for that author, to challenge a new handling, a revised approach! He'll immortalize you anew, by tracking your new identity down, for art's transposal. An evasive personality now, not the buffoon of before? The author will hound you out, tie you down richly labelled in the style of another sticker. He'll cope by developing an especially suitable technique for getting you down to an exact science—artistically speaking, of course. You've tapped his latent resources, and his adaptive powers, as

an author-sleuth who always gets his man, scenting you through your evasive transformation until you're down on paper. Escape is impossible, when art's hand is so cunningly detective! Nor will the story plot suffer, from volume one to two. The sequel will fit, following you up as the realized character who dove off and had to be fished up for a second realization enlivening the transition and bridging the books.

I'm sealed off in a twisted new doom?

The buffoon you were will be related to your current evasiveness by the inevitability of Cause's cycle into ultimate effect. Readers of the best-seller will recognize that it *had* to happen. And on *you* it happened, as a double mark traced twice and focused into single unity. For *you* made the choice. What a choice deception! You were chosen into it! You were getting stale. Now you're a fresh fodder of ammunition for the author's versatility to forge on with. You move by appointment. You're fair game, at typewriter quarry however you flee into roles of change. You're the duped subject, split up by time, divided into two volumes, but tied together into a nice condemnation. Literature could use a few more like you. Are you planning a further serial metamorphosis? The chase is clean fun, for the swift author, catching you up into your self's extensions. He may pursue you into *death* even. Literature knows no boundary. Give him advance notice, though; he'll have to apply for a visa with the proviso of a *return*, in following you out of life. That's for Volume Three: An Excursion into Hades. What a restless death you'll have! Observed, right *through* identity, into your foremost self.

Can I even hide?

Literature's eyes penetrate. *If* it's a lasting vision. A *genuine* author got ahold of you. You can't twist him off. His hold is secure. Even when *you're* not. The frail fragility of life, in its tremulous alterations: and the permanence of its parasite, Art.

Seiichi Niikuni

WINDOW

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key: neck= 首
eye= 目
see= 見

Don Mc Caig
TWO POEMS

Gates to the City: Sheridan Square

comes around to 5:20: punks
are down from the meat rack /couple cops
cleaning their pistols (what had to be done) /Rikers is
full of speed freaks taking coffee WATCH THE EYES coming
down wanting
home. something was lost in the night.
2 kids
bedding down in the park (newspapers) the sky
is pale blue it forgives
everything. Moon-purse
still hanging there promises/bleaching in the mind/You
won't get away with it!
Someone—Dwyer, I think—is running for congress.
it hurts when I piss & my lover
Steve was busted for dealing/I can't make bond.
Hey Mister, want to buy a poem?
FRIENDS OF MINE ARE GETTING RICH.
sun
lift its wooly head into the sky.
“gonna be a scorcher.”
maybe I should make some plans
get my head together Split
like some faggy fucking butterfly
(or)
LOOSE AS A GOOSE
to Maine or San Francisco.

THE HOUSE-RAISING RITUAL (For Ken & Ann)

have right tools: 16 oz hammer,
 crosscut
 saw, the sense of doing something
 irretrievable, nails, (what
 drawn steel is proper for the
 fittings). the name
 of someone homeless you'll keep locked out,
 a level,
 a rule.
 None
 to build it but citizens being then,
 wide days, wrinkles ,A—
 merican.
 The number/shape of rooms
 does not matter ('cept
 you should fill them up no stern space
 left over). Nor, strictly
 speaking,
 does the location. wood to wood cleaved owns
 some stretch of land makes
 the prairie bearable. (Paint
 is unimportant if the wood be sound &
 your ambition easy.)
 Throughout it, keep the peace &
 plain memory: Your father
 is dead. It's hard,
 chancing it with beams, bare
 ethics, the plumb and varnished floors.

Tony Towle
 THREE POEMS

POETS, INC.

for Kenward Elmslie

The owl that I am leaves in a whoosh of classical euphuism
 for a nap in the grass of the morning sun
 and forgets that poems have to be exciting
 and that two days ago I didn't know what euphuism meant
 and now I know in the morning sun
 that my life has been a succulent euphuism.

By afternoon impressions are riding the crest,
 compassionate of small town life.

Kitchen fixtures and colorful posters
 in the air of cliches done to a turn.

I tend to write of things descending from the air
 but nothing relieves its microbiology.

I think of Apollinaire, but what happens
 from Maine to Sacramento is politicians
 and nothing from Wantagh to Bellmore but travel itself.

If I could stop and relate this all to prosody
 or a cohesive method, they would let go of me.

If some intriguing but traditional versification
 popped up, I could be on my way,

suffused with the crimson light of the brain's hot blood —
 but now I must sleep, some day I will write again.

1967

POEM

Custard voices and sunrise on the platform, events
 which interesting or not replace some others.
 One can see that you have had no practice
 and that you wait for a train until the sky is orange
 and the platform is mush.

We are taller on the average than our ancestors,
 and so our buildings are also taller,
 with a lack, morning and evening March and September,
 of seriousness that amuses this endless
 re-issue of yourself on the train wondering
 why your ancestors ever left England
 where they could sit and be English in the course of events
 without the embarrassment of subject matter.

But after all one comes to a sane decision in the summer stillness,
 sex, the great universal pleasure, getting up and lying down,
 caught on to at once.

1967

POEM

for Frank Lima

In beautiful English, in the same breath on the same day
(English without a pure vowel to its name, even my voices
which are never wrong slur their vowels to oblivion)
we complain of the humid acclimatization to modern life,
the anarchistic wings and rancid depths
of its massive societal inclinations;

so we have to keep moving, from our surrealistic symbolism
to a dramatic allegory of symbolistic realism,
on the way to true metaphorical existence,
or somewhere else in constellations of luminosity
resembling not twins nor archers nor crabs
but a vivid provocative tentativeness, golden phlox
to illumine the clammy humors of the body,
and with cool imperturbable emotionalism
invaginating the passive oaf of narration.

Though if we get flop-sweat now, writing in our youth,
how will our nerves react when the laureateship
is delivered to us doddering, bloated with abstraction
propped with Parnassian phlegm, into our rheumy hands,
a tiresome epic held out to Chaucer. Why don't we admit it,
the wreath will stupefy the citric edges of our spleen,
our possible fame at any rate booted asunder by the Novel
in the fatiguing quest for its ultimate poetic title,
while at present among the elements we look for a sort of passage
which is the passage of science the heads they have called and won
but are not sublime as the tails with which we will lose
which have not yet killed us and are not tails or news.

1967

Diane Di Prima

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER NO. 21

Can you
own land, can you
own house, own rights
to other's labor, (stocks or factories
or money, loaned at interest)
what about
the yield of same, crops, autos
airplanes dropping bombs, can you
own real estate, so others
pay you rent? to whom
does the water belong, as it gets rarer?
the american indians say that a man
can own no more than he can carry away
on his horse.

Vito Hannibal Acconci

READ THIS WORD THEN READ THIS WORD READ THIS WORD NEXT
READ THIS WORD NOW SEE ONE WORD SEE ONE WORD NEXT SEE
ONE WORD NOW AND THEN SEE ONE WORD AGAIN LOOK AT THREE
WORDS HERE LOOK AT THREE WORDS NOW LOOK AT THREE WORDS
NOW TOO TAKE IN FIVE WORDS AGAIN TAKE IN FIVE WORDS SO
TAKE IN FIVE WORDS DO IT NOW SEE THESE WORDS AT A GLANCE
SEE THESE WORDS AT THIS GLANCE AT THIS GLANCE HOLD THIS
LINE IN VIEW HOLD THIS LINE IN ANOTHER VIEW AND IN A
THIRD VIEW SPOT SEVEN LINES AT ONCE THEN TWICE THEN THRICE
THEN A FOURTH TIME A FIFTH

It is the day inasmuch as we are here IT IS THE DAY INASMUCH AS WE
This is the spot as long as we stay on it THIS IS THE SPOT AS LONG
We are the ones as you look at what we do WE ARE THE ONES AS YOU LO
What is being done right now stays in line WHAT IS BEING DONE RIGH
That which is come upon meets the eye THAT WHICH IS COME UPON MEE
There was a garden outside and now it is here THERE WAS A GARDEN O
There were walls besides and now they are here THERE WERE WALLS BE
There was a man with a mark and now it is here THERE WAS A MAN WIT
There was a man with a scar and now he is here THERE WAS A MAN WIT
A woman walked past, there, and here she is A WOMAN WALKED PAST TH

emmett williams

Little Mary Evans

LITTLE MARY EVANS is probably all that's left of a three-act play written in 1964-65(?). i say probably, because the other two acts were not among the papers i brought back with me when i returned to the united states, in 1966, which means they were among a lot of other papers and books and personal possessions stored in the cellar of gustav lamche, friend and firebrand, who was whisked out of paris one night during the may uprising last year for his revolutionary activities and forbidden ever to return. LITTLE MARY EVANS owes its survival to earle brown. earle has been commissioned to do some short operas for the berlin opera, and he asked me if i had something that might serve as a libretto. i sent him the first act of the play. in the meantime, i moved my belongings from the chateau de ravenel to lamche's paris apartment. earle returned LITTLE MARY EVANS—unused—several months later, and fortunately, or unfortunately, it never got together again with the other two acts.
emmett williams

ACT I

(GEORGE and SAM are seated in audience, and remain there throughout the play.)

GEORGE: there are some places you can go to and some places you can't go to. you can go, and you can't go. what i mean is, there are places you shouldn't go to, like there are places you should go to. i don't mean the places you shouldn't go to are the same places as the places you should go to. but, if you want to get technical about it, the places you should go to . . .

SAM: what the devil are you talking about?

GEORGE: if you'll be kind enough to listen . . .

SAM: i don't intend to listen if you don't know what you're talking about.

GEORGE: relax, wise guy. i know what i'm talking about. i know only too damn well what i'm talking about.

SAM: all right, shoot. i can sit here all night (pause) unfortunately.

GEORGE: as i was saying, if you want to get technical . . . which i don't

SAM: which i don't.

GEORGE: . . . if you want to get technical about it you can look at it two ways.

SAM: what are we gonna look at?

GEORGE: for example:

(curtain opens to reveal tableau of motorcycle COP pulling up alongside PRIEST's car.)

COP: okay, mac, what's the hurry? going to a fire? oh, i'm sorry, father, i . . .

PRIEST: no, i'm not going to a fire, officer. to tell the truth, i'm going to a whorehouse.

(COP and PRIEST remain frozen—except for speaking their lines—until end of play.)

GEORGE: all right, sam, so you think a whorehouse is a pretty funny place for a priest to be breaking his neck to get to like a bat out of hell.

SAM: i didn't say that. and personally, i don't see anything funny about a priest going to a whorehouse.

GEORGE: all right, so you wanna be different.

SAM: it takes all kinds, as the man says.

GEORGE: that's what you think, as the man's brother says.

SAM: yeah? well i still don't see anything funny.

GEORGE: what you think or don't think is funny is of no interest to me or anybody else. when i said, so you think a whorehouse is a funny place for a priest to be in such a rush to get to that he runs a red light, i meant what does the man in the street think about the situation.

SAM: ask him, then, and don't bother me.

(WOMAN crosses tableau. GEORGE's question stops her in the middle. in contrast to COP and PRIEST, who are frozen, she walks about the tableau, applies makeup, takes notes, blows her nose, smokes, yawns, etc.)

GEORGE: lady, may i ask you a question?

WOMAN: i beg your pardon?

GEORGE: i just wanna ask you a question. do you think a whorehouse is a funny place for a priest to be going?

WOMAN: well, there are places you can go to, and places you can't go to. you can go, and you can't go.

SAM: yeah, just ask the man in the street.

WOMAN: there are some places you shouldn't go to, just like there are places you should go to.

COP: she doesn't mean that the places you shouldn't go to are like the places you should go to.

GEORGE: if you want to get technical about it . . .

SAM: which i don't.

COP: to get technical about it, there is something to be said for looking at it two ways.

WOMAN: i agree.

COP: for example, you wouldn't think a whorehouse would be the kind of place a priest would be going to in the first place. in the second place, suppose one of the girls is dying and has sent for the priest. in that case, it would be wrong for the priest not to come, wouldn't it?

SAM: i wouldn't give a hoot one way or the other.

GEORGE: he's a wise guy, officer.

SAM: yeah, i'm a wise guy. ask the man in the street.

COP: what do you think, madam? it would be wrong for the priest not to come, wouldn't it?

WOMAN: do you mean

COP: exactly.

WOMAN: but i can't drive.

COP: but if you were a priest . . .

WOMAN: if i could drive, it would mean a ticket. and for you, too, if you were me, and i wasn't a police officer. but suppose the priest ran a red light, and you were me, and i was a police officer, and i stopped him, and i said where are you going father, and the priest said:

PRIEST: to a whorehouse.

WOMAN: now i think an answer like that would get even a nun a ticket, let alone a priest. but that's not the whole story, is it, father.

PRIEST: no.

WOMAN: you see, what the priest ought to have said was:

PRIEST: i'm going to a whorehouse to give the last sacrament to little mary evans.

GEORGE: see?

SAM: i see, but it's not as simple as it looks, suppose

GEORGE: suppose suppose suppose.

SAM: suppose the cop isn't a catholic. suppose he's a baptist. suppose he's a southern baptist. suppose the priest is colored. suppose the cop gives him a hard time. would it be wrong then?

PRIEST: suppose little mary evans passes away without

SAM: what's that to the man in the street, supposing he's a baptist?

WOMAN: exactly. after all, you are what you are, you are what you think you are, you're even what you think you think you are. and as far as that goes, you're what somebody else thinks you are, too.

GEORGE: anyway, it isn't a priest we're talking about.

(ERNIE appears at stage left. he remains aloof from the tableau, and concentrates his attention on the audience.)

ERNIE: the man we're talking about was as good as they come. his name was ernie, and he was a hunchback. people saw him going into the whorehouse all day long.

GEORGE: they used to say, there goes ernie again, hump hump hump. that's what they used to say.

WOMAN: and can you imagine what went on up there?

PRIEST: offhand, yes

COP: . . . but on the whole, no.

ERNIE: well, he kept going up there, day in and day out, day after day after day.

SAM: in and out, day in and day out.

ERNIE: and after dark, too, night after night after night.

PRIEST: he gave them plenty of opportunities to exercise their imaginations.

ERNIE: i sure did.

SAM: hump hump hump. he'd walk a mile like a camel.

GEORGE: whatever that means.

COP: do you know why ernie went in and out so often?

SAM: i give up.

COP: he was a delivery boy for a drugstore. you know, he carried cokes, cigarettes, hairpins, CC&O ons, candy bars and stuff like that up to the girls half a dozen times a day.

ERNIE: and sometimes oftener than that.

COP: see, he worked for this drugstore, and for all i know he is still a virgin, but what the hell do i know about it?

SAM: yeah, what the hell do you know about it?

PRIEST: what the hell does anybody know about it?

ERNIE: and who cares?

GEORGE: exactly. it doesn't make any difference how many times a day he went up there, or what he did. you may not think a hunchback should enjoy himself with the girls

PRIEST: should?

WOMAN: could?

SAM: or would?

GEORGE: as i said, you may not think a hunchback should, could or would enjoy himself with the girls, but can you give me a single reason why he should, could, would—or should not, would not or could not?

PRIEST: besides, there's no law on heaven or earth that says what you can enjoy. there are signs that say you can't go in there and you can't go in here, or you must go in here and you must go in there, but there's no law that says you can't enjoy seeing the signs and laughing, or crying, whether you go in or whether you go out.

COP: i'm sorry, father, but the law's my province. besides, there's no law on heaven or earth that says what you can enjoy. there are signs that say you can't go in there and you can't go in here, or you must go in here and you must go in there, but there's no law that says you can't enjoy seeing the signs and laughing, or crying, whether you go in or whether you go out.

ERNIE: but ernie didn't give a hoot what they thought. in fact

SAM: at last!

ERNIE: in fact, he wasn't really a hunchback. he was like a friend of mine

WOMAN: . . . with a hearing aid

COP: who turns the contraption off

PRIEST: when he isn't interested in what's going on.

ERNIE: ernie used to wear a false hump (removes hump) under his coat because he didn't like people very much. he liked some of the people some of the time, but he didn't like most of them most of the time. the point is

SAM: at last!

ERNIE: the point is, he didn't like hunchbacks at all. hunchbacks—that was the thing he despised most of all. next to people in general.

GEORGE: so he killed two birds

SAM: one two.

GEORGE: with one stone

SAM: two one.

GEORGE: by wearing a false hump. people avoided him like the plague because he was a hunchback, and everytime he went up there to the whorehouse he gave hunchbacks a terrible reputation.

COP: so as i said, ernie the hunchback is still a virgin, for all i know about it.

SAM: a lot you know about it.

PRIEST: a lot anybody knows about it.

GEORGE: well i know a lot about it, because i know what i'm talking about, and if there isn't and never was such a person as ernie the hunchback, then ernie the hunchback isn't a virgin.

PRIEST: he isn't a virgin, never was, and never will be.

GEORGE: amen.

SAM: do you get it?

GEORGE: do i get it? why, i started it.

SAM: well, what about little mary evans. did she

GEORGE: what about who?

ERNIE: where've you been, sam?

WOMAN: oh dear, oh dear. (exit.)

(COP and PRIEST step out of tableau, walk to the edge of the stage and perform the following skit after the fashion of southern minstrels.)

COP: boy, is you dumb.

PRIEST: i ain't no dumber than you is.

COP: but you is just as dumb as i is, though.

(exeunt COP and PRIEST.)

GEORGE: get it?

SAM: the way i see it, whatever ernie did up there was either all right or all wrong—because he doesn't even exist.

GEORGE: no. sam, not because, but and.

ERNIE: never did, and never will. (exit.)

SAM: you just never quite know.

GEORGE: (begins applause.)

Piero Heliczer

CHINATOWN

*for wm burroughs who
got into the trolley didnt pay no fare
going to chinatown*

ive always loved
small streams
in nature
and this is so close
to it crystal like fire cracker sound
pebble peal tiny mirrors of gold
orient orient membrane to remember
orient by its burning bloom around
me with crisp booms in the tape recorder
heat licks the holy salt of the jeeps
rubber and amber grey tapes of smoke

I.

spices speech the sea rubs
my thoughts until they are
silver gold manganese
a mascaraed messenger

massages me
 cool liquor
 his horse drops onto me
 seas horse is strangely
 cool after his fiery run
 the messenger the sea limps brings me singing wood
 to my nostrils
 in the icon hornscape
 wind to shorn lambs
 until they are silver gold manganese
 behind the drums of my ear
 then he says
 chinatown is china is no more
 chinatown is the versailles of architecture
 i lived in bathrooms with the green echo of horse
 the rest of housing projects having fallen away
 like castle court yards
 gas stations had names
 such as der heilige geist sanctus spiritus or
 essence hitch hikers but there were no cars
 stood with bare foot on the pages of their poems
 so that the sun and the father in it might bless his sole
 the eye of each woods was a town
 chinatown beautiful
 because like a shell or pebble
 the juke box map of its street was empty of practice
 no water ran in its pipes joss
 i tiny hermit crab lived
 in the chinese mother of pearl frescoes which had changed my life
 had i seen them
 o the chinatown music
 of the chinatown cats jumping
 in the chinatown grass
 no policeman on bicycle in the snow forest
 to tell them to put their fire out of their eyes
 salmon leaves on the true ground seeded of the true and white sky
 rustling of silk stockings of chinese girls
 almond thighed
 in the small round leafed trees
 sloping to river
 i could walk
 for miles pass right through centers of towns no one to
 tell me put my clothes on
 her name
 was mah jong bella donna and she was such
 as a urine sample of her made the dead rabbits crossed bones
 dance in the desert hard packed sand wasp waisted time

II.

as shards of fire work light
 fit together though moving apart
 all true the animation of bright
 paper full of chinese promises
 o to unroll
 i rubbed cat tail on her white and
 mandarin and slightly glistening back
 when she appeared
 tightly wrapped
 holy sticks dust scurries
 across the sidewalk its
 nightpollinated
 prophetsign
 brownian movement of molecules
 pigeon rocobobble
 living dust
 rolling across the impermeable
 that cities use for ground
 feet walked on dust beads while the wind
 played an ointment music
 throwing jews harps of leaves against the teeth

III.

 of smoke unroll
 with a red dyed down feather at the end of sound
 brown side of tapes climb rose hip over
 white bricks of my lake castle
 like vine shag
 duel scars on the faces of the buddhas
 peel
 calm replying of sun worked water
 flapbleat sound volumes in my ear pours haunt stream
 like a bad joke the boy scouts are over the wall
 as it begins it is over the quantum of time being telescoped
 the boy scouts die at the throat of the vampire bali
 the sea licks the skin with calfs ming tongue off the finger
 of the boy at the dike hole
 girls shake that gamelan of young metal
 between your legs in wind
 up to the knees
 china is no more chinatown is
 the girls with porcelain knees
 resolve in desert where no flower is
 to snapshotdragons who live for ever
 by the sea by the chinese hands with foam fingernails
 potters sea

IV.

the clay yards are locked up at night
so the dead can get some sleep
jasmine weeds wood
goldembossed red lac-
quered gnarled this concrete hue of
wall in tar paint are
written the names of the persons
whose answers we are still waiting for
what happens when your eyes
are closed

a gun shot and i am done for

it could have been a back fire
but had i seen the flash like a star mother
pointing with a blue spark fingernail over to

V.

the farthest light a cat with the face of a human baby
howls the resin night
with breaking glass and muffled cries of pain
every night repeats
until i finish this poem

despite the mirrors it is not done with mirrors

a dead angel dips in to the surface of the sky
as if it wanted to go in again the place is full
of lemurous gas

abandon your cars

another one another messenger one
standing by the whizzing night roads
abandon your cars slam the door

walk straight with your back
a car carrying his brother whizzed by
he burst out crying what was his name

tied nape his visions
were not brought on by deformed blood corpuscles

the world is now beautiful like a chinese laundry
piled up with orders but always empty when i walk
in to it an in with moments

emmett williams

pueblo

the turn of the screw
he turn of the screw t
e turn of the screw th
turn of the screw the
urn of the screw the s
rn of the screw the st
n of the screw the ste
of the screw the stern
f the screw the stern
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w the stern of the cre
the stern of the crew

Jean Chatard

FOUR POEMS

translated from the French by Derk Wynand

DEATH TOMORROW

No sooner does a world hang itself than a downpour threatens.

The pride of stone and gorse measures
the élan of tides. The hole in bone
where marrow dies holds the secret
of our hands up for auction.

A new tree for your tears, a new
name for your blondness

and always at our feet this violent soil
married to the night
disguised by fatigued rites in the step
and in our hands, always the cortège
of first acts and visage of our fears.

For dreams, we have toucan sobs,
opacity of millet, the great, elated barque.

The call of wild men reaches me in a flight
of presences and breaches.

A hand is still offered and I don't stir,
the sandbank shifts, the landscape
halts, the landscape welcomes embers.

MUSEUMS OF THE QUESTION

Poised on light, the vertigo at bay, pierced
on all sides, hoisted up to the garotte of
speech, wounded by colours, I listen to the crew
set its cormorants in pursuit of a shower.
I leave this fondled sea to the drunkenness of
slow-motion. I tie up cities.

Always placed on watch in the breach, always
forced to colour the dawn, I berth on the step
of your mineral shadow, the tenuous step
of chanting mud.

Bound by stupour, lost in habit, I am
this fascinated man to whom the hours refuse water,
the panic granted, the gold of nights. I crawl in
the museums of the question, I'm always handy
for listening to the rattle of a thirst

but I no longer notice the climatic flight
of demented fish.

The undulating,
the always slow agony of matter.

I nest in slow-motion.

I tremble, I am no longer someone who
discloses himself, who dissolves.

WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE

It was enough to take in a reef in the torpor, it
was enough to weigh anchor, to heave at
the main halyard of the Aquitanian ship, the first
warbling, the near horizon

but we were in a hurry to go with the storm.

We bivouacked on a dying island for the space
of a murder, of a summer, we brought
into play the irrefutable proof
of our love, the condemned one.

A world of breakers was left us.

I speak now of hour-glasses, of
dolorous ports, damp in creaking
nights, of fragile Carbet
hoisted up to our hands. I speak profusely
of ritual and wave, of Port of Spain and
Saint-Kitts, of the torpor of the Iles du Salut.

I speak of the traveller's bifid tree
of Place des Palmistes, in mad Cayenne.

I dwell within each summer, on minute days
in every port of call. I leave to the quays
the steel-band's possible echo and keep the shudders
to trouble my thirst.

THE GIFT OF SAND

Thrown there, wasted, assaulted, losing my limbs,
forgetful of the fear to be borne, mortal, I await
the rain that will make me tremble.

The drift spelled out, zones of shadow foiled, I enter
the edge of the port where the sex questions, I
leave my seed in the depths.

Three times stranded, flayed by the storm,
I creak in all parts, I burst with boredom.

Pissing the dregs, trailing these greedy evenings,
stained with spindrift, I offer my shell, orgies
of thirst and gesture,
nettle and seed.

Spongy, sprung in places, oozing with algae,
sprawled out, capsized, broken, chewing on sand,
shoved by the mercenary flux, I roll
on the shore of wherefore.

Blinded by foam, I leave to my brow
the discovery of beaches.

Annette Hayn
FIVE POEMS

ON ROPES

1

A rope is a line
of twisted strands of hemp
between two points

2

The rope
is rough

3

It is a murder weapon
for rope dancers.

4

A piece of rope
the color of sand
lies in my hand.
Two strands have escaped the pattern.
The open end
has a bushy tail.

5

A rope is knotted
on the poster
in the Compoz ad
for temporary relief
of simple nervous tension.

6

A rope supports, secures, wraps up, rescues, carries, kills

7

Ropes are used for tying
objects to one another;
a husband to his wife to their baby;
a tree to a pole to a dog;
the dog to the gate of the supermarket.

8

Ropes can be found neatly rolled in a tool box
or coiled in the pockets of boy scouts.

9

The strands of the rope
slightly move in irregular
semi-circular pencil lines
around the tightly twisted
central pole.

10

The roped-in stallion

11

The patterns dancers make,
the skinny dance of the scarecrow
are the motions of a rope
that's loosened by the wind.

12

Ropes fray around the edges.
When people love one another
they become invisible
or grow up.

13

Bouncing it becomes
in regular rhythms
to skip to

a red rope with polished handles
on each end.

RAPUNZEL

At first you barely smiled,
then when I said good-bye
you said "hello,
how have you been"
remembering
in the wrong act.

How much do you remember?
Does the tower have windows?
Are you obeying orders?
What do you see?

How dim you are, how rigid.

FRANCES

More than the lack of them it is
her inability to hold on
to things, her own stories
even; the family is always
breaking them. That day
the cat ate rat poison
and her sister burned the hair
off the doll. Then Frances wore
her cousin's glasses all weekend.

POEM

Nothing is ordinary any more,
not the goose at my feet
that I close my eyes to,
not the candy wrapper flying away
with leaves. How can my appetite
be garden and gold?
They're aiming flashlights at us
from the woods.
Your face is like a weather map,
but even as I notice
and sitting next to you
I am too busy with required things.

LEFT OVER

November.
Heat left over from July.
I found a penny
in among the leaves,
torn
candy wrappers and a bunch of weeds.
Three
ladybugs drowned when I
washed the screens. I saved the fourth.
They might have liked today.
All year waiting for something

GEORG TRAKL
SIX POEMS

YEAR

Dark stillness of childhood. Under green-growing ash trees
Gentleness basks with a pale blue gaze. Golden repose.
A dark thing is ravished by the odor of violets. Swaying sheaves
In the evening, seed and the golden shadow of heaviness.
The carpenter hews his beams; in the twilight of the valley
A mill grinds corn. A crimson mouth curves in the hazel leaves,
A virile red bent over silent waters.
Soft is autumn, the spirit of the forest. A golden cloud
Pursues the solitary, the black shadow of the grandchild.
Decline in a stony room. Under ancient cypresses
The night images of the tears gather into a spring--
Golden eye of the beginning, dark patience of the end.

— *Translated by Max Wickert*

TRUMPETS

Under clipped willows, where brown children play
And leaves tremble, trumpets sound. A graveyard-shudder.
Banners of scarlet plunge through the maple's grief,
Riders past rye-fields, empty mills.
Or shepherds sing at night and deer step
Into the ring of their fires, the wood's ancient grief.
Dancers emerge from a black wall;
Scarlet banners, laughter, insanity, trumpets.

— *Translated by Michael O'Brien*

ON THE MOOR

Wanderer in the black wind; the parched reeds sighing softly
In the stillness of the moor. In the gray sky
A flock of wild birds follows,
Slanting above dark waters.

Revolt. In a ruinous shack
Rot flutters up on black wings;
Crippled birches moan in the wind.

Evening in a deserted tavern. The road home immersed in
The gentle melancholy of grazing herds,
Night's apparition: toads emerge from silver waters.

— *Translated by Joachim Neugroschel*

AMEN

Decay gliding through the rotting parlor;
Shadows on yellow wall-paper; in dark mirrors
The ivory sorrow of our hands rises in an arch.
Brown beads trickle through the defunct fingers.
In the stillness,
An angel's blue poppy-eyes open.
Blue is the evening;
The hour of our dying, Azrael's shadow,
Darkening a brown garden.

— *Translated by Joachim Neugroschel*

CALM AND STILLNESS

Shepherds buried the sun in the barren forest.
A fisherman drew
The moon in a net of hair from the freezing pond.

The wan man
Lives in blue crystal, his cheek against his stars;
Or else he bows his head in purple slumber.

Yet the black flight of birds always stirs
The watcher, the holiness of blue blossoms,
The nearby stillness thinks of things forgotten, faded angels.

Again the forehead darkens in moonly rock;
A radiant youth
The sister appears in autumn and black decay.

—Translated by Joachim Neugroschel

TWILIGHT

On the edge of the wood a dark deer
Silently looms;
At the hill the evening wind ends quietly,
The blackbird's lament dies out,
And the gentle flutes of autumn
Grow mute in the rushes.

On a black cloud
You ride poppy-drunken across
The nighttime slough,

The sky of stars.
The Sister's moonly voice always sounds
Through the sacred night.

Translated by Joachim Neugroschel

Diane Di Prima

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER NO. 29

beware of those
who say we are the beautiful losers
who stand in their long hair and wait to be punished
who weep on beaches for our isolation
we are not alone: we have brothers in all the hills
we have sisters in the jungles and in the ozarks
we even have brothers in the frozen tundra
they sit by their fires, they sing, they gather arms
they multiply: they will reclaim the earth
nowhere we can go but they are waiting for us
no exile where we will not hear welcome home
"goodmorning sister, let me work with you
goodmorning brother, let me
fight by your side"

Vito Hannibal Acconci

They are united (He was continued by him)

**The union remains in existence or effect
until now (It continued)**

**Then he goes on in the specified condition
or course of action (He continued doing this)**

(He continued this) He carries it on and keeps it up

**And then he extends this way
to the other side (He continued it)**

**But another side
retains him (They continued him in his position)**

**Now he stays in the same
place or position (He continued there)**

**They go on with the union again after
an interruption (They continued it)
(They continued)**

(Continued on the following page)

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Appearing in print for the first time are: ANNETTE HAYN, who grew up in Germany and England; ALLAN ROSEN, a 16-year-old high-school student; PAUL THIEL, who comes from Missouri and lives in New York.

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