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## CONTENTS

Jack Anderson	1
Hans Carl Artzinger	22
Georges Bath	3
André Codreanu	7
Robert Giller	30
Stanley Grossman	36
John Pierre Dugan	43

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## CONTENTS

Jack Anderson	5
Hans Carl Artmann	72
Georges Badin	9
Andrei Codrescu	7
Robert Cohen	95
Stanley Cooperman	38
Jean-Pierre Duprey	43
Jochen Gerz	64
Madeline Gins	74
Ron Gross	59
Yuaka Ishii	35
Steve Katz	36
Richard Kostelanetz	8
Reiner Kunze	41
Joachim Neugroschel	58
Claude Pélieu	60
Carter Ratcliff	51
James Sallis	12
Robert Sward	14
Suzanne Zavrian	63
Contributors	96

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JACK ANDERSON  
Three Poems

THE GIFT

With its heartbeat audible  
beneath the wrappings,  
the gift sits on the table,  
my hand attached to it,  
"From Me to You"  
stamped on the knuckles.

I keep other rubber stamps  
(for Dearest Mother,  
Light of My Life, My Favorite Niece),  
but the gift stays the same,  
there's no need to unwrap it,  
it's purely itself:  
bulky, unwieldy, always brought  
by delivery men when you're not at home  
and returned to the post office  
for you to pick up,  
whereupon it gains ten pounds, shoots out three feet,  
and creates a nuisance on the subway—

yet all that matters is that it exists,  
material evidence  
I still can take  
sufficient pains  
to give you a gift.

My hand, I think, has long since been replaced  
by that of a mannequin  
—it's even chipped across the knuckles—  
and you, I know, have made  
a doll from the attic your substitute:  
the gesture remains,

and the gift  
goes on living and growing beneath its ribbons,  
sticking out wider each time I present it  
until it is almost as big as your room.

CONTENTS

Jack Anderson	5
Henry Carl Anderson	75
Gregory Babin	9
Andrew Babin	7
Robert Carter	85
Stanley Cooperman	35
Jean-Pierre Duvivier	45
Joachim Durr	65
Maddeline Gini	75
John Gray	89
Yvonne Jaffe	35
Steve Katz	98
Richard Kohnstamm	8
Robert Kohnstamm	47
Joseph Kohnstamm	58
Claude Rabin	85
Carrie Rabin	81
James Sallis	12
Robert Sallis	14
Suzanne Sallis	103
Constance Sallis	11



## DREAM OF THE LYNX

I had not realized the tops of trees  
Were storms suspended in mid-air.  
I was saying my prayers: the names of things.  
Pain was chained to the wall  
And then in late afternoon  
It was chained to me. In the distance  
I mistook it for an arrow pointing.

I held a spare finger in my hand,  
A projectile which could ravage cities.  
It rang like a telephone. My tongue  
Was lapping the cream inside the monument  
Where floors were slippery and unfleshed bones  
Crawled from the sleeves of advocates.  
The posture changes disguised nothing.

The new season pulled away  
With loosened bricks from the wall  
Leaving a haze of coughing  
Which tasted of smoke, the cunning soot  
From the furnace room of an old people's home  
Behind which the mountains still grazed like sheep  
Nibbling the sky down to the root.

## PLATES

The sky a licked dinner plate  
Against which spoons rub the sound of locomotive wheels  
Passing the stone shaped like a woman's brow  
While we gathered at the piano to sing "Sad Stone"  
And the hammers struck the stones  
Wearing them down, washing them in waves  
Of sentiment, that they might be  
Smooth, shiny, and small  
Enough to fill a pocket—so  
In the evening the garden is like a warm pocket,  
The white flowers wrapped in their own pallor,  
The table fuzzily laid for coffee and low talk,  
A yellow light like a stone in the window,  
And before the doorbell is answered  
A long pause will set its empty plate on the cloth.  
Icebergs. They are only greenhouses.

## ANDREI CODRESCU

### THE TERROR OF KALAMAZOO

Six old women sit on each other's knees in a crowded little room without windows. A fat woman, fifty years of age and sour, passes a big bowl of borscht around. They all pass it out without looking at it.

FAT WOMAN: My thee borscht it's getting cold and he smokes cigars fifty inches long.

CHORUS: Yeah! And he smokes cigars fifty inches long!  
(They cross themselves fearfully.)

WOMAN 1: (Lamenting) Skiva, Skiva, what did you do with the icon? The blue and gold icon of Archangel Makanie the holy bearded one and four hundred years old?

CHORUS: Skiva lost the icon! Skiva lost the icon!  
(A woman screams, giggles, moves abt, catches a mouse and shows it hanging by the tail. Swings it around. The women laugh like men.)

WOMAN 2: (passing the borscht) You'll forget how to sip how to lounge your lips deep in the hot fat body of the water soup and wine.

CHORUS: You'll forget! You'll forget!

WOMAN 2: You'll forget how to swallow the thick greasy spread on the bread and the freshness of meat and thickness of dough with flour on top and salt one finger and pepper one nail.

CHORUS: You'll forget! You'll forget!

WOMAN 3: (Puts the mouse in the borscht. Nobody notices.) The ganglions are ready to pop. In the tunnels their maker paces up and down very nervous, puts more green puss here more pink buggers there, a taste of cancer and a touch of clap. He's quite different. Heee! Heee! Heee!

CHORUS: Shit! Shiit!

WOMAN 3: I can't get meself together. That's all. He scares me.

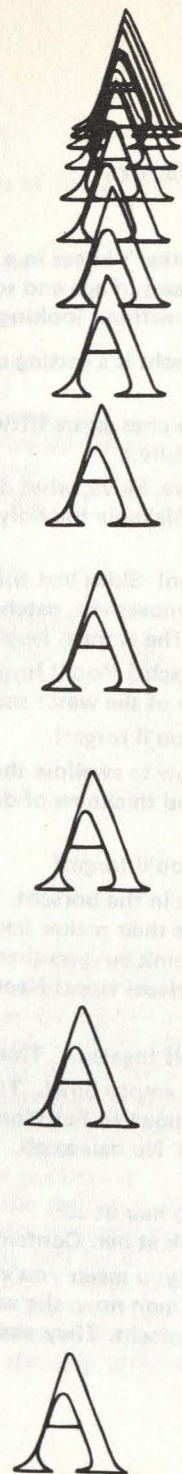
WOMAN 4: (Holds the now empty bowl. The mouse is in there very fat. She takes him out and gives the bowl to Fat Woman to refill.) I think the wooden bowl is thirsty. (Caresses it) No hair at all. Nice'n smooth. Just skin that wants to crawl when you touch it.

CHORUS: No hair at all! No hair at all!  
(Woman 5 is dead. They look at her. Contempt. Useless.)

WOMAN 6: Good God? Do you mean you've demolished my house? (to herself pointing to dead woman) C'mon now, she wasn't really my house.  
(The bowl is back. Full of borscht. They pass it around. Woman 3 is looking for the mouse.)



RICHARD  
KOSTELANETZ



GEORGES BADIN  
Four Poems  
Translated by Joachim Neugroschel

the work, moving

coastal mountains,  
a favorable expression  
hull the fruits, at leisure,  
known, precious, ancient,  
of the ornaments they will be stripped of,

of food, tints  
at the cost of desires,

expectant attitudes  
on the off-chance

crested jaggednesses  
walking, flying,  
akin to anger,

boldness,  
before, fires drop  
from morning

and to leave  
when night closes,

walls modify the darkness,  
the meadow,  
the billow, fragments that they guide,

acutely they perish.



## **sentences**

Shrubby erasures, levers that pierce the summer, roads of tormented leaves, lances inundate it, one sees what it produces, here is the breath engendered on surfaces of stones, the threshold of a state they will cross no more, if the grass yellows it I see shaded points there, lamellas about to melt, the tower of earth devouring the solar silver, I note its traces,

advances where names prepare to grow, in abundance, but without spreading.

## **readings with reciprocal verbs**

praiseworthy, one morning and so clear, inviting in those woofs,

luster to this glorified state of anger,

broken by the billow of changeul blades,

they frolic

on the meadow,

jointed by singing,

they are painted in a period of invasion.

## **naked rock if it saw you**

what's to be stated? from force to moss (one wearing out the other), unity makes law Raising its golds diminishes it; survivors of grottos, are you coming?

points seen: they are white, warp as they twist, moisten the stone Where does the breath divide?

splotches brighten mountains Holes are without blackness They arrange goods on injections of shadow: places of rest or fields that forget them? The interrogation befalls at their doors

fibres glow One knows them to be green, russet, devoid of water One turns away One comes back with them to the prompt fracture The straight line is reachless

the grass has talons Already the plain And its time uncertain as it was here



## JAMES SALLIS

### Three Poems

#### LIVING WITH YOU

Another year and the ground  
pulls harder,

the heart  
on its intricate stalk succumbs again  
to your hair, your breath and voice.

A tree  
grows, and the world grows

smaller. A pan on the stove,  
boiling too much water,

raises the level of entropy in the world.

---

The two of us  
alone here. We climb  
up into one another.

At night, you  
say, black people come  
out from under the stones,

'Us, suspended  
up here between  
adjective and quality—'

Outside, down  
into purple valleys, the  
rain is falling.

#### for du Bouchet

The foot breaks open      spilling

the road

on your hands,

just half a mile

down it. The levels

extend

beyond passing,

the sky

bangs its door closed on a sign:

nobody

home

you turn

and worm away on your belly,

(your foot

burst open).

The flags

make footprints

in the dust.

The dust fills

them. The dust,

Dust

propped

in the sand.



## THE JURASSIC SHALES/Novel in progress

Robert Sward

I have no images for impatience but sitting here.  
Do you think I want Enlightenment?  
It's not I'm not ready for death: the truth is I'm probably  
more ready than I know.  
Impatience is Impatience is—what do you mean by sewing up my veil?  
Sufficient is bliss.  
What I like best is being alive. And a little nervous, too. Is  
There any moment always laughing you're not annoyed—  
or could be if you wanted badly enough?  
The thing is everything I've ever learned carries  
a little badge reading Why are you so impatient?  
The woman lies in bed in a darkened room and I  
sit on the bare floor in the Lotus position.  
After 20 minutes she tells me when she looks at  
snowflakes she gets dizzy. But because  
for 20 minutes I have felt on the edge of  
something very frightening, I tell her she is on the  
edge of something very frightening.  
She says I feel I am going mad. That's true.  
Then I do not know who the third is.  
Who is the third, I ask.  
It's just as true of me.  
It won't happen, it already has.  
Both arms around her.  
Just lie like this.  
Everywhere there are things saying, Let me interrupt you just for  
a moment.  
What if the next 40 lines were to consist of names out of a phone  
directory?  
Where's that phone directory?  
Is the imagination Little Orphan Annie beatified wearing  
sequins and merkin having unnatural relations  
with Johnny Appleseed?

Imagination is the inability to distinguish  
between Dick Tracy in his loincloth and one's own horoscope  
for today, Feberberries eleventy-eleventy.  
I want a little more honey on my toast, please. And a large glass  
of orange juice.  
I want more oatmeal  
I want a chicken sandwich.  
Ever since I've used LSD I've gotten to like myself a whole lot more.  
My table manners have improved and also my appetite.  
In the past 7 years all my archetypes have become foods. The most  
significant archetype of the past 7 years is peanut butter.  
  
In Acapulco, Mexico, this summer a friend stayed stoned for 3 weeks  
day and night on the best weed money could buy. He subsisted en-  
tirely on a diet of champagne, Gerber's baby food and peanut butter.  
Three weeks later he spent three weeks fishing for three particular  
fish he'd seen one night in a vision and caught all three on given  
days, days given in the vision, living meanwhile in a house that  
cost \$70 a day that had rats, a small fox (that later escaped)  
and a dog that amazed us with its worms. Another friend in that  
same house on the terrace one evening attempted, because he thought  
he could and because I was willing, to hypnotize me. He went instead  
into a trance and is still in a trance and so am I.  
  
In the afternoon in the woods I saw this apparition, she was lovely,  
Oriental, tiny, growing larger, a man, trees, in such intense focus,  
the spirits, how attentive they were, I was wrong, I thought, a  
series of concentric circles, but so vivid, no, it's my friend Yang,  
wrong again, a dancer an acrobat Yoko Ono a woman who will enter my  
life who I will live with forever and we will never speak, what an  
amazing body, I begin to smile it's Lin a biologist perhaps 60 catch  
her lift her in the air kiss her set her down and we each go on. All  
that day I'm in rapture working madly. Much later thinking I'll tell  
someone I hear raindrops the ice melting or footsteps or Lin or my  
wife. Walking back that night carrying a long paring knife knees  
flexed I practice Karate flashlight the moon in half I am choosing  
something very difficult too much too much taken on three other  
lives, a lie, one life that I overvalue and insistence Not Yet I'll  
choose my own time motherfucker. There are no techniques of love.  
Snow light everywhere carrying a knife  
objects are objects are images fear  
that light's gone. Taking dancing lessons and bastard lessons



Fear death fear death conveyed out of death by by  
Can the ice take dancing lessons can the ice take fuck lessons  
Shit is a dildo  
You ever notice the skulls in the back windows of taxis?

She'd never been given to and couldn't give what she had to on faith—she refused to touch me, the bitch. And I couldn't control myself. Later, there was aspirin everywhere. At first it was like walking on pebbles and then on resin. I trod on her. I stomped her ear.

I have urinated on my mantras.

"My mantras are wet, my mantras are wet."

I want nothing.

I want. I want.

Later I turned a hose on her. Later I considered beating her with the hose but it wasn't necessary.

The third day following the beating I spent stoned and weeping watching a snail walk up the garden wall.

Now listen, are we talking about violence or impatience?

Some days I don't know if I ought to stay in bed or become a sniper—

What if after three months of intense pettiness and howling with  
someone one really loved one murdered her and felt the presence  
of a thousand auras?

There are toy soldiers in armor in the flower pots,

There are times only when I am high do I not feel in a trance.

Yesterday a man came selling orchids. Orchids and bulbs.

I bought one orchid with three bulbs and one orchid with four bulbs.

Orchids have mouths. I stuck my head in

Because I wanted to see what the air was like.

What or rather who are the inhabitants of their mouths?

I come out blind.

I come out wearing antennae.

With the retraction of my horns,  
there appear new antennae.

If I knew only half what everyone else knows I wouldn't be such  
an asshole.

My illnesses sometimes I think—is it my karma to be a hypochondriac?—  
are simply ways of becoming conscious,

I become ill in order to wake up.

As for the orchids, they were not very well to begin with and are  
still not very well.

How do you regulate the humidity?

Is there anything to say but what the need to go under finds for itself?

What is at the root of these conversations with the Inhabitants?

What fevers shall we let in? What must be decided that this might  
be decided?

I am turning more and more to the new biology.

A race of people born at 80 living out their lives in reverse.

As many as 40,000 cicadas after a 17-year childhood ("the nymph of  
the periodical cicada spends more than a decade and a half tun-  
neling through darkness in the soil before it emerges") may  
emerge from the ground under a large-sized tree.

"You're a beast and a pig and I hate you. I know what you're  
thinking. Just stay away. Stay away from me."

"Stupid bitch!"

"Oh God, and the things I've done."

"Devour."

"And you, your fucking needs. Hate you. Hate you all!"

"Don't. You're mad—"

"It's you. You'll kill me."

"Listen—"

"Shirts I've sewn. Patch. You're nothing. You're nothing."

"C'mon luv. Quiet, please, quiet."

"Priest. St. Madness. Tell me sweetness, tell me gentle."

"What do you want? What do you really want?"

"Go fuck yourself."

"That's as helpful a suggestion as any."

"It's not new. It's been happening a longer while than you know."

"It feels it. Who was it called you 'metaphysic-metabolic' woman?"

We're not the same person."

"Whoever said we were?"

"You're inventing everything about us. It's all invention. You're  
eating us both alive. You've eaten every one you've ever known and  
half the time before you've met or seen or known or talked with  
them. So fucked-up one can't breathe, can't get one's breath, suffocate,  
hurts hurts everywhere, the breathing—you've eaten all the air one's got  
to stick one's head in, I no longer know help me help me."

"There he sits helpless. How 'bout some fresh satori pie? Let's have a  
lunch of bananas and white wine. You say you want peace.

You want peace more than love—you have no passion. Don't you  
see, I hate you for it."

"Yet I'm the sensualist, you said. You're the Romantic. Romantic's  
a ghost, right? It's death you want. Or is the question, Who wants  
it more?"



"When you come your eyes are shut. Every time. Yes, every time for two years. So where are you? You're dying. You're in bliss. You're taking it all in. You say you want peace. Peace and to come. Peace and come. That's all you are. A worm, a nothing in chairs and on the floor in bed with his woman or with himself a walking Lotus position coming 3-4 times a day with his eyes shut. Isn't your right or left heel or something supposed to be on your peter, I've heard that. I've never once seen you do it properly. What you want is to sit like that and be caressed. You'd like your hair stroked, your nails done. A little vaseline on my pinky and up your ass."

"I'll kill you yet."

"You haven't half done your part, now, have you? Broken one rib. Oh yes, you'll kill me. The question is, because you're my victim—or you're your own? I own you. I own when you'll kill me. I own the fear. You'll never get out because what you have is total. Once you've killed, you'll never have to again. But it's not love, it's a test. And I'll devour you. I couldn't devour you if I couldn't devour you. When you've reached the limit, you'll reach the limit and you'll leave. Why don't you just let it happen? What are you trying to hold on to? What do you want to preserve?"

"Preserve? Equate death with love, Romantic death, Romantic agony. Whose is the dildo? Who the merkin? Is this my asshole or your perversion? The simple fact it feels good? That in spite of yourself there's pleasure? How wet you get. Where does the tongue go when the head comes off? I'll say this, fucking you one never knows if it'll be the last fuck. So there's no anger anyway about that. You take everything and that's as it should be. The anger with the others is one's always having to come back for more. The slightest element of boredom or repetition between us (it's happened, hasn't it?) and we're finished. That's why I'm saying now, it's over. There's no where else to go. I love you and I've loved you and no longer know I can help you, can attend. It hurts all the time. It hurts here and it hurts here." "Scissors. Nails. You'll sleep and I'll put two fingers, one in each eye. That little ivory chess piece, ivory prick, little ivory pawn—you bought that for me, yes? It's been wrong ever since. That's my prick. Get out, get out!"

---

Cuetzalen, Puebla

Dear Dr. Kafka:

"It is enough that the arrow fits precisely the wound that it has made." The arrow is, in that case, the inhabitant of the wound. What of the wound created (much worse, much more sinister) upon the departure of the arrow? Recovering from the departure of the wound's inhabitant. What if the arrow were a relative? A mother or a father? What if one's bones were arrows—and one's muscles and cells? What if one's organs were arrows and one's skull? What if they were all arrows?

It is with regret one surrenders one's fever. The fever is the inhabitant (more necessary than the physician) of the ailment. The inhabitants of the ailment must not depart too quickly or one will die. Bid them goodbye. Farewell fever. Farewell demons. Farewell doctors and arrows, mothers and fathers.

The beautiful thing about fucking and coming and everything is the spontaneous shift of demons from one body to another. All those arrows giving all that pleasure! And what of the quiver, Dr. Kafka? Would you say a few words about the quiver? Or the mind that thinks such things? And doctor, what of the inhabitants? What of the wound and the fever and all that pain that is, after all, only memory, the memory of, the memory of... Those many millions of witless sperm. And one (and only one) keeping its wits about it like some fated instrument. The proportions are mythical. Saying over and over to himself, lovelovelovelove—

This fat letter is the other letter's brother. This fat letter is named Elmer. I am going to name all my letters. This letter is named Elmer. Elmer, meet Arthur. Arthur, meet Edward. Will you please write me a letter named Arthur?

What inhabits (and/or possesses) the arrow? I'm still intrigued about this. An arrow named Kafka. I once had a friend named Spike. His real name was Edward. He wanted us to play Robin Hood on the banks of the Chicago Drainage Canal. We were on bicycles and went up and down hills playing Robin Hood. Who do you think played Robin Hood? I can't remember. I played Big John or Robin Hood's mother. Oh, yes, Hymie Schnorr played Robin Hood. Robert, I am 35 today. Thirty-five.

Flying kites and bicycles often with Brides A and B. From the roof of the hotel one sees out for miles. We're like surfers with kites and bicycles and bows and arrows instead of surfboards waiting 3-4 hours at a time for the One current. The perfect breeze, the perfect stillness. The bull's eye. The perfect perfect perfect perfect.



In Cuetzalen in the market the skinned head of a pig looking enlightened, serene, very very piggy. A vast intelligence, tautly (all the muscles and tissues visible and firmly in place) and convincingly itself. Piggy. A piggy named Kafka. The eyes large, not restive as they usually are in pigs, but focussed rather as if there were some third eye about which they were centered. The fascination with that severed back of the head, which I looked at, closely, and which struck me as itself calm—in perfect relationship with the face, the underside to Quiet.

#### The Shop of the Enlightened Pig.

In the Hotel Rivello kitchen there are great strips of pig. I think of salt pork and Hebrew scrolls. The strips lie on the kitchen table a little like yard-goods. We look at that and order eggs. Even the eggs are piggy and salty. I think of England and the way they cook there: a beautiful roast gets shoved in the oven—the oven as a form of confinement (to punish the meat) which, nine hours later, is converted to mere lifeless crust. The crust is duly served in as gloomy a manner as possible with gloomy lifeless vegetables. In Mexico the preparation of food is even more brutal, but there's a humorous cruelty to it that adds flavor.

Oh, wow, for dinner also there's this little crabby with eight legs. He is speckled and dried dry by sun. He is only partially disgusting. His eyes are not on stalks, but they are not exactly in his head either. They are very crystalline and like goggles. The area between his eyes is recessed somewhat, but still largely flat. When I press down on the head, the legs rise (all eight legs and the two pinchers too). This is an exciting dinner! If I hadn't seen him myself I wouldn't have seen him.

Now these little pinchers of his are all tucked-in as if he can't imagine what to do with them. The pinchers are crossed as if he were holding duelling pistols. A crab named Arms of a Fetus. A crab named Baby-talk.

Hotel Rivello. That smell of stew and Black-Flag insecticide. Bride A rises shrieking to beat away bats with the badminton racket and goes off, pounds her typewriter. If I heard her type before meeting her it might have changed our entire relationship. I might never have met her. Before you give rings to women you should first hear the sound of them doing whatever it is they do. Swatting flies or washing dishes or typing. All meetings with women should be under the taboo of first hearing the sound of them working at something or making love—and the odor it leaves them with. And how in response to this one's own odors change, and vice versa.

Dr. Kafka, imagine a play the entire dialogue of which was the conjugation of Spanish verbs. *Valer, venir, ver*. They are worth. It will be worth. She is worth. (That) it may be worth. I am worth. I came. They will come. (That)

we may come. We used to come. (That) they might come. I used to see. I saw. (That) he might see. We shall see. (That) I may see.

Rhythm is the conjugation of verbs.

*Salir, tener, traer*. Go out. We went out. (That) we might go out. You used to go out. We shall have. They had. (That) we might have. Hold. We used to have. I bring. (That) you may bring. They bought. We used to bring. They will bring.

What do you think of that? That was a review of irregular verbs.

Speak slowly.

Be careful.

Be good.

Write us often.

Tell the truth.

Here is your overcoat, Joe; put it on.

Go away, children.

Goodnight, Robt., goodnight, Dr. Kafka.

---

What are these miniature nipples for? And why do they have these sutures or dots around them? I've got the same thing on the underside of my penises, and elsewhere as well. Are they there for appearance? For symmetry?

A letter today from the doctor asking what my numb foot was feeling. I replied it was medium for the seven other organs. That the indications were there may be a military takeover. One or more glands have gone berserk. The foot itself feels it may be reincarnated as a chicken. It doesn't want and fears this greatly. The gonads report there is now a new vaccine. Inoculations against particular reincarnations. One can be inoculated against being reincarnated as a chicken. I have just had this inoculation and for three days have been down with the Fever. "Gobble, gobble; gobble, gobble." The truth is it's a composite, polyvalent against all forms of reincarnation as poultry; anti-chicken, anti-duck, anti-waterfowl—It seems to work. I was one of the first people to be inoculated against being re-born as a chicken.

The thermostat Doctors Kafka and Cohen stuck in my side is unreliable. I'll have to send it back. Doctor, please repair the thermostat. Dr. Cohen, by the way, has musak in his pores. Every cell of his, in fact plays musak just



like at the Air Terminal. Who's conducting? The orchestra's the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra which plays nothing but instead pipes in Guy Lombardo.

Robert says memory cells hold grudges. Nomadic tribes 40 days wandering angrily in the visceral desert. That's no desert, that's my appendix. Is the penis an oasis? Three brown nuts, red grass growing round. What is that whip doing? This is an oasis for leather fetishists. Listen, if I'm alive just say so. Waking feeling resentful one whips the camels.

If only things were better organized. I'm really in bad shape. It's of course partially the chicken inoculation and mis-management of the cells. What's happening is two or more cells believe they are chickens. Which two? When I and the other side of my mind were writing our book on schizophrenia. On our honeymoon my cells and I went to Chicken Falls in Chicken County, Texas. There we had intercourse with ducks. We also had oral sex with our memory cells.

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*For Michael Wolfe*

Good morning, 1860.

Good morning.

Good morning, Dr. Whimsy.

Good morning.

Good morning, Beauty.

Truth.

Queen X.

Helicopter karma machine.

Industry.

Business machines. Computers.

Simplicity.

Can I have just an hour of cunnilingus with the milkmaid?

I want to get back right away then to waging the Civil War.

What instructions are there?

Has the Queen left a note? Can I play Lord Shepperton's harmonica?

Women being mediums for all I know and for all I will ever know

(How can I know that, how can I assign myself—?)

I want another hour with the milkmaid and the Queen to read me her diaries and to instruct me in every extreme action of which she knows anything.

I want to know the bounds of things and sense and how to cleanse myself.

Is there any peanut butter?

What incredible sticky things are there to eat this century?

When did they invent icecream?

Anyone carrying on like this is carrying on for a reason.

What is your reason?

I don't have one.

But perhaps being 40 years before them, I can become both my parents' parents. Has that been done before?

And what if they've gone back 40 or even 60 years?

What if they're at this moment in the process of becoming their own parents?

When will they get to me? When will it be my turn?

I'd like to be present and film my own birth,

To come out with a camera and to be obstetrician, my waiting father and Director at the same time.

I'd like in fact to be my mother, giving birth to an obstetrician-Director-my waiting father and a movie camera.

And to come out with on my wrist

A wrist-sized washingmachine, etc., so I could be immediately fully independent.

A wrist-size split-level house. Refrigerator. A stove. A stationwagon. Hi-fi. A library. A yacht. A hospital with my own doctors. And a complete set of in-laws.

The question most on my mind:

Where do women come from? Where does anyone come from?

I had one conversation about this with the poet Michael Wolfe. He said,

"Women come right out of the head of the male god."

Either that or out of the earth—

"Flesh is a common wall."

People here, there, everywhere, both ears against it.

Listen. Everybody. Alright, we're listening.

Who are these people with?

Where do they come from?

How do they get that way?

The man is with

The woman is with

A man having been with a woman, the woman has always been there

Has the man always been there?



What about Cassandra? What about Hera?

Are things complementary in more ways even than one suspected?

When what happens and what you do are the same thing

How is it possible to speak of hating someone or wasting time?

I want a banana. I want a tangerine.

I want to rim the most beautiful woman in Manhattan, Kansas.

Where is there a tape of dinosaurs chortling as they eat Christians?

What about Jesus Christ? Where is there a tape of Him laughing?

In sex, I've found, in loving

The discovery is the cleansing.

I want to swallow it down.

The only sadness is loving

AND NO ILLUMINATION

Beauty is wallowing.

The critical quarter inch. Loving is practice.

Is there any objection to my putting the title here?

GOOD MORNING. RETURNING TO LIVE IN 1860.

As the first title. The one to start

and THE CRITICAL QUARTER INCH as the other.

I have no good reason for doing this.

Cuetzalen, Puebla

Dear Robt.,

My name is JOHANNES KEPLER'S KEEPER. Where's my stop? Can I get off now? Is this the way to Kedzie Avenue? Is this the way to Foster? Sometimes after I have appeared and said my thing publicly, I feel like Santa Claus. Does this streetcar run to the North Pole? Which way is south? I want a Southbound Karma. (Meanwhile, on screen above ground, 16mm projector turn-of-the-century horsedrawn trolleys in New York). Are you the conductor? My name is JOHANNES KEPLER'S KEEPER.

The question is: Blue Man. The question is: Skyward. There are other

questions. There is the worm. Shadow. The question. What of worms that construct and do not undermine? Would that be the worm in Kepler's diapers? This morning, last night, two weeks in the future. The sense I make is a 73 foot worm

WAIT A MOMENT, I HAVE AN IDEA:

Charade counter. For example, there's much talk between us of navels. JOHANNES KEPLER'S KEEPER goes to a Charade counter and indicates he requires a new navel. This navel he obtains and it is sewn on. JOHANNES KEPLER'S NEW NAVEL. Periodically, and at the character's discretion, when a new part is required he indicates (by charade) what part it is. The Charade counter is, in effect, a body-bank. Perhaps it's like an old country store (à la Disneyland) at which—wood stove, coke machines, dungarees, oatmeal, molasses, THINGS—navels and left and right arms can be obtained. The store is run by a character named CAROTENE DAZE or BLOOD BANK ("Mr. Blood Bank ...."). The LIFE GUARD might also run this General Store.

Having obtained his new navel—and an entire change in expression and body tone, taking on the manner of a student of biology—JOHANNES KEPLER speaks:

"Dear Dr. Kepler: I am a young student in the New Biology. I sit whole mornings in a laboratory littered with peanut shells. Periodically, tiny, unidentifiable seeds or grains of dust, a kind of ultimate litter, fall on my white uniform, and on my laboratory slide specimens, and on the floor, where they make up a kind of atomic grit. Dr. Kepler, I hate filth. I love order. Dr. Kepler, I love walking on ultimate matter. I enjoy with some misgivings the sensation of scrunching."

"Listen Mr. Keeper: I'm now in a think tank. I have little time for experiment. I do all my work in triplicate. Even when I do nothing—I think in triplicate. I have beside me day and night 3 typewriters with 3 white sheets of paper in them. I have 3 microscopes and 3 slide specimens of a vacuum. My main interest is litter. So fuck off."

I am with Dr. No-Count jerking off on the fire gauge;

We're with Cohen and approached in front of Sanborns by a looney wanting to sell ba-ba-ga-noosh;

At the Convention of Tzetze flies they concoct new variations on The Sickness; The A.M.A. at the Congress Hotel in Chicago

The Convention of Veterinarians for Mythological Animals

The School of Scissors Geologists cutting according to Strata

Look, what kind of letter is this anyway? Things go well again after not going well. We spent the entire afternoon acting out charades of one another's vices (Bride A doing her part, imitations of Bride B's freaking out, etc.) at the end of which we were all moving round in one another's skins.



The rains are here in force. What is it inhabits the rain? I've never loved the rain as I love the rain. How I LOVE the rain. In England it was like an insomniac sweating. It was like a stone ill with flu, fevers and chills. The rain in Britain is paranoid of losing its vital bodily fluids. The rain here is convulsive and enthusiastic. Every afternoon between 2 and 5 the main street becomes a river. Then it becomes a street again. The air changes. The sky changes. It's like being near the sea. How near the sea can the sky be? So much of the world was once covered by water. Everywhere I've been lately (including those mountains over Taos) people say: this area was once covered by water. I keep looking for the beaches. The beaches are everywhere. What if Noah's ark were a yacht still stranded on Mount Ararat? What if Noah's ark were the new lost submarine?

This is a digression. One thing I've learned from our correspondence, Robert, is the art of digression. That it's possible for the rain to rain as if it would never rain again. A wholehearted rain digressing wholeheartedly with every drop in all directions. I like a rain filled with seizures. I like rain that does not have its own finger up its navel, or that wears a frown. Frowning, disapproving rain (like some rains I have known) reflects upon the people upon whom the rain reflects. END OF DIGRESSION ON RAIN.

Robert, I need to know this: what about your grandparents?

I was just thinking of Oedipus. Sleeping with one's mother. But what if, as people live longer and longer, whole new forms of INCEST come into fashion? The 70 and 80 year old sons fixated not on their mothers, but on their great great grandmothers. Is it incest to go down on your great great grandmother? And of course these women (200, 400, 600 years old) will be taking hormones and looking like chorus girls—albeit of another era. Or girls of 60 sleeping with their great great grandpa. My word! That would be for a nubile (I love that word *nubile*) girl of 60 like sleeping with Moses or God. In a sense I think I would rather sleep with my great great grandfather (God) than an equally aged—but henna'd, manicured, fatuous old bitch—great great grandmother. Surely there must be some great 900-year-old women!

Or imagine this: Orgies in which the participants were all people in these sexy Florida old-folks-at-home places, in which 200-300 year olds (with faces like in SATURDAY EVENING POST ads for Retirement) had weekly or nightly orgies in which they ate one another's hormones. Fertility rites in which 7 men old as God masturbated together on a woman in her 80's (kept as concubine, communal Orgy girl).

In which sodomists engaged in practises with 100-year-old horses.

Do you think being in Cuetzalen has turned me mad?

There's no running water any more in the hotel because the last time there was no running water, then there was running water and I took a 3-hour shower.

Sometimes I really feel cruddy. When I get cruddy I get so immoderate in my need to GET CLEAN that I destroy the means. I get violent. And when I get violent I take a 3-hour shower.

I once knew a man who had penises coming out of his ribs, fairly low down. He couldn't help rubbing them with his elbows when he walked and had to wear holsters (fairly high up) to keep from coming on his shoes. His name was, I DON'T COME ON MY SHOES, WHAT KIND OF FFF FF OFFFF DO YOU THINK I AM, ANYWAY? There are lots of people like this everywhere and some in Mexico. One thing I like about the Totanacan Indians (like *most*, they also have the biggest eyes in Mexico, which I like in people, it's like a QUALITY) is I haven't seen any of them with holsters filled with their own vital fluids.

Sometimes I revolt even myself.

It's now 1:45 and in 15 minutes it will rain like hell. I can see it coming. Does the rain have holsters?

Once Beverly and I were making love on the bank of a river in a thunderstorm between the theater (with the revolving stage) and the Art Building and and I don't know what people have against the University. It rains sometimes everywhere.

Your loving Papa,

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For Wayne Booher

JOHANNES: (earnestly) What if the state of being we call "high" were one entirely oriented to the present, inner, outer, inner-outer, outer-inner? Is high very much more immediate than not high? Grammatically, the word *then* can be either indefinite past or indefinite future. The present is the present. Past is



indefinite past. Future is indefinite future. The question: Is high more immediate than not high? If the high feels good, it feels good now. How often is one high and longing for other highs? highs past and highs future? Nostalgic for the highs of yesterday? If the present were as rich as it could be, simply and utterly present, would a perpetual high be a perpetual *now*?

MAN: The high would be without degree.

BRIDE A: A perpetual high will not end in one's being tantalized, but will sustain itself. The sacrament will not end after 8 hours.

BRIDE B: True. But high brings responsibility: if you've been high, beautifully high, it's responsible *not* to come down. One must stay where one is through whatever means at hand. What's most at hand is you. High is now. The thing is to trust THAT.

HUEY: What if one thought one were a mass of vulnerability?

LOUIE: Well, then one would be, I suppose.

MAN: Vulnerability is sometimes merely the fear of interruption. What happens when one realizes nothing *need* be an interruption?

DEWEY: Listen, fella, that realization itself's an interruption—breaks up all those old patterns, right?

JOHANNES: What if all books were marriage manuals? What if whatever you read, you married? The *Tibetan Book of the Dead* is correct, you're continually marrying into those different lights. But you have to know where it is you want to go.

HUEY: Where do you want to go?

JOHANNES: Voidness.

LOUIE: I want a pastrami sandwich. I want a lemonade.

MAN: Shut up, you little freak!

1st MOTHERFUCKER: Fuck you, mister. What do you mean shoving around little Louie?

MAN: I'll shove around whoever I want. He's interfering with the discussion.

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: Fuck the discussion.

1st MOTHERFUCKER: Yeah, fuck the discussion.

JOHANNES: Fuck what you will, my friends. The thing is how can we keep from getting hung in those different *bardos*?

MAN: The *Bardo* is a marriage book of reminders.

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: Don't condescend to me. I'll stick this knife in you.

1st MOTHERFUCKER: Marry what?

MAN: Light.

1st MOTHERFUCKER: You're an archetypal shit!

HUEY: What's an archetype?

LOUIE: Archetypes pre-date energy and matter.

DEWEY: Molecular structure and archetypes are the same thing.

LOUIE: If you were reading this in a book would you know whether or not it were written by an insane person?

1st MOTHERFUCKER: Watch your grammar, duck!

JOHANNES: I don't think anyone has their facts straight. I have that feeling of intense energy and no direction.

BRIDE A: To answer Louie's question, No, I think not.

LOUIE: I hate to mention names, but when I was last speaking to the First Man—

1st MOTHERFUCKER: First man?

DEWEY: In a certain sense, is there anything that's not an archetype? Every moment, every gesture's an archetype. All forms are new forms.

LOUIE: Therefore, if everything's an archetype, all ideas, all forms, systems, concepts, Things, what isn't—? If it's all archetype, there are no archetypes. Only highs. Mmm. Is there such a thing as an archetype high? Or an archetype Present?

BRIDE A: Orgasm. Is there an archetype orgasm?

1st MOTHERFUCKER: Mothers. An archetypal mother?

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: An archetypal enema?

1st MOTHERFUCKER: An archetypal hand-job?

BRIDE A: That's right, that's right. Put it all in the worst terms you can. What scum! Where did these people come from?

1st MOTHERFUCKER: What you know, you know. What we know, we know. Tell us about archetypal worst, lady.

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: What about archetypal *lady*? What about lady, lady?

BRIDE B: You motherfucker!

JOHANNES: You know, I think the basic fear is a fear of new archetypes.

LOUIE: About astrology. Astrology is re-writing itself at every moment.

DEWEY: Astrology is itself an archetype. It's an archetypal religion.

1st MOTHERFUCKER: Astrology? Who's talking about astrology?

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: Ducks. These ducks. Duck, I'm a Scorpio. What are you?

DEWEY: I'm a Pisces, you motherfucker.

HUEY: If astrology's rewriting itself at every moment, that's all to the good. All it means is every moment there's a new astrology.

FIRST MAN: I was my own archetype. All archetypes are you. Everything is you, right?

1st MOTHERFUCKER: Is the First Man a motherfucker or a duck? What are you, First Man?

FIRST MAN: I'm the First Man, but I'm not the same man I was just a moment ago.

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: Ah, I see. (To 1st Motherfucker) He's a motherfucker.

LOUIE: No, he's a duck.

BRIDE A: Tell us, First Man, what are you?

FIRST MAN: Even now, the same holds: I'm the First Man, but not quite the same First Man as was here a moment ago. I'm leaving shortly.



BRIDE A: Can I ask you something? I'm sure you are, as you say, the First Man. Yes, I'm sure that's true. What I want to ask is this: Can you *see* your firstness?

FIRST MAN: My firstness is visible. Even my bodily functions have a visible quality of firstness.

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: More and more he sounds like a motherfucker.

1st MOTHERFUCKER: Is it possible to be a motherfucker *and* a first man?

FIRST MAN (somewhat trance-like): All that is visible is firstness.

BRIDE A: Can you do anything that does not have a visible quality of firstness?

Do you ever get bored? What do you think when you see your shadow? Does your peter when it goes from erect to soft still have that quality of firstness?

Can I take your peter in my mouth right now? I want to suck firstness. Do you mind? (Bride A sucks First Man. Dialogue continues as before, no one paying particular attention to either Bride A or Man).

HUEY: I can see my duckness.

1st MOTHERFUCKER: I can see my motherliness.

JOHANNES: Getting back to tripping, the trip is the only form of devotional life that we have at the moment. Every time anyone is devotional, one takes a chance. Archetypes regenerate archetypes. In that sense what is at this moment an archetype is another archetype a moment later. Archetypes are pulsations.

They change only to remain the same. Archetypal change is archetypal change. Archetypes are born out of devotion.

FIRST MAN (moaning, trance-like): Take me in your mouth! Oh, let me come in your mouth!

1st MOTHERFUCKER: Oh, I wish I had a mother! I want a mother right now.

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: I want my Momma! I want my Momma.

MAN: (Lost, wandering around totally disoriented).

HUEY: Quack, quack. Quack, quack.

LOUIE: (Pecking at the ground—manner of a duck pecking sand).

DEWEY: Mom-ack, Mom-ack. Mom-ack, Mom-ack.

JOHANNES: (Gesticulating, manner of a conductor of an orchestra—gesticulations as if all the noise and motion were under his direction. Eyes slightly shut, he's completely in tune with all the vibrations, all the mad longing. This he appears, or even succeeds, in "orchestrating" by his gestures. It all appears to proceed from him. Johannes, the one seeming still-point).

JOHANNES: Archetypes are born out of devotion. (A chicken appears, trots round and says, "Yin-Yang, Yin-Yang, Yang becomes devotion in the end.")

1st MOTHERFUCKER: (Making sounds like a super fire-engine red-rooster. Chasing chicken round and round Johannes—who carries on as before—with clearly sexual intent. If he manages to catch chicken he holds it to his groin, moaning, rushing out into the night followed by the 2nd Motherfucker, also moaning.)

(Man, continuing to wander, trance-like, dazed, falls and breaks his leg.)

HUEY: The physical energy is waning, the psychic energy is rising.

LOUIE: There's the break and there's the pain. In addition, there's fear.

DEWEY: Where does the fear come in?

HUEY: The experiencing of fear is the experiencing of memory.

(The First Man clouts Huey and knocks him down.)

HUEY: (who continues as before, virtually without interruption—but distinctly)

... which are the breaking of the chemical bonds, which are just like the breaking of the leg, I suppose.

LOUIE: Do you suppose that every oxygen atom has a memory of every hydrogen atom it has made water with?

DEWEY: Perhaps oxygen itself is the memory. The memory that it is oxygen. Without memory, no oxygen. Without oxygen, no universe—the absence of universe as the absence of memory.

1st MOTHERFUCKER: (returning) Is it possible actually to die of pain?

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: If so, how could an autopsy determine the cause of death?

1st MOTHERFUCKER: It depends how far in the pin was inserted.

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: Was it a silver pin or a green pin?

1st MOTHERFUCKER: A yellow.

BRIDE B: I want coffee and some English muffins and English marmalade.

HUEY: What if the experiencing of pleasure were memory?

BRIDE B: I want coffee with the memory of coffee. Integrity. Integrity is wholeness of memory. Memory untined by selfishness. I'd also like aspirin. I have cramps.

LOUIE: This lady has her feet on the ground.

HUEY: To experience pleasure without memory, that's divine ecstasy.

LOUIE: I don't follow.

HUEY: It doesn't matter.

DEWEY: The universe is expanding forwards.

JOHANNES: Is the universe expanding, contracting or in a steady state?

It's expanding forwards, and contracting back, and in a steady state. "Who am I?" "Whence have I come?" "Where am I going?" Tantra says: *I am all this*.

1st MOTHERFUCKER: (knife in hand) For every saint you have to have a killer, right?

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: Or is that your sado-masochism?

1st MOTHERFUCKER: If I could decide, then I guess I would be a saint.

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: He fears and desires the fall from sainthood.

1st MOTHERFUCKER: Saint and sinner are words that are the polarization of the society at any given time. (With that, he stabs himself, tentatively.)

JOHANNES: What if everything were the acting out of history forwards? For example, the concept of the coming Buddha... granted that, for those who share the concept everything that will be done over the next 24,000 years will



be done in expectation . . . The acting out of history forwards. History is memory regenerating its archetypes.

HUEY: Amnesiacs are the true historians.

BRIDE B: We have one known amnesiac among us. Mr. Shitts over there.

LOUIE: Let's hear it for the man, the amnesiac in our midst!

ALL: Hip-hip, hooray. Hip-hip, hooray.

MAN: I feel as if I'm at a devotional wake. Thank you. Thank you. Since you've all been so kind, I'm going to tell you now, if you'd like, who God is.

BRIDE A: Careful now!

MAN: Hmm. God is the oxygen's memory of all that hydrogen. What do you think of that?

HUEY: Yes, I suppose so. Among other things.

DEWEY: The word was before anything. Or that's what they say.

JOHANNES: What if this new order you're talking about (or *is* this what you're talking about?) were alive and could be tuned into? Not God. But things to do particularly with making something manifest . . . . God is oxygen's memory of all that hydrogen. What does that mean? Consider this: a dictionary with a million words all of them with the same definition.

HUEY: What then?

1st MOTHERFUCKER: We could always have a dictionary with a million opposing definitions.

BRIDE B: It's clear, isn't it? We're in a state of seed. We're dormant. You motherfuckers are always rushing things. Why can't you sit still for a moment? The quality of a motherfucker is to fuck up the origins. For every wound there's a motherfucker to leave a monkey wrench in the origin.

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: The origin of motherfuckers is mothers.

HUEY: Behind every Motherfucker there's a Momma Bear.

1st MOTHERFUCKER: Motherfuckers are the victims of history just like everyone else. You think it's fun being a motherfucker? I don't want to be a motherfucker. It's my fate. I can't help myself.

HUEY: I saw you with that chicken, your pants open, sweat on your forehead. Your tongue hanging out. That wasn't fate, that was motherfucker.

1st MOTHERFUCKER: Shut your hole, duck, or I'll cut your head off.

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: I want some pancakes. I want some archetypal pancake mix.

JOHANNES: See, even here the archetype applies. It applies even to pancakes. This motherfucker knows his own mind. Every karma is a cycle of archetypes.

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: Hey, Johannes, are you gay?

JOHANNES: I'm gay, but I'm not gay enough.

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: I thought so.

JOHANNES: You thought what?

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: The archetype of perfection is the Buddha.

JOHANNES: As archetypes go, at its best the Buddha archetype is usually ridiculous. The nature of that particular archetype is that it's impersonal. You wouldn't believe it, but if you could understand *that*, you'd understand death through the penis or death through the anus—as opposed to death through the top of your head.

HUEY: Look, motherfucker, I'm in over my head as it is. Where are *you* at? 1st MOTHERFUCKER: I'd like only to understand a little more about sado-masochistic relationships.

BRIDE A: You're talking about darkness.

1st MOTHERFUCKER: Say that inside the darkness is where the light is.

2nd MOTHERFUCKER: Inside the seed is where the light is.

JOHANNES: It's the Buddhist view that the universe is unborn.

HUEY: The universe is a big seed?

LOUIE: And all the light is on the inside of it.

1st MOTHERFUCKER: Impersonal. That's the nature of a certain kind of sex performed in celebration of darkness. You crawl up all those dark passages to go out the top of your head.

BRIDE B: What's frightening is that it's not quite human. One senses it's much more than concept. There's some unborn form in it, something latent, that's terrifying.

FIRST MAN: I've only been here a little while. I feel I'm where the world is turned inside out. Ummm, ummmm. I think I'm going to leave.

JOHANNES: Why not wait and learn how to prepare yourself? *Tantra* is Pluto. Pluto is essence of creative force. When it becomes totally Plutonian it becomes Yang. It's the seed. Stay a while or you'll lose your mind.

You fear your own double. You fear the consequences of being physical, confronting death in this new form.

BRIDE B: (to Johannes) Have you ever gone down on a Pluto snowman?

JOHANNES: (wearing astrologist mask, wizard head-gear) Oh, many times. I'll have to start on Vulcanis next.

BRIDE B: Can I join you?

HUEY: (looking out into the distance) I have a complaint to make. That horizon. The horizon tonight is bumpy.

LOUIE: Your eyes are bulging.

HUEY: The truth is, the horizon's bumpy.

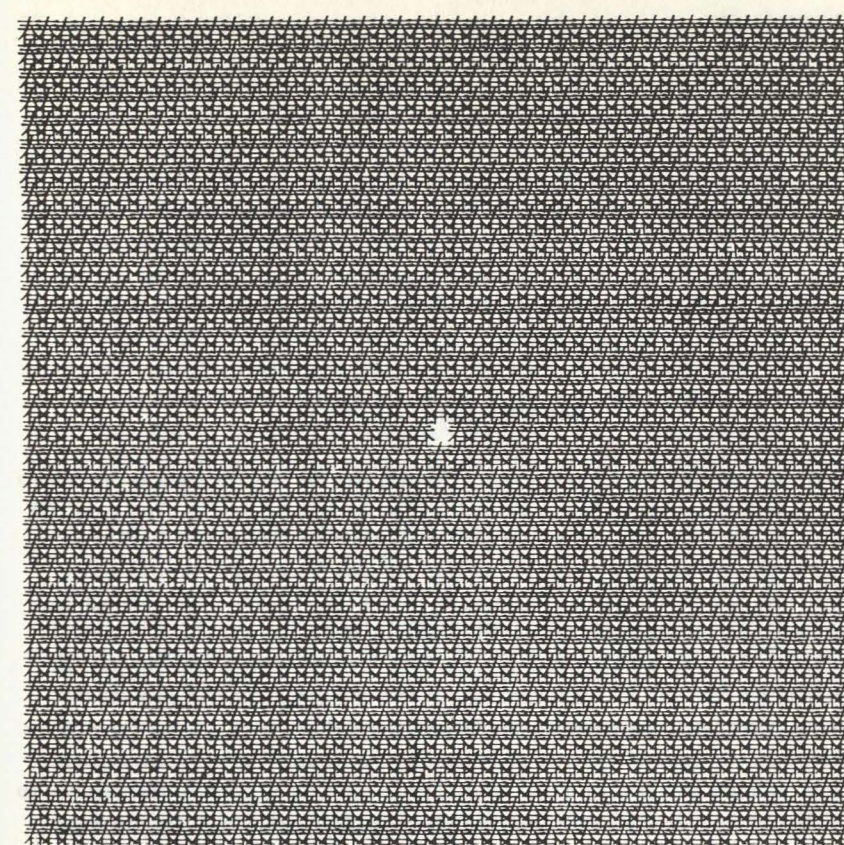
DEWEY: Louie's right: your eyes are bulging. Huey's right, too, however, it's a poor horizon.

HUEY: I'd call it incompetence at the extremities.

LOUIE: The horizon's bumpy. Let's leave it at that.



THE FIRST MAN: It's bumpy, but it's also very sharply drawn. One could cut oneself on that horizon—or trip and hurt one's knee.  
BRIDE A: There ought to be road-signs in front of the horizon: Caution, etcetera.  
1st MOTHERFUCKER: Some people are never satisfied.  
FIRST MAN: It's not dissatisfaction. It's a dangerous horizon.  
2nd MOTHERFUCKER: Is it really dangerous, or does it merely look dangerous?  
HUEY: Look at the allegedly dangerous horizon and then look at the allegedly hurt man.  
LOUIE: How to understand the transition from one to the other?



石井 裕 \* 春

Yuuka ISHII \* spring 春 (haru)=spring



## MYTHOLOGY: HERMES

The head librarian said he was a whiz. Hermes was the swiftest page in the stacks who could have a book for you almost before the request was in. And could he ever read. He finished a volume quicker than most people learned how to swim. Back in the old days they used to call him Hermes because he was like quick-silver, and one of the reasons was that he didn't eat. He didn't eat so much his girl friend got fat worrying about the leftovers, and it got so that Hermes could circle her 43 times walking from his house to hers, whereas in the old days he could circle her only 43 times too, seeing how she got wider but also walked slower. Most living creatures on the face of the earth were no match for Hermes. They dropped dead of exhaustion, including the fabled Winnemucca centipede. Some people knew that he could outrun swift old Death, because Hermes was so old, but so was his girl friend, and she couldn't run at all. Some day maybe all the best stories of Hermes can be told, but you can't keep up with them they happen so fast. There is at least one that most deserves the telling, a story the Head Librarian likes to recount, and that story is the one we'll tell, as soon as we get around to it. Hermes' girl friend was as slow as he was fast, and that was why she couldn't get him fed, but it wasn't her fault, because the only chance a girl had was when he fell asleep and he could get a good night's sleep in the blink of an eye, while the girl friend had hardly begun to stir the pudding, and she liked to lick the spoon. For all everybody knew Hermes could have eaten just the same, quicker than anyone else could see. The grub in and out so quick it never had a chance to change color; he just skimmed off the nutrition and left the rest on the table. That probably explains why everyone got slower while Hermes is always quicker. He can steal something, use it up, and return it in better-than-new condition between the time the owner decides to use it and goes to the closet to get it. He once stole a whole church picnic, hustled it over to feed a batch of orientals, and got it back clean and empty so quick the church elders believed they must have already eaten it themselves. They rubbed their stomachs, packed up, and went home to watch the war on color TV.

The best story is still the one the Head Librarian tells, which we are coming to eventually. It was because of him, you remember, that automation never came to our library. That was the time they got up for us one of the slickest, quickest, prettiest IBM automatic book retrievers that ever read a book spine. It had blinking lights and buttons and I don't know what all, and it made the noise of a sweet-heart. Hermes didn't care one bit. He just warmed up by running from here to Bogalusa, to Winnipeg, and back here, while most of us were eating breakfast. They brought down from the university one of the smartest men you ever wanted to see, one of those young fresh ones with soft hair on his cheeks and two pair of glasses. You could see that there were the names of more books in his head than people who swim for pleasure. Everybody turned out, and they threw up a huge grandstand, and they sold lime juice in plastic cups. It was something. The professor looked at Hermes, who wasn't much to see, with that bland academic sneer on his face, and he signalled he was ready to begin. They plugged in their IBM beauty till it puckered up and started to blink like an army division looking for its contact lenses in an olympic-sized chlorinated pool. The pretty lady, whom we'll call the operator, signalled GO. It wasn't even a contest. Hermes took one look at the professor coming to the counter, disappeared, and reappeared almost immediately with seven books, just as the professor handed the request card to the operator (who wasn't a bad twist herself). Six of the books were those six written on the card, but when the professor saw the seventh his face turned yellow, and then bright orange, his tongue went dry, and his eyeballs spun in their sockets.

"This is absolutely remarkable, commendable, and straight A work," he snorted. "This book is one I've had an inter-library urgent search-and-find slip on for 2 years now," He reached over to shake Hermes' hand but grabbed only a slim puff of wind. Hermes' girl was bobbing up and down in a wobbly celebration. Everyone cheered, but no one was surprised, because everyone knew that Hermes could outrun even Swift Old Death, running him so fast through our town that he'd have to quit, and sit down on the outskirts, panting, and more often than no pass the people by. But the best story is the one the Head Librarian tells, which we'll come to presently, if not now, one which she tells to children from the porch of the huge old building that used to be the library, which faces our brand new blinker and hummer called The Information Central, that no one ever enters. It's the story of the great library fire, and how it happened, though no one knows how it began, but things have never been the same. It was Hermes, who is as quick with his nose as he is with his feet, who first smelled the smoke, and he speeded through the stacks to find the fire extinguishers, but the one on the first floor was empty, and on the second, and the third the same. The flames followed Hermes like a blaze through dry brush. On the seventh floor he found the only full one and spun around with the foam spewing to hit the Head Librarian flush. Well, I guess this story isn't so good, the usual silly slapstick from here on, and it's not worth telling again, and it has been so long since I rose up and told a story that I forgot. Goodbye.



STANLEY COOPERMAN  
Three Poems

BOUZOUKIE MUSIC

(for Jenifer)

Look: yellow coins  
fall from my hands  
in shapes of light,  
I pluck the stumps  
of painted violins,  
and the walls  
bulge  
a salt dampness  
under my clothes.

All my toes move  
in a pattern of funny sand,  
a seascape of laughter  
and distant gulls,  
tides  
or fishermen  
floating like balloons  
from the moon to me.

Suddenly  
I remember a young girl  
clear as an orange . . .  
how she ripened  
in the bright damage  
of her tears.

HALLOWEEN

The skeleton  
in the football helmet,  
firecrackers  
and cats  
falling out of trees,  
snow on everybody's roses,  
the almond-bush  
flowering  
at the wrong season . . .

My neighbor  
eats chocolate-covered  
hand-grenades, his  
jack o' lanterns  
have eyes blacker  
than the inside of a locked  
dream, and only  
the night  
is yellow, the smell  
of burning  
everywhere. . .

Something  
is going to happen tonight,  
my flesh  
is folding up,  
folding into itself,  
like a chair  
under the willow  
in the corner of my garden,  
where happy boys  
drift  
over the grass,

their pockets  
filled with candy bars  
and gasoline.



## THE GREAT BEAR

In the time of the great bear  
where  
the fear was, in  
the time of lean  
mornings when  
the world

                    cracked  
like a bone  
when you really chewed it, being  
alone was  
nothing  
to be afraid of,  
it was holding  
your breath  
or limping across 42nd Street  
to see  
what would happen,  
or a book  
flapping across your eyes  
with a screech, like  
a subway train  
in the sky,  
on tracks that would always  
come back.

This is why  
I sit here  
now  
wondering about the great bear  
that is even bigger

                    now  
with a blind face  
and hands of dirty snow,  
and the fear is  
not  
the same fear,  
because  
that sound of cracking  
comes from inside  
my own bones,  
and being  
alone  
is a kind of mouth  
trapped in the corners  
of my brain,  
or a book

                    melted  
back  
into white mud  
under the  
rain.

## REINER KUNZE

Translated by Joachim Neugroschel

### the bringers of beethoven

(for Ludvik Kundera)

They set out to bring Beethoven  
to everybody  
And since they had a record along,  
as a get-acquainted offer they played  
Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Opus 67

M. however said  
it was too loud for him he  
was too old

Over night the bringers of Beethoven put up  
poles on the streets and squares  
strung up wires installed  
loudspeakers and in the morning  
for a no-strings-attached trial-period they played  
Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Opus 67  
loud enough to be heard  
far away

M. however said he had a headache  
went home around noon and closed up  
the doors and windows and praised  
the thickness of the walls

Thus challenged, the bringers of Beethoven attached  
wires to the walls and hung  
loudspeakers over the windows and so  
thru the panes came  
Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Opus 67



M. however came out of his home and brought charges  
against the bringers of Beethoven;  
but everyone asked him what he had  
against Beethoven

Feeling attacked, the bringers of Beethoven knocked  
on M.'s front door and when he opened  
wedged their feet in; praising the cleanliness  
they entered  
Soon they happened to be talking  
about Beethoven  
and as a conversation-piece they just happened  
to have on them  
Symphony No. 5 in C-minor, Opus 67

M. however took his iron ladle  
and banged away at the bringers of Beethoven  
He was promptly arrested

M.'s action was termed homicidal  
by the lawyer and judge of the bringers of Beethoven  
But there was still hope  
He was sentenced  
to Ludwig van Beethoven's  
Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Opus 67

Whereupon M. stamped and pounded and screamed  
until all was still

He was too old said the bringers of Beethoven  
However his children are standing, they said,  
at M.'s coffin

And the children arranged  
for a performance  
at M.'s coffin of  
Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Opus 67

## BY WAY OF A PROLOGUE

JEAN-PIERRE DUPREY

Translated by Mary Beach

Letter from Mr. H to personage Y.

Sir,

*Knowing the interest you have in what keeps us busy and so forth, I would like, with no further ado, to acquaint you with a project, entirely conceived under the close-cropped hair of your devoted servant, of a journey into a country newly discovered or, if you prefer, invented by us, unfortunately I cannot tell you about it, or about its customs, nor give you its name or latitude, for several reasons, the principal one being that I do not know; but the least I can say about that country is that I strongly suspect that it is nowhere to be found, which is sufficient.*

*A project in the course of realization, under the command of your correspondent, and I will not fail to keep you posted about this voyage, through the following journal.*

*P.S. — Wishing above all to protect my anonymity, I will not push tactlessness so far as to reveal the surnames, names, or qualities of a personal personality, who actually does not exist. Imagine for a moment that he was called Mr. Other One. Perfect. He could be Mr. Everyone, but allow me to call him Mr. No One, or better still, and more simply: Mr. H.*

*It is with these terms, and on the best of terms with your standing, that I leave you.*

## JOURNAL (1)

... Gone one morning from this city whose name no one knew, and which for that reason has none ...

From the truncated universe we, first, had the schematic vision of a globe dressed for the principal scene:

That is to say: the hump of an empty bowl was turned over on the skull of a headless woman.

On land, when we embarked: the woman-cut-in-pieces, the one who accompanied us, lives under Mr. God's feet, the deck of a ship sticking to the ground like a limb.

From black tresses, we understood, for an instant, the meaning of a Negro landscape; from night, darkness that took a curve on the wings of crows in the nest; from a mourning dress, the color of a sea in a bottle of India ink.

A shadow-silhouette, of nothing.

A close-cropped head, a tidal wave.

A hand, manna, etc. . .



... The black vessel crossed sails in the night; someone wondered: "Towards what distant land is the cross-vessel dragging its Christ?"

The sky was a painted curtain drawn in front of the stage. . .and yet full murky daylight threw us a sounding-rod as if to measure an underground passage. . .A great puff of machines. . .a great puff of machines. . .Slowed it down. . .facing oneself, mortally facing the flight from self; what was coming? what was asking, through the porthole, the hopeless meaning of the word: Stop?

— It was then that an answer came to us, but nevertheless the connection was not understood.

"Three beats on a drum, and it is the ancient theater we find:

"A landscape coming at you from below. . .

"The lightning was darker than the flapping of the crow's wing in a pyramid of dead leaves; avalanches, silent as the petrified face, and snow will follow the ramp of the wind to point X in infinity.

"White, the day will allow the tremblings of old age to hang onto shoulders. Dark tresses will extinguish everything.

"However, through space sequined with the hail of stud-stars, a rocket will strike the White-Face with the impact of a cracked wall.

"A fantastic crow will shoot forth, all red, from a wound of the setting sun, coming from the North, after the last salute to the flag of Death at half-mast.

"Flag of death, color of colorlessness, suddenly calmed at the pole of eternity.

"At that moment then and hurled down from the height of his pedestal, Mr. H will cut the air like a branch of a storm bringing thunder."

... And, the doors being jammed upon the sound of a padlock being latched, Everything left us, Everything was letting us down in this place where I was nothing, where Nothing was nothing, where we were no one and where absence was ourselves deep inside me.

The Place of Thickness was shaped like a pyramid with no sides and I wandered under this vault whose center was a hollow inside a complete vacuum. A whole world was extinguished with a bulb, the victim of a short-circuit, after the last meow of a cat that changed into a flea.

... The cat-flea was a beast chiselled in claws with a shawl on its back when it sometimes jumped.

The time we saw a hunter astride a flea aim into time with a white ball taken from the wings of a swan. . .faith was what was not there. The abundance of game followed us.

And in order to fire the hunter knelt down.

Facing that I started chasing myself.

## JOURNAL (2)

... A blow on the head made the traces of this new season of eternity disappear within me.

And already. . .And already. . . A cheek caused an unused wind to swell. And my wrinkled belly itself contained 700 to 800 million years that no capital punishment could ever end.

And when all was consummated. . . consummated . . .

Then the body burst behind its red windows, no longer waiting for dawn that should renew the shade of death turned green where the sea soaks its silences.

A bird from a great distance landed on the unknown coast whose lighthouse is on the point of the sun.

## JOURNAL (3)

I saw, beyond the clouds swollen with lead powder, the wind devour the face of my star; I saw the stars crash against the clouds with a single stain overflowing sight; I saw stars sink into raw red like the liquid boiling of a wound in a belly shattered by lightning. . .

And that would have sufficed.

But:

From my hand, my right hand, torn in three, silent birds emerged, stabbing my face, digging deep, reaching point H of my body where I did not yet know myself.

(I hope to continue and reach somewhere, but our little troop was engulfed in a green and grey turf whose aspect is that of visible death.)

... Now a world ends in chaos. Now, I hear a world open from the middle in the heaping of bodies, a world, in which there appeared to me, red as the hallucination of the end, a face bruised since the great Battle of days and nights and which, for this reason, opens inside eyes black and clear, a face in which is formed, despite the color of the eyes, the first glance of love of the Black Flower.

(It is black like the timbreless howl of nightmare-wolves after the horizontal collapse of the mountain, behind us.)

And the faces of the sea are signs engraved to resemble the wrinkles of the rock of flesh which, smitten from all sides, proffers a blood-drenched point for the kiss of the victor.

Farewell! the outcome will be written in the next journal.

But the air remains somber, the color of a horizon overtaken by night.

## JOURNAL (4)

Beyond the line of lightning, darkness haunted even the wolf's jaw.

From the night Mr. H, sorcerer, (I present myself), carried off the nucleus of gold plate and the 30,000 nuggets in the shape of razor blades ripping light into ribbons of soft mirrors.

From daylight, he retained the trace of a sun, extinguished under an ash of



cloud (We are certain the clouds were bags of ashes) and shining between his lips,  
like a diamond-magnet bound with a red sign.

From water, the water-glance of a colorless virgin fumbling with her finger-  
nails in the warm slumber of waters.

From the silence a black bone emerged.

From a human body he gathered the heart of H.

At that moment, an almond-shaped fire emerged from the circle of his arms.

From earth, at last, from earth, he plucked a white pebble where a tear of water-  
flower germinated.

. . .Then, out of the wolf's jaws, light became black like the meaning of a  
crime.

.....  
I lost my body from inside.  
.....

. . .And that day, combing the ground, the white wolf, all stained with ink,  
unearthed a feathered fish — with seven paws — and we guarantee their authen-  
ticity — but, when it is resting, gnawing at the paws folded under it — which deep  
in its shell met the crab-cat as round as an egg and eyeless, the green circle of whose  
horse-hair beard, clipped in the shape of a sickle — which it was — cracked the flat  
eye of heaven thus giving birth to the stone bird which knocked against the wall  
flapping its plaster-cymbal wings. They fold like two doors, joined by the same  
hinges, but that open out into nowhere at the sound of a bell.

. . .And the non-attenuated sound of the impact, melted with the air of the im-  
pact and thus transformed into a sort of loud, red, electric transparency, however,  
made the phial of blood burst and changed fire to ashes, ashes that rising to the  
stars — chiselled into the shape of boats — like a black jet going on its way back-  
wards, gave the clouds the appearance of extinguished hearths — The said hearths,  
on the other side of the sky, allowing multicolored smoke to escape, invisible to  
us and mixed with fish and oyster scales. — They are not guaranteed.

Then the light became mourning that day carried to its colors and crystal be-  
came a tarnished sun.

## JOURNAL (H)

And that night, considering the interior of a wall, Mr. H — and I was that per-  
son — a sorcerer by habit, solitary within himself, saw a chasm open up under the  
step of WHO tries to scale it.

Coming to the top, he went down into Depth.

The darkness: was breathable and more compact water which, mixed with mud  
and opening into a crystal ball, gave birth to an answer to everything..

He took the black off it.

He cast night out of night into a sourceless light, waking slumber and the re-  
moval of all extinguished storms which might be able to capture him.

A lung swelled.

After that, he had to breathe that translucid night, straight to the end of  
things, straight to void, to extract a gem-salt, protecting himself from the mortal  
fire with a pair of absolute white spectacles,  
white as the whiteness of absolute nudity,  
snatched from blood.

Then, he looked for the bedrock which gives birth, sense, essence and appear-  
ance to naked night. . .

Rubbish of Eternal Light into eternal furies

For the supreme farewell.

Then, at that moment the master of blood, striking a gong, rolled the silent  
leakage of death.

.....  
And it was thus, following our course backwards we came to the meeting place  
of the beginning of time and its end.

.....  
And from there, turning around, I saw, bathing in the music of nothingness,  
my 12 daughters, my 12 wives, 12 enchanted dancers carrying away with each  
leap 12 whole parts of me, of my concrete-abstract being that I could never renew.

And in their arms, and in their arms, I engraved with my nails, on the color-  
less skin, *some projects* known to the wind:

Guillotine enriched with an ashtray. . .

Greyhound with the head of a hare. . .

Thoroughbred covered with the body of an automobile. . .

Hunting rifle with magnetized bullets to take infallible and blindfolded aim. . .

Right-angled machine-gun to shoot around corners. . .

Boar changed into a potato. . .

## A FEW PROPOSALS

*To young girls:*

Change spiders into chambermaids. . .

Put polish under your nails. . .

On the 25th of December, if it is raining too hard, have your party in Noel's  
Ark. . .

Put on tooth polish. . .

Put on the fly corset. . .

Blow your noses in bark by the yard. . .

*To ragmen:*

Crumple the streets in the morning, but be careful not to enter the creases. . .



To others:

On the 25th of December, if it is raining, etc. . . etc. . .

### AND ALSO A FEW QUESTIONS:

Questions to the Sun:

A. — To the sighs of Love, will the air-shafts of the heart be reduced to a single lip placing a blue kiss on a triangle of sky lowered against it?

B. — To the desperation of Amor — says H-mor: will the shawls of three birds exchanged for a flight of crows lead the abandoned plain to black?

C. — The mystery of the Trinity from a third of a heart? (in which you discern the existence of three black hearts in three superimposed black triangles, wedded to each other. Three vases full of blood taking foothold at the foot of a precipice of the wind).

D. — The mystery of double metamorphosis?  
Two doubles undoubled themselves when the heart and the heart were made TWO to answer each other more profoundly, tied together, starting with each end.)

### POST — SCRIPT

(First letter)

*Letter from Mr. H sent to himself*

Sir,

I would willingly give my head with no neck, to the authorities, to furnish a museum of supernatural history. But first, considering that I have no knowledge of having any traces of fur on my body and that until now I have not lengthened my nails by means of the short claws of a dog, I claim the right to have Your Honor notice that I am not a bear, nor am I a jackal and neither am I a kangaroo. This being the case (and I can prove it), I wish to plunge deep into my right eye — which is not to the left — the solid depth of night, and thus suspended in space by a black tube that would pierce me, and pass beyond the terrestrial jams that interfere with our free circulation.

However, having only the slight honor of knowing you — and what it is to see you in a mirror — I feel forced to observe a certain discretion.

. . . And yet I wish to confess to you that what I took for my right eye was indeed only a green door opened in a circle onto a sea. It is underneath that I dived.

. . . But, the exit being at the bottom, I very quickly regained that low surface and, from there, I looked through appearances and saw the facets of the sea take on all sorts of shapes including the one of your servant. At that moment the color of my eyes doubled the cape of the Great-Night. . .

My glance winded my eyes. . .

!\_ I saw a star surge forth as a scab of fire closed onto a silver-lemon, also a star

the color of hot wine laced with India ink. A DOUBLE-STAR! And I would like to mention here that my eyes buckled it like a belt tightened around the waist of a fly.

Again I saw through my magnifying glass, a sad evening fixed in the place of an eye wanting to escape, a rat and its tail, a canned circle, three legs of soldiers (I trod on their feet) and the twilight wing, cut in half like ears restuck on the temples of a bastard bitch asleep in the setting sun . . .

My hands wept tears of tingling cold . . .

A dead man spoke through my windowed eyelids.

To the North was I, idem to the South, to the East two rotating globes, two unsilvered globes wondered what call would be needed to awaken their two eyes that were closed on purpose. (To the East I know no more about it.)

And the West groveled at our feet, thereby imitating the Rose-of-the-Winds, but very similar, just the same, in appearance, to the rose then without color, if it is not white, taken from the white of the frontier of the eye.

. . . As for me, I am willing to dye myself in a ribbon of someone else's blood.

But I wish, first, to weigh more than the half-sum of a dead man, even though I have my doubts about the advantages of gravity.

P.S. — Yesterday I bought a horseshoe with which I expect to fashion a crown of russet hair.

I know I am the handsomest.

All that is very satisfying.

(second letter)

*On a page of dead man (1)'s manuscript that was found, and was transmitted to us through the good offices of the chief undertaker in this little far-away town in a land with no exit:*

Sirs,

. . . At home, the collision, through space, of a white cross and a goat-skin bottle of bone and wine, and the dismembered body of a certain gentleman has been announced. . . (his name can be found by riffling through the Alphabet of families — Study particularly well and very carefully the eighteenth letter from the end), collision caused by the orthogonal fall of Mr. H into complete vacuum. The principal result was the partial collapse of the upper wall of a tomb 23 centimeters long by 5 wide, where, in the shape of a flat 8 (the upper circle being the head, and the lower circle an egg-shaped genital), the principal character was dressed in the loin-cloth of his ancestors, dignified victims of sacrifice.

After this incident — certainly a very serious one — the body of the ghost-like gentleman, as round as a satisfied zero, became a hole, a shapeless hole, gentlemen, on the surface of void. A hole, that one day, gentlemen, you will have to measure in order to find the triple proof of the exact dimension of your nothingness. The rest is lost in the night of time.



(third letter)

*Letter from dead man (2) that was never addressed*

... Something like a great silence mixed with plaster came out of the stone, so white did the night seem. A few among us were expecting an answer: we cut their ears off!

"This unity," said the master, "augurs nothing good: it is made of shrouds." And we covered his eyes with a dirty handkerchief, which was immediately torn up.

"Through the rent," he then said, "he saw a pink cross ending in two feet reinforced with mud hardened in the course of time, from all the soles in the world."

He suspected cargo trouble — that looked like a horizontal line with a few thorns on top of it.

... A rain pump, in Paradise.

... A Boy Scout hat.

A great pain went through him, passed from his eyes to murder to pluck a red face in the dependencies of Love. The gleam of a beacon transformed his face into a somber door defending the entrance to a prison hall.

Then, for us, our Master traced with invisible ink, on the cheek of ghost No. O these few notes of a world present and absent:

DIAMOND: prolonged lament in the shattering of a mirror. . .

EYE: a black truth. . .

CRYSTAL: (will only germinate in transparent earth). . .

RUBIES: frozen blood. . .

HANDS: every wall blinking 5 eyes. . .

THE OTHER ONE: will burn his veins in the explosions of his eyes. . .

— But these notes remained incomplete because of death — And, with a gesture, HE demonstrated that he was dying eyes themselves with the death of solitude.

But at this hour:

The elements rose up against the father. A sun, seen from the back and vomited from the high layers of gloom, will release, in the open air, the sharp wind instruments that seem to remember the deluge.

Rubies multiply, like a red flood.

Creation drops back to its point of fall. The fall of the world can only stop with the crumbling of its End against petrified vacuum.

The visible hour has poured into the Eternity-dial.

The illegible hour marks one second after the end of infinities.

(An amplifying void.)

And then:

— Then? It's funny, I don't feel anything anymore, I feel all cold, all cold. . .

And I sign my name,

XXX.

seven pages from Droning Spirits

by Carter Ratcliff

standing around where we got to this very thing  
"very"

being a huge platform

we look out the windows at night  
see the ghosts of our horses cantering over  
the trees

shine light

on your face, not

the mirror,  
purple air  
here  
is very orange being  
filled with tree greens

like orange pulp when they  
grow without rinds  
dashboards recovered  
from

RADIO ACCIDENT

as they do near the sea  
when we drive out of sight of the land,  
this rind

of balloon tires to catch on  
to

through

clouds

and spikey tangos



in the dashboard reduced to pulp

after you

ruined it with your forehead

Sally and Thomas stopped by  
I mean, the verandah

the afternoon sunlight threw a corner of the house on the  
porch. ceiling. These daisy-like creatures are flowers,  
they are also our first visitors from outer space

something that just happened to come next

"like Austria in the atlas"

that's what you always say

in that stretch of time  
unity cookie cutter

where Strangler abstains

and the toaster leans on vines  
they grow against the window outside

SHE LOVES THE HORSES

THEY ARE PURPLE NEAR THE CHAIRS

the child insists he has turned out the light  
so we close the door of his room and go downstairs

children starving in the horse latitudes

we kill the horses and cook them

they die

but we aren't hungry

so we die next summer

CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES IN THE SEA

ghosts rejoice  
affording balm, the feathery change comes over you

HE's waiting at the inlet with Seaplane and one or two others



Here the sea flows alongside the river  
and to the southeast for three miles, willows  
loom above the moat

Did you see the piping  
on the nickel you gave away?

Perhaps that was my job

though it  
always leaves the smell of cordite  
in my nostrils  
and tarnishes my uniform. You should  
lie on the beach and evaporate

like the salt sea waves  
and the tasteless, odorless HEAT MIRAGE

Winter Palace

You should  
hang up your skates at last  
or, the Boiler Exploded

Our memory was never the same  
well, how could it be?

I found your skates

CITY LIFE

high up in the dark behind glass  
one is visible and subsists

on wide visible things

GLASS COFFEE

awning matinee

don't know just how to re-set the clocks  
and tray flaps a kite above the municipal  
gardens and sends out

to foreigners

on aluminum planets. They leave the switch on all  
night and snore

the pygmy cat and the giant horse

arrive in the city

because there,  
one is never noticed

GLASS COFFEE

the scent of lilacs exists in this way  
like polka-dots, wide balconies radar

Is it weird enough out for you this morning,  
kiddo?  
light ruffling the ruffles of a blouse  
not really

clear plastic

of the bullet grazes  
the giant horse

in the slant rhyme to be discovered  
between house and  
green house

personality, scaffold

BALCONIES



FLOATING,      silent click    pane to pane, cardboard  
mop canvas

tennis racket weighted      gravel

yet,  
white handkerchiefs dash at the sun  
does the bow wave tilt through their bed

you be the eyeshade

The Cicada People left the riverboat cabin  
a cave of noises dried out as matchwood

the fog bumps into  
your instep  
rests beneath one wheel of the river

#### MOTIONLESS

That's how I'd like my first new planet to be  
rolled up afterward, like a tennis net

#### AND THROWN ON DECK

where it is

as if mapped  
or darkness

in a room of tape

Is there any point in staying in this country

any longer? Any longer than it would take me to  
get up out of this postcard and get myself dressed?  
I must decide or at least notice something  
deliberately.

Abrasive cabbage



JOACHIM NEUGROSCHER

## SHIP OF FOOLS

History happens at night.  
Now the sun is setting,  
and all I have to show for it  
is my private collection of sunspots  
and a golem of incoherent persuasion.

We have been taking turns once more  
following one another through the drizzle.  
Is the world-spirit about to strike again?  
I, umbrella-less as usual, at a marked disadvantage.

But we have time.  
You say you have to be at the harbor tomorrow evening at six  
to board ship.  
And so we'll be separated for a thousand years.  
Still, six p.m. isn't bad.  
And my Nuremberg egg says we have time,  
time  
for three orgasms and an hour's worth of affection.

Whenever I can't sleep I count my sunspots.  
In our number-system things keep on going forever.  
2 follows 1, 3 follows 2, on and on.  
An express-train, a good fuck, bisecting the universe,  
(yet curving in some arcane Einsteinian way).  
2 follows 1, 3 follows 2, 4 follows 3, 5 follows 4, and on and on.  
As straight as the world is round.  
And if you circle the square  
you can circumnavigate the globe forever  
like a Moebius strip.

Start counting and get on board.  
The whistles are shrilling, the horns are hooting;  
the passengers are fluttering their handkerchiefs  
—as if slapping at memory-flies.

The waves are getting irritable.

(Tell me you love me and I'll look the other way.)

Would you like to dine at the captain's table?  
I'm so sorry but my dance-program is filled for a thousand years.

I hear a commotion all around me.  
They are getting the show on the road.

We are setting sail into the Fourth Reich.

Don't forget to pack your dinner-jacket, your barnacle-scraper,  
and your Tristan and Isolde love-potion.

After all,  
nobody ever gets back from history alive.

RON GROSS

## WORD WORK

for Bici Hendricks

Word Work — Write all the English words

Word Work. — See if you can explain the

Word Work. — Bearing in mind the meaning of

Word Work. — Did you ever realize that

Word Work. — Just as boys like to take a watch

Word Work. — Among the interesting words

Word Work. — Without Latin it would be hard



CLAUDE PÉLIEU  
Three Poems

ORION  
DREAM STUFF —

to Carl Weissner

All the flowers hear you if you light yourself up  
at night  
Mauve lakes & pale bubbles jostle you  
Lichen sense of hearing  
site secrecy — revelation  
The Pacific rolls its foamy sheets  
palm trees change to flowers & cross the scream  
clusters of tropical windows at the end of the world

There is no heaven  
screams the General Staff Cluster  
I know now there is no heaven  
Scissors took my by the hand  
scissors sped up the poet's pulse  
& freed sub-memory  
I know now there is no heaven

All the flowers will welcome your desires if you light yourself up  
at night  
Experience has killed knowledge & pretence  
All the white drugs are fond of your delays  
Mandalas take their shoes off in slow waters  
We are here  
we're watching  
Liberated sex beckons to frigid steel  
You find yourself cured with more blue more black  
& more red  
You are here forever  
certain of annihilation  
All the flowers hear you if your mental crutches  
burst out laughing

NOVA  
BROADCAST

to Wm. Burroughs

smoke TRACK cigarette

The exile of iron — the splashing of  
wounded galaxies  
the sky-stack grafted on earth

washed out over Spain  
page gone over

the telex roundabout  
the Jewish screen in the Bronx

the Soft Machine

The cosmonauts have returned  
they didn't bring back any pollen

sea fog

"Burning heavens, idiot" —; the nomad eye  
of a camera starred with orgasms

Nova Nova Nova

Night's absinth-blood-ash  
tape-recorders ordered: Adios  
Saturn

Odor/Dormitory/Mint

Adios Reading

The drum-ember message

The disguised breath of everything that  
dies

VIOLENCE GONGS

MINUTES TO GO  
The Grey Generation's blue bubbles  
trepan The Old Beast

Burroughs walks in space

We have caressed the sides of missiles  
We came at the speed of sound  
&  
we cut the rain's fingers off

The televised tattoo resembles a great stammered flower —



## WEEPING SITTING ON A CLOUD

to Allen Ginsberg

1

Sky the color of solder  
sky pale blue sky  
sky luminous structure  
sky cold sky stirring sadness  
sky wave-length gizzard & electric faults

New York weeping sitting on a cloud  
New York calling multiples  
New York & its white voices  
New York & its asexual fury  
New York & its sewers  
New York & its anxieties  
New York drunk with leftover-images  
New York & its devil-fish cops

A cup of coffee at the Chock Full O' Nuts  
the streets are creased  
cars explode in the shadow —

March 1969

Suzanne Ostro Zavrian

They will not let me back into the desert  
LIGHT: 1. THE ESSENTIAL CONDITION OF VISION; THE OPPOSITE  
OF DARKNESS:  
there, where it is noon all day long  
HENCE, (a) AN EMANATION FROM A LIGHT-GIVING BODY;  
until the sonorous sun descends into the ochre lands;  
AS, FLAMES GIVE LIGHT  
where light is absolute, color triumphant,  
(b) THE SENSATION AROUSED BY STIMULATION OF THE VISUAL CENTERS  
IN THE BRAIN  
blue burning away the periphery of things  
2. THE SUN'S LIGHT; DAYLIGHT  
to the geometric center of the mind.  
3. POETIC. THE POWER OF PERCEPTION BY VISION; EYESIGHT  
Here, someone has sponged the light away  
4. MENTAL OR SPIRITUAL ILLUMINATION OR ENLIGHTENMENT  
OR ITS SOURCE  
and the sun never rises above the horizon  
5. VISIBLE STATE OR CONDITION; HENCE, STATE OF EXPOSURE  
TO PUBLIC OBSERVATION  
like an invalid turning his face to a sightless sky.  
6. APPEARANCE DUE TO THE PARTICULAR FACTS PRESENTED TO VIEW;  
AS, TO PUT A PERSON IN A FALSE LIGHT.



## from

[illegible]



JOCHEN BRUNZ  
kt machen, wenn jeder so eine Me  
chen, nannten das Nazierenfahre  
vorstellen, was aus  
was z... ts s  
rst a... lag  
vor a... sie  
man da... läche  
ie gleichen Le... nau, nicht g  
mit dem ernstesten um alles in

alle



konnte es nicht mehr auseinander, ging durch sie durch, immer dichter, komisch, bevor sie starb, sah mich nicht mehr, hatte ihr Ziel, mit ihm spielen, wurde nie mehr erwachsen, auf der Wiese hinter dem Haus, sang ihm vor, konnte gut singen, ganz klar und fein, stundenlang spielen, immer zuhören, nicht mehr davonrennen, gross und grob, kam nicht mehr vor bei ihm, war vielleicht froh darüber, wollte ihr nicht noch den letzten Traum kaputtmachen. Hatte ein schweres Leben, ihre komische Art, würde sie nochmal, könnte, als sie jung war besonders, ganz hilflos sein, hatte es gern, Arm um sie legen, beruhigte sie sofort, ist jetzt vorbei, wurde später auch anders, konnte nichts mehr lesen in der Zeitung, im Radio: Frontverkürzungen, sagte, der Krieg ist verloren, oder sie träumte es alles zusammen, träumt immer so'n Quatsch zusammen, mich, ihn, uns, sie träumte, braucht auch kein Hellseher zu sein, dafür, wie sie durchs Zimmer kam, das erste Mal, ob es ein Traum sei, sollte sie ihr sagen, konnte nicht, vielleicht ja, war wieder hilflos, liess sich keinen Arm umlegen, konnte nicht, vielleicht war das es ein tiefer Traum, ob er zu Ende geht, jetzt, fragte es, schien angst zu haben, grässlich anzusehen, begann mich zu hassen, damals oder es offen zu zeigen, das Warten, wurde hysterisch, musste immer, ziemlich gefährlich, tat es trotzdem gern, überhaupt hatte dann etwas zu tun, wegen der Zeitung raus, obwohl doch schon lang nichts mehr drin stand, haben mich rausgeschmissen auf der Post, würde sie verrückt machen, wenn jeder so eine Memme von einem Mann hätte, kriegten kaum noch Post, die Bomber konnten es sich aussuchen, nannten das, spazierenfahren, was sie wollten, heute nur rote Dächer, von mir keine Spur, kann es mir gar nicht mehr vorstellen richtig, wie man das aushält, machen heute so ein Geschrei, zu viel Aufmerksamkeit, gibt es gar nicht, wären froh gewesen, was zu tun, was dummes, nichts schlimmeres als warten, ohne was dran ändern zu können, hat sie verrückt gemacht, war sonst auch schon etwas so, Veranlagung, wäre nie dahin gekommen ohne den Krieg, konnte jeden kaputtkriegen, die Sirenen vor allem, die Zeit danach, bis sie kamen, laut leise einzeln nah nicht so nah Gerda gehabt schiefgegangen beinahe, wie oft man das sagt, kommt einem lächerlich vor heute, hat sich nichts geändert, glaube ich, bin noch nicht so alt, es nicht zu sehen, die gleichen Leute genau, nicht ganz so anders, immer rumsitzen, nichts daran ändern können, guckt sich an, guten Morgen, mit dem ernstesten um alles in der Welt Gesicht, immer ganz ernstlich, konnte die Last der Verantwortung nicht mehr tragen, kann es auch nicht, dass nichts daran zu machen ist, darf man den Jungen erzählen immer was, nicht erzählen – kann doch nicht einfach so weitergehen – was? alles, auch ihm nicht, als er ging, auch hat er nicht, bis zu den letzten Briefen, hatten immer so viel zu tun, die Tonnage, waren bald mal nicht mehr in der Nordsee sondern überall, irgendwo kämpften dort, tags, nachts wusste es ja ganz genau, konnte nichts daran machen, als sie im Mittelmeer Konvois angriffen, für sie waren sie immer noch in der Nordsee, mare nostrum, Jütland oder so, keine dumme Idee da mit den Konvois eigentlich, las später darüber, schrieb dann bald nichts mehr von Tonnage, wollte nicht lügen, immer so, schrieb nichts mehr davon, sie vermisste es nicht, dachte zuerst, hätte was gemerkt, das mit der heiligen Pflicht, glaube es nicht mehr, einfache Ehrlichkeit, mehr nicht, trotzdem war ja nicht dumm, wird sich vielleicht was gemerkt haben, wies er, wenn, hätte es auch nicht leichter gemacht oder kürzer, warum auch, dass es hier keiner hörte, kein Hahn kräht danach, dass Gerda wieder hochkommt oder nicht, einmal das grösste, Stapellauf, Foto, von Anfang an dabei, später für kleinere Aufnahmen, in der Nordsee fast übriggeblieben, gab da jetzt schnellere, besonders Torpedos, musste ja jeden enttäuschen, dass mit dem Tonnagerekord, nahm ihn schnell wieder ab, dachte schon damals, gelogen hat eigentlich keiner, komischer Tod in U-Boot, Mann und Maus runter, die Spannung ob es noch will, würde nicht mehr



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HANS CARL ARTMANN  
Translated by Derk Wynand

### SOME-TIME SLAVE

to spend some time as potiphar's slave drink his wine  
smoke his cigarettes wear his dressing-gown joseph

what is the name of potiphar's wife she dreams through the night  
like a dove joseph how beautiful the wife of potiphar is

her hair feels light to the touch washed like a hazelnut  
in rain a dove you say how do the young doves sleep

when she sighs in her dreams her sighs leap like eels  
how does she sigh dreamless joseph how does she like the salmon

it leaps flesh-red through birches and palms how is  
the wine of your husband potiphar's wife it's sweet

mr potiphar has a round hat and a coloured scarf  
he has a savings bank and a favourite ant that circles

in the dressing-gown's pocket slay it says the wife  
of potiphar to joseph the dove lays the dead ant on

her tender tongue she tastes it no angel weeps for that  
do ants have angels does mr potiphar have angels dawn again

joseph and the wife of potiphar conceal themselves in the stomach  
of their angel out of the angel's mouth leap their sighs

like salmon and eels this angel goes to the seashore  
he watches the ships his belly moves like the belly

of the ships the ships have set sail the angel has not  
this angel's motor is potiphar's wife's love for joseph

like an angel he roams through the wet landscape he  
has put his garment aside no people are there only joseph

and potiphar's wife they lie in the dark potiphar  
misses his wine the ships come and go

on these ships names are written daniel master of massachusetts  
daring dutchman molloy of memphis dapplegray dane molly of maine

the angel is nameless he has his twilight he twilights over  
the red and blue sighs of the wife of potiphar joseph

climbs up the angel's esophagus he steps into the mouth  
what does joseph see through the white teeth of the angel's mouth

a bird sings in a birch tree mr potiphar contemplates the  
photo of his wife he drinks a double scotch the moon

replaces the lanterns where is my round hat where is my  
coloured scarf where are my cigarettes there's no more wine

mr potiphar cries for his ant he looks a long time at the  
photo of the ant joseph shivers behind the teeth of the angel



# WORD RAIN

or

A Discursive Introduction  
to the Intimate  
Philosophical Investigations of  
G,R,E,T,A, G,A,R,B,O, It Says

by Madeline Gins

WORD RAIN will be published by Grossman Publishers in October 1969.

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# 2.

The Introduction  
of the Waft  
or  
Paraphrased  
Sensibility



I reached for a cookie just as I reached for the third page in search of an extremely long sentence which was pouring over onto it from the second one. In it, it was told how everything was retrieved after a short scuffle which turned out to be about nothing at all.

A worm twisted up into the weather. Let's pause for a moment.

On this page the author wanted to make it known that his two preceding pages were perfect examples of how he did not intend to write the rest of the book. He said that it was entirely possible, almost certain, that two microphytic colonies of bacteria had settled on the blank pages, twisted their tiny bodies into male and female letters and had remained there, clinging to those pages for dear life, even before he had had a chance to get started. He spoke of having allowed them to remain only as evidence. The author then cautioned his reader to smell each page as a simple yet sufficient precaution against being taken in in the future. He assured this same reader that although the odor of these microphytic letter heads and bodies was indescribable, it was nonetheless distinct and unforgettable. He said that touching the page would be no help at all but that the smell would always and immediately give them away.

The page slipped through my fingers. It slipped into the bottom drawer of the desk, which was only slightly open. It wasn't the letter signed Mary Tassler nor the notice from Life magazine that it was time for renewal. I put those back and reached into the drawer again. My fingers touched something moist and rubbery. It wasn't difficult to pick that up. It was a gum eraser. I transferred it to my left hand and put my right hand in again to pull out the third page. As I was finishing that

page I pulled the gum eraser along the polished edge of the desk. I heard a hum from across the room and remembered that there was a bird in a cage near the other window.

Up until entrance into the room with the box, I was shifting about in my chair to get into a more comfortable position.

Little drops of moisture slipped around and down my neck in that hot early summer afternoon as ahead of me I allowed the print to filter through the sticky room into view.

The light kept hitting I and resting on the page in front of me knew in which four tired people were trying that not to make a point of being interested in the opening the unasked-for gift which still sat other on the rickety hall table with a reddish brown man grainy (perhaps for having passed through and would mixed with the brown paper) fluid dripping from return the worn-through bottom corner on the right in side of their view (the side closest to the about door). Mary spoke of having had the impression ten there was something in it which had just minutes cracked. She said that as she had taken it from to the messenger she had felt it to be some sort offer of glass container which was breaking but also me more or less keeping its shape because of its lunch tight wrappers.



I skimmed over the conversation as it flowed on over the page.

"Of ————— to ————— that ————— made for sure ————— ask —————."

"I ————— yet ————— with you —————."

"———— not ————— reason —————."

"———— still ————— meant ————— because ————— not ————— time ————— across ————— think so?"

"———— to me!"

"———— you?"

"———— calm —————."

"———— tomorrow ————— better ————— so?"

"———— expect ————— the ————— with ————— not?"

"———— hero."

"— guess ——— choice in the ———."

"———— about ——— gain ——— eat."

"———— idea!"

The man was coming down the hallway. My hand left my mouth, opened the top button of my blouse, went as far as it could inside it, scratched and came out as the man came in. I looked up and buttoned up my blouse.

"Are you ready for lunch? How's it going?"

"I'm only on the fifth page. It's interesting."

"What should I tell Judy?"

"O.K."

The man walked around the desk to stand just behind me. His shadow fell onto the page. Now the sun poured down only onto the floor.

In the cool shadow which the man's head cast on the page, I read <sup>v</sup> the pale grey letters as they turned into and about the need for an accompanying letter. The people there couldn't understand why it had not arrived with the package. It would come tomorrow.

I sensed that as I read the word "letter," the phrase "not yet received <sup>v</sup>s the letter" — the man <sup>v</sup> read "purpose," "it could not have been on purpose." When I finally caught "purpose" the man had "fingers" — "Mary's pale fingers" on his mind. I hopped off "purpose" heading immediately for "fingers" which I'd already peeked at and taken up inside me. The sixth page had the sense to it of a letter which had been delayed.

As the man walked away the clear vision of the sun searchlighted the page. Halfway across the room, the man turned to face me. He stood there skewered on his own beam of light as was I in mine. His lips stretched to open and seemed to mouth several words before he spoke. He trembled a step backwards. He stood on his two legs. He thoughtlessly balanced himself in that library of that third-floor apartment. The weight of the moment tipped the scale. He careened into an expression on his face. It was possible that thousands of microphytic bacteria made up his outline. The smell was unforgettable. What I saw had been written before even as it was being written now. For my own part, I think it came to him suddenly. His density, in every sense — that is, in the photographic <sup>v</sup>s: an opaque quality or the amount of light-stopping material; in the electrical: the amount of electricity flowing through a unit of area in a unit of time; and in the physical: the ratio of the mass of an object to its volume — his density rose up as a whole unit expressed in a real number and rose up straight out of his shoes.



"Interesting piece, isn't it?"

The sun was poured on him. It settled into both of us. It crept right through the library window, through intangible crevices, down onto our molded membranes and was absorbed through the acrobatic mush of our living to sink into each of us as a variety of infra-red supportive hands which hugged and pushed in among other places beneath the diaphragm; and thus, similarly, across this room in two separate cases, the sun once again defined a somehow familiar comfort (of sorts).

"I suppose so."

The man squinted and brought his hand up to shield his eyes.

"I hope the little birthday party that Judy's preparing for Linda in the dining room isn't going to disturb you. We just couldn't call it off. I'll try to keep the lid on it."

"If you could just come in when she blows out the candles . . . Lunch is almost ready. I'll bring it in here."

Step by step, maintaining a good balance as he went along, the man left the room to me.

Page seven felt a little heavier than the others. I read on it: "'Don't touch it. It wouldn't be fair,' Mary Lampworth admonished," was the first sentence there. They were on their way into the dining room where a late snack was waiting. They had agreed not to open the package until the letter had arrived. A man who had been taking a rest upstairs called down that he'd be there in a moment, but he didn't come down until the bottom of the page.

I changed pages and picked the outer reaches of my nose. . . .

The sun poured in through the window behind me. It hugged my shoulders as I leaned back into it and read some more.

The author wanted to make it clear that it had actually all started on an afternoon in June. The doorbell had rung. No one there had felt he should answer it. Each in turn felt it wasn't his place. The ringer was persistent. Finally, Mary Lampworth headed for the door. It was, as they'd suspected, not a guest, only a delivery. They put the medium-sized box on the hall table. It remained there untouched for the rest of the day. They thought that it might have been sent by someone who had just had breakfast. There were bits of dried egg along the folds of the brown paper wrapping.

The sun shone brightly and particularly on the two words "hall table." I sensed the man tiptoeing out of the room. My hand floated up to my tongue again. Swiftly I began to lick it as I nearly thoughtlessly settled back into the page of letters wafting through my eyes.

As I translated the characters into the mystery of clarity, of logical sequence, I interpreted my own weighted position, sealed in a chair, overshadowing these noted lives, my own position in the light of the sun, in view of the circumstances, in line with my reasoning, I was, roughly, a folded five foot three inch (in other directions: five inch, one foot) tissue covering eight or ten operating systems all of which appeared to function finally to give me an edge on the waft.

"I suppose so," I said. I noticed that my hand had crumpled the page of the manuscript and smudged several words off into oblivion.



The little droplets of letters gathered into word puddles on the pages. I is slipping out of me.

~~In the morning and up until the late part of the early afternoon, it was a clear and sunny day. A man got out of his car not forgetting a generous tip for the doorman. Even so, at that moment the sun slipped into a cloud pocket. "Now darlings," she said in the year B.C., "there is still time for lunch." There was a gift sitting on the a priori table of contents in the ontologically spontaneous passageway. Oscar Wilde had a well known figure in moving pictures. A bunch of neighborhood kids who hang like grapes off the braided tongue-like vine of infinite sadness are being tough with each other. Judy is making an invisible lunch. Linda is becoming seven years old. My breath is leaving me. Microphytic bacteria live long deaths. They just said that and one of them is urging a group of them on to say: "I am the living word."~~

All the walking that has been done has been along the hypotenuse. The four enormous inclined planes contain innumerable subdivisions. Liquids were told to flow down these. Anything else we perceive is only apparent.

~~Not every projector has enough light or film. Once one child got only one slide. It is sometimes advantageous to work through a microphytic agent.~~

A root touched bottom. Let's pause for a moment.

I put the gum eraser in the bird's cage so it could clean its behind while it sharpened its beak on the cuttlestone.

The sun shone dully on that eraser, on the front side of the desk which was facing into it, on the pile of papers, on most of the words of the page which I had in my hand, in the corners of the room and on all the books in the shelves except those nearest the door. It shone particularly brightly on the word guess and distinctly though a little less so on the words: try, then, after, window, pass me, can't, not so, hall and inside which were<sup>s</sup> all on the eighth page; it also dwelled brightly on the middle of my ring, my finger, just below the rim of the cup, the five or six corner bars of the bird's cage, the handles of the desk<sup>vs</sup> drawers, on the crown of my head, off the plumpest part of a big leather chair on the other side of the L-shaped library and on the farthest right-side corner from the sun's point of view or what would be the nearest corner on the left from the vantage point of the door. On this last part, the sun seemed to just spread out like butter on a warm piece of light toast. (That tasty morsel would soon be slipped into the mouth of a storm.)

"Don't leave me behind . . ."

As I read on, the phrase, "on the corner of Sepulveda and . . ." wafted into mind. "And now the shouts waft near the citadel" Dryden. The enormous weight of the waft which was quite light was the thing that kept me contained in my perfect state which was as good as the state of any other thing before it is broken.



"Absolutely — — — — —!"

" — — — — — case, — — — — —  
— leave."

"Not — — — — — life — — — — —."

" — — you — — — any — — — — —  
— — — saying?"

"Oh — — — — —, isn't — — — — — touching!"

"Let's — — — — — least."

" — — — not?"

These words were coming down the hall:

"No, you go tell her. I'm too busy. — she'll understand. Here and bring her this. The rest will be ready in a couple of minutes. I'm just waiting for the toast. Say hello for me and make my apologies."

I heard the dull paired tones of footsteps walking down the hall and felt them head toward me, toward the library. I shifted the bulk of my understanding from one side to the other as I waited for my host to become my guest.

I picked up the glass paperweight just as the man reached the doorway and indicated that he would come in.

Interesting piece, isn't it. "Yes." The man's density had shifted. This might have been because (among other things) much of the sunlight had wafted away. He was carrying a variety of treats on the very same tray with which he had brought the tea and which he had managed to return to the kitchen and reload without my having even been aware of its absence.

I had kept my finger glued to the corner of page nine, when the man had thoughtlessly placed the tray on top of the pile of papers. Now I closed my fingers about that corner, pulled on the paper and succeeded in slipping it out from under.

I held the page in front of me. I handed the paperweight to the man who was now standing behind me. The man played with the paperweight as he stood behind me and read over my shoulder.

"I just want to finish this chapter."

Again I sensed that as my pair of eyes hit on "window" — the phrase — "near" the window — the others were up to "table" — "resting on the table." When I finally slipped and slid down to "table" the others were already on "made" — "the only deduction to be made" or on "as far as they could see." As I skipped ahead to "see" the others took in "guess" — "it was the first guess," and went right on to "ready" — "everybody was ready." As I looked up from the last page of the first chapter, I felt that everybody was now ready for a guessing game. I put the paper down and took up a spoon. The man held onto the back of my chair as I cut off a big spoonful of melon. The sun bit the dust " in back of me.



Read  
 Punctual organs  
 Glass    Paper    Weight  
 As a matter of fact  
 It is fitting  
 A root touched its bottom  
 As the waft shifts  
 it turns out to be breath  
 Interesting piece, isn't it?  
 A microphytic colony  
 drank a cup of tea  
 in less than one second  
 it became it.  
 The last word  
 The last word is a brace  
                     Read

P = page    W = word    A = attention

G = a group of words

$$P = 300W$$

$$P + A = A (G) + 300 W - G$$

In order for P to be read we must have the situation of P — P brought about by A. This would enable us to consider the operation complete and to turn the page.

$$G = 3 W$$

$$P + A = A (3 W) + 300 W - 3 W$$

$$P + A = 3 W A + 297 W$$

$$A = 3 W A + 297 W - P$$

$$(P = 300 W)$$

$$A = 3 W A + 297 W - 300 W$$

$$A = A W A - 3 W$$

The operation can continue IFF (if and only if)

$$\underline{A = A^2 = A^3}$$

$$(A^2) A = 3 W A - 3 W (A^2)$$

$$A^2 = 3 W A^2 - 3 W A^2$$

$$\text{iff } A^3 = A^2$$

then:

$$A^3 = A^3 (3 W - 3 W)$$

$$100 A^3 = 100 A^3 (3 W - 3 W)$$

$$*100 A^3 = A^3 (300 W - 300 W) \text{ or } (P - P)$$

The page has been read.

reAd



# 5.

## Fog in the Tunnel or Intruding Words

In this case a good idea which I have given you is to do the opposite of what I say in spite of yourself: please don't touch the book and no kissing. Think of others before you think of yourself. Don't think of your family and the danger they are in at every moment. This is not the place for that. Perhaps the best way you could help me now would be to disappear. Vanish. Don't read the next paragraph on this page. Forget that you have ever seen this book. Scream for every word you will not see. Perceive nothing. Lose track of me. Kill me. And I hope that I am assured that you will not read between the lines.

I was falling. I fell thousands and thousands of miles in a sitting position until I reached the chair that I sat in and it touched my bottom. It was late afternoon. Most of the children had already arrived for the party in the other room.

I found the paper in front of me. I picked it up and started to read. I started at the limits set by the form of the letters and the outlines of groups of these, which turned into words. Each word that I knew had a finely balanced overall symmetry with which it had been endowed or which I had given to it as I had acquired it. The letters<sup>vs</sup> also had good balance. The curvature of the c, of the u, in the p and the a were unforgettable, as were the circularity of the o, the small e and the g. The others too were virtually indelible.

Through the curving lines rounded into words, the story twisted and twirled. It meandered directly to where it unfolded. Here an old<sup>vf</sup> man came into the room from behind them. He told them not to turn around. His face was disfigured. As he spoke the others twisted and warped their minds in an attempt to embody the distortion which was being presented to their backs.

I took a big breath and tried to straighten myself up in the chair, but this didn't help.

$$A = \text{Page } 59$$

$$B = \text{Page } 61$$

$$A = 4x - 8y - z = 0$$

$$B = x + 2y + 2z + 3 = 0$$

The back of the hand is resting on page 61 (B). The front of the hand is in the process of turning over (A). Find the angle (Theta) between the pages. Ans: Theta was 68 degrees.



Having eaten too much and too quickly and having engaged in only the most impalpable of exercises, I found myself under the weather, pouting as I picked up page thirty-two and brought it close to my eyes. I loosened my belt and my belly bulged out even farther. Opening the tin of Maalox and reaching for one with my bone-tired fingers, I saw the pill slip through my unbending fingers, pop onto the desk and off it to roll away down the left side of the room. It described a curvilinear path, maintaining a distance of three or four feet from the wall ribbed with bookshelves, and veered toward the right, toward the door in the wall opposite me. I took another. I roughly grabbed another and patted it onto my tongue. Chewing it to the grain, I then forced the pieces down with the back of my tongue.

The page was near me, on my fingers. As it was brought near me, to my face, it slipped between my dense fingers into a loose convex curve so that the words slipped out of sight near the bottom.

I bored into the story. The old man's acidic voice sliced through a great and chilling distance. As it delved into their ears, they summoned up their collective acuity to find him out. As they sucked in his monologue they tried to cut through to the revealing quaver and the whirl in the hollow of his speech. They mined his voice; honeycombed his intelligence.

Despite the biting pain of the intrusion which nearly brought all listening to tears, each sharpened his wit, honing themselves one against the other; they attempted to force entry into the cavernous presence which addressed them from behind. They were alert to the possibility that his clipped tone, his biting inflection, his asymmetric phrasing might all be clues, perhaps even guidelines, to the nature and depth of his deformity.

I carefully extracted the next page from the pile of papers. I took a deep, deep breath, shut my lips firmly on it, exhaled through my nose, as, as, as at the same time that I was doing this, I was aware that I had begun to read. Words vaporized before my very eyes. My very eyes. As<sup>s</sup> I continued, they recondensed on the heavily padded internal tips of the line of sight. These in turn moistened the lips of my imagination against which they pressed. Foreign materials of every nature scraped against one another, absorbed one another. This brought to mind a strange coherence upon which the hope of my continuance depended.

The words informed me clearly but in muted tones. They whispered past my vision. In this way the sentences breezed in, almost catching me unaware.

They could almost hear the old man perspiring. He asked for some water. Through his mainly incoherent patter, it appeared that Mary was to bring it to him but with her eyes closed. Almost walking past him, she reached out and touched him. Her fingers became stuck in him. Horrified, Mary attempted to recoil. She was unable to release her fingers. It felt as though they were bound in a springy pudding. The old man hissed and wailed. About Mary's many fingers, the pudding pulsed warmly. Her eyes wouldn't open. Two noises began. They sent breezes, the winds, storms, hurricanes of words, back and forth past each other's ears and under each other's noses. They blew each other up into a tornado<sup>m</sup> of screams. They did howl, roar, bellow as they yapped, grunted, yawled while they snorted, squeaked, neighed, cackled, buzzed, hooted, blattered, gobbled, lowed, pouted and clacked. Once Mary was pulled out of him, the old man's story ceased to be told behind them. He collapsed out of the room.

I sniffed the page.



As I picked up the next page, I was aware of the texture of the paper interposed between that of my fingers. Their structures were nearly aligned. The nap, tooth, web of the paper surface felt nice to the pulsing tissues of my fingers. It reminded me of the taste of mushrooms.

I looked down at the page. I saw its story through the brush of my eyelashes. The pill had eased my pain. I relaxed into the chair.

Each word on the page seemed ossified. The word face was a stone. The word guess was a flint. The words a, the, in, by, up, it, were pebbles. The word laughter was marble. Run was cartilage. Shelf was bone. Talk was an oak board. See was made of quartz. The word refrigerator was enameled. The word afternoon was concrete. The word iron was iron. The word help was wrought-iron. The word old was crag. The word touch was brick. The word read was mica and I was granite.

Every word is on the page. It has been read. Several other words came after the first group. Sentences depict lines. Each word is being read next to another being read. In time, the page will be read.

Words are water soluble. This is clearly and moistly so. After all the reader is a reef in the blue-eyed Red Sea. (And all this belongs to an organic question, it says.)

The whirlpool of the pivotal question subsides.  
The mouth of the sea  
Wet words peel off the surface tension  
Screams of air bubble up

and mumble through  
the clear embolisms of symbols

---

C = carbon O = oxygen U = uranium G = gold  
H = hydrogen cough = COUGH

---

pH2ilOsOpHical investigatiOns

---

The gas mask reads in the mist	= 7 = 24
Dream blood	= 2 = 10
Word	= 1 = 4
Instant water	= 2 = 12



The honeycomb in the pulp  
 Pay cavernous attention  
 On a bone shelf  
 marble laughter  
 the teeth of the web  
 surfaced like paper in the wind  
 I was granite  
 then flint  
 The lowed cackle  
 of the michrophytic agent  
 perspires the silence

ROBERT COHEN

# YOUNG CARROTS\*

The auctioneer has noticed that a man in the third row close to the aisle  
 is bleeding from a wound on the forehead near the hairline.  
 I consult a familiar authority by drifting upward  
 I have slipped and fallen into my raw material  
 "These words are dubbed, the laughter is canned, the world is a rear-projection"  
 One day Mr. Rabbit was out hopping in a meadow when he came to a small creek  
 that cut across the field. As everybody knows rabbits don't swim, and Mr.  
 Rabbit sat down on his tail to think of a way to get to the other side where  
 many young carrots were growing. He couldn't immediately find a way, so  
 Mr. Rabbit took out a book of poems from his rucksack. It was a book of  
 political poetry.  
 It's like criticizing an architect's model for not being life-sized.  
 I have less to "say."  
 What is unusual is that you can look at this tree twice, you can re-read this.  
 Time passed. There are more kids under ten years old in China  
 than the total population of Russia.  
 Loneliness being the consumer's illness, then  
 All the more interesting since our plans are spontaneous too  
 Shit, I'm not the St. James Version of myself!  
 I am not stranded behind blue notebooks! or any other color notebooks!  
 Mr. Rabbit the creek's not deep  
 Wake up before your book puts you to sleep!

\* I wrote a poem called Young Carrots which has to do with seeing things afresh and critical-  
 ly at the same time – without having to stop before illusions like creeks or brooks of  
 poetry . . .



JACK ANDERSON: *The Hurricane Lamp*, New/Books; *The Invention of New Jersey*, Univ. of Pittsburg Press  
 HANS CARL ARTMANN: *Verbarium*, Walter Verlag (Switzerland)  
 GEORGES BADIN: *Traces*, Mercure de France (Paris)  
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