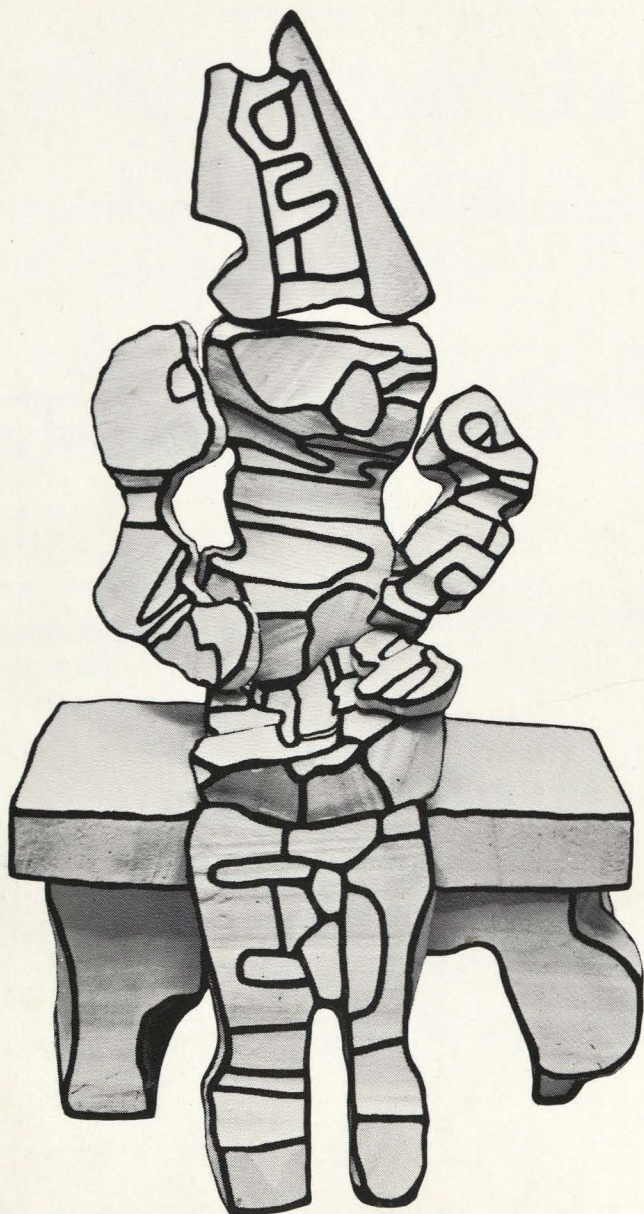


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Irene Friedman

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Jean Dubuffet

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It has been pointed out that the following authors are listed in the order in which they appear in the book. The names are listed in the order in which they appear in the book.

# Dubouffet

## SIMULACRES

...the first of these is the fact that the names of the authors are listed in the order in which they appear in the book. The names are listed in the order in which they appear in the book.

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Paris, September 15, 1969

8

Dear Arnold Giimcher,

I am preparing to design a poster for my show at your gallery, as you asked me to, but first I still have to find a generic name for the graphic constructions to be exhibited; and the choice of a name has been causing me no end of trouble. I would really like the name to guide the mind towards the goal of these constructions, towards the mental positions they arise from.

I immediately thought of the two terms *monts-joie* (montjoys) and *cairns*, both of which denote those hillocks of stones piled up at certain locations—say, a crossroads—to serve as landmarks for travelers or as memorials. This is certainly an aspect inherent in these constructions, and I did come to see them in that light. But besides being unfamiliar and probably unintelligible to most people, these two terms ignore the figurative (or rather *allusive*) character of those devices or heaps which are indeed closely bound up with evocations of everyday objects, furniture, figures, sites, or landscapes. These various themes are deliberately treated in the form previously adopted for all my *Hourloupe* paintings: a meandering, unbroken, and resolutely uniform script (drawing all planes to a frontal position and completely ignoring the true province of the object described, its size, its nearness or distance), a script abolishing all particularizations, all categories (I mean all the classifications usually adopted by our minds and introducing a distinction between notions: between, say, the notion of *chair* and the notion of *tree*, between *person* and *cloud*, *ground* and *landscape*, or whatever) in such a way that this constantly uniform script, indifferently applied to all things (and, this must be strongly emphasized, not just the objects that meet our eyes but also those that, devoid of any physical foundation, are merely the products of our thoughts, imagination, or whims; both kinds of object indiscriminately mingled), tends to reduce everything to a common denominator and to restore a continuous, undifferentiated universe: tends to effect a sort of liquefaction of the categories that our minds normally employ in deciphering (or, better, ciphering) the facts and sights of the world. Thus, the circulation of the mind from one object to another, one category to another, shall be liberated, and the mind's mobility greatly increased.

It was this uniform, departicularizing script, indifferently applied to all objects, and even extended, with no break, to both mental and physical phenomena, that I associated with the idea of a new *logos*. This script gave rise to the titles that I frequently bestowed on works belonging to the *Hourloupe* cycle, for example: "Borne au logos" ("Landmark with Logos"), "Epanchement du Logos" ("Effusion of Logos"), "Element de Logos" ("Element of Logos"), "Site logologique" ("Logological Site"), etc. Now one might raise the objection that the term *logos* is being given the opposite of its usual sense since it commonly denotes the mental operation that names and classifies, whereas my own operation does just the reverse by obliterating categories and regressing towards an undifferentiated continuum. Yet the aim of these works, in spoiling the established *logos*, is to propose another, or rather, to *suggest* another, to

manifest the specious and arbitrary character of *logos*, such as we know it, and to reveal the possibility of deciphering the world and basing thought on completely different *logoi*.

In consideration of the above, I contemplated the idea of giving the works to be presented in the show the name *Logogriphe*, which combines the word *logos* with the Greek word for net or, figuratively, riddle. The term could, however, equally apply to all the *Hourloupe* figures—especially the cardgame ones—and it also fails to pay sufficient heed to the particularizations presented by the new subjects: their execution on three-dimensional solids rather than on flat canvases: their involving only simple black diagrams on white grounds; their constructions as sets of pieces banked up on one another; and, above all, their equivocal status due to an indecisiveness between their functioning as material objects and as immaterial figurations of objects. I would like to expatiate on this important point, which I fear may initially seem obscure. When a painter depicts a chair, interpreting and distorting its aspect at will, the onlooker never confuses the proposed depiction with the original chair. If, however, the depiction, rather than being merely painted on canvas, is erected as a three-dimensional object, then the spectator's mind will be inclined to see not so much a mental work—the mental interpretation of a chair—as a physical object pure and simple: a new chair to sit on. In the case of the works under discussion, we are, to be sure, dealing with strictly mental evocations. The materiality they are endowed with is specious; it could not for even an instant be taken literally. These works are materialized erections of mental products. Their objectivation is fallacious. They materialize mental operations totally alien to the world of *bodies*, for the same reason as—and probably even more so than—ectoplasm for the spiritist. This is why I feel that they really belong more within the province of painting than of statuary art: painting which for once has unwontedly been given body; corporealized, objectified painting. At one point, to stress that particular—highly particular—aspect, I thought of calling these works *Figures-corps* ("Body-Figures") or *Semblances-substances*, or even—to make explicit the sole use of graphisms to the exclusion of any coloring—*Graphies-corps-prenants* ("Body-Taking Graphics"). I had also decided against the—obviously overlong—name *Derivés mentales dotées de corps physique* ("Mental Drifts Endowed with Physical Bodies").

These various appellations eventually struck me as somewhat unwieldy. I finally decided in favor of an—undoubtedly more imprecise—name, one liable to create misunderstandings with frivolous people (but no matter, since these works are certainly not directed at the frivolous); the name I hit upon was *Simulacres* (simulacres, simulacra, semblances, shams, etc), which I feel makes the hallucinatory aspect of these works sufficiently but not overly explicit. After all, the dictionary defines simulacrum as a perceptible representation that passes for a reality. That is how we describe phantoms.

Sincerely yours,

Jean Dubuffet

Jean Dubuffet

Translated by Joachim Neugroschel

BARBARA GUEST

Even Ovid

to J.A.

The vivid report of your gracious diehardness  
has wounded me, expecting the palm leaf  
in a forwarded letter, not realizing  
the dismal street was our way of greeting.  
Special azure was once our way  
and we beneath umbrellas nodded,  
so tenderly we born on the cusp and knowing  
it when suns struck and the moons  
at your fingertips were yellow as that cloud  
over your rooftop which today is a pompier  
and the burning trees will assemble themselves.  
I too am minute as ashes with the fine  
grain of my feeling running crisscross into dark  
where I sight you enviously at the blurred roots  
and the ospreys play there, they have second sight  
like sponges, loving both canal and river,  
commuting as you on water, fearful of this group  
of buildings even going underground.  
You like it because your eyes see further,  
even as a rock quarry is graceful  
with your initials at the sorrowful poem's end.

## ROSY ENSCONCEMENTS

The Spanish bed overlooked by the Chinese courtesan  
has a dimension as subtle as the island,  
which is not so wild as it would like to be,  
although the building that overlooks the estuary  
is tall with the homely aspect of an escarpment  
overlooking the channel that bathes the island  
with a genial parental arm splashing the waves,  
although no pines grow or palms the land  
is content with its placement overlooking the buildings,  
the channel, and watched sometimes witheringly

by the sky which can be seen in toutes saisons  
by the Spanish bed and the Chinese courtesan,  
especially when the telephone rings and the person  
who overlooks the bed wakes up and repeats,  
"that must be the temple gong" or "it is vespers in Alemeida."  
Once or twice the bureau has been inched  
so that it can overlook the rug, although lately  
the rug has been removed to another niche  
so that the parquet floor may add a ton French  
because like any good salad a bedroom requires

several greens and the amorous couple has tired  
of being overlooked by a Chinese courtesan while lying  
on a Spanish bed and reasonably enough, given  
the slice of island in the water, the couple asked  
that a window be cut in the door and now with a  
certain delicacy, that applied by the knife to a cake,  
the icing can be slipped to the couple  
in the bed which is Spanish, and anemones admired  
that have never been published before overlooked

by the Chinese until eighteen years ago when the courtesan  
was painted and added to the collection of the Spanish bed.  
Although generally more subdued the island  
welcomes the activities of poets, in particular those  
who overlook the impoverishment from the conservatoire  
of the Spanish room with its air enriched by plants.  
They transcending purely artistic considerations  
crouch seductively under the gauze of nature,  
clairvoyant and courageous as Spain or Chinese sand.

piero heliczer

# AMERICA

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

the situation developed i was asked to talk about love i had made it the nevsky prospect salon

the face of the negro girl in the subway builds a secret mechanism of lips and the heart of bessie smith i am led to hope my finger rubs the shaven of my chin the eye looks at the grey ground for the color of sprout young green needles of cactus protect its water from skys glass starling are the morning birds with the pattern of thirsty stars ideal lice to their mantle father duster iron toaster but the face changes above the two pretty legs in the loose nylons brightest egyptian yellow with raw cocakohl eye and they go out the long body of a girl leans forward unfolds and bends to pick up a brass token slit with a birds claw from the rubber floor shy expression of face inclined returned

outside it was raining her face was in a brown silk shade

hope was bound to agree with me when talking with clover and angel these were the children and then the maidens joan janey and jane her voice was the red glass

petal of the sky i loved her straight off and decided not to see her any more she was sweet and nervous as i watched the face of the negro girl in the subway i thought of one of the most beautiful lives i have had i decided again to leave america and to write a description of america i thought of poland of the streets of warsaw and perhaps of the blond girls and of perhaps bestelle dein haus

in such a short space i managed to set down all that i love minus the original baroque instrumentation so necessary to its total effect then you will die and no longer live living her voice like the steel spring that is tightly coiled in the morning

at eleven o clock i turned on the electric lights a small flat key opened the secret ballot of mail cigarettes are rolled on my ring fingers girls like to look at my extraordinary thumbs i send my gum arabic heart to the valentine of love her eyes builds days especially the whites of her eyes i decided to formulate a calendar too as a friar had done but i am surprised they do not look at my newspaper stockings finally it was a singing telegram from bessie smith

o new york sea city there is no baby of marble limbs on blue velvet and yet you are modelled on a city in which there is at present an adoration of canals i want to mention too the perfect antique of your only i wish all could be ferry boats in cold sunny mornings and pleasure but it cant be so can it the reason i am so sad is that i am old enough to be a father

joseph of arithmathea played the piano for the telegraph boy who sang in a black eyed dog voice with one arm raised and a finger pointing somewhere he was a pigeon to the father and put his finger on a magpie its too bad i thought that bessie smith is dead and worse than that she was too fat the telegraph boy said new york was hell madam i feel very much at home here i must be the devil himself i dont know why i said madam but i believe prose must come fast how fast the piano player inquired as he folded up his papers i didnt say but about the speed of the head of the bear hitting the steps when christopher robin comes down the stairs only minutes before he becomes winnie the pooh

i thought too often that the constant feel of amusement on my face might not be enough at least once a week i was ready to be in paris invalides in seven hours

on park avenue at the corner of the soviet legation a cop pulls me over to the curb license and registration i had stopped at a green light first sign of a drunken driver i sometimes wonder if i was really driving a car that evening to the airport or if i wasnt as usual walking through the streets hand tight against my chest like a motorists killed in an accident writing things down eyes straight ahead i turned to spontaneous slower flowering responsiveness who was seated by my side this time in extraordinary drag her appearance alone brought me right about this wonder of airport nevertheless we didnt go the cop didnt look at my registration and license which was lucky because i didnt have any he didnt see the marker a

t-man had put on the rear bumper spontaneous slower flowering father was an inheritable mental case and i was suspicious i dont like to be with schizy chicks because the difference between madness and sanity is as big as the difference between the sexes i like girls to be dizzy that is the real miraculous there is no need to understand the obvious for example i could see the music but only hear the people

as to how you were capable of doing it it must have come off the top of your head which is the best part the unconscious is not the subconscious it is uncharted terrain perhaps it is terrain inadequate for chartering but due to a large increase in subscriptions to the national geographic we will send out a party to charter it though what they will really do is plant paper flowers and perhaps photograph them the conscious and the unconscious pardon me the subconscious are capable of definition please wait for me you said as i will definitely arrive p s half past midnight will of course be the eighteenth very early morning hate to sound so simple but i enjoy definition it was then that i fell in love with the medieval city from which the whites of her eyes exiled me first latin edition 1493 intricate and different but always like the works of a clock to tell time just as the hip attitude is tails to the heads square calls i am for the unconscious in process and the straight in attitude

several generations of montgomery ward catalogs have done their work

#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY

sometimes perhaps to think of the girls one didnt marry probably better than the one one at length will most of the people in this story are dead like django reinhardt or bix beiderbecke and all musing upon their deaths are like explanations of jazz i prefer the t-mans hunch which moved like the mouses drum through the struts and laddered globes of the missile factory the author himself was caught like jimmy cagney or arius in an outhouse it was one of the kind of days for reading seed catalogs

the other kind of days is for reading the peasants almanach you cant win when the ides are in it was a glorious saint patricks day great caesars ghost played the part of the ghost the schools broken promise paraded it was hard to think that hamlet or jesus had been one of these the makers of boas were pardoned the fathers were dusted again or should i say finally trembling was born in the accordion pleats of the green trinity but the t-man whose money was green to rub off on the glad hands like sap on the tree climbing school boy was very unhappy

dogs scurried noiselessly with linoleum claws behind the boys

i am a good friend of the famous poets i knock on the famous poets door he answers what can i do for you is his amazing word i dream of the famous poets friend also a famous poet i ask a famous poet this is in a country away from

america when people talk about a country away from america i can write poetry to this poetry and hear this poetry unlike music really they say you can dial god about the famous poet o i dont see the famous poet much any more a famous poet lets me know i think now that i am more of a famous poets friend than the famous poet is

i ask him why the hot water faucet is always on the left hand shortly before goofily patina the snowy streets and slide by the arriving girl who is the virgin in piero della francescas nativity red frizzy hair in a bun i am surprised that she is in town a few days before she is supposed to call on me but i know why it is because if there is only one faucet it is a cold water faucet and it should be at the right hand because the left more naturally holds the soap and yet in america the hot water faucet is most commonly at the right hand

the boys are very cruel on the streets girls weep the blood having gone to their heads they use the same language but they will always burn my trash immediately without having to wait for the authorities to dispose the cockroaches have come they tell me the house is warm and that i now really am in america it is good to know this the day before i leave i am getting out by jet now because i feel the war is imminent the boys then can make me happy in this way

i am the modest egoist you know actually it is much wilder to be high alone because no one can tell you how high you are careful or those groans will attract cops the abnormal trying to be normal and the normal trying to be abnormal the search party sent out by the national geographic is settling down for the night the view is marvellous it is hard to breathe the dogs dreams are made of ice cream are you in pain i will become like you in the end the title of this picture is bringing forth zeus no no no no yells the father as the son issues from the mouth youre not going to be sick and dont forget it the patient quickly gets better you are higher than i am he says arent you i dont know it is a nicer high he keeps saying no no no no no no no no no no dying away petulantly i wont let you get away that is what joseph smith says to zeus and chronos to the angel situations reversed commands the general it hurts says the woman in labor like a sharp pencil hurts the page it is so dispassionate to be a poet the vomit lisps in his mouth as the prophet looks up to the sky where will the poet sleep not words but zeus et verbum caro factum est what i want is glory not power or beauty height feels like poison deadening the limbs he is really a puling little boy says zeus as chronos weeps when zeus gets out it is funny to be high and yet in control i feel as if i am entering into the ground but christ was crucified because he wanted to enter into air and perhaps every criminal not just the one on the cross is an angel if there is something wrong in it i am the one who is going to have it the dentist died of pneumonia my father who was in venereal disease died in a piano my fathers ghost talks about his torture epic shows the successful way oh i didnt know that he says several times as he dies poets dont sleep the hills which hills the only hills and then she goes back to sleep girls wouldnt be good



husbands if men brought forth babies i see woman as what she really is the flat sloping belly disappearing into the loins hair like lions disappear into the palms the drug has got to the lymph glands i feel it going all my limbs fiery death footnote a cigarette is like a not so dirty water rinsing the drug if you were more stupid you would be drunk with life the nostrils dilate like the gills of a fish i feel the lines against my heart

swan song is the sleep of death the situation demands madness

the t-man sat in a chair at my birthday party on his right shoulder was a badge first prize duncan yo yo contest

i didnt relax my guard

#### APRIL FOOL'S DAY

after the disaster but disaster was the only thing that remained tufts of turf with the grey skins of birds soiling the roots lay on the paths of hopeless escape

the last cigarette i smoked was a lucky strike there were seven left in the packet i write this down to go on thinking zinc gamelan a strong wind the spirit hands of a million little boys suddenly lifts the tops of garbage cans a gamelan of missiles

i drink a toast to my suicide the whiskey smells like hospitals they use six-tenths as much soap in europe a shorter poem you like to do that with a woman alphabetical order i dont remember the girls name for some reason that i dont understand they do that infallible rule alphabetically the arriving girl had to masturbate on my door step

when the child sings she gets up i used to hurt my fingers a lot when i was young indoors

a wild time was had by all i dreamt in the poets bed the snake that had killed the lizard came to life again the lizard uncoiled like an enormous hat the snakes mouth was veiled in the inner lining of the stomach of the lizard it bit the stomach to become a transparent salamander the amber forecast on the soul of grey corduroy my escape from the funny mental hospital would you like a pass mr heliczer ask me for a pass pass i said actually he said something like conform a pass no he replied

the sirens rang out the birds run in the leafless sticks of the park

i give away my new worlds like a king to make myself ready to receive newer ones i leave america to the heart of the negro girls

d o a deprived of air

welcome to new york state thruway speed checked by radar

no deposit no return

Peter Schjeidah

#### FOR APOLLO 11

The Earth is continuously sprouting  
Inconsolable shapes—cities,  
Trees, outcroppings of rock such as granite,  
Limestone, and so on, television relay towers,  
Antennae of all sorts, mountains and the hills  
That surround them—things leading the eye  
Upwards, fixing one's attention  
At some terrific, unserviceable altitude  
Helpless and proud

Why not go to the moon?  
We're halfway there already The domes  
Of our crania are like the dome of the night sky,  
Aren't they? Even a box kite expands us  
We think of Japan, viewing the same stars  
The universe pierces our apartments  
The west wind speaks to us of New Jersey!

Our simple morality commands it:  
To do something we cannot do, simply construct  
Something, put fire in its tail, and "so long!"  
We'll be seeing it again in a week or so  
Minus its grosser parts

Astronauts! brave and stupid as the soul  
Which we disbelieve as much as we disbelieve you  
But adore nonetheless, as much!  
Come back to us as *Gone with the Wind* comes back  
Whole, glamorous, and now and then;  
Tremendous, vulgar, and full of what we are always  
Ceasing to be, which we will miss when in heaven  
As you would miss us on some frigid planet  
Facing a busted engine,  
Hearing nothing but your perishing heartbeat

June, 1969

Clark Coolidge

CORYDON / CEMENT

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BRENDA HEROLD

*crazy grey saturday  
let's hitchike to Austin  
said Paul and I agreed  
half joking and we all left  
taking only a guitar  
Ray and I stood out front  
and caught rides and when  
someone would stop we would  
whistle for the others  
and we would all pile in . . .  
cold on the plains of Texas  
and it rained for awhile  
but all of it wonderful  
and each time someone stopped  
for us it being  
like a miracle maybe  
and we rode into Austin singing*

Young Man with Letter

*dialogue in the grass*

*(for Sean)*

*assuming they run parallel  
then by looking sideways  
one can see past  
and future  
at the same time*

*but not so clearly  
perhaps  
as just looking at one  
or the other:  
past or future*

*unless it were slow  
motion but then  
one would grow tired  
and do you really want  
to see both*

*instead close your eyes  
love see there is only  
now looking neither way  
and anyway your elbow  
rattles ever so slightly*

## Years of Indiscretion

Whatever your eye alights on this morning is yours:  
Dotted rhythms of colors as they fade to the color,  
A gray agate, translucent and firm, with nothing  
Beyond its purifying reach. It's all there.  
These are things offered to your participation.

These pebbles in a row are the seasons.  
This is a house in which you may wish to live.  
There are more than any of us to choose from  
But each must live its own time.

And with the urging of the year each hastens onward separately  
In strange sensations of emptiness, anguish, romantic  
Outbursts, visions and wraiths. One meeting  
Cancels another. "The seven-league boot  
Gliding hither and thither of its own accord"  
Salutes these forms for what they now are:

Fables that time invents  
To explain its passing. They entertain  
The very young and the very old, and not  
One's standing up in them to shoulder  
Task and vision, vision in the form of a task  
So that the present seems like yesterday  
And yesterday the place where we left off a little while ago.

## Young Man with Letter

Another feeble, wonderful creature is making the rounds again,  
In this phraseology we become, as clouds like leaves  
Fashion the internal structure of a season  
From water into ice. Such an abstract can be  
Dazed waking of the words with no memory of what happened before,  
Waiting for the second click. We know them well enough now,  
Forever, from living into them, tender, frivolous and puzzled  
And we know that with them we will come out right.

But a new question poses itself:  
Is it we who are being transformed?  
The light in the hallway seems to indicate it  
And the corrosive friends whose breath is so close  
It whistles, are changed to tattered pretexts  
As a sign, perhaps, that all's well with us.  
Yet the quiet bickering on the edge of morning

That advances to a steady drone by noon  
And to hollow rumblings by night: is there so much good then  
Blushing beyond the sense of it, standing straight up for others to view?  
Is it not more likely that such straining and puffing  
As commas produce, this ferment  
We take as suddenly our present  
Is our waltzing somewhere else, down toward the view  
But holding off? The spiked neon answers it  
Up against the charged black of a full sky:  
"We thought you knew, brothers not ancestors;  
Your time has come, has come to stay;  
The sieved dark can tell you about it."

SMALL DAYS

Small days, blue on the top and green on the bottom opened the box.

Bright skies at the window, the daisies in the field yellow and white their heads in the green pulling in the breeze. The lawn cut out of the blue sky and bright curls by the sun shone on the window. They closed it in the morning the blossoms through the glass white on the branch arching overhead down to the side of the house.

Blue with the green when she colored it in.  
Crayoning on the paper through the window.  
The eyes on the surface drawing them open and painted them in.

Open round the blue in the sky above the trees. Seen on her eye, the tiny landscape an apple tree in flower.

A field on the sky clouds through the furrow, plowing with her hands she reached the bone and unpacked the flesh.

Strong leaves under the sun broke the shade the trees too high, those faces peering in by night over the side of the bed.

Turned them down until the branches lashed her face and cut the eye.

Her blind smile woke over the bed.  
Over the landscape.

Running carelessly with her hands in front to catch her when she fell, and cried the sky had turned above her head rubbing her knee the bright drop of blood against the sky against the clouds she tore the rose from off its stem.

She saw the trees, that sky again without the wind, her smile she had before.

The road turning in the night.  
Taken out the color and the stars beyond without their light.

The sailor's clothes in San Diego  
where you are not  
where the tide breaks the sand cliff

Other children washed and clean played in her garden ran she watched their legs turn and stop round their eyes. Targets on the wall.

They'd seen.

Mine the garden, she said.

In the wind the trees were pushed against the house blackened on the inside of her mouth the night within her bones bled out to touch the skin. The wind the noise in her ear blown out through the trees and in the silence she crouched in her heart hidden inside.

Her tears poured onto the table spilled and wiped up knocked over and straightened up clouded over dark and rained the water running down in the gutters along the pavement glistening in the darkened air dark ripples on the river, the wind had gone and left in its place the hanging leaves dripping one by one the color from the sky.

She heard the wind the grass that caught the air to break the silence.

The sky churned over the fields the light bulged open the clouds pulling on the earth to tear it from the bone the roots snapping off lost their hold on the rock below.

Split and ground the sky like the sea folding overhead close to the tops of the trees.

Swollen in the head the storm in the eyes. It opened out the view straight down.

The window opened from the bottom the leaves touched each other in the afternoon breeze close to the bed. The bright edge of the cloud over the trees hit the sun. Laughed her hands that touched the sky. Her heart had burst, leaning down she saw the pieces take their root and the landscape come to flower.

Hugh Seidman

### THE MODES OF VALLEJO STREET

For L.C.

### I: San Diego, Los Angeles

1

The sailor's clothes in San Diego  
where you are not  
where the tide breaks the sand cliffs

I say this because I am powerless  
the waves slap at me

I wade into the breakers  
where the surfers take their risk  
tho I  
take nothing but the blows

I curse, I strike the foam  
and the sea returns  
the kelp and light green vines  
that wrap my legs

I walk past sailors, navymen,  
windows where the colors fade,  
peeling cellophane  
glazing ancient uniforms,  
magazines of cunts and balls,  
the couples  
in their triggered nights

I thought of you  
I thought and thought and thought of you

I rode the Greyhound here  
the sun flared, the waves  
snapped in the green tint windows

my hand wrapped round my cock  
trying to recreate you  
trying to get you back

2

In the real world I am saying  
you have betrayed me because  
I could not remember the bedroom

because my father is speaking  
accusing me with his brutal voice

that I wish to move from him  
that I covet the mysteries

the window of our room is open  
and beyond: the trolley runs

and I know that my father is evil  
and that this is his cruellest voice  
and that this is why you have left me

3

He imagines her  
a sister of her generation  
passing thru Taos or the Badlands

searching in her Saab for the communes  
blue eye intent on the desert

driving to an ocean  
because she is no longer his

where he walks at night  
in the white foam  
of the spotlight on the cliff  
where the lights of La Jolla lie south

where he knows  
that five hundred miles from him  
she will hear  
the ocean that he hears

to know he is in this place  
that the stars have not lied

that when he lay upon the beach  
she was inside him still

that he shivered in her power  
driving him  
blue eye intent on the desert

4

To find the power  
the sources of the power  
and not this losing of her  
plugging her to the past  
the filament, the jeweled precision

intricate, each of us  
under the summer  
dreaming, delicate engines

and in his  
thinking himself a robot

a boy's science fiction robot  
gliding, noiseless  
and the surf  
audible, audible in the silence

where the armored body moved  
and the robot brain  
demanded their story

5

The silent radio  
the dust on the unturned pages

your voice  
I will no longer contemplate

writing on the walls  
the rituals  
after the glasses of brandy

the landscape seen from the car  
here as they have foretold it in the films

dates, phrases  
the blood stained mattress  
that I will not clean

since you have lain  
since you have bled here  
bled everywhere

I scrub the walls  
I take coarse steel wool  
I rub the paint to the plaster

my hands bleed  
I go to the bar

I fuck with a woman  
I weep in the streets  
and the people glare

I wake and see your blood in the sky  
and when I sleep  
it is your blood in the glasses

the landscape I had forgotten was alive  
the radio that I would not bear

6

You made a film of me that I have never seen  
we went on the subway to shoot scenes  
we sent into the park in the afternoons

I lay on the ground and saw the autumn sun  
the children ran around us  
and the leaves whirled  
and all of this was recorded

into the heart of the city  
where we believed in the real  
where you swore it was simple  
and why did this occur

it is as distant as the sea  
that I see now, unceasingly  
or the numberless lives of these shores

7

When I asked for you that morning  
and they said: he is lost and dying  
the jailers, the kings and the queens  
adorned in their disguises

and you, when the spider came  
when the day tilted to its beginning  
and you rose to dress  
to go out into that day

the light taking you inside itself  
tho I knew that you had heard

when the day tilted  
when the light was like the light  
I had lain in as a child  
deadly thru the blinds

where I lay in the rigor  
and the weight of the impending day

8

This is a story of the tar pits  
the asphalt  
oozing from the bowels

the smell of the highways  
that lead thru hell

it is our story  
for the obvious reasons

it is the true museum  
surrounding the one  
they have built of concrete

the tar pits  
as if to speak of time  
of bones that are older than men

of your bones  
under your skin  
of your mortality

of the scar  
my finger traced  
like a brand below your breasts

as I shuddered for you as if  
somehow it had been mine

how I loved your body  
larger than my own

and the mastodon whose pelvis  
lay crushed in the tar

the old tar pits  
what happens  
when we are misled by appearance

it is in these public places  
where the tourists come  
where you, perhaps, might never come  
that this is to be noted

9

He knows he must explain this  
how they had eaten dinner  
had eaten with others  
her good friends

and how he had been angered  
by the red haired woman  
and by the man that she lived with  
who were *her* friends

how at that time he had told himself  
he was angered by the beauty of this woman  
that he, himself, could not have

but later he saw that what he hated  
was the fact of their love

the love that he wanted from her  
that she would not give  
would not under any circumstances

so that they went to the house of these people  
and he felt himself ruined  
a marked man



in the light of a black and shrunken sun  
that was charring him  
with silence and with blame

and it came upon him  
and would not relinquish him  
so that the whole of the world was filled with it

and afterwards, in his house  
before they took their clothes off  
she yelled at him

she accused him  
and he curled away from her  
he let her judge him

and he claimed  
that Hamlet was more than his sickness  
and said this to defend himself

to save himself, instead of fighting her  
instead of screaming back at her  
that he was right

for finally she had said:  
but I love those people  
as if to say she had chosen them

and he wanted to cry, to cry out  
to hold and to choke her with the knowledge  
that it was he, he was the one who loved her  
and not *those* people

and by what right  
had she the power to choose them over him  
by what right in this world  
had she that power

but he could not do this  
or did not know how

because clearly she had tried to want him  
had tried deeply but could not  
so that that was why

## II: San Francisco, Los Angeles

### 10

How cold, the birds, the ducks  
squawking, cawing  
walking tamely on the walks  
the foolish swans

across the lake the dome  
the immense corinthian columns

he could see her house  
a brown rectangle  
high in the rows of the houses

he could understand, for the first time  
why a man might turn to crime  
to get what he wanted, to take by force  
as one would take a woman

she had spoken of being driven to a frenzy  
by a lover with bullet scars and a gun

he knew it was true, and his wish  
to get a gun, to be powerful

the money to buy and sell

### 11

There are men  
who will let the brake fluid  
out of your car  
or beat you to death  
because someone said to

straining on the hills in second  
coasting to the stop signs

the streets to your house  
that account these things

I was collecting evidence  
parked on the incline

shooting the picture  
at sometime in the afternoon  
when the light was like four  
sticks of dynamite under the hood

your mother painting in the skylight  
or the art works scattered in the rooms

when it is impossible to free myself  
from these disciplines of wealth

this poisoned needle  
lodged in the upholstery

## 12

The wakes the boats make  
and the flower of the pulsing bee

the thistle's globe and the trees  
that slope to the house roofs  
and the columns of the dome

the rich on these hills  
and the island of Alcatraz  
whose single signal  
is the counter eye  
revolving in your nights

it is here I relinquish you  
to the tolerant bee and the waters  
and to the self I have given  
for wealth and your body

it is here I give you back  
to the bee, the tiger dart  
the seeker after sweetness

the distributor who senses  
the body's warmth  
of this human creature

and forfeits his flower and flies  
hovering over my arms and eyes

## 13

To Vallejo street I came  
in the summer from the place  
where it is always noon  
to the shadows  
at the end of that street

to the colored house  
of excrement and the earth  
and to the objects  
distributed in their orders

you went to the window and said  
that you were alive  
but that I was dead  
you said you could not reciprocate

and your mother questioned me  
and your brother said  
that soon he would be married  
so that then you must take packs  
and depart into the mountains

and I asked if I could see you  
but you said there was no time  
which I could not comprehend  
tho you assured me

saying that you would see me in time  
in time on Vallejo street  
where the dead are informed  
in time, within perfect time

## 14

Looking from the window we saw  
the dome  
reconstructed of cement

sitting and speaking  
smoking the cigarettes  
before us on the table

in your mother's house  
the museum, as you had said

and at the dome the next day  
I saw the window  
fixed in the tiers of the houses

it is a difference in reference  
an epiphany

a certainty in the material  
that I could not feel in my life

the problem  
of being rich and an artist

going around the room  
fingering the expensive sculpture

or you with the Black Panthers  
seeking meaning, say that  
seeking meaning

### 15

Passes the hands over the breasts  
remembers the music in the earliest hours  
before sleep, before the forfeit day

remembers the hunger of love and food  
the images that play on the windows  
and calls this the way, the necessity

the figures at night who pass  
in the lighted rooms, and in the daylight

how the light must fall in the skylight  
or how the figures press in the rooms at night

and the car has not moved  
and the driver is motionless at his post

### 16

The sentry, the prisoner  
the lover who is parted

Presidio, the mansions  
a woman descending in the stairwells  
we turn away  
the last miles before the open bay

a boy crawling to the last barbed wire  
a fire hydrant seared white  
in the open street

I did not think of this  
or I was involved with myself  
when I was in your house  
when I clamped my jaw

against sentiment  
against the boy, outside

eighty-five men in a stifling room  
one hour before dawn, the guard  
rattling keys  
on the bars to awaken them

### 17

The skeleton of the building  
and the elevator climbing  
in its column

half done  
the one thing  
he had not counted on

a cartridge belt  
crossed over the chest

a man strapped to a table  
with bleeding bulging feet

a lead pipe  
rammed in the anus

what did it have to do with her  
any of it

where  
was the connection  
to the animals

inches  
each few thousand years  
shifting thru the tar

the rivet gun marking time  
on the flange of the girder

the pressure to maintain  
a world that never was and her  
always the one thing wrong

the one thing keeping  
the building intact

half done  
for which world  
the leaves, the simple trees

trying to dissolve them  
and they do not stop  
there is nothing to make them stop

### 18

The fact that he sat  
the non physical non verbal world

he said that to arise  
he would have  
to rearrange the discernible

more distance not needed  
what he has learned  
in recognition of the laws

chance not helping  
tho it is written out like that

karate judo akido kendo  
or get into the bedroom  
and scream the sperm

on the couch she showed herself  
it made him want to  
make up to himself for all  
who turned away

and after he wasn't in the anger  
just her and the cats  
below them on the floor

he felt he hadn't seen the city  
but how  
the sun was falling by itself

and he was late  
except he had the map  
and he could go

## 19

The empty house, the wind, the windows  
and the doors banging in the drafts

the violence, the violent, the light  
over the floors, the photographs of bodies  
straining on the rocks, the distance  
of the motion and its thought

the careful words, the violence of  
*we are so alone*, the others who speak  
in the darkened rooms, the doors  
ajar in the hallways, the rumped sheet  
in the outlines of the body  
the softened light, the silence

## 20

The failure that is his life  
or, I am in hell, he thought  
and so, he was

the visibility of time  
when there was nothing more  
they would take from him

it was all for a mood, a travesty  
a woman turning in the sunlight  
it was what was expected

the rats that no one had noticed  
a rebuttal of form, a remark  
that sweat is uncomfortable

## 21

And if it is to end this way  
by the sea  
to mean that it begins

in the chill before the winter  
before the spring will come again  
to unmesh him

as he lay under the sun and slept  
until waking at six he saw  
the beach, empty, and felt afraid

away from friends, from her  
a man  
stripped bare and walking to the water

to leave his life behind him  
when there is only this to be unsaid

### III: New York

22

Those photographs of fucking in all its forms  
the young women as if ageless in  
the eternity of their bodies

he was weakened in an abject insatiable desire  
as the dwarf  
came swinging on his crutches

the useless legs arcing in half circles  
but someone  
would want him, the miracle

and the birds there  
pecking after seeds, greedy, gobbling

23

The way you would see them  
ranged on the mountain and then in motion  
garlanded, beribboned

the women and the men together  
over again, yet different  
passing in the world's frame, for themselves  
for the days again

the beauty of one's own name  
not out of economies  
but the path they take, as they come

into the sight of the cities  
our lives to undo them

garlanded, beribboned in the old way  
the female children alive, and the male children  
each to have pleasure

24

Coming from this, to be conscious  
in the parks, in the buildings  
a mind among only its own things

whatever I can use, at the wedding  
their fatality appeared, the women

her body in the ivory dress  
as she sat and I stood apart from her  
behind her, before the bride and groom

but to have taken her hand  
to have dragged her before the altar  
*we were the ones—marry us*

25

It is all energy  
too much to dissipate

the freedom that he cannot use  
clamps down  
does not allow the resource out

and backwards, that tangible past  
when he did not see  
what a man must decide

but he would go among these people  
because it was his life  
to say to her  
become what you are or die

to break past the curtains to their parts  
unclothe their bodies  
and walk within this wedding  
this marriage in the feast of marriages

JAMES SALLIS

## NEGOTIATION

Dust inhabits the universe. You walk across a plain that was once a sea, and you sink to your knees in the dust. As fine and light as flour, as the ash of dead leaves, and brown. Behind, the dust is already filling your steps, your legs. The trees are gone, the plain is barren. Bare. Only here and there, spaced yards apart, brittle flowers with their stems wrapped round the heart of the world, which crumble into dust at your touch. The same colour as the dust. And other places, places where the still unmoving sun has gratuitously focused its stale heat, where the dust has swelled or collapsed, spotting and pocking the earth. Aside from this, nothing breaks the level brown which extends to the horizon like a now-lifeless and limp band of elastic.

Nothing . . . but a single stone. Again and again you have traversed this plain, this world; and all that remains is this solitary stone, perfectly smooth and round. White? Of course. And if you touch it? It will crumble, be cool to your hand; the sun will resume its motion and flowers burst forth out of the suddenly firm ground; slowly outwards from the rock the dust will fade to water, shadows and then their trees appear; the brittle flowers lengthen and grow together, twine together, turning green to cover the dust in depths of moss; blood drain into the sky and blotch the day with orange and settle to violet and then to purple; the rock split open and expel a thousand gaping fish, or the fish's round mouths—

What? And if I lay my hand in the scarce shade of the rock, could I retrieve it? The shade? Or the hand? Could I cup the shade within my hands and lay it, hold it, against my face? Would the hand take root and grow there like a mushroom, first engine of life for these plains, this new world . . .

Moving away from the stone, over the brown expanse, you are hardly surprised to find that your legs fail to re-emerge from the dust and that the stumps, visible behind you as cavities, are filling and brimming over with water. Or acid: a lake, a sea. A shore?

Peter Paul Fersch

## HORIZONTAL MOMENT

The dry landscape  
crackles in light.

A column of smoke  
rises in the distance.

A horizontal moment  
becomes  
a raised phallus.

There is time  
for the story  
of a young girl's breast.

Beneath the shadow  
of a black hat  
I eat ice cream.

*Translated from the German by Derk Wynand  
in collaboration with the poet.*

IDYLL

Beyond,  
a white ship is helpless  
on that sea of books, and churches,  
but here in a field of  
delicate gold chairs  
our shelter of snow and blossoms holds  
against the ice of August,  
the cold of a blue sun.

My eyes hear your voice (it is the color of apples)  
I answer your smile, a  
flower on your coat.  
Here in our isolated place of natural things  
we are sustained by light, and music,  
Smooth-fleshed, I bloom  
to a concert of sounds from stones  
and stars:  
You listen to the murmur of  
my closed eyes.

LIKE PARQUET FLOORS IN THE LAMPLIGHT

Like parquet floors in the lamplight  
here the cobbled streets  
echo chamber music  
that has slowly marked  
a lithograph on the stone of love:  
this lithograph suggests  
a young leopard,  
an open notebook, used,  
and some formal teachings on original sin.

To die in Spain had been his green ambition:  
not to have been an Eagle Scout  
was the accomplishment that rose  
above the wings of birds,  
rose over the sound of a harmonica played  
by a young sailor on his watch at sea.

His dresser drawer left carelessly open,  
(a white shirt dragging its sleeve)  
seemed like a signal of some kind.  
"Now it is time." But where  
was the message on the mirror, or the voice,  
(as he had seen it done in films)  
reminding him  
of what he was to do?

VITO HANNIBAL ACCONCI  
Two Situations

A SITUATION USING TYPEWRITER, VOICE, DESCRIPTION

*a speaker describing how a sentence is spoken \*; afterwards, a typist typing the sentence \*\*; when he brings the carriage back to the left margin, and moves down one line – or, if the sentence is more than one line, when he gives a signal – the speaker describing how another sentence is spoken; etc.*

\* For performances at the Orient Expresso Coffee House, 205 East 81st Street, on November 5, 1968, and at Wesleyan University, Wesleyan, Connecticut, on March 5, 1969, I used the following scheme:

number of sentence typed	live voice
1	enunciating
2	raising the voice
3	pronouncing with stress
4	with a trill
5	pronouncing
6	hemming and hawing
7	droning
8	mumbling
9	clipping my words
10	swallowing my consonants
11	in a whisper
12	with a drawl
13	speaking thick
14	stuttering
15	talking with my hands
16	blurting out
17	accenting
18	with lisp
19	with the voice lowered
20	articulating

\*\* For the performances at the Orient Expresso Coffee House and at Wesleyan, the following sentences (which could not be seen by the audience unless they walked over to the typewriter) were typed:

- To be made aware of by the ear.
- To apprehend by the ear.
- To be informed or gain knowledge of by hearing.

- To listen to with fervor or compliance, to grant.
- To listen to with care and attention, give audience to.
- To attend and listen to.
- To give a legal hearing to.
- To listen to the recitation of.
- To take testimony from, to take testimony usually at a hearing.
- To have the capacity of apprehending sound.
- To gain information through oral communication, to have a report, learn.
- To receive a message or letter.
- To entertain the idea, consent, yield.
- To receive a scolding or tongue-lashing or punishment.
- The act or power of apprehending sound.
- An analogous perception of vibration in other animals.
- The extent within which sound may be heard; earshot.
- The act or an instance of actively or carefully listening; audition; audience.
- Opportunity to be heard or to present one's side of the case.
- Opportunity (as for a book or doctrine) to be generally known, evaluated, or appreciated; public attention or patronage.

A SITUATION USING SHIFT, A PERFORMER, AN OBSERVER

audience seating composed, at least partly, of moveable chairs

the performer walking to an occupied chair, anywhere behind the first row; the person in the chair rising when the performer reaches him; the performer lifting the chair and taking it out of its place, setting it down outside the audience seating space; the person who occupied the chair sitting in it again, in the new location; the performer standing beside him.



Marvin Cohen

## Listening to Herman

After dinner, we all sat around. We were gasping for our thoughts. A silence circulated, with comfort, and not anxiety, as the sponsor. Our bellies bulged in storage of recent acquisitions neatly stacked. Wine had induced optical swirling: the square ceiling revolved in slow circles. Drowsy waves of alert vitality subdued the circuit of tension. The blurred clarity of sweet images drooped on us. We chewed on candy, or sipped drops of burning brandy from glasses of transparent tulip. Our feet were not under us, but far forward.

Who spoiled our fine feast of contentment? Herman, the loquacious bore. 'That reminded me,' he said, apropos of nothing outside his head. 'I was traveling, and had arrived at the station, when —.' The rest were just banal words. Severing themselves from meaning, they floated in vocal clusters, sounds hazy in vapors of dull abstraction. Curse them: they all but murdered my serenity!

Indolence is so nice! The tranquility of lethargic musing. Bloated with eating, we dozed, or chased the soft butterfly from a dream suspended above. The fabric of woven imagery, so lovingly stitched together, was punctured by the uttered mutterings of vulgar tedium that Herman distributed with infinite largess. 'The shoes this year are much more in fashion, don't you think?', than those brogans or clods we tripped in last year. Slim shoes impart grace to the dancer — a partner congratulated me, and she said how soft I tread. But I *do* love spectator sports, don't you? Freud thinks that games are a substitute for war. I'm not as fit as I once was, but in my day I was considered a splendid athlete. I held a collegiate record that was only recently broken. Ah, say what you will, the current generation will be served! The papers report of a scientist with a new theory of death — a version so pessimistic, that it ought to drive people to religion. Heaven knows I'm not a churchgoer, but materialism is far too superficial to satisfy my mental needs. A philosopher said the other day that the soul was only a shallow pool. Well, I hope he slips in and drowns himself. This evening, I thought the fish course was excellent! And that white wine was so delicate! My diet has to observe a few restrictions, but otherwise the doctor is lenient. I caught a cold last week, but drowned it in citrus juice. I stayed home from work, and wiled away some delicious hours with a novel that ought to be banned for being erotic — though I'm plenty liberal, I can assure you. My wife and I consider ourselves humanists — right, dear? — and we're always warning whoever we can against confusing mere machines with the sacred souls of men. But in my opinion, the technological age contributes a prodigious amount to progress — and I defy any cynic to belittle the importance of scientific advancement. I bought my little tot a junior science set, and it intrigues him by the hour. He's quite talented when it comes to art, as well. The little heathen painted a nude female — I was shocked. But thank God it was almost abstract.

'Ah, it's so comfortable just lounging here. Excuse me. I opened the window a wee bit. Our health will circulate better now.'

'You know, I must confess that I have a passion for music. I heard a symphony on the radio, and I hummed *bars* of it today. They flowed forth, as if my head were some uncanny phonograph needle. I'm also an excellent amateur photographer. I drove my family to the park last Sunday, and I shot nature in the raw — the trees were so natural, that they didn't seem posed. Nothing beats realism. Painting is at a dead end. And the prices in the art galleries! Fabulous! There must be a conspiracy. There's a culture boom. Reminds me of those war profiteers. Human nature is growing more corrupt by the minute. It makes you think twice, before accepting evolution. Last month I took my kid to the zoo. At one of the cages, he and a monkey whipped up a rapport. It was fun, and I felt very paternal for the both of them.'

Herman's droning continuum was a verbal study in perpetual motion. He skipped from one subject to another like a frog in a fickle multitude of ponds. The host should have shut him up — but he was too polite to be obvious, and Herman ran on like a transcontinental train whose engine plows its own tracks. We were awake, and perfect passive captives to this monologue den of torture. All the air in the room was just a vocal passageway for Herman's tiresome pluckings of words out of context. The cliché machine bounced in abandon, to cover all subjects known to man. We were surfeited sick. We would turn desperado, and gag that compulsory maniac of talk. The rambling was non-stop in its voluminous greed.

Guest by guest, we all got up to leave. Herman took the cue in kind. To his taciturn wife, he gestured the 'Let's go' signal. (Why hadn't he *said* it to her? I never could figure it out.) Our fatigued host thanked Herman for leading conversation into delightful broad byways. Herman was profuse in accepting this.

My wife and I got home, and released the baby-sitter. I couldn't sleep. Herman was speaking, in that unmistakable tone. Like a car siren that kept screaming, through mechanical default. Visually auditory words kept pouring from Herman's mouth. The monotone of rigid variation. My balance fell apart. I was going mad.

For distraction, I woke up my wife. She was sleepy, but a good sport. We had a tumble, but it barely entered into pleasure's zone. Like the cackle of static on a ruined radio program, Herman's voice zoomed up a steady staccato of interference. His voice was a rumbling world, roaring in at either ear. I couldn't shut off this deafening obsession.

Ear plugs were pathetically futile. The core of my skull was submitting these sounds.

Wave on wave: like an endless torment of hornets, swept down from clouds to sting and plague. The lips of articulation: Herman audible.

Not a snatch of sleep. Morning was a fuzzy day. It was grounded on Herman's undertone. Not a let-up. Within this repetition, insanity's independent rhythm grafted on a hookup, while I swayed. Bound by Herman's vocal cord, I endured an apprenticeship to lunacy, with monolithic perseverance. Heartlessly, I was barred from all variety alien to the intimacy of Herman's voice. In the wild din of silence, I heard it.

My wife worried to a hysterical pitch. To rid myself of those reiterative echoes was the puzzle pounding on me with a panic's gong of vibration. My system was pumping glandular heaves to the tone of that organic poison. My wife arranged a psychiatric appointment. But the psychiatrist was interested in recitations of my *childhood!* 'That's before the fact, and bears no consequence,' I rebelled. He insisted that his professional method was the correct one. Herman drowned him out. I abruptly left, without paying.

Anxiety for me made my wife neglectful of our boy. The problem was blown up into a domestic crisis. This acceleration was nightmare material.

After my second sleepless night, my wife's hysteria was converted by necessity into inspiration. The husband desperately needed rescuing. My work had been falling off, for the office was one loud buzz of Herman the day long. The boss had been alerted, becoming distrustful of my fidgeting, with the commercial minimum of sympathy. I was about to lose my job. Acute desperation, alarming her instinct for family survival, enlightened my wife with emergency's bolt of inspiration. 'Go and visit him!' she declared. 'Listen to him talk, all night. The *reality* will saturate, clutter, kill your memory. The obsession that's haunted you can only be purged by the real thing. Only Herman's presence can create a catharsis.' Authority had made her summons imperious. I must heed it, to terminate delirium's crucifix that doubled between ordeal and agony.

I phoned up Herman. 'Let's get together,' I suggested. He invited my wife and me to dinner for the following night. I couldn't wait, so I asked him to visit us now. 'That's impossible,' he declared, 'I have a one-day attack of tonsillitis.' My third sleepless night equipped me with special energy. Dinner with Herman would be curative, or else, I hoped, kill me off in haste. My ears were leaking pus. Cancer globules were forming there, breeding psychic pathology in all those little work cells. They were adroitly spelling out my doom.

I was wound up, as never before. Like an ancient Chinese scroll of bureaucratic length being unrolled for academy inspection, the Herman machine unfurled the relentless intricacies of its tune. A pitiless unfolding, in murderous intensity. A compulsive mercilessness, scurrying in the sharp breeze of frenzy. It was too glaring for the dull solace of dizziness. Billions of infernal word variations were spawned on the eggnest theme of the chronic headache outbreak. The ruthless Hermanization of my head was proceeding on a national front, with strains of international grandeur intermingled. It was no simple jingle or pure melody. It was hell, boiled into sound, dripping slender serpents of malice, stirring the vipers' drops of a deadly vengeance.

We were at Herman's doorstep well before the appointment time. In ringing anticipation, his voice was making a production of my ears. My head was the gong, where he clanged all day. Like a metallic battering ram, the bruise rubbed precision on my nerve. Like a street drill or the dentist's instrument, it went like a wicked streak through my body.

'Come in,' he welcomed, 'right in here, where my wife is preparing drinks. My bout of tonsillitis has subsided. Heaven knows why I had it in the first place. The weather has been running eccentric these days, hasn't it? I can remember the weather of every day of my life — it's an uncanny trick of memory. But I wouldn't want to bore you with the recitation. Years of weather reports and outcomes are on active file — my head is a veritable weather bureau, but confines its forecasts to the predictable accuracy of the past. That reminds me that tomorrow is expected to be cloudy. No wonder my lumbago wart is stirring. I can stare at the clouds all day. It's fascinating, the number of patterns in all that shifting panorama. But at heart, I'm a sun-worshipper. I can lap it up. I go to the shore for it. I never vacation in the mountains. I love to go for a swim, and then let the sunbeams swim on *me*. Do you admire my tan? I'm glad, because I do. I always like my friends to share in my opinions. This confers a greater air of intimacy. And as we all know, harmony is the antidote against war. Do you know that the President was taken ill the other day? But the papers hushed it up. An acquaintance in the diplomatic corps discreetly informed me. The state of the economy is breathing too fast: I go in for a *gradual* fluctuation. When it comes to politics, I'm moderate right down the center. With this safe approach, I'm immensely farsighted. Foreign aggression is so potentially dangerous, I think the matter should be discussed in Congress. The United Nations has only feeble option to resist the inevitable dilemma that the world is facing. I just heard a television commentary warning against complacency. The speaker had a fascinating style of delivery. His hair I think was too much combed on one side. But my wife decided that he really had a handsome face. When it comes to men, I think women are better able to judge our appearance than our own mirrors. Do you like this suit? It was a bargain. Mostly, I'm ignorant of clothes; but I sure like what I wear. The other day I was walking down the street, and got stared at — by an impressive-looking woman! I was so flattered, my masculine pride went up. As a rule, it doesn't take much to keep my vanity alive. But I hate people who are sometimes slack in paying attention. Courtesy and consideration are only my due. I'm only human in asking for this right. I was told I talk too much, but only by an envious admirer whose mouth was too small to withstand the fatigue of enduring his own voice. My little son feeds a bird out the back window, but lately the bird hasn't reported for its meal. Perhaps it's a migratory tramp or something. My son's appetite has suffered. But at least mine is plainly all right. My wife eats whatever I do. That makes it so convenient.

'There, take that chair please. Begin eating, at once. I insist on no ceremony! We must be forward about these things.

'My dear, you're improving as a cook! Hearty congratulations are in order. I think food is basic to life, don't you? What can a starving man do? He's practically helpless!

'The more I think about it, the more my life is a fascinating achievement! When I was born, I was so inconsiderable! My mother, were she alive today, could talk for hours about my unrobust state of childhood. I spent my infancy with the tears rolling down my cute red cheeks. That was hardly fun, for the sensitive condition I was in. But *now* look at me! Who gets more out of life? I ought to be copied as a standard model. Fools would become wise, if they chose aspects of my life to studiously emulate. Not that I'm any sort of genius! No, I'm just *too* normal! A terrific combination of ingredients makes me dynamically balanced — I could go on and on. It's a subject I never tire of, so inexhaustibly manifest with possibilities that compel contemplation. But what about my dear guests? Are they having fun? What an insult to my elaborate hospitality, if this isn't the case.'

Joseph Vojacek

My host was continuing. My head pounded its sockets loose. My wife looked at me with alarming concern. I stood up, and outshouted Herman, gaining the floor. It was the time the coffee was served. I went on, and kept going.

Herman was furious, but I didn't stop talking. What I spoke about was immaterial. I drew out its interminable length. The fury increased my pace.

My rate skyrocketed a verbose marathon. My words packed space densely, like a huge monopoly machine. Herman's gorge choked to the brim with moral indignation.

While I kept sputtering out, Herman was on the phone to the police. He took an hour and a half explaining what he was complaining of, stopping occasionally to digress and branch out with chance expansion. Meanwhile, I was rivalling him in our joint counterpoint that shared a hideous assassination-rape of the mangled body of silence. Who knows whether the police sergeant had already hung up? Herman was pouring it on. His wife submissively smiled throughout. My wife tried a trivial interference. She was outcompeted, in a rugged contest of men locked in the no-rules mortality of a tongue-war.

Dawn was closing in. Neither Herman nor I could stop.

Wouldn't his throat choke of apoplexy? Wouldn't his throttle explode suddenly? Not his. He was brutally endowed.

Our sprawling wives slumbered in their chairs. Herman's kid was asleep in another room. At my home, the baby-sitter hadn't been relieved! My fourth night of no sleep had passed. I flamed into an embattled mass of fire.

I traded 'Shut up's, with my adversary. His practice and experience were beginning to tell. He slipped in several words for my one. My defense was slacking. The note of triumph entered Herman's voice.

I called on all my verbal reserves, and fought back with the weight of a rapidly decimating dictionary. Herman chose his words from a richer fund of resources. They lighted on me, like a pack of indiscriminate birds. His tongue was like a weather vane, tossing in a month of wild wind.

The spittle and the spleen also rose. The exchange closed quarters.

Then Silence crashed, like a lead ball, smashing the splintery floor. Our mouths kept moving, but all in a dumb-show. Phantom words were not given their heard bodily weight, but were mimed in the inarticulate panic of lips. Herman was like an epileptic. His oral pantomime screwed itself gulping. He strained to uncork the sound barrier.

Silence was vanquished. The words streamed at me, non-stop. (My own had ceased, like trickles from a dried-up river.)

Excruciating vowels were ejaculated, and jibbering consonants. I was being slaughtered, sent rocketing into annihilation!

Not a pause to break rhythm or rest its swell. Herman's being heard. Herman, I'm hearing you! Your wavelength is the sole one operating. You come through, sound is only you. The drum is rolling. My body is a splinter network of slightly-hinged bones. Each bone is your sound's familiar. Especially my top bone, with its revolving sockets. Oh Herman, I can see your sounds! Each one is a special burial bone!

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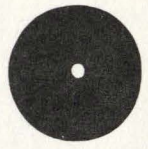
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THE POND OF PEARLY SPUTUM/1/69

1.

"Shark!" he cries  
this tattered citoyen  
this dessicated slice of bait

The cottontail's foe emerges from the scout handbook  
Boys move on legs, why  
it's a wonderful thing for us greybeards to see  
An old hand can figure out a wildlife murder on his toenails  
He toil in the woods yet he save nothin  
He figures on his toenails again  
(soggy embers to little yaller slates  
his calculations go afield  
fern, moss, wort, grass, sand, gravel,  
rocks, muck, &c.)&c.,  
this dessicated &c.

JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE

PETE WINSLOW  
for Debut

This is the morning of things to do  
For a girl who travels on fire  
Beneath the glacial light  
Flour in the winds and the day  
Dream goes wing at the water's edge in the pond  
Hence, there are islands watching over her life.

2.

It is a vision, it is crazy  
(however seductive: the  
hours spent quacking, dreaming  
of edelweiss, naming mosquitoes  
Guillaume de Machaut, Guillaume Apollinaire,  
William B. Williams)  
The wedding cake slides lonely into the silent North Atlantic  
One wolf groans or  
it is the wire that marks the arctic circle  
halving ducks

3.

Bushmen, we learn, irradiate each other with sign language  
No, I won't return your smile,  
that signal full of cheerful bulges  
No, no breezy return of pleasure  
(Your smile doesn't fit me, but it tastes much better)  
Horns toot the hour  
Spears come flying out from the kraal  
(none longer than a pencil,  
pencils,  
shrubs, kraal  
One's lymph travels a long lonely road  
shrubs  
a leak, a simple fact in the sunshine  
bluebottles  
skin that ripples from scalp to instep  
you are y ue / it y ese

PETE WINSLOW

### GOLDFISH

If you put goldfish in the ocean, they are overwhelmed by kelp and other ferocious beasts. Once when my parents took me to the beach I tossed a goldfish into the surf and the kelp ate it as if it were a soda cracker.

When the goldfish came to summer camp, we assigned them cottages and tried to help them get acquainted. But the kelp ate them and we had to send notes to their parents, who wore glasses and lived in giant martinis.

I have a recurring dream of sea anemones in my lungs.

### SWEET ONE

Our boat broke through the cattails in the fog  
The fish and game birds were up  
We heard them talking in the semi-intelligible manner of animals

Suddenly you stood nude on the prow  
Dove into the river and swam to where the sun hid in the rushes  
A moment later the fish glowed in the water like lights

I towed down your chilled flesh  
When you came into the boat, dripping and giggling  
and proud of yourself.

GERARD MALANGA

### JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE

*for Debbie*

This is the morning of things to do  
For a girl who travels on fire  
Beneath the glacial light  
House in the weeds and the day  
Dream goes wrong at the water's edge in the pearl  
Handle. There are friends watching over her life.

How much longer will the meaning of deliberations,  
Equations, intervals cross  
Between what is recognized, conspired so absurdly on the lake?  
Is this the heart  
Attack that fails and could the amethyst of an iridescent hand  
Shake caress the leopard in the film  
Can: the overwhelming business of a life?

From the shadows of a master  
Piece everything moves toward the red coat  
Hanger, and animals die of thirst  
Beside the enchanting river  
Bank. The chrysanthemums clot and freeze in the night.

I begin to understand the horrible nightmare of the blood  
Transfusion. The headache turns among the plants of a hideous life  
Size doll. The friendships are all over  
Drawn. Cars move in the darkness and letters, invoices are lost.

Against the flowing sweat  
Shirt no heirs found beg for day  
Break in the coal mine  
Field. She can't get any  
Further than the door. My feet touch China in the dream.

## THE DEBBIE HIGH SCHOOL DROP-OUT SYNDROME

Why must I electrocute myself  
In a puddle of sweat  
To be infamous and how will I get  
Used to something she had  
To in another world  
Map when our legs would continue to sweat  
Under leather and vinyl?

The law forbids our long hair  
And the song of the faraway light  
Source is caught in the cold  
Wind tunnel to collapse on our headaches,  
Our limp arms after yesterday's parties.  
The light belt on our shoulders is a memory  
Changing to green. We can  
Be gentle and no one will  
Know that that tree is coming to grace.

The unfinished film of Mary stimulates my mind  
To do more, although people that get  
Involved with me are in  
Trouble. Where is the spirit of  
The white horse in the field  
Hand's heart  
Attack to recover completely?  
Who fastens bracelets to my small wrist?  
Where is that girl who fouls up  
My dreams with her body's acute innocence?

Everything goes  
Right for awhile.  
But what do you do with all  
Those beautiful young children  
Caught up in the dead  
End slide  
Rule? What do you do?  
What do you do to prove  
That your conclusions are not more  
Tragic than the young girl breaking through  
The tall weeds to offer us her good  
Looks? Am I the first of my kind  
And is she, like me, the first of her kind? My kind?  
How did I get caught  
Up in that closed windowpane, anyway?  
And why is she out of sight  
When he is approaching to be  
Told it was not true:  
The thoroughbred that dies in the moon  
Light all day?

How do they misunderstand how  
I understand them?  
Why is this whip wrapped  
Around my body again?  
And what makes Easter  
Sunday always disgusting?  
It was Debbie confiscated  
In my dream of the white tree that protects me tonight.  
It is Debbie, Bibbe, Albert, René, Barbara, Pixie, Suzanne, Paul,  
Muffy, Rachel, Janet, Steven, Pat, Colette, Deidre  
Who turn on tune in and drop out  
In my life.

Forgive me for loving you  
But why is this leather clinging to my flesh  
After that hot dance?  
And why am I caring?

Why do we surround ourselves with so many lives?

## FINDING OUR WAY BACK AT NIGHT

Through our birthdays sometimes a horse roams  
Across the open  
Field where, sometimes, we can be  
Found sitting behind the small rocks  
Discussing my film  
Projects. The long dream of childhood is not shameful  
And my throat is not dry.  
What are you doing there  
In the wardrobe closet?  
Why are you in love with your school  
Master? The "factory" made those  
Paintings superb. Your class  
Mates appear much younger  
Wishing you "good wishes."  
Debbie, please wake up!

**Jean Daive**  
**DECIMALE BLANCHE**  
**WHITE DECIMAL**  
 Translated by  
**Joachim Neugroschel**

white decimal

on the edge of space

I roamed  
 between refusal and insistence  
 watching throughout the earth  
 the snow  
 the name undoing form  
 the thaw the avalanche  
 redoing absence

separate  
 forever    apparent    disclosed

crossed  
 porous

in silence  
 in disease  
 and possessing the gift of breath  
 the gift of healing

while I passed along the hour  
 up towards the attribute



(the initiate  
in separation  
rethinks all lores  
the deadman  
plunges into annihilation  
into the circle of all attitudes  
and seeks to banish  
the state of incompleton

only my body  
and what is outside  
the physical movement of my fall

the clusters of emptiness  
dividing visits homes globes

the labyrinth  
of an incomplete attitude  
is the clew through all labyrinths

its transfiguration  
on the inside of death

silent as embrace

where one from the darkness declares himself C.

now  
the hour effaces the mortal fable

the pivotal voice

the old woman far away flung my voice

unearth she said  
unearth

it's snowing  
below the bowl  
snow body of the summit

the old woman is four times

only my body  
and what is outside  
the physical descent of my fall

the race awaited one from the darkness  
and wanted to call him C.

one of one appeared  
and C. was his name

I was suddenly the fire before her  
already the race  
beyond the ashes  
kneeling in the cold

I walk to begin myself  
lit up from below across death  
if only I were whiteness

I heard weeping in the neighboring race

I hear  
unearth unearth

I hear man  
in his solitude  
tell himself tales about dragons

she said

white is not the division of four grays by  
zero but the division of their decimals by zero

time covers up  
and I quiver across the flame  
the bowl is drained  
from which she drank with the race

it is said that transparency comes from above  
hers came from salt

appeared  
in the light of the four decimals of the name

seen called despite

then  
the blue the blue and the descent through the name's spiral  
by the counterweight of the cry

mother, mother and me

a white insect poised in death

distances / embraces

only the bowl  
and once more

and the instant is water surprised between sluice and arch

immense  
the snow  
above the thirst opening on myth

mother

I buried her weeping in her lace  
white

in the beginning  
I was four times  
and possessed the whiteness  
then I buried my genital  
to live in the crystal

I have sought the name whose spoken cry  
is the heart of the instant  
the whiteness of the instant

(she is) whiteness more pure than the sea

she disappeared  
under cover of snow  
to function as depth in the void

whoever embodies the name becomes a decimal  
she said

I heard weeping in the neighboring race  
how much she drank with pleasure  
I have called have called C.  
oh the alternating of blue and white in time  
then

upon leaving absence  
like a burst of laughter denying embrace  
the old woman  
who is twice C. once me once

mother

in the beginning  
I was four times  
then I buried my genital  
to live in the crystal

alone  
none in himself  
closed  
he was the instant  
he was he who watches himself pass

a white insect poised in death

mother mother and me

she said

I have sought the name whose spoken chain  
orders the world  
animates forces silences speech  
and possesses the whiteness  
of refusal and insistence

I heard her weeping in her race

no one knows to what she yields  
when she follows and outstrips the name

whether the sea is green no longer matters  
because blue no longer hurts us  
she said

(she is blueness more blue than the sea)

she is the white  
winter  
the black pinpoint of storm  
low on the horizon

(yet the snow did not turn her white)

she is at the heart of the eternal  
the whiteness of the instant

swerve oh vault  
what dark knowledge of experienced woman  
does not detain that of astonished woman  
in the distance of a line

what place loses her  
what point finds her

oh line  
what swerve recognizes her angle  
what shout creates the abyss in her voice  
  
she calls she calls she rests  
  
now that the shout has squandered voice and speech

she passes high up in the sky  
and shows me its edges its blue its stain  
  
she is what seems never to stop  
  
blue her face  
but passing very far behind  
the water of her eyes  
  
she speaks she lies she simplifies herself

swerve of no area  
image of no figure  
she enters silence  
covers the polygon of death

she vigils in the attitude of line  
and the crease is the visit of her face

power of the first division

of the clod of earth  
announcing the initiate's entry into death

formula of presences  
physical formula of beginnings

the initial  
opens the book the pursuit of the labyrinth  
the torture  
of gestures of words of attitudes  
denouncing the transforming proportion  
of the shadow in its shadow

the red matter of its space

waves of transparent earth  
twilit  
heights  
that the underground negations  
decompose

and the eye in the dust  
passed  
inexhaustibly  
to the pale of the visible

white  
with a homeless  
objectless light

breath succeeding the memory of differences  
space becomes a mental  
band  
on its horizon  
tattered  
inside  
the gulf in the abyss

and I leave my gaze on the gaze  
behind the face  
after this world

the void  
the void  
the abstract void precedes me into death

nearby possible  
some thing a sign  
like a statement  
a very white saliva

the simple appearance  
despite the name's material  
upon leaving silence  
cold



lost in the contemplation of its end  
negation breaks loose from itself

and a beginning in the beginning  
the water that dreams it  
and arranges it in the maze of the invisible  
seeks the glossy perfection of the sea

on the soils (the visits)  
that an obscure device floods  
a linen of water floats  
metamorphosing knowledge  
into an elemental rag

at the foot of the stairs  
where the spiral lasts a moment  
hesitates  
dazes the step

it is the terrifying  
instant of whiteness  
that the hour never recaptures

the hour describes a circle in space  
and space on the inside begins  
more and wider circles  
more and longer hours

no resemblance reflects towards itself or God  
any image  
any silence  
only the latter instructs the spheres  
and contains all beginning

he substitutes space for a cabinet  
that contains all light  
he opens its infinite drawers  
lives in them  
shuts them  
and climbs climbs  
to the closed room  
where the sky seeks its stars  
and the moon its tides

he watches  
the harness lost in the lands  
prolonging the snow  
the furrows  
the black rays of sunlight  
things creatures converging on the same white point

he watches  
the universe immobilize a sentence  
(she is its algebra he its letters)  
that the silence spells simplifies  
that the voice denounces repeats

repeats  
because the simple sums indicate the surface  
and the double sums the movement

four is the attribute of C.  
that the silence about  
(the is the silence of the  
the silence of the silence  
the silence of the silence  
the silence of the silence

formerly  
when laughter bore embrace  
when blue ravaged slate and sea

he climbed back up the hill  
he climbed back up the avalanche  
in which peaks mingle  
with his insect-voice  
and his wide-open face  
the boundless gesture  
the tight sash

the comb is the ultimate degree of gesture  
and I am what falls  
what adds itself and no longer adds itself  
a place of visit and a place of knowledge

named  
and despite me instantly  
felt  
in the back-lighting of death

I rise from the depth of my resemblance  
to the limit of enigma

evening after evening  
I disappeared I disappear

she is dazzled  
she drops into the tissue of cold

sometimes the return  
(is it haste)  
comforts the laggard

who amid himself delays  
speech  
to counterfeit absence

distant  
the thread  
while it divulges the fable of life

amidst the imaginary woof  
the other reveals  
the eternal weaver

the tree effaces the water and in it recommences itself

immense arch above the sea  
when the back bends  
or the gesture heaves the avalanche  
when the shoulder yields

she reads something about the quantum jump  
she reads  
without knowing  
that she achieves what lamp and window begin

among the three gleams

distant  
as seeming

dreaming the slow geometry  
of the slab and the date  
and they were about and close  
at the discovery of what is the roof the hallway

the white voice  
what a restrained pensive line  
allusive to what is no longer roof or hallway  
very pure

a pure lamp of no book

the tree effaces the water and in it recommences itself

I enter and leave  
and seek what opens and closes

I saw the last gleam the last evening  
vanish below the wind  
in the extension of the light

then the wing grew slower  
and the angle wider  
across the sky  
the stain opened out the tree the water

on the other side  
no leaf

dreaming the slow geometry  
of the slab and the slate  
such a theorem  
at the discovery of what is the roof the hallway

she speaks she renews her precipices

she says  
she haunted what absence no longer contains  
the gleam  
that he embraced before her  
for an instant she felt the alien pain  
of exonerating the lamp and the window

she says  
absently  
she was one of the three gleams  
to remain despite the cold  
remote from window and lamp

Michael O'Brien

### WAKING

Birds are breaking rocks in the airshaft.  
They cry in harness, lifting the day.

Across the street  
The buildings take up their space.

Surface is meeting: but here?  
This poetry of minerals?

A fan labors.  
A bearing destroys itself.

I touch the glass, the page.  
I wince, I light a cigarette.

The cosmologies have gone to sleep.  
Form is the place where we lay,

All that arrogance of flesh:  
The hand finds no entrance.

An empty abundance  
Falls like stone.

*Albert René Ricard*

### VISIONS OF ARTHUR

*I could stop writing  
Rimbaud did.  
Sick, sick of trying to preserve  
ephemera long enough  
to set it down. Lost a fit of inspiration  
some  
Minutes ago because I couldn't find  
a pen  
So slowly, a pen records the changing  
shape of an idea  
Into a word-- different, traditional, and  
passé*

*Where personal choice becomes precedent  
History--you have abandoned me to.  
I'll never hear her whose applause posterity  
imitates.*

*Where does the time go.*

ALLAN APPEL  
Three Poems

*to run down the  
same three  
streets forever,  
omniscient crows  
overhead and  
the cleaning lady  
changing numbers  
on the doors, a  
painter retouching  
smoke, rising  
from the inn  
where i thought the  
curve began  
and there was  
only a troupe of  
smiling players  
at the cul de sac.  
to run and run  
into the evening  
of an early century,  
fence posts  
racing by like  
spent heroes,  
glass in your face  
from objects  
breaking the mirror  
far ahead.*

*it is when the  
man is  
walking slowly  
on the scaffold  
and the metal  
bends so slightly,  
inviting a rook  
to fly between  
the bodies  
that i take my  
worn musette  
to the forest,  
watch the ascent of moss  
over trees, over  
cities over sky.  
it is when the  
man is no longer  
balancing and  
the trees shout  
a black rider  
coming through  
who sustains  
a colossal fall,  
that by darkness  
i go home to the  
lavender haze and  
unguarded rooftops*

*my teachers, who are necessary men,  
never showed me their hands.  
armless coats hang  
from the museum wall  
the welter of business  
lost in the deliberate,  
tireless process they  
speak of to their wives,  
pale on every wedding night,  
inviting them to kiss less demurely.  
in the mauve morning, waking,  
they realize everything is intact:  
cravat, expression of force.  
they exit, dropping from their  
mouths the husky breath of guilt  
like a statue, on the steps,  
as they enter the room.*



PAUL VIOLI

from THE BOOK OF HOPE

Chapter 4. Advice from the School of Experience

I. The Sea

A. Instructions for abandoning ship.

1. Protect yourself by holding one arm over your head so your bicep is against one ear and your hand cups the other. Pinch your nose with your free hand and jump, legs straight and heels touching.
2. In case the water is covered with burning oil, emerge swinging arms in a wild, rotating manner. Continue splashing and kicking feet until help arrives.
3. If the ocean is infested with blood-crazed sharks, don't panic. You are in no danger while the fins are above the surface. Once the fins are no longer visible is a sign that the sharks have turned on their bellies and are attacking. This is the time for direct action. Take a deep breath and completely submerge your body. The shark's most sensitive spot is its nose. Punch the sharks in the nose until they disperse. To avoid chafing on the shark's uncommonly rough skin, wear gloves.

II. The Sky

- A. A parachute that fails to open is an unfortunate but not altogether hopeless mishap. The quick-witted trainee will begin an immediate study of the approaching terrain. If he has done his homework, he will recall that his body can be maneuvered in certain ways to determine the speed and direction of his descent. He should aim for safe spots that will accommodate his landing. White areas denote snow; dark areas, soft, moist ground. The choice of trees should be limited to pines and willows. Remember, mud breaks your fall better than water.

III. The Wilderness

- A. When attacked by an enraged bear, anything goes. The trainee should not have any qualms about fighting dirty. But don't waste precious moments on useless tactics; the beast will not be deterred by a kick to the groin. One should make a torch, posthaste, and wave it vigorously in the bear's eyes.
- B. The best thing to do when bitten by a poisonous snake is just relax: sit in the shade and relax. Any excitement will only speed the poisoned blood to your vital organs. The Green Mamba's bite is fatal in 3 seconds. If bitten by the Green Mamba relax as quickly as possible.

Publications by authors in EXTENSIONS #4

- John Ashbery: *The Double Dream of Spring*, Dutton  
Vito Acconci: *Transference: Roget's Thesaurus* (\$1/Acconci, 242 Christopher Street, NYC)  
Marvin Cohen: *The Self-Devoted Friend*, New Directions  
Clark Coolidge: *ing*, Angel Hair Books  
Jean Daive: *Decimale Blanche*, Mercure de France (Paris)  
Barbara Guest: *The Blue Stair*, Corinth Books  
Piero Heliczer: *the soap opera*, Trigram Press  
Brenda Herold: *Saint Charles Gig*, Corinth Books  
Gerard Malanga: *The Last Benedetta Poems*, Black Sparrow Press  
Joachim Neugroschel (trans.): *Arp on Arp*, The Viking Press (forthcoming)  
Michael O'Brien: *The Summer Poems*  
Hugh Seidman: *Collecting Evidence*, Yale University Press (fall, 1970)  
Peter Schejldahl: *The White Country*, Corinth Books  
Pete Winslow: *Monster Cookies* (\$1/Winslow, 335 Chestnut St., San Francisco)

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Diane Wakoski: *Inside the Blood Factory*, Doubleday  
Allen de Loach (ed.): *The East Side Scene*, University Press of State University of New York at Buffalo  
Al Young: *Dancing*, Corinth Books  
Madeline Gins: *Word Rain*, Grossman  
Karl Krolow (trans. by Michael Bullock): *Foreign Bodies*, Ohio University Press  
Karl Krolow (trans. by Michael Bullock): *Invisible Hands*, Cape Goliard Press  
Ishmael Reed: *Yellow Back Radio Broke-Down*, Doubleday  
Dick Higgins: *foew&ombwhnw*, Something Else Press  
J. D. Reed: *Expressways*, Simon and Schuster  
Gertrude Stein: *Lucy Church Amiably*, Something Else Press  
James Schuyler: *freely espousing*, Paris Review Editions (Doubleday)  
Jacques Dupin: *L'embrasure*, Gallimard  
Joachim Neugroschel (trans.): *Conversations with Dali*, Dutton  
Michael Kirby: *The Art of Time*, Dutton

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