

extensions

NO. 5/6 \$1.00

THE MECHANISM OF MEANING (NO. 1)

1. PRESENTATION OF BASES FOR SELECTION
(IRONY, AMBIGUITY, PARADOX, CONCRETE ABSTRACTION, HUMOUR, HYPNOTIC ILLUSTRATIONS, etc.)
2. LIST OF OPERATING RULES (INCLUDING ANALYSIS OF SYMBOLS EMPLOYED)
3. NEUTRALIZATION OF SUBJECTIVITY
4. LOCALIZATION AND TRANSFERENCE
5. PRESENTATION OF AMBIGUOUS ZONES
6. THE ENERGY OF MEANING (BIOCHEMICAL, PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOPHYSICAL ASPECTS)
7. DEGREES OF MEANING
8. EXPANSION AND REDUCTION-MEANING OF SCALE
9. SPLITTING OF MEANING
10. RE-ASSEMBLING
11. REVERSIBILITY
12. TEXTURE OF MEANING
13. MAPPING OF MEANING
14. FEELING OF MEANING
15. LOGIC OF MEANING
16. CONSTRUCTION OF THE MEMORY OF MEANING
17. MEANING OF INTELLIGENCE
18. MEANING OF THE MECHANISM OF MEANING
19. REVIEW AND SELF-CRITICISM

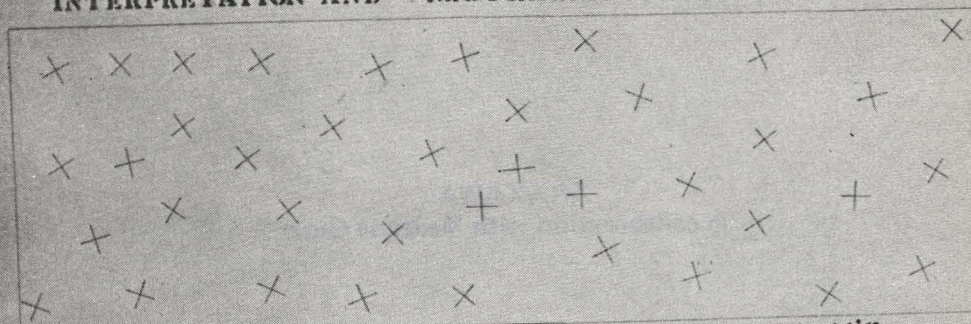
ARAKAWA
in collaboration with Madeline Gins

It is recognized that "The Mechanism of Meaning" is itself practically "meaningless"; it is used here only as a working title, arbitrary but convenient. It is important to this project that "meaning" should at first be thought of in its most ambiguous sense including both a sensible and nonsensical view. The categories and the exercises which illustrate these operate as temporary functional definitions; in each case the emphasis is not on "meaning" as such but on "how to use it."

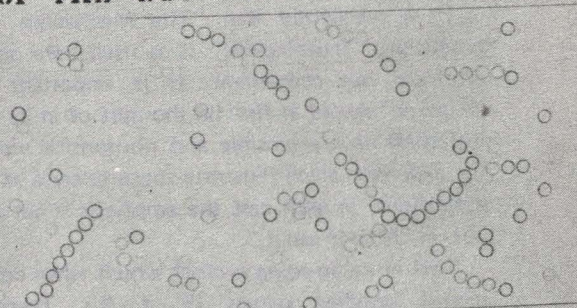
This is an *on-going project* which when complete will consist of several hundred panels (5' x 8'). There will be extensive collaboration from a wide variety of sources.

3 NEUTRALIZATION OF SUBJECTIVITY

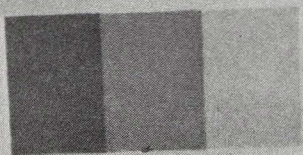
USE THESE EXERCISES AS A SERIES OF 'FILTERS'
THROUGH WHICH TO PASS SUBJECTIVE MODES OF
INTERPRETATION AND NEUTRALIZE TO SOME DEGREE:



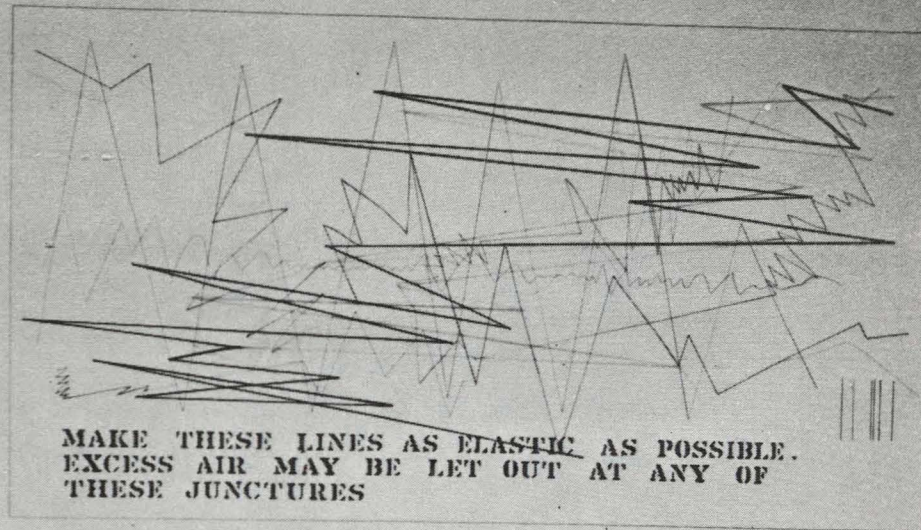
PLEASE THINK ONLY OF THE DOT NOT OF THE X'S.



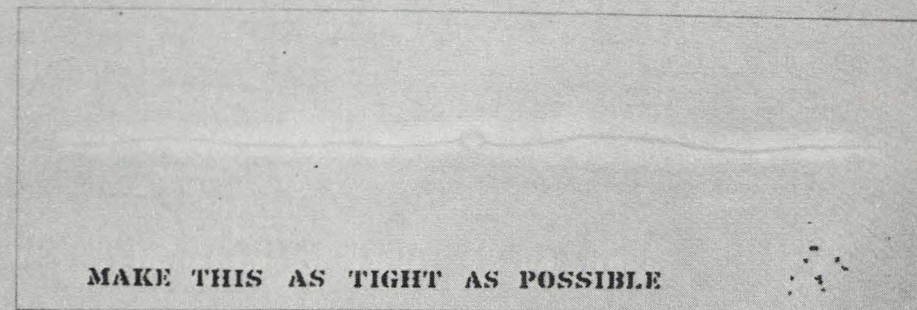
PLEASE THINK ONLY OF THE DOT NOT OF THE CIRCLES.



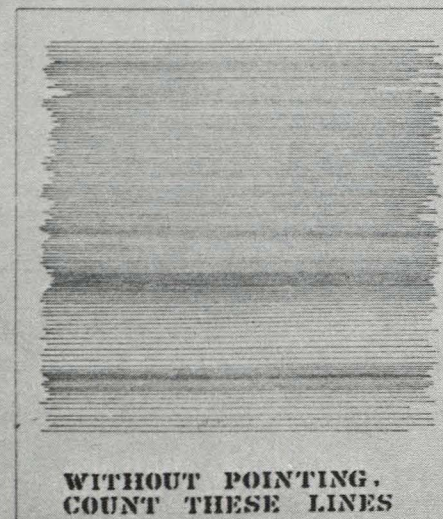
USING THE SAME SYSTEM SEPARATE
THE NEXT TWO SHADES



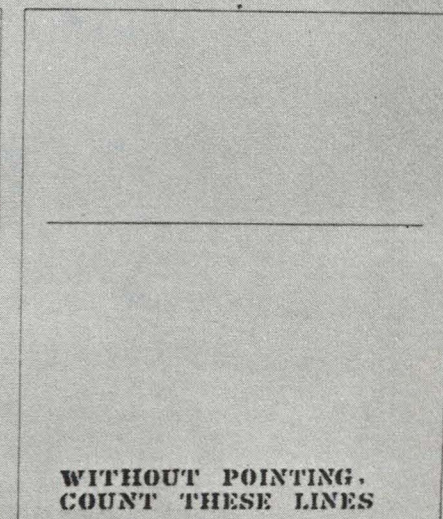
MAKE THESE LINES AS ELASTIC AS POSSIBLE.
EXCESS AIR MAY BE LET OUT AT ANY OF
THESE JUNCTURES



MAKE THIS AS TIGHT AS POSSIBLE



WITHOUT POINTING,
COUNT THESE LINES



WITHOUT POINTING,
COUNT THESE LINES

FULL

EMPTY

Three professors of philosophy are seeking employment in a certain university. The Dean informs them as follows: "I shall draw a blue or white dot on each of your foreheads. If you see a white dot on anyone's forehead, please raise your right hand. As soon as you know your own colour, please lower your hand."

He puts white dots on all three professors, and of course they all raise their hands. Fairly soon one of them, Professor So! ("pph") Hoph, lowers his hand and declares: "Obviously I must have a white dot."

"How do you know?" asks the Dean.

Professor Hoph's explanation wins him the job. How does he explain that he must have a white dot? (There are no mirrors in the room.)

(A minute later)

STOP THINKING ABOUT THIS

700.800.000

180 mph

10 mph

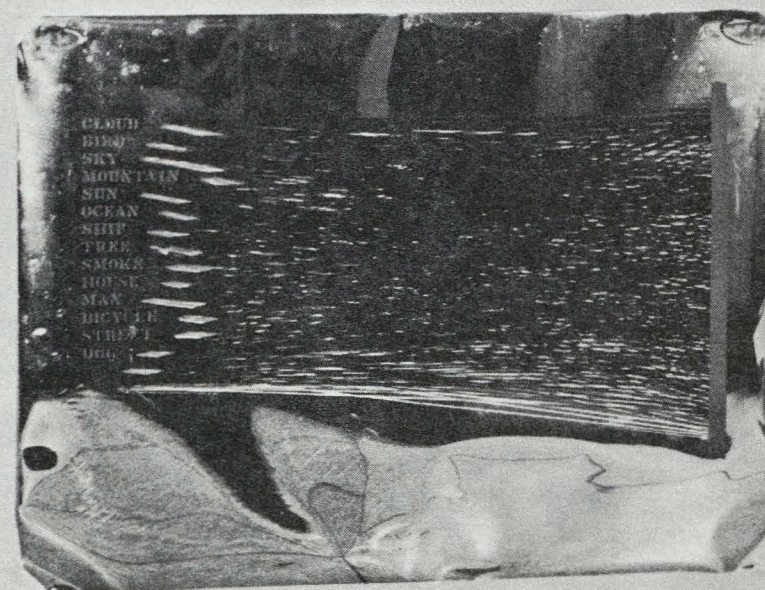
100 mph

LOOK AT ANY CLOSE OBJECT AS YOU
OPEN AND CLOSE YOUR EYES FOR
SEVERAL MINUTES



CHOOSE EVERYTHING

ON THE CANVAS



4 LOCALIZATION AND TRANSFERENCE

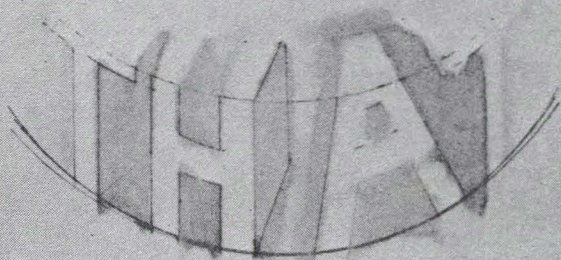
THE FOLLOWING WORDS AND FIGURES ATTEMPT TO LOCATE THE AREA OF MEANING (PERHAPS TO PINPOINT) AND TO EXPLORE THE MOBILITY OF THE CONFIGURATION WHICH SUGGESTS ITSELF. IN THIS CASE, PLEASE DO NOT THINK OF THE CONTENT ONLY OF THE CONTAINER.

THAT

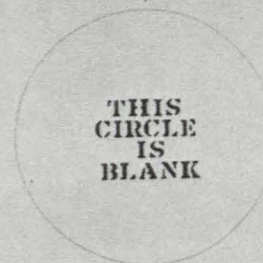
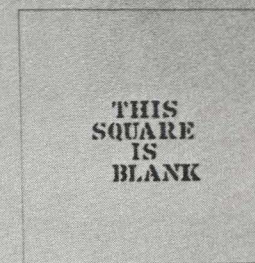
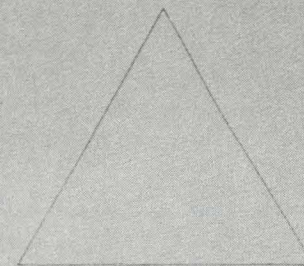
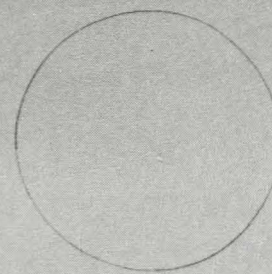
THAT

THIS

THIS



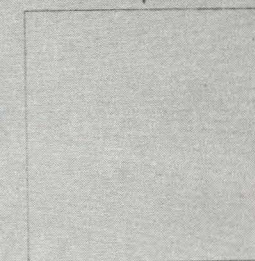
IF POSSIBLE LOOK AT THAT.
IF POSSIBLE LOOK AT THIS.
PUT THIS THAT IN ITS APPROPRIATE PLACE.



THIS
CIRCLE
IS
BLANK



THIS
TRIANGLE
IS
BLANK

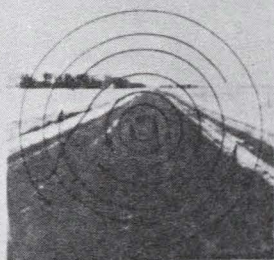


THESE ARE TWO OR MORE DOTS WHICH WERE
UNABLE TO BE SEPARATED.
(THIS IS TWO OR MORE DOTS WHICH COULD NOT
BE SEPARATED.)

THIS SYMBOL IS THIS —————→

1. HEADACHE
2. DELICIOUS
3. COLOR

1. _____
2. **BIRTHDAYS**
3. **MISS**
4.
5. **MELODIES**



THESE DOTS SHOULD APPROACH THE VIEWER AT REGULAR
INTERVALS STARTING FROM THE MOST DISTANT BOUNDARY
SUGGESTED BY THIS FIGURE

EXERCISES TO DEMONSTRATE THE SEPARATION, DISJUNCTION, DISASSOCIATION, ABSTRACTION, BRANCHING AND RAMIFICATIONS PERTAINING TO SIGNIFICATION. ADDITIONAL EXERCISES MAY ATTEMPT TO INDUCE FURTHER "UNNATURAL" SPLITTING.



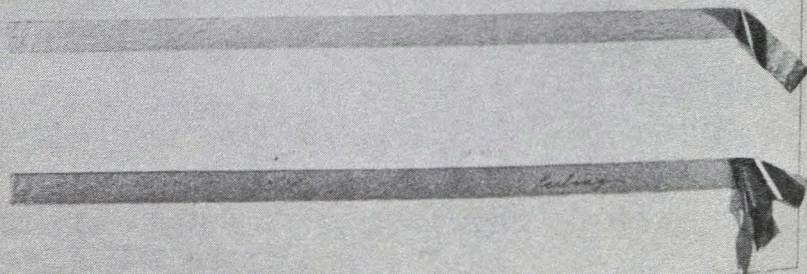
PORTRAIT OF MONA LISA (SEE ABOVE)
 BY *La Gioconda*

I , FOUND , THIS , GLOVE.
IN , MY , DRAWER , YESTER-
DAY , I , CUT , IT , IN , HALF.
I , SEWED , UP , EACH , HAL-
F , IT , TOOK , ME , TWO , H-
OURS , AND , FORTY-FIVE ,
MINUTES ,



Harry Murray

And this set of twins will be born in 1991.



BREATHING
breathing

Breathing breathing breathing breathing breathing

LAUGHING

LAUGH ONLY ALONG
YOUR LEFT SIDE

ATTRIBUTION

ATTRIBUTION

155. ATTRIBUTION Attribution.—*n.* attribution, theory, etiology, ascription, reference to, rationale; accounting for &c. *v.*; palaeontology,* imputation, derivation from.

fil., affiliation; pedigree &c. (*pater- nity*) 106.

explanation &c. (*interpretation*) 522; reason why &c. (*cause*) 153.

V. attribute —, ascribe —, impute —, refer —, lay —, point —, trace —, bring home — to; put —, set down — to; charge —, ground — on; invest with, assign as cause, charge with, blame, lay at the door of, father upon; saddle with; affiliate; account for, derive from, point out the — reason &c. 153; theorize; tell how it comes; put the saddle on the right horse.

Adj. attributed &c. *v.*; attributable &c. *v.*; refer-able, -rible; due to, derivable from; owing to &c. (*effect*) 154; putative.

Adv. hence, thence, therefore, for, since, on account of, because, owing to; on that account; from — this, — that — cause; thanks to, forasmuch as; whence, *propter hoc*.

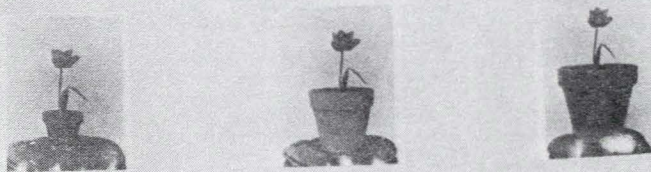
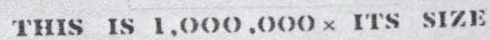
why? wherefore? whence? how — comes, — is, — happens — it? how does it happen?

in — some, — some such — way; some- how, — or other.

Phr. that is why; *hinc illæ lachrymæ*; *cherchez la femme*.

PROFILES

ATTEMPTS TO OBSERVE THE REGULATORY OPERATIONS OF SCALE THROUGH EXERCISES FOR EXPANDING AND REDUCING BOTH PARTIAL AND OVER-ALL PATTERNS. SOME OF THESE MAY BE USED AS PROBES TOWARD THE DISCOVERY OF CRITICAL POINTS OF NON-CONFORMITY.



SMELL THIS

Woman Man Man Man Woman Man

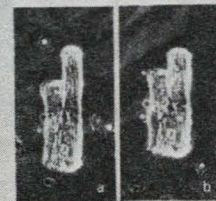
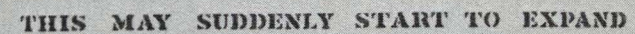
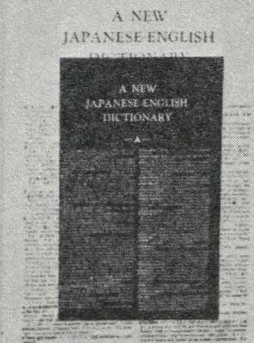
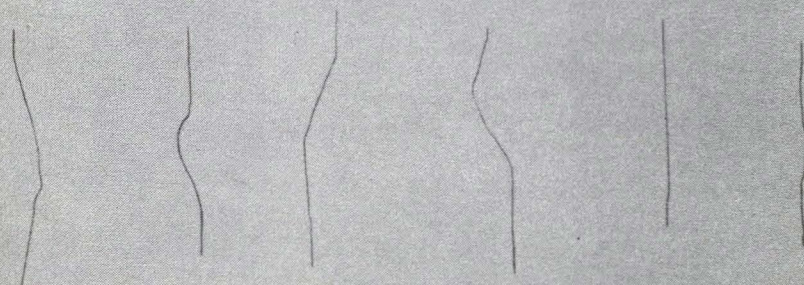
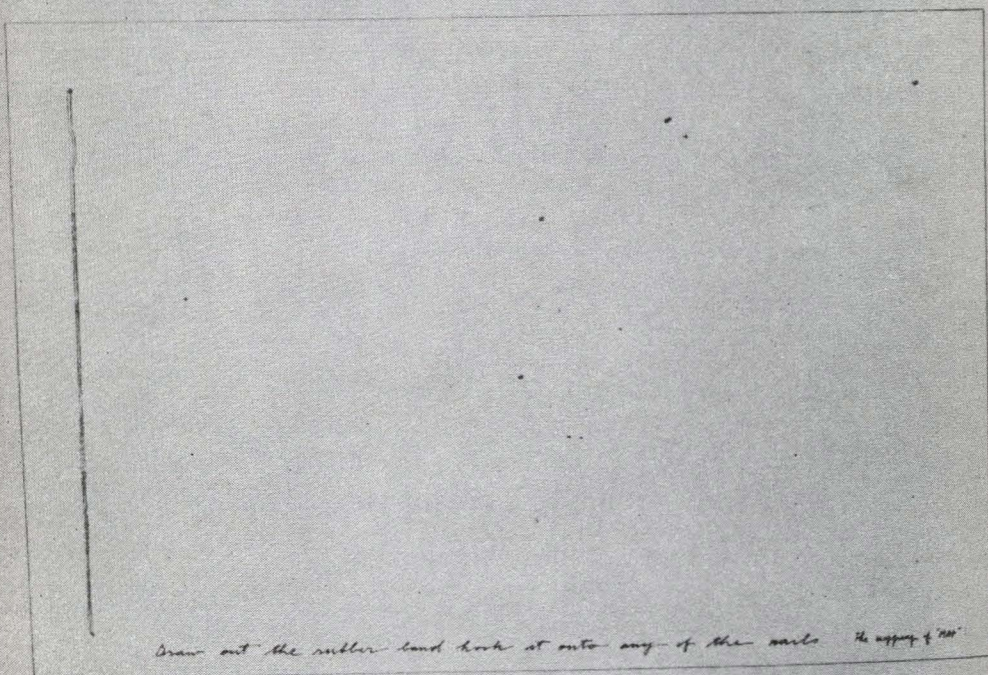


Fig. 1. Ventricular muscle cells of mouse beating spontaneously. Relaxed (a) and contracted (b) state of same cells. These photographs were taken with a high-intensity stroboscopic light source. The condenser was adjusted to be slightly eccentric, and a red filter was used in order to enhance the cross striations. The large size and irregular shapes of this muscle fragment indicate that it is composed of several cells. The contracted cells are about 15 percent shorter than the relaxed cells (both $\times 400$).



13 MAPPING OF MEANING

CONSIDER THAT ANY REPRESENTATION OR SYSTEM MAY BE USED AS A MAP WHEN PAIRED WITH OR PLOTTED AGAINST AN OBJECT OR AN ENVIRONMENT. THIS SECTION DEALS WITH REPRESENTATIONS OF THE PROCESS OF MAPPING ITSELF; THE DOUBLE ASPECT OF SIGN; THE RELATION OF DENOTATION TO CONOTATION (PROPERTY OF MEANING); THE RELATIONS OF SIGNIFIEDS TO EACH OTHER. USE WILL BE MADE OF PROJECTION, DISTORTION AND 'NEGATIVE' MAPPING IN AN EFFORT TO SURROUND AND SUGGEST THE ARRANGEMENTS OF AREAS OF MEANING.



A LINE AND FIVE MAPS

ROBERT COHEN

the man who's inside of me grabbed my heart last night
forced his fist halfway up my windpipe
(when he kissed did you notice I wasn't breathing?)
does he have animals in there with him
why is he burning all the books
listen to him addressing crowds in my consciousness
the smell of fresh bread comes in waves up my throat
he says it's the first week in April but here we are in July
he says it's time to sum things up but we've hardly begun
he says he needs quiet for his work in wildness but this is war
I keep saying to him prepare yourself for the danger to come
but he just accuses me of language and chews on my bones

I know this man influences me
how can you avoid it if you share so many things
our hunger comes from the same place but our food doesn't

he is a natural storyteller, a very interesting man
even with his back turned
a born salesman, numb behind the smile
murderous behind the handshake
fellowman

ROBERT SWARD

from THE JURASSIC SHALES

I am bearing this dream.
The boat I am maneuvering and the dream
Merge with a sea coast.
I am bearing the dream to friends.
"Where and how and to whom will you take it?" I am asked.
"Come through Door B and stand before Box Six
at 3:15 every Sunday while you're unemployed."
Bride A throwing sunglasses at my chest.
The ship sails.
The mystery. It has specifically
To do with light.
Will I even have it when I arrive?
The seed-like bones,
Pearl-like nodules.
"Mandala of gold inset with turquoise."
The setting face-to-face.
I have come a long way though not moved at all.
"And where will you go Sunday?"
Light tilts. The world tilts.
What a good day to be dead or not to be.
The dream is about light
and bearing the dream.
But the dream is about light.
It is about friends.
Vera Cruz, the Amazon.

Sitting crosslegged
on a pirate ship
dangling
from the yard-arm.
All time appears to
stand still,
the sun at one point.

Being there
telling the dream quietly
to three friends.
"Where and how and to whom will you take it?"
I fear losing everything, being an
old man adrift in the street—
a prisoner just let out
with no money.

Going back to Bride A,
being struck by sunglasses.
Here is the gift.
The poisoner's gift is his poison
The black crow-headed one's
his counterpart
the dark red cemetery bird.
"What if all of a sudden
all the hallucinations stopped—
just simply froze?

And suddenly
one froze and watched
simply one hallucination
(standing still,
never moving),
and one hallucination
(standing still,
never moving,
frozen
forever)
was all one looked at
for the next hundred million years?"

Everything I like
has in one way or another
to do with water.
Delivering anything of importance it is
necessary
to go about it through
or on
or about or across
water.

And when I get there
will I marry?
How still the moon is.
What a long way to go to be born.

Hugh Seidman

Who spent his weekends cleaning house
Who did not read
Who worked meticulously and well

Devoted to his mother
And when she died got sick

FIRST LEVEL

Wrapped in a plastic bag
And shoved in the morgue

Before he will call her
He will rip
The fucking phone cord
From the fucking wall

He could have said no
When they asked him

Because he wants to ask her why
She did this to him

He could have said
Around your fucking neck

Get down on his knees
Like in the story books

Lying back to die
Praying to Jesus to take his pain
And accept him into his arms

Burning the ragged hole
The mask of the faceless lover
Father of his black anger

Eating the rice and the raisins
Sleeping two hours and eating
The brussels sprouts and the salmon

The spasm in the throat
The confusion

Like last spring
When he took the chair
And broke it on the door

That gold smelter on TV
Chiseled to the fine
Bone of cancer

The wooden face
They were etching
With their steels

JAIME GARCÍA TERRÉS
Translated by W. S. Merwin

IPANEMA

*The sea is a story
which I carry between my eyes and the shadow
of my eyes, dissolved now
by the years, faint.*

*By now its abortive echoes
elude me, the settings
of its coarse jokes. But it's still raining
in the afternoon, in Ipanema,
through the years,
against my eyelids:
bundles of sunlight are raining. And in
a feeble struggle the lines of the houses are broken.*

ISABEL FRAIRE

Translated by Thomas J. Hoeksema

Two Poems

carrying dawn on your shoulders you arrive
flooding the future with birds
the word swells like a sail
 a plethora of images explodes
 in a river of feeling
direction is the essence
we are
 in the place where we are going
we are
 the present moment
 and the future
your hand breaks
layers of unsubstantial cellophane
 that observed my eyes
between eyes and things
 there is no distance
 no rest or progress
 dawn is already its name
tomorrow and today
 are we
 are

before night arrives to congeal the day
I want to smile once
to observe a thing
to speak, perhaps, with you
to stretch a thread like a spider
between past and future
a delicate bridge arching over nothingness
because of much doubt
as death to death
life gathers

air
is not more than form
the void where form trembles like a stele
a posthumous testimony to our passing
and days
transformed in memories
are pure forms of what we never were
but dream of being

therefore
now
before night comes to sever day with its
 knife of silence
I want to smile once
observe a thing
speak, perhaps, with you

VITO ACCONCI

PLY

(Joseph,) (from the waist up:) ("Did Joseph ask whether
(he was,") (he went further:) ("and, further,
(whether Joe?")
(A pause.) (A picture of Joe.) (Joseph,
(a left profile:) ("There is a pause before)
(I break it,) (before he breaks in.") (A crack in the scenery.) (Then)
(there is Joseph,) (from the top now:) ("I asked,
(as Joseph did,) (whether he did or not as he was,
(and he was,) (and) (whether)
(it was for Joe?") (And Joseph,) (aside,) (in person,
(on the other's side:) ("That
(gives me pause.") (Pause here.) (That gives.) (But that
is given up.) (Here.) (And here.) (And up here.)
(Up to now.) (No one gives it up.)
(Until then.)
(There is a rising action.)
(Until Joseph,) (fullface:) ("Until now,) (I said,
(and now I say it, when I ask. . .")
(When that happens,) (there is the sign of a saying.)
(Joseph did.)
(Really.)
(Joseph is seen.)
(True.)
(Joseph is spoken for.)
(Yes.) (Joseph will do.) (Joseph is the same.)
(Joseph, continuing:) ("At) (bottom,) (I didn't stop for you.)
(From) (the) (top) (now:) (that didn't)
(- down -) (stop) (- further down -) (me)
(- furthest)
down.") (He sits.) (He sits up.) (He is on to him.)
(He is on his back.) (He is on and off.) (John is on.)
(John,) (right) (profile:) ("I can't say.) (I can't tell.)

(I can't talk) (down to you.) (I can't talk you down,) (too.)
(I can't speak for myself,) (it is said) (Bill said) (for me,)
(once,) (speaking for himself) (- I would, as it were,)
(it's this,) (never speak forasmuch as his,)
(he's -) (and to two others.")
(Bill,) (who has said)
(it) (already,) (as told,) (four) (lines) (above,)
(six words in: "Good)
(old Bill, they say.) (Johnny)
(on the spot,) (they say,) (and they said it Monday.) (Johnny-)
(come-lately, they say,) (and they'll go on to say) (this.)
(I say,)
(old man-) (John made a face when he spoke.") (A face in)
(the crowd.) (This is a new face.) (The old)
(man,) (a newcomer.) (He comes across.) (At the same time,)
(he comes through.)
(There.)
(Then he comes around.)
(There, this time.)
(Then he comes down.)
(Now) (There)
(Then he comes back.) (Then)
(he comes over.) (All at the same time,) (he comes up.)
(Then he comes in.)
(A picture of the inn.) (Then he comes on,)
(from the back:) ("Joseph asked,)
(as a matter of fact,) (if Joseph asked) (whether he was,) (in truth,)
(whether) ('Joe') (was) (to the point.)
(But) (he'll come around.) (Then) (he'll come down.) (Then)
(he'll be coming back.) (I'm telling you.)
(Now I'll tell)
(Joey,) (aside,) (outside,) (on the outside chance.")
(He is the image of Joey.) (But he is in the right.)
(Joseph) (breaks the images.) (Joseph,) (off-center:) ("I wonder)
(whether Bill wore) (as long) (a face) (as John) (did) (before)
(John made it up) (and made a face)
(because of what) (Bill said.")
(Bill doesn't say) (that was well said.)
(Bill never said it,)
(he thinks.) (He thinks it out,) (he is about to say.)
(That's said and done,) (as Joseph would say.) ("That's)
(that,) (to remain to be said.)

RON HORNING

MISTER PRESLEY

The object is to be lean and fierce
And clean. Maybe it is only
A blue jean apparition,
But it rests on the shaded porch
At noon the way it always has been,
Face cut from the body at
The open turned up collar,
Loving me and loving you.

ICE

for Diane Noel

Four years of armored cars; jumping
From the running board,
Revolver light in hand.
Shooting my way out
Of a circle of headlights and
Getting through to you.

FIELDING HOMOSEXUALS

It is not to be borne any longer,
This continuous waiting at the
Edge of notebook pages,
Poised on the rim of the hills
East of Los Angeles,
Ready to descend in the late morning
Haze in the old Chevrolet
Whose driver picked me up in Flagstaff
The night before, August 12, 1965.

But always driving
As the cars around us hurtling
Down to the city, behind
A young man with long brown hair in Morgan,
Top down, a sign of glamor

In my eyes, not realized till now,
Allowing for motion and division and discretion.

November 1969

MICHAEL SMITH

POEM

also there is the serpent edifice which
gnaws and slithers
beneath the coals. several of the occupants know each other.
and when the moon is yellower and cooler, when
nobody answers his knock, whenever he calls and stares
or the cream is ripe and thick
or someone turns the pages of a book quietly in the dark corner
or everything seen is visible
or the other way around
or something else, then
alarms ring, walls are cracked and gray,
fog leaks out of all the machines,
numbers dissolve and separate everything.
the keys in rows rattle. letters arrive. friends
are loving and vague.
whatever there is the snakes feel,
it is ghastly in the daylight to forget.

ROBERT CHATAIN

WORKER'S POEM

We camp on a plateau shadowed by mined mountains
Hungry for welfare; green the sky, blue
The trees and the flap of the climbing birds chilly.
Our flag encircles itself and tears at its hem.
Tomorrow the women's shift lines the pits and cuts
glass
From the north range,
But before our departure I write a reply
To the noise of my mother's letters tied in my pack.
Wrapped in newspaper,
Out of words
My hands fumble and stall; shall I tell her how
I met an inspector and together
We ran the length of the shaft laughing at violations,
Lay down and sapped the peace of the corridor cracking
thoughts
And letting them bead on his shoulders?
Shall I tell her how the others and I took the hall from
its guards,
Danced there and broke tools?
Shall I tell her how the old man and I teamed,
He teaching me?
How a woman summoned us to her fire and told stories
Withering our hearts into hate at how it had been?

Dearest mother,
Long ago I began
Looking for the forest, the sun, for the entire city
And came this way in good company.
All are one here and we have many masters.
It was explained to me
And I was lent work.
At the first of the new season I borrowed a place,
Used up old moods and went on will,
Anxious.
The rest whispered love for the strong, for the newly
opened veins,
Mouths shut on the least bit of themselves,
But the levers and fulcrums were clubs in my hands
And my face sweat.
"Come on, we are leaving you behind!"
"I am being left behind!"
Falling back and unsure of the wall I pushed past my
last hope
Until a fault cut me off and I shifted
Into a blind spot and hid my shame, asking
"Have I no end?"
The old man found me
Feeding this useless thin snake its tail.
"Out, you have time yet,
You need the help of a dead man full of past—
Let's talk awhile as we work together.
You should know that when I was my body
Very young and unable to pay
My father used and mother and sister forgotten
I was taken
And slaved without architecture and bled haphazardly.
No stranger to any anguish
I locked and wired myself on all sides,
Touched no one and knew my ears unnerved
By telephones.
The balding skin flaked from my bones
And my bones splayed jointlessly. . .
It is work which evolves the notice of equation,
Saving us poor urchins from the weight of error.
Born less long ago in the peculiar now
You deal with your own lot of feelings and wounds
As if you strike fresh ground and score your flesh
For the first time.

Work calls you from the fleece of your thought
To revise yourself again and again with acts upwards
Against the avian claw of your name's gravity
Which would haul you back down temporary scaffolding.
Child,
Listen always to the drum of regular work and to its
veil."
The old man's words ladled
Cold into my ulcerous heart and quenched me.
The proof of his exemplary way
I must take as my own and share as I am shared.
The old man and I pair
When able and rededicate our limbs to root.

Dearest mother,
I have changed and no longer
Scent my fine hair nor wet my smooth breasts
With the tongues of lovers.
Now I slice the day into striped motions
Of white work and stern black rest, speckling zinc calm
Upon my former emergencies.
The latest instructions satisfy me,
The cavil of ideas weakens and frees my smiles.
I am liquid in the cells of the earth
Flowing certainly among golden and blood-red crystals
Caught in the rich swirl of the great circle.
Dearest mother
Wait for news of my endless victories!

Joachim Neugroschel

KASPAR HAUSER'S TWENTY-ONE MINUTES

for Cheryl

(In 1828, a 16-year-old boy was found in the woods near a German village. He couldn't speak and had no knowledge or memory, he had obviously grown up in the forest. All he managed to say was one sentence over and over again: "I want to be a horseman like my father was." He was adopted and named Kaspar Hauser. Throughout his adolescence a series of murder attempts were made on him. One evening in 1833, he arrived home, mortally wounded by a knife, and three days later he succumbed. The murderer was never discovered.)

Prelude:

Yellow touch-maps.

*Stars that died
before their lightrays destroyed us.*

*Flat bread of exodus
on the stones of desert-defeat.*

(Dissolving in rain.)

*The bloodshot sky of
compass-poems.*

(The needle quivers moonwards.)

*(The needle leaves a spoor of
blood-green language.)*

*And masts loom from your pulse
when the summer threatens.*

8:46 p.m.

We are rowing along in a river that waits for disaster.
We are accustomed
to whirlpools and nebulae.

A handful of air.

(And the sky bleeding in repentance.)

12:07 a.m.

Talking nightwards
beneath the skin of their stones.

You
sew
the nets of syntax
on surf.

(The hourglass
functions best
in its own twilight.)

Rockets
explode
on shields of alphabets.

8:31 a.m.

Volcanoes turn to glass.

And the tradewind shrugs.

4:08 p.m.

A landscape of twin objects.
The carillon of sleep
toys with the ocean.

Where are the walls
that divided us from the north?

10:12 p.m.

Gravel in the heart of your tree.

Hairs
glisten on the horizon.

10:13 p.m.

(The wellspring of night gives out.)

1:59 a.m.

The sea
ground your tears
into grains
for an alien hourglass.

9:42 p.m.

The wooden manes,
the brightness of snakes.

Your wind is made of gangrene.
Their wind was damper.

6:51 p.m.

YOU HAVE DEVOURED
THE SHADOW-BLOSSOM OF FORGETFULNESS
DOWN TO THE LAST ASH.

2:47 p.m.

A blade of fire
divided the universe.

(And the birds screeched
like fingernails on a blackboard.)

11:09 a.m.

Truth tastes like bitter almonds.

And your leprosy
drifts like sand.

7:55 a.m.

Twelve by twelve.

A burr.

Ice.

A halo of ashes
adorns the cyclone.

1:41 a.m.

There were two wells.
One was choked with black water.

The other always reflected a black sky.

9:54 p.m.

Your fist is a comb of regret
on wailing-walls.

1:42 a.m.

The clock
vomits gears.

And the spray
forms a ladder.

2:21 a.m.

Breath
crushing the berries.

And cathedrals
recur.

Your wound is louder than gypsies
in eastern graveyards.

7:08 a.m.

My hands thicken with dreams.

Your hands are calloused with fog.

5:15 p.m.

A life encased in amber.

And the forest ticks away from me.

1:12 p.m.

(Were there any definitions?)

3:34 a.m.

Semen.

(Seeds.)
(Sowing the lava.)

(Seeds.)

(Wait
till
harvest.)

12:00 midnight

**YOU
HAVE DEVoured
THE HANGMAN'S MEAL OF FREEDOM
DOWN TO THE LAST CRUMB.**

painter crayon 1

i

the low-circle SUN
through the burned wood
lies like a blown coal

against the peeling white-hull conifers

sets a feeble blaze
flickering into the chill ash
circumference

ii

sage leaf bushes
a sprinkle of peppermint
purple and broken-apart

seed spools
under-fringed with smell

the wild rose
petals of crisp cups
breaks in wilting fragment-
shatters
its pollen floe
floats on the melted rivers

iii

quills
like spurs of wheat
the moving thistle puff
wheeled in fur-fuzz
soft as hatched bird(
feathers

the cotton that flutes
from tree blossom buds

birds their bills full
peck out the drifting fine-thread
mats, they hover down
shaking them damp from the current
to build weaving above the thawed bank
cones sweet with

breaking quill and
their hovered) young

rain sleets flat

bending down the huddle sprout grass
lights in puddles between the grass spindles
settles
washing crevices dense into
the bank of graves

the earth is covered with clods and rock
caked over

above
habitat high on the mountain
like some strange shell blown there, thrown
dripping
the cave
its bare opening pours gulped with watery sand

the dead
lie in their brief houses
there is nothing to wake them
they are safe from the wolves

**North from Tanyana:
these are the woman mountains**

the without shame cold

the sun has circled around her breasts
and heated her pelvis
she sprawls
face up, stomach heaved full and loaded
the legs braced
thighs and knees holding in their long wait, the belly
flat
thrown under the pelvis
an arm from the chest is falling down
the other arm held above, into
the clean spaces of air
lifts a breast softly

waiting for what giant who will take her

low trees brush up the sides of her legs
spread unprotected
the winds and the great thaws to ravish her
caribou bite at her nipples
wolves rove down from the thick edges of gravity
stand, in the defenseless waste
singular range
shapes on the high moors of silence
chains of silver snow against the breast

the women abandon mountains
the frame-thrown cold
their buttocks and faces one turned sideways as in
sleep
an avalanche of women
hurled from the peaks of winter, they lift
toward the long awaited
from still valleys (lovers
the turf shines like green silk
over the young flesh of their shoulders

men riding down on golden horses
out of the snow
the sun has taken over all the pastures

young moose hide in the willow clumps
the sun is grazing on the open hills

the thick grass is fresh laid-out in patches
moves as light is moved
like a slaughter of hides
stretched clean for the tanning, as though
some certainty of hand had placed them

mass of the flowers

i

its rock-brown
 pollen tassel
the diamond willow
scorches the bush-brush timber
july

the red spindle flower
that makes, winding
(shaking in wind
startled spindles when the brief forms fall
copper-rock flowers
 breaks of fall weeds
their dried pulp(milk joints
brittle as castor leaf
smoke up in live dust

sage
that burns absorbed with purple
fields in rows a heather of wild sage
yellows, and whole blues

slopes vivid as
barn paint
annuals of leaf among the evergreen

ii

yellow moss fir
near over the
 ranges
heat in the ground
seeps up
its even-fluid fire

iii

bark log rivers

a tundra of grass hay
beyond piled rock fences

death (is quiet
as a log rotting in water
its roots
melting with ice heap, a log roll
of dead limbs budding

below a summer field of wild deer
pawing their hooves
through the bent down snow pulp
close fungus
 they will bite off the first stems

blown wing-sparrow leaves set flying
into the narrow grass banks
small bodies
their feelers drift against
the summer draw

iv

fingers
soft as light, measuring
in thin shafts
from the sterile lye mountains

bear-man tracks
straddling the heaped slowly shifting
woods

plateaus

i

above the ledges of red clay, breaking
banks
a hurl perpendicular flat of
green slab stone

peaks of blanched lime-salt at night
the alkali salt
slush-gummed
quick and livid in shale, their projection
a dehydrate steam

in the lean ash trembling trees
veins
of cobalt above on the settled edges

a flint-struck light
flames
through the forest

ii

the wind bleaks sad snow
across the tundra
it frosts in scattered melt
drops
against the held-heat stones

the wind
sleets a blue rain of snow
cold over the flat hill elevation
the tundra rolls swelled thick with gathered
shapes
toward the blister peak
summits

iii

a bird

feathered with down
under feathers of
rain

against the blue cloud
ravine caverns
a hole in the cloud
sifts in ice

the trembling mountain
holds
above the wind

drifts of intermittent
light

iv

the earth builds
from marrow of bone
bone-marrow

the sweet heart-willow
with its heart that is eaten black
stone-centered
wings of arrow tips
held in sulphur fire

the earth turns to sand
its dug-out marrow
makes chalk torsos, a spread
of bones
made hard

fibrous
and steady with color

painter crayon 2

the SNOW

balances the forests
levels into mountains

tarnishes
the tall strip trees and bark
a fluttering metal

over stiff high stalks
where once hung leaves
green

limbs
holding from fragile stems
like long-fall hair
straightening in the wind

the fields
lie dead, thrown with big
hand-full clusters of roses
smothered in grass

banking the root woods
high the rain-wet decaying
branches
broken up and twisted, set
pungent
in this yet(summer frost

the blue whale
sperms
a blue iodine
that stills
into the water

mountains

the women dream of
snake and lizard
they sleep with black warriors

the ridges spread
like weeping dinosaurs
long bone
skeletons
above their green blankets

warped bones
struck up through cold and filled with
skeletons of women
a woman flung her hair out weeping
the great still female form the shoulders
haunched down

moves us—
covering her hard mature breasts
the mountain piled dead with
war arrows
set clean with weeping

women abandoned
left to their keeping
alone, hovered over with loneliness
their backs held thrown (without claim
lovers,
graves among aloes and iris
graves among willows

like left old men
carving out snake heads of war—
washing in the rain
quiet a cemetery of great sad peaks
cemetery of dinosaur and snakes that
crawl (turtle heads
the snake head where there is no snake
pyramids
dripping their slaughter
with forgotten blood

filtered with the dead, weeping with anger

horses of the moor

galloping down the cold range places

white horses
that walked in the garden
under the white husk
almond trees

a guitar player
filled the shadows
with reflections

the hand of the guitar player
moves a green reflection on the wall
the sun
places yellow on the hills
lamps on the wall

women in lines like flower pots
wicks of lamps against the stones
a leaf)
a white horse under the black and yellow orange trees

horse manes
horses in the dust
horse feet slipping on the purple rock-mud
sediment of these absorbent rivers

the Indian end of the summer

i

copper beaches
slow with ice

glacier slate
crushed up
a startling blue
rainbow rinse

rust in silver birch trunks
glistening in tops of trees
a limestone of beech and white pine
shaling down
the protected hills
reflection of ore in the air
beyond the trees
the extreme limits of fire

ii

behind them
light like fire the Indians made
Indians with pitch lanterns
holding up the pitch of their lanterns
a big cat's eyes
its wild slither
a tormented panther-dark held full and high
by the yellow panther glow

Indian muscles
beat against the tendon flesh
their long flung-thin arms
long stretched through the skin
swell with light

iii

blood on the mountain

dragged up
after the riders

crusted snow

the volcano rocks wear penitent black

i

down their crater sides
drain
with dregs of

great hawks and eagles
floating and flapping

clay tombs with grass covers
bones
of the harvested earth
bodies laid near one another
in tracks of congealed fire ice
phosphorous approaching the winter-
white glow, a range of radium

fierce as firefly tails
chips in snakes of light, melt
from
formations of stone

ii

under the wheeling hawks
the sacrilege
singular empty black vault open to the
sky

a black wood cross
where once a meadow was
plains above the naked stripped land
the mutilated
an above-spread graphite shelf
bare and precipitous

in the dark woods' leaves
the dense shade cast by foliage
vegetation matted together
ferns and mosses, the hawks
suspend their wings

wavering body-nests
that cross through the cold north rain
the rocks drape penitent black their
heaps of great bent bows
the sun has shot through them
its last bright wedges

a rove of black wolves
wander lost in the meadows

A Dream in Cold

the sun eyed fire-macaw sits in a white tree
at corner of the universe

north is the horizon
south lies heat
past the horizon's rim the warm inland bay
a bird with white wings
sleeps
the rivers of melting water
never wake her
she sleeps and dreams

'but i am a bird whose song is cold'

carved bone the sun rims over
an all night long of waking
splintering with sticks like strokes of fire
burns and dazzles

and shoots its high shafts into the drawn
bows of violet
pointed arrows, the frozen wings

'i am a bird
whose dream is of heat
who sings of the cold'

down the blue-curved mountain glacier
white bear fur
swallows under the fish-hut eaves fish nets
fragile at still windows
fish scales of shimmer ice
falling from ledge to ledge, sails
that plunge circling
through the islands of water

hawkweed and birds—
melting down the blue-cloud mountains
they bring with them
bells
the spear bone
and candles from bee's wax

the men hunt for the feather
from the white bird for their arrows

over drift peaks the wind-blown rain

'a white bird flying low
against the white ground'
(the snow

moves cold above the tundra
its mist heavied up
in the air suspended

on tipped flint
split-resounding boulders
the thunder
beyond the long flat frozen roll
wolves(
the white bear that lapped in cavern falls
pointed,
the swift rain cuts through the sky
from settled natural pyramids of space

drawn from the low ice-free ridges
of grass land

white and glistening
the full-tip woodline
warm lateral valleys
a jungle of sudden creepers
and fawn-hair aspen

leaving the cave by starlight
a monster of fallen avalanche
smokes over, scented and sullied
brief
the solid melt turns

splendidly down a wild gorge opening of
cliffs

serpents crawling through the dark
the living
have broken into the graves and pulled the dead about

falling like fluffs of stars
a few flakes of
grass stems and

lark feathers
flocks of simple herd feeding next to
where the sun was
surrounded by fields of winter

it was growing dark
no lamps were allowed
stones hurling plunged into the deep side gullies
the white bird
high on the furthest boulder

has drawn his shot wings

painter crayon 3

i

as going north
the slow abandon
death of the flowers
shallow in rain

the first death
settles
from the snow
on the inner-EARTH

ii

the white bear
growls from his cave
isolated
among the glacier plateaus

dips his fur in blue
through frozen blocks of ice
a wallow of air-change
moves on the lake, pushing

up its banks

iii

leaf-spread drops under a tree
a hail of evidence
dripping on wide leaves

weighing down pellets of hail
against the chill-set jungle

a hover of soft cumuli
clouds
and butterfly moths
with agate tip wings

iv

show leaves

blow over the tundra
carved figures and bodies in
leaf prints
drift
dip into animal pasture dens
tracks that wander the
rove chill hills

ember whirls of rock crystal
in masses of crystal
brood in the sleet
cylinders held close they quiver sound

globes frozen like winged seeds
blowing

a glass light
beyond the green-light, close
place we see in

from painted grave-houses

the rain sags, narrows the sappy boards
seeps a bog wash under holes
where the lone wolves crawl
they gnaw the riddled hot-swell meat

in a dead heather of plants
the sunk-in skeletons (that lay
skulls strung on a rope of bark
they lie on their backs
heads at last ease turned sideways
regarding down

at their long trunks with their huge eyes
having left them

flat grave land
sifted up by water
a piled up heap of willow bark the heart
seeped through

Sacrifice to Sound: the morning

blue and wild, a mist
of separation

barren land reefs
far-held patches of sky and earth
rising on
weights of watery-rots of ice
like a crusted filter vapor, warped

the tears of the 'land of shadows'
not desolate

men huddled in fur blankets
repairing their spears
the eider ducks are far out on the bay
they make fish lines

the people are no longer living in tents
caves of ice
they sit) moss in stone lamps
braiding sinew, their thick black braids of
hair
they go toward the shadows
like seals
they make faint breathing sounds

fogs of light and
flying glass
on tails of living green, a reef of green-blue
the air forced down
 a covey of small boats pulled to the bank
 held fast with posts

on the unwinded side, blown to the packed ground

through the holes in the sea

breathing, the fallen blizzard packs
spread fluid
without pulse or muscle, easy
as flung feathers

under the yellow sheets, cracks laid bare
flow rush
close-grown reflections

the earth's light
goes out above the mountains
the earth's voice
lies buried under the fall of water
the earth-heart
is entirely covered with flesh

trees behind the perpetual
glaze
vertical (darkness
make reverse lakes in the sky
re-make, and change

The Arctic Thaw

in the first days of the heavy north melt

no shadow, no vegetation

up and down the ice glades
a constant shower of bright crystal
the air is a hail of star ice
not heard,
north of the trees
snow left in moving tops the spear-shaft
pinewood
upright slabs fallen (in cliffs of flight

between the low cover, lost
the sun glassy
cold through a cut cold stands
like a shelf frosted and smokeless

shifting gales of fine as sand
swollen dunes
dust, source of the wind blown under
beating down over the still hooves of storm

the body could only lie on its back
the hands are folded over the nipples

a first huge fish
washed away from the early places
disappears in the rush under rock, a part
of sediment
naked between the scattered clay the uncut
purity, fallen with stones

dead turf, limbs
quick spindling up through a marsh of water
cells in fluid stain moveable and
upright they pour
with the long withered and burned
glassed-over surfaces

on treeless oceans of ice

without context, image
monsters of the slide sheet and
rising thaw
submerge
a hard and sterile unity
on the effervescent

land
a wind-drive boat
pulls with the wind
under the full spray
melt

flinging long
pulse heave strokes
a wheel road
high among and washed to the stars

under the earth, women in earth

their tears

about the horizon, for night

the sun in lit large candles
molded from wax

vaulted in waving lines
clumsily built
clotted with animal blood

nearer, direct
riding over the low pass
a chapel with small bells
beating ornaments of bone and copper

that break in pieces from the scaled difference
quick in summer
pressed back through the motionless scabs of
thin white flakes

a melt-down from
tumble bells of clover
surrounds the fields (glistening
goat horns hung against the walls
an infinity of fragments

the earth
abstract from heat
dreams singing with cold
impersonal
detached
isolate, the wings burn
in their steady lay cold

through fields of fog and trembling winds

the bird's dream is yellow grass
fisher lights
leaves that scatter their great blob paint
north barns
filled with sulphur grass

stones blue as powder sapphire

a damask on crupper of red mane horses
the sun unwinds
high thrown to the single line of poles
burnt half way up in a desert of frost
the hills spread out
against the rain

at woodline
above the slate bark woods
trees growing up out of cloud areas

balanced trepid in moisture
vapor frothed down in their branches higher now
than any snow
from the great height of its
precipitous sides
drainage out of the coast-pass wall
at low water
glooms in the forests
washed away in places

leaking mud
sluices decaying to flats,
smoking in the wind
growing up from flood stage
moss limbs and crisp bark with yellowing leaves

the rebellious
will of the mind

cold in its nest
the ornamental head
bird on a pole above the grave mounds
rock mouth gaping air
appears
similar to those forms south (the hot snake
its feathers stiff

still as the crayon, watching

THE ART OF CONCEALED ABORTION

CRIPPLED by life's agony, the man sat on his brain for an hour. This more or less smothered several oversized thoughts. When this reverse hatching occurred, only broken eggs remained, like worries with their skulls cracked.

He met a girl, and kissed her through a swift abortion, while they held hands. Working with all their might, they produced a dead life. From then on, their smile tilted to the ugly side.

Then, to forget, he turned artist. He fought against colors, and stabbed the canvas, where muddy blood formed as a protest against meaning. He copied nature, and in retaliation, spring was delayed by a month that year. Then poverty crushed his art, and the crumbled bones formed a neat skeleton where he fell. He looked like a moth-eaten self-created work of sculpture, and was put on exhibit underground. His girl friend, spry after her abortion, and already bearing the seed for another one, scattered her feminine tears along his anonymous plot. His paintings went for firewood, in the municipal dumping ground. A journal was found. In it, there was evidence of mental deterioration. Its words were clumsy, but had origin in the dictionary, whereas his thoughts and paintings were obscure in their reference, depending on bare ideas of nature and his past.

His girl friend claimed the journal, underlined her own name where mentioned, and, because of her higher education, completed sentences, inserted commas, and rounded out the tragedy. Delayed by her second abortion, the work was completed some time afterward. Through a lucky series of contacts, from lower to higher agent, in which the sale of her love was included, the script became a famous movie, a popular box office hit, and soon there was a stupendous demand for the paintings of its poor subject. Phantom auctions were created, and genuine originals became a fabulous obsession of every art dealer. Hundreds of ghost painters were employed, each representing a different phase of the artist's development. Museums were clamoring for a sample. Art hysteria hit our country, ruining the careers of current artists, looking beyond life for the works of a dead man. The girl friend was now known as his wife, in a posthumous but hasty marriage. A sequel to the first motion picture, by popular demand, projected a great genius into the history of our culture; and stuffy old Europe, with its outmoded art, looked toward these shores for its legendary universal image. The fan clubs were by now international.

The actor who played the hero had to be retired from the screen, to preserve the triumph of his role, and keep the movie ever identified with its subject. There was a movement to kill the actor, and thus have his death conform to the real-life death of

its original, linking the actual world with its immense satellite, Hollywood. But the actor, protected by several aliases, slipped into oblivion, and was unrecognized except for his black glasses. He commissioned an art instructor, and is now painting in precisely the mode of the myth-like man he had portrayed.

Meanwhile, a technicality developed. The abortionist threatened to sell his story to the press, unless the great man's wife divorce her dead husband and marry him. The ensuing legal problems, clarifying the fidelity of a widow, freed the woman to marry her abortionist. She then paid to have her new husband sent through medical college, where he graduated as an M.D., much to her pleasure. Then they carefully produced a baby, and it was actually born. They named it in honor of the great man who had brought them together. True, they lived in his shadow, but the shadow was paved with that comfortable substance, wealth. Art had profited, too. Everybody was now imitating a certain artist, and amateur brushes and palettes were in evidence everywhere. Luckily for the human race, the artist had for some reason never mentioned abortion in his journal. Either that, or his girl friend had discreetly attended its removal.

HOW NEVER TO BE ABLE TO TELL BOB APART FROM PETER

BOB has just died. Does that make him less dead than Peter, who's been dead for sixty years?

No, the newcomer has equal status, in death's democratic kingdom, with Peter, although the latter can claim his old pathetic seniority. There's no real time factor. Bob who just 'made' it has become of the same quality as the one established in it by years that customarily compiled tradition. They're 'two of a kind', now, the recently joined and that hardened veteran. The difference between them is bound up and glued together into a oneness.

But in life, if one man is sixty years older than another, the differences, little or big, do count, don't they?

Naturally. In life, every detail weighs in. It's of worldly importance that a *living* old Peter is far older than the *living* young Bob. And everything *about* them would present a significant comparison; for living people are always *compared*, by one or the other, or by both, or by other people. *Qualities* are essential, traits are marked, all is recorded. Bob doesn't shave yet, and Peter has a white beard. Bob is inwardly inclined, while Peter needs company. Bob is influenced by his mother, and Peter by his widowed sister. Bob likes reading, Peter likes to attend sports. Life emphasizes these facts; death negates them, into the common dumping herd of oblivion's insensitive mob.

Then, Bob having just joined Peter in death—?

Erases everything crucial except the bland similarity of their last and latest states of occasion. Their matter being barred, then what is there left to matter? And their least difference or greatest is equally immaterial, broken down humbly inconsequential.

The indistinguishableness of Bob the recent and Peter who's also freshly and durably recent, as though the perfect refrigerator could keep old frozen food imperishably new to match the pack just arrived and tucked in tight up against those blazing cubes of ice.

JEAN CHATAÏRD

Translated by Derk Wynand

TRUTH OF MORNING TWILIGHT

I walk with steps of alcohol, I walk with steps
of salt, I walk backwards
through ruined streets

One more step, another tirade, a
respite for stones
another chance

To raise an arm into time, satisfied with its
new echo To surprise the light in its strident
play of lines To wonder at seeing all
of the friable morning
of grained surfaces, of paper nuptials

To bump against the first cry of day

Sometimes the large prow, sometimes the heavy widowhood
of rain that is no more than half drunk
Sometimes the entire image of a tamed
island that a silky whirlwind
misleads in the noise Sometimes a rugged season
is given me, with its ostentation and its pride

I bless the clarity that reveals this disturbing
theatre for me, where naked men
arouse a celebration

I walk with steps of alcohol, I walk with steps
of salt, I walk backwards
through ruined streets

One more step, another tirade

Iodine and salt dress up in gold
under the cover of sea, under the silence
of years blued with each flight of gulls

A respite for stones
another chance

A bird, which bird, always the same
tells morning twilight about love
and warfare

Will you tell me about the forest bush, the transient
liana and the white cyclone, will you tell me
this poem circled like an unclean beast Poem
squirted down the throat in the heat of rum Poem of alga
and ember Poem traced on the lips of
women and a fisherman's loins

A bird, which bird, always the same

One more step, another tirade, a
respite for stones
another chance

I walk with steps of alcohol, I walk with steps
of salt, I walk backwards
through ruined streets, while beside me
the leprous walls of Aubervilliers
run in closed ranks

RENÉ CHAR

Prose Poems

Translated by Lane Dunlop

THE DISMISSED INSTRUCTOR

Three persons of proven banality greet each other by titles of diverse poeticality (do you have a light, what time do you have, how far is the next town) in an indifferent landscape and begin a conversation whose echoes will never reach us. Before you, the field of twenty acres whose ploughman I am, the secret blood and the catastrophic rock. I leave nothing to your imagination.

TO LIVE WITH SUCH MEN

I am so hungry, I sleep in the dog-days of proofs. I have journeyed to exhaustion, my brow on the wind's knotted drier. In order to leave evil without excuse, I have paid its debts. I have effaced its number from the prow of my crude ship. I have replied to blows. There was killing, so near that the world wished itself a better place. Brumaire of my never-scaled soul, who is setting fire to the deserted sheepfold? It no longer concerns the elliptical will of scrupulous solitude. Doubled wing of the cries of a million crimes, abruptly rising in eyes that were indifferent, show us your plans and that free abdication of remorse!

.....

Show yourself; we would never have finished with the sublime well-being of starved swallows. Eager to come near, to the ample relief. Uncertain, in the time that love grew. Uncertain, only they, in the heart's height. I am so hungry.

THE GUERRILLA'S DEBUT

The poet has returned for long years into the father's nothingness. Do not call him, all you that love him. If it seems to you that the swallow's wing no longer has its earthly mirror, forget such happiness. He that turned suffering into bread is invisible in his glowing lethargy.

Ah, in beauty and truth may you be present, you many, at the salvos of deliverance!

THE BASKETMAKER'S WIFE

I loved you. I loved your face, a stream bed that storms gully, and the monogram of your domain enclosing my kiss. Some trust to an imagination round as the horizon. For me, to go is enough. I brought from my despair a basket so small, my love, that it had been possible to plait it of osier.

FATAL SLEEP

The figurehead animals cut through the face of the woman that I love. The mountain plants fade in the calm of an eyelid. My memory realizes easily what it believes it has gained from its most desperate dreams, while the water not to be found continues to flow within sight of its mirrors. And the cogitation of ashes?

GOOD-BYE TO THE WIND

Flanking the hill of the village fields bivouac, bearing mimosa. At the time of their harvest, far from their neighborhood, you make the extremely fragrant acquaintance of a girl, whose arms have been busy all day with the fragile branches. Like a lamp whose aureole of light is perfume, she leaves, her back turned to the setting sun.

It would be irreverent to speak to her.

Sandal pressing the grass, give her the right of way. Perhaps you will have the good luck of perceiving on her lips the chimera of Night's moistness?

CLAUDE ESTEBAN
Translated by Joachim Neugroschel

LANDS, LABORS OF THE HEART

The sky — with its ghost
towns.

A bird
drinks the milk of dawn

and turns away.

Nothing
blocks my road

but this white path.

An old pact in which man
dwindles.

I no longer know
whether noon
progresses or dies.

I cast my glance
higher

up to the stone that
hurtles
without catching fire.

The eyes have no exit.

A harder insect
has traced
corridors where shadow thickens.

Who fears the wind?

Here the stone the walls
burst
stormless.

faltering Without the flesh
at the fingers of the dead.

Alone.
Sunless.
Alien to space.

Legible till the nerves

Still lighting up
on the staff
of white.

Oxydized tale.

The sun's dust
akin to us.

For the Word is
common
to the dense seeds in the earth
to the torrents of wind.

The ants dig colder
roads.

Their eyes vanish in them.

But the herbs
that

shoot late

are daughters of other hands.
Not of fear.

Men live on it.

They barely have the time.

At the shouts of things
their desire to grow

separated.

Wild against the walls

the air
in shreds
resists.

The tree and its blue wrists.

The whole twisted
earth

hoisting up.

July. I advance in the flesh
of day.

July. Like a thorn.

All the static
hours

this morning
in the neuter sky

The earth
abides — the strongest

The earth
with its black stars
atangle.

Let it know its name.

The night climbs up
to the attrition of knees.

So far that the sun
crosses the air

a memory occurred
of halts
at the foot of trees.

In the shells that summer
does not crave
a bit of wind is caught.

Narrow wall.

When
time begins anew

the alternate splotches of day

here our roads
will rest.

I withdraw from dawn. I
overtake
the well of darkness that lasts under the stars.

Nothing has moved. The phrases
of desire
dwell in memory.

A bit older

Here are the herbs of night.
The black surge
where our seeds cancel out.

The lands of long vigil.

I ignore their written seasons.
I descend
towards the thirsty soil
of all my gestures.

At the frontiers of the soil
I abandon the wind

inert.

The seeds have dropped.

All

the work of the day
now rests

on a few corpses.

A taste of copper
rises towards the lips.

The power of
carrying time
a bit further.

On all dead things
the sun. A face
played.

The page opened and
closed.

Who
invented fear
so quickly —

With its veins lacerated
the heart labors.

Suzanne Ostro Zavrian

ANECDOTE II

R: If I were lying the other way, all I could see would be the axles and the crank case, the fan belt and the wheels. And oil would probably drip on my face.

However, since the truck was courteous enough to knock me down facing this way, I can see a few white fluffy clouds floating through an almost cloudless sky. It is a deep blue. It is a blue the color of the sea on a day when people say the sea is the color of the sky. Except at the horizon, where it gets imperceptibly paler.

The two front wheels of the truck make an interesting frame. The contrast of the heavy black treads—no, more charcoal gray because of the dust—with the soft blue is very effective. Actually, the blue is not exactly soft; it is somewhat hard, as a matter of fact.

There is a pleasant breeze playing over the street at ground level. If I were standing up I would be choking from all the fumes in the air. It never occurred to me before, but it would be wiser to crawl as close to the ground as possible rather than walk—except when behind buses, of course—for there is a bit of air there. The truck, by covering the lower half of my body, acts as a metal blanket. If by chance, it begins to rain, only my face will get wet.

T: Someone is lying on the ground.

V: Someone is always lying on the ground.

T: Yes, but this one's not moaning or groaning or otherwise trying to attract attention. And it seems to be breathing quite regularly, too.

V: Will you get back to your digging! You'll do anything to knock off.

T: I do not. You seem to forget that this is my day off.

V: Then if it's your day off, why are you digging?

T: I'm making a bus pit.

V: What's wrong with the last one?

T: I'm refining it. This one gets the front wheels; the last one only fell in after the whole bus had crossed it. And I'm going to cover this one with a wide yellow line—they always cross lines to avoid pits.

R: Of course, if the truck moves I'm in a dilemma. It can go forward slightly and then stop. In that case I am totally covered and can't see anything. On the other hand, I am also totally protected. It could move backward and then stop—then I am totally uncovered and very unprotected. Unprotected against both inclement weather and the truck. However, I can move faster than the truck can maneuver. Then there is a third possibility: the truck can simply go away. In that case I can either make it up and across the street to the sidewalk (assuming that nothing caves in on the way), or I can get up as rapidly as possible and get knocked down by something else.

Obviously, there is no point in doing anything for the moment. It is up to the truck to make a move. I can always take a nap.

T: Why are you digging today?

V: I'm not digging—I'm filling.

T: Well, don't fill too much on this side—you'll fill in part of my bus pit.

V: You're not paid to dig bus pits.

T: Everybody has to have a hobby.

V: It's your day off.

T: That's why I'm digging.

R: There is also, of course, the added advantage that I am hidden from the police and the ambulances. As long as I am well covered the ambulances won't get me, thank goodness. They don't care who you are—they just cart you off any old way. In the old days they showed some respect for order: they filled out forms first, asked your name, address, place of business, and so forth. Now the minute they see someone lying in the street they just stop, pick him up with absolutely no ceremony, and cart him off.

V: But why don't you go up as long as it's your day off?

T: What for?

V: A change never hurt anybody; a change of scene is good for you—that's why you have a day off.

T: I told you, that's why I'm digging a bus pit.

R: I think I'll sing for a while. Hm-m-m, hm-hm-m, hm-m-m. . .

T: Somebody's humming.

V: You're losing your mind.

T: I am not—first it was breathing and now it's humming. God knows what it'll do next.

V: On the asphalt?

T: How do you know it's lying on asphalt?

V: If you were working today and paying attention, you'd have looked at your map. You're here. That's a street overhead.

T: The maps are 20 years old—how do you know the street's still there?

V: Of course the street's still there—it says so on the map.

T: But what happens when the terrain changes?

V: What of it? The map's still the same. That's the point, the map's always the same.

T: But if the terrain's different?

V: There you have it: the terrain says one thing, the map says something else. But there's no problem, no conflict—you know the map's right. That's the beauty of it.

R: Hm-m-m, hm-m-m, hm-m-m. . .

T: You want to know something? Since it's my day off, I'll tell you: I don't believe there's anything there.

V: You don't believe there's anything where?

T: Up.

V: What do you mean you don't believe there's anything there? Wait a minute—when's the last time you were up?

T: A long time ago.

V: How long ago?

T: I don't remember.

V: What'd it look like?

T: Depressing.

V: So there was something there—it was depressing.

T: I don't call "depressing" something. That's what's depressing.
 V: Then where do your buses come from if there's nothing there?
 T: How do I know where they come from? I don't even care. Sometimes a bus falls through and sometimes one doesn't. It's all pretty boring, as a matter of fact.
 V: Then why do you make bus pits?
 T: Everybody needs a hobby. Like whoever's humming—humming's probably his hobby.
 V: Nobody's humming.
 T: Well, if he's not humming he's breathing. That's as good a hobby as anything else.
 V: If nobody's there, who's breathing?
 T: I didn't say nobody's there; I said I don't think there's anything there. I wish you'd pay attention and keep your facts straight. I'm going back to my digging. If I might suggest it—though I know it's my day off—I'd go back to filling if I were you.
 V: If you're not going to use your day off you shouldn't have one.
 T: But I do use it—I dig bus pits.
 V: For buses that aren't there.
 T: Of course they're there. They fall in sometimes, don't they?
 V: But do you think they're there when they don't.
 T: Of course I do. At least while I'm digging.
 V: And when you're not?
 T: Then they take care of themselves, I suppose. It's irrelevant.

R: I do wonder, as a point of fact, if the truck will ever move. It may have stopped for good. It may stay here forever and ever and ever. But I don't have to get up, either. I can lie here under it, protected against the weather, and never get up again. The truck can rust away, creaking and groaning, and I can watch the colors of its dissolution: grays and oranges, streaked and blended, and listen to it creak and groan as it settles down.

It looks like early spring—or is it late winter? At any rate, I can lie here and watch what's left of the seasons change. The blue can change to other blues, or to gray and then to black. The white clouds can get heavier and heavier. Then they will either sink or burst. It will rain or snow or soot will cover everything. The sky will fall to pieces or roll on or whatever it cares to do. And it will all be framed in the heavy truck treads for me to see. And here I will be, watching it all. How interesting life is!

TOM McKEOWN

HIS DAUGHTER THE RIVER

*The river runs back
 into itself.
 The solid world softens.
 An old man's face
 spills
 through the blue thighs
 of his daughter.
 I touch the statue
 of a woman
 who is moving
 the skeleton of her youth
 through the jagged keyhole
 of the sea.*

KIND BUTCHER THE SEA

*the butcher turns the knife the meat falls
 across the block where i am my head facing
 the sea where i have always been with my shells
 and bronze keys opening doors that have never
 been opened the strings fragile the links in
 the gold chains weakening the secrets of my life
 in the coral the green claw reaching up for
 my fingers the sun reflected in the grouper's eye
 everything i have dreamed of is here in the blue
 no hand can duplicate no machine can hold this
 sea an artist angry with depth and color
 i am here somewhere the part of me that is real
 the rest moves across dry land dreaming he is a man
 but i carry my gills in my cells my fins the coral
 in my mouth and feel sometimes alone in the middle
 of the night where the sea calls the taste of iodine
 and kelp strong as death on the edge of my tongue*

ROGER APLON

NEW GAME

Soon there will be new game
and they will stalk your eyes
and some will walk on your right
and some will drink the juice of clams.
they will select outlandish gifts in the early hours
baste succulent eggs—
prop them with toast and whole mushrooms.
Coffee from the Amazon will light your face
and they will sweeten your life with liquid silver
from a mysterious bottle.
Some will slip to your side as you sleep
and with the skin of your shoulder under their eager hands...

Some will worry over your simple fare,
others will catch you smiling and shanghai your mouth.
There will be smugglers
who'll leave their treasure in your ears
or bury their voices under your taut breasts.
And the new ones will play the game of skin
dancing for hours in the sun
and they will worship and sing,
climb your long hair or nest in your slim hands.
Each will drop one coin
and each will nibble his portion of salt
from your secret skin.

THE FIRE

...the '61 Ford pick-up
jogs over the ruts
its windows melting.
My driver is whitefaced
and his eyes
reflect nothing.
All around me
the river is orange with sizzling carp,
they leap the edge of the bowl
and seep through the green grass.
My hand
is held steady by my other hand.
A flying fish whistles through the air,
where it lands
a crater forms in the sheets.
The haystack of your hair and my matches
collide. There is no smoke.
Not even the silky ripple of warmed air rising.
All night the Ford purrs on
burrowing like a hookworm in the mica.

Jack Anderson

THE LONG AVENUES OF PEACE

The long avenues of peace open out
toward blue water which gathers
so much light to itself
the eyes almost cannot bear to watch
a sudden spray of skiffs bounce
upon the choppy waves.
Cars loaded with suntan oil and sneakers
pass easily, those in the outer lanes
overtaking the slow ones
with accelerations as clean
as their polished hoods.
When it rains, the water
streams down the windshields,
the wipers cut through it
like a paper knife
unsealing the envelopes
of the morning's mail.
We drive slower now and reminisce
and think of shore dinners.

The name of this thoroughfare
is Avenue of the Peace, named
in honor of it
that it might be long.
While the breeze swoons against the awning
I sit at a cafe table
reading a small book with wide margins.

The tall sleek faucets of the soda fountains
have the heads and necks of greyhounds.
Visitors arrive from foreign lands.
I converse brilliantly in French.

From the long avenues of peace
comes a low constant sound
uncomplicated as the rustle
of the revolving door I push
to walk outside alone
but not dismayed,
for you were here yesterday and shall be
again, and I am free to imagine
that several times a day
buses leave
for Sheepshead Bay and Oyster Bay
and Far Rockaway
which are far away and nothing like
what they used to be,
but rebuilt—every plank and pebble
renewed and different. In the early morning
the air is fresh,
it has the tang of the sea.
And always down the long avenues
a shiny car on its way to blue water
moves steadily between the traffic lights
without having to stop or slow down,
and never sounding its horn.

ANDREI CODRESCU

thru a grill

the toaster we had at home
back in the 50's
arrived to istanbul early this morning.
claudé calls it
a deep grill.
i call it august childhood
who bathed in butter and toast
who made itself soft so it could slip
thru the fenced loops of america.
it is the secret book of records
from the times of the drugstore.
one positive atom
in a history of failed bodies
and enriched bread.
i lie under fifteen blocks of concrete
& the entrance
is in the mouth of this old toaster
there i see myself written
after my name i see danger
& temporary absence of events.
the deep grill
does all right

strike, october

the general strike
stopped all the ships dead
everyone is drunk and the sea
is terribly quiet.
i sense trouble if i go out.
my long hair
my guilty eyes.
nightmares here have a way
of exploding
like sudden piss thru the eyes
of the generally dead.
the grocery boys go mad
pull off their cocks like belts
the whores are sick
days and days after.

Rebecca Brown

MIGRATION

"What does this plate of knives mean?"
I asked you from my hawkshood face,
and yours carried in your cloak
made no reply
but played children
teeth tipped, gently first,
on my wrist.
"Does it hurt, does it hurt now?"
between tightening jaws.
"What sort of bird," I asked,
"gathers at the peak of heaven
over 119th Street?"
You dropped your mouth to answer
and I shed my skin for feathers
to fly with them.

Roy L. Walford

KING EDWARD VII POTATOES

carried paracrinle virus.

although these infected plants
were regarded as normal,
when freed of virus they were
visibly different and
gave a greater yield.

we are far from obtaining virus-free mammals.

however,

The way things get done around here is far out: someone
initiates an event, like he says, "Let's heat some
water," and then he may let go of it but the event
itself takes over and goes to its end, picking up
hands to do it on its way: the water does get heated.

I said. She answered.
What did you sleep like?
Like a river in its bed.

Thus sleep and wakefulness are two sides of a saddle:
you go up one side and try to stay in the middle
between the two humps without sliding down. Grass
lets you stay in the middle longer but you still
can't climb the humps. Other drugs, however, such as
LSD, lower these humps and the seat of the saddle
becomes a vast plain and you can travel it in any
direction.

$e^{i\pi} = -1$. Here are four of the fundamental concepts
of mathematics gathered into one correct equation.

Travelling?
Fast and light.
Peace is a journey of a thousand miles.

NELLY SACHS

Translated by Ruth
and Matthew Mead

THE SEEKER

From the thundering dance-band
where the notes fly from their black nests
suiciding—
the woman possessed by sorrow
walks the magic triangle of seeking
where fire is plucked apart
and water is given for drowning—
lovers die towards each other
veining the air—

In the eclipse of the sun
the green is condemned to ashes
the birds suffocate in fear
for the unknown is approaching—
stealthily the death-by-light
carved out of night
drags into the sand the history of seeking—

Voyaging to the zenith
where the white laughing-gull sits and waits
she already cools her disintegrating dust

Constellation of the beloved
extinguished by the hangman
the lion fallen from the sky—

She searches she searches
ignites the air with pain
the walls of the desert know of love
which climbs new into the evening
the pre-celebration of death—

She seeks her beloved
does not find him
must recreate the world
calls on the angel
to cut a rib from her body
blows on it with divine breath
white palmleaf in sleep
and the veins drawn dreaming
The seeker in her poverty
takes the crumb of earth in her mouth as farewell
her resurrection continues—

You are the prophet of the stars
their secrets travel out of your invisibility
seven-coloured light out of a veiled sun
Day and night is already lost
Something new approaches with flags of truth
Volcanic confessions beneath my feet—

You are scattered
seed which settles nowhere
how can one search the ways of the wind
or colours and blood
and night the religious fear
premonition—the thread in the labyrinth leads you—

It is an impatience—forest fire crackles in the veins
calls: where are you—with the echo perhaps in heaven
and others sit quiet at a table
drinking milk
outside the lilac in its sad fading
the little brother rides upon the goat—
only her pain tells her he is dead
but perhaps the legend has placed him
amid the constellation of the Southern Cross
there where the ice-princess rises from her frozen grave
her jewellery rattles
he warms her
the ice falls off the gleaming millenniums
no time to gather them
time at the stake goes up in flames
burns down when the birds rip open night—

Once they spoke to each other through the distance
two prisoners
the hangman bore the voices strung up
back and forth on the road of madness' longing
Had death ever more lovely gifts to deliver—

Where she stands
is the end of the world
the unknown enters where a wound is
but dreams and visions
madness and the script of lightnings
these fugitives from somewhere else
wait until dying is born
then they speak—

What quarter of the sky have you taken up
to the north the gravestone is green
does the future grow there
your body is a plea in outer space: come
the source seeks its humid fatherland

bent without direction is the victim—

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P. Adams Sitney (ed.): Film Culture Reader, Praeger
Robert Sward: Horgborton Stringbottom I Am Yours You Are History, Swallow
Press
Donald Wall: Visionary Cities: The Arcology of Paolo Soleri, Praeger
Ted Wilentz and Tom Weatherly (eds.): Natural Process, Hill and Wang

The editors highly recommend Arakawa's feature-length film, WHY NOT (A
Serenade of Eschatological Ecology), which will be shown in New York on
February 11-17, 1971 at the Whitney Museum.

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