

HILLS

4



HILLS #4

KIT ROBINSON

Doorbells; Oh Say Can You See;
Pink Slip; Astrology

LARRY EIGNER
BARRETT WATTEN

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from *City Fields*
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The Norwegian

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FANNY HOWE

further on us
Kids; No One Measures Up;
Can You Beat It?

DAVE MORICE

Four poems

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DOORBELLS

the noise

one afternoon

comes back

by recorder

this morning

the reason

is so stately

in

a harmonica

whenever a unit

is in use

the sound

made's heard once

recent tape

drills break concrete

phone line down

ya says my brother

the numbers are only

doorbells

OH SAY CAN YOU SEE

...sparklers bobbing one thousand yards off in the dark...rusted black iron fence before green field, two bars bent...light reflecting inside bus windows: pale pink interior over sliding green lozenges of light...white dunes to our left, as we overshot our entry place, white, faded, had to turn back along the dark sepia intrusion of wavelets from the lake...a bare wet thigh on a big hot rock...whiting out in the sun...the curve of hair above the neck...a cigarette flashing white like a piece of chalk at the mouth of a dark face...orange mud and sotted grey grass on the river bluff at grant's birthplace...bright florescent light, masonite paneling, cracked linoleum, off white with minor blue red and gold flecks, refridgerator, counter, old couch opposite counter, against the wall, by stairs leading down...streets hanging off philadelphia at liberty...purple flowers growing through chain link fence, cinders between the tracks, bright white haze, temperature minimal...two great walls of blackness rising on either side, up into the night sky...john keats walking in shoes and a coat...chicamauga battle painting color plate...smoke in the lamplight, above and below the head...the entire ground covered with snow...a dry heat in the corridors of the gymnasium...eric straddling a wall at the edge of the library roof, one leg dangling high above york street...a woman moves up and down a row of pay phones checking the change slots at a steady clip...in the back stretch, the horses appear to step into invisible saucers which glide them forward over a thin band of air...her shoulders were moving, her hair, large...red chevy backs screeching out of the lot...the grill...corner out front a drug store where you'd see familiar faces, busy with nothing, driven, fresh, coming across the street through hard bitten mid winter traffic...the band of the hat around the skull...the slow speed of the ankle as it loosens...small cantina by the tracks in the desert, room for eight stools at a bar and one table...charging through a zen garden in a cold drizzle, smoking furiously...golden light under trestle bridge, memorial day crowds coming and returning from the cocoanut grove, the boardwalk, the rides and the beach...mocking sweetness of child's perfume...meal between the teeth...a touch at the base of the spine...spqr...a cat named grover...must move quickly to dilate...confounded sense of time as before and after...draw your own conclusion...I've already booked my flight...if it's pleasing why can't it be never leaving...rotten pulp stink of old wet leaves cleaned out of

the eaves...in the upstairs bathroom of a gentle old woman who's heated the water in the pipes for me an hour previous, cock in hand, shooting onto the floor...seated in front porch rocker looking down at patch of vomit at the foot of the garden fence, dry in the sun...swirls about a white rotunda...all airy discord...die and spikes rebound off rockies & tumble...how pabst what crass rick...in the sack with an eskimo eight levels down...landing gear protracted...time to build a tunnel halfway to the bay, floor ceiling and walls lined with concrete...send yours in...a tightening in the gut...sound of engines...down at the roofs of two station wagons, green and blue...coffee in the bottom...on the observation deck at laguardia, fingers touching...a membrane on which all images are projected...through the transparent outer coat of the eyeball...when it yields to pressure in the center the visual field warps, symmetrical to a point...dwindling commercial center of east coast port city seen from atop pseudo medieval university tower in cold february pre dawn...

PINK SLIP

container freight
flats
ducts
why von sternberg
chose dietrich's
late
light
of after
work
a dry run
rails
accelerating
by above rotten
homes
truck trailers
old bulk
mail
center
gravity lays
horizontally
down
we go
our hair
styles variously
cohering
to heads
lights
mouthing the words
in bed
of bay
of a warm april day
black
and near
the walls
reverberations
light pulse
amnesia
often
whole murals
missed

a dull green
nylon
jacket
on my lap
ripped
under the arm
home
to love
I'm traveling
fast
chapter xxvi
scarlet
had been at tara
a straw hat
slowing
ibm
numerals
dance
no less
embarcadero
a girl
with a braid
speed
and dark
slow
shift
rustle of paper
crowds
jockey
to enter
doors sound
ventilators
hum and rising
beep of closing doors
blue light
snot
fingers
change in pocket
flowers in
paper
white
green

a busy day
 for someone
 mine to take as
 I may
 columns
 go by
 chromatic
 dash
 the voice
 metallic
 a dress
 black shoots
 and leaves on white
 tough
 no lie
 the lines
 cub scouts on a
 field day
 pleased expectation's
 fulfillment
 stale gum
 honesty
 a half success
 mildness
 current
 next stop's mine
 4:27
 the color performer
 orlon
 grace
 electric
 3rd rail
 over
 intercom
 signal to
 stand

ASTROLOGY

for Carla Harryman

how often I'd told him how I'd wished to say something anything in someone else's voice. Yo soy, I am, a sincere man. no one however took notice but he alone when he spoke words he felt he might have heard elsewhere or might expect to hear from another voice the voice of another. this disturbed him and he added the colored stripes over the window the books' spines as many numbers could be used for counting up to three. it would have been time to heat the apartment with a cigarette.

the deep wonderful splendor of his body held him up. He felt that he heard very little of what anybody else heard and very much of what there was to be heard and he would listen to what anybody else had to say and he would remember and then he would try to pull himself out of his memory for fear of drowning. He recalled this surfacing. he spoke of it at a meeting of quicksands.

He felt it in his lungs in his throat in his belly in his shoulders in his forearms in the hallway behind him. He doubted that this time was singular. A hound circled the house. What would it be like glancing at a matchbook in china? I live in a simple hacked out superstructure and am blessed with the happy laughter in the chest and throat. All day long my wains keel. If you want fat I have it.

I told him to listen carefully as I pronounced the following words in order to target studded lace. It was time I was after he told me no I said aint not no more than cotton in whiskey. we've been dreaming all night and now it's time for breakfast.

And so soberly talking away he suggest a piece of pipe. he lit it and passed it on to her. it had been on his suggestion that she had taught him the savage mysteries of plain grass. on was a word for a table not the guards at columbus stockade. She told me how come his dream to become the rim of a drum made her sweat in the night in an ordinary frost and peel in the sun all morning. She was bright with it. I brought him a skin I told her.

all she wanted was to sit there, dressed. somewhere out there were keys. this satisfied her. she had been eagerly working on a new piece in which the piano would counterattack the score. now it was nearly finished and she was at leisure to stroll about the room try on hats in town or sport with the fishermen. I used to see her in the club bar smoking and playing draughts with Mr T.

up Chagall

talks

stairs

earth

shifting

stars

its

after touching

how many

times

and ways

moves

around

whatever

you might

want

Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers!

memory fails

these are the days

(as you go into Seir or Ives)

once worlds were

small as battleships
or nine dozen ballfields
enough to be perfect

but a number of things

now go wrong
mysterious expectation
with the worlds merged
no god-like power
that we can conceive

we see in front ahead
and why not be there

while math is quite the bag
of a half nonillion tricks

so Goya went mad in the end something like

Swift

how things pass

go on

one colored eye

one black and white

history's a map

no time

there are black places

nothing stopped . . .

dead forgotten flags

Door knobs about
 all there is
two at right angles
needing some drinks
so my bladder's ok clear
whatever
 things look like maybe
years I'm not thirsty
 a back tooth extra this month
nice long clouds the side
 of the sky
afflict held patterns light rain
never be
 counted out

certain ways to go
 driving a fund up
 rounded
many pennies

 afloat

unwarranted endorsements
one piece of the news
is mild put it
 crazy enough

then

 washing broadcast
 distinct
 the sea
 as never

 around the clock

 gulls

If he cut the
 definite article
out of all property

 no shopping
 bag
 for him

if he cut art
like water everything
he couldn't hold

well he breathes a safe gas

outdoors the night
 makes the years endless

no matter for any rain

should you sleep with a horse

any
place you
come
to clear

for Bob
and Bobbie

Ah Judgement!

This is the
life all
told

Pictures, full of

waterfall

echoes

Larry Eigner

from CITY FIELDS

I

The first person, which is the eye—the person speaking or writing, at first sound complete.

Vague words surround him, shapes more fearful each time he looks. They appear as dim lights, objects undetermined and of no further consequence, not to be found.

A straight line extends towards a planar blue, out of all proportion. Everywhere opening to imperfect bounds, folding back in on itself. As if he had never seen it before, it is a pattern he recognizes. At any point peripheral, he sees the sky.

Each particle of light strikes the air with discrete effect. Around them six-cornered shapes emerge, composed of other points. Each corner controls a particle of light, as at the intersection of several lines. The figures multiply, spreading over the surface of the sky. Reaching their greatest extent, the eye is brought back to a point. The points extend to figures again. The surface is held under control, in this way he sees into it.

At this point the sky darkens, a window opening as the understrata emerge. Lines sharpen in detail, angles popping out, pressing in. Shapes swell up and disappear. The eye traces their edges. The boundaries disappear, the outlines are indistinct. Shapes are pressed into relief, the lines between them detach. The lines come into focus, giving rise to shapes. Buildings come into focus, leading to wires, trees.

These lines are what he is, as he looks out to see them. The lines add up, forming a solid wall. He makes a deliberate separation. Detaching himself from the wall, he pushes it out front. It becomes the side of one of many empty buildings which surround him. Locking the walls together, in this way he is found. This is a task everyone has for himself. He arrives at the evidence of what they have done. Forced into position, walls become planar wedges. Buildings and streets. "The minotaur is the image of his labyrinth." Any person is the image of what he sees.

He pays particular attention to one exterior thing, extending along the line of sight. To see it is to name it. Separate A from B, and accept that design. I say A, meaning me, I say B, meaning you. The line extends to particular shapes, from one to another. He attaches

one end to a lamppost and the other to a moving car. Imagining he is driving. The line moves out behind. It fans out across the street and down the hill, coming to a temporary stop and bending out of sight. So fixed, it disappears. He has moved beyond it.

He is riding in the car, feeling the line stretch out behind him. The line is pulling back in. He fights against the tension. Slowing the car, everything he sees becomes immobile in front of him. It detaches, he stops. Looking behind he is surrounded on all sides. He starts the car again. Suddenly there is no distance. He accelerates, finding this to be without resistance. Having solved the immediate problem, he drives right ahead. Following the line as far as it will go. To the corner, whereupon the car turns and he is out of sight. Leaning over the balcony, down the hill, down the line, he sees the car no longer. The line too has disappeared.

Above him hangs a circular platform, an enormous concrete block raised high in the air. A high intensity beam originates on every side. The space fills in, the ground rises from below. He looks out and sees a uniform grey substance, through which people move, on their way to work. The morning light hits off the wall of the bank. Face down into the pavement, he opens his eyes.

Walls open to interiors, an image driving against the city sky. He sees this in his head, he carries it with him wherever he goes. An overhanging visual plane projecting into a line of cars. He sees the billboard on his way into town. The traffic moves through a narrow opening into a surrounding, complex dome. Buildings extend along the line of his approach. He moves against the grain into the arms of what he wants. He calculates his position against all possible flow. And what he does he makes a determined effort to do. So he can get there. And having arrived, he considers getting back.

The line is crooked between one area and another. The line goes out, impossible to hold to. Quickly it is replaced by water and land, buildings and trees. A reasonable compromise at which he will arrive. He thinks he knows where that area is. He finds himself gradually working in. Suddenly to be exposed in hilltop districts, hanging over streets which demand his attention. Streets moving away on all sides. They are there because he says so, and that is the voice. It strains him to hear it. The buildings are replaced. Setting himself against them, they appear somewhere else.

A first position is worked out of simple geometry. To combine is to propose. The displaced fronts of many buildings grow battering

rams to attack them. The visual world is turned inside out, bulleting approach. He stares further into space on lines of his own intent. He takes everything apart. Throwing up a structure, he wants to get in. Tearing the building apart, that's what it takes to do this.

It's as if there were openings from field to field, but he is closed up in a city. Walled to his approach, he moves within it. Rows of houses, contained by grey wallpaper, become the pages of a book. Streets contained within a line of print. And so compact, the pages crowd upon each other. He opens the book and starts reading anywhere. Lines going out straight to the horizon, walls revealed and close. Fenced in areas hidden from the street, doors open to houses. Every place he has already been, he is to encounter there again.

An array of matter extends to human form. He is as complex as the many empty buildings which surround him. As concrete as their windows, containing vacant areas within. He is an accumulation of common objects, wrapped in sum. A system of connected lines, he shudders at their approach. Possessed of an inner logic, their outer forms the same.

The windows on the television poles. The wind on the phone lines. From below or above. To the sides. It's obscured, and though it's fully day, the light is not natural. The eyes are in the head. No one will look any further.

II

The man is standing in front of a window. In possession of what he sees. A person becomes a lens on a room inside. Then to walk into that room on sequent occasions. The lights go down on the buildings outside. The window is off of the kitchen, the room is filled with people. Smoke coming out of the cracks. What can he have. All words resolve this matter like a huge weight balancing on a single point. That point is in motion, verging from one word to the next. A cyclone covers the surface of the ceiling with wavering lines. The room fills in with fragments of their talk. But a window is an opening to the outside. He is contradicted in his rooms, looking for a better place to live.

As he says these things it seems to him he hears a voice. It is something he has never heard before. It's as if he were completely separated from anything else. Approaching on all sides are many interesting things. In this way he comes to a place where he can live.

When this habitation opens up to him, the man who enters must be perfect. Because there is in every man an inner lack. And he does not feel this lack, on this account he wears himself thin. People pass before him for days, he listens to every sound that they make. And when he has heard just one word of their discourse, he understands everything they intend to say. Where has he come to, that they seem to be already there. How else can he know where he is.

In itself the story is disturbing. But it is separated from anything else that is likely to occur. The tension is complete, rendering great histories into monumental blocks. How can he say a word he had not previously thought? Buildings are formed in advance, buoyant to the eye. The understrata are heightened, words are produced. The figure of a small man running through an open door. Taking a solo, out on the street. The great mass is moved thereby. Thinking in words, it is an advantage to speak them.

His father and mother lived in a house on the edge of an industrial park. One house was basically like any other, with the exception that half of them were the mirror image of the other half. They alternated down the street. The four walls had at the corners a flat, sloping roof covered with brown tile, and the base of the walls rested on a cement foundation which ended immediately at the bottom in hard ground. The pavement of the patio was clean and regular. There was one window onto the back yard.

The man and his wife kept their senses of each other apart. But they both loved their young son equally, and respected him as one who would be successful. At whatever it was he intended to do, though they never imagined what that might be. So they lavished their secretive care on him. He grew into an environment of his own that was largely flat, the product of unknown desires. So it was with little sense of any particular task that he left home at an early age to go into the outside world.

In this way he crossed an endless plain and then some foothills, and finally found himself on a plateau commanding a great extent of ground. He had been gone for several years and was carefully arriving at a point of some conclusion. An hour later he met a mad bull in a ravine. Its horns were lowered and it was pawing the sand. He saw himself then as one with a particular task to do, a sense which never left him. Several hours later he found himself on the summit of a mountain so high it seemed black. The sky was full of densely packed clouds through which little light shone. The plateau behind was

covered in an immense shadow, he could not make out the place from which he had come. In front of him was a path carved out of stone which led a step at a time upward. Sloping away to the side was a rock like a cement wall projecting into space.

In one dream a man comes repeatedly through a broken glass door. Not even the jagged edges can stop him. So he is smashed effortlessly on the head with a stick and dies. Another man is lying in bed looking out a broken window as a woman and her lover leave. They are waving and making odd signs with their hands.

A ceremonial departure is arranged in which the ocean liner is growing larger and more powerful by the minute. It is actually expanding as it prepares to depart. The man jumps on it to encourage the cowering women to be more adventurous. Suddenly the boat starts whipping around the dock. It is churning up water and making powerful turns. The man is satisfied that the boat is in good condition, good enough for anyone to come on board.

The details of the murder are hidden under the surface of everyday acts. Everything becomes a membrane shielding its hideous reality. Bowls of water are found next to the body on the bed. Other people are walking in and out of the small seaside motel with brown wallpaper. The murderer feels himself not to be responsible, as his time moves both forwards and back. But he realizes with remorse on waking that he is the man.

The eye can't stand what is not complete. So it tries to destroy what it sees. It wants to render things useless, without further life. This is the eye's function in feeling, not to get lost along the way. The arm is reaching for a glass, the eye blocks out the glass. The man moving farther away from the particulars of what he sees. He can almost count them unique. Endlessly he is waking in the midst of a million repeated operations. Things can be taken one at a time. Thus he is contained, in the language of the repeated task.

The habits of abstraction become a stable reality, loaded with advantage. He can see it as white space, figures appear. Various telegraphic messages become instantly available. The red light on the borders of thought complements the blue interstices. He sees behind the image to a plane of correspondence. The logic is of a piece. An outsider takes a position to reinvent the whole. One word in an empty room is interesting. Two words are deliberate. Any shape is a containment.

The psychic balance is restored, a plate shifting weight to dead center. The matter slides off the end. Focus again and adjust the angle of sight. The matter comes clear, it is something to look at. He sticks his head through a hole in the floor to see the room below. He is looking around in an old trunk, not satisfied with what he finds. His life has become a compilation of dissimilar items, around which he takes shape. A chain of connected events is passing by the door. It is a numerical problem, a ratio, a figurative remark. There is a partition into many voices, looking for something to say.

Someone breaks a wine bottle, the tension begins. The man punches out his adversary. It's time to leave. He pushes the others out the door to his car. They drive through wooded roads, surfacing in the capital of a great republic. There are towers hundreds of feet high in the air. It is the national day, the day of a big parade. It seems senseless not to join it. Now there is no way to stop the car. The car parts are flying away. He is surrounded by police and other hostile men. The man realizes his gun, shooting them in the face. They've had it, abstractly they die. He can hear their conversation as they fade.

One man is standing in a window, the lights are off. Above him are colored lights through a shade. A woman walks out of a garage and opens the door to her car. An inner formality is provided to anything he sees.

The mind watches itself work through a problem with sobriety. The statement of a problem is surely the place to begin. He seldom appreciates how essential this is. Midnight is the most perfect hour. Thus moonlight is the perfect human touch.

Barrett Watten

PORCH

So, one
poet once
the two
natural
duality

Let me
the major
of the equal
the existence

is not
picture
doubt

movement
color
retinal
events

his whole
of geometric
or culminating

Rousseau
collective
even now

on with
canvas
other theories

Ray DiPalma

A PICTURE PUSHES YOU

A picture pushes you
Aside Your coat trails
In the wind You pick
Yourself up out of a
Bunch of snaps and
Move along Traffic
Is thick Day dry
The tune sounds like
It's coming from a
Lot of places in the
Room That's a funny
Tune You are on
One of the waves
Opening the water

STRING

String
Puffed by
Imaginary wind
Ribbed with notes
Takes on flesh like water
Says, "See you later"
Through the window of the door
Popular sentiments pull through
And survive the past
Tall buildings
Make themselves comfortable
In the lump afternoon sky
And church music
Softly walks into the mucus

Ted Greenwald

SITES

Although temperature flags on its own, the past dissolves. I wanted to settle down to a nap. The sand settles at the bottom of the ocean. I sink to the top of the water.

... in the corner of the room nervously hating everything but the wet fuzz she was allowed to clean up.

If you take a body apart you will not have gone far enough unless you are willing to go farther. Or you must find a resolution of your own that may be excluded from one body of information but included in another. You will begin to see yourself thrown out or up against: a solitary planet. Then you must take yourself apart. The moon might become a chemical introduced into the body. Fluctuation of temperature or temper will occur in light or the body you are speaking to or closest to at the moment.

I call about the two snakes in the cans. Are they on file. Are the files numbered.

I go back into the room with all the rocks, stuffed birds, chemicals, the pig's heart. The pig's heart — will I win this prize. Ask Daddy by showing an interest in the mineral display at the back of the room wander over slowly to the pig's heart. Start asking questions about it while pretending to be distracted by the human skeleton. A short lesson on male pelvis and female pelvis. A child's skull with the vulnerable crevices and then go back to the pig's heart. Tell me about the ventricles again, the pumps, oh yeah, where you got water out in the dust bowl. And the aorta. Did we live in a constellation? Did it explode?

In the alley, cats scream for one thing and I have discovered the morning glories close up if you pick them. A small car spins on its right front fender along empty streets, surrounded by brick. Soft jazz comes from inside the buildings. Smell of dust in this geometry.

Look out the window to the parking structure across the street. Listen to cars move from ramp to ramp, securing the structure. I have involved others in this floating. A man talks to a woman: complacent self respect. "She wants to take everything on." — paces. The woman's feet over my head: dreams of sabotage. Everybody in threes tearing rope. Several windows to look out of onto more windows, an end.

From the inside, a thumb strums against the front of the skull. Cut off breath right where the nose expands to take in the air. Would that structure be instructive and not torture. A companion breathes his path so that everything beats him. "Practice is noisy and inelegant unless it is exactly the same thing as the real event." No damage has really been done yet. All of this body to be relived in the inanimate.

Some nights ago the trees seemed to wobble—the slit of moon there above, surrounded by cumulus. He liked to think of cumulus, of collecting elements. There had been mystery to her. He didn't care any longer, and he slept like a man about to wake up clean on the fringes of a city, the truck out front. He could go anywhere.

Breath was essential to him too. Upon waking, he felt that, a keen sensation in the bed covers. He could go anywhere but might not. Someplace she too was breathing, her body wrapped into deliberately chosen material.

He thought about how his body had annoyed him, how unmechanical, how hopelessly creamy: someone else's dream of how to treat animals, patiently but with an ignorance of the way they might actually behave alone, or in the dark, or with someone else.

The instant of waking might well be something he would like to avoid each day he wakes, whether or not it is an irregular hour. The body seems to insist on escaping dreams, leaving them back on the pillow as it lurches, willfully, from one room to the next unable to please itself until the dreams have finally been replanted, the bed made clean and smooth without them.

Like many of us he would ask who is this person here, referring to himself. Or sometimes he would ask this about someone else, and there would be a terror in this deep curiosity which might suggest itself anytime he was next to another person. This is an experience he never expected to recur, and because it did recur it took on the quality of startling light after a rain.

So he can remember all the times and all the places that this did occur. One leading to the next, or jumps back and forth in time until the entire story of this experience had been related. Sometimes his story would last hours: he would become a child wanting to become his father who knew about sea life. They walked on the beach together. His father bent down over a tidepool and picked up a dead urchin. As the father presented the skeleton to the boy, he wondered at his father's generosity as if suddenly human relationship was an unnatural activity that had to be willed. He watched his father willing this activity and had his first experience of abstraction.

At one time, he would have liked to sit in a warm room alone, after a walk with her, and have before him X-rays of her body, while stationary and while moving. He would like movies of the heart pumping blood, photos of the brain. He wanted to examine the skull and the spine. He wanted to see what it was he had touched and what he had seen in motion and what he had seen of her sitting still. He wanted to place the images of her next to images of himself.

He had wanted to belong to himself, and then to someone else, and then to something else. This is why he is alone now. He couldn't say whether or not his feelings were unnatural. He listened more often than he talked. She talked more often than she listened. He spoke less frequently than he might have, because when he did speak her listening seemed unnaturally polite.

He felt he knew himself too well, the points backward, the resting at these points. Because it was too complicated, whether continuous or jumpy, this was not the story he would tell his friends. When someone told him something he believed to be true, it was as if he were talking to himself. For this reason he enjoyed people with extreme habits, who freely contradicted themselves.

Carla Harryman

I AM MARION DELGADO

How do we recognize the presence of a
new season.

Field is the common sky.

Spring language.

What if blow-fly believe the sky is
the room.

A first time, not glow, of common is
the enemy.

Blow-fly objectify the expression.

A believe as stasis and casual as the
perfect.

Lion I'd bites.

A specific lion, mane, bites for the
peach-headed.

Realism is a swamp, not a gas.

How do you geometry light and dew.

Across a visits with a milky omitted.

Haze with a glow made of lights is the
sign.

Seal as form, as loss of guntower.

Use to context of term with the greatest
miscreants.

Concentric rhesus' habitat.

Coleus canvas made in maze.

Language swollen from a long day of
picture!

Sound of gas colors, water, faint
grammar in the lightbulb as I follow my
breakfast.

As Satie grew older, his body connect
into Thoreau.

The friend of my chance market.

The fog is full of steams.

Freedom of family and loss without
specific.

Speak example to negation.

He turned to us his fud.

If the pen becomes obsolete, objective
angle becomes page.

Write in what of need.

Dream brings summer by song, foghorn
by this.

A new leg of pulls has formed in our
time.

Block or the house of advanced from
the house of block.

The grapefruit forms a dream that
readily dissolves.

Urine forms the foam of my former
dissolves.

A new city formed with roaches first.

This world brings in the summer syntax
of the real.

Each flight divining his birds, one
augury at an art.

The envelope of sound.

Geek's was more real than the delight.

Rejection of the artful.

Visit what my home.

Fog rain forms is high for low tide.

Locating prior concept atop difficulty.

Blind talking about color.

This is the hang-up between handguns
and sex.

Poem is an end.

There are warrior song within a kite.

The long we read into the page, the
less certain it did it does.

Here the cells are sickling.

Noise on the bus on their way to this.

We went fill through the loomy forms.

We arrived at the small fishing sensi-
tivity just as the language worked its way
over the information.

The loud inventory of an old ontology.

Popcorn feeding at woman.

I could speak my own truth.

The forearm gets swollen in that long
of the day.

Learning to bowl the grains for the
nuts, it names.

Little rain above the loss.

I saw a full world.

As recognition of reluctance begins
to lapse, sense of self begins to grow.

The pastel chose to concentric the
circles.

Mexico, it is not a wax matches.

Thought block as small carving.

Any object or obsolete is distance
in so by its objective.

Faint hum sound us.

The ocean is never perfectly calm.

Grew more older.

The popcorn is merely a sea kelp.

Meaning is predicated on this.

A mushroom page chosen up out of the
random.

Ridge on the small of fishing.

All the loomy which are sailing to be
air.

This many, made over, do voices.

As if a regatta, the bicycleriders
glide through the park.

The inserts of random is dimly posited.

Choices should not have language.

Not by the certain, but by the defin-
ition.

Meaning distance verification.

He work to sleepers his bus.

World of the room.

A stone crowd and chose the mime.

Is this a spray or cat of poor.

This universe, really in its personal.

The garbage is never glad bags.

As if a circus, the cruel riders saw
through the park.

Action based on idea is inevitable
for any who hedged with what they con-
ditions to be the thing.

The porridge, more, are a form of eat.

We advanced house by house, block by
block.

Snows learning the turtle, play down
their cure.

Above rock and/or soil.

Us who run to defines the struggle tend
to sit at the front.

A small corner gets sun what porch
trapped.

Breath and smell are not own.

There are many doors.

A not mereness is feeding mortality
to degrees.

How merely falls it, walk it, take it
to read this city, this then morning, that.

His Alias name.

There brings clouds amid rise the sun's
light.

Low Diane at high Arbus loves you.

What of think.

Attention deserves for an inventory of
whatever case is in the past.

Anything I do is made for many voices.

Destruction with the death about fate.

A catalogue without descriptive, with-
out undefined, without terms.

World pictures.

Ages are a this page.

Glide bicycle regatta riders through
the park.

Which is form, which is order.

Doing what can cause me to asks your
small boy.

This would lay his words on the wall
by the well.

Sleeves is a rolling down people.

Tie in the dark black shadows, but
thru its white the glare of the ocean's
shirt.

Longer the language are thought.

Never the loud calm of nervous ocean
in head and you get perfectly.

The action in guilt of the oppressor.
Rain as form, as loss of form.
How do people catch the bus.
Tense of time.
Remorseful, it's all the progressions.

Cells sickling the sky of the here.
Responsibilities you neglect.
Glare is the dark edge.
Across the language with a sense data.
A specific same, windowpane, reserved
for the all.

A system as loud and nervous as the
head.

How long does it, did it, take to
read this page, this then that, this.
Temperature in which the body back.
How do you roller skates.
Words world.

A first fear, not glow, of light is
the day's sleep.

Highway with a thousand made of ten
pour a oranges man.

What if grandfather lay bed is perfect
table.

A razor that decide today by the south
day.

Criterion of the adequate to meaning.
Dogs is our sentences as to what might
have bark.

Really, it is not a personal universe.
The patterns physical.
A brain in which to kill the ghoull kill.
This is not an vision loss of weight
loss.

The photograph is a maze of expected,
suddenly, barnwood and speak.

Great sky of wall advances morning.
Sun rainbow up off the lower.
We headlines insect with world.

This is not awareness but a name of it.
By value I have a other in the only
and we words.

Rose is mushroom on cloud.
Blues is the day.
Clock in the not to shake not sleeping
act.

The spring mass is rim, the dimly
spaces seen.

How do we predicated the existence of
a new experience.

I moving present instant.

The true of things.

One not, have from several parts of
the poems, or goals.

Now I turned the truck in my oranges.
By chance I meet a friend in the
market and we visit.

Fud turned to us.

A conversion of tree.

People stood on the proliferation,
waving to the incoming, black-clad
alphabet.

Voice his parts was brain.

The morning senses sleeping, the loose
merely shake into the sneeze.

The warm rise amid weather brings only
a dull smell.

I meet my friend in the market.

What do land mass.

The geometry of light and dew in the
trees.

Needle and pine have been the fate of
diamond.

In lepers, there are many blink.

My themes see life.

The presence of new season recognize.

This sidewalks waving.

The room of news is not in degrees.

The morning of the Q-tips deserves
attention.

Between Villon
& Shakespeare
the big difference
was John Law

& it amused me
the other night
to hear Kenneth
Clark confuse
John Law with
David Hume as
I was smoking
 walking down
the sidewalk
 mad at myself
hit by a spatter
 of wet drops dots lights.
The movies are crawling with cops.
Seen em. Couple questions.
Some woman missing. Little
picture. Homely face, dark
spit curls. Naw
"Go buy yourself a drink."
These are lies.
A dead pause —
and cocktail lounges climb the hills.
And thinking is no good now.
Hey you! Are you
referring to some
molten stain of
fellowship,
Pfah!

2

Beggar's can't be choosers
But the best things in life are free
Therefore beggars can choose the best things
with a shot of love & liberty (Chorus)
(Lights dim — there is fucking, murder, be-
trayal, glazed servitude, enterprise &
you name it till it gets to my street. Then:
I said:

Oh you who would simplify the world
in hopes of explanation in your own time
remember we're making our language to experiment
with what is possible from the imaginative power
against which every equation of power is only
a passage till morning comes cool
around a star
& my neighbor yelled
I'm trying to put my kids to sleep
& then
the phone rang.
Woof, woof. Woof, woof.
"Hello?"
"Listen, language, who's the roue?"
"He go down on dead people."

3

The weak were strong after the strong,
what might have been love
but was not, was not and is not, cues a lover.
It's been a thoroughly horrible month, with G
at his very worst, & I so weak with extra driving
& nervous strain I wonder if I'll *ever* feel
normal again, a state not to boast of at best.
I put on a smile, I've had enough training by now.
The living room suite is now all brandnew,
the wallpaper's cheap but it's rather interesting.
Yes, like a machine to dry skulls on.

To be a man means a hell of a lot
 & that's all it means!
 No peace pity or nothing.
 Cleaning my fingernails
 Staring at a baby's

raggedy anne on the floor —
 I saw a baby crying at a table.
 I saw a woman watching TV
 from the Atlantic down the St. Lawrence
 the shipping begins on Lake Superior thru
 the locks at Sault Ste. Marie into Lake Huron
 & the lights particularly at night, & the bridges
 Mike Owens, Paragon Oil, Libby Glass
 Then Mr. Ford in Dearborn.

Who can live
 longest, turned
 to each other
 white rose rose
 rose

MEN'S SHELTER

San Francisco, numbers' colds, numbers' colds.
 Green star. The roof is peach tonight. A light sky.

The body arose from the zero black water of night —
 Uh, say, poet, uh, how come you know
 dat, was you there?

Listen, my friend, come closer, come closer,
 now, keep this under your hat, this is
 the place, we're here.

M-make y-yours-self c-c-comfortable h-honey,
 The walls are spiky, corny, decadent, framing the TV,
 with a stained rug underneath. 15 winos are
 watching the plains of Thermopylae fill with
 expressionless muscle beach types holding spears
 behind a broad in a jingling skirt.
 Whoo — sez an old brownie — Lookit dat!
 A hawaiian guy beams with delight — "Dat's
 Poozy poozy dat dam poozy" he grins wide no teath.
 The sherry bottle has gotten to me.
 Kind ear, justice to stand apart
 each itself fair, not stay
 or intervene, but hear what
 men offer their lives to
 in memory of our memory. Gluck.
 Short life & a good one.
 A guy picks at a sore on his arm.
 Light leaks under the door &
 the dim bulb reminds me of some commitment.
 Wind's blowing to where a man long departed
 & over the army base . . . parking spaces.
 A woman dims the light with her laugh

Johnny

Always be your friend

I see train lights as she passes Johnny goodbye

They kept saying Pick it up! Pick it up, man!

Who is that? Get aside, officers.

I don't wanna hear it, I want the man

you hide. Or why were they kept alive

crying under an ancient pyramid?

Their usefulness. Usefulness.

An old alcoholic sketches a boy scout

uniform on the bathroom wall.

A woman waits with her arms on the windows.

Toil ran down her eyes coins drag grinded

a tedious timeless grey mind.

A calendar of the Kobe peony girl on the wall

A shadow man, a rain, a drunk, a thang.

Stairs lead down to disinfectant showers.

I see a man's white back.

A guy came down the hall with a hot TV set & some silverware.

Why did you marry Christine then?

Well it kept me out of the army for awhile

We sat on the edge of the bed on a yellow sheet

Her arms were so tan the skin was purple

A japanese calendar. He nods his head

Wind came up thru the floorboards, a whiff of piss

Sergeant, are you there?

I have gone blind.

Sergeant my eyes are dead open

it's cold down there, it ain't

no honey jungle.

Joe Stilwell still walks down there

thru the chatter & lights

slashing

a road thru the

Burmese British Indian Chinese mess

and they slice potatoes

with kids crying

is Lisa already ten

my god how quickly it goes. Hsi K'ung is there

the lao pai shi, aieuls nom ancien, the

colors of highland kilts blow as if ships were

floating over the edge of an egg to sunrise in

old men's story with a damp cigarette butt

on lettuce crates near the waterfront.

The evening papers on the freeway

riffle & separate deeds, wind, weeds and

cries, as if they were the primal english words

from a dark face with scraggly hair

uphousing the boat, in norwegian

by the elemental boom of its sails

gutteral, cleaved

by the prow where we rested.

Summer. Ditches. Insects.

All nights, all night by the rose I lay

All night interstate drooooo thru our eyestains.

The cackling shacks of Sri Vijaya, Honshu,

Kwantung, Biscay or

fainted & feel no more. Ooo kitazana "Pa"

Tokinashi wave, redounding as smoke

I see Bertha

Something blue & moving thru the glass looks like

guys with mashed-in noses watching TV & "Jesus

Loves Us."

I saw but was blind, you follow me?

Yes I know.

On a hot day a jeep will come from the fields

and carry me off. Yes I know.

I talk to myself I say, You, racer,

stupid, your leg, fresh talk, back,

no parking, the bugle!

Think of women whose charm doesn't work

whose glamor was spent, & they
have to live with their fear in a way
that reason no longer remembers.
You know that time flies —
 the earth keeps nothing
The desk sergeant's clock ticks
aha huh hu hu cough gimme some more of that.
The planes can see us from here.
Our arms reach out blue years.
The sounds of the room of the old hotel are
creaking up, up, to the heights reached by
another end, & the fires that burn in
all those windows.

Last night I was with my new boyfriend.
We were getting stoned & listening to
Cat Stevens. Unreal man. Gassed.
He was getting fresh. I did nothing
but sometimes I can't stop laughing.
I kissed him about 3 times but felt nothing.
He was really mad & his eyes looked
like jello. I told him I ought to
stop seeing him coz I'm too fucked up.
He sd but yr fuck ups are so cute.
I was thinking to say it was all for his sake.
But these guys don't love me.
Don't go Ah-ah-ah, I'm too out of it
get out of here, man, leave me alone.
Or kiss me really new.

The tears dried on my face
lying stoned ill in bed
a collapse of soft sound a mild night.
I listened to the cats outside all night,
the motorcycles thru the walls.

I got up, my head hurt, I still had on my lashes.
Sat on the toilet, blood on my pants.
Oh bastard. So this is the magic carpet ride huh.
Some boogie. I want real love.

John Thorpe

LOW TIDE IN SHEBOYGAN

I am one of 85 million Americans who have jobs today after three quarters of a century. The weather is pure rain with failing light practically liquid dusk. Arguments in favor are risible tenure, housing and panache; against cushy noodle, splayed fate and piffle. One setback is pantywaists, while tumblers lance and dodge. Argon, you say and doubt it.

BEFORE DEFOE

Deep sky
Nights as a kid
Eyelids peeled

I've forgotten more
Drifting down the staggered lights
Than you'll ever know

Rhubarb, pieces of eight
Feet in the air
And the more I see

IQ getting filmy
Car lengths at a time
The more I see

Surface tension, rimfire
I need my fingers to be careful with
The more uncomfortable I get

Alan Bernheimer

BEHIND THE EYEBALL

I wish I didn't have bad eyes. I don't mind having bad teeth, but I wish I didn't have bad eyes.

After Paul left to catch a bus for Santa Monica, pick up some money, do some shopping, and take another bus to Santa Barbara, I ran after him with Kit's instamatic, wanting to take a picture of him while the light was good. I thought I saw him, walking down Wilshire with a paper bag, couldn't remember what he had been wearing, and I was already at the Bank of America when I realized it wasn't him.

He was gone. I went into May Co. to look for sunglasses. Now that I have contacts I can buy sunglasses, but after all I am depressed and bored by it. They are all ugly and expensive.

I am much more interested in an Oriental boy in a Go Climb a Rock tee shirt. A yellow tee shirt and black corduroy pants, trailing after his girl friend or sister. Meanwhile I am looking for the sunglasses. He is trying on sunglasses. By the time I get there he is gone. It is boring, and expensive, to follow him.

I go across the street to Orbach's to look for sunglasses. He has left May Co. but he isn't in Orbach's. I find some nice sunglasses. The cashier is a bearded man my age who has to listen all day to two women talking. He loathes them.

I had asked Paul to let me roll a joint before he left. My plan was to smoke it and go see a double bill at a gay porno theater. I figured I'd take my contacts out at Larry's before going to the beach. I had only gotten the contacts the day before, my first pair, and I wasn't sure how I'd like seeing a movie with them. However, I thought I'd prefer to have everything new. The movie idea was new to me too.

It's cheaper if you go before noon. I was surprised that there were some boys on the screen I really liked. Not all muscle men or tough guys. I became lost in certain sequences.

When I came into the theater I was amazed at how dark it was. Maybe I couldn't see anybody, couldn't see the rows of seats, because the image on the screen was all black and red. After watching for a couple minutes I realized I still had my sunglasses on. I was rarely aware that I was stoned.

After about an hour I realized that I was coming a little bit in my pants. I had a nylon swimsuit on under my pants and I didn't want lots of stains when I showed up at the beach. I became aware of my penis and started to stroke it a little bit. I opened up my pants in the dark and let the head of my penis out of the swimsuit.

Before I had left for the theater I had gone back up to my apartment from the parking lot because I had forgotten to go to the bathroom. I had needed to and I didn't want to use the bathroom at the theater because I was afraid I'd be too embarrassed to piss or I might get into awkward scenes.

The contacts sort of made the images on the screen swirl around. For a long time they had vague circular edges but after a while I began to focus more completely, and the blacks and whites contrasted more remarkably and the image was terrifically present.

The boys I liked were young, slim, tender. I can't help thinking they were like I am or want to be. I'm pretty narcissistic. Their bodies were more flexible, fluent and graceful than the stronger men's. I wondered if they did yoga.

It also seemed to me, however, that since the acting was basically not acting but actually love-making, it revealed a great deal about the people doing it, and I finally felt that I liked some people basically more than others in the films. Some people has more integrity and generosity and understanding, it seemed to me, than others. I wished I knew a couple of the people.

But it was during a rather alienated set between two adolescents that I was so engrossed that while I stared at a pelvis and lightly stroked my penis with one hand I flicked the lens out of my left eye with the other. All my energy left me in a second and then began to come back. I felt around gently all over my shirt and then in my pants, all around my swimsuit and midriff. I felt close to fainting and saw tons of spots in fine focus. My right eye was amorously focusing and refocusing without seeing much. I let my head fall back and tried to relax for a minute.

I touched and I touched all over. I zipped and buttoned and belted my pants, just hoping it wasn't in there, and went out to the lobby. They let me go get my glasses and the cashier took me in to

look for the lens with a flashlight. I was no longer embarrassed about being in a gay porno theater.

After a minute I found it in the dust under the seat. In the lobby I put it in the case with the fluid and left, tremendously relieved and grateful.

I wasn't quite sure where the Beverly Hilton was, but I had the address. It actually took me quite a number of awkward turns, causing several other cars to screech to their stops, before I finally got there. I hadn't really thought very clearly about how to go about getting there. I was trying to eat a banana. I didn't feel like I could help it.

The airline saleslady was about halfway through making out my ticket when I said I hate to interrupt this but could you tell me where a bathroom is? I was beginning to feel like I might faint, and I'd been planning to go to the bathroom there anyway.

The hotel was huger than any I could remember, and the lobby, at one edge of which the airlines desk was located, terrifically sumptuous. I had prescription sunglasses on. It had chandeliers, huge ones, enormous designed carpets, lots of chairs and plants. It was a thirties building, I suspect, yet everything was like new, and enormous.

She said it was to your right at the circular stairway. I couldn't find a circular stairway. Maybe that's not what she said. But I didn't want to go back and ask again. All I saw around were women; I didn't think it right to ask them where the mens room was.

I saw huge stairway going down, made all of black marble. I was afraid I might fall down it. I saw doors and alcoves nearby but no markings. Then I couldn't see clearly enough anyway. I sat down in one of the lobby seats.

I began to feel like I might throw up. Well, what better place, it occurred to me. I imagined telling Kit and Larry. Whenever I looked up to ask someone where the mens room was, all I saw was women. I couldn't decide whether to put my head between my legs or back against the top of the chair, so I kept alternating. I began gulping on vomit. Catty-corner to me in a set of four chairs was a middle-aged woman who, I thought, would be very hurt if I threw up so close to her. I felt so sorry to upset her. I stood up and began walking then running towards the big black marble landing at the top of the stairs.

There was a little alcove there where I thought I wouldn't attract much attention and the vomit would be easy to clean.

As soon as I got to the edge of the black marble, though, I spilled, and the splat swung the vomit in all directions over the smooth stone. I hobbled into my corner and moaned and puked for a while, intermittently listening to a conversation between two men in business suits.

Carla asked me how Kit and Larry had responded when I told them the story. They had laughed, because I had told it chronologically so they would, but they had seemed kind of solemn too. She said they always seemed solemn when they were together. They were probably stoned. She mentioned too that it seemed in some way jaded.

I couldn't do anything but lie down and drive cars. I drove very well after I'd puked.

TRANSLATIONS

it's when reading them, I just have to imagine
the excited writing of the one author
and its openness (streams, thickets, wrestling dogs) —
that's reading — there is no right translation,
just absurd efforts to make it the same in main
respects — oh noble boring iconoclast! get
to the country, open mouthed, chew on miles of hay!
don't you know as long as you're among these
people of cities you'll smoke and burn coffee?
the air is cold! we hate radio. turn it off
and march outside at your leisure, sooner or later
you'll break that guilt, look at rooks and starlings,
stop trying to crease the grass so much in your fingers,
they are not machines! just eat, open your mouth, eat!
my throat is in my heart, or vice versa, listening to these
fast sounds burbling thickly through my morn —
it feels ticklish, crybabyish, I am somehow crippled
and the blood isn't running regularly —

TRANSLATIONS 2

when i read translation, i poke around the words,
not at them, guessing at a reality not hinted at
but encoded by some prisoner from another world —
nobody's perfect; but i relish the quest for the
peculiar nature of some original writer, un-
known to us but through his function: images
thoughts perhaps of trees cows judgments ravings —
oh i'm an impotent feeling self-important fool —
consume the country, become one with it, i say to myself!
and becoming one with it belch and forget it!
no more nervous city twisting and coiling of coffee
and smokes, no more routines, schedules or lack of them!
what the fuck! — i'm internally shaken by these
desperate thoughts, my hand sticks in my throat,
my heart weaves through its arteries, mind shorts,
everywhere blood!

TRANSLATIONS 1A

When I read them I'm obliged to project myself
the original author's thrill writing and
the expanse: trees, sky, tremendous dogs fighting:
for me this is to read. There exists no best
translation, however one admires the vain effort
none makes to make it all the same, somehow authentic if not
perfect (meanwhile sickening of the original!).
Oh yucky repetitious pretensions of mind! move out-
side, out of sight! get your jaws wide! eat
Mother Nature! Know the ways of the city drag.
Contemplate a while cigarettes and boiling coffee.
Dig cold air! Shut down contraptions (like radio)
and ramble determinedly about — out! Time comes
your guilt will crack, eyes see nameless birds,
fingers play in grasses without attempt to bend and cut.
Nothing is mechanical! All organic, and edible!
Now mouths feel the heart, hearts are sensitive to lips,
teeth and tongues, as I hear these words cascading
through a difficult hour. . .
It feels ticklish, salty in the eyes, I limp
but am not limp, erratically bleeding inside.

Steve Benson

KEY LARGO

a respectable avoidance

b.

c.

measuring

back blue does incites

will pasture slowly

narrate daughter

ideaed

universe

crystal

go biography

slight making

whicker whim

pape

coalesce

buoyance i am to do teeter mum naw harked gold wood

alm dire tenting

blue

of lube

stooge

senators

WHO WHERE WHAT WHY WHEN

making or more

staved do thus natural loss

half

like me?

foolishness

entreat

word would

embastardize

d'o h'

la la

midden

privvy

folly out yipes gist

NARRAGANSETT

not as hispanic as

shape

a moment

customary

former kingpin

expressionist

forms boredom

sue we

this mask

poco afters

stubborn armor tryst

so

enfeeble

offspring?

as

else

ambassador exurban

whorl wizard

how betting boom absent-mind

crepe dome

off

under nun

the exhort

till the tonight

motel

inevitable all lighted up seabass

whippers

the her

or

or

or
or

or

THAT HE FLOATED

puppeteer

liliated

vivisection insects

futilely

dialectic of liberation
sociology of change

honey

contently apprehensible

area thump

big eyes

ah what

oasis cracker

cause fleece me

it's real

the ventral business hasten among *prankful*

whitens

gib ...

alias

roadster

medieval aieeeee

quixote

only the lost tall don't bone
hooks adhere

amyl

bibs

niche

signal of

tension

mother

plants

richer

go free

JUMPIN' PUNKINS

was teeing

tommy tomboy winged

THE VASCULAR

to abruptly

to be happy

fastened am

from let in

rigid

unsurprised

tumtetum

letters

mouths

words back into

Bruce Andrews

STRAIGHT

forward and so thought then heard it. All knowledge to appear before the next period. Kali Yuga, kitty litter. A lot of power, more each hour. Intimations or Imitations of Immortality. The woods are filled with people, thinking. Shining crinkles in occupied heads and syntax is nature's way of saying wherever. White water, times time. Menace to believed behavior. I feel it in my stomach, the world ending up known and so, ending. Turn on a dime, and all you ever believed makes you a maniac. Every moment a new habit.

THE CLASSICS

children in stage C succeed
emotion is rampant we blush
at cases 1 and 2

iron nails complete the statue
but fail in case 3
a lamb with a swine's head
the thickness of your thumb

the name of Hannibal was glorious
throughout the world

TRACT

Try an insistence nothing I have Most filling there's much more
Some writing one's eyes want it open important soon that
three times a battling to have chance have two oh well
Lump wish funny please that acts ways the upstairs hide
Less of much no more stylish than things they do hard in story
Read very knowledge but poem other that's beside the eyes
Die too days glands of sad corn and eyes fill in It is bad
spaces so many on the can it's English fall work means easy beer
time is it newspapers you concern till flat it's a job
so is please and skip over news that's on the mainline
Wish remaining till me appears don't good collisions love my ass
I a little know there's ass
The dead he knew were colorless too only some who probably blank in
context broken how be with not a name too Eric or tree or z
revealing time spent to question this diamond that Dolphy becomes
where's time to get here not wizen other up really
Too much statement almost stop dad like so bald throughout is
Too much bus noise invades tho a life has to be like this
one come okay the ways things done
It allows or is Latin then quite has fear out and rest froze
Don't impossible though page of
than one could to joint my
the of time that like Grammar to join life
things complete life my take is so's
free words can be thought centers for another I
to this done many chickens could
bitten at the page and my be
like a ballgame on here
there's absolutely I turned toward myself
a looking is rainy think day to life
then accomplished the capillaries
things smashing I
And this knuckles

SELF TAUGHT

my own feelings
raw guarded dictionary all thumbs
and the backfire enormous
into little red retinas
all aglow
with the etcetera trees orchards
tremendous horror down the drain
and the usual each and every day
my own enormous red fuck
looking backwards and selling
december to may
all trees aglow fuck horror down
the guarded drain
to finally leave
through the doorway

Bob Perelman

LETTER (#2)

"Day's garish eye"
decor for the will

scatter of fidelities in landscape — "a Blake
lake with Byron cedars all around"

flock of blackbirds straight up
like stars leaving the flag

the hour drops free
scent of lilac

Apache decal on the windshield
a version of the way we were

stay. on. the. block.
("Poetry," the Harvard graduate said

outback

the mollusc on stage at california's first theatre

THE MEASURE

A Manichean etherzone fatback Max
heard as Hopi
"a double, Old Crow, on the rocks"

David Gitin

from heavy jars

slowly
the eye scans the page

the heart
beats steadily

while the mind winces in
in infinitesimal
spasms of
almost pre-natal pleasure

down in the street
it is divided
into three parts:

sidewalk, street proper,
sidewalk, large things
of equally inelastic matter
on either side

these, inhabited
by homegrown beings

several of whom are reading too

the karmic revelations
of so many
silly and loveable cells

conjoined in the bliss that feeds
them, and on them, too

thus holding them

(now turn the page)

the beautiful days of franz innerhofer

by the baking oven he
saw her hunchbacked form slide
out ran outside vomited everything
into the toilet the stench
rising was a misnomer his
misconception as his days from
the room's window to the
floor below the couch &
how far ouch so hard
that nothing comes to mind
every time a mouse farts
singing exercises spat into the
kindergarten sister's face children of
his buried there before turning
in the wife remembered manure
knee-deep muck down by the
shack kicked him into the
dirt & then he was
grateful walked through clear light
september nights barking to each
lights an idiot hunk of
bread in his fist to
have to sit there next
to him & eat those
dumplings an avalanche had wiped
out four or five hired
men right there far up
in the woods or even
farther up louder & louder
wasp's nest jumped over puddles
& ditches the farmer mustered
his entire megalomania a hundred
individual cattle in his head
no more prayers emerged from
his lips glad to go
at the cowdung with his
shovel disgust magnified to infernal
proportions evening full of compounded
meanesses then they sat down
around the table & ate

from *lingering tangoes*

a bunch of gods
struggling across the swamp
bent under rain's weight

what kind of info is that
where did you get it

i didn't know it was info

sure it's info hell you know it's info

here comes another contingent
these have hovercraft swampshoes
& geodesic umbrellas

hey wow that's some good info

Anselm Hollo

No, I haven't been feeling well. Can you hand me that match there? It's OK when other people are around. It's when I'm alone it gets me. I lose my breath. I start breathing like this. It feels like my lungs are dropping out, then my stomach hits bottom, then the pains start in my toes and fingertips, moving down my arms and legs and inward. On top of that is my problem with Sally. I haven't told you about that, have I. She's been off the wall. Keeping me up till all hours of the night. It's anger, she says. She's angry all the time. She brings it down to specifics, but it's just anger, at what nobody knows. It's driving me crazy. Can you stay in this house, I ask her. No I can't, she says. Well then what can you do? I'll commit suicide, she says. You can't do that, I said. I don't think she can, either. She goes fuming around the house angry at everything, pots, pans, whatnot. And we have ants too. You ought to see her when she gets started on the ant trails, she's like to rip the whole place apart. So she goes out all day and half the night. So what happens, she meets someone. Don't ask me who, she won't tell me. It's a big secret. That's another thing. Everything with her is supposed to be a secret. In fact if she knew I was talking to you like this she'd go on a rampage. But she will anyway. So what the hell. He's a kind of hermit. She says she feels wonderful when she's around him. Calm all over. Terrific, I told her. I'm happy for you. She's tremendously attracted to him, she says. Her body tingles when he's near her and her pussy immediately gets wet when he touches her. Terrific, I said to her. I'm very happy for you. The guy's a kind of hermit. She's been to his place—one room, and filthy, nothing in it but a bed and clothes and trash all over the floor. He's very mysterious and he won't tell her anything about himself. She's sure there must be some tragic story behind it. He's very secretive too—no one is to know about their love affair. He doesn't want anyone to talk. He's also insanely jealous. He told her that when he thinks of her sleeping with me he wants to do away with himself. So now she won't sleep with me anymore. It's nothing personal, she tells me. It's just that she's afraid of what he might do. Of course she couldn't lie to him. The way she feels when she's around him, the way her body tingles all over—it's very spiritual and she just can't lie to him. It's impossible. This must be real love, she says. Pass me another match, will you? Thanks. She talks about nothing else but this guy. Fine, fine, I say. Terrific. I'm glad you're happy.

You probably didn't know that when I was a kid I was kind of a mama's boy. It's true. I was sort of a sissy. I hung around my mama all the time. We used to spend hours together looking out the window. It overlooked Main Street. Both of us knew all the makes and models of the cars and we'd have contests—who could see the most Chevys, or whatnot. It was great fun. I remember there was a beer sign on top of the building across the way that flashed on and off at night. And the same drunks passing by in the same direction every night at twilight. Her dying is a real tough break for me.

Norman Fischer

IN THE KITCHEN, WE FIND THE NORWEGIAN

Something in me always wanted to drop out of sight of all that had known it to pitch up in some unimaginable version of the everyday. That was how I came to be in Sweden, working on a dairy-farm. Little chance of meeting Cullingford from Haberdashers' Aske's Hampstead School for Boys, here.

Still, getting here had involved letters, interviews, visas. It should happen simply, by magic. So I started to drink. The farm was possibly unusual—the farmer was in his 40's, a bachelor, a ladies' man. He gave a number of small dinner-parties & sometimes, a real knock-down drag-out midsummer's-eve capital-P Party. Though no more than the hired hand, with a room in the attic, I was always invited to these. There was something of a social asset to my employer, in my englishness. They all drank a lot & me among them. Some of the women, all older, would flirt, while I would fall in love—hopeful, as ever, of being transformed into something rich & strange, or strange anyhow. The evenings slid into midnight & I suppose my ears grew longer by the same process, braying songs to the swedish moon.

Next morning, of course, someone had to get up at dawn to milk, & that was why I was there. This midsummer it was already light when the alarm went off. It was ringing from the furthest corner of the attic, where I kept it. Then, as usual, I got up, stumbled out my door, turned the key in the outside of the door, threw the key into a pile of junk where I'd never find it until I was wide awake, & then turned off the alarm. I kept my clothes out here. Now I put them on, went downstairs, put on my boots outside the kitchen door, & now I could cross the yard to the cowshed, while everyone else slept on, disposed throughout the livingrooms & bedrooms of Egon Hammer's unusual farmhouse.

Nothing more substantial than a warm cow at six in the morning & there were 20 of them in that shed. All good things come to an end. After I let them out to pasture, I wheeled the dung out to the heap steaming away in back of the barn, cleaned the machines, & towed the churns up the driveway in time for the milk-truck to pick them up. The sky was absolutely clear over the half-grown oats. Back at the house, people were stirring—the norwegian student was ransacking the fridge for beer, the crypto-prussian officer, Nils Nilsson,

was pom-pomming away at a military march, upright on a chair perched on the dining-table, a lamp-shade on his cropped skull—that kind of thing, if you can't remember, make it up.

What I do remember is when Karen appears. I'm in love with Karen. Her hair is long & fine & silky, knotted & tangled this morning from sleeping godknows how or where. At last she finds her purse & there it is, her comb. She goes into the hallway where there's a handy mirror. Nils Nilsson pom-poms on. There's a scream. It's Karen. Nils & I dash through the doorway. I've gone, she says. She points to where the mirror should be & it's not. She's laughing hysterically now but not so loud we can't hear the profound groan from the kitchen. It sounds like one of the cows, trying to give birth. In the kitchen we find the norwegian, who has determined with himself to do the dishes from the night before. He had never seen so many dirty dishes in all his born days. The mirror is there with them, in the sink.

David Bromige

further on us

In the bathroom he did not tax the resources of Washington light, inadvertently flushed when he was through. Now it was time indeed to prime. The choking toilet sought to make water out of oxygen and hydrogen and random gasses, without success. In the kitchen Irene's eyebrows arched. "It's time!" he called, slipping out the door. He hurried through the moon and star and lamp lit night, not to mention the picture windows and satellites. In the luminous shed he groped for the wrench among the tins. A former tenant had drunk his beer out here. 'I better go prime the pump, Mom,' with shaking head. 'Don't be all night!' From the looks of things, Mom must have drawn pure brew out of her kitchen tap more than once. That would have brought Dad back. 'Li'l problem out there, Mom. Lemme test it first. Don't flush!' Hopefully George plugged in, poured water down the burping pump. She choked, and spewed it out. Ruefully he poured down another dose, which she swallowed with a shuddering gasp. Squatting well out of the way, hand ready on the outlet valve, he waited for her to drown or save herself. Seen through the door, the moon alone seemed to shine on the world below, on all the people sitting in their houses there, all the people lying there. What moons were shining on those four lost above! *Lost*. Beyond sight and sound and trace! Would anyone ever be able to say that again? The pump was chuckling now. He stood up, refilled her jugs. Her gauge said she would be all right tonight. Latching well her door, he started back down the old moonlit trail. There was a little sherry left, and candy, and time enough perhaps to celebrate.

Douglas Woolf

KIDS

The kids grab the baby when they are scared. A ghost story, a murder on the t.v., or too much noise around the park, and they all grab for the baby. He generates heat and a friendly kind of atmosphere. I hear them screaming 'Pepito! Pepito!' when they are excited. There they are, in the dark parlor, huddled around the tube, all of them stroking and rubbing against the baby like a little rabbit's foot. What can he do to help? Nothing, but this is what I tell my social worker, it's how he serves a function in our house.

NO ONE MEASURES UP

I was working on the 21st floor of the Cooperative Corporation Building, when a wierd thing happened. I mean, we were all just padding around in stocking feet, like we always do, from desk to desk, exchanging insurance forms for the correct information and signatures, when the elevator doors glided open and out stepped my type of man. I hadn't seen one in years, I'm a very critical person. He looked like a Russian, but French. Let's guess what he is, said my friend Eileen. A teacher at Berlitz, I suggested. Uh-uh, more like a bookie, said Eileen. An egghead, right? I said, but then my type approached the desk, in a *damp* trenchcoat, no less. Do I speak to you about insurance? he asked me. Sure, come on, I said as stiff as you please. Eileen winked when he followed me to my desk. Sit down, I told him and he did. Do you have any dependents? I inquired. No, I just feel like paying more bills, I'm running out of them, he said with a laugh. He shouldn't have done it, I was hit with a wave of anxiety or the first breeze of menopause and had to tell him to talk to Eileen. He shrugged, loosened his coat and departed for her desk. I grabbed my purse and went to the Ladies Lounge where I took a gulp of vodka. I thought it would do the trick, loosen me up you know. And I just about flew out those doors, just in time to see the elevator doors glide shut. He was gone. My type was gone! Eileen said he wasn't worthy of me, but I'll never forget him as long as I live.

CAN YOU BEAT IT?

The night RFK was shot, I was sitting in a hotel room in downtown L.A. nursing an ounce of rye. From my window I could see across the city, south towards San Diego, I was waiting for my date to pick me up for dinner. I prefer drinking alone to drinking in company. Besides, I was sure I would fight with the bastard when he came in. He was a notoriously treacherous journalist, who managed to weasel his way into the most intimate campaign meetings, and then proceed to squeeze all manner of intimate secrets out of the bigwigs around him. He was universally despised but necessary. What he said, foul as it was, counted. He had no political allegiance. He knew where I stood, even if my lips were sealed. Upstairs in my hotel the Eugene McCarthy entourage was assembled, and I knew Jack was with the group, though he mistrusted McCarthy, called him a potential Latin-style dictator. Everyone expected Bobby to win that night anyway. It was summertime, alot of thick sexuality in the hotel air. Jack was late enough to give me time to wonder how I, like the power boys, could get sucked into spending time with him. He had fading Irish good looks, his enemies said he was either a fag or dying. When he finally came, I berated him as I usually did and we went downstairs to the hotel restaurant for dinner. Over his martinis, he told me who was who in the big ornate room. His eyes were unblinking like the serpent in the Garden of Eden. Jack, I asked, who's going to win? Does it matter? he replied and leaned forward to tell me the story of a certain Senator who sat at a restaurant table, just like ours, in a crowded hotel, and brought his girlfriend to a climax, using his big toe as a device. That's disgusting, I said. He got my vote for doing it, said Jack. At that moment, we got the news about Bobby being shot, over at the Ambassador Hotel.

All hell broke loose. I went up to my room and watched the events on my tube with a pint of rye. Jack joined me in there around midnight. The news bulletins kept coming in, all night, we had sex in between them, without much relish. After all, the last time we did it was in November, 1963. We were both staying in a hotel in Dallas. I was doing my usual job for the Government. And Jack was covering JFK.

YEAST IN CLOUD DUST

.
bare back. Thighs cool and soft between
.

.
the chair in the livingroom, the cup
from the kitchen, and the unforgettable tv.
.

.
to meet you after work, and you were late.
Couches surrounded the Old Capitol Building
like a haze with cushions. I sat down.
.

FEEDBACK

.
as it sends out delicate rays.
.

.
to be sung, read, or eaten—like a meal
.

.
You never heard of solitude? It comes on
after the Late Show. The eyes drift
.

.
away from the movie. As far as possible
.

.
we tend to enjoy our bodies, see?
.

.
Across the great chasm, the cowboy peered.

NEARING THE CEILING

.
. .
. .
. .
. .

the lightbulb out. That's tough!
Tomorrow I'll buy a 100 Watt job
and screw it in. So what's darkness
among four walls. The whole earth

.
. .
. .

in the closet next to the icebox.

HONKING GEESE part II

The boundless molecules under the shadow
cast by the face of the earth

.

all those streets without names, "the wise

.

.

or noses pressed against the window in winter

.

.

if I were you, and you were the words

.

.

As you read this, you cross the street;

As you cross the street, you look over the concrete.

Dave Morice



\$1.50