

A Hundred Posters

#13 January 1977

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Tom Ahern:

A fragment of Petrus Borel's

Antsy, deputy's lorgnette, deputy of time, 's
mid-hate and 's tail
See infernal trio, - you'd'se three fine spade
fantassin
Ilse on priest - the macaws pour lewd champs in
battle,
My poor heart, shitted sows lured lovely wrasses,
My poor heart in its nave, effaced and torn,
Daughter, worshipper, foo, half-night, misbaked!
Quick and finished as a lute, and resplendent, -
God the sated! - the dessert, the mounds of crab?

Threading fingers, ridden.
A fishing pool
above basalt and conglomerate
fiber addressing respect.

1:X1:76

TRANSPORTATION IMMOBILE

All day the trains revert to their natural condition
Of choo without the teeth and fire without perdition.

LE PETITCANE,

Chopped every palmetto I
laid eyes on, dirt and
shirt healthy.

Lions still unwelcome in
meadows. Too much maroon
shade.

20:X1:76

Charles North:

Lines

Silver is the ruby's faded glare
awkward silence taking it out to sea
and you away. The morning air

dents a jar of tulips
and inter-urban affairs are wasted
with the dispatch of an elegant theory.

The empowerment
of leaders begins its arduous journey
through permanent display, pink

a parade of points, green
turning out products, linking
highway to art to meta-abrasive.

But the free movement through
elevated channels causes the scale to fold,
the council to abandon.

A Winter's Tale

She is stranded on a ladder
and her hair is in mine.
She has her daughters and I have mine.
Her dowery is emeralds set in a neutral Arches.
I hold her up to the night
like a subaqueous lake against the sea.
Her eyes keep edging off into the transparency.
Exit pursued by a bear.

Untitled

Rivers of implements, corks, roars,
The planes that move the sky,
Handholds to dispense whatever comes in,
In fading lines in evening's green glue,

In a lump fine enough to be the skin
In which evenings diffuse their general tonic,
Completing a spot so near and yet so perfect
It is a lamp, here or in another snowing century.

Ed Sanders:

You said you loved me
and hoped I'd be a nuclear physicist
& make lots of mon,
& then you yawned--

I remember your little brother's
metal swing, like a giant rusty
saw horse
on the lawn

by the yawn

(reading Heine
11-5-76)

those who would enslave you
must be fought

the secret cop-minions of capitalism
and the toads of russia
who love to put poets in insane asylums

all you who urge us to copy cuba's lack of freedom
and all you who love the cia

all you owners
of souls & sapphires
who want to kill loners

may the drool
dry forever on your lips
for you are the
dirty scum of satan

George Bowering:

from Allophanes

XIV

A: Rose: I have little reason.

Bachelor: To what?

A: What?

B: Little reason to what?

A: To wit.

A: History is the spirit made concrete.

B: With the odd window.

A: The odd balcony.

A: Is the self always gathering the undone to itself?

B: Yes.

A: No, it is always moving into the other,
removing its clothing as it goes.

B: You're only interested in the narrative of philosophy.

A: Yes.

B: Odd.

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A: It takes time to center in on a moving target.

B: I've never been moved much by a target.

A: To aim straight & tell the truth, that is our first virtue.

B: Nowadays we talk often of a gift, but with no idea of a giver.

A: & teachers?

B: There is only learning.

A: Thoth was the great giver.

B: What we have is not a gift but a possession.

A: Yes, I suppose so. An image Monday.

Hieros

(marry, liquify)

Nothingness is a point
of departure. Choose becoming
over being, how do otherwise
& love thyself?

Hear a
dead face
laughing
centuries ago,
your kinsman.

The Doom of the Powers: all the planets
drop into the Sun.

Geronimo makes a great catch against the wall
& it melts in his hand.

& you think you can talk to the gods
in English?

Man is nature, devouring,
man is culture, fueling language

filling the hopper.

The culture tastes like well-cookt pig,
the black pig in the valley.

5#

[Prose gloss: The numbing explosion of human population in
the past decade has drawn God away from each
man's need. How would the devils find the time
to struggle over every soul?]

The Holy Gobbler

Morphemes fall in flames from the tree.



There was black fire writ on white fire,
 the poem blazed before my very eyes.
 I wanted to dive into the flames,
 save my furniture,
 rescue my "beloved books."

Al Rose speaks seventy languages fluently,
 sings in seventy languages,
 his words fall into the sun, athanor
 too.

He looks away from the blaze
 & a black fire meets his gaze.
 A burning tree,
 that speaks thru thee.

Bachiller says oh he is busy bullshitting about Heaven
 & his pants are on fire. You watch,
 you'll see him sitting in the snow.

God's holy name is at anyone's fingers,
 any scrambler,
 thank you, Mr Underwood.

Paul Metcalf:

BUTTING HEADS WITH THE TRANSCENDENTALISTS

I have difficulty dealing with philosophy because I view it as conclusions, or distillations, derived from experience - and, for purposes of philosophy, I am too directly involved with experience itself.

Whenever I find myself reaching a conclusion, or a meaning, or a philosophic concept, I instinctively plunge it back into the day-by-day, re-bury it.

Answer a question not with an answer, nor with a question, but with an unthinking, demanding physical activity.

That too is a philosophy - mens sano in corpore sano - but I don't view it as such: I view it as the Head blotted out, at least for a time, in the sweat of the Body (and that, too, is a false dichotomy, Head and Body: the two are one).

The head ignites, produces its illuminations, and then re-buries, not just questioning itself, but incarcerating, risking itself, totally.

This is one of the dangers of The Age of Literacy, in which we live: the Head can escape, live a life of its own (The Age of Literate Affluence or Affluent Literacy) - the Head in orbit, circuiting the Earth of the Body).

Hitherto, this has been a luxury of the aristocracy: the priesthood of primitive cultures, and the first true philosophers of ancient Greece - a slave-supported society.

Now, everyone has a Philosophy of Life, and if he doesn't, he can go out and get one.

But I find myself thrown back, or throwing myself back, into pre-thought, into plain experience. Which is why I dismiss Emerson altogether - and am suspicious of Thoreau (I don't believe in transcending anything) - the Head will always rise, the world is full of Heads - what's difficult is the Body: Whitman's persistent lists, Melville's catalogical details . . . it's difficult to hold onto that, to persist in that, when the Head wants to talk - as, God knows, it always does.

If ours is an agnostic age, it is because God has grown tired of listening. He's wearing a set of those ear protectors worn in noisy factories. He lives in a factory of philosophers.

Charles Bernstein:

Whether it was two or three it blew me a million miles in different directions each part of me twisting that I would not be valued. Suddenly kathy's voice cracks, she comes over, we touch, "i'm sorry" & the resentment passes away in a look. Fine then she doesn't pretend any more till it comes: a dizzying succession, they insisting that they know. "the girls watch together" & it splits across a vacancy/"its only the silence i'm demanding"/clogs and relentlessly refusing "no question we conferred with the boys and found he was too AggReSSivELY sEeking" i DON't knOW i gOt sCarEd: oNe kiNd offer & i'm expected to turn away i'll get in trouble "Theyll put yr asS in stir." --No, actually, am i supposed to remember? The flow, the jibs and jives--"i'd like to introduce you to two fRiEnDs from chICAgO at \$100 a shot." Naivety only outshown by internal nausea. He relishes it. A blue book? Times square about myself you look awfully familiar & i get crowded. Its the release & the relentless insistence on the ONE THING. I truly crossed my heart & hoped to die only she diDNT BELieVE me. I was flabbergasted. What are you doing with those sneakers on the floor? A finely tuned instrument. More & more picked up, the stench began to be a major prblm only it was never credited to the right parties. They danced all night--the frug, the monkey, the johnny walker & suddenly in a vision cast down from the sea I'M SORRY NO LUCK better to/ i was the fan i the notebook. i can't explain it any better. i found myself there. 66TH STREET & LINCOLN CENTER. Palaces, romance languages, the ballet, tea & watercress: a whole world & racing behind it. "You're nice."

Paul crashes the conversion of it it always happens all of a sudden as if ever so slowly & you find yrSLF iNSIDE it so not so mUCh a COMMITMENT to a sERies BUT all the iTems counting off a ticking clock of them WATCHING the ASCENT up mt carmel. "i did not adhere to the particular tenets but found myself living aMONG them." All of a sudden IT got very hot & moving i began to suspect all kinds of noises wERE made to THAT effect it was very CONFUSING only not oNE man in the AUDitorium had the decency to stand UP & say NO. Susan could well be mad but it became already 11, 12, 1 & so

i felt discretion was the better part of WILL. MAKE THESE CHOICES. A content in thought or else a new way of being friendly: my unwillingness to put mySLF out. "I do miss you" meaning him not me sort of disorienting. How do you like them bacon & grits? "Buy your own sandwich."

Again. To proceed or a procedure. Something like that. Intentionally crowded. Sort of a broth. "She sd it was just arnd the corner. I looked there. & across the street. I tried the basement. I moth balled the closets. I took the subway all the way down past UNION SQUARE. I get no time to work it out. I never met a person who didn't seem infected with it. It was scary."

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Oculist Witnesses #3 now available at literary bookstores or from Other Publications.

contains: Ron Silliman	OF NOTE CONCERNING THE CURRENT STATUS OF <u>arB</u> "Today/the name of the poem/..."
Lewis Warsh	nine poems
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Bernadette Mayer	CAVE OF METONYMY
Ted Greenwald	five poems
Barrett Watten	eleven works
Tapa Kearney	from <u>Cuba</u>

(eighty-five pages)

(Britton Wilkie:

December 11, 1946

Dear Alan Davies -

Right cheerfull holiday goodwishes
to you and your confeseres -

To clarify - or amplify my letter,
"On the Red & White Stones", to you
- I ask you to recall the footnote,
rather as a footprint in the snow red
with my bloody speculation - to wit:
that "noble blood" is noble by virtue
of some physical property - immutable
in the way physical things are
immutable. There I spoke of
inclusion social, making my thought
- which is of exclusion entire.
That the "sang tres froid des hautes
families" is perhaps chemically inert
- like the "Noble gases" - that she
or he does not generate anti-bodies
because she or he does not receive
infecting matter - Such prior
immunity seemed absurd to me when I
conceived the idea, reflecting on the
Czarevitch Alexis - so I did not
reveal it in my short article.

I am in the process of another writing
- comparing the periodic table & the
spectra of incandescent vapors
- which two modes of considering
one common matter seem to exhibit
conflicting harmonies. Alas, I grow
tired and heavy in this labor,
the confining conceptual windows
of which seem to obstruct light
rather than admit it.

Still - and it is interesting to
feel the hand pass, while writing,
from the English to the German
style - I will be pleased to send you
a copy once I am done with it.

||
I am, w. respect to the
written word and the
sharing, through
publishing, of the
mind's light, your
loyal friend & willing
helper -

Brutten Wilkie



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1/2 thru noticed 76 dates at heading, changed them
so 1/2 are right. B.