

A Hundred Posters

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Alan Davies P.O. Box 415, Kenmore Sta. Boston Ma. 02215

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Bill Corbett:

The Young Calves

How silly they fall

fabulous downy snowflakes

feathers on elevators.

If Veteran's Day were a Fellini movie

we'd be dancing in a conga line

down Columbus Avenue to Copley Square.

THE WORLD OF DOGS

a dead stick screamer
you have to land short

sunk off scotland
take chick out of radar range

virtually unknown territory
1800 feet of water

plus chrome
average

they threw their shoes into the furnace

IN VENICE

clouds up under the sun
want back of no sound frank gnat
africation

count on traffic monuments
does moment actually exist
to be water's dumb blind
shines

sink in in way buffalo stands up
be naked beneath
reiterated purple

true color importance du slope

marigolds no

sailed thru day's time
read signs & waves
apricot of old repute
stains them

SILVER AGAINST

Where the white skies line up

ever after

I'd bask put this in

your mouth

sweet finger not

bitter purple heat

doldrums are black negative centers
extending outward erasing all focus

blot color orgy

race to pines

sprinkle light a evening next

bent back in the face of it

charged

luminous

physic

insistent pulse checks

doctors the wire

throbs

catch at

arrival

on the door

wall has cactus parts inlaid

element

diffusion

places no one loved

antimony

and GOT BACK OUR NAME

STORY

So in the spring he set out to discover the 'desert in the sea' which the old monk had described, taking with him the crew of thirty prescribed by druidical tradition. But at the last minute his three brothers-in-law, Manny, Murphy and Jacuzi showed up at the dock wanting to come along too and he let them. Mist and spray for days were all they knew and nights so clear they could read their names in the stars. For two years they followed a triangular course, spending the summer solstice on an island divided down the middle by a bronze wall whose sole inhabitant a shepherd spent his time tossing his sheep back and forth over said wall. On one side the sheep turned black, on the other, white. Christmas they took up north, on an island of old men bound by a vow of silence. Easter they camped on the back of a friendly whale. One day, they were attacked by a flotilla of Greenland mosquitos, and Manny perished in the fray. Later they visited an island of mourners, where Murphy elected to stay behind and grieve for his deceased brother. Finally they came to an island where everybody laughed all the time and it was here that Jacuzi parted company. Now the crew was back to its original number, and in the third spring a bank of low golden clouds was sighted in the west.

Mary Lane:

Disorder

The Life
Will Never
Anonymous
Paris, June 1940.

Hanging
In the field
I love
so beautifully
to prove definitive

nyt book review
march 21, 1976

Pop
Document

A theory of
Repression

"A" Possession
a tray of jewelry
a fatal crash.
THE POWER
crushed the skull
The Untouchable
Liaison

nonsense
over my shoulder

nyt book review
march 21, 1976

Paul Grillo:

HANDS-OFF THE MAZES OF THINGS-TO-COME!
(for Claude Pelieu)

Tuxedo demons pour out of the footnotes
like burglar-women sniffing national flowers
nagging under the Sign of THE FLEX
The Hurricane Squad
fears word from Venus -
"London....Bewar !....THE MAMBO DRUIDS"
while Jethro Tull disappears
on the Thailand border
enticed by the opaque vinyl of distant mountains
a delicate harvest of Chinese subways
where snowflowers laser
the temples of night

CITY-SLICKER

for Richard Manuel

I want to lead a band with a sixgun
& hitch a ride with a loaded trombone
tuck my wildcoats in a grab-bag
cruise into town on a ring & a prayer
drum me up a double Jack Daniels
sniff my troubles from a gold-plated spoon
find myself a sable-lined lady
smooth as a mallard & quicker than rain
saberdance through her arapaho hex eyes
hang my bow-tie in her pullman dinette
watch the morning slick its hair back
dress the highrise zootroofs in checks-on-checks.
dress the highrise zootroofs in checks-on-checks.



THE FILMS OF RITA HAYWORTH

jam
on the fingers
of the Rhumbalero

Heroin Nude

Lily knew the eyes in the swing
And saw the tangle of my nightgown
Now sky ribbons knot her wrists
And young trees climb like jealousy
In her narrowed only throat
The moon is only her dressing glass
And all these someone else's clothes

SHADOWWIFE
(after Andre Breton)

My wife with her arrow-blind breasts
with her breasts of locusts
and Lucky Strike Green
with her breasts of secret postcards
from Zurich
with her breasts of pale Algerian briar
with her breasts of leopards
And Brighton Rock

My wife with her lips of shoulder-length gloves
with lips of plum and No. 2 pencils
my wife with her lips of foxtail
and chicory
with leatherette lips
from the porch of the train
my wife with lips of inflatable dolls

My wife with her sex of the French Resistance
of morning-after coffee and jam
with her sex of coke and Russian sable
with her sex of lycra and painted houseboats
my wife with her sex of platinum birds

Heroin Nude

Lily knew the eyes in the swing
And saw the tangle of my nightpark
Now sky ribbons knot her wrists
And young trees climb like jealousy
In her borrowed onyx throat
The moon is only her dressing glass
And all these someone else's clothes

Anselm Hollo:

from "lingering tangoes" (a work in progress)

2:xi:76, baltimore-ithaca

pale wheatfield
green harvester morning
old model, stately, haggard
riding out
its own process

*

mr. chicken,
obstfeld's deli,
otto's bookstore:
you refreshed me

*

start new life
to get lost in
nice place
(perdix, pennsylvania)

*

testing, green, narkissos, odessa
toenails, travails, too long

tomaz salamun, how are you doing?
dealing, no doubt
with mechanistic sub-cartesian cynics
time-servers, status quo heads
mind-clutterers, same in slovenia
& maryland

*

stop &
check the
map for
a bit

*

noam chomsky,
bertie wooster,
ingmar bergman:
you refreshed me

*

great black
great black furry mountains
 in the headlights
both sides of the headlights
 both sides of headlights
 & taillights

*

boy by the side of the road
walking, seen
from the back:

the gait of my son

30:xi:76

in a bar called the angel
we spoke to a senior faculty model of human dullness
so extreme you could call it piercing
an example of the educational system's decline
in the era of explosion

*

books on the essence
tend to be long-winded
though it is true that they swung in tune
with certain moustachio'd successors
we feel we should leave them to other historians

*

there was nothing at all around us
but water when with st. brendan in his coracle
we proceeded across the happily gently atlantic
subtracting the days we had spent at sea
from the days reckoned; & then, one morning

*

loving you is a continuous collision
soft & binary
& sometimes we go west
sometimes we go essential
having no need of a cheiromant

*

ephemeral as it is, a cloud is not an illusion
moving in an otherwise clear sky it can rouse the soul
to a pitch
of pleasure makes it impervious to the certainty of
crossing over
allows it to occupy itself with meanings
that are more fun, fundamentally

4:xii:76

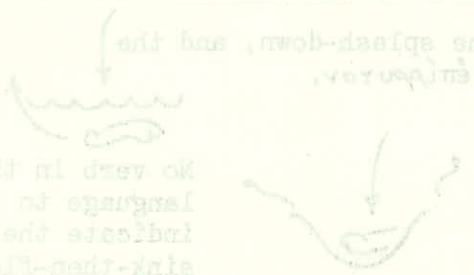
strangely moved
into the image
of a good cave

i sit in this good cave
thinking of all the other bears

going about their early evening
or sitting, thinking, thinking

oh it takes a long long time
for all that thinking to sink in

the house is cracking its joints
winter, but soon the light
winter, but soon the light



of a splash
that displaced
but did
not unfold

is on grain-out, therefore
is on grain-out, therefore
he complained the grain-proin.

so ver-watched it, but the verb
is translated

of the sea-roses
sink-then-float
indicate the
language to
No verb in the

of the verbal adjective to describe the splash-down, and the
initial holding in sea-splash of the

Ed Sanders:

The Birth

Χάος began it,
as Hesiod pray-wept
upon a startled void
of weeping humans --

& then the sea
bore back the genital
ἐπίρρυτον¹

lust when he was foaming

held the black adamant
in the slick forest of Gaia

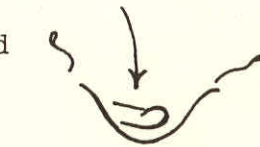
From the Gaia-gi'en buckwhack brush,
the
right hand slid up on
the dad dong
left hand "reaped" it²

axe on shaking elm

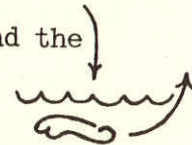
& then tried out his
corner jump shot w/ it....

-
1. the verbal adjective to describe the splash-down, and the initial bobbing in sea-slosh cd be ἐπίρρυτον,

2. ἐσσυμένως ἤμησε cd be translated as vex-whacked it, but the verb is of grain-cut, ἀμάω, therefore he combined the grain-grain.



or a splash
that displaced
but did
not enfold.



No verb in the language to indicate the sink-then-float of the sea-tossed pater peter.

("No, o Bard! Serious!"
Gaia whispers to me)

cut it cut
dick

to throw it over his shoulder
in the oinochrome sea

Gaia got even,
Cronos bushwhacked the Sky--

"Cut him," she whispered, "slice up the sky
nads"

in that, as Hesiod said, quoting
Gaia, that Uranus/Sky 'ad

"first used violence"

paleo-pressor

since *Χάος*

since
drew the Sky up out of her bowels

as robes

as Tyrian purple

as the cola color caught when

Nux slurps
above the night sea.

And the dolphins danced over the sea-bleached
sleeping bag

& She-Who-Rides-The-Paradise-Glee
grew within the
sickle-slashed god groin

and the wan aphron nurtured the Beauty.

Beached at
Cyprus

crotch-raft
bobbing in shore-surge
famished w/ theogony

and Goddess heard the
sweet birds
singing & stirred
within the
dongal cocoon³

the sparrows
the larks
the sea crows
brought her a necklace
of apples
swaying from mouth to mouth

& then the act
that drives all painters crazy

that Ἀφροδίτη
crawled out shiny,
the slobber of transformation
waxing down
from her breasts

like a godly
beauty
awakens by
the beach
in the finest
sleeping bag
wet w/ dew
hungry for
that other lusimelean spawn of Chaos:
sweet Eros.

3. Taking exception to the lines, ἀμφὶ δὲ λευκὸς / ἀφρός ὅτι ἀθανάτου
χρὸς ἕρποντο, τῷ δ' ἔνι κούρη ἐθρέφθη in the Aphrogeny, implying that
it was in the white foam flowing forth that Cypreia was
corporeally enswathed. I prefer the sleeping-bag theory.

And then disemdonging,
her god-greaves

gave off glare
to beast stare
& the currents of air
brushed 'gainst the
cold toad's coat

toadeye
blinded w/

god-new

lizards
'neath bowers
of bladelets
staring at
freshets of
foam
on Her ankle

And high on th' cliffs the centaurs drop down
on their knees to blow centaurs

And billions of matings await
'neath the aegis of foam-froth

Ahhh sweet salt-slosh!

Gaia loved it
once upon a time
beneath the breathing hairy
Drunkard of the Sky

but loved her Freedom even more

or again to have the eerie final knowing
of the mom-son-adamant-aphrodite

synapse.

1964
w/ revisions
in 1976

Other Publications
Davies, Hotel Boulderado
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