

A Hundred Posters

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Anthony Barnett:

Another Poem in Which the Poet Declares His Love
to Annette Koefoed

I know where I stand.
You know it is not the end
of this world. Our problems
are very old. Hand
in hand You and I pretend
that we choose the emblems
of recognition.
Security is in this.
I thought about getting
up a petition
signed by whatever else is
true or false in wanting.

Pass

And why, beneath the shade of this lamp,
why are you so sad?
And if I am it is because I
have lost my head.

It was Christmas Eve and your birthday
with fjord and spruce.
That was your home and you heard the way
you were spoken to.

Turn

It is only now after so many months
that I have begun to realise
the full force of your meanness.

Indistinct Voices

Where does the distinction end?
The vodka helps me feel my
home, a fragile handicap.
There you attack the keyboard, fend
off foes with gamey strength. I
cannot help you but I clap.

Christopher Dewdney:

Exploding Hearts

"I've heard a heart go," he said, "sounded like the sound my mom made when she ripped apart the ribcage of a chicken under a wet towel."

@

The heart tears itself apart with the power of its own muscles. They say the blood pressure obtained while the heart is in its last two beats is incredible.

@

Everything is suddenly red.

@

The blood shoots out of the eyes like a horned toad. Accurate up to 40 feet.

Vigilance

I am a sensualist, attenuated by constant vigilance.

@

Music adds an unnatural glory to our lives.

@

Language was given to us by aliens, as a tool.

@

Only the adjectives have been changed to protect the names of the innocent.

@

If I were in your shoes you'd be wearing size nine.

@

The future is simply amnesia in reverse.

Ted Greenwald:

WRENCH

long nose

pliers of silence

grasp the wire nut

of afternoon

and gather wires

the man

who has nothing to say

installs a silver box

then screws in

a switch, pushes in,

covers with switch plate

decorates walls around

as if sniffing out

where sentence should end

period be

light's fallen far away

and the call of the while

deepens in sun rushes

decorating the spine with chills

something's starting

to take place, notice how

the print gets bigger

and ties the man, our boy,

into place where tone
should it moan
comes and goes far away
with me a space
is where the next
sentence is about to begin
so isn't it time
you stopped thinking
only of yourself
someone who appears briefly
in a dream leaves in a huff
and leaves behind
a letter speaking their mind
it's appropriate to place
a pronoun in their place
someone who appears briefly
becomes, despite themselves,
someone worth speaking about
someone who engages me
in meaningless conversation
who was present, in the subcontinent
of the subordinate clause,
light airy secret
and who was there
when lights out
moved the wall over on

Terence Winch:

AN IRISH MOONLIGHT CRUISE

for Karen Allen

I am familiar with the valley.
It travels on the sunrise
as white as paper and collapses
into your heart like bebop
when the curtain falls
and the trumpet interfaces
behind the door.

That's when the crowd grows
silent and the equipment
starts to fall in love.

The freaks alone at the table
envision despair as an eternal
jingle sung too slow by tormented giants
recorded live in hell.

Lies are the pills you take
when you feel the truth coming on.

Character is the final mix
by which your dreams are equalized.

Civilization is the tourist's
savage eyes in the museum.

Love is magic.
I lie on the leather couch
afraid of going deaf.
Life is love awake.

Michael Davidson:

Here I was approaching an advancement which she kindly rebuked.
The he by which this was effected was also a man I had been, a husband
in fact who lived in caves of adamant strength. A sign of what was
to become an imaginary age stood before the incomplete scene. Whose
age? My age. But the entire thing was based on the youth we were to
share. Where? She asked. In here, in your conjugal bodings or
bearings. Here. Where the class is over done with. But it was
impossible to come closer so firm was her refusal that what could one
do but back toward the door which turned into the car full of laughing
kids backing down the driveway into the cities of the world which know
what they're doing in case anyone doesn't.

THE BIG THOMSON FLOOD

The purposes and their refusal, the portapotties and the wilderness. Why do you disparage your environment when you clearly live in it? The alternatives to anxiety and the miserable bungalows which they live in. A new kitten to replace the one who got away. The disaster and the drive home through the desert. The purposes may have their agents, but you are not one of them. He descends in a body of phrases, incomplete but necessary to survival. The decisions leading to anxiety and the buying of supplies. You got out of the house and the purposes take over like a rain you can't avoid because it needs you as a witness. And it comes and it drives away all thoughts of discretion and the wisdom in living. This is why helicopters and hot cocoa are essential to the grandeur of vistas, broad faced waves and palm trees, the chattering of squirrels and the death of prairie dogs from bubonic plague. This is the real wilderness. He will comfort you in the morning when everyone wants feeding and in the evening when the clouds roll back and reveal a plan of daring and complexity. Completed in sleeping. Does your father know where you are and what is his business, social security number and politics. Is the sentence infallible because of the generations who have used it and failed? Does the lack of rain in the Dakotas speak to the surfeit of water in Lake Powell? And where are its yellow boats? At the end of the convention the candidate raises his hands because there is nothing else to do, and besides we expect it. The fidgets of remembrance: a train along a river as merely a repetition of a landscape with no purpose. It was not our fault, but let me give you this reassurance in case you don't believe us. As simple clarification of a vacation, its purposes and refusals, its numbers and coefficients, its backyards and truckstops.

You are going to the beginning, to the place of beginnings, to the inception of the sentence, to the source of all waters, to the end of your resources only there to find something to play with. Desultory rolling of a ball about the floor with which the drama of pistols and shelter is reinacted. Parcels and boxes accumulate about the house, a newly framed picture hangs on the wall. Folders, stacks of paper, molding fruit, horns above the kitchen. Everyone knows what you do because they are all looking and making the most of your discomfiture. A small girl is murdered on her way to buy a newspaper; there was nothing in the news anyway and someone buys a watermelon. The heat accompanies the desert to the tune of driving where no one cares to. The purpose and the will to power, a wind octet and four newly varnished chairs. In money, the reasons for its dissolution; no money, only gearboxes, oil filters and eyesores for those who don't know what to do with it. In the middle of the rock, a hole and over the hole a sign saying entrance; before this, a hole in the rock and before this a rock. Or a hole. The choice was clear and we passed it up, got into a disaster and escaped with our skins which was more than we thought.

This definition is printed in Roman. You can't recognize it. Eleven-thirty could be anywhere. What maintains time is the consistency of refusal throughout the world. Also acceptance, although this is rare in warm climates along with pine trees.

His friend appreciated his "plotting" as he called it, but it seemed to come effortlessly as far as he was concerned. In a world of masculine pronouns, it's difficult to know who's speaking. Had it been she would it have been easier to follow? What he had come to was the sufficiency of strangeness, even of a twisted humor, to see through to the struggle on the barricades or at least in the parlors and ante-rooms and front hall closets of small entrepreneurs who think they know how to use the public trust. Had he forgotten love. Certainly not, but there were other things on his mind.

He painted the names of colors, not the colors themselves, on patches of color, not the color itself. The waves still came blue-ly or grey-ly depending on the weather. He was still great, although almost blind. He had a head for numbers.

In the new brandy bottles, they put this plastic cap for pouring what he thought was one shot. Halfway through the bottle, he realized it was a hoax; he realized that he should have trusted his eyes. He began thinking of all the chances missed: the field of dry grass at night, the empty loft, the trip to Maine postponed, the ticket left in the drawer. From these combinations, other permutations offered themselves: the light dimmed, a place in the mountains, a phonecall missed, the car unsold. He got drunk.

He said. Originally there were fifty states, but I've eliminated all but thirteen; it's all I can handle.

Probably she knew what was right for him all along. The fact that he chose to interpret it otherwise was one of the things she noticed right off the bat.

Charles Bernstein:

from eLecTric

i didNT EXpect to be able to
with it now already tHIs is shiT but it always seems to take this
same sort of swing In worm up to gET in the SWIng after reVIEWing
what cAME prEVIous towARd wantinG IT all to TuRn out best on the
INSide donT woRRY a CHarmed life no SMelly lace to spoIl yr
parties and create all kINDs of compleXIOns

yoU CAN just aS well tAKE A jOB at the PLAnt or go to MANagement
school we need BOYS like you very HARD though it IS in a world like
this to be SERious still STANley managES and we MIGHT as well give it
to the old CADILLac gave way just as it WAS trudging inTo anoThER part
of town by the CANDy STORE a group of YOUNg PUNks cigarettes hanGING
ouT of theIR leering exposed FLIEs ordered a COUple of cANNOLi go
BITing off the SWEat tidBiTs a KIND of gABEL like abandon sMILing at
the CONstabularies mARChing down the Street as if MORal fabriC were a
THINg for the METRopolITan muSEUM or MACyS FOURteenth floOr WaS
nEcessary to WORK THERE HARDLY any abuSE of THAT aSpect i aSkEd Ed not
HAVing any vOIce of yr oWn is THaT a REAL painFul experIence of shld
Stu be BETter off taking the JOB in san MATEo rATHER than fighting the
GOOD fight in his small souThern RESort town & he found he ALmost didNT
know & IF he DID he reFUSED to SAY except flatly i hAVE no friends i
want you to kNOW that no ONE really CAREs about WHAT i am DOInG they
think i just sit in my cLOset & daYDREAM wch i WISH i cLd for all the
thIRTy hrs a WK i m KEPT there but I run out & start to REad the
MEDical WORLD news by jose garcia leon de mendEs-mendEs HUMANitarian
doctor philanThropist grEAT man moDEL to the professIon or buLletins on
How To moTivate yr workers by an EnlightENED unDERstanding apProach
wch mEAns in A word smile and SMile and smiLe and IMPLement efficiency
tho perhaps the most FRIGHtening is the Way George useS the Word
raMIFiCation in Almost every DOcuMent hE writes beInG of a Sort of
SOCIAL scientIfic mind or lINDa coming & Asking abt the ThREe types of
Freedom that her TEacher Told her there were & how can i Write a pAper
on that i dont even know what the DIFFerences are & Can you EXPLAIN
them to me after a week from anything you FEEL its almost might
just be by SOMEbody else since the dEFinition of what youre doing if
youre LOOKing for IT is not to be FOUND in the way you weAr your
birthday party hat or BLOW out the candles but the waY you SEe the
eVEnt & after a WEek its FORgotten youRE SEEing different EVEnts
movING on as a DIFFerent persOn almost by the waY you DEfine your
dislikes if you can gET it Up to own tHEm its a KIND of inertIA not
that CONTinues movement but that WANTS to STop it at any MINute & SO a
CONTinuaLLy PRESSing to CONTInue to allow to BE HERE rather than in
ALL the FANTASIES of WHERE it MIGHT be nice to Be at least a moment of
that TOTality of CoNNection not the SEmblance which can give no rEal
relief must bE CONTINUOUSly pushed out as a Matter of Will cause it

almOst unswervingLY wAnts to QUit & I have to Say No to It have to
PUSH on & not let it get in the WAY of MY pREtensions to a ComPrehensive
thEORY of actually getting up & walking OUT of a continUAl boredom WITH
the SOund of the WAY if Falls is so predictable always the SAME sort of
SEQUences

They wERE CASTing asPirAtions it was a cast pARTy and iLL cRY if you
inSist why not come in LATE if she forgets to give me the change thATS
her problemn anyWAY its sunday & the stove is on hOT & the CORNEd beef
is stEWing in its BASIL bUnting & now here was an attempt to re Defy
the Old mYthic PyRates of pENance so she sd to me, charles, she sd,
charles where do you gEt off, rushing past down 55Th sTREET getting a
BaGel with bUTTer to go: a miSReAding of PaST traditiOn neCESSary to
create youR own space, I pREfer to Make up my owN bRAIN on the MATter,
thROWing balls at Hamen and his hENChmen, eSTher forEver, tSSSS at
wHat they did to HaShAvAris, let us reCite what History tEaches let us
jUst get through beYOND the DaY

it got to be very sLOW beCause they say
here you wRIte this or THAT & after a few hundred wORDs i gOt very
SPAcEY to CONTinue requiRED more attention thAn i could or was Willing
to give so i wanted to aSk him what do you mean by it, flatneSS, i am
as FLAT as the NExt guy & what do you mean meeting & sources the words
have no fiXED object BY whiCH i Can understAnd what in the wORLD youre
spEAKing of/ it was a brown curLY ship with deep bLUe eyEs that Sailed
each year from the porT of PORTUGal to the isle of mOzambique with
thousandS of dabLOoms in the spring & draGonEttes in the fall beCause
the blAck people just loVE floweRS & hamen says i ll get these heBRAics
Out of my pAlace so today we say thROW balls at Hamen/ "its you i fEel
sOrRy for you whO will have to LIve with the mEss you CREATED for youR
whole liFe trEmbling with the thought that the mAn you did IN did
nOTHing was LESS guILty even thAN you & so you go hOmE to youR huSBands
or BossEs or Cats or pasgeTTi & mEatball dInNERS & You trY to get 40
wINKs & gEt up & eat youR hAm & EggS only it doEsNT woRk thAt waY it
Eats Your HeArt aWay YoU become sick in the pIt of YOuR sTomAch you
know that you Did whAt you can Never reAlly peRmit youRself thE
KnowLedge of knOWing what you Did so you cAN t go HOmE the Very ConcePT
becomEs a kind of SICK chArade you sliP ouT the Back of the Bar &
wAtch the FooTball Game on tv outside the raDio CLinic tv store you
pace you trY to recall something cOMPensatOry youVe done something
COMPensatory you caN thiNk to dO but It all blankS ouT your brAin
beGins to giVe siGnals like You couLD care less You turN off the tv &
pUt the CoverS over youR head You hide in the SoFTness of tHe maTTress
in the Folds of the SHEets

Dave Morice:

THE IOWA CITY LATE-AT-NIGHT AFTER-THE-BARS-CLOSE BLUES

There was beer and friends
In front of me
But now I'm typing
In my tree

My room, that is
It's where I go
My radio's playing
An all-nite show

The woods surround me
The town, that is
It's silent now
Where beer once fizzed

The lights are out
They've blown the fuse
It's the Iowa City late-at-night
After-the-bars-close blues

The world of people
Spins through the night
While the universe
Is off to the right

To the left, the earth
Spins on and on
Like an empty bottle
Tossed on the lawn

The stars are out
They can't refuse
The Iowa City late-at-night
After-the-bars-close blues

Rae Armantrout:

FOOTNOTES TO THE TELEVISION NOTES

Long talks with phantom personages.
I called you here to discuss your politics.
A witch who lives as a suburban housewife's
the perfect
model of self-repression!
But you chant "I'm Meaningless."
No use to summon others.
All models, after all, are dolls
and I just want to leave
the city of the miniatures

RIDDLE

this same riddle:
IS IT ALRIGHT?

qualm that persists
on the bus ride

"Tonight there's
the movie"
a woman soothes her son

but even in an audience
comes -
was it the first thought?

ALRIGHT NOW? you - grim crowd
 you - family
 of
 nerves

OR NOT

VIEW

Not the city lights. We want

-the moon-

The Moon
none of our own doing!

Albert Glover:

Sons of the Mothers, Daughters
of the Father

will provoke a change
now that sex is thoroughly (utterly) re
versed

psychology (the horse sacred to
Posidon) "evolved" materialism was also
a stone in a stream, a step, a foot was

to kick with (hermetic studies) still
forever will be and now the empty tomb
(womb) attests

our (listen: outward is
a comprehension, once spoken of as down
and up, Euclidean Dante geometry as of

this morning such "higher-ups" (further
outs) no one is anything more or less
than

the extent of content, theology
of neighborhood, i.e. everyone who lives
by intersection with

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In the May issue (#17), Kit Robinson wrote THE WORLD OF DOGS,
IN VENICE, SILVER AGAINST, and STORY. My apologies.