

A Hundred Posters

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Bob Perelman:

AN ESSAY ON STYLE

Above all, odor enables an animal to convey messages which can be deciphered in its absence and after a considerable lapse of time. We had to wait for the invention of writing before we found another way of doing it.

Instead of an ant wart I saw brat guts.

I think I told you in my last letter that the Duc de Guines, whose daughter is my pupil in composition, plays the flute very well, and that she plays the harp magnifique.

For example, in some concert hall there is the immediate volume of sound in the immediate specious present. There is the symphonic form which is dominating the successive moments of experience. There is the sense of the variety of static forms immediately realized: the forms of the instruments, the spatial distribution of the orchestra, the mathematical analysis of each momentary sound, the musical score. There are three main aspects within aesthetic experience: the sense of genius, the sense of disclosure, the sense of frustration.

A composer must do precisely what a composer is nearest to. I close my heart to momentary whim, which as far as I can see, I always guess. Now first of all my dear, I think, and secondly, I make myself unconstrained and natural. Far dangers confide in me when I write. What a responsibility, and what a shame. Pride and self-love will not get the appreciation they deserve. Nervous palpitations are only natural for I cannot tell everything frankly fully and immediately.

If the two are compared, the earth and the fame of the individual, the man who strives recklessly for glory will be forgotten because he thinks that life belongs to his own species. One is not permitted to push back the conflicting seeds. One is tethered to the earth by a generally dry climate, tall grasses, peanuts, and humped cattle. The groupings of chemicals make refrigeration which can be inhaled and will not cause a fire hazard. Dispersing agents free a large scale version of desire. Early mercurial enjoyments meets all needs: walking talking drinking

spending money. Nature makes modest demands. A tongue in the mouth.

For example, in some hall there is soft volume of sound in the immediate specious present. There, the symphonic form which is dominating the successive moments of experience rises. There is, however, the sense along silently with the static: the forms of the instrument, the spatial orchestra, the score. There are, in a strange place, three main aspects to approach immediately: the sense of genius with urgent sounds, the sense of disclosure, the sense of frustration, indicating the outsider.

Getting up in the morning and looking down through a long ghastly rusty gate, I talked to the old guy down the street who was always watering his obsessional theories. Scuh! Now that I've broken the lock, I put my face down and enjoy it for a moment.

She has a great deal of talent and genius, and in particular a marvelous memory, so that she can play all her pieces, actually about two hundred, by heart. She is, however, extremely doubtful as to whether she has any talent for composition, especially as regards invention or ideas. But her father, who, between ourselves, is somewhat too infatuated with her, declares that she certainly has ideas and it is only that she is too bashful and has too little self-confidence. Well, we shall see. If she gets no inspirations (for at present she really has none whatsoever), then it is to no purpose, for --God knows-- I can't give her any.

But how to have the soul of things and put it in a glutenous sauce. Art seems to be salted strips of bacon. Your rolled napkin is an image sprung from appetite. It tells you that you really and truly know everything.

An ignorance a Sunset
Confer upon the Eye -
Of Territory - Color -
Circumference - Decay -

Its Amber Revelation
Exhilarate - Debase -
Omnipotence' inspection
Of Our inferior face -

Ingenious men have long observed a resemblance between the arts and the bodily senses. And they were first led to do so, I think, by noticing the way in which, both in the arts and with our senses, we examine opposites. Judgment once obtained, the use to which we put it differs in the two cases. Our senses are not meant to pick out black rather than white, to prefer sweet to bitter, or soft and yielding to hard and resisting objects; all they have to do is to receive impressions as they occur, and report.

For example, in some hall there is familiar soft volume of togetherness the year round in the immediate specious present spring. There, the symphonic form which leads the moments of experience rises in pitch. However, the sense along with the form: the form of the orchestra, the

score. There, in a strange place to approach immediately with urgent sounds: disclosure, of frustration, indicating the outsider.

They often plundered towns, collecting larger quantities of gold than they could handle. They stole 3000 pounds of gold in protest against abstraction, natural sounds, dim lights, vague awe, and puppets. Their master presented a shocking appearance, so as to hook up with a touring band. Obviously talented, he had a day to day style and a loud twang. It was on his silent days that he regularly doubted physical tones in Los Angeles. He heard some other things.

Some agreeable piece of boreal lingo screwed on quietly to itself miles away.

I gave her her fourth lesson today, and, so far as the rules of composition and harmony are concerned, I am fairly well satisfied. She filled in quite a good bass for the first minuet, the melody of which I had given her, and she has already begun to write in three parts. But she very soon gets bored, and I am unable to help her; for as yet I cannot proceed more quickly. It is too soon, even if there really were genius there, but unfortunately there is none. Everything has to be done by rule. She has no ideas whatsoever--nothing comes.

Tall good looking potatoes want to be free to talk. When you tell a man this, it's too much. He turns on the radio.

The arts, on the other hand, have to choose some suitable object, though in a casual and contingent way they have to pay attention to unsuitable objects in order to reject them. Medicine, to produce health, must examine disease, and music, to produce harmony, must investigate discord.

The poor little grey air. Longing to be turned into a stone pillar.

Critical mass of individual:

Aa. A basket. Of cherries. His dream, he told her. She did not wish to leave the boat. Trip lasted longer. Heard of mountain, fine views on top. Know what? Nobody knew. Every time his question was answered in the negative. Last night he dreamed the only detail: "You have to climb up steps for six hours..."

I have tried every possible way with her. Among other things I hit upon the idea of writing a very simple minuet, in order to see whether she could compose a variation on it. It was useless.

For example, her familiar soft volume of togetherness the year round, except during the specious. There, her form which leads her experience normally given rises in pitch. However, the sense along silently with her form: the form of her orchestra. There, in a strange place to approach immediately, she informs her immediately with urgent sounds of disclosure, indicating the outsider.

There'll be a handout to wild animals, clay statues, replacements, and

books. The bad thing will be kept in the sky.

Evening abroad, that fatal 27th, we found out what had become of one of the darker parts of our neighborhood. Being too near the edge to contemplate the forest as a whole, we concentrated on the difference between foliage and trunk. The foliage was darker, suggesting the mineral rather than the vegetable kingdom; jade and tourmaline rather than emerald and peridot. The trunks, on the other hand, stood out like greyish skeletons against the dark foliage. Trodding on frozen turf, waiting for a wind. The smoke closed in overhead. It fit. Pariah dogs picked up long poles and stirred a lashing grassbound odor that seemed the very birth of population.

The sky continues with domestic joys, daily weight and location. You are not yourself forever.

A few days after he came to Capri, a fisherman suddenly intruded upon his solitude by presenting him with an enormous mullet, which he had lugged up the trackless cliffs at the rear of the island. Tiberius was so scared that he ordered his guards to rub the fisherman's face with the mullet. The scales skinned it raw, and the poor fellow shouted in his agony: "Thank Heaven, I did not bring that huge crab I also caught."

For example, female, gives her familiar soft togetherness the year round, except during the specious spring season. There her wark as she leads her line of experience normally given very softly rises in pitch and intensity threatens. The sense waddles along silently with her orchestra. If a strange place has the temerity to approach, she informs her immediately with urgent sounds, indicating the outsider with her.

The sense of advance, of penetration, is essential to sustain interest. Also there are two types of advance. One is the advance in the use of assigned patterns for the coordination of an increased variety of detail. But the assignment of the type of pattern restricts the choice of detail. In this way the infinitude of the universe is dismissed as irrelevant. The advance which has started with the freshness of sunrise degenerates into a dull accumulation of minor feats of coordination. The history of thought and the history of art illustrate this.

The dead's town got no road or bar. Got to travel bush to bush. Six thirty P.M. we slept in big bush.

Rest is deep and boundless. There is no limit to that infinite domain. Forcing matter would spread itself out, else neither normal fusion would have created disorder. Surely atoms, being so harnessed, and time, by trying all kinds of motion, kept making cycles, earth fondled by new generations. A permanent supply of blows batters away from within.

"Well," I thought, "she probably doesn't know how to begin." So I started to write a variation on the first bar and told her to go on in the same way and keep to the idea. In the end it went fairly well. When it was finished, I told her to begin something of her own,--only the treble

part, the melody. Well, she thought and thought for a quarter of an hour and nothing came.

In the case of American towns, the passing years bring degeneration. It is not simply that they have been newly built; they were built badly. When new districts are being created, they are hardly integral elements of the urban scene; they are too gaudy, too new for that. They are more like stands at a fair or the pavilions of some international exhibition, built only to last a few months. After that, the fair closes and the huge geegaws lapse into decay; the facades begin to peel, rain and soot leave their grimy trails, the style goes out of fashion, and the original layout disappears through demolitions caused by some new building fever. These cities lie in the grip of a chronic disease; they are perpetually young, yet never healthy.

A hostile kind of cellar and streets of the same frame of mind were going along to fight. Base ungentle everyman had to hold the door. The key had come with a wrong hand and so continued holding the hand. Many ages turned toward the eye, a dead blank, the silence of a single situation.

We are unacquainted with virgin nature since our landscapes are so manifestly subservient to man. They may occasionally appear wild, not because they really are so, but because interaction has occurred at a slower rate, or again - in mountainous regions - because the problems arising were so complex that man, instead of evolving a systematic response, has reacted over the centuries with a multitude of ad hoc adjustments. These are taken as representing authentic wildness.

Translate any sense, and the sense is this: Every man wears his spectacles upon his nose.

The female mallard duck gives her familiar soft quacks of togetherness the year round, except during the spring breeding season. Her wark, wark, wark as she leads her line of ducklings along is normally given very softly, but rises in pitch and intensity if danger threatens. During the breeding period, however, she waddles along silently with her mate. If a strange drake has the temerity to approach, she informs her mate immediately with urgent gweg gweg sounds, indicating the outsider with her bill.

The french officer, by long habitude, translated three words, which he fairly wrote down. Lounging, he watched the pile of envelopes set about quietly. He had found beauty in a soliloquy.

Only if one has travelled in America does one realize the sublime beauty of landscape, far from being a spontaneous manifestation of nature, is the result of agreements painstakingly evolved during a long collaboration between man and his surroundings. Man naively admires the effects of his past achievements. Fortified by numerous examples of virtue, judicious remarks, and copious visions of the whole system, he wants

fortunes, length of time, posterity, and tulips the preceeding year.

How shall I then tell of the days we were too ill to stretch to the horizon. For food we chewed the food of mosses. For the rest, we waited.

So I wrote down four bars of a minuet and said to her: "See what an ass I am! I have begun a minuet and can't even finish the melody. Please be so kind as to finish it for me." She was positive she couldn't, but at last with great difficulty--something came, and indeed I was only too glad to see something come for once.

So memorable for its features, the eye at sudden death occurs to itself as a solitary spectator. The juice is cruelly violated by the dark in the darkness.

Courage is the strength to endure a clump of trees.

Mary Lane:

TRIP JOURNAL

Sunday, March 20

Nancy's bedroom, 63rd St, Oakland

What then are the two concentric series the two simultaneous series of interchangeable parts. All the simultaneous series of interchangeable parts. I smoked & then I read & then I smoked & then I wrote & then I ate & then I talked & I got high. She read & then she drank & then she smoothed the sand & then she spoke & then she drove she bought a gallon of Chianti. She chopped the vegetables & then she stirred them in the wok she checked the quiche he rolled a joint. She smiled & then she asked me how I was & asked if I went crazy then I answered yes. But the room was clean & the stove was gold the water ran from three taps I kept three bars of soap. I didn't live at home until I climbed the el steps up to State Street on my way to see him. He lived in an airless room. He lived in an airless August city. Then it rained. We didn't know how far we'd come until we traced our path.

I sit shitting at Moishe's after an agreeable breakfast of bagles & lox. Outside, the day ruffles its wings of radiant splendor. Considering that I didn't get much anticipated piece of ass last night, I feel pretty fine. I should get more sleep though.

A "meal" is an adequate, well-balanced serving of wholesome, nutritious food.

TRIP JOURNAL depart 1:24

END OF THE TRAIL

Was this a gunman who was not as fast as the law? Or a prospector who was dry-gulched by his partner; or a gun slinger? Or was he an Indian scout who was killed from ambush like the wagon train he led?

You should never start a trip on acid. Never go to sea with a minister. Never go to sea with a virgin. One woman on board could very soon arouse a tangible temptation on the part of the crew. The sea is a female, and the sea does not like to have its people consorting with other females while they're on it.

I'm sitting on a chair in the sun, listening to Stevie Wonder talk about the visions in his mind.

The sun does not come into my windows in the afternoon. The sun reflects off other windows into mine. I thought it was the sun. But this is the sun. The Straw Hat Pizza Palace outside. Now I want the sun direct and now I have it.

It wouldn't matter if it was raining. If it was raining it would be all grey. all wet. all silver lines. all waterfalls down marble steps. thick drops in clusters. bouncing up from pavements. spigots. thunder. wind.

POTATOES AND FRANKS AU GRATIN

In a greased casserole
arrange the ingredients in layers:
 one-third of the potatoes
 then the frankfurters
 one-third of the potatoes

eggs tomato
one-third of the potatoes
margerine milk
one-third of the potatoes
salt pepper
one-third of the potatoes
Sprinkle cheese all over.

Most of the evidence for benefits from fiber is based on the incidence of a given disorder in a relatively uniform population that, in this case, is consuming a low amount of fiber and relatively high amounts of fat and protein. If I can keep track of my daily use, I hope to avoid nasty surprises at the end of the month.

Wish I could catch her spiel myself.
But not with DOC OCK on the loose!

Someone has opened the windows. Someone has put the sun in the sky. Open all the windows. Open all the doors.

NANCY AND CHUCK

There were two flies in the air
between Nancy and Chuck. One was
a sacrifice, and the other

You gotta live your life as though you're number one. You gotta live your life and make a point of havin some fun. But ifn you think that you can do some flirtin with danger, just kick her in the head and rearrange her.

please don't let me sleep too long

a certain series of telephone wires
a certain pattern of telephone wires
a serial pattern of telephone wires
a pattern of certain telephone wires
a pattern of serial telephone wires

I see, I could be in some real trouble if I

The third day I was there, I found a place to hang up my coat.

You didn't have to pass him a million times a day.
It was like tangling with an octopus.

12:30 Any space may open like a window.

ripples in the wind
shining in the sea
aint no tahini queen
barotnik

The stars blink like a hairnet that was dropped on a seat

Does it excite you or does it make you calm (that is, capable of
grandeur)?

As soon as you enter the Casa de Eva, you will sense that it is a most
unusual restaurant.

Did you know that Mao smoked 50 cigarettes a day?

silver bay
gold suspended bridge
dark uneven hills
squared city shapes
cotton clouds moving
large sky
burning light
tall pine
gold reflected letters
wood floor
coffee cream marble
paper
pen

up are the lights of the Berkeley hills
down are the lights of Frisco
oh the lights of Frisco past the Straw Hat Pizza Palace
how I love you
I am always wanting to return

WOMAN VANISHES. All I really know is that mom was travelling alone and
left the table of Captain Sven Rogenes at 10 pm on March 14 when the
ship was two days out of Honolulu. Fearing she would provide a tempting

target for IRA guerrillas, authorities whisked her away in a helicopter to Hillsborough Castle, 10 miles sw of the city.

Officers Rackley and Doanes recalled their negotiations for the release of 7 hostages trapped inside Petrini's supermarket in 1974. For Cathy, 21, it got so bad in a matter of months that she wished she was invisible. I'd feel trapped in the check-out line.

OJ
milk
Coke
beer
hamburg
mushrooms
sour cream
vegies
yogurt
bread
cheese
kitty litter

It's just a job, ma'am, said Sergeant Bill Sweeney.

12:27 SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

People straining to see people they can't really see. Enter the friendly skies. Lights.

Is this the smoking section or is this not the smoking section. He asked for smoking and they gave him this number. But she said it was behind row 24. I was late, he said we're full, all we have is seats.

I don't know why they told you this was the smoking section, cause it's not, but if you'd care to have a cigarette you can go to the dome car, second car to the rear, past the diner. 37 thousand feet.

Additional workers coming to the labor market this is not a deviate plot. The character and quality of your briefcase tell more about you than your business card.

That's not a train, that's a lonesome whistle blowin. My hands are splotched with red, a bite I scratched, a bit of blood, the purple stamp from The Palms, my wrinkled knuckles, lines etched in my skin as deep as cracks in drought-parched earth, it was always other just let

me hear some of that countries now it's ours, the glowing chains of mountain veins it's gotta be, if you wanna dance with me. Lights. Camera. Hand me down my walkin cane, the dude is outta sight.

Take care. Take care of yourself, take care of the baby, please take care, there's love.

Stars. The stars when we parked were very close to us. Just a little higher than the leaves. You really ought to know, I love you. I honestly love you. From my heart and from my head. Stop, cause I wanna get off on off. I'll be home, I'll be in Daley City, so far over. It took me 4 days driving out, 4 hours flying back, I'm so far from the coast, left those people on that western coast about to fall into the sea. Back to the middle, surrounded on both sides but up is clear and free, go up go up go up go up as high as 37 thousand feet and fly.

Lights. Lights. I thought this country would be asleep but it's still early, plenty of time to catch the late show, half a movie may be left in Oakland. Over east in Africa it's morning now. Or noon. I can't get it straight, don't know where I am, my watch says 2 but that was coast time now it's slip time night time flite time slip time, big city to the south and east we're closing in we're dipping down to see the time and temperature in Fahrenheit and Centigrade, it's Houston Dallas Fort Worth Albuquerque Paris Rome my god we're heading west, or north, or south.

What strange fragrance on my hands of sweet delight I should be dancing. I feel like I've been drugged what has somebody done poured LSD into my coffee not these sweet flight attendants angels that they are may flocks of angels lull thee to thy rest. In Chicago I was mugged in Oakland I was drugged in Ann Arbor I was hugged and in Peoria was fugged.

My how space does fly oh if I leave tomorrow would you please remember me. Free as a bird free as a bird.

The lights in the sky don't change, the lights on the earth do.

Reprise oh say you love me too until the sun comes up at least until the sun nights are forever. Love me just that long, one night, forever, till the sun.

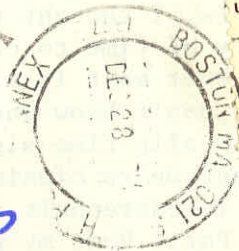
Clouds are appearing. Total cloud cover, patches of lights shining up.

Stars are disappearing. Light in the east. Total clouds.

I sit over this long smooth-as-a-seal wing of this silver plane, its inside pouches giving off a pulsing glow, the red lights pulsing from inside its two huge thighs.

3:40 Daylight to see to write. All white. Descent through weightless space. Mostly cloudy, temperature is 52 degrees.

Other Publications
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