

A HUNDRED POSTERS

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Ted Greenwald:

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

The sound drives them wild You can see them dancing toward you some-
how pinning you down In your mind you mention your mind and make the
best use of them in your dreams as you can You put it to them The
sound drives them wild

The sound drives them to the store Everywhere you look you see signs
of them You note them in your notebook They begin to put themselves
in the way of assembling for an oversight overflight You know them to
be sincere You see them every other day The sound drives them to the
store

The sound conveys the message to them You feel you know them after an
hour You put them on the back burner of your mind You send them
after some kind of imaginary goal embodied in an imaginary body You
make them wait You float them over the bright water toward a bright
future The sound conveys the message to them

The sound makes them wary You also make them wary Putting them first
leaves you with regrets Bob and Patty look around and see them but
pretend not to be startled Bob sends them a letter then shows it to
you Patty reads them a story and allows you to listen in The sound
makes them wary

The sound looks them up in a book Okay, you think, I'm going to make them jealous I'm going to make them green I will recognize them in one sitting if I'm very careful You find them between your favorite covers The sound looks them up in a book

The sound loops around them You bring them a message from afar Bob and Patty make them comfortable They're only thinking of them You make them comfortable too You see them in a kind of recurring dream You face them at face value The sound loops around them

The sound makes them go away You can see them in the distance You inspire them to write Bob shows you a postcard from them Patty makes them rub her back Both of them make you a little nervous The sound makes them go away

The sound makes them stop You put them away for future reference You put them off and feel how pissed off they are they can't help themselves You take them for a ride Bob and Patty meet them for dinner The sound makes them stop

The sound takes them apart Makes them so mad they turn a lovely blue Making them wonder Putting them down in a green book Taking advantage of them Making them take you along Making them seek outside advice The sound takes them apart

The sound butters them up You float toward them in the dream I was just telling You confuse them with members of the family You tell them your life story You bump into them every time you leave the house You slip them the information and wait for a smile The sound butters them up

The sound wires them in You cage them with Bob and Patty be patient they'll crack You put them into a pipeline of info and feed them to the computer complete with pix You make them say what you want them

to You follow them around from pearl dawn to rose dusk You project
on them the colors of the current surging through the ocean of your
emotions You limit them to a few words The sound wires them in

The sound deflects them You feel them pulse as Bob and Patty join you
through the door You seem to make them feel comfortable don't be so
sure You confuse them with the man in the hat You make them pay
strict attention to inhale exhale You file them under information for
future reference The sound deflects them

The sound creates them worrying You fool them only that once You
call them on the hour You feed them a line The sound creates them
worrying

The sound curves them around You take them with you wherever you want
to go to make them happy You pull them out of a hat You summarize
them You make them into a movie Pull them over with you to a curb
Fill them in Carry them along Stick your tongue out at them excuse
me I'm only fooling You notice how beautiful is the sky coming through
them to you The sound curves them around

The sound slips them up You seem more surprised than them You feel
them thumping Bob falls to his knees and thanks them profusely Patty
stands off to one side and makes them place arms akimbo You wait for
them interminably You place them in a home The sound slips them up

The sound nips them in the bud Fun to write them press down hard in
blue Fun putting them out of whack Fun putting them back together
Reuniting them with their families You take them to a part of the
country you've never seen before You make them grow beards You look
them square in the eye You watch them move lips The sound nips them
in the bud

The sound drives them home You take them out of the car You put

them in a bag You listen to them You follow them home Bob and
Patty are waiting for them You keep them at arm's distance You make
Bob and Patty take them in Put them to sleep Feed them a line
Prepare them for a journey The sound drives them home

The sound makes them ready You sing them to sleep You wake them up
You call them Bob and Patty who are often wrong and not even there
sometime feel them coming to life coming after them You time them per-
fectly then strike You crawl toward them making them ill at ease The
sound makes them ready

The sound completes them You take them off the hook You hint hint
to them they can take it You flee them they follow You take them
apart they often come together by themselves You have fun with them
at no one's expense The sound completes them

The sound makes them wild Bob and Patty put them away for some other
more propitious time Bob and Patty put themselves in their place
They feel them become a part of the unit The man in the hat carries
them around in the eyes of his arms You can see them waiting a whole
year for their turn You can see them fly apart at the wheel You can
talk to them through a gray dotted mesh You can make them listen but
talk they'll never talk You can whiten and shorten them The sound
makes them wild

The sound folds them neatly You change them with the other family
members You possess them sometimes dream of possessing others put a
smile upon your face You make them wipe that smile off your face
You see them through You follow them through the entrance to Bob and
Patty's You make them take a neat white handkerchief for the pocket
of silence The sound folds them neatly

The sound breaks them Looks them up Refers to them Puts them aside
Wheels them slowly You talk to them in a normal voice You make them

see things your way Listen to them Sit them on a fence Have sex
with them even Have them even the odds The sound breaks them

The sound puts them in a bag You pat them okay that's enough for now
You lick them against their former selves Light them from the inside
Take them from a great height Free them from themselves They carry
themselves beautifully Free them from any pain You brown them up
The sound puts them in a bag

The sound teases them You call them from a great distance Who told
you to listen to them You take them home and treat their meat fever
Pull them over to the side Ride with them on the road Feel them out
Research them then tell them what's on your mind The sound teases them

The sound fakes them You imitate them and theirs Bob and Patty imi-
tate them You call them to you they come among themselves They them-
selves are conscious of an unearthly but sound beauty You play a part
in how you see them You discover in them an amazing principle of
organization The sound fakes them

The sound remembers them to you You make them love you deeply You
carve them in an old tree You nourish them they do the same to you
You cable them to a span You feel them creeping up The sound remem-
bers them to you

The sound fails them You make them follow you and Bob and Patty
through the same out door You feel them crash in Callouses growing
on them Staking them to a claim Stealing them from a neighbor You
put them out to pasture in what appears to them a school The sound
fails them

The sound makes them look up Put them away Fly around them Carry
them over to the other side Pin your hopes for them on the in door
Booking them for later in season The sound makes them look up

The sound breaks them in little pieces Hits them in their stride
Makes them put it away Stands them on their head Makes them listen
through walls nearly a block thick Creeps around them Makes them
pay attention to you Carries them the five The sound breaks them in
little pieces

The sound underlines them Patches them with dreams Takes them for
another ride Keeps track of them All of a sudden makes them self-
conscious blush rouge Carries them out Freaks them out Digs deep
and finds them wanting vegetables Places them next to the water table
Keeps them from ever entering The sound underlines them

The sound covers them up You can just make them out You can feel
them all around you You talk to them in such a low voice You can't
fault them You make them wait Take them aside Call them finally
Let them in all at once Let them deplete all their resources Refer
them to Bob and Patty The sound covers them up

The sound keeps them busy They want to get in touch with fingers with
them You exhaust them with all your resources Rest them in a last
resort Pull them over to the side You stab them with your words in
the heart make them feel enormously badly Cover them up with a shit-
beige veil Steel them for future hardships The sound keeps them busy

The sound gives them a new lease You make them sign You hold the pen
for them You make them a life so complicated they haven't got a moment
to themselves You look them up among the greenish plants on Bob's and
Patty's windowsill Keep them down not the you you know You knock
them around a little Make them respond make them correspond with
forces not under their control Make them fit Take them for a break
Call sweetly to them, how beautiful you are to me Did you see them
when you were away The sound gives them a new lease

The sound reaches them Makes them take another way Splits them

almost in half Carries them almost to sleep Puts them away for a rainy day You complain to them no avail so what do you want them to do You make them out The sound reaches them

The sound seems to obey them You fool them but only for a moment You make a fool out of them Meddle with them Take them away from it all Ask Bob and Patty to wait for them but they don't show them the way Feel them out their waiting for rendez vous The sound seems to obey them

The sound makes them crazy You peel them back with your shirt You pull them apart You make them into honorary members of the family Color them your favorite color Take them apart from that The sound makes them crazy

The sound possesses them You try to help them You make them say they're sorry You combine them with a network of other elements headquarters You sit them down give them a talking to hindquarters Wild laughters make them seem kind of calm The sound possesses them

The sound gives them meaning You lead them to a negotiated understanding You don't feel as good about them as you once did You make them late for the party with excessive worrying You take them for another ride You forget them they won't for a minute forget you The sound gives them meaning

The sound brings them up to snuff Makes them want to kill Sends them back where they came from piano and all Hurts them with the mother Gives them a renewed understanding between friends Takes them out the teeth in the thick of the thicket Fires them with velvet envelopes Covers them for the local rag Strips them quickly of their arms The sound brings them up to snuff

The sound makes them mind You grow conscious of their presence You

make them a present of your heart Rip them out your throat You make
them a part of your body wasting little time You grab them with grab-
bers at the waste They only will make themselves scarce Look them
in the eye The sound makes them mind

The sound exists for them only You walk them through the out door
You fasten them to fascination Keep them at bay staring at the estu-
ary Sleep between them the legs Cave in to them and their demands
Lighting them with your lips Pointing them out to others Taking them
into condiseration The sound exists for them only

The sound forgot them You turn and look at them Bob and Patty make
them comfortable bring them something to eat Before them the day ends
with them After them a wallet speaks to the money talking turkey You
gobble them with other sustenance You watch them go to the heart The
sound forgot them

The sound changes them at the window You open yourself to them You
cream them Take them apart put them back get together with again
Keep them from leaving Do them in Take them off the case Allow them
to follow their ownership lights The sound changes them at the window

The sound understands them Gets them to fend for themselves Fills
them up with food and coffee Returns them to their point of orange
Detaches them from me Claims that that's not them Puts them to work
Fields any questions for them Screens them and then proceeds to see
you to them as if that was necessary The sound understands them

The sound goes away with them You talk them into the dream you were
just having where you talk them into going to the movies having a bite
after then to be to fuck then sleep them off You make them exchange
electrons take in orphans You rush them into something they didn't
want to go into The window opens to them The sound goes away with
them

The sound lets them keep their clothes Paragraphs them in a strange
feathery language Puts them in the same room as the man in the hat
Goes toward them in forward. Fleeting glimpses of them Craves them
and their lives and times Interviews them for the papers Puts them
on easy does it street Seems to understand them Strips them of their
ease The sound lets them keep their clothes

The sound surprises them Makes them comfortable among themselves
Concentrates on them Feels Bob and Patty should have left them alone
they're too often too much any way Too little for them to make a
difference Exactly what it is to them Exhausting them and then sort-
ing The sound surprises them

The sound recognizes them from their pictures. You picture them You
make them take away any distinguishing features You invite them over
to look them over Follow them to the ends of the earth your mind's
dogear has been turned to a dogleg Submit them to city scrutiny The
sound recognizes them from their pictures

The sound finds them in the central chambers You take them off your
hat You will them into your life You make them believe in you You
tell them where to get off and watch them listen You carry them to
Bob and Patty's filling them in You repeat the necessary info is all
to them then let them out on their own You watch them enjoy themselves
You point some chances out to them Stuff them in a car Carry them
beyond the point of no return where it's funny Create through them a
defense of the region You make them a house The sound finds them in
the central chamber

The sound clambers for them You take them the money They let you
get close to them You find them strange so what doesn't everybody
You theorize to them through the blueness guitar You disgust them with
your strums The sound clambers for them

The sound cools them Resets them among the others Resigns them to
their face Whispers to them sweet nothings Takes them for granite
Poses to them a portrait insurmountable international problem Turns
them down on their application Fills them with silver crayon loathing
tipping the equilibrium the other way The sound cools them

The sound puts them in your place You want to take them seriously but
do you Listen to them when you're listening to yourself Make them
feel at home Take them with you when you go Bounce them off one
another Make them do what you want them to do Record how you feel
about them Make them into a small book with wing covers The sound
puts them in your place

The sound curls them around your little finger I'd love them to think
you weren't here Look out and after them while I'm gone You're not
known to them They often mistake you for one of themselves You often
need them to tell you what to do The day shines on them among others
Otherwise you won't when you see them recognize them The sound curls
them around your little finger

The sound funks them You have set them at dim You free them from
their leaps and bounds You take them for a fool You put them in
your place but fail to understand what's going on with them To you and
them everything seems awfully glass You can hear them freezing in
their tracks You assume them to be size places You exhaust them when
you talk so loud The sound funks them

The sound costs them A whole lot of things make them think A whole
lot of things are going on to them Visualize them from what you know
You don't think you'll be able to disappoint them with what you were
wondering about them Repeat them once in awhile Look in on them
The sound costs them

The sound comes to them all at once They recognize Bob and Patty in

them You forget to take them with you why don't you Compare them
with what you know Put a little color in them Occasionally show them
and yourself a good time off Burn them with your desire Flames cut
in to your numbers The sound comes to them all at once

The sound keeps track of them They want you to join them in enjoying
themselves Make arrangements for them You'll know them when you come
across Spirit them toward the apple of the impossible Don't mention
them to anybody The sound keeps track of them

The sound makes them work You know them is to love them You keep
them next week to your heart You space them out You watch them grow
You make them lose their way along with themselves You undertake to
discover them wherever you find them The sound makes them work

Other Publications
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