

A HUNDRED POSTERS

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Susan Howe:

How clearly this and they
may be a lie

bed of leaves
mirage into deep sleep

forest command
may be a lie

stranger and sojourner

as all my fathers were

horned sages sailing in ships

icy tremors of abstraction

During the war he fired echoes
the Senate stooped

to kiss the highest proof

Doom of ordinances
and alliances

chairs seem straw in the streets

Progeny envisages progeny
her cage, his high standing

temerity to invoke vengeance
lines to an apparitional dagger

"There goes your house."
"There goes yours."

Often I put my arms on the table
and already tired

bit into my stomach.

Flakes of thick snow
fell on the open pages

tickled the heels of even the great Achilles.

Audacity of favorite children
boy and girl

who come back lost
founder forgotten, reforms forgotten

clocks dark as ever
and telephones broken down.

Crowds assemble on the plain
followers, disciples, pseudo-disciples

wire fences along property lines
I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative

the little heir of alphabet
lean as a knife

searches the housetop in tatters.

Michael O'Brien:

duchamp

The distinguishing characteristic of the dandy's beauty consists above all in an air of coldness which stems from an unshakable determination not to be moved. The voyeur then has no choice but to be both exalted and melancholy. The external world has no other interest than its transposition into winning or losing positions. The beauty is in the arrangement and the inherent possibilities. It has been confirmed that the real function of rational discourse is to imprint the master's orders in his subordinate's mind. The defects drive the machine. My chance is different from your chance. The simplest method is a nail driven into a vanishing point. He was very proud of his raccoon coat and wore it on every possible occasion. Chicago. It is a kind of rendezvous. Dictionaries are not natural. Irony is a way of accepting something. The cave paintings were movies. Don't let anyone know you're working.

After Ch'ang Kuo Fan & Andre Gide

Thirty years rushed by me like a travelogue,
one end of the country to the other,
longing for the place where I was born,
& all those travels only made tracks in drifting sand.

I piled up learning like a snowball, I crossed mountains
& passed examinations & made speeches
& went that day twice to the movies because I felt lonely & abandoned,
a bisexual recluse. I should have stayed home & raised melons.

James Sherry:

Drawing on Speculum Musicae

Tuning: stops by sliding
his foot to a stop
virtuoso style
"the solo ensemble"
alack slept in his suit
this vicarious tune

Once it's fugue
my spectacles reflect
my view of you under
my eyes what lapse to not
be one with
"eek," no seagulls
here, no hearth robbed of lost hours

How easy to embroider a napkin
Where are the cards

I came to you that night
my eyes were moons fed through
wet grass breathing high
out your breath until or thought resigned
There you swelled
Out, the town won't twitter this way in a week
There'll be some lush who'll forget,
but the rest seize all chance
and there will be no escape, when they want, from recall.
And far then armies, not the inner, when they want,
but th'whole ear and each
Let's have it boys, over the top and over
withe and snoot the chimneys sneeze over Tanschritte
Black favors color the day
when in swept her incredible
forehead?, arms?, ha.
You were there, leaning over the chrome embankment
where the German's grave doubts had pitched about
continuance (but fretted family you know survives)
One shocking thing about her though was the color of her,
and in this climate, but you know a woman's boudoir--
emerald water, a trace, a whiff, the sentiment prepared for us.

II.

Fuse the rain
 what a second thought
drops a lot
 indistinguishable
I like to watch the puddles
 through the window
We let them have
 a piano and vary
but the rain is always different
 with uniform light
it can match an elbow
 or chair and do other things then
while we still
 ponder and wait

Fuse the rain
 into the wall (presenteth)
find out a lot and
 wash it away
 grape vines conceal an
the old bottle
 no term for it--we are
up at dawn here in the country
 and a wet day
is a long one
 we work at it--games
and books but no tv--ca. 1931 (schoen.)

III.

This is the last dance
and all remain to see if we will gigue.
Yet how under we sieve and finally bounce
into each other's arms. How a batch
 How a batch of girls,
we let them, we let you all swell, go home and then fret.
Another night we thrive and beer--ho ho we were so cheery
that many would scoff at our youth,
but doubt was the part that drove us.

You are gone and fresh no more the air.
Let it deepen then where,
when the exquisite details of our promenade
made between axe and mute.....

DRAWING ON MUSICA ELETTRONICA VIVA

Part I: Masters Every Voice

It was in Spain north of where I broke
a spotlight around three blocks
a veteran taxi driver yelled out his window
washers 12 stories up need no advise to you is
don't try vacuuming me while I take a nap
sun raise light workers pick through shards
Make every man voice rage
like a badly improvised note bodies
gotta be in tune transport of ohm
chance this paper will fall through
tunes like clouds you expect
to hold you up break into hole and spaces
between thoughts lengthen into shadows
to dwell on daydream someone gotta hold this
tune down on king's birthday scales his weight in gold
trombone slide down bannister into Miles Davis
star dome come outside freedom inside
freedom slavery pause and air and

Many evangelical vultures would fall from their perches
singed by the viscera sucked through these horns blare
distant blue Fredrick smiles smiles but only empty beer cans
rehearse in their memories ending with a tune these five time
apart between waking sleeping music drops into "B-line" the

More each vary come closer buzz slower winter steam up
pipes would freeze if they stop what horn
got a multiple tongue to speak the

Manifold energy vault glory some morning
when air too still to stir gauzy curtains
eyes stuck shut can breast the tape
(how triad of me)

Makes every vain gesture speak low or sweeter than
you'd dare expect me splattered with mud shattered by sun
could appear

More even virtuous to someone who thought art work
More even valuable bittersweet gesture able
to say I'll pay the check or

More even view myself squeakier
Maybe even victim and demand redress like workers for
500 year bondage or women 5000 year octave attached to shoulders
shakes under blind lights down to a croon
smoking drinking not bother thinking tomorrow

Breakfast in Berlin with Lots of Coffee
United Patchwork Part II: Programmatic

Waltz what thighs beneath a dress doing
waltz and rush of patchwork fabric mind
waltz dangerous no return chandeliers and linzer schnitten
always becoming something else nobody needs to stop
Moreover eclectic values improvised can
Make each value
Meld entirely virtually everybody can hear
broken up funny void running through blackout
and wake up in a gas station on route 40 in Kansas
City woman tobacco stain yellow on her
barracks of parents about to be sued for
we are a unison strapped to a critic's bedpan no way out
but through ventilators and race through
Metropolis enough verve to return to agricultural communities
worship female deities like in the 1950's
Many even voices coincide and react only
Mixing echoes vanquish sense this is going to
fast semi-conductors can't control this
tongue anymore horses
flying off merry-go-round help
there is no solution but love bull
there is no solution but love hang on
there is no solo these five
ache between cool sheets
every limb in a cast floating down yellow river in bamboo unison
Means every voice together
Melody either vice or sentiment such as I could never be you
Chinese plumb blue which
Means electric footbinding narrative
of dynasties histories chastities no wall long withstand Yangtze or young
minor second met my lord you rice paper boat how short silkworms
Misery can't be rolled up like a mat
Eulogy for musicians each voice
Victory heterophony
so no one suspects we bring
you yourself you cast out you in a note
always becoming something else

Mark Willis:

Poem for Kathys Laughing

give it a flower and suddenly theres a field
of yellow headed weeds drunk by ten in the morning
rowdy elbowing thru mausoleum minds

Steve Benson:

to Claire and Charlotte

THE REST OF THE EXHIBIT

The prairie sits outside your building

building houses in the mountain crags

Crags speak in globules of spirit

Spirit owner lost his watch

Watch then reach out

Out the window we saw children holding mud

Mud you forgot your name and now eat the land

Land and stop

Stop enough

Enough chairs to fill the province

Province where people live in caves

Caves in and suffocates the people on the map

Map out your report by noon

Noon here on the earth

Earth to stand on

On his lips the form of the word the

To you the reader -
We thank the several people who responded to our plea for money.
In five months we received enough to pay for one issue.
The \$200 a month burden is still a large one when borne by only
two people, the editor and publisher.
Please help us by sending more money. Thank you.

Respectfully
Rebecca Miller
Alan Davison

THE REST

The prairie sits outside your building
houses in the mountain
Craggs speak in globules of spirit
owner lost his watch
then reach
Out the window we saw children holding mud
you forgot your name and now eat the land
and stop
Enough chairs to fill the province
where people live in
Caves in and suffocates the people on the
Map out your report by noon
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