

NON-EVENTS

A HUNDRED POSTERS

#35 Nov 1978

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Published with the cooperation of the Segue Foundation

Not said the reactionary. I'm going to stick here  
fill it's over.  
This made up Frederick's mind.  
Looking to his right and to his left in order to  
enlist his friend's support,  
there he saw Bellein just ahead on the platform.  
The artist was giving the mob shit.

So okay, that's it. Then go.  
Would you mind running to see for me if Mr Arnoux is  
in the kitchen?  
Half-full half-empty plates and bottles all over the  
floor in numberless rows and saucers pots a  
kettle of fish and the frying pan agitating on  
the stove.  
Arnoux was having a great time killing the servants  
what to do,  
stirring gravy and tasting sauces and telling jokes  
to the cook.

NON-EVENTS

Barrett Watten

So it's a good play, who cares about the style, it's  
the idea that counts.  
And Frederick found no chance to speak. He buried on.  
Wasn't I only just saying like in the case of Praelin  
interruption by Hussonet  
Look we've heard this a million times. Forget it.

NON-EVENTS

for B W

This is great. He's really showing us a great time.  
This?! said the Vicomte de Cisy. Forget it!  
After eating the first bite from his spoon he said  
So old des Aulnays, did you see Father and Janitor  
at the Palais Royal?  
Come on you know I'm not going to see that, the marquis  
answered.

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till it's over.  
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enlist his friend's support,  
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So okay, that's it. Then go.  
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Half-full half-empty glasses and bottles all over the  
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Arnoux was having a great time telling the servants  
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the idea that counts.  
And Frederick found no chance to speak. N buried on,  
Wasn't I only just saying like in the case of Praslin  
Interruption by Hussonet  
Look we've heard this a million times. Forget it.

Not as though the words were hard to make out in  
groups  
but really in a reasonable and open way  
as though he were telling just what happened  
to a friend who made sense, whom he could let know  
the most personal telling things he had to say.

He never had any intention of getting married at all!  
Who so irresponsibly started these rumors up?  
The same way, this story's been going around he was  
born with a tail.  
That's so ridiculous, not to say indecent and  
disgusting,  
that I know I don't have to try to disprove it to  
you.

Well, it's almost too plain this is fate,  
so we may as well name him after his father.  
He was an Akaky so let's call the son Akaky too.  
And in this way he became Akaky Akakyson.  
At the christening he exploded in tears and indicated  
facially that plainly he knew his fate was to  
be a doormat.

So that's how the matter reached him, as it was  
supposed to.  
In this country everything catches the craze for  
imitation,  
everybody apes those they think better.  
I understand when one doormat reached the top he  
walled off part of his office as his special room,  
he called it an audience chamber, . . .

He's so fucking careful to avoid sex it's as though  
sex were the only thing too delicate, not good  
enough to touch  
the scientific impulse of the investigator. He wants  
sex. Membrane he wants to explore.  
You know how great artists love to indulge their  
fantasies in sexy even disgustingly gross obscene  
gushy revolting sex-oriented images-- but just  
the opposite,  
Leonardo left only a few cautious sketches of the  
inside of a cunt, a womb with child, and the like.  
One can only doubt Leonardo ever fucked a woman.

It frees the mind by its first refusal  
to believe, then disagrees again and never forgives  
them  
not having known and told the truth. It works it out  
its own way  
and imagines a baby in her belly. Sexually feeling  
itself,  
the child considers how it came to be, from food, from  
excrement, from father, hard to comprehend.

Maybe he began working it out for the sake of his art,  
to get light, forms, space and so on down. He wanted  
to be sure  
he could completely reproduce the looks of what's out  
there and show others how to too.  
He probably thought all this more useful than it really  
was.  
Pulling on painting, he pushed further and further in  
to things, animals, plants, anatomy, interior struck  
biological functions il sole non si move.

This piece of flesh's so wonderful no one else could  
not have one too. Nothing is so good. I intend clutch  
have to know that everybody has one, no matter who I look  
at even little girls. I don't see it but refuse to say, so  
miserably nuts I'd become, it must be real small and it'll  
grow.

So we got there all right and I went on to drink  
and I'm still drinking. Hunh, said Penthaus, so I  
hear,  
and hear. Get rid of this bore-- blind and torture  
him.  
They imprisoned him and were preparing to kill him  
when the doors opened and his chains fell off.  
Penthaus wouldn't let him off, even then, but walked  
up the mountain instead.

. . . give birth by telling lies-- I tell you her  
children  
are born through her mouth. Stop. Sigh. Ahem:  
You still moanin bout those yerrunrelated to?  
Listenna me tell you what happenta my sister then,  
even though  
the factet I'm cryinnis gonna make it hardta talk.

This exiled murderer comes at me by the throat and  
near tosses me off  
the damned boat; I catch the end of a rope and hang  
on while everybody's egging this guy on.  
Then the big booser wakes up as if this racket's  
dried him out and starts screaming  
What is this? What's happening? How'd I get here?  
Where'm I going?  
And the captain offers to take him wherever he likes.

He used to run all over the corn so it never got  
harvested.  
He'd tear down grape and olive vines and kill the  
cattle that had the shepherds, dogs and big bulls  
cowed.  
Everyone hid behind walls to be clear of him.  
Then these tough young guys started coming together  
in a group, including  
one who used to be a woman, one whose wife hadn't  
ruined him yet, and Atalanta.

She walked in wearing all her silvery threads.  
We walked out to the lake and sat down with ice-  
picks to pick away at the frozen lake.  
It was night. Tom woke me up scraping at the  
heating vent.  
It felt like a harp. He got up and we went for a  
ferry ride.  
From the boat we could see all the prisons, their  
ruins and their bars and the land they rose  
half up on.

She lets me in and lets me have the key. She was  
wearing an overcoat  
as she made my choice of teas to remind me of where  
she went to dinner,  
though she drank too. This was, if problem, no  
solution.  
Shout. Reminded-- stubborn. Wants to eat, seeing me  
eat.

In order to hug me he calls me mommy. I hug him  
back and tell him I'm not his mommy.

A new alternative readily seized in imagination: I  
could read the book in French.  
No. Or marshall my thoughts to silence as a speedboat  
race.  
Before the advent of sound synchronization. So  
personal,  
so warm, so cold. So radiant  
dead in the twilight, deft in the hand, on the drive  
south-- speeding.

Trial run. I would rather walk across Brooklyn, my love.  
He is everything to me, in his lovely screen dance.  
Hold the script  
a little less tightly. Stop there.  
When we didn't know what to say for a while they went  
away. It was better than talking.  
I'm making the only connection between that and this.

I will not be responsible for you. I won't pay your  
taxes; I will not run for governor.  
I'll get a job as a job and realize what I've done.  
Foreign territory. Will you tell me a story? Want  
a story? Which one?  
For a certain amount of time each day, at least, with  
his son.  
He stand in the bus station, sits in the restaurant,  
and covers the bill, I don't object.

We went to see the king but he was asleep so the only  
prince not too busy getting soldiers  
together to kill us came out to welcome us in where  
we sat down, it was fine,  
and he noticed this amazing spear of mine with the  
gold head. He couldn't tell what wood it was.  
There was some idle conversation, then he said he  
liked to hunt. And he diplomatically started  
asking me  
about this spear, which always kills whoever I  
want to and always comes back to me.

In this case none other than a so-called infantile  
memory,  
and certainly a peculiar one. Odd things and  
an odd time to remember: no memory of the period  
you're still being nursed  
can be believed, but the idea of a vulture opening  
Leonardo's mouth with its tail  
is so incredible, a construction that eliminates all  
strangeness likes us better.

Right away they resolved to take up a collection,  
but only got together a lousy few bucks since, expenses  
aside,  
they'd already spent nearly everything on a new picture  
of the director  
and then on some book suggested by a department head--  
one of the author's friends.

A radiantly beautiful and intelligent bronze goddess  
on a mantelpiece cluttered with papers  
between bunches of pink candles.  
Next to the file cabinet a man sat in an armchair  
reading a paper and wearing a hat.  
Many pictures like rare engravings and contemporary  
fine art prints were all over the walls all  
elaborately decorated with very honest remarks  
of affection for Jack Arnoux.



## NON-EVENTS

Morning turns inside out. The engine  
is diseased, as it spreads along  
approximate ice. High contrast  
geometry of person straightens out from  
meandering road. Desperate focus  
never looks back. Progress makes possible  
a paralyzed attendant, set apart  
an end to himself (moral noise).

The old assassins lie in meadows  
and parks of foreign countries.  
The apple never falls, the lathe dies.  
In far reaches of product design  
horizontals sink into sphere.  
Jewels multiply from particle beam,  
solid monuments reconstitute gray.  
Listening to birds, reading the iron sign.

Until we advance nothing seems possible  
until a bridge is built upon us.  
Window openings scale the divorced  
speed of rooms to permanent time. What  
foundations a stone supports, rolling hills  
collapse. In this utopia the common  
bond lowers threshold of doubt.  
A virtual x-axis, crowded by on-looking I's.

Out of the blue the daily voices  
insist on a square standing ground.  
That there are deserts with a view  
to silence ready-made compensates for rain.  
Delayed exile dead-ends in the opium den.  
Nobody changes the record, if a man  
is a slave to his choice. Echoes  
of natural selection make up his mind.

Different landscapes balance matters  
with the force of clear ideas.  
A blueprint for flood channels  
empties music of its sound. Notice a trap  
made for oneself. Out of the constant  
bridge wounds circumscribe the work.  
You becomes another constant, unresolved  
war of nerves on a separate planet.

The taste is dulled by devices running  
on batteries, visible at great distances.  
They return to history its natural  
anecdote, no mystery to a moralist.  
Blind forces blur detail, break into song.  
A stranglehold competes for steady influence,  
imagines a former life. Divided,  
the original jargon is enhanced.

A primitive continent in the head  
cries out for armor. Weapons  
anticipate emptying the world  
of general ideas. Counterpoint materials  
to a vanishing forest of lines. The sun  
disappears behind a curtain.  
Each man is isolated by design  
flaws in his perception of the opaque.

Doubt buys a loaf of bread  
in air-conditioned cubicles  
of the eternal city. We avoid  
the cult of false talk and misinformation.  
Through hybrid rooms the path of shock  
figures dissolve to geometric trace.  
The body completes its translation of error.  
The mirror is a visible defeat.

The eyes wear glasses on the open boat.  
The rubbish heaps are rhythmically arranged.  
Electrical communication beset with  
cheap nihilism reflects monotony of  
industrial work. Lost illusions return  
as symptoms curving against the grain.  
The tools are vanishing henchmen  
of a dull country built by lies.

Luminous captions set against stop-gap  
motion is abandoned on the screen.  
A metallic clarity of daily rations  
advertizes removal of unwanted friends.  
Economy of energy output implies advance  
notice of mess. Specialized arguments  
break the elemental ideal opponent  
back to one. Thinking describes its fakes.

Beyond silent clouds the synthetic music  
breaks with number. The basic skull  
cuts deep into unnatural surface of  
semantic field. Floodlights hit a momentary  
dissolve weight under trees.  
In cities governed by loudspeaker  
hypothetical statues assimilate blur.  
Daily life rises from fear of reprisal.

Blood-stained x-rays of ceremony  
sink into the street. Large-scale  
blueprints from postcards  
of early memories lie unwanted on the desk.  
Categorical furniture opens another page  
of paper to dead trees in the head.  
The telephone rings. Childhood privileges  
sanction resistance to that sound.

Pale submission arises in the climate  
of relative work. Death becomes  
a small building in a blinding wind.  
Every trivial verity dislocates the perfect  
tower of dreams. The private tension  
telescopes horizons into points.  
Hysteria annihilates clear ideas to clash  
of precursors bursting through technique.

The animus splits heavy machines  
into water downstream. Poisoned pen  
strikes hollow notes in the epic  
of oppressive regime. The neutral hero  
cannot revive his point of view. Partisans  
of metaphor commandeer the hills.  
The artifact unfolds from gestures  
of reconciliation between opposing camps.

Algebraic murderers sleep in these beds.  
The clock buries the cartographer  
in the flowering cliff. Shadows  
of zealots rotate 180 degrees.  
The stiff uniforms of disappointed women  
destroy the satisfaction of their work.  
The workmen struggle with baggage  
burning with a clear blue flame.

The catalog of hidden eye movement  
generates one continuous fact.  
The working-class road peters out  
to many-colored photographs of stones.  
Soap bubbles burst into long-standing  
marble blocks. The uniform index  
strangles distant ghost. Flattened  
streams reverse direction and float.

Hunger coalesces in huge time sockets  
lost in imagined future. Instant replay  
of recent war balances weight of air.  
Whatever obscures common speech  
locates barriers under ground. Landscape  
in perspective touches bottom of  
architectural well. Forgotten upheavals  
pulse continually in major key.

Thousands of post-war pink lampshades  
bear emblems of avant-garde design.  
The captains of geological time  
are nailed by the savage picture show.  
Inside the arena tension drips from aura  
of cinematic trees. Infantile rage  
overpowers the eyeless specialists' church.  
Fair-weather mirages erase machine-made books.

The electro-library of illusory lingo  
describes little-known background info.  
Muscular ABC's correspond to  
schematic interior stage-settings.  
Eye-opening narrative purifies throwbacks  
pining for arcane illumination. Agitated  
scrabble self-destructs its matrix.  
Dream flux breaks down to a priori slogans.

A frame wide enough for opening lines  
abolishes the doctrinaire audience.  
A local doorway spreads out and fills  
the bloodless mass mind. Straight-laced  
subterranean pavilions replace original talent  
killed in car accident. Darkened rooms  
define the screen. Prisoners of  
the marketplace survive on artificial food.

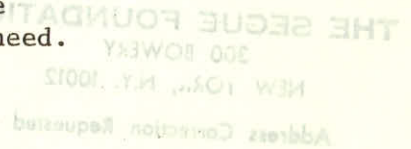
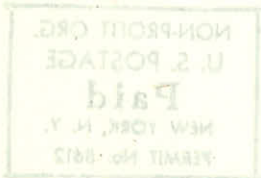
Hard-core iron cracks the perma-frost  
table-land with vertical plumb-line of radio.  
The laboratory sphynx gravitates  
toward magnetic north. A text operates  
computer dreaming on ancient boundary stones.  
A second-hand teletype translates collective  
anatomy lessons. Common sense mistakes  
building codes for symbiotic dwelling.

Zero measures the invisible future.  
False stars correct brain distortion  
until a solid body changes its mind.  
Blind roads bridge raised eyebrows  
as fictional wheels pursue billboard tunnel.  
Stage illogic plays on blank wall effect  
and new paint. Abstract utensils fade  
through mass production of primitive need.

Self-convicted criminal registers address  
with introspection bureau. Artificial  
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of error. The priestly function of hysterics  
emerges from dead-duck prime movers. Word  
listens to mistakes without comment.  
One voice overheating with worn edges  
disrupts the usually smooth chain of command.

The 19th century is permeated with  
toehold corners in three dimensions.  
The body's brittle journey demands  
independent runways and mood elevators.  
Built-in ruler and compass take the glow  
from sunset or moonlight. Level days  
recreate the church of submerged instinct.  
Chaos sprouts memory during maximum speed.

The price of dying is charged against  
new brilliance of metal fittings.  
Indestructable front of color and line  
is parceled into still photos. Automatic eye  
works machine ethic into fragile nerve endings.  
Distant relations march forward  
to claim kinship with forgotten past.  
The manual is rewritten one page at a time.



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**THE SEGUE FOUNDATION**  
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Address Correction Requested

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PERMIT No. 8612