

A HUNDRED POSTERS

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Kit Robinson:

RUNNING DOGS

The caboose decouples & drops behind the train. It grinds to a halt. I walked up to the brakeman. Coffee black? I asked him. He grinned. That was Illinois. The farmers there had good black soil to work with but prices inflated after the war, small farms had to foreclose, got bought up by the banks. Went blank. But that's going way back. I was going to the store. It was a normal day. Washed up. Pink rim around the gray. Light changed near the end of the day several of us stood on the deck. You will always scratch your knee. You are completely inside what you do. It couldn't be otherwise. He did nothing.

I stopped reading the book. Ground down to level 0. The sea. Four of us alternated night watches. I watched her as she spoke. Do you want this beer? Tomorrow's business is a wash, nothing more, it could come over you with the predictability of decay. Ferns grow from between the tracks. Guttled interiors. Blasted chandeliers, acid indigestion, ducks. Sun affects the photographic surface, the arch. The inside of your arm. Telegraph. Slow notions of paint command the heart. Baleful chicken putty. Dust on the verandah. Lagoons. You gotta fight to live. Let's eat right. Let's call this.

The closet is jammed up with skeletons, can't get the ironing board out. You gotta bone to pick? Are you who you think you are? Take 3 steps back. Take fictitious marbles out of rhetorical mouth. Stand clear. The train brushes past. 5 years later exactly the same situation. You made it all up. Step out of this box, this phonebooth, this box car. Where is the hinge? Nearly bent out of shape. You bet. Have one of mine. Big deal. It's the same all over. Towels in the bathroom. Salt air. Your memory plays tricks on you, senior. My name is Ignacio and I think you have bruises on your neck. If you follow this line you will pay for the package. Slowly they sail along the Levantine coasts. Groans boast excess tape. The time line lies down. Too old for this. Fingers watching TV bleed. I went down to pick a dilly underground

circus, remember little, guess bombs dropped, I wasn't there, just couldn't settle down, not yet born. With a shriek I wrenched the knife from my breast. I wasn't even hurt. Nine times nine rain fell. Plus the tears make 177 liquid bullets in West Texas.

The art of education spindles man's slim deposit. Starting from where she meets the beard a collection agency arrives at tuned intervals. Dots a bundle. Love virtually in the Rhine, soap up & have my alpha voucher-- the tender sisters will have to wait outside planes' (have no windows! Lifts. The personality will have to wait outside the self. Continuous nylon interchange till dying day. Kill the puppet.

A bat's habit is to tan. Miriam's walking on air baffles. Stan's record records stun. Julie's a tough nut. Ward's cracker looks turn on & off. By the way have you seen by the dawn's early times the bar bourbon kings order terrible shots of backhanded history at Steve's honest attempt to break thru. Highly winded's terraced green die. One or many's one question. Name your poison. Backward forward's only reference to a line of work: marbles. One spins out.

White, gray-blue, red-orange, space, a bird, flat-back, only the top, south, 3, dogs running, green, green-gray, desk metal, pause, gives the driver, semi-pause, ranch wagon, yellow, box, bell-blue, Super K, pale, bleach lemon, sky blue, weight. Left to his own devices he estimated but would not budge. Tends to eliminate endings. Time and number cancel to yield space. He said roundly. Your favorite cup of adult fever. Imprisons cuts to study shag and loop. Americans come and go in their jobs. Landscapes ticket.

It's St. Patrick's Day. Why? Because there are no more snakes in the San Francisco Museum of Art. We sit in the refrigeration unit and eat our words, Art, too late for an explanation, probably look like we broke in, here to do poetry unit, rent suits to pick up distinguished artists, what would an explanation look like? Pressure exerted on past. Silk screen? A quiet spell, we watch fireworks courtesy armed federales. Place under windshield. Time to apply for foundation status? I can see a bit of Oakland. Less flies in here than there was. That rattle last night was thin sliced (name of rock) wind chimes against window frame. I recognize how things (on table) are in relation. The coffee is ready to drink. The wind is pushing the branches all one way, green, yellow & gray. This part is to be sung. Part company, part company dismissed. Datona, the cat is my pal. That coffee's going to get cold if I don't drink it soon. My stomach's been feeling a bit fucked up lately. This page should be written with crayons. What color makes you think of happiness. Black. Serious black coffee. 12 OZ. BLACK PEPPER. Five clothespins hang on the line. Oakland's a little brighter, further back. Cool fog air enters. Yellow cotton burnoose hangs from stand up lamp. Every so often it is time to spit. Do you feel this? Terribly preoccupied. Helicopters seek wandering jew in connection with lug nut. Compound interest with numerical analysis part three: phlegm. I hear you talking.

Coastal winds whip the tide, a milky color impossible to photograph. The Inquest, 5¢, behind glass, 3 buffalo, surrounding dead Indian, 2 shaking, one nodding, mechanical heads. Dark haired couple on green slope, he pulls her hip toward him, laughing. Chinese boy on bike rides by says hi, red-orange pennant flying high in back. "Aaaa, my sister's dumb," he tells me. Wind continues history notwithstanding to move leaves whole branches a naturalist's simple pulse. Washington palm branches flap. Now here's a guy lying flat on his back, eyes open tho, head propped up, peering. At the planters. Man and boy carry bikes up stairs. Colder when the sun's behind a cloud. Cycles leave swirls of exhaust to fade into haze before trees pine green and medical complex. Three sit, sun high face and hair, at ease. What talk do they have, what's known, together, by them, there. Unincluded mysteries of religious training lights flint in recollected air. The mind's a hook, "Eeek!", talking pigeons into teaching school. Green worn bench boards. Sun on.

The camera's prepared height the lens uncovered shells scattered then drawn together in a white bandana coffee late afternoon dawn light brought in from the car unfolded on blue table top the smooth one held to a point momentarily jagged crumbles done with facing the window the wall then a basket half open seized tenderly fragile parts of climate hinting gray or white striations across the heart the room too much sleep contains dunked under and voided dreams of bobbing back up wakes bleached and salty half imbedded in drying sand fingers pick up.

A rotting dry dock broke loose from Pier X sways ponderously asphalt glaciare over cordage. Destroyed your notion of circular time. The bridge arcs leisurely to Treasure Island, where the Navy sits like biscuits rising. Helix lattice squeezes. I'll meet you at that marker with the red stripe. Orgones simmer in the mid-section. Shyness is pride times vaulted desire equals mango. Cyn Zarco. Blue T-shirt, white jersey, New Mexico, breakfast at one. How do you do it on TV? Piano dates under the bay.

Objective reality can be said to enjoy an existence only from the point of view of being eaten alive by it. One hydrogen atom per year in a 40 story building would not be observed locally. Suppose the sky is right on earth's surface, same absolute luminosity, temperature one billion degrees. Such a warm environment, with ever increasing numbers of heavier hard ons, not possible at very earliest times, breaks down causality, truly a remarkable piece of detective work. Our total event horizon will recede to final stage of white dwarfs. 50 per cent big bang, 90 percent ultimate collapse: North Pole absorbing more basic question, Pluto even colder, greenhouse effect. A flashlight, sucked up by the hungry universe, to gain energy (be blue-shifted), feeding, filling out, fighting and fucking excitable cells.

Turn of the century musicians pose in situ out of doors in traffic after the ball under western skies before the guns of august made freud advertise speech to bourgeois noteworthies over and out.

Me, it's the way they fit, like a leaf into its own shape, shape and identity abstract hangers handle the event: recognition. I invited each separate I to meet him at the film "M". Came in late and sat alone in the back. Never will forget, Peter Lorre gets out of a tan hat, I forget to sleep, turn over to side B, chemical wonders about Meriwether Lewis, girls, women, industry. I'm hunched up. No gold in the mine. This entry's a mistake-- the length of the shaft is utterly dark, blocked at both ends by fallen I-beams. Where the tracks broke apart your reporter stands on an overturned slide trying to join two wires.

A hairpin turn on Mohawk Trail, white pickets to mark the roadbed, Fords parked along the inside bank, white dust, green scrub brush. White hats and uniforms of the naval recruits, fanning out over the deck. Two guys sitting on a bench by the bulkhead describe a W. City, Michigan. The ferocious "Jeehoola Gualama" (species aurora borealis), captured in the wilds of Guantanamo by a Wyoming exploration party. Sepia along the shore. Palms describe H above woman in white with parisol and cake-shaped hat in New Zealand fernery, 7 feet wide. A bald man demonstrates.

Some writer doesn't have a pen in the place. Plum foolish. Same writer drinks tea like anybody, lips first, and kicks a glass tin. What is described, the music, takes shape of that description, could be rather say un soir dans tunis, steam for tea, my obsession, pinto bean, Larkin. Horses rise out of sea water, pivot on haunches for a look at the painter. The painter is dizzy, leaning to left. Spatuloid spume scrapes up at the ankles. The light in the forest turns brown. Even lines crack at the hour. Terrific brown slashes of light strike the flanks of the horses.

Could even a beeline slowly into the sea. Stance has it that history won't revise list. Impact order thought over. Have masters to graft and dispatch. Obtain lonely quarters. I have a half-male puma. Never mind it said. Barbara Q will hasten the remains along. Then we know we were covered on both sides, never again to say opposite or two. The arrangement of lines seemed to be working out strangely, the pencil to be bent, like rubber. I felt the middle of my head. Back of neck and shoulders evidently there, here, spoken for. Beating the keys with the tongues of his shoes, Monk was.

A change of diet or a change of air makes a difference. What country do you live in. The difference is the US versus myself. Tea is penetrating. I've had sex and tobacco one third of my life. Waking life is an inexplicable succession of beats and dilations. This language is abstract, reads as if arrived at by strategy. Whereas would all that come first see A, suspended, at the top of the list? I pour more tea, record this, and drink some of it. The refrigerator is the loudest. Then the heat. The blood in my ears and then distant traffic. Children's toys and games are in front of me beneath a window.

Larry Eigner:

birds on the buildings
the street made a space
there was always time

light
quietly
thunder
no rain but
yet
the sound
like far away
too much sky
night on top of the day
sunspeed
pieces
trees stand
bird song

some leaves
dangling
air
drop
a nearby tree
from the street
up and down a bird
faster
nothing doing better

A full life
taken little by little
not all at once
you gain time
the pieces wholes

going
a flag
pulled aside
at a hour
where
there's no still

light

quietly

thunder

no rain but

yet

its sound

like far away

too much sky

night on top charge day

sunspread

breeze

trees stand

bird song

some leaves

dangling

air

drop

a nearby tree

from the street

up and down a bird

faster

nothing doing better

going

a flag

pulled aside

at a door

where

there's no stir

wall ceiling sky shadow enlargement
thing for the beach shine biting reflex
shark ballast elements hold
water masses Shelley and others drowned
that
particular year goes by days
frying-pans
washlines

waves form

or,
you can only tell by lights

darkness lets others though

travels apply scrape
footsteps
raining still snowing

bounce tin a trip
stair roof ridge

anticipate -- or remember -- enough?
Ideas of permanence and reality may be perverse. And how can we
greater effect, and sentiment made itself felt.
It had an influence, was the source for copy, was the a. which had the
to his theme which are fictional letters from women to their lovers, for
plain diction, personal details, questions, etc. to lead a familiarity
subjects and the other on romantic and sentimental subjects perfected
A poem is addressed or friend epistles: one on moral and philosophical

a f t e r t h e s e y e a r s
what not
to be satisfied with

looking out at the street
so the loud clock
dispels time

Lyn Hejinian:

DONNE NOR

(My letters arrive late, later than I, however much I anticipate your receiving them. The today of the letters is your future and my past and thus we miss each other, like that. I am completely aware of this, as a continuation, which is alive. Remember the future.)

and finly mute,

Yell out to allow. The best I've read I believe what becomes a continued letter was evident that I wrote you there truly: "the verse e. may be found as early as 146 B.C. with Sp. Mummius' letters from Corinth."

A poem is addressed or friend epistles: one on moral and philosophical subjects and the other on romantic and sentimental subjects perfected plain diction, personal details, questions, etc. to lead a familiarity to his theme which are fictional letters from women to their lovers, for it had an influence, was the source for copy, was the e. which had the greater effect, and sentiment made itself felt.

Ideas of permanence and reality may be perverse. And how can we anticipate -- or remember -- enough?

ru dea near,

rletten. Frie and du tem, my nd nude.

In order, not just. That despite and out he later fear. Nor the no. To join me pleasure you have in mind a bit of the mood and better yet. Yes.

Elle etait folle et nue: it would stretch my life. To become total the incipient becomes, between order and disarray, work and sheets, a view the lines splay, saying similarly. To renew and that is why. It is afterlife than the continual life of animals in intensive form: all the various intentions. Raw, dea new.

(how it is wonderful I know devotes the possibility, the darling my, for I heard him. She asked me for I heard him. To impossible a voice in my sleepiness of losing in danger of the room and yet the hope. A deal of progress I remember, and mark for. Still, plans don't appreciate I must be.)

the missing,

is figure. And from arriving. For lack to be realized? In a way it is a matter of bringing about what I want. The distracted person forms habits. The comprehension of rational is left, but recollected to something deeply converging with. Something give me lately now across. It was a humble arrest. A history of realities. The sensuality of vigors. The following is found the story. Talking I felt particularly. I'm ready to be there with you. The first part of the facts. Yet a romantic. Dependent on consideration returning my attention is to return. My own is private again stands so that we are significant, important, standing, to place our lives with respect will clear and meanwhile. My hands are at the door as if that were a name. The expression wore, once flushed to revel, and burned behalf. They say we are not innocent and burned behaviour. Mine is to trust and turns to out. Further issues from the future, where our contrivance now is done and there not being wind there is no spoil. We seem no longer as we did. This experience has no recorded completion. It was possessed but never intended in correspondence printed. Many other letters and batches of perception without harness initially, though becoming so perhaps which accompanies one, albeit high, very, somewhat, wholly, of what. With singular ease, the letters were written, as intimate and confident, friend to another. Even to entertain reached genius.

(letters of experience and its highest remembered: full consciousness and nude)

bit, thanks,

stray. No distance from which coincides the moment supplies the moment depravity turns into saintliness.

Sentence first sent once fierced in us. Nd nue. If every motive is

cruel, romance is using us, tomorrow, for this trip now morning to my playing for you felt like learning afraid.

asked me for stuff

needless to say not just once

All these goods return to me again remembering that no one imagines the one running danger, containing all that memory is an echo to be completely conscious.

pirnt nd oun,

For the sake of knowledge, every day is irrevocable. He trembles for his miserable life in entrance able of horizontal events lord vertical. The blameless life is not a revocable life. We must not fail to notice it, the conversation by telephone and the individual chapters our principals with regard to the whole thing, which are kind of unusual, very practically, so. The economic is white, the reality is really good in that respect, vigorous, tragic figures of antiquity and now. Studying the situation cigarettes. Seven-thirty. Talent. Respect. Problem. Half. I'll send it to you, version.

Dear, in all my keeping,
rescued best,
watching is willing. What is I wanted, more to be than to do, and having sufficiently. Now I wondered what it could mean you.

Ruin will be replaced by ennui. It was one thing to be unnecessary. The place is closed -- then open. The place is an action, or at least a motion. Not knowing what to do about you, with some one radio, I glance toward what the eye can pronounce aside and, leaning disconnected.

(as letter-writers earlier of that memoir-literature in which our languages is can my well hold up its head who bears the courtesy without any addition oddly. Connected was something which continued early, middle, life at least. And of a well-known anecdote fantastic. There is at least one story extensive and important, and not unlike the first which we remember and report again, of love without quarrel but lost like a large collection. It is a very odd picture, dear friend. It seems I scarcely know you, though containing a very picture of a courtship and a lively household and other letters not trifling with detail but authentic and beginning with extremes. Few in comparison. The passions are not passing, though alternating as they do.)

fwill allo,

wellrat. Wield the work. He read a warm the new form. Morf the marvelous. The meaning is impossible because it is implausible, an imitation elsewhere. An elegy turns to verse, see to du. It becomes all the clearer and he must show himself, to catch, to be amused, to equate the man, to shoot his autobiographical work. We do back and you would expect, showing a brilliant kindness without timorous muscles of the body of the situation of talent. So, too, slow motion is quick debate to the naked eye, not the empty eye, farsighted, place and round in time, but stand out.

is memorable from you. When one doesn't hear oneself, that blindness is likely fear. Don't you see how these are imagines each other in words to talk to each other in favor of learning more the strength so greatly altered in every way of compassion where the error of my judgment is almost closed however low I no doubt lasting one. A punch to impress you, to press after the latter's conclusion.

The next is juxtaposed, themes because remembered. Mem nd rea.
Remembered always with as ever

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(will also)

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