

USE A LITTERBAG IN YOUR CAR

Drive

Safely

ADAMS CHEVROLET CO.

Delray Beach, Florida

USE A LITTERBAG IN YOUR CAR

Drive

Michael Gottlieb's new book, 96 TEARS, published by Roof Books, is now available from Segue Distributing and from SBD.

A HUNDRED POSTERS

#39 October 1981

editor: Alan Davies

copyright 1981 Alan Davies work copyright 1981 Michael Gottlieb

correspondence: 826 Union St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215

Published with the assistance of the Segue Foundation

ADAMS CHEVROLET CO.
Delray Beach, Florida

Michael Gottlieb:

THE TEST OF TIME

The best shine in the afternoon.

A responsibility of the senses, mantling braids of dissuasion with an undress cringe of forbearance.

That someone once or did believe in a discovery, going on a kind of shopping spree.

The feeling that anything that could be called "late" just as easily, or yours, a pillar of the city.

What you shouldn't try until you really have a feeling for the basics, like contradiction, so called stability, ratios of wrong.

"Something generally eyed as a terrible burden in the right hands might seem transfigured, formgiver, into the focus of an existence, an axle for a life to circulate upon."

No one wishing they'd said it.

Of themselves, their asset, the easiest, the most enjoyed avenues to that certain prospect, an inscription to all the semi-privileged lapses, recognition distress.

Those who trade in it.

Indole, 'bad vice,' suspensary, nearly as arrant, "connotables."

An encomium resembling a lacunae, over a belt, too much decoration in the cross hatching.

Market razes as bail sunned the training lost diaristic escapework, "Chargin Charlie."

Jealous inches moled the fairway of tenses.

There was a catch in his voice that rarely left, a sort of sneaking suspicion, somehow voiced, that his place only temporarily had his name by the plate.

Erstwhile complete solemnity attends the exhumation of the artifice.

Sometimes, it's hard to accept, it's easier to say nothing, or, instead, it seems to bring around results more readily.

And one can have a lively fantasy life on top of that too.

It will never get dry in there.

I am not the moraliste.

The well you call.

The planning sector.

If I thought we could ever be alone.

Upon a stubborn clock of reason, an insistent failure of its own, in

repetition.

This water, meant, changing like a voice for various returns, a signature with branches.

The foreclosure, scapes of, generous tokens, the resilience of the 'fabric.'

What can be pretty, want, the accomplishment, disposal.

I let it get away, the ice melted before it was possible, I could have called but I had to seem as if I had nothing better to do.

How can you get by on this?

Ambient decision, this you have to orbit with one, the percentage in venturing beyond the 'own.'

This will go a long way to obviating the necessity of shackling yourself to that kind of fate.

Easy retrieval feints acknowledgement collar wayward mail.

"Tell yourself, talk to yourself, stop trying to outwit yourself, there's only us here, remember, there's no Them, the world is a great big us, right?"

What was the importance of being alone at a time like that, having once been "appellated," now dug in, doesn't it seem a bit suspicious, that it should be necessary?

How to combat malicious gossip.

It is important to study those conjugations of indecision to approach an

understanding of arbitorship, 'it's your business to get the low down on them.'

Try to be friendly.

A cheap little b/w, a milan team, a royal, tied into your model, call-backs, Racer Moon, compared with yourself, receivable, a thing I do for you, applicable smote rouge indispose next fructify *tome* dower mentis 'without them' strabismic imputed conduce infra amounted feelingly sibilant next-door follow through, infanta hem, strange-o, wrested mobile 3-hour frail downing minutest unreplaced servor funned marginalia stepped rapine knowed out clobber halved you care not to name.

This sort of thing I can handle.

I guess we just have to learn not to swallow it. Things this way.

Exactly the sort of thing he didn't want to hear from you.

The occasional 'weighing in,' flare of validity, not only how much you get but how far basically you can see in your quadrant, how internally-in-order, what price fared, look-alike.

Machined, daunted, pieced from the fray.

I like your garbage ties, parent teacher associations, don't call, 'pass off,' a want like any other.

Car of misplaced apotheosis, borne with scarcely a thought for the implications along in a step more ominous with every precedent assuming its station in the parade.

Things it gives off.

I can always use it for something.

The separations in the rankling, where it fell.

Should borrow takings close upon 'augured' hopes posturing with the trust
of the driven, the 'lapse' in the fields, around the _____ of words one
finds oneself returning to.

Realize this was assigned for you, 'do you understand, Don,' a real
authority, I have thoughts like anyone.

How much is really left on the table.

Between you and me, I do keep some sort of record.

Hats and canes, by phylum.

It wasn't 'til the last time that I figured out the right way to get it
going.

Behind it were layers, what one would say.

A drill of misery, breaks in the 'sides,' ranting toward a motive that
would absolve us, in that certain way, from ourselves.

Around much anymore, the mittel, there's trouble wherever, said to an-
other, 'trending toward loss as incentive.'

Each unit has an anthem.

What made it a deposit, 'you put a round,' the constraint of knowing
that, in the way you might possess a bond, or hold a passport, something
as an exemplification of a nevertheless, a sake sometime you will have
to return.

Who wouldn't mind being connected.

Willing to live like this.

Try and remember when you first felt that constraint.

The question of what constitutes regret came up, with much feeling, more than once.

This will be the extent of our participation.

"I hope that she will wait for me."

As if the force of the delineation in some way offset, ameliorated, mediated, or tempered the magnitude of the declaration, so in being said, so decisively, this is what all the full range of what "I" want, that and no more, one is forgiven the dimensions of the appetite.

That special light that seemed to come from them.

The usual calling card, I wish to be, just that, actually turn into you.

Inarguably, not in itself, not in circulation, your place on the board, tested management, bravely.

Camping grounds, mixed up, open for, the run around, what to keep in the house.

Almost everything, in the order it often appears.

Left of what's been here.

More astir, hazel, unauthorized but correct, three of her.

What I like about this sort of 'thinking,' what it lets you 'get away with,' just enough to keep listening, what you think of as 'careful.'

Mat to deliver, features proliferating, snarling up.

Where it is really buried.

Pounce social drain.

Just leave your pluck alone.

The wash of, something over-sized, a 'dark glare,' the assumption, this is my beloved, inside actual, audibly issuing out of the reinforcement, concoct difficult.

The way you mix 'I' and 'we.'

I'd like to, could befit, asking instead of taking, colossus shudder, please, who got a toe hold through the quiz shows.

I take this.

What should I do with this, I was sure they could handle it.

Don't weighted 'leave behind's as pat merges of allowance 'downplaying' sameness as the ball salting envy 'along' the mobile features.'

Won't just more and more people end up wanting the same thing?

Keeps hearkening.

Flocking hovers into incipient denature.

The test of time.

Drawn upon, lit, routing, the soil of the west, the small network behind
the 'shame,' a limned trenchant somehow skittish way of "wrapping around
one's finger."

You had plenty of opportunity, I've heard all of this before, with your
eyes wide open.

This will be what you like.

What one might barely, an adornment of the profession.

Kin of, incidentally, standardizing, how much effort it would require
for you yourself, a matter of course, how much you will decide to give,
part of your life, 'having one's own,' learning to scare oneself, like
a collection.

Ship, bowled, here, the Seat of the Lessor, someone who is half smart.

The ownership is not subject of any representation.

Ducking up along latitude of responsibility, how much you want to become,
swamping.

As easily as a medium, smother, none honors interrogatively hashed
gapping across the fallow of the older 'he,' spoken for, wind in it.

Rug feels guilty.

Not catching up means falling behind.

This cannot go on much further. If memory serves me. Anyway is fine
with me.

Seeing is believing, to myself I said, a foot in each world, to devise

as little as possible, developing those parts of the 'myself' as I really, I was coming to realize, truly wished to see others see me, enhance, wellhap transcended; pronouns of the world, such as it finally came to be focused or called in 'upon,' in the mode of dedication as it is known here.

If this, wanted what you'd left, someone's, confirmation.

You won't remember, it's no use trying to trap yourself.

Couldn't keep me awake, drawing heaps, plain white pulls, no address, that's just the way, there isn't any wood here, you too look like that, easily soiled, just as out of here.

This seam someone is mining in you, I never guessed you had it in you.

Disarmed conclusively, leaning how, what the word is worth.

There were extra avenues added on to account for the approaches to the 'barrier.'

What we should have.

Who like to sit home at night.

The losses in time, and men.

Where there used to be fine garden style apartments.

Those people may not necessarily care much for you.

It would be wrong to wish.

What you trod upon, an unnatural advantage.

In spite of your position in the 'world,' you, of course, think of yourself as a hale sort of fellow.

I know what to do about my own ears.

Thus, with the breeze of that find, last turn, the latest of the 'ends,' the transformation to our diminished surprise, completely, as it were, bloomed upon its appetite.

I liked seeing you here.

There was a greenhouse across the street.

And, this is my beloved.

Go generate some paper.

Try and become more genuine?

What falls due, the futility of making it indelibly 'yours,' or thinking the more space you fill up, the 'more,' putting more out, as it were anyway, the more you do, 'naturally,' write, life, as it were, in the ranks.

A false solution, thinking that dividing the credit could add up for everything else.

Tommy said he remembered.

It's not at the top of my list.

I said, another.

Before she found herself in yet another new 'assignment,' that feeling that it would be a long and by no means certain struggle.

I forget what they said you did.

How little you really need to see, how you after all, all the time wondering, thinking, suspecting, if this doesn't all add up, what does this mean, it's not, after all, really thinking about or feeling this as much as something else, for once not tied into a 'prior' 'call.'

These are the sorts of things we tend to lose respect for you for doing.

How long ago were you going out there?

Tiring, the refrain of the canny, I'm depending on your traditional neutral affability.

You could have sent it out to be cleaned twice in the time.

"I of course replied, it's there in your eyes."

The brains of the gang, if you think this is pleasant, I didn't feel like I'd been run over by a truck, the start of something.

This is what I have to offer you.

Shouldn't you consider brakes on speculation founded on this sort of jejeune effrontery.

It's not what I say.

Vacations, not vocations.

What you have managed to impress me with, what you know, what in these sorts of times, you have going for you, is something completely different than what you think.

Being so much of the time so far from home, and separated for such long expanses, any juncture of familiar habits, though not dropped, were subtly, over the decades, altered, moved over, mayo replacing mustard, all sorts of problems having to gain 'acceptance' into markethood.

Your best bet in Northern Europe.

The wedge.

"I used to love and just sit all night like we are doing now and put words in notebooks, for hours on end."

This could all be yours someday.

Presence of mind, in the midst of complex uncertainty, bodes greater than other more formidable powers.

There are your fans also, I'm sorry I brought the whole matter up, the beat of light on the sides, the planes, in this here, your face, remarkable not merely for the 'altitude.'

What you decide to taboo, if we could balance your checkbook for you.

I thought, don't forget even the dirt in the street and the rubbish blown in the corners must have feelings.

What you are seeing, the effort implied.

Accurate with them, angling for a plaint, where is the strain, I try to live each day to the absolute fullest.

The matter with the so called chain theory.

What was missing, what would be left if there was anything left to take

away.

Sub-terrace, share of interest, for leaving there, close and far.

"This is how bad the world is, worse, just like it is here."

This much I could have told you.

As both offering and proffering.

Misbelieved, a drugstore, not really interested in the work, finally, at all, conducting, largely unpronounced, looked upon.

Surprised by your sudden lack of fatigue.

Usual to all uproad.

What you can expect if you don't start taking care of yourself.

Hooliganism.

THE SEGUE FOUNDATION
300 BOWERY
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10012

NON-PROFIT ORG.
U. S. POSTAGE
Paid
NEW YORK, N. Y.
PERMIT No. 8612