

A Hundred Posters

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Barrett Watten:

A BUILDING

This says so much in order as the thing
said. Riding on rails through nouns
the world of forms crosses a contested
point with substance below, set at odds.

NEGATIVE

At the bottom of the lake is a small stream
of black liquid. A sentence assumes more
than it admits. Oil over water is anti-
matter. Water over oil? One will not look
at another. Buildings turn inside out.
Bright artificial lights like places to
avoid. Thinking stops to generalized lines.
Central figure in landscape is obliterated.

CHINESE

By not functioning.

EIDECTIC

Is a song
forever.

NYC

I kicks viscosity into **next** channel.
Lid not slice or hammer **into**.
The English equivalent of--
Set out wandering.

Sent out wandering w/ **messages**
in tiny bottles.
Messages dated **tomorrow** etc.

I absorb as much as possible
and make my small report.
I walk through cold & **chilling** damp.
I clutch at straws.

No notice planted on **wall**.
No notice ever effected change.
Men in green striped **pajamas**.
A victory for us and **our** kind.

Mary Lane:

crashing into the. crashing.
into the night. can't stop yet. can't.
stop. up the mud chunked hill.
chunking. mud slogged hill.
and they're throwing.
throwing at me I'm. innocent. caught.
in a war. victim, innocent victim.
caught in the mud. crashing.
crashing into the. night.
lusting into the.
lunging heart of the. night. lusting.
heart. caught. by the victims. victim.
caught, can't stop. can't stop. stop.
can't stop yet no stop.

LETTERS

1. Dear A these long letters are only a symptom I do not have time to choose the single necessary I say all or both the opposites you need not read this it will be repeated over over breakfast dishes lunch dishes dinner dishes alarm you will have another chance ignore until you receive an empty envelope then you'll know love X.
2. Dear A. I never say the opposite. A sheaf of wheat is gold. I do not know where I was born. The night is a private morn. Slips into confusion, I do not know where I was born. Wheat is a golden sheath. Love X.

2may75

Terence Winch:

LOW LIFE

The rock 'n roll jelly fish virgins, eating the socks off the commuters, licking the little black hairs off their shins, biting on their ankles till they start to smile, begin to dance. This ride goes through the center of the city, in and out of the efficiency apartments and finally into your car. The confused vegetarians murder the roaches by beating them with boxes of tapioca when they get back from the dance. As incredible as it seems, when you go to get your shoes out of the closet, they have become impossibly large. Each shoe is the size of a pillow. You lace them up as tightly as possible, but it is no use. They flop when you walk.

Alice wants to know my name again. She has forgotten it. I try to think fast. What is my name anyway? I can't tell. She says, "don't tell me your name." Now she has made me feel like shit when I was only trying to be helpful. To make up for it, I ask politely, "what's your name, Alice?"

Instead of clocks, I have really sharp pictures of clocks arranged on the wall. In each picture, the clock tells a different time, with every possible time represented. This not only cuts down on clocks, but it gives me much more flexibility when it comes to choosing a time. These pictures of clocks make perfect gifts for those near and dear to you. To find out how to get your own set of these really sharp pictures

of clocks, pay close attention.

The mix-up is of two varieties: consequential post-mumbo or neo consequential post-mumbo. Whichever, both work effectively in the parking lot when we get into the car. Your nation suffers a degrading accumulation of summa agricola jambolaya. Everybody stays home from work nowadays. Everybody has to make sacrifices. There just isn't enough to go around.

All of a sudden, you understand everything. Zeno's Paradox. How birds fuck. Why Elizabeth Taylor left Richard Burton. Why Elizabeth Taylor left Eddie Fisher. What happened to Amelia Earhard. You understand smoke signals, sign language. Mirages. Electricity. Infinity. You get the hang of gravity. You understand why you must be a teenager in love. You get the gist of relativistic quantum-mechanics and de Broglie's wave theory of matter. You understand everything!-- the use of the appendix, suspension bridges, viruses, thermodynamics, the meaning of life, why dog shit steams, photosynthesis, the "mystic hexagram," Pascal's Triangle, everything! You even understand how things not yet understood are capable of being understood.

But it does you absolutely no good. You must still patiently explain to the babysitter what has to be done: you put your right foot in, you take your right foot out, you put your right foot in and you shake it all about.

I have really had it with you. I've had it with everyone. I'm tired of the central misconceptions of civilized thinking.

Just because the new energy laws require that I walk half as fast

as in the past, she thinks I still care. Today I passed you on the street and I noticed your big feet: I can't help it if I still live near the zoo.

I was in the parking lot. I had the flu. The flu was coming on. There were beautiful virgins all around me. The automobiles were immaculate. I taugth the color picture on my i.d. card to say hello to the cashier. The cities are making us sick. The stupid commuters don't know what time it is.

Robert Hampson:

"gathering in the universe"

run the gauntlet

of all the eyes

strain the oars

feet in the water

float on the calm

"university eyes"

when the kids

have gone

you & me

and the breeze carries

the bridge carries

fresh grass smells

traffic to cambridge

back from chowringee

we shared

the unshelled almonds

the coursing flow of energies

nourished the new-born being

in us

underground tissues

razor-sharp equipment

the stream

that can surface in dreams

in the maidan

in a variety of places

in the same small gap

Other Publications
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