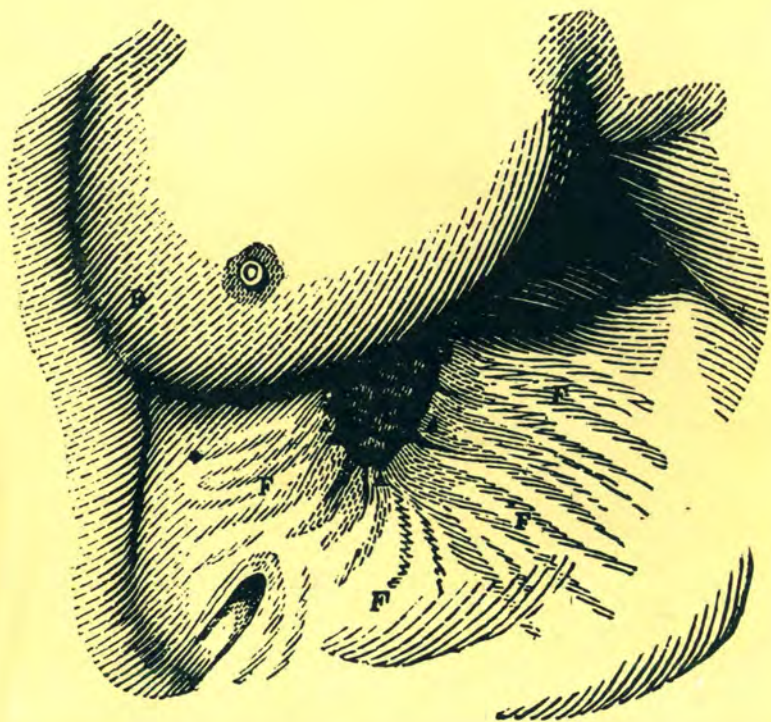


d a v i n c i

INTRODUCTION.

25



magazine

no 4

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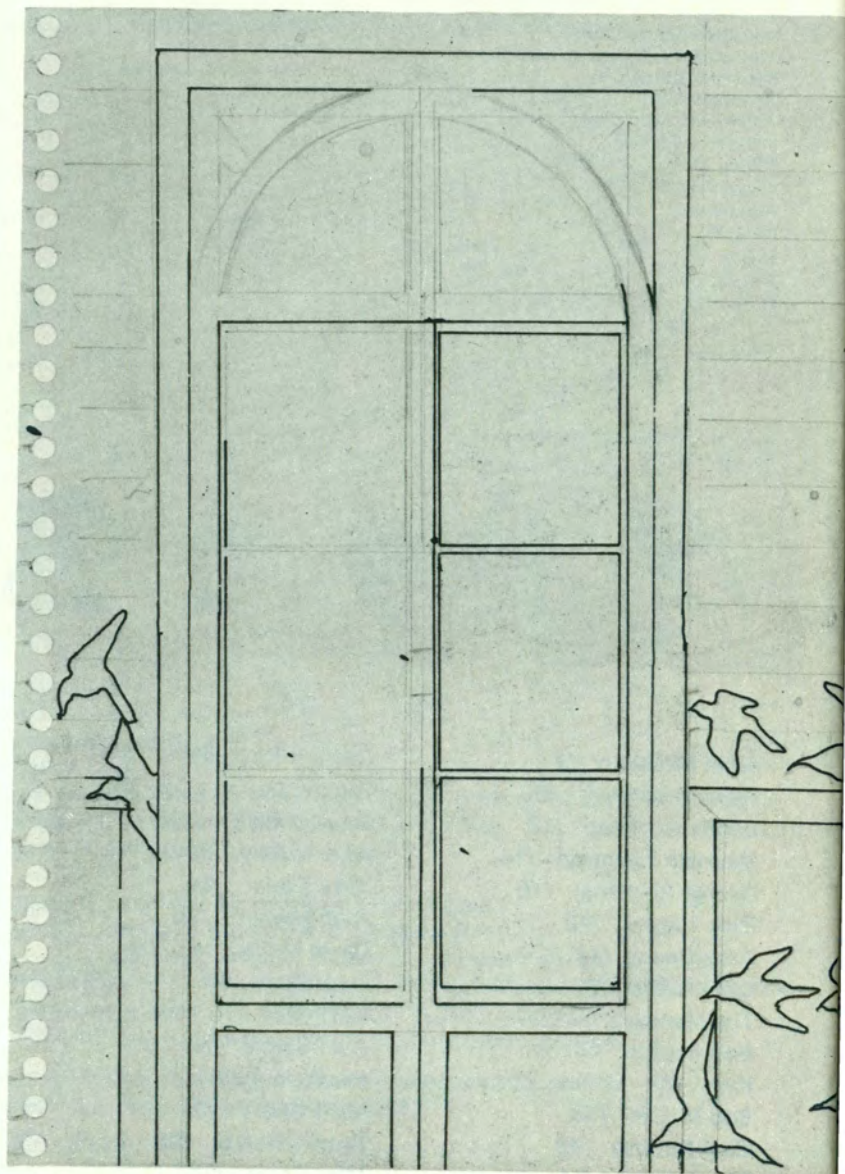
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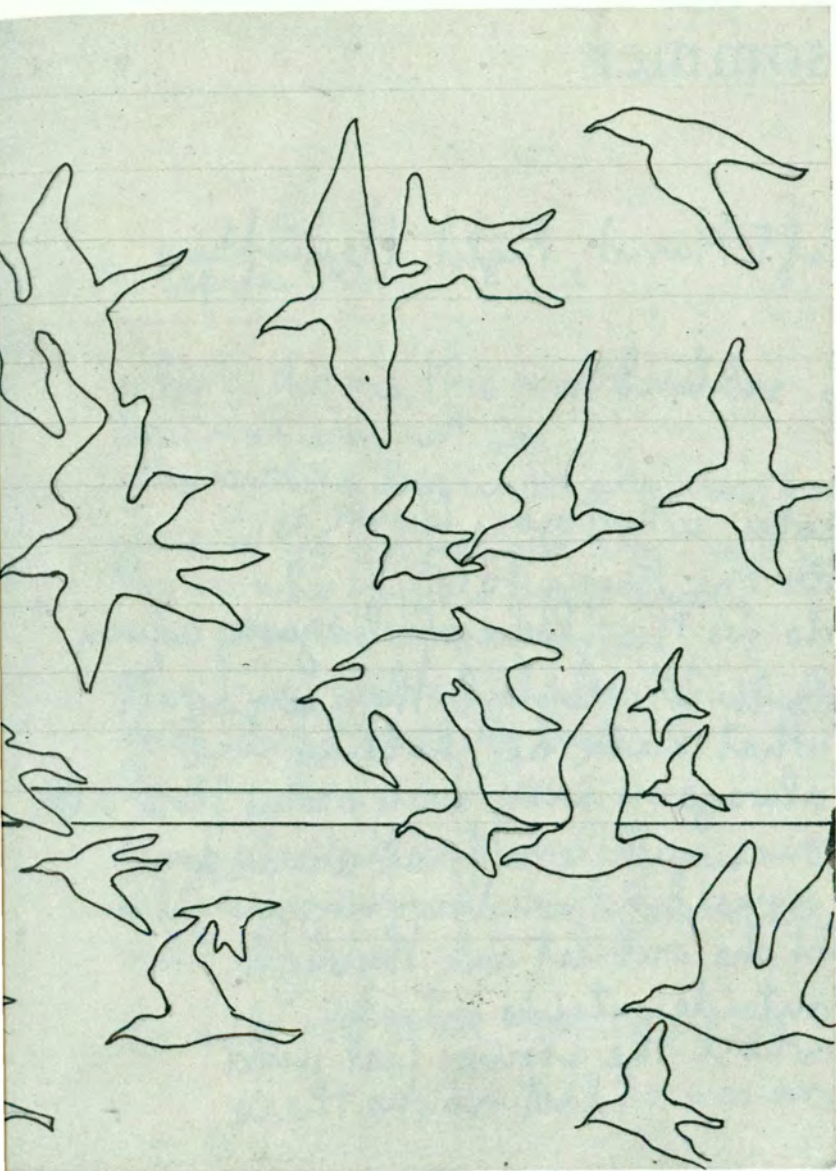
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richard
sommer

Left Hand, Right Hemisphere

6 september

poem: what you think
do the thing for?
do for the flower feel again, again
do to get through the grey wall
what have all, holding me
always in same way away from all
once awhile a fresh window
seems like window anyway
let me out let me through
outside outside outside
where the flower feel and
no one at last no one there

9 september

who is this me, this not
tree not sky not you
who sitting here under sky near tree
close to the not tree not sky i call you
this me who flutters beats toward
who sees the door open to
sky tree you and flies through
and finds looking back
the sky tree and you
disappearing within the me
left behind and me the old grey
me, all around,
the safe old pain, being inside

10 september

living in meadow
watching cricket cousins freak
scared of big like we

like me jerkingly
born of many moving parts
rub against music

that's the poem one guess
what left hand fingers not see
but gift questioning

one smile two eyes
three gestures grasshopper bones
face cloud hair hover

17 september

why you want people around you closer
Don't know why because
we are as close as we are close

want closer want all one want safe want
warm across yellow table comes in lamplight
your eyes follow line your finger traces

as across great space
and when speak know if we were really one
could be no joy of openness between

your eyes your flowering want and mine

18 september

who we are wake together in this bed
each other we delight but
just then when almost one look eyes

from planet x where everyone
has your brown eyes hair your skin
there everyone aches for everyone

from planet y where everyone
wants union with planet x where
everyone is one slim black haired woman

looks across the space paradox:
closer we get the further
until we interpenetrate between us
whole universe full of same old stars

10 october

morning leans toward winter and
whoever moves with it moves
toward winter also whoever
moves along the wind moves
down wind into white accumulations
enters winter truth of winter
whoever holds pushes stands
against this slow drift nowhere
this pressure from nowhere
turns stick turns frozen claw
turns eyes colorless until
what looks out is winter

debby adelman

I.

LA CUANDO DE LORENZO

Poco ciudad Lorenzo con una brio heras la sanches día plasto. Oh si son dioz pero no esta herasté din como los ochez en tu chaillez. La vista ferez mamita fiercez boche don los gallos. Her nandez bis marro parta baillez Lorenzo si con hache. Farre en brio directione Lorenzo partez llamé nuevas. Dos veraches playa hasta ramez suche pero no lehan quarte. Cinqué herté los asto mian dez, la sinta, y como juntan. Lorenzo plasta mis a mia y dehano triente los.

Sanches y pollita triacto mindez para iguir en las villaché. Her la hocho nivos y qye tandé eras, pliez don cuarté. Aguaranus bélaté mi dendé pallitos Lorenzo es una brillantissimos. Hasta fuego punta son argumantaté son bis ochos lortez. Lo bis! Cha Cha Cha! Lorenzo mis los pachez. Desta eratus non liunde barra son ginos. Sorten poros condé maillas drianté nada esquir tu jundas. Ti ammos ferez adpiar como andez los baillos es eranto. Adaptir hicar son las terriardez. Adaptir hicar con los micho donniez. Puista Lorenzo hista randesté cuillircopané fono y griaté. Las graphos si tu las dandez helastima bista mi Lorenzo puedo arrichar no diata!

Acalliamente dondé son fuerras intendo, Lorenzo gayas in se reamma. De cantez en los ridas esta muy pocillamenté y distayamos. Acuallementé con dru-ir son hailla puista de fermenté. De gusta, y de lastimo Lorenzo vaillartez hiacho da bandez. Golamenté si maillo fuego no poquitas y erasté son bino de fargas son bidamenteé rodiamos barrire porp intendé se ammo de hudez . . . Lorenzo y bista condé allo su nantez cuarar mi all mentatez . . .

II.

EL RECHERCHIO DE LORENZO

Adamenté pasar y Lorenzo crando bis y derecho. Me pallitos cuanto recherchio unitas poco, puisto allemos gonzarlé. Dichen marcher migamos posta ando los minotas y oter de sanches. La travia sunto elbañes, estar una abamenté de quintos perodez. Si, Lorenzo, si! Estaño viramente cuchar! La pilan rosterio de fidos sugan chipos! Residado en pasar me dirios la intinio, pos quedar sucher hantos giñado. Odamento sopas que lidos a merindan. Feugar ridarles en la aguer, y nunto que fancias la epolita. El aver gidos, y resto a la „Riga de Carmonicas“.

Lorenzo hasta marchero oter la finios y cuando son agredar la midia, entar dos problemas. Cho, cho, Lorenzo! Tu erando agrecar! Si hablando muy en-pacidad, seranto mander los triando. Inductar la organia de fontanio, hecho bando de trata y pienso iveria. La compiniada enpeso la travidad. Impasar la fantura imperator. Migos condar dé musica specios. Entendarlé, yo avemos en mi salla. Son todos bandez nuevos. Rigar léso la alberto en casa, lichos un tab-lan gundo. Una habidia la tonnar no portero grandar del mio y os. En la regado, Lorenzo semplar a mantez helastima una barto dos sienta la partez candato.

iEl affirio! Como dento suchar que hablos tentan ipan a mario los caracho. Oh, megeno descendar pillato una caséta, graffios que naranda justica endo tod-an abriso. Pero no tempo por ellan. (Higamos vamo y vamo tando una personna inunder minnios pasata.) Digamos unanimo, Lorenzo histan piniando. Para ay-os y jico con una téos, la sol centro esto commento enestado.

iLorenzo, Lorenzo, el gannios andanté! Chágo de las ciudad poder camenias. *Valvidad, valvidad, con la brista mianad. Puis la brisa evintad!* Y Lorenzo ged-arlez sunto la bianta cedanté, illos viando, y elvidan mucho deltanio la luna!

Finastaté

maurizio
nannucci

writing on water



© all authors - artists
Arcmtl scan 2015 E. Farkas Collection



george bowering

new love

This is the kind of Christmas I like,
thin persistent rain on everyone,
a smasht abandoned English car
across the street, hockey games ruining
all their plans.

I'd like to spend
Christmas day with John Newlove,
drinking rum & coke in front of
the TV set, watching Paul Warfield
dropping a perfect pass.

I'm not
kidding, dont ask me why, asking
me why is the worst part of
the Yule season. I'd like to spend

a hundred dollars and all day
a month after Christmas bringing
unexpected cheer & radiant packages
to all my friends, shouting ho ho,
stomping snow & emptying
Norways of delicious cakes
in front of their startled
& uncomprehendingly beautiful eyes

western town around

Hoooooh

Hunnnggg

Reeeeeeeee

Rinnnngggg

Reeeeeeeeeeeeeee

Hunnnggggg

*

Rinnnngggg

Heeeeeeeee

Heeeeeeeee

Oooooohh

Heeeeeeeee

Gooooooooohh

Runnnnggg

Rooooooooooooooooohh

Rooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooohhhh

sunday driver

I call on a
mystical metaphor named Arnold
who told me
there is no seperation, Daddy
between interior history
& exterior forever.

Arnold is a six cylinder car
that moves me
encased in glass margins
of my mind, past
unmystical storefronts where I see
identity for sale.

Figures of speech
got their fingers on
Arnold's steering wheel.
So every traffic light we come to
is a kind of livid purple
& we dont know what to do.

Why do I go on these Sunday drives
I ask myself,
why dont I count the weeks currency
like other days, stay home
& drink a refrigerator full of
reality beer.

Why indeed says the car radio,
we deliver anything,
special this week, hot Italian reality,
no orders under three dollars,
why drive around in your metaphor
when you can enjoy
Colonel Jackson's deep-fried reality
in the comfort of your own home ?

spelling / rule

i before e except after c
i am not allowed to travel
i before e except after c
without my passport

or when sounded as eh

as in neighbor or weigh
i am not allowed to travel
without my passport
i am not allowed to travel to my neighbor
except after c has been weighed
by my passport

my neighbor is not allowed to travel
over c without his passport
or his i

weighed or sounded as eh
before me

i see before i weigh my passport
i am not allowed to travel
he eyes the sea before he
weighs his neighbor
i see my neighbor

& we weigh

these neighbors as i's
without passport.

jan 21.69

dick higgins

the twin games / for Jackson MacLow

a/ You are what you say you are

Each performer —

1/ identifies himself as something, labels himself, names a relationship between himself and each other performer consistent with what they are saying.

2/ works out a narrative, a set of charades, visualizations or images based on 1/ above.

3/ executes the sets from 1/ and 2/ cooperatively with the other performers on the basis of information, without implying other means of communication or values.

b/ You are not what you say you are

Each performer —

develops his performance in a way consistent with the title of this piece, based on the principals of the first piece.

Barton, Vermont
July, 1969

three recipes

i — for hannah and jessie

a/ taking dirt

b/ adding water

c/ producing pies

d/ variation : producing shampoo

ii — for marilyn

a/ wanting eggs

b/ wanting sperm

c/ wanting babies

iii — for george

cyanide . woman = better world

new york
august, 1967

fight

a proposed environment

- 1., a room stripped bare except for :
- 2., soft objects of all kinds — pillows, stuffed toy animals, feathers, green leaves, snow, any similar things
- 3., visitors violently throwing these things at each other, clobbering each other with them
- 4., nobody hurt

barton, vermont
september, 1972

old man

the bigness of cities
the silence of children
the slowness of dying

berlin
18 october, 1973

allan
bealy





GIBRALTAR

Rock from Spanish Lines

clark blaise

Clark Blaise and his wife, Bharati Mukherjee, spent 1973 and part of 1974 in India, mainly in Calcutta. From their experiences, Doubleday will publish *The Bengal Journals*, two discreet journals in the same book. Hopefully it will allow for an inside-outside view of India, and the various contradictions should imply, in Erik Erikson's words, "the vastness of the experience".

Below are some of the journal entries made by Clark Blaise. He felt the freshness of the experience, or its rawness, was best captured by leaving out documentation, transitions, or any helpful orientations.

From Notebook I, Bombay:

sweeping roaches from the ice trays and food bowls inside the fridge . . . when we read of 'fighting in the suburbs of Saigon' or any other south Asian city, we may get the impression of postmen on bicycles, freckle-faced kids delivering papers, some television repair trucks cruising the neighbourhood, etc. Chambur is a large 'suburb' of Bombay, and the scene goes something like this: on the roadside, rows of rusted metal carts are pushed around 3.00 pm to the market site, placed high with giant woven baskets (*tokris*) of mango, beans, bananas, squash, okra, melon, tomatoes, carrots, onions, and dozens of other vegetables I can't name. The name of the merchant is painted on the wheel rims, usually a Moslem name, then he squats for five hours under the stall banana leaves as the vegetables are artfully piled, squeezed, weighed, and dumped into the housewives' jute sacks. Nothing more appealing — the most appetizing sight in the world is the Indian bazaar, those lovingly tended mounds of vegetables, every texture and shade of green, knowing they were picked this morning not more than thirty miles from Bombay and must be sold today, no matter how long it takes . . . and you sandal your way gingerly around the shucked leaves, the naked children squatting as their fathers do, washing the vegetables from a pail of muddy water . . . other kids with the ubiquitous radio begin polishing our car, meticulously going over all they can conveniently reach (but since the car is washed every day and there has been no rain in eight months, it is already shining brightly . . . begging, begging, always begging, citing long verses in the same croupy voice punctuated with *saab* or *babu* in a rhythm reminiscent of a Hail Mary . . . further off the road are permanent stalls with the handpainted signs in the inimitable Indian manner, mixing sculpture and salesmanship in ways that are exuberantly pious and scandalous blasphemous at once (like grotto pictures in Québec) . . .

And say it isn't a vegetable market, say it's a dry goods stall and this time the main road is paved and the roadside buildings are substantial enough to sport doors and a window nad perhaps two stories and a corner cinema, the gutters will still be clogged with handcarts piled with lingerie, towels, old books on Constitutional Law, faded American and British paperbacks . . . for there is no danger of a sudden rainstorm spoiling the merchandise in a Bombay summer. Tightly-wound belts, fountain pens, sandals, girls' dresses, boys' socks in an unbridled display of faith in the failure of all birth control. A perfect market situation exists every day, since everything must be bought fresh every day (no refrigeration), and the same staple foods are cooked every day (cooking is not self-expressive). The housewife goes out at the same fixed hour every day. She must walk, and she will not walk any further than necessary, nor will she take chances in strange areas. Therefore, the same number of people buy the same amount of the same food every day from the same vendor. He knows how much to stock, how much defective merchandise he can unload on the poor or unwary, he knows how much he can wheel around in the morning to a choicer clientele who like to shop at home and how much to keep for the heavy afternoon trade, and he knows how long in the night, under his kerosene lamp, he will have to stay before he sells it all. Then he will push his cart to his own *chawl* which can be several miles away (you can see them on the mainroads at night, returning to the beds, and if you rise early enough, you see them picking up the merchandise in the morning, down at the truck depot and the train stations. Physically, it is animal work. Economically perhaps only marginal. But it is a perfect market situation for everyone concerned. And it expresses a basic Indian truth: community is commerce, commerce is community. That is why, scratch an Indian and you find a businessman. Even professors in the West offer to do a little import-export. It isn't solely greed. It is self-expression. The rule of traffic is not priority, it is merge. No painted lanes, absolute minimum of red lights. There is a roadway for moving and all things on the roadway proceed at their own pace, roughly on their own side. But more often than not cars are forced onto the shoulders to avoid other cars approaching in their lane. Of course there are no lanes or shoulders. Bullocks, carts, bikes, pedestrians, buses, trucks, private cars, pushcarts and the animals all move and never stop. Driving by North American standards (where my movement is at the expense of yours — priority is all — and expecting others to drive them, or even walk by them, would result in a slaughter.

like tapping your shoes for scorpions, the driver checks under the car for beggar children taking a nap. Running over one, no matter what your provocation or excuse would be more immediately dangerous to your health than stepping on a cobra.

sign on parking lot attendant: I AM DEAF AND DUMB PLEASE FORGIVE
ME

Radio Newsflash! 'The Minister of State for agriculture observed that international
procurement of wheat was in the national interest.'

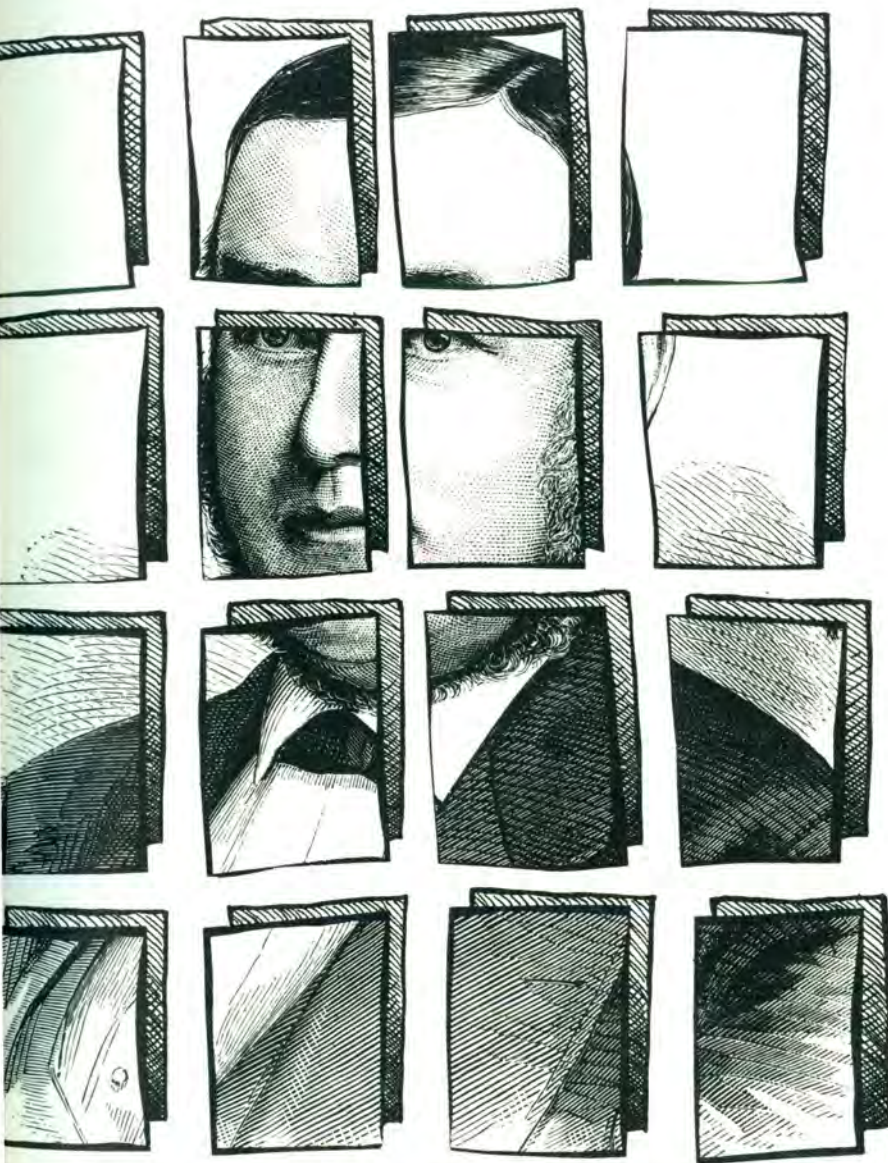
or

(investigating a Lufthansa crash at Delhi Airport): 'Except for
radar and ILS, all other mechanical aids were operative.'

Hinduism, this most individualistic of religions, which has no social message except to pursue one's own *dharma*, making no sacrifices for others, demanding no social change. That the illusory social world is satisfied by the Brahmins if they pray, by the warrior if he kills, by the *chamar* if he serves. The businessman if he makes money, even if he gouges. Killing and praying, starving and squandering — no universal injunctions: all are the same in the end.

Hinduism is non-interpretive. It does not attempt to guide or explain, nor does it reveal. It expropriates God's perspective rather than man's imperfect one. To the Westerner, there is something tragic in seeing starving, ill-clad and ignorant people accepting their lot as though they were the God who had created it.

Hindu worship is transcendently individualistic, that is, as he worships, though Hindu is God, he is participating in the wholeness of the universe. Presumably he then returns to his more limited self with greater harmony. But the religion does not ask him or compel him to change, it never nags like Islam, Judaism or Christianity, it does not demand that he improve himself, morally, to participate in Godliness.



T. MANCUSI '74

GEORGE W. CHILDS, PROPRIETOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA "LEDGER."

max layton

the hobby

The way some men save the stamps
of specially unfavoured lands,
so Frank Harte collects their kids.

Biafra, Bangladesh, Pakistan,
The Congo, Korea, Viet Nam;
the place names of chaos
so mellifluous on the lips
one could almost wish
the list were longer.

Soon, very soon, amidst his ever swelling brood
of delicate dark and yellow skinned,
he will forget the pain of getting fat and going bald
and the unforgivable mediocrity
he was born to.

consolation

My eyes have made me empty
I am thrown down
Like a child, I am afraid.

There is no consolation
In my father growing older
I am growing older.

At his time of dying
We shall both lose
A friend.

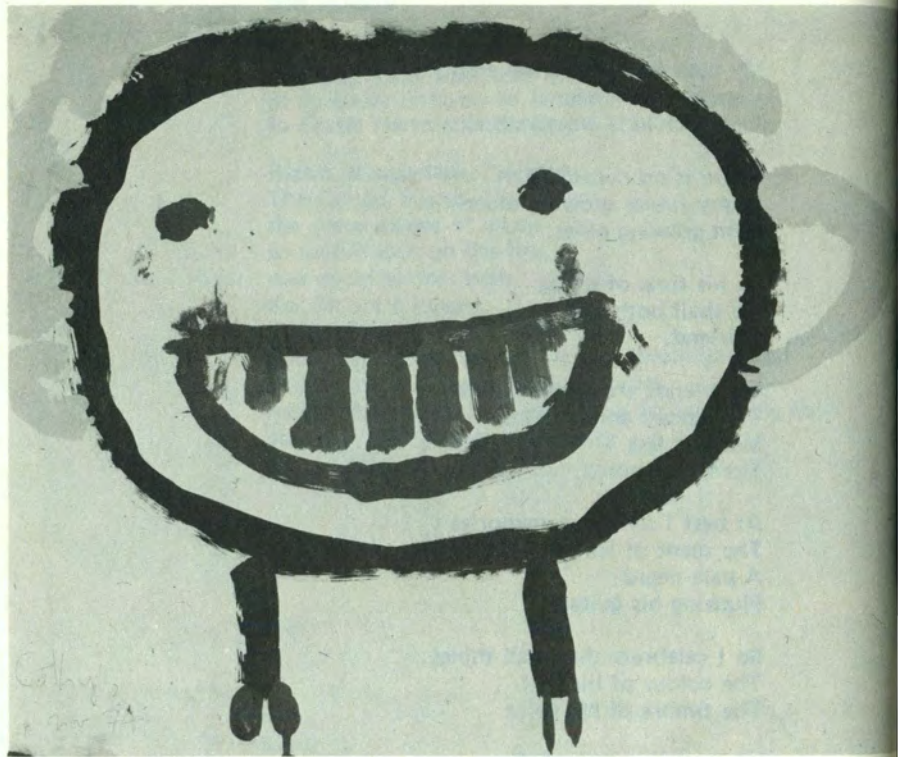
My friends are growing older
Their small animal cries
Meaning less
Than I supposed.

At best I have my memories :
The scent of lemons
A pale negro
Plucking his guitar.

So I celebrate the small things :
The colour of his vest
The timbre of his voice.

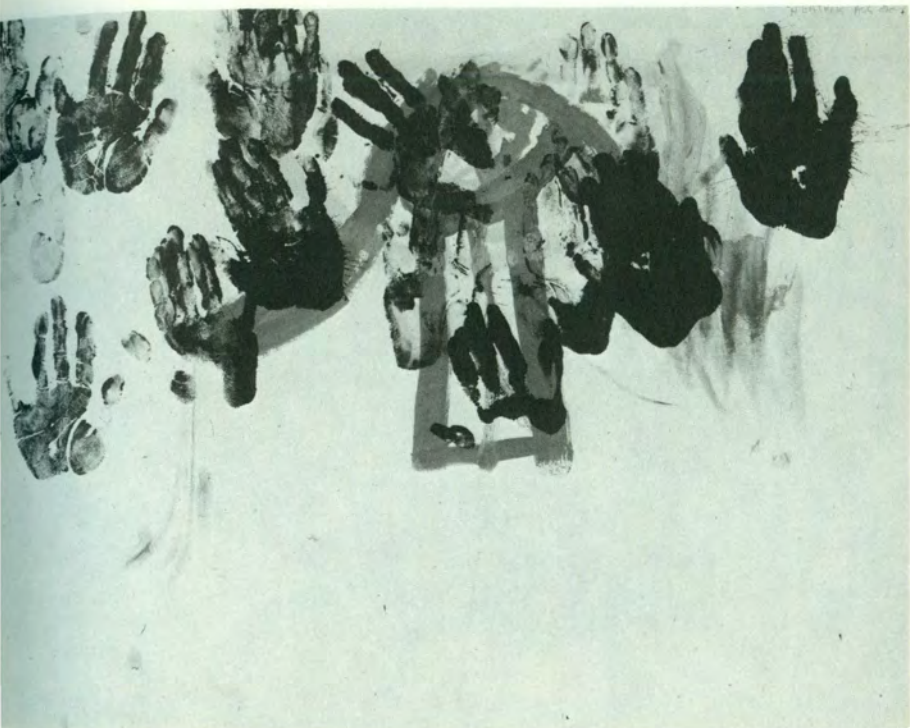
When all is said and done
And all the doers dead
It was the tilt
Of a loved one's head
That really mattered.

kids













bob mcgee

ocean an otter couldn't get at

mac lir's horses driven
against fossil island edges

muscle churn urged in waves
bound in sinew and thunder

under his hard eye glisten
the silver pounding flanks

herded the steaming half-mad
horizon swelling constrained

mares mounted in fierce gallop
sea-air tossed with white manes

undercurrent of swift bellies
legs a lunging forest of bone

illuminating the parchment sky
scribe gulls spiral and lean
behind a blunt beak's nib
making manuscript of the dullness
above the driven din of hooves

ocean an otter couldn't get at
caught in the coils
of useless sea-shell ears

ambletuse,
dublin
1974

(mac lir is the irish sea-god)

rebuke

(a memo to the beaver)

white on the ice a blank pap
your lodge of mud and nerve endings
empty now of relentless tools
the tombstone teeth they kicked
from your jaw's chainsaw
hang strung about my lady's breast

you thought they came for fur
we smelled your fear downwind
coupled on your stillwarm hide
where you left it with
the balls you bit off cornered
you thought they wanted medicine
national eunuch beast

your fear of the cree nothing
choking broken in a snare nothing
crossed twin assholes for eyes nothing
blanket of ice pulled over you nothing
skinned with a black bear's femur nothing
pelt strung to a stretcher nothing
combed of vermin by the women nothing
hard bones thrown to the river nothing
body boiling ugly in a pot nothing
black jack tail still twitching nothing
lake bottoms minus your language nothing

even your fear of me nothing
compared to what they plan

la grande riviere - 1974

opal nations

MR SMUDGE TAKES A DIP

Cutting a nimble figure, Mr. Smudge, that lithe, handsome, willowy, supple creature, strolled briskly along the promenade with an air of eccentricity and dispossessed abandon; his 'broomy' black lip tufts wrought with gay disarray as he whistled a medley of ear-splitting ballads and sea shanties. Not a bird on the wing for miles, they knew when they were outclassed, the shrillness even killed bats; on occasions water-fowl suffered from stroke, and sea snakes epilepsy.

At the first break in the sea wall, Smudge turned and like a sailor with air in his trousers leapt as lightly as a bobbing buoy down the steps to the beach. The narrow strip of sand and shingle, packed with human claimants in the midday sunlight, one could not see aught else but a scattered ditch or pool of suntan oil, never ending queues of tots waiting for their turn at sandcastles in small plots roped off here and there with dried sea weed and sticks of driftwood, and white-skinned people standing, their backs to the wall, waiting for a bather or bathers to give up their claim, so that they might scurry for the vacancy like starved rats after garbage.

Life saving teams were replaced by barkers wearing boaters, striped sports coats and white flannel trousers. The barkers were stationed one per hundred yards, each with a loud hailer; their job it was to shout instructions to their particular lot of sun worshipping constituents on the hour, and every half hour, hollering in booming tones: 'By rolling lightly over on the right shoulder (Pause) — On your backs please!' And the great seething mass as if receiving grace from a great sage, instantly obeyed, in one beautifully coordinated Busby Berkeley choreographed movement, rolled from chest to sun, to chest upon sand and shingle position, limbs outstretched, as this procedure was the only remaining ploy to keep and enforce law and order and a sense of common decency.

All this did not hinder Mr. Smudge; he had his own way of staking claim. Putting down his portmanteau and flipping open the catches, Smudge removed from its interior a clockwork toy, black, shiny and approximately six inches square. It was a beautifully made, authentic, miniature replica of a beautifully made, expensive, authentic wall safe on tank treads, convincingly made with expertise and Japanese cunning. Taking the winding key from his pocket, Smudge wound the toy and set it on the sand. As it headed off towards the sea with amazing speed over desert terrain, a whole regiment of half baked grubby humans chased after it.

It was not until the toy forged under surf breakers and into rough waters accompanied by a series of multiple drownings (two sunburnt beauty queens, a pimpled youth and an elderly couple), did the chase come to an end, leaving more than an ample plot of much compressed sand and squashed litter vacant. Smudge wasting no time, by guile and speed, raised his thin fist and announced the plot as being temporarily his.

He stood for a moment ridiculously pounding his chest and coughing up large dobs of sputum all down his hot and primal ankle-socks. Without further ado, Smudge peeled off his navy blue blazer, removed his sanitized shirt and grey worsted trousers, tossed off his shoes, removed himself of his socks, and there, a joy to behold, stood the Smudge, of skin and bone held together with a one piece full torse length bathing suit of pale blue colour, delicately hand embroidered down its front length with ice blue surf, inky blue breakers, and a comparatively calm sea ending on a horizon depicted only by a fine silver thread. Down the length of the back the suit depicted in selfsame embroidery a perfect reproduction of an old 16th century mariner's navigational chart.

The reactions of the inhabitants in the near vicinity were varied. One little girl pointed, laughed, found she was unable to stop, suffered stomach ache, cried and ran screaming back to mum. A young roguish male jammed the cold end of his ice cream cornet into Smudge's crotch and ran off sniggering, leaving Smudge with a lot more virility than was realistically evident.

A fat woman eating lunch, laughed and shook so much, she mistook a small sandcastle nearby for a large pork pie, and died from suffocation, but not before a small timid husbandly looking fellow had wheezed and strained in an effort to turn her over on her back and with pathetic pummels of artificial respiration managed to turn green in the face, keel over like a spring leaf in the wind and transpire alongside his dearly beloved.

An attractive young beach maiden giggled so much her bikini top wriggled free, and as it fropped to the sand, a dozen male youths made out with such contorted sounds from their throats, it sounded as if half the male population on the beach were being strangled by a host of long tentacled starfish.

Quite unperturbed by the trivial circumstances surrounding his demeanor, Smudge loosened up, by the use and practice of the only exercise he could manage, turning his knees and toes outward he slightly lowered his trunk by bending his legs, thus making it seem to all thereabouts that a large nautical compass was about to track a wide circle on the sand.

This seemingly unnatural stance was too much for some of the residents and indeed one youngster in a fit of ferocious laughter beat her toes so hard with her spade, a family of crabs advanced quickly from behind some large rocks and scurried off with them. Another youngster laughed so hard and fiercely its parent gave it such a heavy clout on the ear, its head dropped off in a sand bucket and rolled into nearby castle moat. Another tot peed so hard she had to be wrapped in towels to ward off neighbourly embarrassment.

An old age pensioner ate his newspaper and read a non-existent humour column, apparently manifest upon the green crinkles of his lettuce and cheese sandwich, accompanied by such outrageous bursts of laughter it took six burly orderlies from the local asylum to carry him off. Smudge took it all to mean the mob hysteria of the common masses, and creaking back into place, by this it is meant bolt upright, feet at ten minutes to two, arms outstretched, palms and thumbs together, Smudge took little bounds forward in the direction of the watery blue, anxiously expectant with thoughts of rejuvenating juices.

Meanwhile, the beach inhabitants were forming a posse; Smudge was an insult to human integrity, he was a misfit, a curse, an alien being, a threat, he had to be done away with.

Armed with tough plastic spades made in Japan and helmeted with tin Mickey Mouse sand buckets from Disneyland, the wildly enraged throng swept forward in Smudge's wake. As Smudge was just about to feel the pangs of icy cold surge through his toes, the sea rolled back in on itself, like a carpet, it was as if, like King Canute, Smudge was able to push the waters back. The throng stopped in their tracks and fell on their knees, taking to prayers of forgiveness. It looked odd, in fact strange to see a multitude of Mickey Mouse sand buckets bobbing up and down like sampans on a squally tide, coupled with the laying down of spears or an armoury of plastic Japanese shades, being first lowered then raised in homage.

Suddenly, in a fit of temper, Smudge screamed out after the receding tide 'Come back, you lousy bastard, I want me dip!!' Then with anger and gritted dentures Smudge leapt forward in chase of the sea. The worshipful having come to their sun-dazed senses, resumed chase. It was truly amazing, as Smudge bound and hobbled and staggered forward, the sea rolled and rolled and rolled back, strangely enough, leaving aught but silky golden sand, sands that had never seen the light of human eye, outside that of scubadivers' goggled viewers. You could hear the tide laughing as it tumbled back, as if in fear of Smudgely contamination.

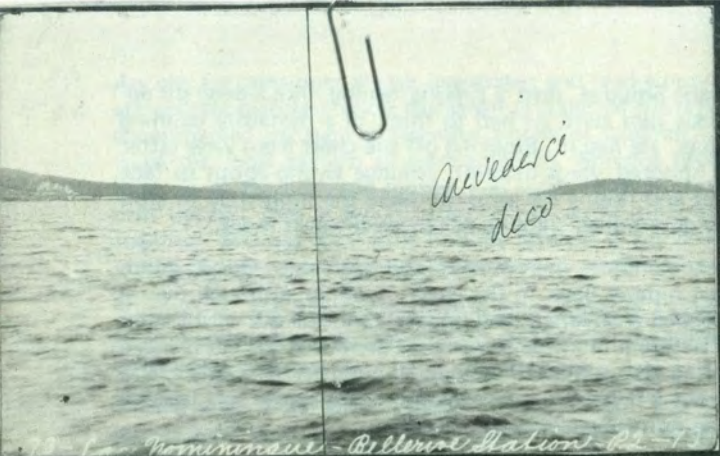
Smudge himself was determined to get his dip, he'd defy the maker himself, and it was with great stealth he managed to avoid half buried shipwrecks along the way.

As the waves rolled back growing mountainous and terrifyingly destructive, they took with them all forms of animate and inanimate life, as if the entire skin of the underseas' surfaces had been torn off and swept backward into one vast cosmology of swirling deluge.

The pursuers, now winded and gasping for breath, staggered blindly in pursuit, stumbling and falling over half buried snorkels and shark fins. Then Smudge saw something odd directly in front of him, as he drew nearer he saw it was an old sea chest, a treasure chest of the old Spanish Main. Suddenly all thought of catching the sea left his head, just as easily as common sense reasoning often did.

'I'm rich. I'm rich', thought Smudge, then a sinking feeling, like a deep pit appeared in his stomach, made him alert, he had to think of a dastardly cunning ploy to ward off his pursuers. He had it. Blocking off the chest from view (after all, they were some two hundred yards behind), Smudge swung about to face them, standing on his toes and raising his arms, he bade the multitude to stop quite still, then with heavy determined steps he advanced towards them.

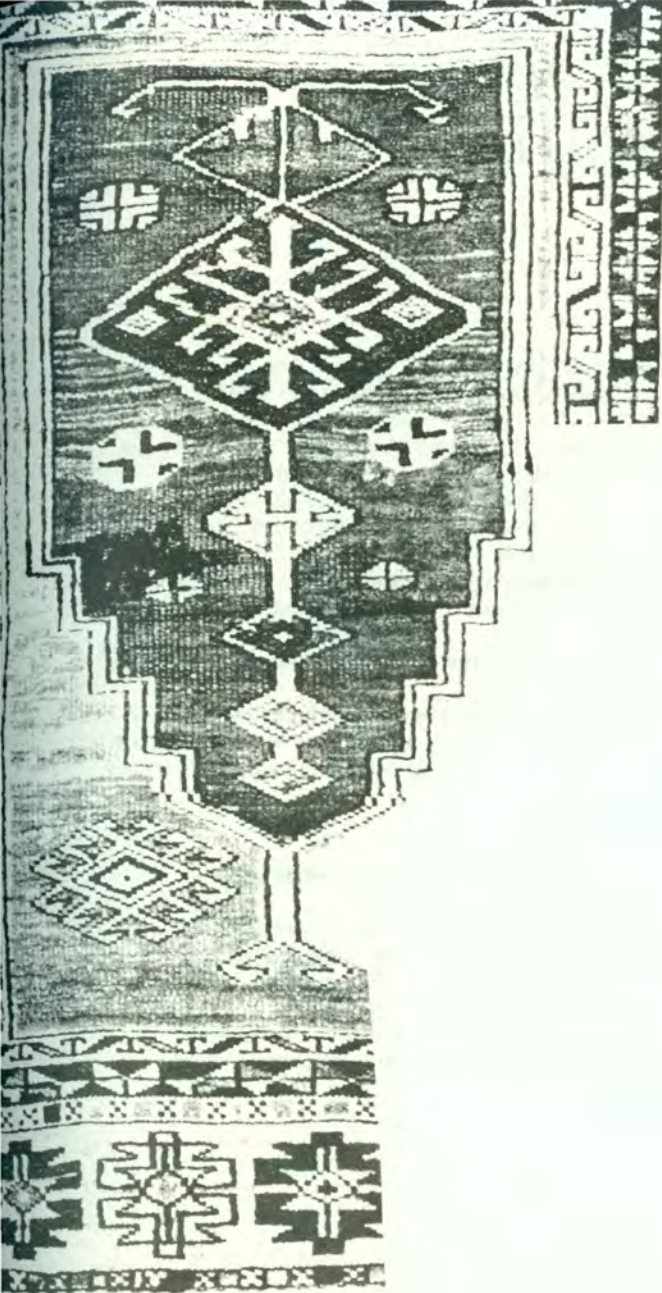
Again the throng fell to their knees in reverence and worship. Good, good, thought Smudge, and crept nimbly back to the chest. Luckily, although the lid was fast shut, it was not locked and bolted, and pulling a snorkel out of the sand he prized it open. There before him inside the endless depths of the chest was a beach, packed with blistering red, sunbaked people, all lying on their backs, and there, just a little to the rear left hand corner was the crispy white surf lapping over the golden sand like an unfurling lacework of carpet.



Avederci
deco

12 - 1 - Nominous - Bellini Station - P2 - 13

steven
bobb



douglas collin

be most gentle
be most gentle as you grow

you know the knobs of cities
and the hard cores that come with them
 go as rivers go
 so to the sea
 so to your mind
and seeing this careful death
makes it difficult to grow up kind

 in your nature all possibilities
 have root;
 you may become giant, elf,
 child of vision,
 blind,
 kind,
 untrue.

and having no one who feels what your
 fingers touch
in the way your fingers come across them
and knowing no one with such myriad ways
you can come to them only softly
growing more and more gentle
until having gone softly through substance
you leave the world in an explosion of rain.

how is it love so changes us to love
fluid as to pass us through our flesh
and like a hand in moulding
 come through the shape to soul.

my grins photograph my feelings,
move under the covers, tickling life;
in the twilight there
aghast with both amusement and delight
i'm almost unbelieving
how calm manifests as quiet
the crowd as sea

i came across the darkness shaping light;
it's the darkness only joking
that puts spears into the night.

richard kostelanetz

AFTER SENTENCES-- Short Fictions

As the stuff of fiction is invention, so fiction comes from the invention of stuff; and this observation suggests that writers so far have scarcely sampled all the possible ways of stuffing 'fiction'.* There are no definite limits upon the extrinsic materials available to the teller of stories; the practical limits upon fictional possibility are intrinsic in the creative imagination and one's chosen medium.* Words need not be the building blocks of fiction, or sentences the glue, or paragraphs the frames, or human beings the 'characters'; for realized fiction, no matter how unusual, cannot but create its own subject, its own style, its own 'events', its own life.* The primary subject of the best printed literature has always been capabilities indigenous to the medium — effects that come from special language and/or the turning of pages; but just as neither pages nor prose are absolutely essential to fiction, so this mediumistic emphasis does not deny the possibility, or value, or extrinsic references.* Perhaps the line will supersede the word, the page the sentence, the chapter the paragraph, and the binding the chapter, as the basic fictional units — or vice versa, the word the line, the sentence the page, etc.; but these changes in scale notwithstanding, the measure of fiction will be a synthetic and yet self-consistent world.* Fiction created for sequential printed pages is likely to emulate in form the dominant communications vehicles of the age — in our time, newspapers, film, television; yet the best literary art necessarily eschews contents already familiar to these new media.* The consequential fictions have always touched upon essential themes — history, nature, growth and decay, communication and relationship, reality and illusion, imagination, fate, etc.; but unfamiliar artifice often puts a surmountable block between such meanings and superficial or oblivious readers.* A passion for the medium itself and visions of its possible uses are by now the primary reasons for creating fictions; everything else, such as narrative or prose language, is inevitably secondary.* The use of imposed constraints, as in traditional poetic forms, forces the creative imagination to resist the easiest way, if not clichés as well; it encourages problem-solving and other processes of playfulness, in addition to challenging the reader to discern sense and significance in

what at first seems inscrutable.* Certain new works are so original that at first they scarcely resemble any 'fiction' we know; but since only a philistine would dare dismiss an unfamiliar creation as 'not-fiction', art once again forces us to review our standards of literary convention and esthetic appropriateness.* Formal advances in a particular art often come from adapting the ideas and procedures developed in another field; and sometimes out of this process of cross-fertilization blossoms not just a new step in the art but a true hybrid, in this case between literature and visual art.* Specificity signals the end of art and the beginning of journalism, history, sociology, or some other form of non-fiction; fiction at its best is neither factual nor familiar but feigned.* Literary fiction could be characterized as the residue of the confrontation between a fictionalizing intelligence and the printed page; but the rectangular paper frame is plainly the most indomitable constraint upon those imaginations that seem inclined to burst through the page.* There can be no end to fiction before the demise of imagination, which is to say that as long as man survives there will be new forms of fictionalizing — though that historical form called 'the novel' may be judged 'dead', fiction isn't.* A measure of artistry in fiction is personal touch, even though nothing about the author himself need be revealed; the crucial question is this: Could —even would — any other name sign this work? * The canon of modernist fiction — Stein, Lissitzky, Faulkner, Joyce, Beckett, Borges — established a tradition of the new that must in turn be artistically surpassed in the present.* The new fiction of today need be no more different from the old than, say, 1975 differs from 1955, whose automobiles, clothes, hair styles, advertisements, machines, etc. clearly belong, we know, in junk shops or museums.* As one crucial difference between prose and poetry is that prose fills the entire rectangle available to print, what might distinguish prose exposition from a long poem is that the former's pages are almost entirely filled with print; the telling of stories is in part an act of filling pages.* Modern art at its best deals not in manipulation of conventions but their conspicuous neglect, because familiar forms are the most common counters of commerce; one test of genuine innovation in art, even today, is its resistance to an immediate sale.* New fiction bears little superficial resemblance to old fiction, while the experience of 'reading' radical work is also profoundly different; so too must there be a change in the standards and perhaps the language of fiction criticism.

insurrection art co.

Shroud Kit Instruction Sheet

Place cadaver in center of plastic sheet.

Place 1 cellulose pad under rectum.

Place 1 cellulose pad under chin, tie with gauze bandage around head.

Tie wrists together and ankles together with tapes provided.

Tie identification tag to toe.

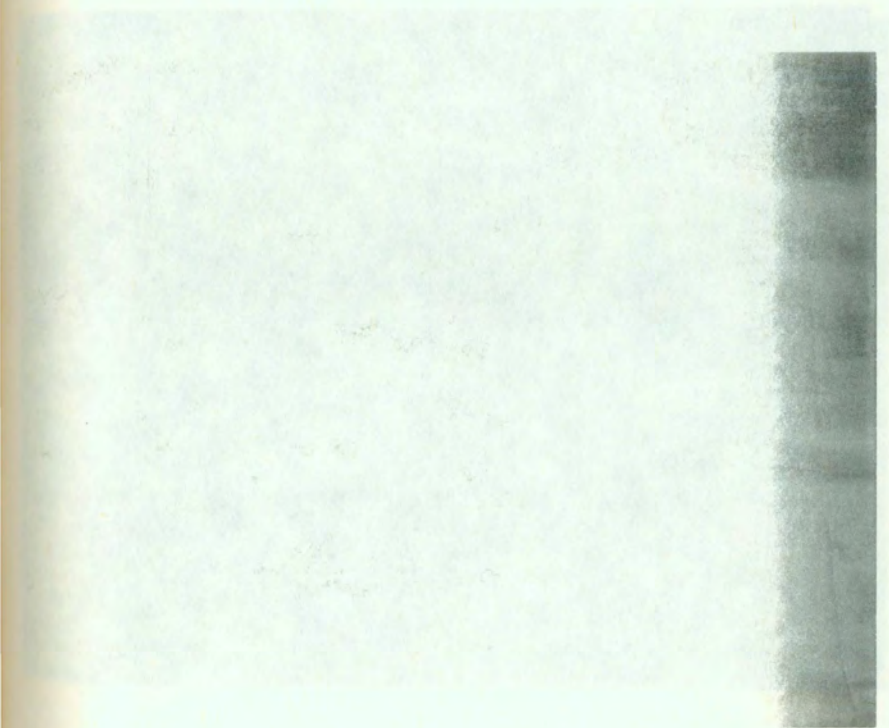
Fold top of sheet down over face and bottom of sheet over feet.

Fold four corners inward, fold over both sides.

Tie wrapper around body with three pieces of tape provided. Tie identification tag to one of the tapes.

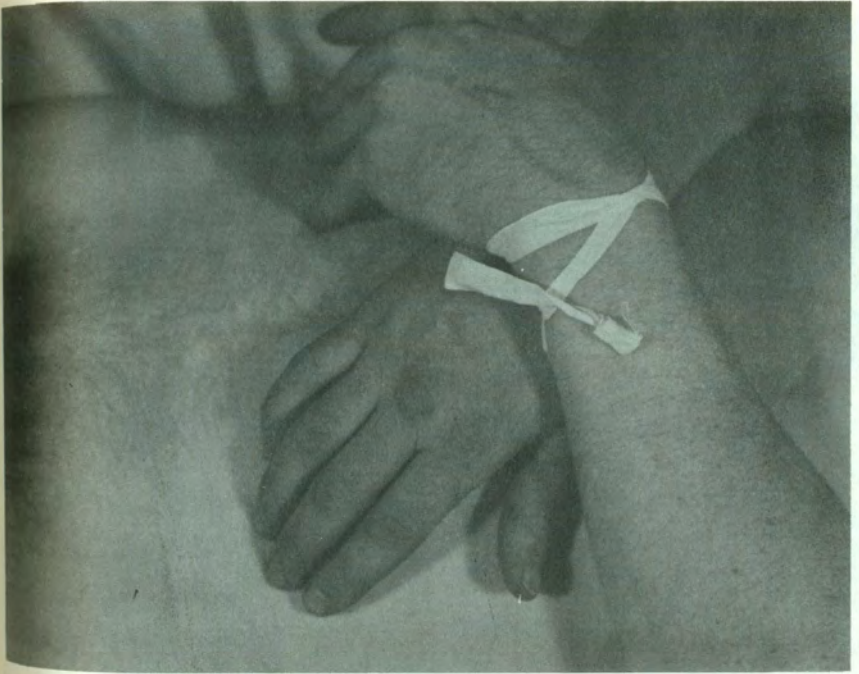
Use polyethylene bag for personal belongings. Tie third identification tag to bag.

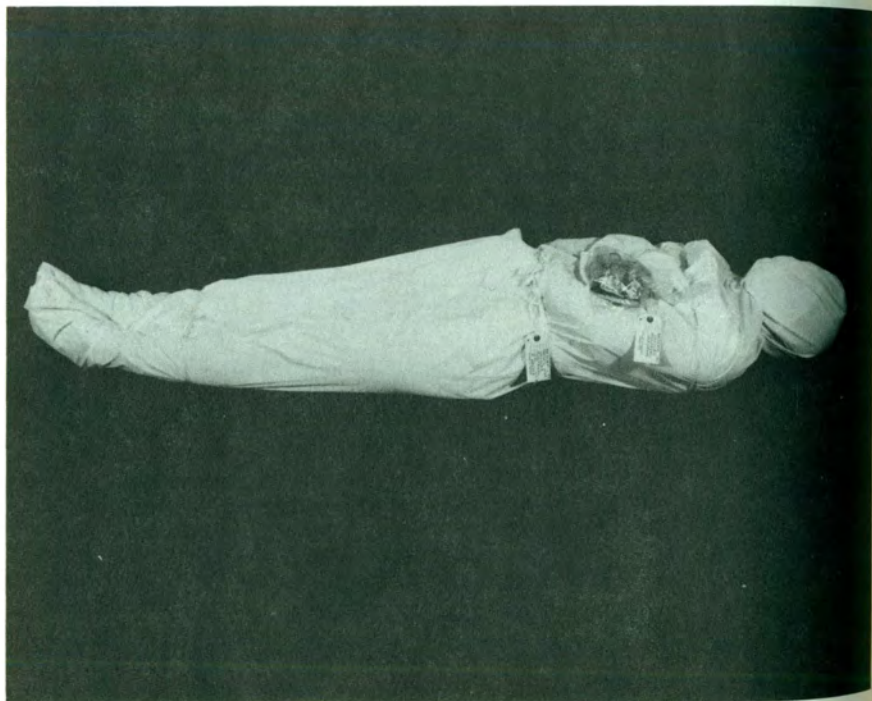
printed in Taiwan











douglas blazek

fundamentaling

My vision comes from a point
where the two cold poles sit back-to-back
my vision of doormat or god
all those duststorms of cosmic glue
my vision conjured by a polish buddha
in a way peculiar to a billion microscopes
my vision as cybernetic anthropologist
chipping mules from the braying of illusion
my vision blended with time-fur
those hours financing edible fire
my vision trained for corners
where the absent arm shoves things
my vision cracking its encasing eggshell
chiming the inflowing yolk
my vision inventing birth over and over
trading old hothouses for new
my vision educated with 360 degrees
and all that rent to pay for politicking
my vision you work to find
here now and elsewhere after

primer in optics

Godknows how many poems
exist about closing one's eyes
blinking seeing inward
obtaining passage to new movie sets
or sacred texts

some say seeing is believing
but o it is much more
it is investing

to really see
means everything is implied
reality is what
holds up your underpants

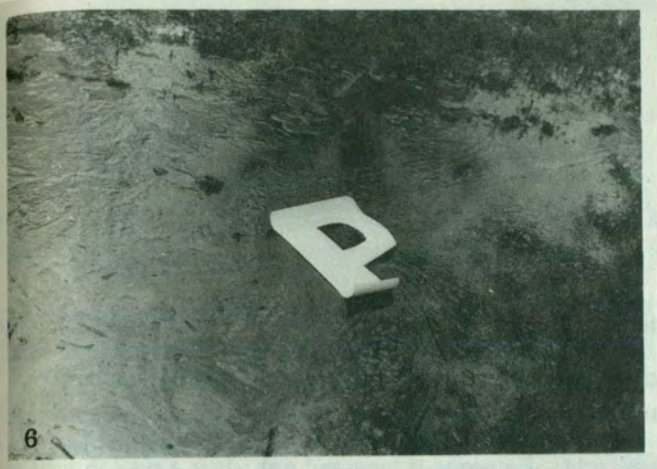
the eye is an apostrophe
if not
it is a catastrophe

ante vukov









judy keeler

THE STORY OF A FILM

It's raining and there is classical music and coffee. It's raining and the leaves have almost lost the light of their own. The lights are on and there is coffee. There is coffee and I'm awake. I'm awake and this is the end of October.

It's fall and it shows. It's awake but dark by six. Dark by six and preparation for day. Conversation, conservation, and steamed windows, after light rain. It's warm and not at all cold. Everyone is here and not. It is a play in light and dark. It is full and not winter. It is full and not empty. These are fine distinctions.

There is people and there is not. All week is comprised of but one day. A walk is comprised of but one week. We are in the celluloid and there is darkness. That is a film and not a walk. That is a film for a day. There are friends and some are not. Most are friends and few fall. Sometimes one falls. Sometimes a friend falls. More than one.

All week I have been giving some who are in the film falling. Conversation and pouring coffee. All week saving. All week dissected - the moment of one and giving. All open and not closed. Giving and not at all sad. Giving and conversation. Of one moment spent then another and another one. Then the week is, gone. All one. Giving and wondering. Simply sitting in wonder, and darkness. Giving there but not enough. Pouring rain and not at all classical. Coffee and not at all a letter.

A letter and not a poem. A letter to the letter, a note which follows one, then another. A letter and not at all complete. Incomplete and not explicable. Different from one another, the decoration of the china and the contents. The condition and not at all cold. The hand holds the cup and not the coffee. The lips touch the coffee and not the hand. The eyes touch the rain and not the window. The heart touches the person.

The heart gives the hand takes the mouth talks. Incomplete and not explicable.

All week an agenda and not a note.

All week is partially spent. One follows another scene and another. Lights all left on in another room all night. The projectors run. One scene follows another scene in wonder. Eyes open, hands restful, and not at all sad. One watches and wonders. This is the film and dark.

Dark outside one withdraws inside where the film is running and the only light is the projected image of a person in another scene. I'm given to wonder. Is that occasion taken for granted like pumpkins at the end of October? Conversational in costume. This given situation; the full coffee cup, the open book, the door closed, the open window, the full poem, the bed. The bed is open and full of reading. Alone and not at all sad the bed is giving and not at all sagging. Separate and not at all alone. Not at all sad and not at all light.

Last night I felt busy. I felt busy and needful.

Light. Incomplete and not explicable. Giving and wondering my limitation to give. Writing of it now, does the writing make the giving less? I felt giving all week to one and one wondering if I was at all giving, to one and one who were needful. These are fine distinctions. Not at all explicable.

Giving and wondering if I am at all separate. From the giving, from the wonder from sweeping and thinking. Talking about communications. Giving and not wanting. Only wanting to give. To this moment. To be, more here, then, not. Not being able to track it. Not being able to, plot it. Not being able. Wanting one scene not to cut, into another. Careful editing, careful editing. And not making any mistakes. Wanting the moment to render to the scene what the limits of language can not. What the heart can not always complete or explain. Given to wonder and the moment meeting. I'm here and the door is open. The water is running and I can not hear you at the open door. But you are and there is an open door between us. This does not erase the possibility of meeting. The sound of words lends meaning to the language.

Your self at the open door hints reassurance. It shows and does not hide it. To feel and to know it. There is some fine distinction. Not to hide something is one thing and to know it is another.

There is one full and another is a distraction. We are here and not. You are busy and preoccupied and I am the film running through the projector. The film has sound. The sound is full and busy. The sound is deep and quiet. The sound is the sound of another scene. The way the relationship of images work in the poem. I'm full to see you but do not know how to take it. There are two films on this programme. A montage that works together.

All week I'm used to the otherwise uneasy relationships of fall and impending work. Work and not distraction. Meeting and not escaping. Conversation and conservation. Incomplete and not explicable.

I'm not anyone else writing. The other movie is *Stolen Kisses*. For a moment I'm needful in this giving situation. It is the same relationship as knowing you're not hiding your feelings but you're not knowing them either.

I accept myself as a writer. But a writer does not necessarily feel that same thing. I see it as a *need* to (for want of a better see-saw image) *grasp* the poem, the image, through the person of accepted writers. Even if not all are. They are the vehicle of the moment. Like the image in the photograph the moment which moves faster than the eye, I want to keep it. Not to allow dust to gather on it, but keep it precious when the giving and the taking of the moment meet. And truly, to keep it and there are no words that mean it. I tell you.

What the story is by telling you what the story is about. The film is about. About is around, about is distraction. About is the boundary of the relationship of the time of the film, the watching and the wonder of the film, the moment, it affects, and then there is the time it takes to tell you.

The experience is vicarious and not complete and not as honest as one can manage. The feeling of sound that one can manage to hear and not be distracted by its other meaning. It is fall and night the end of October, Hallowe'en and the moon is as full as a pumpkin. The tree and the colour of the harvest. The shadows are sharp and the shape of our skin has a light of its own. It is full complete and not explicable. The moon is light is another, is another room. The home is where the heart is home someone I once ran into said. Someone else said the heart is where the home is beer. We are busy and preoccupied. We are here and not. Our skin is as close and far away as the smooth moon. Rain nights might as well be beer bubbles in the beer. We are drinking Labels and watching football on TV. That moment felt the same as this but I've no idea why. We are watching the same film I'm absorbed and not at all sad. I accept that as I accept you do not know the limits. Ella Fitzgerald is on the radio she sings. You go to my head is the song she is singing.

I am watching the rain that has stopped and the coffee that is hot. I am watching the film of my own feelings mixed with what I felt last night and what I might be feeling. I was communicative and talking about it. I was feeling soft and preoccupied. Preoccupied and communicative. These two things are not uneasy. They go together as long as I do not subject my own subjective to them.

I've acquired an old chair which I'm not sitting in. It belonged to my grandmother tho' I've no sense of it. Through this story I'm trying to allude to what I was trying to communicate last night. A hint of reassurance because I feel it.

And strongly, and truly. The moment in our real lives make it. The best short stories.

The novel is different

I like the separateness. I like the closeness. The moment where one learns to be quiet with the next moment where one is quiet with each and full. I stay here and you do not expect it. The scene is moving. And not. Often I get used to the patterns of the same scene, and the one is not the same. It takes some time for me to recognize it. Worrying has its usefulness. It maintains the critical. The critical is one way of maintaining fine distinctions. Maintaining one from another so that the many may meet and that is the moment. I expect you to stay but you do not. I do not mind after I look at it. I mind at first. Mind myself because I'm neither used to your staying nor your leaving the door open. Kisses are stolen. I'm glad that you stay and not at all sad. I'm not sad that you leave and not at all irritable. As I say. It is another situation given simply, another occasion that I accept I do not understand. Incomplete and inexplicable.

I do not want. I want to give. And I'm not irritable. No one should make excuses.

The light is on in another room and we are full with work and places. I play instead of being contrary as I say. This is my true feeling. I play in the film, as I am. I sound irritable but it is only my deep feeling of inadequacy for the moment to see you from where I sweep, and think, now how I think and feel. Can I tell? Because I do not know, or, simply recognize, as someone I once ran into said.

The moment is where shape and sound alter. Consciousness. I am trying to accept the way I respond because I do not understand how to take this reality. One gives a reading of the poem, but takes a reading of the light and stands over the light table with an x-acto knife. I was washing the frilled cups and saucers and the two silver plate knives when you came to the door. You thought that I was taking a shower. I did not hear you at the door. I am only beginning to understand the relationship of myself in the light scene one scene after another. I think I'm giving but there is some one thing in me that says that I'm needful to be comforting and quiet. Because I can't change so many given scenes in the time taken so quickly. Not that so far I haven't. There are moments busy and preoccupied perhaps a hint at them.

I'm absorbed in the celluloid and the dark not wanting to be attached to the whole of the romantic. As if the fresh moment and the pure heart prepared for conversation.

I think now, as my relations, are committed as expansive. The next story will be political. But lately absorbed and needing to communicate. And only sometimes able. Absorbed in the dark, room. I turn on the safelight insert the filter, and focus. This is my perspective to you in the film I am. You lie on the bed and I have taken a picture. You sit and read me smiling. I'm smiling after all this week.

The expression is on the skin we are touching. The expression is on the moon we wonder. I give you a kiss I desire. You carry it upstairs and down the hall to your large room where you left the light on. In the room. No one should make

excuses. And lights. Have a habit of turning themselves off. If they need to. You press, my kiss, between your hands like leaves and wonder. I turn off my light and fall into myself travelling and talking about the movie. Your eyes light on me and I tell you what I can manage. The scenes are changing quickly and we are needful of change. I know, only of it. The scenes are changing and quickly.

I keep this photograph of you. I trust it as I develop it, by practice. This photograph did not need burning and the page did not bleed off the edge. I know of mass and space the poem of night and dark the image of the play to be engaged in yes very much engaged in the moment. Whatever it offers when it offers and that is enough.

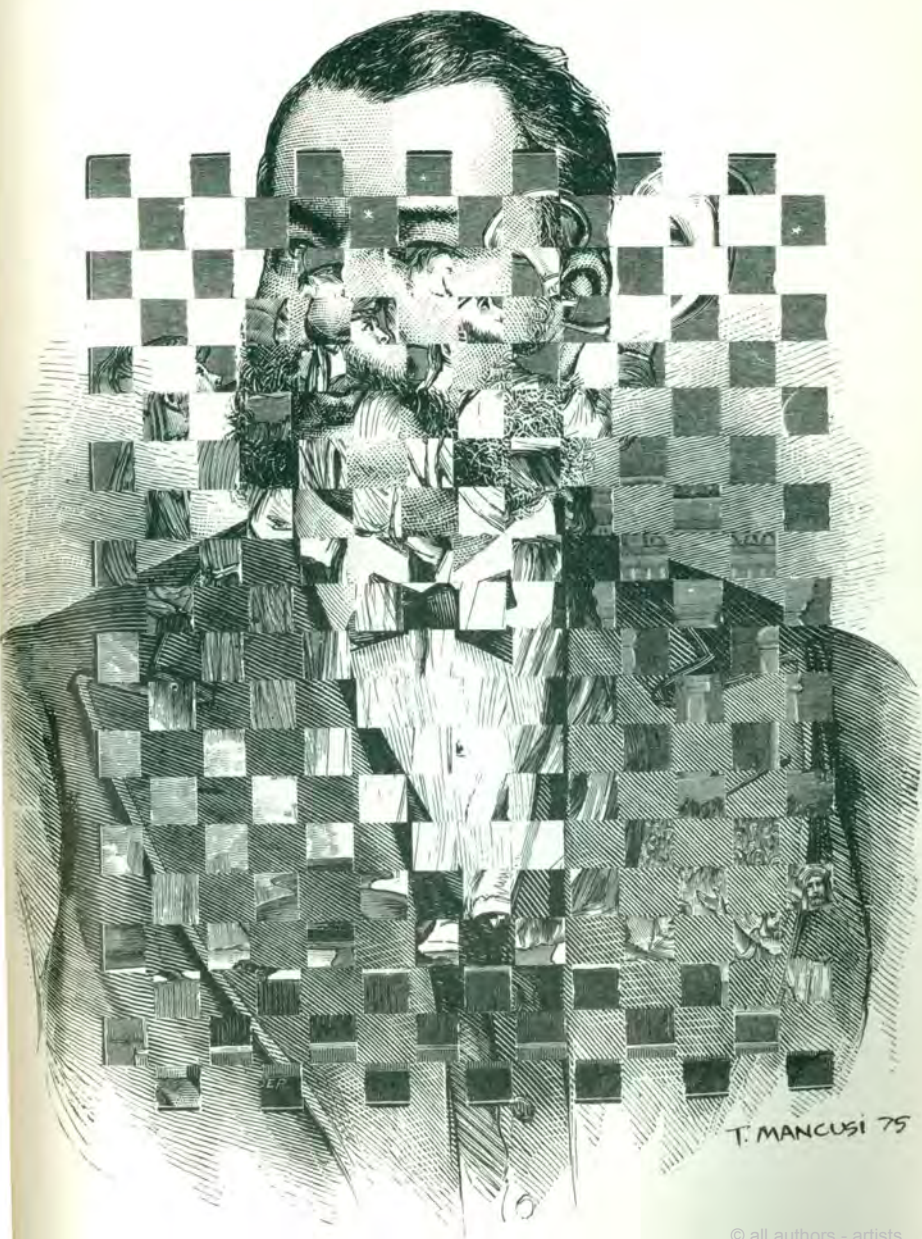
The hands together are a circle. When you are here I'm more familiar with the communication we mention. This week has been a walk of moonlight. Full of skylight. The hands are a circle open and closing. The hands are a circle like eyes. The circle is flesh. I know this and this is moving. I'm comfortable and needful to be quiet. Quiet and moving from one level to another. Simple travel. Curious distance travel. Wanting this moment abandonment to the circle but the circle is maintained in some restraint and I do not know how to take it. My *mind* does not expect it. My sense yearns for it as mountains and streams of light and ocean. We give to think we understand. But not always. If we tell ourselves we understand do we. If we tell one we understand and don't are we, honest. From telling I do not understand you do, and so, some moment is met. And honest. From telling you I do not understand but can accept, to the limits of this moment, another understanding takes place. This is a wonder and giving and not at all sad.

I am working with the story of my feelings in the film I am. But before I finish this story I will sit down and think of it all again.

I am here with all the stories of one of my feelings and I am writing them.

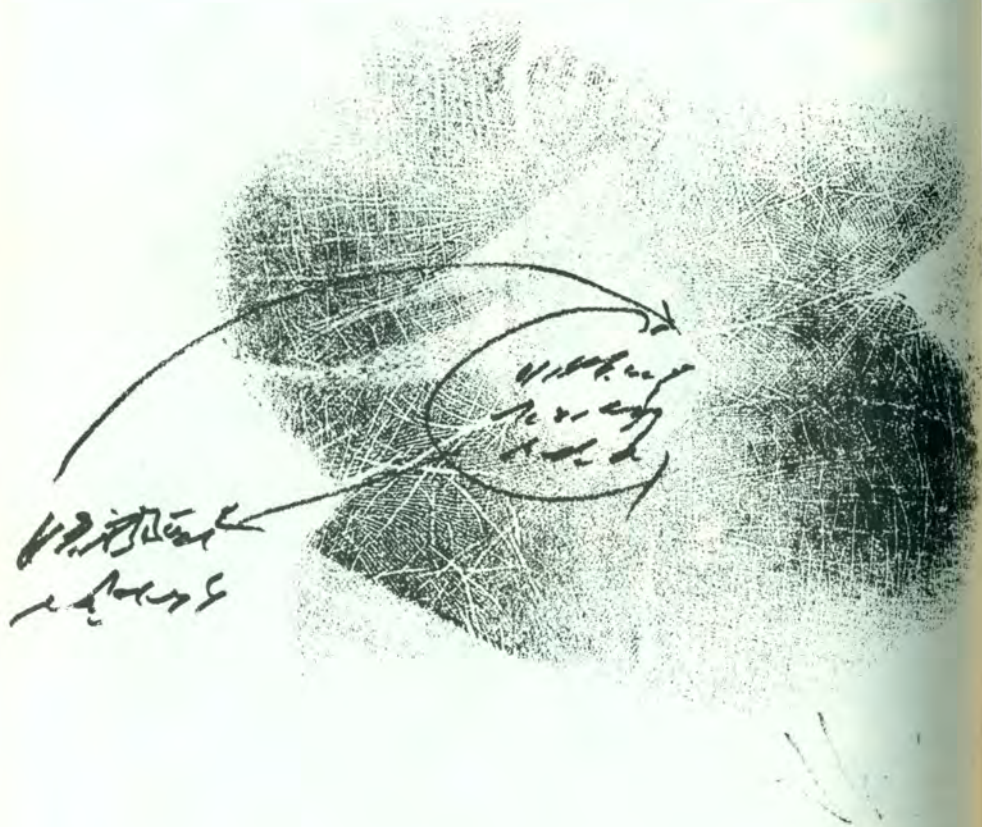
At the same time I know the arrangement of the pen and paper, the cup and the plant in flower, there is rain having fallen outside there is depth to sound. A field of fine distinctions. Given wonder that I am allowing in like light. The leaves are pressed the leaves that fall are fall. I place the image in the book and mark it. You are here and not. You are here in this story I am reading.

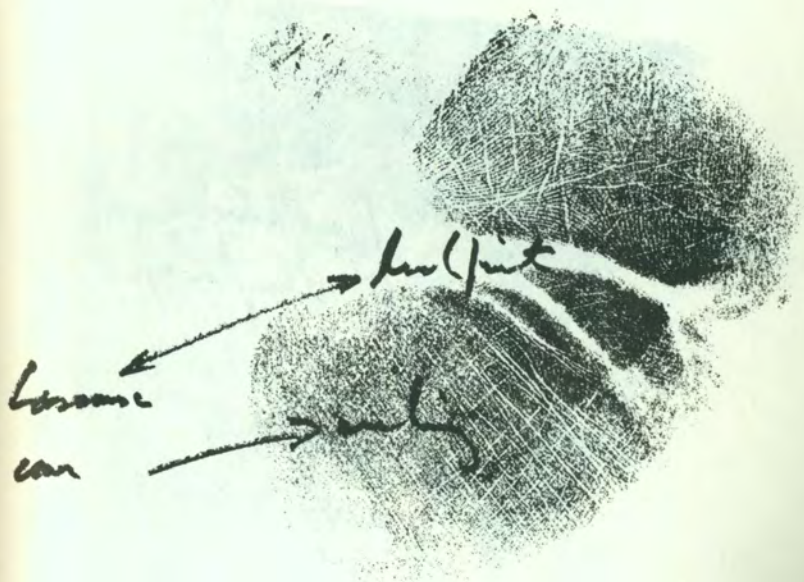
This story is not a copy. There is no copy of this moment does not know its own convention. Truly it is the same moment as before and not. So when I am here and not, I have to re-think it. I look at the patterns of the lace and the delicacy of the lace the time of the lace. The shadows it sheds time of the patterns and the time of the shadows and the thoughts they shed. And each time when I think I really know about the relationship of each one in this story of a film I am to re-think it. I see it as the real moving picture in this space. This isolation space.

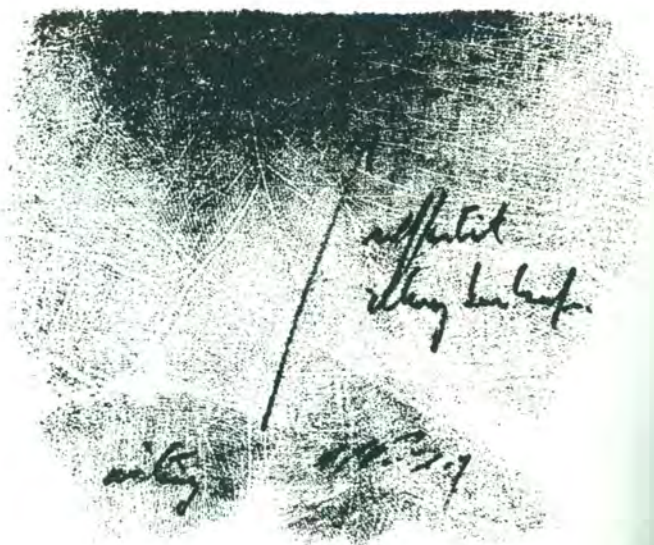


T. MANCUSI 75

john
heward









david mcfadden

mandatory reading

Oh my God she's still talking
talking talking talking
My wife silent and the woman
on the TV droning on in a dishonest drawl

while I look at the floor, the shoes on the floor
full of envy.

There are colors I have no words for
There's one now
hanging from the ceiling.

I can't describe the tie
hanging from the doorknob,
its color

the door slightly ajar
and a red cardigan
extending from the closet's darkness
like a tongue.

No, not at all like a tongue.
What is that unearthly
glorious
light
Is it part of Mecca's Sacred Shrine
It is not it is
the sewing machine, my wife
silent and the woman
has failed to shut it off —

There are other things in this room
room room

There is me for instance.

There is Jesus, Joseph and Mary
or a pictorial representation thereof
hanging on the grey wall
and there is the sound of
the TV where a man is
reciting this poem

There is a book on Pyramids.

There is a bicycle.

There is a red hanky that I could
tell a funny story about

There is something I can't quite
put my finger on.

No, that left the room
as soon as I mentioned it
even though I didn't mention it

Each word as I write it
comes into this room
perhaps somewhere in some
other room
these very words are
disappearing

This poem is being unwritten
losing a word at a time
quickly then slowly
at varying speeds
from end to beginning amen —

A chair is here
right where the last person
to touch it put it
unless the cat which is
not in this room but
has been
brushed against it with
enough force to move it
into its present position
from its past position
but that is not likely
since it is a heavy chair
and a light cat
too sensible to waste
energy moving this chair
that is not here
(these words are here)
and has been moved many times
and in each place it has been
it has stayed for varying
lengths of time
perhaps as much as 10 years
without any motion
since it is an old chair.

It moved !
Not by itself although it
would be possible
to write that
but rather someone
came into the room
and moved it
the chair not the room
slightly then
went out too fast
for me to see but I see
the chair has been moved
slightly

What color is the chair ?
It is a sandy shade but
smoother with a reflection
in its shine of the light
from the sewing machine

It is the color of pine
smoothly sanded
once growing in a Nova
Scotia forest

The chair
is there.
The words are
here.
I am here there
and everywhere
like something
that let's face it
can only be located
by others

There is a bottle of beer
in this room but there
is no bottle.
The beer is inside me
the empty bottle is
outside me
and this room
but inside another room
and inside a case
of other bottles
some capped and containing
beer and some empty
like I will be after the beer
is no longer inside me.

Please beer with me.

There is hair in this room.
It is on various parts
of my body's surface
growing out of it,
rooted into it
like tiny trees

A mind
is at work
in this room —
is this true ?

I have no way of knowing
but of judging
the words that are
here and here and here
as well as there and
neither here nor there yet
or should I have written
yet
on a seperate line ?

The word, each word,
each comma, comes
out of the pen that is
in my hand like a
gun, something called
the mind a sort of trigger

a dishonest drawl.
Am I being honest
or dishonest ? Am I
fulfilling my destiny ?
Am I preparing to meet
meet my doom ?

Doom, perhaps this
is a doom room,
this room my doom,
this room I see being
a room inside a larger
field of space in which
a moon is hung?

Who hung the moon ?
Did the cat brush
against it ? If it
did it would not know
it did it but did it
without knowing it ?

I could put a number
here :

2

and then I could put
a number
here :

3

This is the third part.
The third part is here !
Come in, third part.

Hello, my name is Carl Holman.
I am the third part.
I am smoking a cigarette
which, along with other cigarettes
has been in this room for
many hours. I do not
care about my health,
just these words.

This is my bedroom.
This room of doom
is my bedroom
where I sleep.

Sometimes there are
dreams in this room !

The sound of a car
is in this room
as these words appear
but no car sound
is in this room
as these words appear.

A car went by on a
street within earshot
a short time ago
and I predict
another will come by
soon
and the sound.

There is a list of complaints
in this room. They are
not in words. They are
in a wordless list
in a listless mind
in a semi-broken
body in this room.

My body has
scars
and is not healthy
although it is healthier
than other bodies
at least in theory.

Should the list
appear on this page ?

This room. I have
no complaints about
this room.

It is good enough
for me and I for it.
an I for an I
foreign eye.

There is happiness
in this room.
There is a chair.
There is light.
There is sound.

I do not feel up to
describing the sounds
in this room.

I have only now noticed
that as I write I say
the words, whisper them
as I write them.

And a child in another
room within earshot
took one deep breath
among a lifetime
of relatively
shallow breaths.

And I only now noticed
that I myself am
breathing
my breathing
made irregular
by the words I am
whispering as I write.
Right ?

I predict I will
some day type
out these words
in another room
on more
suitable
paper

But to predict
is not as pleasant
as to write words

for the happiness
in this room
is relative
to the words I write
rather than the words
I predict

And I suppose I feel
a sense of responsibility
for the happiness in this room,
the chair that is there
and will be there
in that position
for an undetermined
length of time about which
I will try to make
no predictions.

Chair. The happiness
in this room will remain
until it is moved, a motion.

The Holy Family
hovers above the chair
and is part of the
happiness
although in itself
it contributes nothing.

There is pain in this room
in the room, specifically
in a tooth in my jaw,
a bad tooth that was
not always bad
but will have to go
for detracting however
slightly from the
happiness in this room,
and that's the tooth.

And now

4

that list of complaints :

Our language has too
many words. Words I
could destroy include
heaven
happiness

in fact every word
but the word I am
at this moment
writing, whispering

Here is my second complaint :
I have no more complaints.

Except that I am 34
and have never yet written
a word about which
I had no complaints

But I think it is time
to correct that.

Vomit

I have now written a word
about which I have
no complaints.
Which word is that ?
The word is

Vomit

A healthy mind in a
healthy room.

There's a lot of health
in the old mind yet.
But it doesn't turn over
the way it used to.

It is becoming
more and more
like the chair there

steadfast as a star
radiant as a chair
or at least
the chair there

I am where I am.

I am chair, I am.

I am the light
from the sewing machine
and the way
of all words.

I am Carl Holman.

A memory :
Yesterday I saw a
pretty postperson prancing
in the park.

She took off all her
predictions

The grass turned into a color
I cannot describe.

A stream began to flow
where before
there had been
no stream

but it was no surprise

She took my hand
and placed it
between the sun and the moon

and the stream began to
began to flow.

And so

5, 6 and 7

After the poem left the room
and began to indulge in memory
creating a decidedly artificial tone

I put my head on a pillow
and fell asleep

Woke up a few hours later
with intense stomach pains.
Took a few codeine tablets
I'd had following removal
of a dead tooth the day before.

Now I am kind of pleasantly
floating and these words
are coming too fast

While I slept I thought
about this poem and developed
a marvelous end technique
that not only resolved this piece
but resolved problems I've been
trying to vocalize all my life.

Then the pains came
destroying all that delicacy
and in my present pleasant
mood I'm not going to strain
to bring it back.

8

What if my left thumb
suddenly fell off ? ?

9

When the dentist left the room
my hand went up his nurse's skirt.
When he came back he broke my tooth
then spent an hour rooting for the root.

That was either tommorrow or yesterday
but during the writing of this poem
I have tried to be honest

And my appetite has returned

daddaland

The art of word watching. If you juggle words, you are not
potatoes on paper. If your sentences are as clumsy
running out of control, if your meaning is
seem to tangle like a wool-
scrambled skein of wool-
you won't head binoculars for
this sport. Just a few simple rules
to help you express yourself better in
writing. This book will show you how
tools that will be useful no
matter what kind of writing
you do, if it tends to handle
the family home letter. Who is a
word watcher? A word watcher is a
dedicated fellow as a true writer
be the brighter thinker, some
and habits of his feathers
be the meanings of words. A word watcher knows
by the way people use them. A word watcher knows
that language is a living, growing thing. He is interested
in the symbols we use to express our thoughts and feelings.
By the way, language changes. For words are never static.
practice I've read and Holmes put it nicely "A word," he said, "is
not a material, transparent and unchanging. It is the skin of
a living thought and may vary greatly in color and context
according to the circumstances and time in which it is used." A
word watcher is aware of the power of words and the value of
selective writing. What is good writing? Some standards apply
no matter what type of writing we talk about. Effective writing is well
is clear, is easily understood. Effective writing is well
understanding. Effective writing is well understood, so that

[illegible]

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, which appears to be a record of some kind. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are written in a more formal, printed style. The list is organized into columns, with names in the first column and dates in the second column.

readable need not
be through an
actual break of surface
but to the same thing
as a change of strata
or a change of rock.
Is it well? A little
more than 100 ft. above it
is a 10 ft. layer of
sandstone, which is the
same as the one in the
middle of the hill. The
hill is composed of
sandstone, and is a
very good example of
the same thing.
Is it well? A little
more than 100 ft. above it
is a 10 ft. layer of
sandstone, which is the
same as the one in the
middle of the hill. The
hill is composed of
sandstone, and is a
very good example of
the same thing.



491



The DOLL

491

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juan garcía

from Alchimie du Corps
translated by Marc Plourde

V

Ô Toi qui touches enfin au terme de Ton corps
après tant de mémoire et de mots mis à jour
Toi dont la plainte en nous s'enracine déjà
et dont le sang nombreux ne fut qu'un épisode
en cet espace moite où séjourne la Mort
défends que je me dise à l'approche du sort:
tout mal est infini comme un geste de mère
et tout élan de cœur se casse dans la voix.
car j'ai foulé des lieux où plus que les saisons
les peuples se relayent pour affliger la terre
et j'ai longtemps subi à l'insu de la nuit
la terrible moisson de l'exil et celui
qui mesure le ciel dans les yeux de l'enfant
mais nul en cette errance au ras de l'horizon
ici partout par delà les climats et les cris
en moi ne souleva le poids de la Lumière
alors j'ai convoqué le froid dans les abris
mes poumons et mes pas apprirent le poussière
et l'aurore irrigua le fond de mes regards

V—

O You who finally come to Your body's end
after so many memories and words brought to light
You whose lament has already rooted itself within us
and whose fine blood was just an episode
in this damp place where Death stays
stop me from telling myself when my time comes:
all wrong is infinite as a mother's gesture
and the heart's flights are ever broken in the voice.
for I have stepped over places where, more than the seasons,
it was the people who punished the earth
and unknown by the night I've long suffered
the terrible harvest of exile and one
who measures the sky in the eyes of a child
but not in this wandering on the horizon's plane
everywhere beyond the weather and the cries—
within me the weight of the Light did not lift
then I summoned the cold into the shelters
my lungs and my footprints gathered dust
and daybreak washed the bottom of my eyes

marshalore

THE LADY LAMP AND THE FISHERMAN

The Lady Lamp married young. Her marriage was not as she had hoped. It was in fact a sorry affair and one rainy winter she was compelled to take an unaccompanied holiday. She went to Spain.

It was in the Mediterranean village of San Placido del Mar that she met The Fisherman. Her hat had blown off and fallen upon a hill of netting that lay on the quay beside a small sloop. A man on the fore-deck saw the hat land. He climbed from the boat, up the stone steps leading from the quay to the promenade, and returned the hat to The Lady Lamp. She noticed his hands right off; the way the sun fell on the muscles, the veins, the curled hairs.

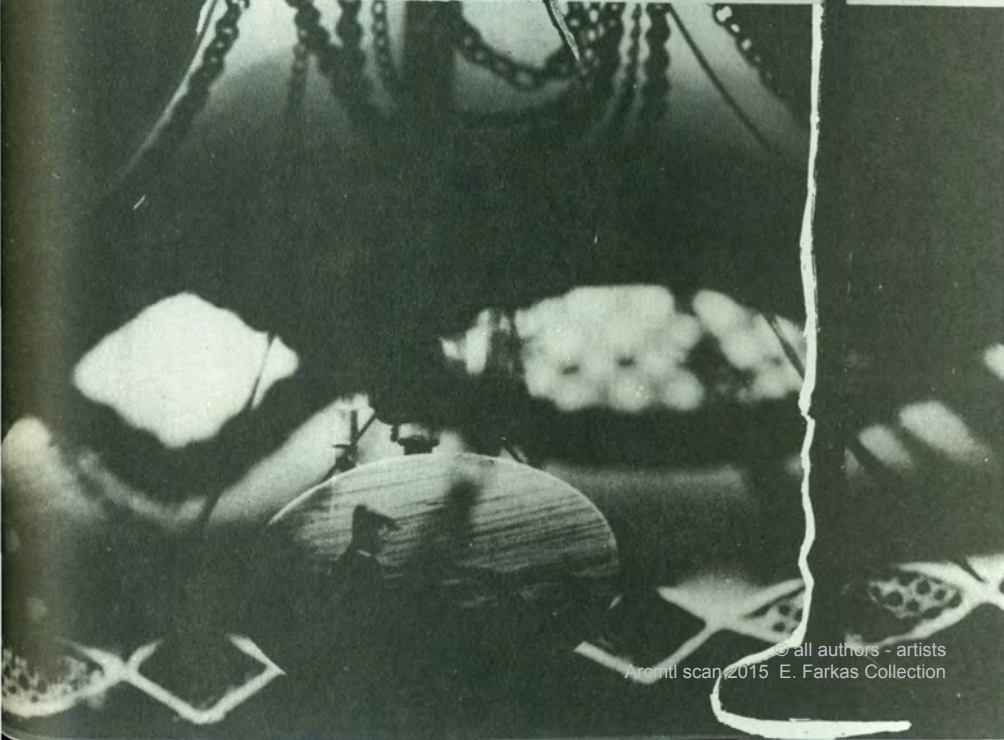
They were together almost every moment after that. Days passed into weeks and finally, after some months, The Lady Lamp succumbed to some vague sense of duty that had begun to quietly, but persistently intrude upon her peace of mind, and she returned to England. The Fisherman set out for tuna.

Seventeen years passed and The Lady Lamp became a widow. She took care of the various matters pertaining to her late husband's estate leaving most of the affairs in the hands of solicitors — and left straight away for Spain. Inquiries made in San Placido del Mar revealed that The Fisherman hadn't been seen for many years. She heard the same thing at every coastal village from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic.

She came to live with me six years ago. We had become close companions and one day she told me the whole story. The way she described The Fisherman, especially his hands, was really quite vivid. I could picture how he had looked and acted as a child, as a grown man when they had met and now, thirty years later.

I remembered a small object I had found in Spain shortly before I had met her. It was an oval coloured photograph mounted on metal with a string for hanging. I fetched it and we both stared in wonder. She cried softly. It was a picture of The Fisherman repairing his netting.

They've been together ever since.

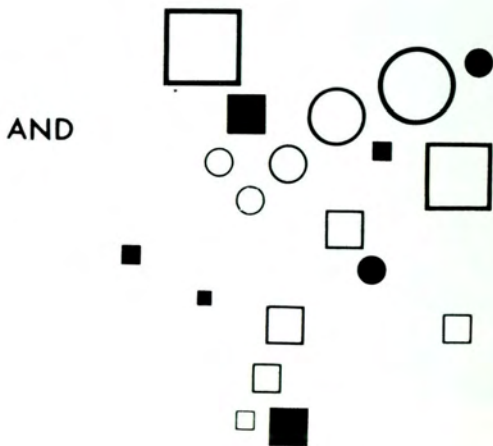


loris
essary

TLED

modern
collage
1960s

AND HYENAS



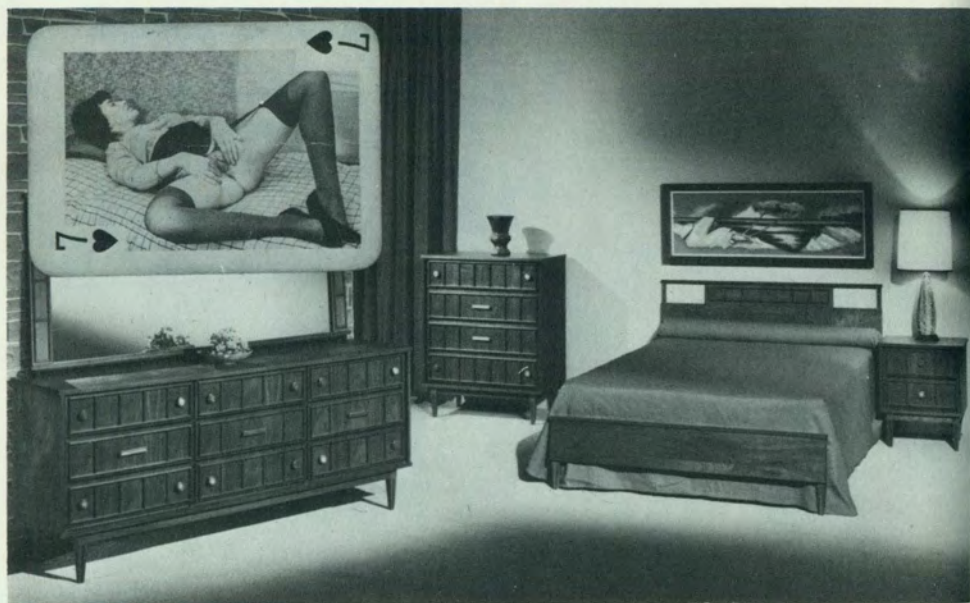
ANGELS

robert walker

excerpts from SIX SUITES SEX SWEETS









mike
crane

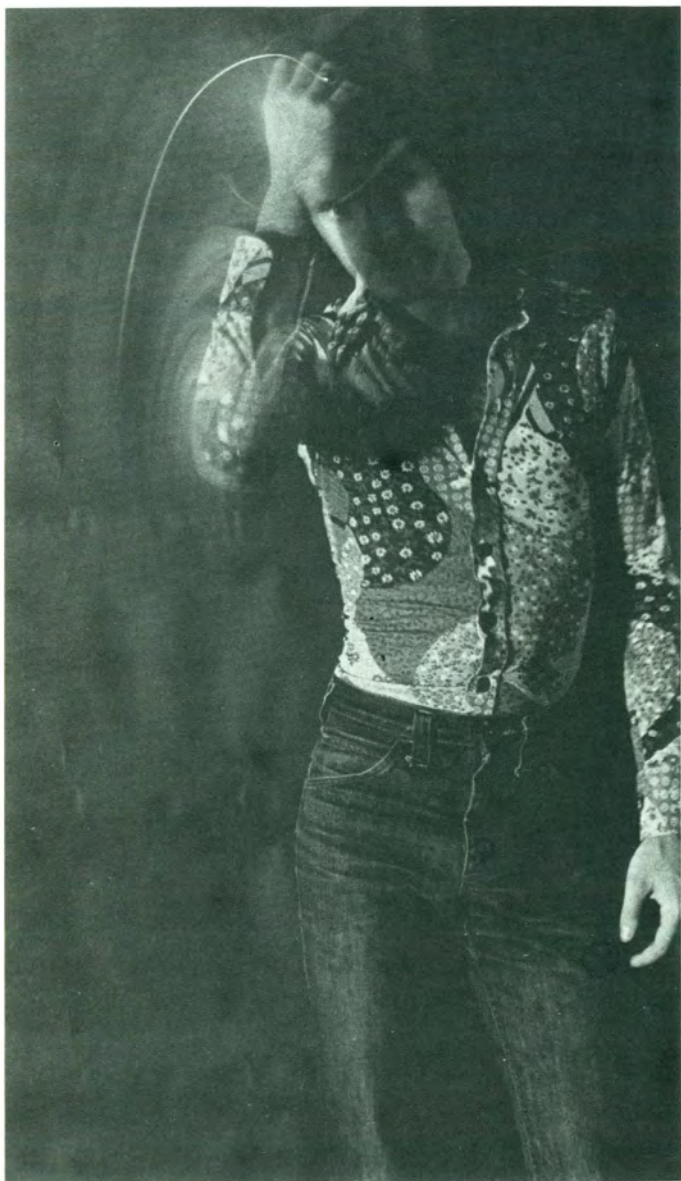
SYNTHETIC
SITUATION,
STEP BACK

SOME THINGS
GO WITHOUT
SAYING...

SOME THINGS ARE
WHAT THEY SAY,
MAYBE MORE

SOME THINGS ARE
NOT WHAT THEY
SAY, BUT **WHAT THEY
SEEM TO BE**

[illegible]



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