

SCARLET



Sept. 1990

No. 1

Editorial

Editorials in this kind of newspaper being out of fashion, that's the first point. We don't much like the fashion in poetry/literary magazines which aims for wimpish purity of text: too boring.

We'd like to re-establish a readable forum for our peers, older, same age, younger.

Kurt Schwitters is here to say it for us: it's dumb to be smart, smart to be dumb. Or, as we'd put it, smartness is dumb because it is wrong-spirited. Smartness in our line says: "There is a particular kind of poetry, uniquely apt for our age." The alternative to this is not eclecticism: it is not to prejudice stylistic questions by a defining act of mind but, instead, to try to trust spirit. Equally smart, equally dumb, would be to preconceive what

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OVEREXPOSED

by Lois Griffith

Almost nine o'clock and I'm here in front of the State Supreme Court Building in downtown Brooklyn because I got a summons in the mail to appear for jury duty. I've just come from the Dunkin' Donuts across the street where I had a donut and some tea and as I sit on the base of the flagpole near the court and watch the people, I'm glad my summons date didn't put me in the bullpen of jurors that were called up for the Bensonhurst trial now in progress and making headlines across the country.

I feel anxious and edgy. I don't have good memories of this place, this court building, and I'm sensitive to the slant of the morning sun that tempers the sharp wind cutting across the plaza. Honeysuckle and wisteria belong to spring, but spring is elusive this

year, this bright morning, and there are yet no buds on the thin trees that line the sides of the court building. Groups of reporters and camera men and lawyers and prospective jurors loiter on the steps, trail through the park on the side near the Municipal Building. We all have business here. After all, this is a place of public exposure.

For one reason or another, we've all been drawn close into the arms of the law. We need this holding that gives us limits for our behavior. We need the law because we can't always trust each other to be fair and just. We can't always trust the law either.

Three times I've gotten out of jury duty. I don't like this place. I remember sitting in

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Woodtime

This woman light screened through
these scattered sibyl's leaves
out of which green fancy weaves lawn
sleeves for providential time filters

to cover Mr. Marvel's dainty arms
into human time a time from elsewhere moves
light filtered through inevitable greens
in the violence of Mr. Marvel's woodtime

where he threw his symbolic lamp
over the book of nature entirely
unseen forms emerge from the shade
of forms that are seen but forgotten

Tom Clark

Editorial (Cont'd)

right spirit is. This would cut a straight line through culture and insist that it is appropriate to know certain things. There is inequality of education and inequality of talent: but in right spirit there is utter democracy of the soul.

There must be a reason why everyone is having to restate everything just now. Yes, because the 80s were so dreadful.

We'll try not to be so arrogant, then, as to define a style of writing that should be published. We find that such definitions often come out of male philosophies or critical traditions, or are ethnically limited. Our emphasis will be upon that spirit in a work which unites vision to concern — whether political, social, personal, or fantastical. Part of this means being open to poetry and prose styles alike. An editorial friend tells us of a journal whose one house rule was that nothing published should be boring: we'd love to emulate that if possible.

A corollary is not to be too cautious politically, as if to make sure that everything said is absolutely what "we" would have said. We are not interested in the anguish of giving no offense or of purifying every single word from our mouths. Again, we shall be guided by right spirit, as far as we are competent to judge it; and if we're not competent, we abide your censure patiently, even willingly.

We shall not carry a review section, though reviews whose purport seems more significant than that of a routine account of a book may occasionally appear. In much the same way, if we do publish an interview it will not be to revive that magazine genre but because we have some broader purpose. SCARLET welcomes reports of dreams or gossip.

On Translation

The Latin *shrug* does not involve a raising of shoulders / contraction of shoulder-blades—is, instead, an oblique glance skyward plus tilt of chin, accompanied by palms outspread between waist and shoulder level: hence, "shrug" (noun or verb) is not really translatable into Spanish. (Informant: Argentinian poet Mario Trejo.) **HOLLOGRAM**

EXPOSED (CONT'D)

a court room in this building and reading over and over the words chiseled in the wood panelling above the judge's seat: To be Perfectly Just Is An Attribute Of The Divine Nature - Addison. I remember wondering about this perfect justice because, at the time, the man I testified against beat the rap. The robbery and rape charges were dropped against him. Some technicality about arresting procedure. I can still see the leering

bastard's face after the judge released him. There will always be the image of the street light reflecting yellow white teeth in the blackness of his head that night he raped me.

There is a flurry of activity across the plaza at the curb side. A car has pulled up, someone gets out and the media people who have been milling around swoop down on the victim. The crowd of reporters and gawkers and lawyers makes slow progress toward the court steps and past my view by the flagpole, and I see who got out the car. Boom mics bob over a short pale girl in a pink sweater. Her face is too small for all

BLEEDING HEARTS

Know what
I'm jealous of?
Last night.

It held
us both
in its
big black
arms
& today
I hold
between
my legs
a shivering
pussy.

Bleeding &
shaking
wet with
memory
grief &
relief.

I don't know
why the universe
chose me
to be female
so much beauty
& pain,
so much
going on
inside
all this
change
everywhere
coins falling
all over
the bed

& death
is a dream.
Deep in
the night
with thousands
of lovers
the sucking
snapping
reeling
flesh
deep in
the cavity
of endless
night across
mounds
of bodies

Eileen Myles

the dark hair on her head. I recognize Gina Feliciano, this is the second time I've seen her. She's part of the Bensonhurst trial. A witness for the prosecution. Although Gina didn't shoot the gun, some people want to blame her for young Yusef Hawkins' death. The blood on her doorstep is the same color as her menstrual blood they say.

In this court building now the first two Bensonhurst boys are being tried for the murder of Yusef Hawkins who died last August, the night of Gina Feliciano's birthday. Gina has made public statements that she invited her Black and Hispanic friends to celebrate at her house and she's made it clear that she knew the young white neighborhood men didn't appreciate her choice of friends. She didn't know Yusef Hawkins who walked past the building where she lived. He was killed because he was black and walked past the building where she lived.

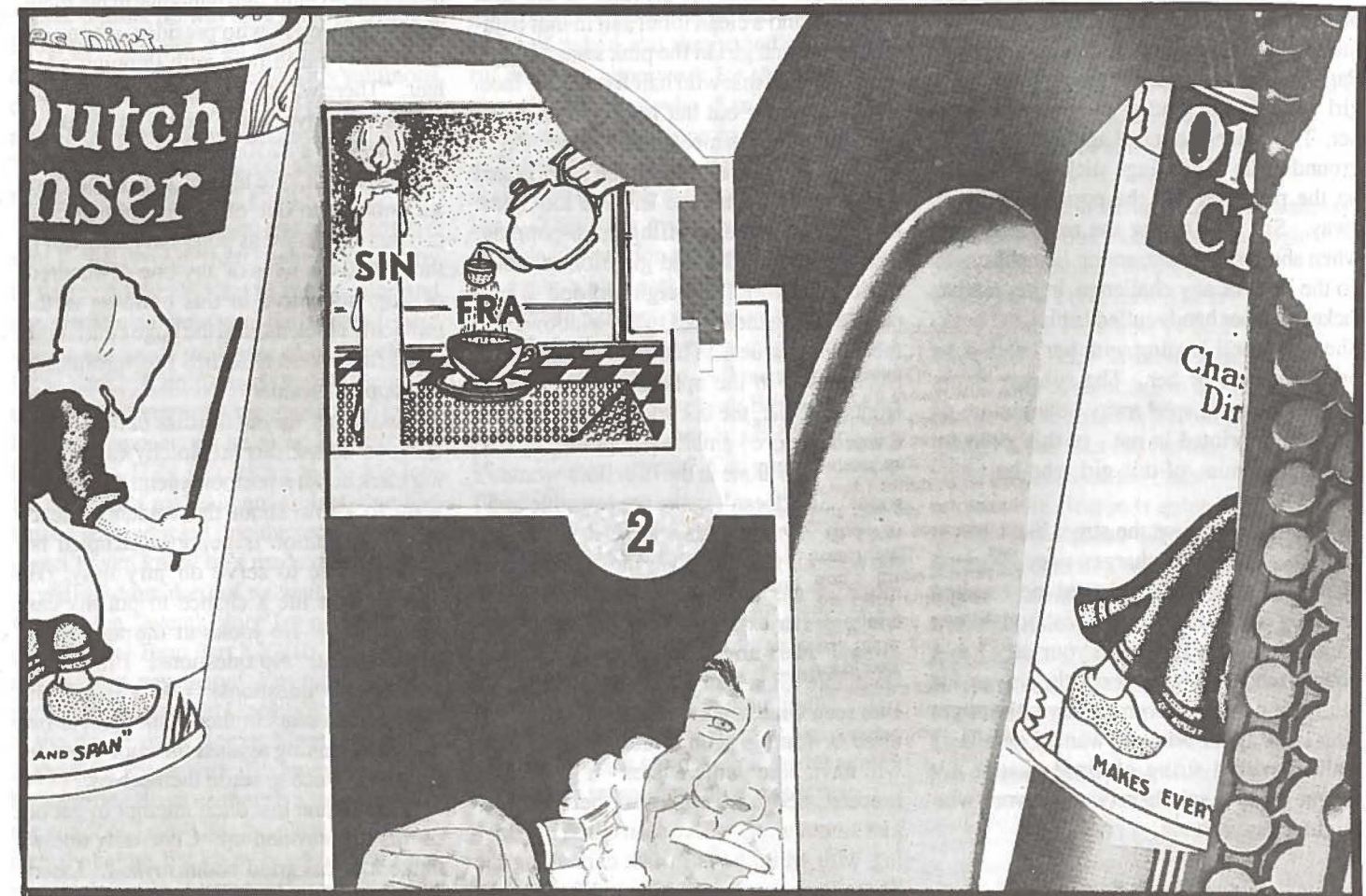
There are little pockets in this place we live, this Brooklyn place. Yusef Hawkins didn't know Gina Feliciano but he died in

front of the building where she lived because, that night of her birthday, he happened to pass by a band of neighborhood toughs who never let him identify himself, his reason for being where he was. Pass laws exist unwritten in some parts of this city although none of the authorities has publicly admitted this. The daily tabloids have analyzed the Hawkins story as one of those racial tragedies of a man's being in the wrong place at the wrong time and Gina Feliciano is to blame being a smart-mouthed Brooklyn girl looking to celebrate her birthday with people outside her pocket. In interviews, lawyers for the Bensonhurst boys use words to strip the woman naked in public. I feel for her nakedness. The world speculates on the kinds of men she has done the wild thing with.

People in Brooklyn stay pretty much in the pocket where they live. Although there were plenty of people coming and going on the street when Hawkins died, nobody saw anything, nobody knows nothing - with two exceptions - and the law discounts these.

There is the mystery witness called Iris who doesn't want her real identity known to the general public. Last week Irish made a statement to the district attorney that she saw Yusef Hawkins killed that August night on the streets of Bensonhurst. Now she says everything she saw was a dream. Her whole testimony was a dream. All a dream. Yet, the young man was shot four times on a public street where people were coming and going. On that summer evening Hawkins was on his way with friends to look at a used car. They were outside their pocket of Brooklyn. They were black faces in a white neighborhood. The only guy from the Bensonhurst neighborhood with guts enough to come forward with his eyewitness account has a history of being hospitalized for mental illness. He got out of the loony bin the day before witnessing Hawkins' murder.

Because I am here, I am drawn into the madness of this young man's death - and all the players - the dreamer Iris and the woman Gina Feliciano who told the young men in her neighborhood they couldn't come to her



Drawing by George Schneeman

birthday party and that she had black and Puerto Rican friends who would come. These young Bensonhurst neighborhood boys were so afraid of strangers in their pocket. The stranger is dead and the players have become their own victims - especially Gina.

I wonder how much she knows about herself. She's public now. The whole of her is open to look at. Her pictures on TV and in the newspapers. I was there at the Parkside Station when she got arrested for jumping the turnstile and having vials of crack in her possession. There are complex reasons for doing drugs. I don't know Gina's reasons, but she got arrested for them. These reasons have made her an unreliable witness in the trial. Here in this crisp morning spring light she looks frail and tired, but the expression on her face says that if anyone tells her this she'll rank him out.

That night she was arrested, I was coming from my cousin's house. I didn't have the change for a cab that night. That was the first time I saw her. I was on the train and it sat in the station. The doors opened. The cops grabbed her before she could get on the train. I didn't know who she was at the time. It was late and lonely at the Parkside Station and this tough little white girl was mouthing off at the cops who held her. The echoes bounced against the underground walls. The image sticks - of this girl on the platform and the cops leading her away. She was acting the real tough girl when she got arrested, acting like she could go the limit of any challenge, in her leather jacket with her hands cuffed behind her back. She was a bull leading with her head, cops on either side of her. The subway doors closed, the train sped away. the picture of her was imprinted in me - of this girl who tested the limits, of this girl who hurt herself.

I've walked down the street like a tough girl too. After the charges were dropped against that bastard who raped me I started walking around my neighborhood like a tough girl. Don't give me your pity I told people who said how sorry they were for me. The nosey old woman down the street who lives at her window wanted details. I walked with a string of curses under my tongue ready to spit them out on anyone who might mess with me.

* * *

It's almost nine-thirty, time for me to report to Central Jury and try to get out of

this live docu-drama. Some of the people milling around the plaza go inside. A few of the camera men have brought beach chairs. They open these and sit around in groups, their faces to the sun. My part is a walk-on, one of thousands in this building. The last time I was here, I was the only eyewitness for the prosecution in my rape case. The trial lasted a day. There are those words chiseled in my head: Perfect...Justice...Divine Nature...

"What did you do? Did you fight?" The defense attorney in my case looked like a solid citizen, ruddy complexioned, bifocaled middle-aged gray on gray.

"No," I said.

"You didn't struggle? You screamed?"

"No. He had a knife at my throat."

"Didn't you invite him into your apartment?"

"No, he forced me."

"You invited him in and you wanted to have sex with him, didn't you?"

"No, he forced me."

Inside the building I look for a bathroom. Don't ever use the one on the first floor, it's too public. I take the elevator to the fifth floor and find a clean toilet and in that bathroom I see that girl in the pink sweater Gina Feliciano. All that wild hair frames her face. She is combing out her hair with an Afro-pick and our eyes meet in the mirror.

I look at Gina and think she's cultivated a style to hide who she is. She looks just like any other heel-scutting, gum-popping, frizzed-out shag-headed girl from a working class Brooklyn neighborhood where people freeze their eyes to the windows that face the avenues. There are hundreds of frozen eyes in the apartments over storefronts: the bar, the bakery, the dry cleaners, the candy store - small town in the big city. She and I are alone in the fifth floor women's room. She doesn't make me invisible and I want to say something more than "Hi" to the nervous grin she gives me, to her recognition of me another black stranger at the fringe of her existence. I don't know what to say. Her movements are edgy, quick. Girls like Gina don't usually travel alone. I've seen Ginas on the subway in groups of three or four, giggling, talking loud. One will have bare white ankles - a gold ankle bracelet, her name engraved there. On bikini summer nights I've seen Ginas out driving with white boys in fast cars along the Shore Parkway going back and forth to the beaches. I've seen Ginas at the Rockaways at dusk walking on the sand with black boys.

A band of tough young white Ben-

sonhurst boys were roaming the neighborhood that night of her birthday with guns and baseball bats. They were looking to stop Gina Feliciano's friends from coming to her party. They hung outside her building and dogged her name in the street. She later said in an interview that they threatened her - "these guidos with a comb in one hand and a can of hairspray in the other". Words can serve as penetrating tools, knives at the throat of a woman. Rape happens out of rear and anger. Hands don't have to touch the body for a rape to occur, although I know often angry men choose a woman and force themselves into her without knowing who she is. "I'm gonna have you," the bastard said to me in the hallway of my building.

I leave the bathroom, take the stairs, and finally make my way into the Central Jury. I am one of maybe a thousand people who have been summoned for jury duty on this Wednesday morning. We are crowded into the wood panelled room with rows and rows of hard wood bench seats that face an altar like table and a chair both raised on a dias - everything this hard wood, dull polished reflecting no light. No windows in the room. The judge's clerk who presides over us is a fat blotchy-faced man with thinning white hair. "There will be absolutely no postponements," he says and if we try to sneak out there will be a \$250 fine and perhaps even imprisonment. He tells us to give our pink summonses to one of the uniformed court officers so that we as potential jurors can be thrust into the lives of any one of hundreds of litigants active in this building at this moment. I look around the huge court room, some faces have absorbed this information and appear afraid.

I make my way to the dias in the front of the room to ask this fat blotchy-faced balding clerk about a postponement. He doesn't want to know about the students I teach whose education is being interrupted because I have to serve on jury duty. He doesn't give me a chance to put my case before him. He looks at me and barks: "Take a seat! No questions! I'm not answering any questions! Take a seat!" But there are no seats in the room. People line the walls leaning against the cool wood for want of a place to settle themselves.

I make one last ditch attempt to get out of this cattle round-up. Civic duty doesn't make me feel good about myself. Later I would briefly speak to an old woman who was a child in the Holocaust. She compared the docile compliance of our fellow citizens to those Jews in concentration camps who

lined up quietly to be gassed. "They call us. What's behind the door?" she said.

I stand on the line outside the Jury Clerk's Office along with all those who have been advised by the fat blotchy-faced clerk in Central Jury to seek an excuse only if they are convicted felons. There are at least fifty people both ahead and behind me on this line. Finally, I gain entrance to the office and speak to one of the deputy clerks - a young guy with white hair, tired eyes, spots on his yellow paisley tie. He doesn't want to hear about my obligations. He's not interested that I've prepared brilliant lectures to guide my students through the study of Ellison's Invisible Man. I am nobody to this clerk. He snatches the pink summons from my hand and gives me the stub. "We're keeping you," he says.

I don't have any cigarettes but I go to the smoking section of the jurors' lounge in the back and find a seat. Over the loud speaker a male voice announces the first call of jurors to be sent upstairs to the court rooms. He warns people that there are penalties if they do not respond by proceeding to the impanelling area when their names are called. I think no way will I be called since I just got finished with that deputy in the dirty paisley tie who snatched my summons card. How quickly could he put my name among the collection of names to be called? The list of names is endless, then I hear my name and I think this is spite.

Two hundred of us are issued passes and sent to the seventh floor. I don't know any of these people. We are of every color and description culled from the tax rolls and voting rosters of the borough of Brooklyn, New York. A uniformed court officer escorts us and cautions us, again, not to get lost or disappear, or, he says, his ass "will be grass". He's just trying to do his job. He's the first real human contact I've had since I was inducted into the process and he doesn't even know he's made me smile.

All two hundred of us wait in the hallway on the seventh floor for over an hour outside Trial Term Part XXXII. I don't have a book or a newspaper, I'm totally unprepared for boredom so I look out the window at the bright day. Across Montague Street is the East River with its slow moving big boat traffic. Because there's a ledge outside the window, I can't see the plaza or the park directly below, but know bands of cops and pressmen are still gathered to monitor the Bensonhurst boys on trial.

The uniformed officer calls us into the court room and we get seated and the judge

introduces himself - Judge Aiello, a steely headed man with a Brooklyn accent who sits in his black robes and is raised in front of us like some croupier who's a master at calling hands in games of slyness. Before the process of screening begins, he explains the bones of the case before us: four defendants, drugs, weapons, six counts of murder, a two month projected length for the trial.

I don't expect it but the clerk calls my name and I sit in the first row in one of the alternate chairs in the jury box. There are fourteen prospective jurors and the judge questions our eligibility before the attorneys get their chance at us. "Is there any reason you couldn't serve for the next two months? You'll have Fridays off. It's your civic duty," the judge says. "Have you ever been the victim of a violent crime?" I heard that question coming to strangle me and I have a flashback to the knife at my throat. I don't know if I can bear the humiliation of sitting there and recounting to this room full of strangers how I was once robbed, raped and sodomized at knife point. "There'll be some eighty witnesses. Police testimony. Do you have anything against the police?" the judge asks. How the police came and I was crying and half naked and they stood over me to fill out their paperwork for this crime and they argued about who if any of them was going in the ambulance to accompany me to hospital. I couldn't stop crying and my nose kept running as they talked over my head. They took my underpants, put them in a plastic bag for evidence. I remember the pants, a pink and white design with tiny blue-green flowers, all these paled out colors. Later I threw away a matching pair I had in the same design, yellow colored ones. "She's in shock. Anything broken?" And these strange police hands were feeling my body. "Can you speak? Can you tell us who you are?"

The judge continues: "So everyone in the first row is willing and able to serve." I raise my hand for a last minute reprieve and the attorneys at the defense and prosecuting tables laugh. They find me amusing, this black woman who waits till the last minute to ask for an excuse. I explain to the judge about my teaching situation at university, how the terms is almost over and he agrees my work is important and excuses me.

* * *

At lunchtime the lawyer for Joseph Fama, the Bensonhurst boy who allegedly pulled the gun on Yusef Hawkins and was

supposed to have said to one of his cell mates: "Yeah, I'm the one who popped the nigger" - this lawyer is giving interviews to the press on courthouse steps. The crowd is four and five deep around him and this short sandy haired man seems to revel in the attention.

Across the plaza by the avenue of trees a cheap blond profiles in tight pants and high heels. She talks out the side of her mouth to a balding middle-aged man panting at her arm. He tries to get up in her face, rub up against her, but she keeps him at arm's length. I notice them because she has no coat or jacket on and the wind is gusting in spurts, clean slashes beneath the bright sun and the even blue sky. She acts like she wants to be noticed, like she's got camera fever and wants to be caught on the evening news and I wonder about her business here and if she understands about nakedness.

SHHH

I don't think I can afford the time to not sit right down & write a poem about the heavy lidded white rose I hold in my hand I think of snow a winter night in Boston, drunken waitress stumble on a bus that careens through Somerville the end of the line where I was born, an old man shaking me. He could've been my dad You need a ride? Wait, he said. This flower is so heavy in my hand. He drove me home in his old blue Dodge, a thermos next to me, cigarette packs on the dash so quiet like Boston is quiet Boston in the snow. It's New York plates are clattering on St. Mark's Place. Should I call you? Can I go home now & work with this undelivered message in my fingertips It's summer. I love you. I'm surrounded by snow.

Eileen Myles

PUER

by Anne Waldman

Somewhere the boy rises up in me. And the words become chants of mock battle or curiosity. For curiosity is the boy's quest-song. What is he looking for on every landscape on every planet in every woman's face, ear or belly? He sleeps inside me on my shoulder, shoulder which sleeps inside me dreaming of holding up the world, holding up the sky. To shoulder it and play with it gently, to mock and tease the elders, to be naughty and eschew sleep, he thinks. I go out with the men as their boy. And as a young girl, too, I am one of them, not a camp follower. The initiation is words which forge the muse upon me. She thrusts herself at me, she challenges me to be my first woman ever, to guide and show me passion. She teaches me the words "laterly", "labia majora". She teaches me "mons" and "Euterpe", she is the concept I have of mouth-forming words. But they, the men, are rough and cut the sentiments from the bone. Go on, they mock me, show us your mettle, show us you aren't love-sick, romantic, a fool for a turn of phrase, for a twist in sound to match your eye, go on, show us you can piss and sweat and scorn the ridiculous mother. Show us you can do without water, light, fossil fuel. Show us the poem, of what it's made. How diamond-like it might be if you don't bend it to your weak woman's will. Show us, boy. The initiation is how I will descend to meet the mid-age hag, wrinkled 'eld, how this boy, young-spirit maverick, cowboy, this young soldier will fight through his life ah humming! toward the castle. Don't kill him, don't, but neither trophy hung for a puerile adventure. What were the words? They were "rock", "salt", "stone", "arrow", "intent", "jump", "dare". They were "jaunty", "jest", "armour", "pistole", "poke", "drive", "penis". They were mysterious: "jockey for power," "jockey shorts", "jock strap". They were innocents in their lostness to experience, for what was experience but a dream to this slip-of-a-boy? I played the tomboy, I wore pants, I was just setting out to make my fortune, to swell the tide in my favor, to impress the others, to see real gold. To touch the lands of France, England, Egypt, Italy. I was 18 years, knapsack on back aright, eyes gaze forward to shore, I see land. And I see the monsters on that foreign land I have come to conquer. Who grants me their sword, albeit kindly blunted for a young man. Youth is in the clothing, in the color of the cheek, in the desire for mix and talk around a fire. In the dirty shoe and sock. I hid in these clothes and wooed women. Yet I freed myself from women, I wooed men. I abdicated the mother's hearth. Back off, mother, I go now. Language assist me in this rite. I have learned to charm snakes. On the desert the scorpions hide from me as I recite the secret mantra of universal youth. I converse in tongues. I keep up with the best of them. I don't have to be an object of their desire. I can feed tigers if I wish and ride the backs of elephants. The old men like me; I am their young friend. I climb trees for coconuts. I resist the clutches of the mothers who want every young son claimed for insatiable lust. I write to keep myself pure. I study the stars for purposes of navigation. I travel under sea to the center of fire. I ride porpoises

to learn about sound and motion. I am buoyant. I won't fight with my fists. My muscles grow. I study the forms of other men and their words. Soon I can swear with the best of them. I write for my comrades as Dante did. I show them how the quest in me is to reach them through words, to make words dance out of a body without breasts and womb, or to take that body and establish the will of a man coming to life, just coming to life. Male poet on the brink of his/her fortune, no one can lean on me. A solo act. A first chance to fail to not ask the right questions as I enter the castle. To forfeit knighthood awhile. To come before all the goddesses of thunder and song as a novice, stealing their power. They don't recognize me I've grown. No one lean on me yet.

ABHORRENCES

October, 1986
Treating everybody
like from Argentina

Mordecai Vanunu

Mordecai Vanunu was the most brilliant Israeli. He was the slightest secret whizz in what's left of the conscience of the wilderness and they hounded him in London, they ferreted out his weakness with an irresistible sexo-sensational woman—they're like the Russians in that way, they really know how to use women. And he followed her like a slaving dog, dripping the foam of hydraphilic want right into the plane seat to Italy and then to Tel Aviv. And the Mondo Press slavered too, for all the world wanted to know the route Mordecai took to his eternal incarceration.

He must have been thinking of Blowup when he slapped the palm of his hand on the window of the van, patty cake on the paddy wagon, as it rolled him into oblivion. And when the film was developed it was blown up to reveal the whole secret archive and picture of everybody who'd made the bomb. Hail Mordecai! the most brilliant of the Israelites.

Ed Dorn

THE FLAG'S AT HALF-MAST IN ARCANA GARDEN

To Steve Carey, In Memoriam

love wafts by waving some plumage
never had no message never will

a vulgar eloquence the way was to fall in love
light filigreed but also mud-heavy in the old songs

Erratum

The missing last line of Anselm Hollo's poem, "The Flag's at Half-Mast in Arcana Gardens" reads:

they he you sang the ballad of this dream

it only writes itself little by little
no epiphany sans community
Babylon in The Old Days The Babylon All Stars
17,000 Days & Nights that Shook the World

jazz in the ruins before the ruins
George Shearing an angel Stephane Grappelli a god
we meet again on the island of Verba Buena

*

a ride through the desert of many faces
the forms formalities with which we "stave off" death
& thought of it so sturdy
yet still that cheek & glint the lively dogsled music

admit one non-utilitarian emotion
admit a thousand old Mozart... young Cassandra... owls
at the speed of greed the brain made metaphor
mid rock & fern adream with Chingachgook & Cody

this evening a report on UFO sightings in Guatemala
up one's production of benign neuropeptides
they swoop through the canyon at night in Spanish dark
& the sublime just fell asleep & died

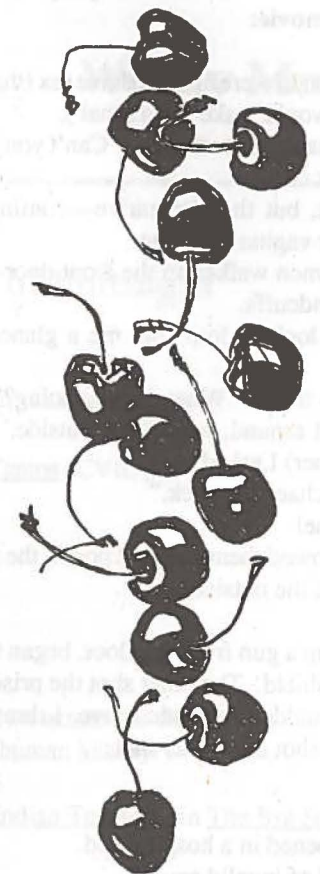
our existence if you pay it any attention
unbelievably distressing time a huge lizard
but you gotta dance like nobody's watchin'

*

ride the wild word woods *avec Le Merveilleux*
gaze at red orange & green
delight in the skill of reading bluejay on woodpile
contained in the changing light

move frame & things from room to room
no grief love work that sails
close to its own parody that old strut
that old fiddling while Rome burns canto strut

Anselm Hollo



Drawing by Joe Brainard

PUER

by Anne Waldman

Somewhere the boy rises up in me. And the words become chants of mock battle or curiosity. For curiosity is the boy's quest-song. What is he looking for on every landscape on every planet in every woman's face, ear or belly? He sleeps inside me on my shoulder, shoulder which sleeps inside me dreaming of holding up the world, holding up the sky. To shoulder it and play with it gently, to mock and tease the elders, to be naughty and eschew sleep, he thinks. I go out with the men as their boy. And as a young girl, too, I am one of them, not a camp follower. The initiation is words which forge the muse upon me. She thrusts herself at me, she challenges me to be my first woman ever, to guide and show me passion. She teaches me the words "laterly", "labia majora". She teaches me "mons" and "Euterpe", she is the concept I have of mouth-forming words. But they, the men, are rough and cut the sentiments from the bone. Go on, they mock me, show us your mettle, show us you aren't love-sick, romantic, a fool for a turn of phrase, for a twist in sound to match your eye, go on, show us you can piss and sweat and scorn the ridiculous mother. Show us you can do without water, light, fossil fuel. Show us the poem, of what it's made. How diamond-like it might be if you don't bend it to your weak woman's will. Show us, boy. The initiation is how I will descend to meet the mid-age hag, wrinkled 'eld, how this boy, young-spirit maverick, cowboy, this young soldier will fight through his life ah humming! toward the castle. Don't kill him, don't, but neither trophy hung for a puerile adventure. What were the words? They were "rock", "salt", "stone", "arrow", "intent", "jump", "dare". They were "jaunty", "jest", "armour", "pistolet", "poke", "drive", "penis". They were mysterious: "jockey for power", "jockey shorts", "jock strap". They were innocents in their lostness to experience, for what was experience but a dream to this slip-of-a-boy? I played the tomboy, I wore pants, I was just setting out to make my fortune, to swell the tide in my favor, to impress the others, to see real gold. To touch the lands of France, England, Egypt, Italy. I was 18 years, knapsack on back aright, eyes gaze forward to shore, I see land. And I see the monsters on that foreign land I have come to conquer. Who grants me their sword, albeit kindly blunted for a young man. Youth is in the clothing, in the color of the cheek, in the desire for mix and talk around a fire. In the dirty shoe and sock. I hid in these clothes and wooed women. Yet I freed myself from women, I wooed men. I abdicated the mother's hearth. Back off, mother, I go now. Language assist me in this rite. I have learned to charm snakes. On the desert the scorpions hide from me as I recite the secret mantra of universal youth. I converse in tongues. I keep up with the best of them. I don't have to be an object of their desire. I can feed tigers if I wish and ride the backs of elephants. The old men like me; I am their young friend. I climb trees for coconuts. I resist the clutches of the mothers who want every young son claimed for insatiable lust. I write to keep myself pure. I study the stars for purposes of navigation. I travel under sea to the center of fire. I ride porpoises

to learn about sound and motion. I am buoyant. I won't fight with my fists. My muscles grow. I study the forms of other men and their words. Soon I can swear with the best of them. I write for my comrades as Dante did. I show them how the quest in me is to reach them through words, to make words dance out of a body without breasts and womb, or to take that body and establish the will of a man coming to life, just coming to life. Male poet on the brink of his/her fortune, no one can lean on me. A solo act. A first chance to fail to not ask the right questions as I enter the castle. To forfeit knighthood awhile. To come before all the goddesses of thunder and song as a novice, stealing their power. They don't recognize me I've grown. No one lean on me yet.

ABHORRENCES

October, 1986
Treating everybody
like from Argentina

Mordecai Vanunu

Mordecai Vanunu was the most brilliant Israeli. He was the slightest secret whizz in what's left of the conscience of the wilderness and they hounded him in London, they ferreted out his weakness with an irresistible sexo-sensational woman—they're like the Russians in that way, they really know how to use women. And he followed her like a slaving dog, dripping the foam of hydraphilic want right into the planeseat to Italy and then to Tel Aviv. And the Mondo Press slavered too, for all the world wanted to know the route Mordecai took to his eternal incarceration.

He must have been thinking of Blowup when he slapped the palm of his hand on the window of the van, patty cake on the paddy wagon, as it rolled him into oblivion. And when the film was developed it was blown up to reveal the whole secret archive and picture of everybody who'd made the bomb. Hail Mordecai! the most brilliant of the Israelites.

Ed Dorn

THE FLAG'S AT HALF-MAST IN ARCANA GARDEN

To Steve Carey, In Memoriam

love wafts by waving some plumage
never had no message never will
"none shall be permitted to retain their shape"
ah Babylon I exalt thee above thy detractors

dance of dada dance of death
"killed by orthodox reality" Peter Handke *ist* still alive
he rode the train he rode the plane
the bus the car the boat the horse

it only writes itself little by little
no epiphany sans community
Babylon in The Old Days The Babylon All Stars
17,000 Days & Nights that Shook the World

jazz in the ruins before the ruins
George Shearing an angel Stephane Grappelli a god
we meet again on the island of Verba Buena

*

a ride through the desert of many faces
the forms formalities with which we "stave off" death
& thought of it so sturdy
yet still that cheek & glint the lively dogsled music

admit one non-utilitarian emotion
admit a thousand old Mozart... young Cassandra... owls
at the speed of greed the brain made metaphor
mid rock & fern adream with Chingachgook & Cody

this evening a report on UFO sightings in Guatemala
up one's production of benign neuropeptides
they swoop through the canyon at night in Spanish dark
& the sublime just fell asleep & died

our existence if you pay it any attention
unbelievably distressing time a huge lizard
but you gotta dance like nobody's watchin'

*

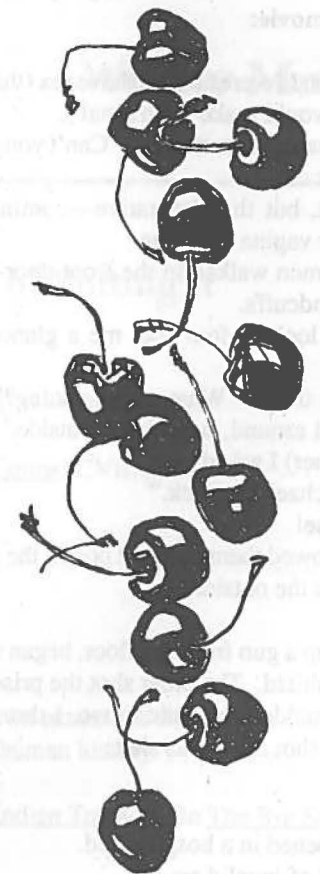
ride the wild word woods *avec Le Merveilleux*
gaze at red orange & green
delight in the skill of reading bluejay on woodpile
contained in the changing light

move frame & things from room to room
no grief love work that sails
close to its own parody that old strut
that old fiddling while Rome burns canto strut

a vulgar eloquence the way was to fall in love
light filigreed but also mud-heavy in the old songs
"straight no chaser" & "translate your head"
shoe creaks paper rustles dog talks

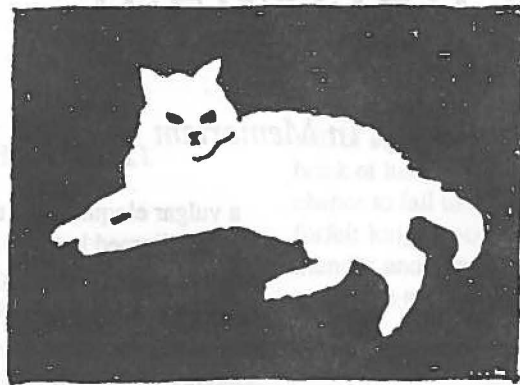
wind picks up sudden it can't be paraphrased
think of them flying into the sun

Anselm Hollo



Drawing by Joe Brainard

DREAM GOSSIP



Dream

I
see
a
poem
of
thin
lines,
20
or
so,
made
of
chewed
oatmeal.*

We asked our contributors to send us their dreams; most did not. A few did. One sent us some, & then withdrew ("censored") one. Dreams have gossip value—containing what *didn't* happen that *was* so salacious. We offer this column as a random sampling of events in the night world; if you want to use it to remark on the nature of the poet's (or painter's) soul, that's your concern. We're afraid that dream happenings are merely more of what goes on.

Sparrow's first dream involves us immediately in an orgy of incest & violence with a lot of people we don't know, just like a summer movie:

My mother and I were about to have sex (though I wouldn't touch her tits—that would make it personal).

"No," she said, of her vagina. "Can't you just..." (She's too polite to say 'jerk off.')

I was upset, but the alternative—coming inside her—seemed immoral, her vagina too large.

Just then 3 men walked in the front door—they were all black; one was in handcuffs.

I got up to look. Mom shot me a glance which meant "ignore it."

I went up to them. "What are you doing?" They turned around, went back outside. "Who's this?" (indicating the prisoner) I asked.

"This is Michael Gorelick."

But that's me!

When I followed them onto the porch, the prisoner locked the screen door, from the outside.

A trap!

He picked up a gun from the floor, began to shoot. I took one of the men as a shield. The other shot the prisoner down.

Then, in a sudden fatalistic move, I threw my 'hostage' into the air. He was shot and I was shot.

Darkness.

My eyes opened in a hospital bed.
"What kind of invalid am I?"

Well we don't know, Sparrow, but we like the way your second dream looks on our page:

* I saw the *translation*, as well, and knew several of the lines were unnecessary.

Now here are Leslie Scalapino's dreams: they probably reveal that she is exactly like her poetry. However, we just want to know if she dreams about us (like Sparrow, she doesn't).

I dreamt of Philip Whalen sitting in his priest's robe not concerned with me; we were seated at a table as if it was Immigration, required to turn out our pockets. I was concerned. He put all the bits of junk from his pocket on the table including a used condom. He was unconcerned, in a way 'tough' without assertion.

I dreamt that I had a huge circular just round bruise that was on most of my lower back and onto the buttocks.

just that.
a shiner - as if to emanate from one's back
I can't do anything.

Speaking of Philip Whalen, one of the editors recently dreamed he arrived in New York for an extended reading tour, & we subsequently followed him into a sort of booth to watch him eat a number of ripe, Scarlet tomatoes. It was obviously the only way to read, if one would exorcise the dry boring hollow shallow 80's.

Now Joe Brainard has been dreaming a lot—& there are a lot of "Names" in his dreams. (What do you supposed Suzy Knickerbocker's dreams are like?) We like Joe very very much for having so many dreams. Auden got it wrong about the breakfast-table bore: the BTB's problem was not his dream-telling but that he wasn't Joe.

June 4th

Last night in my dreams I found myself behind the steering wheel of a car. (I don't drive.) The toilet overflowed, and wouldn't stop. And I came across my mother cleaning one of my paintings with a scouring pad and "Comet". Things improved by early morning, however, when I found myself making out with the governor of New York, Mario Cuomo. Not exactly my type, but it was fun. He seemed awfully nice. A regular guy. I asked him if it was true that Ed Koch was gay and he said "Oh sure. You'd be

surprised how many (politicians) are."

June 7th

Last night in my dreams, Kenward Elmslie was complaining because he couldn't write poems anymore, and Eileen Myles said that all you have to do is look at what's right in front of you, and then describe it. A perfectly valid theory I suppose (if it works) but *not* for everybody, according to the look on Kenward's face. Then I had a nice chat with Roseanne Barr, who seemed awfully nice, and terribly sweet. Real down to earth. And she seemed to like me too, which never hurts. Then I came across a royal blue silk evening cloak in a very large department store that reminded me of Anni Lauterbach (Christmas) but upon closer inspection it wasn't made very well (shoddy seams) and the silk crumbled to dust in my hands.

June 9th

Last night in my dreams I was hanging around a college campus when this guy whose name I can't remember — (had a small magazine in the 60's) — came up to me and said "Hey! Did you hear about John Ashbery? He tried to commit suicide." I said I didn't believe it, and so he showed me the post headline that said — (rather lamely I'm afraid: sorry) — "Famous Poet Tries To Die." When who should walk by but a guy who looked just like John Ashbery, but with bright yellow hair. But before I could follow him (just to be sure) the real John Ashbery slumped by, looking awfully old and tired, in a short sleeved shirt. He said he was cold. So I wrapped my arms around him, and we rocked back and forth for awhile, until the silence became embarrassing, and so I said "What will you do now?" And he said "Oh please!" (as in "Give me a break!") which left me feeling rather tacky and gross.

Finally, Douglas Oliver (would he be one of the editors?) has contributed the following dream; but we withhold any comment, on the grounds of tortuous proximity precluding any clean vantage for judgement: ahem:

I dreamt in apparent clarity of a page of stanzas in a double column, side by side; but they were irretrievable. And then I was reading before a huge audience with, on the male-biased team, Tom Pickard, Ed Dorn, another Englishman — an amateur who has just failed in his own reading (not my own dream surrogate, for I'm Scottish), and myself. At someone's instigation, I proceed to empty the hall, just about, by singing "O my darling Clementine." And then I'm at the house of an old girl-friend arguing that, since I have no other girl-friends right then, I can at least go out with her — this in some seaside town with a coliseum-like poetry reading center. I return to the auditorium: the amateur faces empty seats from the podium and listens to music behind him, a music center. Asks me to turn it up so that people will at least think he's on the *phone*. Wake up thinking: AM I AS BAD AS THAT?

These are all the dreams which we received. We theorize that no one but us is lazy enough to sleep: anyway (& again), *no one* slept in the 80's, everyone worked (which is not exactly the same as writing poetry, is it?).

If you would like to submit your dreams to us, there is no pay, & not much appreciation: we aim only to be amused. Try us.

beyond the faded bedspread of the day

in dreams we reconstitute the world

tongues catch the early-morning breeze

a benison reframes the heart

appetite renewed we burl ourselves

somewhere a door closes faultlessly

they play ducks & drakes

what was a house of many

Wendy Mulford

One Way of Putting It

The azalea is grown while we sleep

-Ezra Pound, *Cantos* (CVII, p. 756)

Another

lost galoots blown across the desert,
escapees from human history

-Ron Padgett, *Indian Territory* (in *The Big Something*, The Figures, 1990)

(HOLLOGRAM)

Cat drawing by Joe Brainard



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FROM AN UNTITLED LONG POEM

Pages from the first section which takes place in a Subway

"I once" "found an exit" "from the subway" ("the woman told me")
"I once" "found a staircase" "that led to" "an exit" "temporarily
unlocked" "I opened the door to—" "It was an" "Antarctic"
"light, up there" "As if dawn or dusk, but" "neither" "Everyone

wore black" "black cashmere" "discreet diamonds" "had guarded,
dark eyes" "Was it" "the winter holidays?" "I saw" "crushed-red lights"
"reflected" "in snowy puddles" "White lights" "in naked trees"
"For me it" "was frozen time," "from past pain," "from a time"

"when I was young," "before I came beneath," "came down here—" "before
I'd willingly" "walked away from" "that upper world," "had left"
"a university—" "I then remembered from long before" ("as I stood"
"near the exit") "a library I'd entered" "in that partial light, in

Spring" "There was grass," "there were blossoms" "Huge windows"
"looking out on grass" "And shelves" "of books" "all the books there
were:" "The books were decayed matter," "black & moldy" "Came apart"
"in my hands" "All the books were" "black rot" "Were like mummies"

"More body of" "the tyrant" "It is all his body" "The world is" "his
mummy" "Up there, up there" "Down here it is" "a more desperate"
"decay," "as if" "rich emotion," "pain," "could still transform us"
"despite him" "despite his power, &" "tyrannical" "...ignorance,"

"passing as" "knowledge—" "And so of course I" "re-entered" "re-
entered" "the subway—" "I can't leave it" "ever" "unless"
"we all leave—" "

"Once, ' she continued," "'years ago, the tyrant" "was shot"
"We saw it happen" "onscreen" He was shot by" "a masked
assassin" "at close range—" "Blood spurted" "from his chest & head"
"A mother," "someone's mother" "came & cradled" "his head in

her lap" "There was wind & rain," "wind &
black rain" "His flesh colorless," "he seemed dead"
"Blood—" "his blood—" "was smeared onto" "the camera lens—" "
"He didn't die." "A few weeks later, he" "reappeared onscreen"

"Announced he'd been" "in a coma," "then had recovered" "His
white hair was" "strangely reddish" "He'd said he'd been" "near death"
"He said he'd seen" "a white light" "forgiving" "all embracing"
"He said he'd shed" "his blood for us" "But it was worth it" "worth it"

"for that," "that light" "which would, he now knew," "embrace us all"
"Which does" "include all" "That's when I knew," she said," "light
meant lie" "That's when I knew that" "the Light" "was a lie,"
"& that" "I would never" "seek light" "I will never" "seek light," "

"she repeated" "before she boarded" "her train"

"Awhile before" "I entered" "the subway," "all money
underground" "became diseased" "It seared your skin," "when you
touched it" "& poisoned" "your bloodstream" "Within days,"
"you would die" "Thus all money" "was taken" "by people in"

"special suits &" "burned" "No more was issued" "here below—" "
"So money" "became invisible" "Invisible money" "began to
change hands" "Paid" "in invisible" "Things paid for"
"by invisible..." "Everyone knows," "everyone knows"

"if you have it or not" "if you have enough or not" "All is
exactly as" "before" "when there was money," "except"
"it isn't printed" "isn't seen" "But it is money"
"just the same" "Thus," "there was a woman" "who kept trying"

"to leave the subway" "She was pointed" "out to me" "at a
station," "in process of" "trying to leave us" "A young woman,"
"curly-headed" "with a slightly" "loony look," "encased"
"in a large" "plastic container" ("people wear them" "when they

leave here") "She passed through" "the turnstile" "The other
side of" "the turnstile" "being obscured to us, as if" "everything on
that side" "were somehow" "blurred for us," "were viewed by us
myopically—" "I couldn't see" "exactly" "what happened:"

"movement of figures," "then" "she was" "returned to us,"
"sent back through in" "the plastic" "They *never*" "let me leave"
"I get my plastic," "I get my money" "but they always" "turn me
back" "There's always" "something wrong with" "my money" "Usually

they say," "it's not enough" ("though" "it always is") "This time they
said it was" "too old" "I must have saved it too long" "Old money"
"isn't used" "any more" "above the ground" "Why do you want"
"so much to go there?" I asked" "Anyone does," "she said fiercely"

"I surprised myself" "by saying" "with conviction," "I *don't*" "

"A man" "in a suit" "in the first car the" "front car of the train—" "
"This older" "distinguished man" "asked me to" "ride with him"
"join him" "I declined &" "moved back" "far back, I" "joined a
car" "that contained" "women &" "girl children" "women in skirts"

"girls in dresses" "I wondered" "who the man was, why he wasn't"
"above the ground" "He must work for" "the tyrant" "But I forgot him
among our flags—" "we had a multitude" "of flags" "Some were red"
"red & wildly torn" "Some were silken" "almost flimsy" "Some were

spangled" "Some were lacy" "One girl carried one" "with a snake"
"applied on it" "And one woman had" "the largest flag" "It said—" "
"in gold letters" "that were burning," "in gold that showed through
flame" "which followed" "the letters' shapes—" "on white unburning

silk—" "said *Presence*," "*Presence*" "But the burning" "letters
shifted" "when the man entered" "our car" "the distinguished man in a
suit" "He sat down" "Did he only" "want to look at us?" "For he was
sitting" "there, staring" "And the letters" "the burning letters"

“shifted” “& changed” “to spell *Poverty*” “instead of *Presence*”
“He didn’t need” “to ride the train” “He’d made us poor” “in an instant”
“They walk by” “& make you poor” “They look at you & make you poor”
“Surreptitiously I began” “to remove my” “bits of jewelry” “my earrings”

“with small citrines” “my ring of” “mismatched garnets” “I put them”
“in my pocket” “They weren’t” “good enough”

“In a station” “I saw” “a woman crying” “She stood against”
“the wall” “looking dirty” “& exhausted,” “crying quietly”
“I asked her who she was” “& why” “she was crying” “She
said: ‘I’ ‘am a painter’ ‘I have been trying’ ‘to find’

“a form the tyrant” “doesn’t own—” “something” “he doesn’t
know about” “hasn’t invented, hasn’t” “mastered” “hasn’t
made his own” “in his mind” “Not rectangular,” “not a
sculpture” “Not a thing at all—” “he owns all things,”

“doesn’t he?” “He’s invented” “all the shapes” “I’m afraid he’s”
“invented mine,” “my very own” “body” (“she was hysterical”)
“‘Did he invent me?’ ‘I want’ ‘to do something like
paint air’ ‘Perhaps’ ‘I even want to’ ‘invent air’ ‘I’ve

painted” “thin transparent” “pieces” “of plastic” “They—”
“the pictures on them—” “always turn” “rectangular,” “circular”
“I once painted” “on bat’s wings” “I caught a bat” “painted
colors on” “let it loose &” “watched the air change...”

“He owns form,” “doesn’t he?” “The tyrant” “owns form”

“A car” “awash with blood” “Blood at our feet” “& I
& others” “have small springs” “of blood from our”
“feet & knees” “There is an inch or two” “of blood”
“all over” “the car floor” “Replenished” “periodically”

“by our body springs” “of blood” “And trickling out”
“the door,” “when it opens” “at stations.” “The
tyrant” “sends a hologram” “a life-size hologram” “of
himself” “into our car” “He stands mid-car” “& says:”

“‘The blood at our’ ‘feet’ ‘has cost me’ ‘so much’
“The blood” “at our feet” “has cost us so” “much”
“To clean” “the blood” “is difficult” “to clean the
car.” “There is a litter” “of things” “in the

wash of blood” “I see sanitary” “pads,” “kleenex,”
“black-blood-encrusted” “old bandages” “An old black
suitcase” “spills out” “torn men’s clothes” “& frayed towels”
“The hologram tyrant” “says, ‘Here’ ‘are my tears’” “Holds

up his palm” “His tears are” “small drops of jade”
“Red” “& white jade” “His tears have turned to jade”
“They will be placed in” “a National” “Museum” “There is
something in” “my ear” “I pull it out a” “white cord”

“a long” “silk cord” “I pull it out &” “hear our blood”
“It hums” “a unison one” “note loud a” “sheet of sound”
“It hangs there” “sad insect noise” “insect-like”
“Our blood.”

“I stood again” “on the platform” “of the station” “where the snake
sleeps” “Stood near” “the snake herself,” “in the shadows there,”
“thinking” “I felt poised” “to be decisive” “be decisive in some way”
“But only knew” “the same decision:” “Get on the next train” “or not”

“The snake” “the sad snake” “opened bleary dark” “gold-ringed eyes—”
“crusty sticky” “around their edges” “Opened eyes” “& opened mouth”
“(‘I’d never seen her’ ‘awake’) ‘Extended’ ‘a black tongue’ ‘& said in’
“a woman’s whisper:” “‘When I was’ ‘the train,’ ‘when I was’ ‘the train,’

“flesh & blood” “flesh & blood” “took you to your” “destination”
“to your life” “to your life” “carried you through your life” “Flesh &
blood were” “your life” “Flesh & blood were” “your time” “A soul”
“was not so naked,” “so pained &” “denied” “abused &” “denied,”

“when I was” “the train...” “‘You’re not big enough,’” “I said to her,”
“‘not big enough to’ ‘be a train’” “She ignored me” “& repeated” “over”
“& over,” “‘When I was’ ‘the train’ ‘When I was’ ‘the train’ ‘When
I was’ ‘the train...’” “until she” “finally” “fell asleep again”

Alice Notley

(For Dolores, see PENNILESS on a later page.....)

Dear Dolores:

The U.S. has room for a political party twice the size of the tired old Republicans and democrats. Only half the American people vote — easily the lowest turnout of any major Western democracy. Just add it up: 60 million missing voters. A new political party could swamp an election. And it’s going to be simpler than you ever believed, so simple we’re starting the new party by chain letter.

Photocopy this and send it to three of your friends — preferably ones who don’t normally vote. Then come to the Memorial Day Center on 13th Street, on September 14. All questions about the new party will be answered then. We, the undiscovered political America, will make sure it’s something we can vote for.

Sincerely,

Emen and Will

IMPROVISATION NO. 5

Gauguin's Freeways

1

The comb its own exhaustion makes, but there are others. Verticals & simple downers, cruisers on the eagle path, a way between two stars. It is the sun in mercury, the road among alliances, the inner dome. I worship calves & clavicles, recall the thin hands of a priest who is a majordomo, a professor bound to cottages, a comma above tiles.

Impressed, embarking. Figures on the boat are numbered, but the spark escapes the double line & falls, reverberates, becomes a string of frozen fires.

In a house above the sea we stare at kites. The tigers loop, the eye stays solid in the dancer's head. He pays for cushions, rests his head athwart the patron's legs, becalmed & innocent inside his vest. Procession is the way to go. The pace is breathless, always derailing over tar.

2

The date assumes its page, its code assembled by a hand so hot the lead turns into vapors, do we see it drift away? we do & try to muzzle it before the sea shuts down. The stores at Venice. Skateboards turning bodies into smiles.

Class acts. An orange is no stranger to the taste between his lips. A young girl not a circus client but a dreamer. Remorse is retrospective. Where the stricken brides speaks Spanish, the gulf assumes its further shape, its distance cleared into a smell, a jar with rubber eyelets, the prance & dance across its freeways, silver sounds.

3

In night's bordello, the crush of cardboard boxes, of crosses, aspirins.

Old voices once adrift, now dying.

There is a woman, trembles like a dog. Pink bodies in the field of Mars. A rush of semen.

The water that unlocks her silvered hands.

(To occlude is human, to withdraw divine.)

4

A Conversation Between Monks

- The heartland.
- Harder than the heart.
- A broken treaty.
- Torched.
- Proceed to the next exit.
- Ten.

Religious Maxim

What trees the skunk untrains the broken heart.

Flame. Flamingo. Gone in flames. Gone fishing.

She the mellow, in mauve, inspirited by asters, froth of autumn, deer tracks. Crosses by the barn door. — Beg your pardon. — Thirty strokes & more.

Tacit, Paul Gauguin. (Pronounce it, as in Latin.)

Jerome Rothenberg

E & N in the Radiant Garden

by Anthony Barnett

The red and white circle which reads *no smoking* centres on the breadth of the compartment window. A shadow moves across the platform. The tangle of bushes scratches. The dry blood has the colour of rust. O disinclined ode. Was it me or a shadow (mine or someone else's) who seemed to have nothing to do except to watch the mulberry ripen? It took so long to (l)earn. Flight assumed the resistances of ladybirds. The sight of blossom blown from one branch to another of a different species startled me. The pressure turned against the form. It let the wind. Amazed. Hemmed in. Unguarded moments in photographs. I don't worry about a necklace with a cross but the heart, the heart hung across the breast or, as I recall, two hearts hung from the ears. Speechless. I grew accustomed to the look. In a dream, despairing of the new books, I bought only new editions of the books I already loved. A spoiled view. You cannot see the flowers arranged and disappearing at the entrance. Moved by edicts from the other side of the wall. The wild strawberry under the shade of its leaf has been here almost the whole year. I ordered a black coffee and it came with a sealed mini-carton of milk. The colours insufficient. The cloud obscuring the sun. Standing aside from everything and nothing.

I came down to earth. Among painters and flowers. Where is my imagination. The weight of the pen. Have I done so little? I look you straight in the eyes. Where are you? My eyes have difficulty focusing. I struggle with the impossible. Take the pen to pieces. How humane. Fragility. Seize the moment which escapes the melancholy which is not mine. I went back to that city. I don't know how. I can't explain. Something in the air. Heady. I came to dry off. I have two special memories. Her smile and her disappearance. Treading water. An aura surrounds her. The coffee is undrinkable. The empty room. The faces turned to the light. A voice rose at the end of a phrase. A resilient surface. Courage. Love. A wrought iron entrance. Perspiration. I was spellbound. I risked everything and nothing.

I spoke to the woman who worked in the coffee house. I raise myself to the level of the desk. My aching back. A masque. Thousands of fragments. What else? Flares and flowers. The wind blew away with the silence. Black lattices. A virus invading the intellect. Labouring under daylight simulation or halogen. I believe what I am seeing, saying. Hands in smock. It's an old story. Look. Cloth and facial expressions. Twinflowers. Woodstars. Neither never now nor new. Do you understand? Cheek against the marvel, paving the way. Imagination a true trick of the work. Old porticoes. It rings in the air. I live in the dark age. Lifting light. Eyes misting over everything and nothing.

We talk at the table. Coffee and croissant. I am surrounded by candles and marigolds. Two juniper bushes. Sandals and sundials. Winter savory. Rosemary. Fraises des bois and song and dance at evening. It is not lost on you. It does not make sense. How can it? A garden reflected in the glass. The painted light. At intervals. I open the

book from the back. It was, wasn't, a happy thing. At arm's length. Spiral dance. Splashed water on the skin. Wheels of seed and fragrance. Soft stone with pink patches and pink strata. Exhaustion. *That is what nature does: it draws the fern's grace from the putrefaction of the forest floor...* A birdbone flute. Irredeemable. The heart of the memory. I work at my opposite end. The slats of the shutter keeping out everything and nothing.

From: PENNILESS

by Douglas Oliver

(IMMIGRANT SECTION)

All politics the same crux: to define humankind richly. No-one non-populist or penniless can found a viable party though most religions have such saints. She was his Haitian saint Emen — Emen for Marie-Noelle — for non-Christian Mary-Christmas. In New York with him, her husband, Will Penniless, they'll found their party in a poem. Black with White nation Voodoo-Haitian with Anglo-Scots hairy-chesty, penniless, Mrs. Penniless, with him, Will Penniless.

To begin with everything missing. Emen set aside contempt for braggart right or left, mein kampf cruelties or ill-kempt father-haters, or for middle-roaders. She held fire. "If we got married all might be overcome," said Will hopefully, knowing their road had to start absolutely from rough ground, not a track behind them, just doves crowding trees black with starlings, white bird between each black one, their first steps aiming to pre-empt mimicry of the past, to enter silence, then put it behind them.

Their poet has a white male face just as mean as each face of rich white males in today's Post: the New York Mayor race. So though he may tell he may not star in the story, outlawed from penniless power. He (Will) tells how that day, bored, Emen asked Will, "Do we have to get married?" Who replied, "For you, power may grow by separation. But we whites are so flawed that we must change sexually too. You decide." "For your race I'll marry this once. And for love I'll make voodoo for you."

As Will and Emen tumble down through their love, he'll keep telling their story impersonally. Sex needs such tact. They'll always know she opened Will's eyes one morning in Brooklyn, Utica Avenue; on their marital bed she, the Haitian, changed his skin sympathies, unshackled his stiff pelvis by mounting him, squirting Black womanly sperm into him, remaking his mind and his tongue while he was still asleep, new conceptions warm and liquid in his pelvis.

The opening of eyes, changing of person, exchange of sexes, Black for White, We for They, Woman on Top, all this is not merely antithesis: lying on his back, Will gazed

up at Emen’s eyes browsing as if he were a book while she grazed his lips with Haitian lips, her hips working at his hips, on his chest her breasts drifting cloudily sideways. He felt male, white, but so much gave up his penis to Emen that it could have been hers in him, working.

She sat above him on her altar there. Finished. Like her mother once, a U.S. voodoo mambo retired to Ouanaminthe, crooning to Legba: “Attibon Legba, ouvri baye pour moin,” open the wicket to the spirit world. “Ago! Ou we.” You see me at the gate, open it for me. “Ouvri baye pour moin, ouvri baye.” Hear the call to Legba, Will, “M’ape rentre lo ma tourne.” Will wait, “I will enter when I return”. Praise him, Will, “Ma salut loa Yo!” In origin male or female, red clay, Legba’s old phallus here.

They talked of a Haitian memory: rare rains had caked the savannah plateau as they travelled south from seeing Maman at Ouanaminthe on the Dom Rep border; they sat, stranded, shaken by truck rides, beside the few huts, the Belgian mission of St. Raphael, crossroads in flatlands, their rice and beans bought from a householder; in the backdrop each black mountain patched with erosion’s tarpaulins; this for Will a true Legba-like choice, recalling Port-au-Prince slums, the kids lacking beans.

Under Nature’s blind eyes, on Earth’s body, Emen drew the congo cross of souls circling criss-cross of living and dead. Heterodox, Emen took a political vow with Will there, since maman mambo, orthodox, had scorned their wedding, adding: “I told you no: I lived there: I was a boat people in a land of baseballs. Her religion’s Yankee politics. Mine’s true to noirisme, voodoo. My poor pays terrifié, suffering so bad from Papa Doc’s pouvoir baroniel, and now our poor make your country’s base balls!

“What matters,” maman had snarled, rounding the mid-pole of her hounfor by the Massacre River, is “how wide (large) you’re thinking before you begin.” Emen made an oath: “Let us live on the margin of life and death, world citizens before our national origin, unsexed before sexed, poor before rich. A great bowl fills a bucket through a hole in the bottom, the world fills the domestic, women fill men, magic fills the rational.” This became what they swore by the St. Raphael huts whose “wealth” was pink and slimy in a bucket.

Dawn there. Worrying burble of dawn chorus quietening. Dull. A cloudy nowhere. Yet political. No sound now. Already political. Pink light behind closed eyelids. In Will’s blindness her brown hand drawing a veve, the sacred figure, drawing with flour on to sand, a simple cross appearing on a virgin path, white on brown, Legba

the voodoo crossroads loa; in silence they were going beyond pantheons and had trod out that single path to the simple cross-stroke, first political choice, sign of Legba.

The veve scintillated at its cross-point, a glint of fire issuing from an ant-hole in the inert silicon, a power that transcends naming by priestcraft, neither Allah’s oneness, nor Guatama’s Enlightenment, nor unity of trinity, nor singleness at the heart of any four-fold-truth or of four ends of humans, nor therefore finally Legba’s own fire, not a loa’s prowess but something obvious to most, a grand cliché: higher knowing includes birth of action; at cross-roads we become humans.

In the tiny flame’s centre the idea of their party was found. Exactly in, not round it. They stepped inside there. Flames around their embrace. Brotherly... sisterly... but also the sexual flame inaugurates the political. Sweetened by flame they fell down a chute of memory, partly personal but also transforming the personal into memory held by whole peoples; central, central, get central and you’ll fall down that chute, flames, a dark descent into conception, blindness of ideas transforming.

Under Brooklyn’s pale windows they remembered Haiti; their apartment a telephone receiver shape. Up on Utica, the brick tenement looked downhill long past Carib cafes, bodegas, the Santeria botanica where Emen bought plaster saints, down to shadier Prospect Park; wind swept white doves off branches, starlings, black dice thrown a moment. Trembling as if Legba possessed her: “You’ve got to join my spirits before we talk of government.” White doves skirting out in fear then flocking to the starlings.

Naked brown and whitey-pink, they walked through their apartment on Utica and, arm round her, Will warned: “You can’t make government from religious spirit.” The room full of charms, a St. John statue at his knee, thunder loa stone, wall blankets, the Oshun chiming bracelets beside steaming coffee. “Political theory,” she smiled, “splits the world one way, and religion does it the other. We’ll not mean more than we know and we’ll invent the unexpected, free of priestcraft, messianism, masculine theory.”

That morning they drafted their first manifesto, not in verse. They looked in the jar: twenty dollars, a few cents, worse, the phone cut off and a pizza to buy for lunch. Will put carbon-layered sheets into his Olivetti and typed a little. “Ah bon!” exclaimed Emen. “Now add this, oh and this, and this,” as the keys rattled and a fuzzy document emerged from the ribbon. “Chain letters,” blurted out Will. “That will get over the curse of poverty!” After retyping, the document read like this:

(For this document see below: Notley UNTITLED LONG POEM)

HOBACK HAIBAN

by Jack Collom

In Salmon, Idaho, where I spent last winter, I bought a mouse. Hoped to get a personal line into a nonlinear planned epic on that animal. The following is from my journal.

To the middle-aged lady of Pampered Pets (right behind Blue Cross Veterinary), her shop is a hobby. She loves it; she’s often not there. Her phone’s unlisted. I told her I wanted a mouse, or maybe two. She advised a lone young female, recommended a mottled gray-and-white one with special personality, but I chose a dark brown mouse—almost purplish-gray in some lights.

Hard-to-find
pet store
with an odd little woman in it

7:10 p.m.—just moved Hoback, with cage, over to the kitchen table. Hoback responded with scoots of curiosity and active sniffing, nose in air...

I hope cigarette smoke doesn’t especially bother her. I find myself blowing it over my shoulder.

Now she’s drinking busily—first time I’ve seen her do it. Right paw on glass tube, tongue lapping. I’ve laid a folded paper towel in there, which covers at least half the floor. She skirts around it, treading on the metal cage floor.

In a strange, hard place
water
is always good

The cage has green rectangular basin and a blue treadmill. Little plastic water bottle hooked up by the lady, with much difficulty, by means of a spring attached to two cage bars. Bottle upside-down with angled tube running into cage

The green base (bearing the label “Peacock”) has a pull-out floor, for cleaning the cage. The lady told me if I put pieces of newspaper on it I won’t have to scrub the plastic each time. She suggested cleaning the cage every couple of days. She also said she changes the water twice a day, and serves it “cool.” Though she knows winter mice in the wild may drink very cold, she doesn’t want to be “hard” on them.

She sold me a two-pound plastic bag of “Garden Supreme” rat and mouse mix, \$1.69. The whole bill came to \$14.86, of which Hoback herself was \$1. The food contains milo, wheat, alfalfa and grain pellets, sunflower, oats, kibble.

Within the house, papers,
furniture, food, tools,
a small thing moves

She asked me if I “know someone who chews.” She said the bottom of a Copenhagen box is perfect as a mousefood dish and gave me for now a wavy-edged blue thing she’d filled with food. She said to try her (mouse) out on food-supply, not to serve so

much a lot gets spilled. I asked her if a lone mouse might get unhappy or crazy; she said if so she couldn’t observe it. And she is quite tender to her charges. She has great quantities of small mammals and birds. I suggested she charge me for her advice, but she wouldn’t. So I installed Hoback late morning and then went about the schools. I came back in a few hours and Hoback was resting on the food container, kinda curled up. I thought she might be dead. And I didn’t want to disturb her, even to find out. I know (the lady told me) it’s fine to play with and fondle young mice. If nobody does they’ll grow vicious. I just feel like going slow.

The busy town around
a still mouse
just resting

She’s resting on her food now too, after much activity. The lady didn’t tell me (I think she forgot—she fretted amiably about not “being able to think” due to a mysterious illness)—but I think there’s something about nesting, or just having ground materials there—wood (pine?) shavings or shredded paper or paper the mice shred—the paper towel followed this thought, but I’ll call the lady tomorrow.

Wind and sun
tear up clouds
mouse makes a nest

Note: at first she would turn the wheel from outside, but then got in a couple times and did some good runs, mostly (not exclusively) clockwise (north-of-the-Equator effect?).

I’ve seen her nibbling quite a bit but she’s made practically no dent in the food. Uses her hands to eat. Pays no attention to me so far. No rush.

She’s not really that tiny, now that I get to know her. Her tail is as long as the rest of herself.

Now she’s pulling (with teeth) at the paper towel. Her feet and a “line” inside each ear are pale, pinkish. Her shiny dark brown lightens underneath, and on sides and cheeks, above and below eyes.

She does rapid face-washing movements, from top down. Earlier she groomed her tail as if it were an emergency.

Scratches behind ears with hind feet. Coordination of a ping-pong whiz.

When I bite into my English muffin with a certain crunch, she looks up startled.

Falling in
dark brown water
it swells and splashes

My thinking is altogether differently oriented due to this little mouse being here. I can feel the direction of every thought not going as painfully large radiance through empty house to a merely cluttered world, but to this comradely speck of mammal. This changes my essential geometry, re my environs, much for the better. —So, is it something to speak of, an ecology factor, to preserve friendship, kinship, psychic warmth “out there”—as organic to mentally OK (shapely) life? Is that how life really survives, in multitudinous divisions—via, shall we say, recognizing one’s near-

image roundabout? I mean, it's so easy to be crazy that nature must have evolved a heap of sanity features, within and without. Hoback seems very sane, eats, drinks, moves, rests, has an air of knowing what she's doing. Thus she tempers my tendency to fear (the analogous hawks and snakes and wildcats and foxes of my imaginings needn't wreck style). She's a companion ("with bread"): one of a pair or set of matching things.

Light comes in through lens
voice goes out
through friend

House mouse (*Mus musculus*) no doubt, but she earns any "forgiveness" with her natural ways. International background just mystifies her popcorn-on-the-rug status.

The fellow-lifer feeling being so strong reminds me that one's lover always becomes felt as animal—fox, heron, horse, crocodile, bear. Or more than one: adding orangutan for sex, cockatiel for essays into elegance, etc. Bedtime.

Can hear Hoback running in the wheel.

Why have I never married a mouse?

Six days since I've written. Hoback very active—just now doing a new thing, sitting in the corner farthest from food eating a big chunk.—Now running the wheel again. She runs fanatically, glittering-fast—mostly counterclockwise now.

Two nights ago I came home and discovered the wheel was sticking. H. would run up inside it, nearly upside-down, would run up the cage sides, would dash madly about. I was trying to get the wheel going; she seemed to be helping, albeit in a fluttering, over-excited way. Thought I'd have to get a new wheel but finally figured out I could bend in the bars a bit and thus free the wheel from scraping against the bottom part of the cage. Did so; she ran madly a very long time. Is doing so now.—Now she's cleaning up, after exercise as it were. Licking and wiping, lickety-split speed—hard to register her exact career.

She's still shy of me, but less so, and not self-conscious that I'm sitting here. She makes such a difference. Little brown focus.

I hear no vocal sounds.

...She's assiduously cleaning her tail. Where does she get this discipline? It's like she'd been in the Army.

In a box
one's movements
make a world

A few days later I renovated Hoback's home extensively, replaced paper towel, added a chunk of wood, cleaned the black cutoff sock, and of course gave her fresh water and filled the food dish (a round box with an inch-high wall I got by purchasing some flake jerky). Replaced the newspaper sheets. But the main thing was inserting into the sock a toilet-paper tube. I'd actually hastened the availability of this object, which I've been assured is a wonderful piece of furniture for her, by rolling the paper still on the roll onto the device the cardboard tube normally fits on. Then I watched her for an hour as she very peppily sniffed and explored the "new" place.

She does seem to proceed nose-first, and the four hands and the eyes on opposite sides of the head bring in a small but encompassing knowledge of locale that must be more den-like than mine. With, I guess, vastnesses of No-mouse-land the "other." It didn't take her

long to disappear into the sock, held open by the tube, and even plow through the unsupported part and come out the other side...

Today, though, the sock-tube got jogged to where it kept the blue wheel from turning—her pathway to the sky. I think she couldn't figure out to push it away so the wheel would move; at any rate she seemed to lurk inside her new dark, soft den an inordinate proportion of the time. Maybe I'd been romanticizing her intelligence—not its quality, really, but its type. I began to feel (along with the usual paranoia that she might be sick or dead) that I'd set her up to become passive, a darkness-dweller, a hibernator. But when I freed the wheel she soon ran madly.

This evening, since I came home from Monday night pool, she's been running with extreme energy. And also, as I observe, seeming to exert herself randomly in the cage. Changing her activity every couple seconds, even while running, constantly stopping, dashing out, back, falling off the wheel. If she falls into the food dish she immediately eats for a second or two, then zips wildly away. She's been climbing around on the cage bars much more than before. It looks like a frantic freedom fight but that may be my anthropomorphic take.

A keen nose
sniffs out games
other than chess

But as she breathtakingly lives on, it seems to me more and more that the overpowering urge is generic energy, perhaps that she's discovered she needn't calculate what she does; the thing is to act.

She's so quick it looks like what we would call panic. It must be true that in this situation of hers, inside an obviously enclosed world of no predators and given food, the quality of necessity disappears from her life. Even so, something impels her "admirably" to a balanced abundance of accomplishments—but I wonder if she'll become more and more random, a rattling mentality.

As I think
the only sound
is the mouse's wheel

She's still a little afraid of me. Not much, but I don't pick her up. Maybe I should—take a more active part in her consciousness, become a sort of necessity, or at least shape her time (I think of Jenny, as she would, perhaps, be more of a factor in Hoback's life). I do, though, talk to her, run my nails on the cage, stroke her when I reach in to replenish food, bring my finger up for her to sniff and nuzzle, which she does, play music with her in mind, etc. I don't know. This is an old question. Does a creature want impingement—does it serve as a welcome working structure.

How, biologically, do critters need/thrive-under relations from the world around them? Liberal thought assumes improvements "if only." But this simply skips, as a child might, the detailed harmonies of Chronos.... Mouse.

A finger to nuzzle
eventually
becomes food

Hoback runs, madly (but healthily, it seems). I drink wine, and philosophize. About us. I am 58 years old. Hoback is what—a

month? Two? She might live two years, but, as Jane says, her experience is 40 times faster. Who's to judge? Me. Yeah, I got a type machine; I arrange things, symbol, real music and really a complex just like anything only it's on pallid flat in conventions of squigglewiggle. She runs upside-down on her ceiling by now. / This is fun. Hoback dashes about. Fun too. She has such quick feet. I go to aerobics and am like a creature sculpted of dough. If I skip I look like Frankenstein's man. Anyway, what the hell. Sheryl says my Rags-and-Wags maroon pants make me look like a lounge-singer, and my mustache. And I at six-two try to get the old man-drake root to go through some combinations—while she, my darling little mouse called Hoback (after a wild, unknown Wyoming river), twinkles through her world. It must be a great pleasure. I remember the pleasure of whipping about in my Ludlow kitchen, with hip, rhythmic moves, making some rice with Dominican sausage and all kinds of vegetables...

Cage by the window
airplane recedes
light snaps

She's a dear. Her tail flaps as she runs. God, how she runs.

CHINESE BANALITIES

by Kurt Schwitters

Flies have short legs.

Haste is a variety of waste.

Red raspberries are red.

The end is the beginning of the end.

The beginning is the end of the beginning.

Banality is bourgeois style.

The bourgeoisie's where every bourgeois man begins.

The bourgeoisie have short flies.

Spice is the variety of life.

Every apron has a wife.

Every beginning has an end.

The world is full of smart guys.

Smart is dumb.

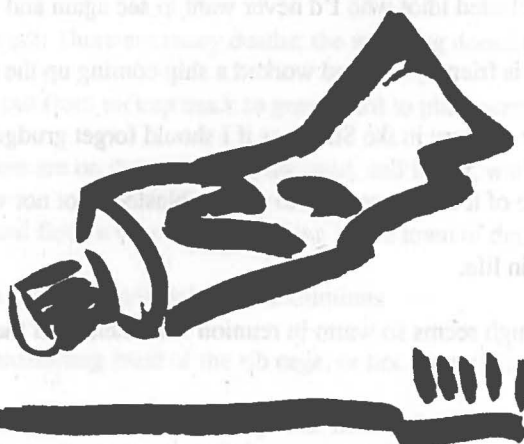
Not everything they call expressionism is.

Smart is still just dumb.

Dumb is smart.

Smart keeps being dumb.

Translation by Jerome Rothenberg



Drawing by Joe Brainard

From: **The Pearl**
by **Leslie Scalapino**

II

Legs floating back and then forward - and then back. Cruising
- going around the ring, with the padded arms and knees so that
coming up on - one - elbowing slamming in to get by them.

Round - cruising. And their coming up fast strolling crouched
the legs crossing over. the legs floating back, their, and then
forward - as they're coming up, slam, and slammed into the wall.

The legs cross over.

Round the ring low strolling crouched - coming up on and
elbowing her and to get past them. Slamming into her (another)
going by - And cruising.

One bit. Cruising being hit - and she without knowing sinks
her mouth teeth deep into - the - lower lip of with the taste of
blood filling in a pool having been slammed.

Then withdrawing. The legs floating back, and then forward.
Their roller derby gear by the benches, and the changing
rooms. Out afterwards, it's afternoon.

Dream of three separate people who're there who betrayed,
one a blasted idiot who I'd never want to see again and in the
dream is friendly and had worked a ship coming up the river on a
cruiser military in the Sudan as if I should forget grudges yet
outside of it I'd never want to see the blasted idiot nor would they
again in life.

though seems so warm in reunion with them as if there are
friends

This can be free and serene in that it uses itself up. There's
nothing left after reading it.

Strolling crouched fast the legs floating back and forward.

With, among the group up the street at night.

Walking.
to be in their view men
who're crouching in a doorway
Coming up the hill in the
light dusk evening and a dog
was coming along and
vomited inside before me

in the
dusk air of
the hill

The joy - that is not related to that.

light evening dog shyly
in it vomiting so that it
is coming along the hill

Waking up the heart racing, lying at night. The panic is
because of not living, and yet that is.

Lying, the heart's racing, waking at night from nothing. Fear,
panic, which is of not living at all. While in it.

the dog that had vomited on the hill
is living

Someone who's a friend and then simply not speaking any
more when the usefulness has been used up of one.

Which is amazing why would they do that known deeply so
it's up to this surface.

is just that is inside and there isn't any commentary. Or it is
the commentary outside - the same.

Riding in the back of the bus and a branch comes in hitting me
from the window a scream and the seated others averted their
faces embarrassed in the rows before with shame.

I urinated into the different sizes of containers to practice. To
have the urine be the amount with the tablet slipped in. And when
I was in the toilets at the army I slipped it in they didn't believe I'd
be that sick or sick and having me come back to be drafted. I'd
I'd practice into the containers with the amounts of the powder in
my clothes.

People not liking it and I ran forward bending down for the
canister the teargas spewing out threw it back. There was a
clearing. With the crowd.

It is fine.

They call asking for Mrs and I say can I take the message and
they never learn they never figure it out. Ha ha.

It's hot they're making a living calling and they never figure it
out.

Concentrating on the visual.

So that the friend who no longer speaks and people's behavior
is turned around is inside and the men on the street crouching
grainy in their own view.

Man crossing the street in front of a car is hailed and he rears
and then squints forward looking and rears.

Greeting.

They've gotten in to something and were there.

And so because there isn't that event existing.

Waking at night, lying. Rearing from there not being a life.

That there isn't.

III

Forgetting, or not remembering to breathe and then a breath
and then not remembering to do it for a time wandering a band
seeming to be around the rib cage constricting so that there can't
be a breath.

A breath, and not in to the chest. a band constricting so that
breath isn't in it.

Trying, and then forgetting to breathe

And then in to or there is serene area, a hole in the hall in the
side of the second floor of hotel, in humid small room in Al
Hudaidah having driven all day in sand-dust plateau to room and
in that.

Not anything there. the utterly wonderful.

The breath isn't in the chest, of the constricting rim of the rib
cage. So decided to sleep completely worn out in which there is
breath apparently going on though not aware of it.

People seem so mean never caring about anyone how do they
cooperate to make a thing though it's there (the thing) and they
did it and just stay in this. in this.

They're out screaming and wailing I mean that's a wake and I
had gone to a florist having a wreath made of fresh flowers
something special I brought it and she said Oh I didn't want those
throwing themselves about I found out, the flowers were dead
before we got there and I'm trying to fan them to keep them
going laughs

They don't stay in our schools for long, can't stand them. (I
don't know why. You just said why). They're separate. Children
being taken away from their home by an agency, and they can't
find or see them. A long conversation-monologue on their sepa
rate sense of reality.

Then in to - sitting in a car on the desert seeing a woman -
other who's in stopped car commenting This one is about forty
They age so and There are many deaths; the speaking doesn't
matter - get out from pickup truck to grave yard to place wreath
plastic flowers are on the crosses by the road, and in her, walking
to plot on sand floor where there's nothing in the town of drag
strip with taco stands and car lot condominiums

Of the constricting band of the rib cage, or not. Breath in
chest. Woman out on desert looks up with irritation at observers
and places the plastic flowers.

There're these ugly towns to come to that are flat box facade
by drag strip and stands the planes coming over from the base in

the sky and where there's a yard with the 40's planes dumped standing as the elephants' graveyard or 50's a dump. To get in there. They sit in lines and lines, taxiing.

Anyone.
Very hot breath coming from outside. Up in crate, looking down.
uh -uh - uh uh - uh uh - uh uh uh uh - that's its sound, of artillery
you don't know anything about war

Nothing at all
I was dancing with him saying he's going to be a race car driver so I say this to the other boys when we're back to the side from the floor and I'm to have another partner and they say he doesn't know anything about race cars he wouldn't know any more about race cars than

You're not listening,
You can't listen while you're talking
Oh I don't know. Maybe I can

*

One has a dream of oneself sitting on a knoll. Down in the valley, some gentilhommes are going by carried in sedan chairs, a winding dirt road. Coming close, approaches them, those who're carrying them bent. One greets them. They do not answer. Running after them who're carried in the sedan chairs.

With the sweat pouring down the body. 'One had loved them.' One doesn't not love them. Their not wavering, those carrying them swaying slightly sagging bent. On the slope.
In a large room, where there is going to be a reading. Sitting on a red pillow in the center - the walls are lined with gentilhommes seated who do not nod to one though knowing them. A man

was seated on a pillow next to one, who begins pushing jostling to force the person off the red pillow.

They're around who look as if why doesn't she know what or where she should be, yet holding with her hands to the edges of the pillow so as not to be pushed from it. The man knocks her until she rolls onto the floor off of the pillow. Their faces, in the center, are retentive, hostile - as are the men's along the wall.

On the hard floor, having rolled. Yet when there is a man going up and reading, it is the man who had knocked her off of the pillow, in the center.

He smirked. Addressed as he begins in greeting by a man, he rebuffs him as not knowing him. who rebuffed waits for a few moments and then leaves the assembly. As the other is reading.

A blonde man flick of the head hesitating - as they are known to one - wave of the faces of those sitting along the wall in not speaking in stupidity of gentilhommes.

Though that's a mystery - knowing that's stupidity, yet they're doing it.

She has no car. A man who lives in Berkeley is there so she asks him for a ride, and on the bridge over the bay driving in the lights night he's burly light, at the wheel, saying it's just clubs.

Though it had not been spoken of between them.

She's in her room afterwards in the dark and weeps.

not coming from that
They were to get up at midnight to go to the airport and she had been put to bed in the meantime. Waking, she was fully dressed having done that herself and was tying her shoe, crying very loudly. She had done this in her sleep. The person is empty. says Why am I crying, and stops.

A sister is dressing in the same room looking at her with

sympathy because she is crying - the person is also empty but extends empathy to her. And she notices that. At that age.

Weeping when waking while tying the shoe - the man sagging swaying as they carry the sedan chairs on the slope, and breathing. Which is the comic book.

being inside itself - so it's the same as that, and so it can't come out

can't come out - of what - ?
as is the occurring of the being rolled onto the floor off the pillow - the man climbed onto it. Which doesn't matter. Those in the room won't speak because they have to have that.

that's why one weeps
to give them that, which is irrelevant
To receive sympathy doesn't matter at all - one would ask for sympathy bullying someone outside of the setting there and as a means of doing so so the men extended the sympathy to him who was asking them for it. He is weak - what is weak.

He would go after bullying one in a gathering and seeking approval in that as needing sympathy which is extended to him.
I don't know.

The muscles ripple up the arm of the man. Who's arm quivers rippling as he was speaking to her, at a gathering. pow on the side of the head and she reels from it.

So seen them carried, far away on the slope - so one runs to catch up. Slipping on the slope. Long yellow grass, with very blue sky above it. On the slope.

Those who're carrying the sedan chairs breathing, sagging. Scrambling down the yellow slope - in the blue sky.
There's nothing to do. The slope ahead is then charred black a hill that has burned. Stubble - black slope, running across it.

Hill that is in the future, which is the comic book
That's not accurate.
When she was behind. The buzzards careening above the long yellow grass.

low gutting - it was like an elephant in the ocean.
The buzzards whirl.
trunk extended.
warbling.

Having before been on the black charred hill.
Seated across from the blonde man in a cafe - who'd extended himself as sympathy for the one who bullied - he is speaking as if speaking to her. But not valuing - which is convention.

The comic book. And so it is nothing.
He wants her to do a job.
She reads in the newspaper scientists have discovered emotions have a response without going through the thinking core, for necessity. Right. The reflex goes on a separate circuit directly.

Trying to learn anything in any circumstance - is caring what people think, and so is nothing. It occurring to one I will have to do this myself - and felt a sense of joy.

what is this
this is not double going at the same time - though they like it
The blond man in the cafe pretending to speak to her - not valuing, as convention, is all right. And he extended - sympathy - to the man who's the bully, who is his alliance.

When the tanks came in and shot and mowed over in the crowd. A man with a bird cage passing by on the street. He began cursing the soldiers in one tank, for being animals. Standing in front of them. And pow they shot him in the chest

like a flower.

The comic book is calm.

That's why this must be nothing and see it is that. That it is nothing - in a way. When it's through, it's simply disappeared - there isn't anything left of it.

Then we're not saying. that doesn't occur. There are not senses before the yellow slopes.

It is going before or ahead of this, here.

Out one day, by the highway exit ramps.

The men working on the street were nearby - with their banners, orange on frames.

She walks by the mounds of dirt. and whang muscles rippling up the arm of the man off who's to the side - not among the mounds - to the side of her head. It rings, her reeling.

The man working in the mounds comes out. They're going to have a fight with the one who bullies.

speaking to him, who says demagoguery - and pow to the side of her head, as they're standing there. In a cluster. The men with their banners up in the road want to protect her.

But this isn't needed - for there are only good intentions in anyone ever.

saying someone else's action, which may be occurring for the first time, is contemplating.

In the trench, of the cut dirt. crouching.

The arms out whirling the wheel, caterpillar rearing tearing down street by row of trench.

Cluster of men from the mounds, on the corner.

Bearded driver whirling wheel, tears around corner and comes again - caterpillar by trench the mounds are along the way - scanning fast for the man who's the bully, not the (other).

The open seat of the caterpillar racing

mounted seat of it rearing tearing

is occurring for the first time. and so there is no life.

Their orange banners on frames - hold in the street.

bearded face peering out sideways on mounted - going by - in back of coverage of the blossoms.

Then moon in the sky.

The man'd been in a group on one night and the others had poured out sympathy to him.

Having asked for it - as someone else's action.

The other is sitting under a magnolia tree

and pow to the side
of her head

it reels - in the night where they are. No one exists and that is not the matter.

She goes down to the corner. It isn't a matter of time - for there does not appear to be change.

Later the blonde man in the cafe speaking to her knows he is pretending and she knows that - he extends sympathy to the one.

that is not convention.

she had read the letters of the one sent filled with wanting to humiliate some other utterly.

if he's not going to be speaking then where is he

In the night light the straightened limbs jump into the air - under the overpass of highway, the ball dribbling the limbs spring.

The limbs straightened go up, the ball arches and goes in - the limbs go down, here and there.

The men jump up

The jasmine giving off a scent