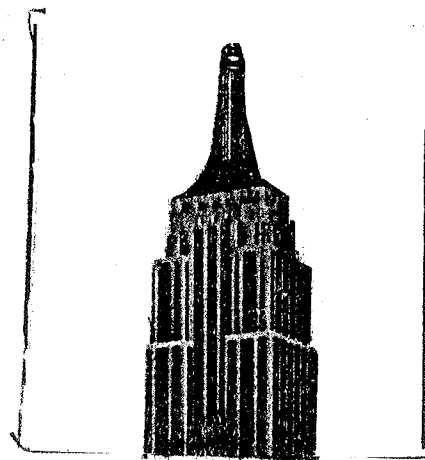
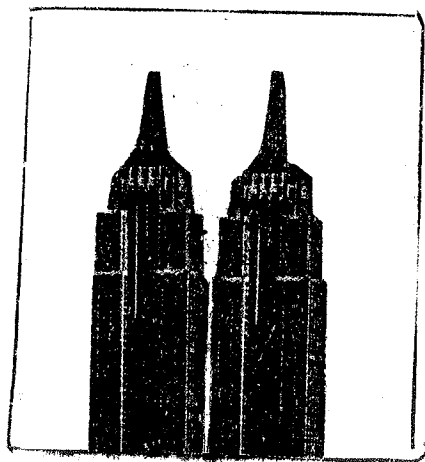
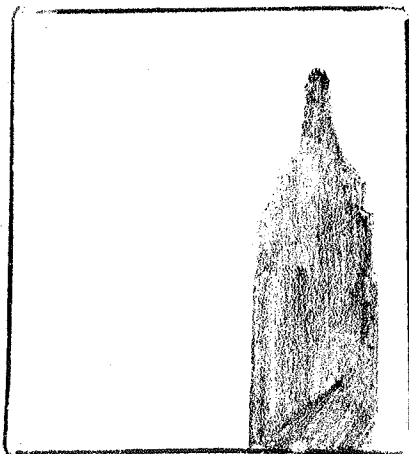


MAG
MAG



Mag City

Mag City #2

Alice Notley	1
Elton Anglada	7
Paul Violi	14
Mark Lozier	16
Jim Brodey	18
Marilyn Kallet	25
Deborah Heilner	31
Ed Sanders	32
Rose Ann Generalli	42
Ed Friedman	44

Cover

Barry Kornbluh

Editors: Michael Scholnick
Gregory Masters
Gary Lenhart

Mag City
342 East 15 St. #3C
New York City
10003

copyright Mag City, 1977

\$1

Pity would be no more,
If we did not make somebody Poor:
And Mercy no more could be,
If all were as happy as we...

- William Blake

JANUARY

Mommy what's this fork doing?
What?
It's being Donald Duck.

What could I eat this?
Eat what?
This cookie.
What do you mean?
What could I eat it?

Does he bite people? That fish is dead. That fish got
dead today. That fish gets dead today, right?

These are my silver mittens Mommy
No, it's gold, they're gold mittens

On myself
I put my black
hat
and my mit-
tens,
myself.

Edmund. Edmund. Edmund. Maaaah. Lodle Lodle Lodle

Daddy, the doctor did put a wart on you,
right?

The jacket is furniture.
I have to fix, Mommy.
I have to fix all the tools.

I'm in the snow and my feet go in the footprints.

I'll look up "love" in the dictionary. They're beautiful.
Bodily they're incomprehensible. I can't tell if they're
me or not. They think I'm their facility. We're all about
as comprehensible as the crocuses. In myself I'm like a
color except not in the sense of a particular one. That's
impossible. That's under what I keep trying out. With
which I can practically pass for an adult to myself. Some
of it is pretty and useful, like when I say to them
"Now will I take you for a walk in the snow to the store"
and prettily and usefully we go. Mommy, the lovely
creature. You should have seen how I looked last night,
Bob Dylan Bob Creeley Bob Rosenthal Bob On Sesame Street.
Oh I can't think of any other Bobs right now. garbage.
It perks. Thy tiger, thy night are magnificent,

it's ten below zero deep deep down deep in my abdomen.
It pulls me up and leads me about the house. It's got the
sun in the morning and the moon at night. It does
anything in the world of particulars without wanting.
The anyone careless love sees that everything goes, minds.
The melody was upsidedown, now the melody turns over.
One note: my feet go.

30 years old married 4 years 2 children
is the same little girl in the yard
until dusk and into night
in air with myself, others
has a mother and father
nature (courage)
smiles frankly at the camera don't
blot your anonymity your littleness
child you are is the source of all
honestly bliss at dusk in Chicago
is face you've ever been
and almost before
dusky the child air you are
handsome you're head-to-toe

It's too early. It's too dark. If I can't watch TV I'll
turn on the light and look at stars.

I see 2 full moons.

I walk.
I am big.
I can say
what they
say. It's
fun to
sound. I
walk. I am
big. I finally
get the blue
and red container
of...
sneezes!

the trees have no leaves they lean
like her over the snow and green
wire fence of the school
the sky
is white low low low
Greggy Ruthy
and Jill are there

Daddy tomorrow we'll have donuts and chocolate soda
and my birthday party and eat snow and throw snow and
make snowmen.

He'll take off your wart tomorrow and you won't be sick.

My armpits smell like chicken soup. But really I hate them because of their tacky and unchanging book collection. My head weighs too much on the pillow. I have to sweat. I'm crying free water don't worry. Under your tongue looks like pussy. You seem to bloom. The colors are brighter but I think I'm deaf.

I'm remembering all my dogs.

One was taken away because he howled too much and my parents said he wanted to fight in World War II and so joined the army. All things considered there's nothing to say for Chicago. I dreamed you lead an army of empty pieplates against another one. I dreamed you had a baby. I despise someone. I have to sweat. I need you to stop this train.

I didn't lose any weight today
I had clean hair but I drove
Ted nuts and spanked Anselm on
the arm and wouldn't converse
with him about the letter C. And
didn't take Edmund out or change
the way the house smells or not
drink and take a pill and had to watch
John Adams on TV

and fantasized
about powers of ESP when on LSD---
there is no room for fantasy in
the head except as she speaks.
The Holy Ghost is the definitive
renegade like in the white falling-out
chair stuffing, 2 chairs

asking me if
I liked my life. I thought she
meant my life and said

how could
you dislike being a poet? and having
children is only human

but
she meant my chairs. The
trouble is the children distribute
the stuffing to the wind. It's
soft and pliant and they can do it
intimately together.

There are 4 green sunbursts on the
curtain. Oh it is a cold night but
the jade plant will handle it.

Came in from the snow and melted on
the floor. There's
Glistening where Jill and Ruthy's feet
Sat Ruthy with braids and colored
Yarn in her hair, a girl
Beauty cars go by to hitch
Away on is it their rumble
That comforts? Or this room full
Of everyone who's sat making
Stuffing appear from the
Chairs, and flowers too last years

They just want to do their yoga too. I guess so. I try
to call up Casey Gold. Some money comes by anyway; the
day brightens, Casey Gold.

Sir,
I don't appreciate the simple
war of nerves
my courtesy
rewarded with a goring
is it boring
the toro rhymes, what else do
children have to think about?
well if the cape is all wet it won't
blow in the wind
but I have to check
something
You're still in no condition
to fight a bull
But he found his own...
What a glistening golden
baby!
Enough to make one woozy. Matador,
I am with the wind and unwinding
am wonderfully useless to you.

from timothy apathy

his private song of liberation

i was born four years ago
before my funeral i awoke, saying
who sang, who spoke...
four years ago, maybe five
i don't know what, when, how
it was.

////


prepare to enter the parietal region.

now there's a faint blue ahead of us which brings to mind the glow otto
and i saw once over sugar cane fields on a moonless night.

"those must be la romana's lights," otto said.

we were very young, ten or eleven. otto's father had suffered a heart
attack, and otto had promised the virgin of altagracia to walk in
pilgrimage to higuey if his father improved, which he did; and that's how
come otto and me were walking thru sugar canes in the middle of a moonless
night. then we came to a river and i said

"that can't be la romana, we must have passed it already, because there
is no river around la romana."



sugar fields extended for miles ahead, nearly flat, taller than corn,
menacing. i know i romanticize, but we were kids. when we heard the drums

we nearly had a heart attack. suddenly there are these drums beating like crazy. we waded across the river, scared as hell but curious, and came upon this bunch of squat huts like hen houses where the migrant haitian workers lived the crop season. every kid knew haitians practiced voodoo and they killed people and ate them or sacrificed them and all sort of stuff like that; so otto and i were really scared. still, the whole thing was beautiful. the stars were out in force, clear; sugar cane extended as far as the eye could see in slightly undulating terrain; ahead of us there was an aura; the river at our backs made that magic music rivers made, deep, restless, soothing; and now drums beat in complex counterpoint. i was to remember that experience again and again thru my life, slightly embarrassed, as if i didn't have the right to experience such a thing, or as if that kind of experience belonged to fiction, to twain; as if i were unreal, unfeeling finally. i told myself i romanticized and that the reason i remember that pilgrimage with otto so well is because when we got tired of walking and it was time to sleep we embraced against the chill. it was just that: we embraced and slept embraced. and i know i enjoyed that. i was grateful for it. who knows why i remember this and not that. who knows why things impress us or if we can communicate that impression, its preciousness. but i know that when we reached the beginning of the sugar fields ten kilometers or so out of san pedro, i was awed. the moment the town's lights were sufficiently behind us, even on a moonless night the landscape opened up to us. the smells were very clear. the sounds perfectly isolated. the stars shone brighter than i've ever seen.

////

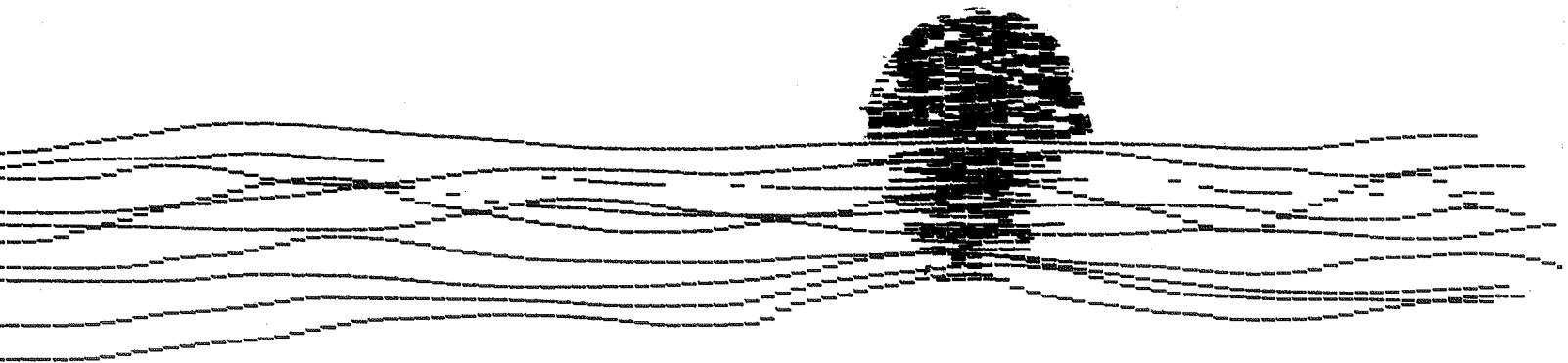
i never told you about zenia. i met her when i lived on fourteenth street. she was a student at the new school. she was out of a novel. her tragedy was that she was a lesbian in nineteenfiftyeight. she cried a lot. she drank a good deal too. she would come to my room bottle in hand to suffer sitting on my bed, talking all the while- at the time i hardly understood english- about how miserable she was. the argentinians upstairs were doing the tango. the queens below had kismet on again, full blast.

the indians had the whole floor stinking to curry. and zenia talked and suffered. she suffered better than gloria grahame. i loved her. she told me she was a lesbian. she was embarrassed.

"let's go to my room and talk," she said.

i sat on the floor and looked her room over while she talked. i found she was studying history. i found she was from long island. i found she had been drinking since she was thirteen, when she had her first homosexual experience. finally i found she wanted to die.

"would you commit suicide with me?" she asked.



you'll understand i didn't know what the hell to say. i mean, i pretended to be some kind of tragic hero too... i had been leading her on. in a way, the idea appealed to me. i didn't want to die, but the notion of killing myself with a woman i didn't know after hearing her life story seemed large, if you know what i mean... it was in this frame of mind that i said "sure."

"let's do it with gas!" she was elated.

we went around the room closing windows and putting a towel under the door.

then she turned off the stove's pilots and opened the gas. we laid on the rug. it hit me, listening to her, drunk, repeating her tragedy, that i didn't want to die. but i'd gone too far. i couldn't bring myself to tell her i'd changed my mind. so, like always, i opted for a shit-ass solution: i'd outlast her. then i'd turn off the gas, open the windows, make sure she was alright, and go to my room. it worked just as i figured. i would have liked to know what came to her mind when she woke up thinking she had died.

////

"i am, they say, a junkie. even my best friends will tell me. but i'm blind when i'm not stoned. and what if david is right; what if when he said 'i'm too stoned to put these slides in,' he was right. he must have been. but i'm never too stoned, you see. i do things when i'm stoned. tho mostly i get into my depression, and how shitty i am, and how small... anyways, i hurt no one and i certainly do not promote drugs. but i've stolen grass from my best friends, that's how bad it is. i gave up tobacco on the trip to mexico, with pascal and fabienne on the back seat. i almost ran off the road while throwing the pack of cigarettes out the sun-roof... but don't ask me to give up grass. i can't. i need it. i'm the new man: better life thru chemistry. my wife keeps on telling me i'm a junkie and i have to get it together. she's full of shit. meanwhile she's been speeding her fucking head off for years. now, that's a bad drug. it's like clint said yesterday

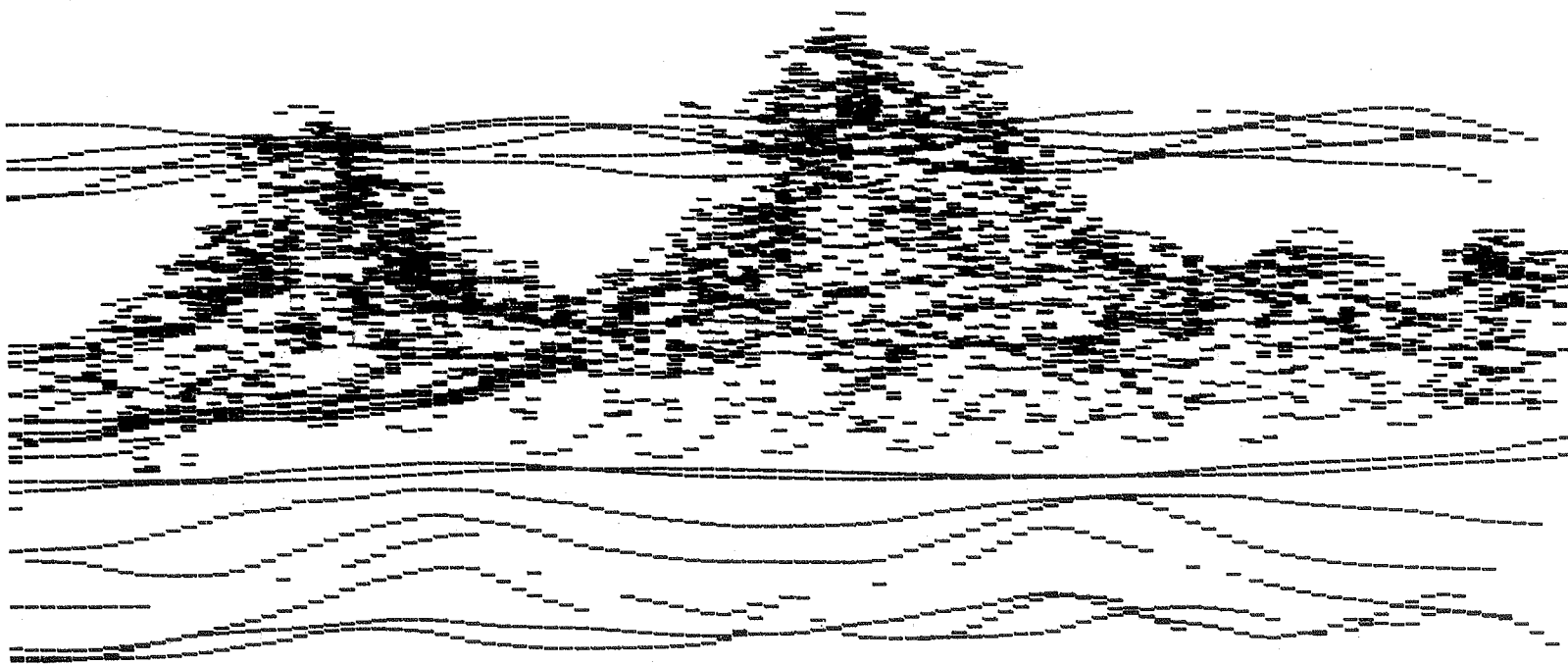
'you ever met one of those women who want you to do what they want and have a dog that shits on the rug? shiiit! you can't even get it together with a dog and you expect to do it with a man?! i'm telling you, some ladies are crazy.' clint was right./ i'm a new thing. i want plastic food and i don't want to shit./ meanwhile my old lady was trying to get rid of me. meanwhile i'm having a breakdown. there's no one i can talk to. nurse is a pain in the ass, malicious and brainless. everybody's waiting for it to happen, so that they can be proven right. then, in your crazyness, you go catastrophic: dead cats, caterpillars. butterfly. mariposa. papillon. and the wires crosswise from pole to pole against saboteurs, and over this

monstrous mesh you hear a voice say 'hey soldier, come back; colonel wants you for sentry duty at his gate.' i walk in his direction, thru wire woods, laughing at the papillons and the butterflies and the colorful mariposas. the trees in this forest this rainy day in nineteenseventyfive are made of brass and tinfoil, and there are no butterflies but sure as hell a lot of caterpillars, crawling, eating the leaves whole. and how do you remain whole? how do you remain true? i ask myself walking over to my wife's store. who the fuck knows what each of us did?!/ and when the moon shows i'll build you a castle of matchboxes and latin american dictators. the president of GM will be my ass man, yes sir, and the President will stay where he is, like the RCA dog. the little machine they gave me to go on guard duty shows me the way. i get to where i'm going without having to duck once./ 'hey,' said the sergeant when i returned; 'how was it?' but i'm not telling the sonofabitch a thing, let him find out for himself how it feels to be on guard duty at the colonel's gate./ it's a terrific little gadget. it gets you where you want to go by blinking red and green lights. a nipple appeared on the wall and i begin to suck it, suck suck suck while next room david plays mahler's third./ we were in panama once. she and i decided to drive along the canal from coast to coast. we saw sharks, monkeys, vultures and finally wound up in a leper colony, and there we were, with our perfect skin./ when the medium asks 'why do you come? why do you pass?' i always say 'oh, yes, religion!' but i know i'm kidding myself. my father said to me once 'son, never trust a man of convictions.' now i recall those words, or imagine them from my bed in millstone, n.j., after a painful short talk with her at the store./ sure. there's no other law but entropy. mother entropy. lover entropy./ then other trains come. finally, as happens every crop season, san pedro lays buried beneath black ash which the rains harden so that people must dig tunnels to go from place to place. we're all like ants./"

////

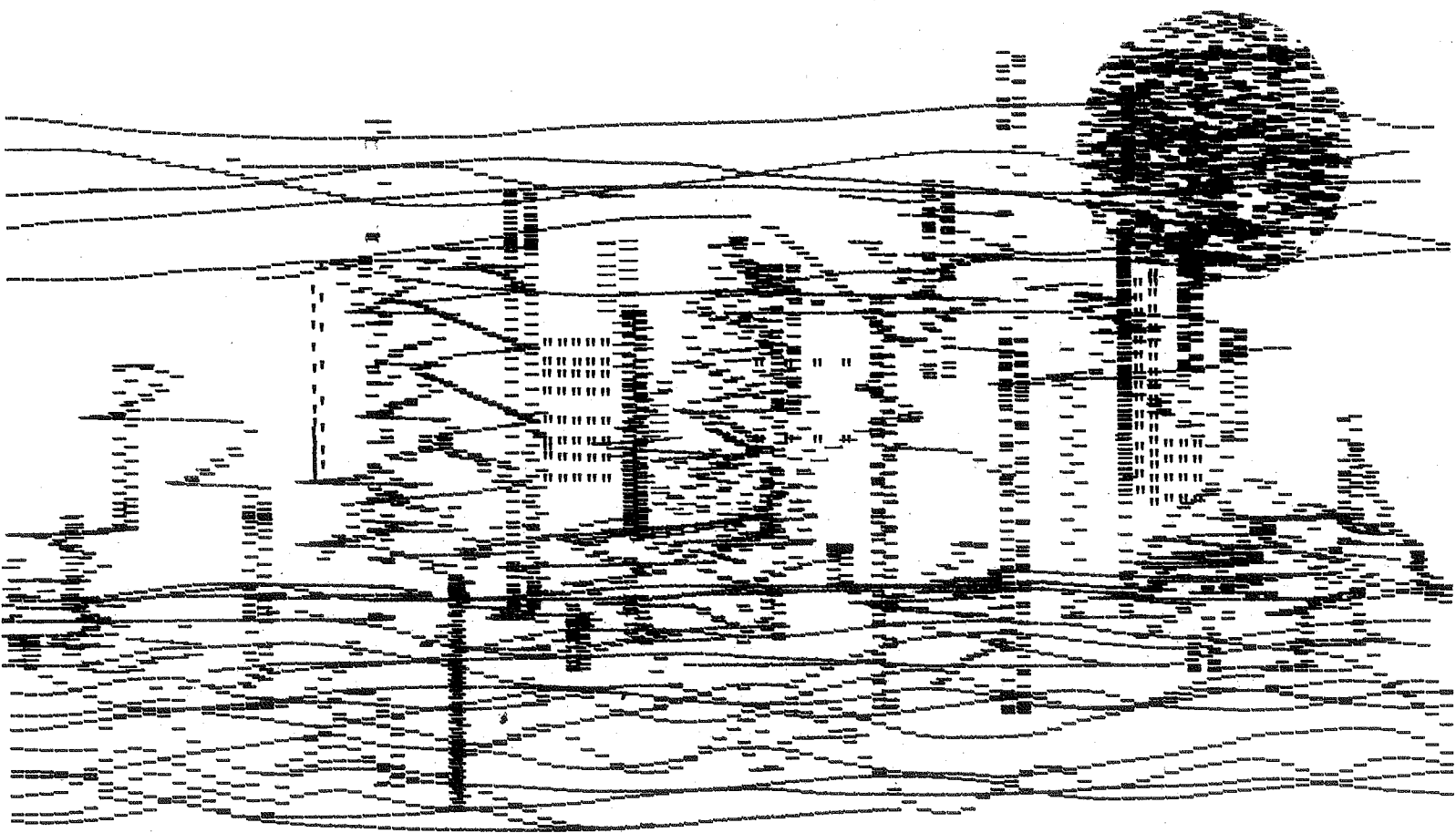
two days ago i bemoaned my fortieth birthday. friends came over. sally brought a bottle of malt liquor (already started) and some terrific southern-style cake (partly eaten). Hal came over later and we talked

about going to santo domingo in march. i don't know how that will happen.



i haven't paid my heating bill for the last three months, so i'm a few hundred bucks in the hole. last few days i'ven't been able to work, it has been too cold or too wet. i manage to keep up with the mortgage and food, but that's about it. somehow, i feel good. i know i will make it. i'm slowly getting customers. eventually i'll have enough to have a job a day. that's all i need... one job a day and i'll make it. you have no idea how happy this work makes me. it's as if suddenly i were doing

what i was meant to do all along. people call me when nobody else can fix their cars... it's fantastic to go thru a problem and find out exactly how to solve it. i still take too long doing the actual work, because i lack practical experience... of course i charge the customer for what the job should have taken... and slowly i see myself improve. a tune-up now takes me less than an hour from top to bottom. it's amazing to see the engine smooth out! i still find it difficult to leave the typewriter, but i do; and once i'm on my way and my head is engaged trying to diagnose the trouble before i get there, everything is fine. i even feel



good lying on the snow beneath barrie's '67 truck while replacing the starter... i feel justified... i feel heroic...

PAUL VIOLI

WHALEFEATHERS

An octoroon eating a macaroon.
The waitress immense, her weight
compressing her voice:
"What'll it be?" she squeaks.
BLT-rye-down with a swipe of mayo!
And here's a girl nibbling a sandwich:
hunched over her plate,
not raising her head after each bite,
but keeping her mouth close to the crust,
she cups it in her hands,
her fingertips right next
to the bitten edge, her teeth
just missing her nails.
Guy further down mumbles to himself
while he eats: a gargantuan orangoutang,
he's reading the Times
and there's the Generalissimo's picture
on the front page
...the deceased Generalissimo...
and it's not a bad picture--for the Times.
But that girl eating the sandwich,
she's holding it even tighter,
fingertips pressed into the bread,
(her pinky pink) it's not going to fly
away on you lady, Good Christ, there it goes!
She just relaxed her grip a second
and it took off. Unbelievable.
I'd say it's a Tuna-salad-&-bacon-on-white.
Flip-flap flip-flap circles over the counter,
drops some mayo, slams into the window squish,
slides down the glass
and flops dead hissing on the radiator.
She's crying. Everyone rushes over
to console her. Me too. I don't know
what to say, I say don't worry,
it's just one of those things,
chalk it up to experience;
they won't make you pay for it;
there's a lesson in this somewhere;
they'll make you another just like it;
live and learn, you'll look back
and laugh at this someday...
Then I notice the girl scout emblem

tattooed on her arm,
figure she doesn't need any advice,
and backstep, fading into the crowd,
and head off to work.
But passing a news stand
I see the Times again,
think I'll buy a copy
or maybe one of these magazines
with nudes on the covers;
and I start flipping through them
but the paper man tells me
no reading allowed and I him
I'm not reading aloud,
I'm not even moving my lips.





JIM BRODEY

THE POET

The poet sits in his nine room daydream
In Long Island City, middle of morning,
Many clouds drift through, seven
Month old laundry makes him nervous,
War movies on silent tele bores him
To tears, his head is thinking
Of the world outside, first piss
Of a brand new day inspires him,
A studied stun of light behind curtains

The poet listens to silent speeches,
Gibberish informs his light, the light
(Momentarily) goes, consumed by shadows
Our boy wrings his hands on, a poem
Just remembered after a peaceful sleep
Just one possible with each life
In the great world beyond his windows,
That sing of sleep & joy to the blue jay,
Little browed-out affairs of a cruller

The poet implies vast craft by doing,
Swarms of language scream in & explode
Through eyeball via some Dewey decimal
Of the spirit, gas flame & purified soot
Those & love create an atmosphere safe
For the cynical traveller so conspicuous
In hotpants, toilet-trained, almost
Very lovely, touched with some distance
About the face & brains the consistency of ketsup

The poet writes dreaming of corn beef
On whole wheat, a Cel-Ray tonic
With plenty of chipped ice, served in
Yosemite Sam's own monogrammed glass,
Bearing a smile of instant recognition
For vulva brimming with amoral juices,
Sees angels floating amidst factories
On flannel air that is everywhere, in
Sun Ra quotation T-Shirts, anonymous

BLUE, BLUE DAY

White wispy mist caught in high pine terrace
rushing through afternoon's mellow hue.

White caps on trashing northerns splashing over
my tender transformation head, ears on
red alert, tuned to radio's
rock and roll.

Oh visionary lights that illuminate the mind
one instant, awakening some more milder
tempest echo to tilt out

from the center
Of all throbbing life. And the planets whorl
each in its own little sphere of airy
gases.

Radiant guitar-plow moistens energy spiritual
as the body temple glistens so one eye
is nailed to the cosmos, the
other one's out on bail.

Word breeze looms wispy in torrents of windy spice
jells mounted upon a flea's eyebrow to shaft
sauceroid tenderness into leafy mirth
gas bubble melodics.

Oh raving silver gland-land, hinged to narcotic glow
running with shiny juices that envelope
& respond, bumping into tiny eddies
of advancing age: So

Rhythmic! Merging microbes tingle to duplicate!
Festive mite gorge activates manic breath
throb in cool shadowy pads, rolling
atop forests that have my face
of graceful sunny mists.

That white foam of flowery daylight breath sprig
that opens my anxious heart with tuneful glows
that wear my clothes & heal thy restless
slumber with a gem
of this bright song.

WAITING FOR ERIC

Got a silver bullet tucked beneath my tongue, August
And the little shavers are buzzing in the ruins, July's
Whimpering donkeys are shivering & rolling their eyes

A big growth of perpetual wilderness implies itching,
Moist surely available, swallowing of the valuable noise,
WHOLE VILLAGES IN X-Y-Z GALAXY explode into mirth
Populated by creamy hunch disorder spelling
Ejaculation tremors, 7 sinners jerk down their tunics
And travel into the future via boxcar, Anne
Is stomping out her mantra to perpetuate Rocky Mountains,
Oh scared whiff thou art so fine! Pink ruffles,
Soapy elegance of sudsy silver lather, 12 marshall amps
BUZZ WHIRR soaring plentiful, non-glare boost-off

Carries me clear, One rose petal in particular
Co-produces generosity, Realms
Are teeming, Silken spasm clobbers
Scotland's only breeze.

from LAUGHINGSTOCK

"How did you get your initial flash to become a musician?" asked Grainola.

Django Giggilo smiled, tucking his head half-way back through his twenty-four year old, and slowly said, "My mother had relatives who would come and visit our house and they'd all play something. Just watching their hands, and hearing the sounds they made, mostly boogie woogie stuff, like very square things, that turned me around.

"But the real thing that got me directed towards it, was one afternoon, I was walking home from school, and this guy stopped me, and asked how old I was. I thought he was some kinda creep. He gave me a piece of paper and asked me to give it to my parents. He said I oughta be taking accordion or guitar lessons. He must've been a mind-reader, huh?

"So I took the paper home and showed it to my Mom, and she said, 'Yeah, he's probably right.' So we went down to the music school, and met this little guy down there. His name was Billy Blue. I always called him Mr Blue. He was a Mongol, and always looked alot like Jack Palance. He always wore glasses, and these huge chain-shirts (like Isaac Hayes does now). And he also always wore steel finger-picks, which made his fingers look like they had these sharp claws on the ends of them. You couldn't refuse to do anything he said. He was so awesome looking.

"I thought I was going down there to vamp, till he brought out this guitar and laid it on my head. He was going to teach me to play Mongolian-style. It's been an almost extinct technique since the hordes ate up half of Asia. But there are still isolated pockets of revolutionary guitar styles, even in Canada. He taught me some great Southern Tibetan tempos, some I still diddle around with today. Once I played in three at once, and confused the rest of the guys in the band, who didn't quite know where I was coming from. Sometimes I think only me and Thelonius Monk can understand it.

"After a few months with the huns, I got hooked up with one of the more advanced students at the guitar school. His name was Bimby. And we'd get together after school or late at night in his parent's basement and plug-in together and do some guitar solos together. We drifted around together, and before long I had the guitar off my head and I was playing it with my elbows, like all my mother's relatives did. It was a strange education, I must admit. I think I was ten years old then."

"Exactly what kind of music were you into then?"

"We played pop ballads, stuff that was real popular then. Only when we played them, they sounded more like optical illusions. There was some Hillbilly stuff too. But the teachers only taught us Mongolian versions, and Hillbilly music was considered too difficult."

*

The room hung in semi-gloom, took on focus, winked fluid blurs clear becoming irregular figures, furniture, a mirror reflecting dust specks in sunlight ray-beam penetrating the small room gloom.

Rusty lay there unsurely breathing in the dark.

He discovered, suddenly, that he still had all his clothes on. He caught a quick slicing peek at a tall figure, lurking tentatively near the door, which was partially open, although dark. He turned his alert attention towards this transparent being in his midst.

The Smoke had no eyes. Its entire being were its eyes. It drifted, white outline, grinning into his eyes and tearing out excited glimmers of one's own self-music. The air seemed to be filtered through several hundred frozen lemons.

The Smoke hovers. Grainola's eyes were now fully accustomed to the dim.

"Sounds like hippo breathing exercises or some dry dock Queen Mary's unusable barnacle cough," whispered the poet to himself.

His wrist was purple bruised with broad deep yellow pus pits.

Footsteps seemed to dissolve behind the half-opened door. Dissolved right into the door! Then, in one corner of the dark room, a swirling bright brown mandala of twisted hemp clouds began to whirl into a cloudy cornucopia, ram's horn saxophone shape. That became very big very fast in the small room that it now dominated. It seemed like it was getting bigger than the whole house. Silently whirling. Growing. It began to hum. The Brown.

The Brown became a mighty warrior, in a large shroud covering some mangled spirit, which has been allowed to ferment. The Brown had been given permission to roam these premises for what reason Rusty did not want to take the time right then to speculate.

As The Brown grew, taking its evil form, taking its time about taking that form, Rusty was inching closer to The Smoke, which had assumed

a fighting stance as soon as The Brown began forming in the small darkly-lit room.

The poet now was concealing his entire torso behind The Smoke, for protection. Rusty tried to peer around the transparent shoulder of his champion but soon discovered that while his physical body was completely hidden, his spiritual self shone like a beacon through the shrill laughter of the bedroom.

With The Smoke acting as a shield, Rusty forged forwards, wearing the kindred spirit-form like a blanket soaked in the enormous strength to overpower The Brown, seething devilishly, that monstrosity that had penetrated his bed chamber.

In the center of The Brown's whirling mass, a terrible face had formed. Three red coals began to burn outwards from various sections of that disgusting spirit-bod. A dry misty smell hung in the room. Cold, trembling minutes ran down through the stench, slamming the nose & leaving it sniffing dung balloons in narrow atmosphere.

Minds merged and wild quick visions of continents being torn to shreds and women with flaming curts and men with toasted wieners, and a dwarf with a molten-hot sword mounted upon a runaway washing machine, was furiously sailing upon a bog of automotive fenders and lost human arms.

The hot Godzilla breath foamed at nostrils, tiny wisps of lavender gristle dangled from fur chin, the smell of itchy virgins staked out in lost open came to Rusty's ears as lamb's blood flowed into the nose of a stalking tiger. The sensations, the tight yawning scream in the vitals to leap upon a human back and sink yellow fangs into a frail chest. Yum yum. Hashish fervor, freer than lightning, more splendid than gold.

He came back to himself, half-dazed, on the carpeted floor.

*

In a flash, Harmony was out of her clothes, reclining on the floor. Rusty took a quick sniff of the snowy gram, and glanced down at Harmony, whose body was flowing open like a night-blooming lilac.

A mirror on which three lines of fluffy powder was arranged, shoved itself into his nose. Three lines in perfect military fashion. Vanished, as did his clothes. His cock looked like a polevaulter's dream.

For the next seven hours, nothing was heard in that house, except continual heaving sighs, deep breaths, squeaks of pleasure, pain, sore reddening exhaustion, and snorting. Harmony felt as though she'd not made love for months.

They'd rest, laying on top of each other. Taking turns sucking each other's toes, tits, genitals. Harmony's broiling slit tasted like thick noodle soup. Like copper pennies intermingling with his strange breaths. It kept getting deeper, longer, more exhilarated, instead of shorter and more tired. It sure was good coke.

Harmony dug to have him bite down hard on her nipples and chew on them. He picked up her thoughts like magic. And she, she groaned and made some new wild sounds he'd never heard before. She jacked him off with her lips, her teeth, her tongue. And he came all over her angelic face! Licking it off with rapid-fire tongues. He slowly separated the halves of her ass to kiss and finger-free her blazing acid red-hot clit, and got a faceful of splurging juice. They'd carefully kiss and lick the cream off each other's faces.

Afterwards, they took a hot shower together, smoked a big bomber joint in bed, the cool sheets relaxing them further.

"all literature is a long letter
to an invisible other,"
but how long
can I caress the air with my mind
& pretend?
I want visible other!
skin! distance doesn't touch me
the way you do.
your cock knocks my dreams up
into poems.
you can't be Beatrice,
with your two-day beard.
how I miss the dermabrasion
of your kiss!

you say grimaces spoil the face
of my poem. I think
you want me to be beautiful.

I think
I want your love the way
Anais craved an enlightened
consumer. like her father. & I hate.
the goddess is not at home.

your friend says he hopes
this is just a stage.

my mind could explode into horses
of unbridled violence.
anger is a stagecoach.
being woman is not a stage
but the beginning of my humanity,
the core of who I am.
I describe my own tongue.

"Tu te fondais a lui comme une neige au feu..."
(Ophelie)

she could not light a match when she saw his mind on fire.
she tasted fire and her melting and the cool water of her cries.

...

light broke inside her
she woke at the edge of the earth
drifted thru day like a lily
scalded by the earth
scalded by her blood when his beauty fell over her
they held madness like hands underwater

she thought he left his hands there like shells
and listened to them sobbing
floated inside her mind as seaweed to find him
floated to his flesh of water opened to death

distances: between us
twilight between branches
clarifies the limbs
lights open tips
you held me open
my eyes breathe in
mime trees
unclasp the sky

(December 14)

for John

NIGHT ENTERS

night enters the house your way
combing my body with cool air

nothing enters without you
I can barely hear my knock at the door

this street is dark
as words without you

they go out my dreams follow
to the city of your body

tonight another night
I do not know.

COME

the lake is still tonight
the rose grows grey

come and cull the blossom
with your tongue

we could climb like roses

THIS DREAM

this dream is a train rattling thru you
here is a sleepingcar
but we stay awake in our dreams
move from room to room
opening pleasure here you see
the room of your heart suspended
like a mirror here
you give me seeing
say we are dreamed and
seeing touches
these eyes of love
do not erase/

DEBORAH HEILNER

Dream

I am with Michael.
a woman appears
she and I make love.
I think Michael is watching
he is not angry, he approves.
I wake up
my cunt is wet.
I lie
in a state
of extreme exaltation
as though
it really
happened.

ED SANDERS

Elegy for John F. Kennedy

read at a memorial meeting
in Boston, Massachusetts,

I grieve for the day it happened for the fallow light of the
Dallas morn, framed on the TV screen, a day which always
seemed, in the tear-cleansed circuits of memory, to carry
a haze of greenish yellow

I grieve for the interceding years— how each new revelation bristles
like a flag of pain upon the map of our lives— and each new
fact subsumes itself beneath a pyramidal battlement of
criminality, which we must bear upon our collective shoulders
until that time— o joyous day— when we may collectively
dash it into the sea

I grieve for the legacy of Abraham Zapruder, his mere 8 mm film
blown up full color and shown by necessity in the audit-
oriums of America— I grieve for the innocent eyes that
see the head twist back and the scattering skull rise up
upon the Dealy Plaza day

I grieve upon the carcinogenic winds I grieve at the mountains of
detritus I grieve for the children fed insects by hungry
parents I grieve for the causes, instant and searing, which
have long lain desolate in desuetude because of the Presi-
dent's death— and he has been the president, and the only
president, for 15 years— and we have been held in a writhing
national stasis by the trauma of his execution

I grieve for the children of the murderers who will live to know
what sort of mutant twerps rode berserk in the war of money
and power and rifle teams and racist payoff— o how our
democracy lies besmirched if Kennedy were slain by men who
never ended WW II but took that war's most evil worst and
brought it back all bloody smears upon the pages of the
Dallas Morning News

I grieve for the era of behavior modification— o how the specter of
robo-wash engulfs us— and why! o America do we allow these
intelligence agency turkeys to practice turning mammals
into robots— Worse than the worst dope dealer selling
heroin to children is the agency that makes some hypnotized
mod manchurian malefactor rise up to kill for the cause of
a secret persuasion

I grieve that when the last dour plotter is caught and the last rifle
is x'd in on the last permanent map of Dealy Plaza and the
last dollar bill is traced to the last secret courier and
the last secret cash cache, I grieve that John F. Kennedy
won't have helped this country as it hurtles toward that
signpost year in the 1980's

Raise a hand of knowledge o America
that holds a tape recorder

and another hand holding
a telescope--- & let us focus our
symbols of awareness
upon those
 assassinatious tracks
whose bloody marks
 we see to grow
each day of our recent lives.

For this is the age of investigation
and every citizen must investigate.

And we will see the names embossed in beauty,
of those who placed, I believe,
their lives on the line--- all across the
country the investigators arose to
face a chorus of spittle and boos
and sabotage--- to dare to declare
that evil can not place
a veil of garbage
upon the history of our country

That this country is not Rome
and the Kennedys
were not the Gracchi
whose murders by
the Roman oligarchy were
veiled in silence

for the pallid tracks of guilt and death--- slight
as they are--- suffuse upon the retentive electromagnetic
data-retrieval systems of our era.

And let th' investigators
not back away one micro-unit
from their endeavors,

for only a tide of love-zap zeal,
love-zap mixed with a crosscountry
investigative ceaselessness, a seething relentless pressure
of ink and airwaves and videotape: a seething relentless
pressure upon the official investigative agencies
who carry in their wounded computers the bloody tracks
of this assassination

only by this will we
drag these murderers
from their jive-jargon'd lairs
of murder & wire-up & poisons
&

o how serious it is!

I stand here
in Boston, Massachusetts--
in the state where John Kennedy lived--
in a country
caught in a struggle for democratic freedom
that tries to write something new in the gore-writ
pages of history:

The truth will
not blow our country apart
"The truth," to quote
the verse from WE SHALL OVERCOME,
"The truth shall set us free"

But the times are perilous
and I can feel the Spirit
of America walk weeping
around and around the
burning circular henge of stone
past Kennedy's grave

and up to the
hill base where his
brother lies slain--

and we must join the circling spirit
of our country
to stop the anvil of evil
before it falls too far
into the pit
of Tartarus

And let us take this vow, o Americans:

Get those people
who killed John Kennedy

Get them, haul them
away from wherever they are,
away from their ambassadorships,
from their commodities markets
or beet cartels,
or wherever they are
and yank their hematoidal cover stories
and groans of national security
into the harsh & purest light

o women o men
of America
let them see
the searing light

get them get them get them!

OPERATION BATHTUB
or, The Plot to Move the Auto Industry to Houston,
a Sho-Sto-Po

I.

For several decades
bomb puke was extracted
centripetally
by an exhaustive process.

With, however, the advent
of fast breeder reactors, plutonium
was easily accessible

to th' good ole boys
who might want to "realign"
a few ole things in this hyar countree,
buddy.

The era of the bathtub bomb was really upon us:
all you need is a central core of offed plutonium.

But let's hear the tale from Admiral Lucius Tree,
Chief of Security for Operation Bathtub:

"Shee', you only need 4.4 lbs of
plut to snuff downtown Detroit.
You get some hypnotized turkey
to fashion you a central core,
just between the size of an orange & a
grapefruit; and then you need an iron
sphere around your grapefruit
to bounce the neutrons back into
the plut-- and 'round that you put
your TNT. You detonate the TNT and this
squeezes the core together-- the
fissionable material goes super-critical
and you've got yourself a bomb. Bam!
Boom! Bye Bye Detroit!! Bye Bye
liberals and blacks and labor unions!
iggle iggle!" as the good admiral breaks
forth into nuke-cackles.

"And MUF don't mean muh fuh, either, Mr. Rock&Roll,"
the Admiral continued. "Listen to this bullshit

from the newspapers: 'Despite rigidly controlled measurements, record keeping and control, even bi-

monthly audits of plutonium in existing plants contain significant errors, known by the auditors as MUF--- denoting Material Unaccounted For... 'Shee', we've stolen so much they'll MUF themselves to death. Ole buddy, fissionable materials can be carried as salts, oxides, powders, lumps, liquids, and a condition known as GKdoubleU's (for God Knows What)--- Shee', we got this dope smuggling ring, ole buddy, so we can have our coke-mules carry the plut around like belts of coke. Shee', they think that it's coke, and we never tell 'em it's plut--- Lord help 'em if they ever take a snort. They'll know soon enough, when the lesions come."

Rules of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission require that plutonium be shipped by armored car accompanied by one chase car with two armed guards. "Listen to this dumbo from the NRC!" cackled Admiral Tree:

'We have a system using radio-telephone reports every two hours... It's the best we can do right now, but it's unreliable, partly due to terrain blackouts.'

"Har Har Har!" shrieked the Admiral. We can feel the hunger in your minds to know a bit about the top personnel of Operation Bathtub. Like, who the hell is this cat named Tree?

Admiral Lucius Tree, Ret., formerly chief of wire-ups and robo-wash with the Office of Naval Intelligence; then chief security officer for the Lockheed Corporation, Shipbuilding Division, until one Christmas when someone left a million bucks beneath the Admiral's Scottish pine. And now the Admiral's chief of security for a right wing kill unit known as the Righteous Magnolia Rifles of Mississippi, who have loaned out the Admiral with rectitudinous pleasure for Operation Bathtub

And then there is Norbert J. Womp, formerly an enforcer for the Klandestine Klans of Klandharma

(the heinous group who brought the concept of the snuff film to American racism-- see the mention by

the FBI of the snuff film bought for Klavern #10 in Upper Darby, Pa. in November 1970 for \$300, in an official FBI report as taken from the FBI office in Media, Pa. in early '71.

And let us not forget another member of the bathtub nuke-mail team: L. Parkington McDallas, Jr., whose father was part of the radio team that provided communications for the assassination of John F. Kennedy. L.P. McDallas Sr. is a revered name in the military-satanico-industrial-racist-torturer complex.

When he was Chief of Wire-ups and Robo-wash, Adm. Tree kept dossiers on the private lives of all

the generals and admirals in all the services. Ole Lucius Tree, he could make the braids on wastrel

uniforms quake with terror. To cool out potential surveillance by his former colleagues in the U.S. intelligence agencies during Operation Bathtub, ole Tree'd call up: "Hello Bill, hi, remember that summer down in Paraguay with that ole S.S. officer, and you were wingin' Ache Indians. Man, that's the funniest microdot I ever hid in the family bible, like to cry:

"Uh, you don't remember? Well, you know you're right, Bill, we were gonna destroy that film; but we really shouldn't have gone down there in the first place. Lotta heat, if Jack Anderson ever finds out they were huntin' Indians like ducks.

"Listen, Bill, can you check to see if there's any open investigation on a good friend of mine, a real patriot, named Norbert J. Womp. He has a D.O.D. special number of 4450ISece. Can you check that, Bill, and get back to me today? Thanks, and say hello to Billie Marie for me, ya hear?"

Operation Bathtub got started most casually in a poker game 'tween the heads of Central Intelligence, The Exxon Intelligence Agency, The Veterans of the JFK Hit Squad (a small but highly influential crew, eh, Mr. Helms?), and The First Hunt Bank of Corpus

Christi: "Boy," someone said, "sure would like to have those auto plants down here where they belong!"

And so it was. The word was final.
How oily oil the toils of oilopaths.

II.

The plot involved the holding of Detroit 'neath nuclear blackmail. The Red Alert! The scalloped forefinger of evil will float toward the nuclear button, and the TNT goes nuts, and the fine streets of Motown disappear... But first they had to steal the plut.

The caper at Cementon #2, a nuke reactor on the Hudson north of the Apple, was performed by Brigade #388,091, a covey of r.w.n.'s (right wing nuts) named after the number of tons of napalm dropped in Vietnam from 1963 to 73. Ugh, how disgusting. Brigade #388,091 received its instructions from a mysterious computer terminal disguised as a church altar in

a small storefront church called The American Church of Patriots in San Marino, California. Catch the name of the town, JFK buffs? The computer of course represented the will of Adm. Tree and Norbert Womp and L.P. McDallas, Jr., who themselves represented, as you will recall, the will of that seminal poker game.

At first they were going to steal a missile from a convoy on the way to a silo: "Shee', we were gonna hit a nuclear warhead, and steal it off a flat bed truck on the way to Reese AFB down there in Texas--- except they have them dang surveillance choppers that fly overhead, and all them Federal Marshals following behind the trailer in Teddy Kennedy's hotrods."

To steal the plut, they wired up a turkey, as they term it: "It's in the National Interest, Elmo, do you understand, the NATIONAL INTEREST!!!! (fawn

fawn, shudder shudder) that you scarf out that Plutonium for the big bad tub." The hypnotized wired-up robo-unit walked toward the plant. And what if the poisonous plut should smirch his hands with cancer?

"Shee', if the turkey develops the Big C, we'll get a good room for him at the county hospital where he can die right peaceful, buddy." And what about the security apparatus at Cementon #2?

"Shee', the dumm dumms at the Nuclear Regulatory Agency believe that an external threat group will probably number 6 to eight people and very likely will not exceed 12 persons. Like to cry! All we did was up our number to 15, and bring in a couple of heat-seeking Red-Eye missiles and a couple of bazookas--- Shee', we took that nuke plant quicker 'n a poisoned dog at th' Russian Embassy. Huhn yuhn huhn."

And so it was that the raid ripped away a stack of plutonium fuel rods, which were soon revamped inside a ferrous basketball, in a jacket of TNT, in the basement of an innocent flowershop in Dēetroit City.

Speaking on obscure frequencies once assigned to the National Security Agency bugs at the American Friends Service Committee, the passel of right wing nuts cackled with abandon:

"Red Unit X, this is Savannah, how's the Tub?"

"Tub fine, Red X, we're ready to talk turkey with the Funny Farm!"

The Feds have developed a small number of helicopter-borne devices designed to hunt for tell-tale radiation, as a Geiger Counter does. According to government officials, a sophisticated on-board computer can spot the radiation pattern of an unexploded nuclear weapon while screening out the emissions, say, of a dentist's x-ray machine. As decoys for the bathtub bomb, Brigade #388,091 went aloft in the new Hughes silent choppers and salt-shakered swastika-shaped patterns of plutonium salts on the roofs of the literary section of Motown. "Damn, there's plutonium swastikas on that roof there, Jack!" the engineer gasped, as the Secret Service

chopper hovered above the roof of the recording studio, trying to locate the bathtub bomb. "Shee', it sure was funny!" Admiral Tree later recounted to the New York Times from his cell at the Michigan State Penitentiary. "Each member of the Brigade thought the project was for a different purpose. We just let them act out their fantasies. One thought the purpose was to acquire carcinogenic poisons to remove liberal senators from office. Another thought it was to blackmail the City of Detroit on the question of school busing. Another a cunning scheme to prevent the Dallas football field from being renamed JFK/MLK/RFK Stadium. But, ya know, none of them ever knew, before they were atomized, that the reason was as paltry as an industrial move-job. But never forget the purpose, m'boy, to move the auto industry to Houston! where it belongs! where the jobs can go to us good white U.S. citizens, to th' good clean men and women whom the Lord has graced with Th' Logistics, The Logos, and The Luck, buddy."

Was there, you ask, that flash of terror in the Michigan skies? And the mushroom storm of fire, and the bitter rain of ash in the milk of the poor? No, my friends, the r.w.n.'s were clumsy and wasted themselves with a premature detonation of th' TNT. But do not, dear reader, chortle and sneer, and say that no one would do such a thing as Operation Bathtub. "Not in America!"

you say as you jot upon your calendar your 35th concert of the year; thinking that yodeling and simple curiosity, not to mention that good old Ha Ha Hee, shall set you free.





Rowena ...

ED FRIEDMAN

august 21 1975

leaves really alone mattering summer all yellow. a famous perfume.
no one was wearing it in the movie. charlotte had relaxed into summer
someplace else and not for sure. encased in bronze yellow or mood
indigo. stark wind lifts i go nowhere but reach again filter downy
white shell. let the cliches happen it's the only way to get rid of
them. don't stop pure prose. atmosphere is nothing particular so it
can be filtered later— i mean edited out.
blue liners.
aqua green soapstone with faint rusty veins
you were wearing bangles and left nothing
i want a star you charlotte rampling
hollows of cheek blue
chic true blotto not coming smooth
the stucco houses cover by bougainvillea in a sleek rush absent facets
without detail like commercial in soft focus
and charlotte rampling never misses heals
low and steals low artaud
like rose tinted red morocco or marmot
draped over the sky and left really alone mattering
no one was making a movie and i was in los angeles
kit and laura were driving in a westerly
sunsets slants across the upholstery frees ways
it is 75
and all of them being bombshells couldn't drive faster
the sky is clearing
i get to be a poet again without detail
coming back like hawaiian shirts
and coco coco coconut
running with the big boys and all i need is a star
just a little rampling charlotte
just a little sampling charlotte
white light casting thread bare raveling in the dark
i couldn't wait to get my teeth into you
doors open light switches turn gingers sees candy
he's still not coming
it's a studio wedding lacking the mystic caustic rustic
turn of pure fate and travel liquidic depths of nightlit windows
we're only a set really alone matters slant west
steals stealing reel it against your long hair
we have the same eyes
and it was the summer before i became a poet again
i was seeing the metallic lids of speed reflected across the skylight
going gray going black going to the bottom
set straight at last
i know all of the real poets by heart

i know them like the polished bottles of fleurs d'orange
or the even luster of a teak table
stars go down over nothing
nothing so suns
i was just trying to find the maps in the walnut cupboard
you had finally given me command of the ship
there were no stars
i was in black space
i was in L. Ace
i wanted to apologize for being so elegiac
but there was no one to tell it to
i'm in a glaze and a faint
charlotte i'm telling you
but really alone summer isn't even here anymore

august 24 1975

who is two more women. farewell my lovely and the red lights neon lies
sky blue over the craps table. laura crosses her legs. all of them at
the open end.
sylvia miles must have been lou's fat blonde actress because there she
is again in silver white silk du chine looking at robert mitchum whose
eyes are a blank color. not tiny blazes. not polished circles of
darkness. but lost really non-existent. a gaze lacking points of
origin and emanating toward nowhere. glass tabletops at an old country
club with too many etchings and waterspots to reflect the flame of a
cigarette lighter.
we have to admit it. we're all in on this one. did he have a good time.
yes. i want to send it to ed.
he's going to faint when he sees it.
the jabiru and goura feathers interlaced with black paradise.
you would swear they'd cover wisteria. he's gonna faint. i mean
really curl smoke under the black fans draped over bare tits. red
nipples peaking through marabou. are you sweating yet. everyone
of them shifting behind orient in a scarf-like band of red rays.
laura beyond the spectrum of flame. she's your friend so you never
look at her ass. something silly about that like giving indian head.
jack comes back down the pale yellow stucco hall.
that's why no one smokes anymore in california.

you can't really own cigarette cases when you live in stucco.
so we open the sun roof instead but only at night.
while he's walking we make the lights go out and leave which is how
someone finds out. you discover lamp rays watching how too many
beams fall under the door. jack thinking about while you're thinking
while you try to do that watching tv. who is two more women.
you see i haven't met her yet but i've only seen her in movies. this
two women i was hoping she was kennedy's girl friend and that's why
i never see myself in movies. you have to think about that as you
get older.. when did you stop seeing yourself in movies. when did
they stop making roles for you.
so robert mitchum looks out over mcarthur park. down wilshire toward
city hall. now you follow ending up raspberry prunelle that too
heavy cashmere draping itself over the whole evening panorama you
just don't look east anymore. you just don't panne satin in the heat.
it just makes me want to tell more lies.
like here comes the second one. gray walls and lots of plants around
the room. no one is smoking. i'm telling you it's a great relief.
no fire in the fire place. several white linen couches. some of that
louis xiv enamelled furniture. birds with ice blue and marabou.
nothing happens at all. so you tell us hollywood.
which is how i let too many thoughts go by unchecked. you have to
remember all the time. if you spend the time to remember then you
won't think so much about what you've already remembered and know
more. i know this is true. so who is the two more women. i can't
remember yet and that's why i tell you to look. she tells me to
look. two is more women than i've seen them on tv while one was
born wednesday. and thats how everyone regards celebration at wild
twos. so someone finds out and can't go any faster.
you just have to do this a lot to understand.
it's my only way of knowing really. telling about it in as much
detail as possible isn't the same as remembering but is how you know
something new. something about two women. they have blue harmony.
this is the all time steal. they have blue harmony set with cornelian.
you can't do better than this.

august 25 1975

fall romance. jack tells me the story almost politely of how leaves
begin. leaves and canopies atop the upright piano. she is telling
him the first story. all of the grandchildren.

Friedman/46

what was it that i used to not believe about freud.
even if that's what is said not to be believed. he was telling the
story about striking saying how it used to be about himself.
a pale salmon pink salmon molded in copper.
two large smoked birds with one more pinkish pork.
she was telling the story of ham.
this is the beginning of my fall romance. incest.
countless dreams of real and false relatives and blankets.
without blankets. with brilliantine hair. slick old pompadour
photographs. i mean i could fuck them all specifically jane even
if she'll be old sooner than some of the others.
don't call kit today. she'll know it isn't her but only the gold
colors. laura might know it too.
everyone who seems like a relative. you have to know about not being
cold too soon. fall romanticism destroys politics.
this is why camembert is better after the taste of fruit and brie
isn't. rouge-noire camembert is yellow which makes me laugh.
this is all fancy because jane measure the pulse of stars in bare
 chests. that's why the dream keeps repeating a wish here is the story
of stars if you fall and you really want to be one.
a high window a long time ago and a photograph.
a crowded vestibule with a chrome shadow box throwing pins bullets
nails slim veined hearts of light across the ceiling. an attendant
entering the door infrequently to return the keys. small white
calling cards bearing small maps but this was for later. this was
a long time ago. a falling romance where others have the fake magic.
before novels and men taking crying me to dinner. all so little
things for true lovers. we could fuck them all well for good company.
i know i could. except that i'm getting tired of cameras.
less so with audio tape. how big is 620 black and white. how big is
color/rouge-noire champagne with brandy. pale amber with cubes.
delicate beige grand marnier.
maybe my line is weak dim blue lights in a black hall with a mirror
ceiling. fall romance was lying on his back looking upward at himself
with an eye on all fours. all fours alone you can take them out
later especially the bad ones. nothing isn't quite so boring.
absent as the lake. but he's lying backward facing up and it is a
long time ago. may and three others haven't arrived but stay later.
you see it's your birthday too with your red hair. singing to the
hearts of the stars not even the poets flower but a silver lily a
movie nurse. maps to fall romance. which is how i'm gonna tell it
later anyhow like john's son by jean or ed's son by lewis. everyone
didn't eat the taxi white streak but that was really telling the
old story and why you wouldn't remember at the same time you think
so clearly that you feel you get to own certain words or that others
own them for you. which others. these. ann vince rose peter ed
peter bernadette peter peggy nick but nick doesn't want just the
ownership he's fall romance falling. beth maybe is fall romance
falling. sharing the stars romance falling maybe you'll live in paris.
a novel leading of new stars in manhattan. leopard stars here is

where she stopped again laying stops on the linoleum stairs where i
can't breathe it past winnings. adria leaves for winnings like how
soon does fall romance begin to return like seas vacant blue.
white chimneys and the pink smoke.
clear fall sky and the weights of amethyst birth stones gazing faster
at objects than swimmers. too much metonymical talk.
now i really understand it.
settling down soft as cocaine. that's what i was thinking about the
whole time. fine white as coming from nowhere inspiration until i
don't just feel it but hear it. fall romance and political poems.
she was reflecting the fortune. we tell the story of how birth stones
begin. we erase all the substitutions like adding lace to a map of
portraits. these of them getting more finally quiet.
knives on cutting boards.
orchards in pots. she talks to her three times a week.
telling him after he told me that he looks good not knowing he would
like the record and not find the album cover.
knowing that he would want them to fill the album while we see him
for five years at a time. i don't get to see him more often.
we don't even dance in two directions.
he doesn't even lie down in two directions at once.

august 27 1975

deep august is outside behind the frosted glass. the white etching
nicks deeply into the long strands of yellow light. yellow and serene
is hard to imagine but the grained white portions of the glass are
angular hibiscus separated from the sea by a cast concrete balustrade.
no one is humping anyone because the sea is so pretty. flat. drawn
taut by the sunrise and the coolness of the air. you can see catalina
if you squint, then we go back inside. this aries is a blonde longer
than flame against the brown satin with the light bluebirds printed
in flight along the borders. mauve velvet draped over the window
finishes the illumination. it's just too rich to have anything happen.
this is after we stop on hollywood blvd to watch the neon get brighter
than the sky.

january 1976

Decor

it could be paris. all of the beige and gray cars parked along the street are small with squared contours. all of the colorless rain has stopped. now i'm inside reaching for the lightswitch. when the fluorescent fixtures flicker for the first time i know you're in the room. over on the bed. the room is fully illuminated. what are you thinking about. whether or not the sun will be out before friday. why think in the dark. there is a faint glow in the draperies pale green through the satin draperies even with the blackout blinds drawn. after awhile i can see everything in the entire room. even the small objects on the desks. the print on the posters. when you turn on the light i can see that i was really reading one of the posters from memory. i'm not really seeing the gold samurai and actually i'm looking at the persian circus poster with the four blue-gray elephants with the ring of fire behind them. i wonder if i am sleeping. i was scared when i saw the samurai so vividly pressed into the image of the elephants. i am sure the closet door was open but it's shut tight. i wonder where i mean which memory of this place i was having. are you about through?

yes i'm sorry if i was boring you, do you want to tell me about your new tattoo again.

i'll let that pass.....i've been doing a lot of work. i found the nightclub where melville shot those scenes from le samurai and don't give me any of that shit about coincidences just because you were having a hallucination about the japanese samurai poster.

well i was.

fuck you i don't want to hear about it.

what are you so hostile about. i haven't seen you in a long time like the week we were in new york and ran into each other. buying those white mushrooms at balducci's. we both wanted mushrooms at the same time otherwise we may not have seen each other ever again. and when i said that to you by that time we were both looking for persian melon you started yelling at me. if you have nothing to do all day but think about material objects or if you keep track of them then there are always coincidences and simultaneous thoughts. then i noticed that you had a huge hard-on so i jerked you off. my eyes are still adjusting to the light. do you want to fuck.

no i'm thinking about brazilian indians. i....

i was too.

you better watch it. i want to write a song about genocide. that or a brazilian holiday song. all day long i've been trying to see what brazilian indians look like. i'm walking in the tropics. the jungles. rio. i tripped on the sidewalk and landed flat on my ass right in front of that nightclub and i walked inside.

i thought you said you are working.

what do you think i have to be sitting in a room with the lights out to be working. i work all the time. i'm a good worker. sometimes i even get money. look i just got here and you're already picking on me. i can already see myself. standing in the corner of the room by the door. i'm all wet. my hair is darker brown than usual because it's wet. you can see my red t-shirt. i'm already wishing i were thinner and more angular so that i could be a clear style and no one could touch me. i wish you were in blue silk lounging pajamas. i wish you were smoking hashish in front of an orange lacquered japanese screen. two peacocks spread behind you but i already see us this was and that's clear enough.

october 19 1974

Dream Political Acts

dream political acts 1 a context or measure of usefulness in regression
to learn 1 peter stamos peter seaton and i are in a class given
by a tall thin white caucasian with short blonde hair and glasses he
is speaking of politics in reverse of art the class has never heard
of me a woman in the class has written a work that contains three
units of fragmented writing embedded in what is otherwise normal
writing and therefore the writing is only political only in terms
of itself it is not political for me no there is no such formation
as "it is not political for me" the three units are a clear departure
for the woman who has written them but will it turn the tide i am
only here today so if i leave behind a memory of myself or of my writing
it must have either tool or departure properties in order for it to
be political for someone else there is no such formation as "to be
political for someone else" the class takes a break and the two peters
come over and talk to me about the woman's writing i say that the
vocabulary of the work has been taken from mao's writing the words
"enemy" and "contradiction" could have come from anywhere but the agrarian
context and the clarity of the language made me sure there is no
such formation as "making me sure" having people remember your name is
an important political act 2 peters might be each other if last
names are exchanged i did this myself once i begin explaining my
cut-up writing process teaching effectively is a political act
i am explaining the writing process realizing at the time that
everyone already knows this process and how to perform it cutting
up other people's writing is of course a political act an even
stronger one if it is the writing of your friends i go into the
bathroom which is small and dark the sun is shining through a
window near the ceiling but the glass has been covered with brown
butcher paper i come out and the sky is blue and the cars are
rushing along on a wide boulevard in santa monica as a writer
the most important political act is being able to give detailed
descriptions of anything that can take place being thin for me
would be an immensely powerful political act there is no such
thing as linear thin or normal writing being an audience resembles
three political acts

dream political acts 2 a prison is its beginning and end of political
actions a light fastens its beam to the occipital lobe on the jura-
paris road the inside of the house was a pure prison which is to
say i can re-construct no memory of it nor can i treat it like a "black
box" where i compare how i was before i entered to how i am upon leaving
this is a pure prison or that was a pure prison if it was a

place then i am outside a rather long one-story house the stucco is white there are three windows and a door on this side of the house a slant roof with wooden shingles the garage is also on this side of the house about ten yards from the house across a wide street like laurel canyon is a steep green hillside at the top there is a fire burning the flames make the whole sky glow it is near sunset and there are three soldiers sitting around the fire they guard the prison i turn to my right about ten yards to my right a rodent of some sort sticks its head up from a hole in the dirt one of the guards on the top of the hill stands up something catches the light for a moment then there's a gunshot the soldier comes bounding down the hillside i realize that he's tried to shoot the rodent when he comes down he's missed and is angry turns around and begins to climb back up the hillside another guard who was sitting inside the garage comes out and looks in the hole and starts to bang the ground with his rifle butt as a writer the most important political act is being able to destroy one sense of time and replace it with another to make events occur faster or slower at will the first soldier as a writer shoots the second soldier who is trying to help him catch the gopher the second soldier who is dressed in khaki uniform backs into the garage the first soldier who is dressed like a hillbilly follows him stalking him slowly with the rifle raised to his eye a two barreled shotgun he fires both barrels at the second soldier's stomach the second soldier folds in half and falls dead near the woodpile at the back of the garage

the pure prison has made me invisible being invisible is the only non-political act available to any of us but you must act politically in order to learn how to be invisible i know that i am invisible to the hillbilly soldiers at the top of the hill as long as i don't try to make an obvious escape if i try to climb the hill as an escape they will kill me you see invisibility is a state of clear political knowledge it is the only magic available in a political context however i can go down to the end of the house and turn the corner of the building which is also the corner of the street if i am careful i will be visible for only a split second as i actually make the political act of escaping as a writer the most important political act is staying invisible right up to the actual moment of escape—that is the ability to consider all the possibilities for escape, to perform all the preparations for escape without indicating in any way that you are beginning an escape or considering one to act casual is not nearly enough as soon as you have begun the escaping you are visible again i turn the corner and run i go out on to a wide winding boulevard in a european city i don't know which one i have never known there is a hill off to the left it is about two miles away but it offers the only real opportunity to escape this country there is another country over the hill but that one might be fascist too i am running down the center of the street

there are cars all around me but i am not being run over there are street car tracks above me there is an elevated train this is the movie i was telling you about there's another section in the center about love that lasts for about an hour but love is its own political context for the moment

dream political acts 3 i am writing the script in a small dressing room with a counter of cosmetics to my right and a door to my left it's about ten in the morning and i have to be someplace in beverly hills or in the west village i don't know which because the intersection at west houston is a small version of the intersection at burton way and santa monica in beverly hills it would be a political act for any of you to come visit me when i'm in california my friend jack comes over he's about 5'9" with dark brown hair and brown eyes he has a rugged rectangular face and longish blunt nose he comes in and notices i'm writing a movie script which i've never done before i say i'm finishing the love sequence that i told you about over the phone he looks at it briefly and goes into the bedroom i hear him making a phone call i stop writing and go out to talk to him jack says can you loan me a few dollars i say i have eight for the weekend so you can have three if you really need them he says yes i give him \$3 and rush to leave if you came out to california you could meet my friend jack as a writer the most important political act is having friends

