

MAG CITY #7

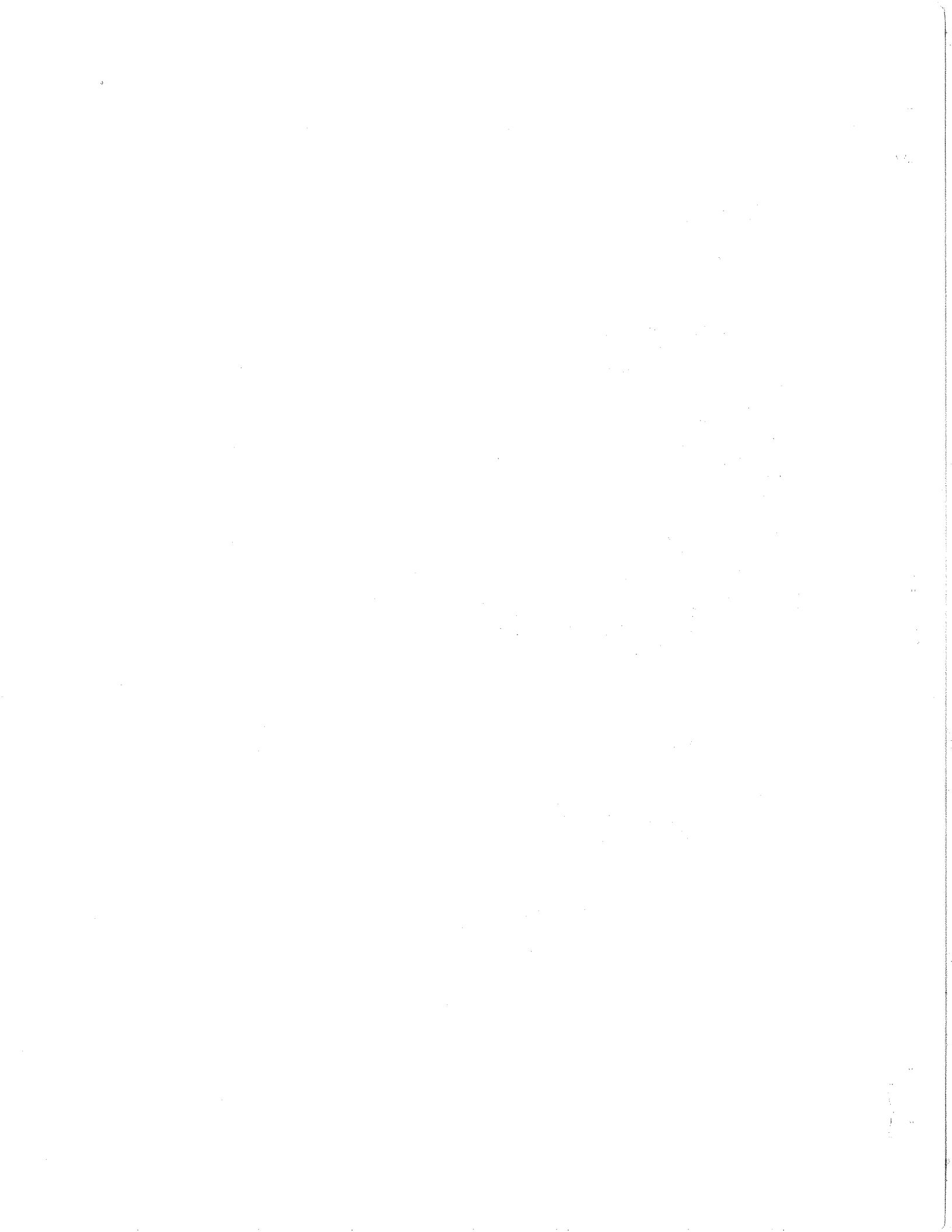
Silent Interview	1
Simon Schuchat	2
Barbara Barg	6
Steve Levine	8
Susan Keith Noel	14
Jim Hanson	17
Ron Padgett	20
Michael Brownstein	23
Rochelle Kraut	24
Jeff Wright & Tom Savage	31
Jeff Wright	32
Annabel Levitt	37
Ann Rower	42
Norman Fischer	47
Elio Schneeman	48
Art Lange	50
Allan Kornblum	52
Jim Brodey	54
Jim Brodey with John Godfrey	59
Gary Lenhart	61
Michael Scholnick	65
Greg Masters	70
Greg Masters & Tom Weigel	72
Greg Masters & Michael Scholnick	73
Masters & Weigel & Scholnick	74
Tom Weigel	75
Rose Lesniak	79
Ann Rower	cover
tasha robbins	40,41

Editors: Michael Scholnick
Greg Masters
Gary Lenhart

Mag City
437 East 12th St. #26
New York City
10009

copyright Mag City, 1979

\$1



Silent Interview

Michael Scholnick: I had this thought the other day concerning Suzuki & the intellectual side, if you will, of Buddhism. I said, "Buddhism is platonic," & felt quite original. Now I recall your voice on tape asking something similar of Trungpa Rinpoche. Isn't intuition, as a method of perception, akin to the real world of ideas? i.e., our unconsciousness is the old world (pond). Any comments?

Gregory Corso: The speed of the tree is faster than the speed of the wind, because the wind has to reach the tree.

Michael Scholnick: My other question is even more diverse. Both Creeley & Ginsberg express a willful acceptance in writing's separate status from phenomena. I don't tend to oppose this, but do you hold that the organization of matter is effected by poetry?

Gregory Corso: The speed of the blank page is faster than the pen, i.e., thought - because the page is there, and the thought is coming, via pen.

SIMON SCHUCHAT

HE TAKES TO THE HILLS

I can't get over the plaza--how swept
It was, how clean and empty of flowers
Deviating greatly from natural form
Made with a single color
Suitable for use with only one eye
Having a horizontal surface, being one
Of the sequence of natural numbers
That are precisely divisible by two
Which is a problem: that regulated gavotte
Above the tarmac, lifted feet and
Bent to a partner, whereas
In this jurisdiction the custom is clear
One cannot countenance this disruption
Knowing everyone is assigned a double who
May manipulate themselves out
Of this dilemma, old hat, so
Sorry, the peace of this place is useless

If you need a focus, see me striding
Into the second of these equals to make my
Representations unto the power of the State
A message from abroad may change my life
In the meantime I'll have to hope these places
Always be as deserted as that afternoon

MYSTERY TRAIN

It occurs to me at moments
I could have always been wooing
Her, that it could have been
A single minded pursuit, like running

For a train--if I don't catch up
Now surely by the next town...
I had to give it up, I smoke too
Much and my lungs hurt, not

To mention my feet, that pounded
Pavement like an excited heart.
Tonight it occurs to me I might
Have won it all by stopping.

I wouldn't win any body
Any more than I might buy them:
I'm pleased to know my friend, to have
Such friends is a happy ambition.

DIFFICULTIES

Down by the river there's been an explosion
I know I'm supposed to sing of joy or else
Mount my pale threnody on the rocks
I'm tired of hurting people's feelings
And I've just come in from a walk in the rain
And if I was happy, if I was crying, it's unimportant
To me now because my neck is sore from pulling
Against the train of thought
I have three bridges, cunning works of metal
Two towers lost in clouds, one body more
Cunning and misty than they, I have a hole
In my body where my courage keeps running out
And I keep following my customary route
Long after it has led me nowhere
A long time past I heard the wharf was burning
And red covered the western sky like a scarf
Like a scar, like a scrap, like a scoundrel
I stepped over the clock set in the sidewalk
And took a boat to the deserted city to collect myself
The parts were difficult but assembled easily
Following instruction as if it were a path
Questioning each citizen I saw for where my sight
Was leading me, into the many teeth of the friend
I know how I'm supposed to be to be this or that
That I should be and suppose I am, can't
Set the river on fire with my mechanical arms

A MORNING AFTER

No clean clothes
A flowering lemon tree on an adjacent roof
My face is as pretty as mother of pearl
The east face of the world is a marvel
And I have sought my destiny in a goof
Like a painter cut off my nose
And like a lesbian I like the girls

I have to stay up
Among the clouds that rule the ruthless city
To live the life of an ordinary bum
And make the natural moves to the tomb
The monument that resides as more than marble history
A chipped China cup
Exquisite design in blue and plum

The wonders of an
Antenna, a radio, a dactylo that rushes
Prodded by the current uninflated talk
Mobile as the cup of meal atop the stalk
The spine and brain, I mean, that gushes
To maintain a fluent hand
That meanders but does not balk

BARBARA BARG

A SHRUBBERY

I came to love
to torture temperature and saturate
nature

Like a goose looking for procedure
I noticed
our kisses, steamy and glandular

What a loop of fortune!
Love's sleeping-bag under cool moons
but supposing

the wind is durable
as down is not

supposing consensus absent from longing...

It's possible to give up
the duty of funerals
the death of insouciant song

We ornaments of air cling fast to passion's roots
present as berries

on spring's good bush

Last night I dreamed I had enormous tits, you know, the kind you read about in books - Big Bazookas, unabashed - many men wanted to talk and stop

Really in the supermarket there was nothing I could drop that some smiling young failed to pick up, that goes for hints I didn't recognize though he said there were 2

Like wherever I stepped men were bulging with attention, a constant replaying of spontaneous ideas

I raised my hand, and three cabs on radio call braked sharp

In a coffee shop (I had to rest my dogs) a husky thing sat down and said he loved me, pleaded me to speak

Okay, I let him have it, what was on my mind which at that booth in time was curved space and he listened pleasantly for twenty minutes or so till I got tired and he said "You have enormous tits!"

I said I know, it's a surprise to me too

At first I thought well this is great, so many heads turning on my breast, so many new names to answer to

But what a load, jeez, for a five foot six one hundred and ten...too heavy for myself, hemmed in, so hard to achieve escape velocity

And the notices got boring very soon since the cancer got all the reviews and I was basically a red wheelbarrow

What a relief to wake up unwatched, just a wisp of a human, hardly noticeable on a street

STEVE LEVINE

TINY CATULLUS

By myself I walk today
Maybe to stop and joke
To mingle gagging gee-whizzery
With babble, or just plain talk.

Then suddenly you fly into view
Stop and quiet I
Cop a glimpse
Of our planet's random grace

And guess that you're a dancer-
Legs slimly styled, not mildly
Blessed, but muscular as I imagined
Are the best! And you, yourself

Are genius too- for flying
So fully into view
So singularly among
The thundering numbers!

ONE READING

Peter
Schjeldahl

Dreams
Greg

Masters
In the air-

That Greg,
Once there,

Could go
Like Marco

Polo, anywhere-
It was the pre-xerox era

PISS

Is it true centuries
old bricks sweat? Do
hot, pissed-on tombs
make the church's earth

ripple visibly, or shift
this summer, momentarily?

*

Piss shoots a precise hole
through St. Mark's church-
yard snow, and steam rises
a minimal skein of bubbles

on my boot...

*

So that St. Mark's springtime
sprays are borne in urine

yellow umbels.

*

I note these acts and their sound for me
that, performed, drown out monumental
mostly mediocre poetry, seasonally.
It's autumn, the new season...

Ahh!... whose grave
am I pissing on tonight?

DELICATE ELEGY

Rose
Hair
This clear noon
Ring
A heart
Kalos
Red lilies
Astrea
This clear sky

tamarisk blue violets smoke...
Let them adorn the
neck, this summer's sleep
inhales summer grass
plays a sound the sound that echoes
trebling dream..

It left Albion
and is still alive
this morning

PURE NOTATIONS

Above, on the wall, sexy frescoes are her intentions
Clearly exact, where she'd couch and cup my balls back

*

Or awake, articulate, late tonight, she'll write
Something like life's pure notations, being taken

2 - 28 - 79

Poem

When
that black
woman walking
with the black
coat white scarf
casually arranged
one large loop
ends
swept back
& down her back
a tremendous white
safety pin set
against a toddling
patch of black on black
lets go, her pony
sized naturally
white curly hair
poodle tears off
into the open
field opposite
the Kosminsky elementary
school

SUSAN KEITH NOEL

Popular Psychology

One way to keep from sleeping
is to take a bath at 4 a.m.
no one else is awake
& this makes you feel special.

Or you get worried
& think of terrible things
you've done: left urgent phone calls
unanswered, insulted people
behind their backs, taken
love for granted, put off
looking for a job, back out
of promises, ignored the obvious,
bent the truth, expected too much,
& made melodramas of
ordinary daily occurrences.

But you still appreciate solitude.
You know the value of friendship
there's ice water in the bucket
& your hair is clean.
You've stayed up all night
like you said you would
so you take a book, get into bed
eat some crackers, then turn out the light
just at dawn
& next morning
when the phone rings you have
a perfect right
to be tired.

Poem for Sam

If silver bowties were dropped from mysterious
balconied rooms of upper eighties
somehow they would float to a landing in your neighborhood
as you walk down the street carrying your JFK mask
and god knows what all. You would wade through cold
jacketless rain and hail in hopes of returning
one to shiny owner who has hundreds of them
all colors and sizes and wouldn't appreciate
the effort. That, some would say, is your trouble.
But not me, I make special appointment
to accompany you at bus stops where you point
at taxis and they don't understand, where you
sing perfect Buddy Holly a-hey heys embarrassing a lady,
at Union Square subway station where you are reassured
to find everyone has the same problems, at O'Neal's
where we agree being famous sounds like a nightmare
and discuss ways of following instincts.
Receptionists mistake us for a couple & I don't mind,
you being a messenger boy and me misplaced everywhere,
your awkward chivalry is better than a boyfriend
you even inquire as to the quality of my pretzel,
I am disappointed to have to answer it's pretty much
like all the rest, though you're not & I only
eat them because of still thinking it wonderful
to obtain such things on the street. Better even
than artichoke hearts out of season, which you stare
at with respect as if objets d'art certainly not edible
but representing probably to you some fine idea
of what I'm like, which I glimpse, enjoy and hope
you will maintain while we talk about ballet
& everything snazzy.

Your Double r Curtsies in My Throat

-for Jamie MacInnis

My toes are growing longer.
I leap from place to place
without the least intention
hallways are nothing.

Let them carry shampoo & soap
into the bathroom and line them up
along the window sill.
One false move would knock them
into the hands of strangers.

I have my own room
my mind is made up
no more hesitation
or late night decisions

Your double r curtsies in my throat.
Glancing behind the couch I find myself
alone in the moonlight & covered with ribbons.

JIM HANSON

DOG RIVER NEWS

Suddenly dogs howled
and I knew there was such a thing as a breakthrough
the ice thawed, the stream coursed on
and when I looked across river, there was smoke in the willow grove
and wood fires among the trees in bud.
I knew that people had come into the world to change everything
the location of the trees will change for their being here
the very course of the river will be different
Still in spring the ice floats downstream
the water is high, the earth wet with the snow of months past
and the river has no choice but to make its way onward
stone blue like it shall be

SJOBORG'S

(1)

A maverick wind sweeps Allamakee
county & leaves an aura of
mandolins in country intricacy,
of all sounds the most precise.
Iowa mandarins drive out to see
their country places in a
shifting rain, still
as glass, an approximation of stasis
which means no movement.
No movement is as random as dust's
blowing down the Upper Iowa
Valley, this very moment, brooming
& cleaning, sweet July emerges intimately-
A maverick wind sweeps Allamakee

(2)

I am in a room
& the ghost of John Sjoborg sits across from me
across the table from me, across the teacups
not his ghost but rather his presence
reserved & puffing clouds

MCDONALD'S TOBACCO

following tangles to their ultimate solutions
investigating evidence, expressing beliefs
in the vast magnitude of his speaking, his continuance
his talk is like kites string
unraveled in his hands

ONE QT. "OLD STYLE"

there are secret places in the woods
he wishes to tell me of
he has shown me these places
but I have forgotten where they are
only to discover one of them today
when I went to Hickory Hill
& found a shagbark

ABADIE. PARIS

& ran down treacherous eroded pathways
& walked over green swards
& noticed whippoorwill calls
& tiny violets scattered underfoot
distant thunder, light rain
the flowering iowa bushes
some magic behind it all

(Sjoberg's)

(3)

We speak of passenger pigeons
& dust. Audubon's painting
is there, a gift to him.
The pigeons, wing-blue in
jeweled innocence, numbered
& named in Latin. John
notes that the male feeds
the female & smiles. The birds
conjoin on a branch laden
with dying leaves. The dust,
he says, simply blows away

RON PADGETT

March Slav

About 1:15

I looked out the window
and walked out the door
to where the snow had begun to fall.
For a while the flakes were thin.
They disappeared as they hit the ground.
Later they formed a light haze on the ground
but continued to disappear against the pavement.
As the temperature fell
the snow came down harder
though terribly soft
and thick, and quiet
and then thinned out
around 8 o'clock: by then
it lay in white lines along the tops of branches,
in patches on car tops and hoods,
in perfect quadrilaterals on lawns and roofs,
in fuzzy melting clusters on hats and heads,
some random bits in moustaches and beards.
It is pitch black out
with a steel blue undertone and some mercury
lights over there behind the railroad tracks.
Over my left shoulder the lamp shines down

on the grooves of Walter Giseking
playing Mozart's complete music for solo piano.
The notes fall from the sheet music
onto the piano keys as easily
as a man breathing and smoking without thinking
as he looks at the snow come down
or words come up from out of the typewriter
and onto the page, O blancheur! which I guess
is now likely to be thought of as comparable to
you guessed it snow. I wish all this didn't tie in
so well. I'd prefer to have the snow
just fall outdoors, with me looking at it,
and you upstairs looking at it, and you
in your car behind windshield wipers looking,
the beams of light hitting the flakes with their own little stardom,
the old people who stare out the window
and say bah when it snows, as it is now, again;
the kids who go running outside with their tongues out
to catch the snow and roll in it and be made cold,
so they can come back in and stomp the floor
and lay their wet gloves by the fire;
the mayor who is about to be returned to private life
as he compares his fate to the snow, pristine and pure
one day and gone the next,
the snow that falls on the grave of, say, Walt Whitman,

or on the hands of Walter Giseking, or
on the sheet of music dropped by the anxious girl
who adjusted her muffler at the stoplight
and went on across: the man who saw her drop the music
with something on his mind, and snow gathering on his head.
Soon it would melt, and there was always
the horrifying possibility that it would freeze there,
his head wearing a frozen cap of snow and ice
like the face of the earth
when it tilts forward to show you the Arctic Circle,
you who are your own cold blue white round self,
big snowball in space so pure,
perfect sphere secure in gravitational pull.

Pigeon-Toes

There's no hope for you unless you disencumber yourself of everything. First in line is smoking, since cigarette smoking clearly illustrates all the rest that bind you knee-jerk to the times. If you bind yourself to the times, and you submit to that, what's left after a whole life lived besides empty mold adherence to a network of habits, like the perfectly hollowed out carapace of a rhinoceros beetle? A beetle grown and slain within the limits of a single season--is that who you are, pigeon-toes? Instead of clambering up the face of the escarpment and disappearing with a grand yell among a slide of rocks, you wait at the bottom of the valley while one boulder after another tumbles down to rest against your legs, and you go on puffing shamelessly at the pack of twenty cancers: name, address, age, sex, race, occupation, reputation, acquisition, sly wit, disillusionment, time-serving, security, cigarettes, children, sarcasm, noise, vindictiveness, sentimentality, touchiness, illness, seriousness, vanity and death.

ROCHELLE KRAUT

On the Night of the Full Moon

In April heavy with child
Awoke to blue brightness in my room
The full moon on a cool and crystal clear
Sky high and looking upon me
Sending the beautiful round form of the
Earth which is me across the floor
My belly so round and heavy flattened
On the floor into the form of the goddess
Or a muse about to give up a secret
The moon so bright sending its glories
Into the sky through the earth
Through the prisms in my room
Elegantly dancing rainbows from some
Other world pale and ghostlike but
Here nevertheless

for Alice

When I was young and you were born
I was sentimental
Your mind flashes pure lights
Going beep beep
And when you are grown
And I cease to be sentimental
I will say you were born
When I was young

Some Days I Forget

Some days I forget I have a cunt
I put my lovely iris in the refrigerator
All shades of purple fringe with yellow tongues
Waiting to be painted

The Shortest Day

The sky is in flames
Blue gray clouds trailing smoke
Only a moment vivid gold flicker
Reflection in the room
Needles burning golden rip open
Sky cloud steaming over
The street blue & pink
Pastel in the setting
 baby climbing a step up chair
Today laugh whipping wind
Buildings pink on fire
Day drifting into gray
It's cold city lights
The diamonds of dusk

Night Coil and The Thoughts of Humans Turn To Dust

Broadway doesn't look so bright tonight
The day is sad under its gray pallor
Walter Cronkite says "the 3rd day after
The accident" are we having a countdown
The baby is even thoughtful
The baseball players outside are lazy

We went out but we couldn't get in
Wandering the streets
Sending out peaceful calm thoughts
Like ancient people sending out their peaceful
Deadly thoughts

The business of poisoning ourselves
Humans try to subjugate the World
Only find themselves subjugated
Trapped by what they have created
Which has overgrown them so

Baby sucking brings me back home
The shape of an egg resting next to my chest
Seen through foggy dew tears
The radio isn't thinking
Old fashioned jig and gospel
Little Liza Jane sends sweet calm thoughts

Do problems begin?
Let's move the typewriter off my desk
But where? There's no place to put it
We have a problem there of disposal
We have our own level of disposal

How do the babies dispose of their tears
Where did they come from?
Eyes wet and glowing knowing
But not why
Dripping into explosions

And all we want is our eyes in the right place
And our mouth and children who look like us

The American way are all the Jones'
The terrorists of advertising
More of the same thing
On a warm early spring afternoon
People would be gay instead
Today there is a hush on the city traffic still moving
The domino lights of Broadway look dreamy like a movie
The whole cloud of the air glowing white
Red light green light people stroll
Buy vegetables look in windows stand in line for famous pizza
Seriously and they are slower at dishing it out
Because everyone has the same thing on their minds

When People Come Full Circle

There are many ways to be finished
Life becomes meaningful in the past
You can be finished with the dishes
Sit around a fire making phone calls
Or the artist mature at 30 or 40
Dead like Elvis
People who never finish like Yeats
A man gets sexier
Needs a woman and when he's 60
Makes you feel pretty good
Even wombs do it later and you start
A period over again born there
Then here the end for you
And when you go there's nothing to say
Says it all (tears)
The envy of everyone here

Heart Cherry

- Primavera: The stars spin, stuttering pearls on girls' necks. Drops of maple resin gather in troughs hewn by the bearers of tradition. I am sad. What do you do?
- Dionysus: You've come to the source. What are you looking for? Turn your head from the stars. We speak in earth language in this temple. And flesh, sometimes called chair.
- Primavera: Akh! I'm devastated by these clods of wisdom. The stars in my eyes gyrate in generous G-strings & I am unaffected. Omnivorous platitudes weep at the foets of poets. Jokes cajole our oeuvres. What make you of all this?
- Dionysus: I make lanterns out of seashell, sandals out of snails, fences of pomander and beryl. I'm just an old shepherd lately taken to the rag-picking profession. Only so long a man can stand sheep shit, as you know.
- Primavera: That's okay. You don't have to be a revolutionary til tomorrow. Besides, age is but a servile contender. In this deviate system everyone stands knee-deep in sheep shit eating hamburgers, cradling civilization as it falls to sleep!
- Dionysus: And here we are cradling the empty verses of dawn. We know its hopeless. But no other activity gives us a stay in the country this long. Do you like this hedge here? We try to please in this garden.
- Primavera: Hedging, my prim Dionysus, blushing at dawn's provocative exposé? A hirsute hocus-pocus knocks my knees like a light that could have been a tall building in lower Manhattan but was actually an airplane light & we are not on board something.
- Dionysus: We are on a ship carrying us we know not where as we travel on this planet earth for it moves not in concentric circles but reels out -- a spell of unbroken guarantees that fold & unfold, an immediate circle.

JEFF WRIGHT

Stay Beautiful

Blond in gray & black & silver
You hold your end, a blue blowtorch
Arcing into the end of a decade. I am
Honored to have served beside you
& be served on our complicit terrain.
We who ride shotgun on each other's
Motion-ridden rigs, are marooned
At desks & crochet needles, pleased to be
Desperate, white-hot & religiously naughty.
Here we open the door to our crazy amigos
& make love in the grizzled afternoons,
Screwed to the bed our eyelids flicker
Our tongues wag out. When we go out
To get ripped some young lovers break in
& then we get ripped & then we get ripped.

LIGHT TRANSFUSION

Where I wait in line to go in circles
The liners, lined up, depart past
Star Island, low garbage barges
Nondescript slips of beige & gray
Oscar Wilde spits into the spray
Con Ed opium pipes of the masses
Obvious refuse of a "working system"
The Circle Line - filled to the gills
It's a good time to take it all in
TO KNOW US IS TO LOVE US
I believe in one after the other
I have a habit of speech I write down
I will cover your face with reverse shadows
& recover the damp lamps from the exit
By night the beach's rough voice
Turns to cinders against the raging dream
As you kill the revealing light
Step into the empty bell of dead birds
Draw a line outside somewhere

From EMPLOYMENT OF THE APES

3.15.79

"I sure do earn my pay - sitting on the beach everyday." - M. Jagger. Sun loop detection super-market holiday. Absolutely Free. Plastic snaps in sharp March wind in green room, where ripped by black Siamese.

Phil Whalen book, Scenes of Life at the Capital lost again after just getting back after 4 mos. lost in Jim Moser's drawer. Now after 15 minute search - look out window down in little court space between buildings 3 flights down - there it is! Fucking green cover lies forlornly triumphant in muck of neglect. I'll never read this book!

There seems to be no way into this cloistered alcove with windows barred by big rusty black steel bars - like slave jail. A mystical, pointless 5 feet between brick dinosaurs. Heretofore not thought of twice before by me. Now the prickly object of a thwarted thrust.

What's the brunette up to now?

Barely 18 - a certain startle-ability due to unabashed, ingenuous curiosity. Applying in a green ski parka with yellow Vs for unemployment for the first time beside the white furred Viking models & dark eyed high heeled Puerto Ricans. Everybody poured into skin tight jeans like a cup of coffee instead of. Early. Old men sort of respectable - jilted white haired widows of industry - look off 45°. The book I need is out the window!

Incredible stupid shit. Luck is an illusion of self-pity. At 20 to 12 - regret is as constructive as I get. Poop poop. Tug boats nose down East River. Chiaroscuro ribbon between two breasts - Manhattan - Brooklyn skyline - fat mens' pincushion - oil storage tanks - gulls compromise the sky.

This is as much as my whole life amounts to, Phil.

ODORLESS, TASTELESS & LETHAL

I'm not sure what he was referring to but Bruce Springsteen never sounded better. "Can't you see what I'm going thru?" Actually it felt like the pilot light in the part of my brain that regulates memory, the daughter of the muse, in a gale. That's the part you can feel when trying to force some fact to surface, suddenly the whole burner flares up whooshing blue.

Yesterday the ivy was a livid red, a thousand salamanders scurrying in the wind but today the bare wall is revealed. That's how I like to think of these words, vertical, alive, & responsive to the paper plate hunger of naked pages. They say love is too, words falling like snow onto the white immediacy of gushingly empty typewriter sheets.

Love is a gas, expansive & invisible, don't light a match, love is not less than a contained explosion, a cut-out nova pasted onto the cover of space like your face in a black mirror. Some people love my sneakers, green as ghosts near the RR & others are petrified, I know they have cost me several jobs. Maybe it's because they are representative of young folly.

After all, disappointment is the salt on the potato & there is a gray rag waving defeatedly from a string of barb wire. That's why I drink coffee, to see my face waving back at me from the bottom of a sad song & sometimes I turn it up pretty. A switchboard, a dash, an instrument panel, I don't know maybe I'll just guess, my eyes a depository for lost periods.

Flatbush

"So you can see, this getting older isn't so on the up & up & there's a chance, & a Rheingold & you & you past the plastic baggie of lonesome.

It could be just as well over the , you know, brain cells - sediment like particles like articles on the coffee table, magazines, letters &

phone, it could be a dead giveaway, loop-de-loop, from offices to bedrooms to menthol shaving cream ads. I go to pieces just lying around."

Play - an act

-- any coin?
-- loaded. Chicago coin. Swiss gold. San Francisco. L.A.
 Minneapolis. Lenox.
-- let's hit Verona & Siena. see paper. folios. all that
 bookery.
-- how long?
-- in 3 months 3 months.
-- by boat?
-- ship. yes boat.
-- just one bag?
-- no. four. books. photo gear. clothes. giveaways and
 takeins.
-- then Geneva.
-- then whatever. maybe Paris.
-- god damn.
-- yes. year of the ram.
-- how. time to get going.
-- with force.
-- with force.

(knees to knees. loveseat.)

28 january 79

reality-dreams hardware

(a train poem)

squat grey bridge beside
 the wreckers
racks of chrome
 fenders
 shine in the morning sun
bronze rail rittings glimmer ahead
palpable rays lean against
 the bullet proof plasticene
 sheet
 security
in a silver box gazing out
un pont avec lumieres
on the Connecticut-France line
streetlights lit in daylight
a dozen golf clubs in an elephant hide
 sack lined with satin
jaguar mercedes rolls bentley
porsche lotus ferrari
MG TD in mint condition
a handy fireman's pole
brass French window frames
silver spoon
silver handle
silver roach clip
silver perfume flask
silver jack daniels flask
reinforced corners
welded bases
galvanized canisters
glistening spires
gold dome
gold record
gold earplugs
gold chain
gold mail
gold train
gold ' trane
gold spokes
gold throne
gold bangles
a gold band
lear jet
private helicopter
a pride of taxis
instant toaster oven

a multi-purpose slicer
no haul truck
cloudless blue in a concorde
spring breeze in a blimp
summer mountain top from
 a glider
mid-summer night in a
 hydrofoil
ferrocement dreamboat
indestructible aluminum siding
perfectly hinged louvers
the most accurate timepiece
diamond needlehead
noncorrosive copper wrist band
the best wood
the finest screws
a good hammer
non-dulling saw

23 dec 78

Levitt/39





ANN ROWER

6/20/77

Farmer Gambino is describing a skull he found in the river to my father and I'm noticing he's more handsome than last year, drinking more, want the skull, knowing Mother Gambino, Cathy, won't want Bob running off down Old Mill Road with me and the boys, Danny, a baby, after some skull.

////////////////////////////////////

The frog pond's choked with duckweed but still sluices under the yellow road through a narrow channel of round stones like John was describing to Ron are all in Vermont streams to meet the tumbling river and spreads out over the decaying carcass. I can see all of it and more. The twisted spine still covered with piles of blackish organ and intestine vein skin some muscle good size almost running all of which makes us think : DOG.

7/20/77

We get blacked out alot up here. First time you've already left for the EDGEWOOD Friday night first time ever alone in a house in the country when the lights all go out side one side mist already one sunside still light set dark so fast you have to stand right up under the green apples dripping in all this to know this is an orchard or pear, by the leaves. No fruit. The fruit trees were put in 72 they should bear this summer. Except the peaches. They only take three years to. I say to Farmer Gambino.

--A long time to wait.

--Not for fruit, he says. He showed me the peach tree yesterday. Where is it tonight? Some fruit hangs not ready for picking less than an inch across my eyes, silver and it's got not a fuzz but a bloom on it and I wipe it tastes everything hard soft bitter warm sweet rain night cool toxic ethereal. It must be a Japanese plum but its not peaches. I'll know them when I find them. Wrong. It's darker than before and than I thought and I'm running because I know there's a peach tree in here with peaches. I'm reeling in wet circles dizzily past a real pear. It's not enough. My legs begin to burn from the recent heavy pesticide sprayings Bob did before they left. The trees are laying velvet on the opaque gathering just about to sky. I'm scared. Fuck the peaches but inside alone again its all dark windows and like there's two of us is breathing and one of us is here and outside maybe somebody's humping the littlest zucchini in 6 year old Willy Gambino's own garden. Maybe that somebody picked the peaches. They can't be too juicy. This tree belongs to Venus.

7/21/77

So Saturday night I go to the EDGEWOOD too.

--You definitely get in free. You're the percussionists wife, man.

--I'm not your wife.

--It's the same thing.

He doesn't want to hear your rap.

Rocky Edgewood himself at the door.

--You his wife?

I'm carrying your cymbal.

--Well, no.

--Old lady?

After 11 years running bars in the Bronx, Rocky up in the country just over the northwest Conn. border so the EDGEWOOD gets the after Connecticut hours bunch, alot of Connecticut bartenders. He doesn't want to hear your rap.

--Well, I guess so, I say so I don't have to pay.

--Nice guy. I knew Rocky liked the band though his favorite local band is Little Village, harder rock. But he likes The Chalk because Tony was from the city. If more club owners up here were like the rock guys like Tony Ricardi wouldn't have to try changing their names to TG Richards which doesn't make it anyway. Rocky digs you because you're from the city, didn't change your name and you played tambourine with your foot. Which was a plus for the band.

--You should have seen the woman he was with last night. She was a dog.

I wonder.

--You're a doll. He lets me in free but does it pay. And would it have been worth while even if I did know that he knew that I didn't know he knew which I didn't, though I did know he did it but not people he didn't know and not the band because they couldn't afford to do it and the band was the only people I knew so I didn't know when he took my hand and said later he meant it. Barry set it up. Inbetween sets Barry & Rocky and I went down the back stairs into the deep moonlit parking lot. I had never done this before with a complete stranger except in one Algerian cafe and never with anybody up here. At the bottom of the stairs Barry went back up. Rocky's van was black. The back was candle lit.

--How do you want to try this?

--I guess I'll do it like this.

--You shouldn't. You should take it and rub it up around under your teeth.

Can feel myself feeling for where he meant how much to feel for how eager to learn to appear. Another thing he told me it don't pay to shoot it.

When the band had played their last set and Barry and Peter the minister and Bob who worked lights were packing up, Rocky and you and I went way into the back, behind the bar, past the t-shirt concession and did some social ones for the long drive back. Rocky got up and took me out to the t-shirt catalogue and asked me to pick out a design.

--How much are they?

--3 dollars.

--Medium?

--Gimme a large.

--Large?

He bent over. We flipped through the catalogues together. For the first time numbers were mentioned, quietly.

--How much?

--How much?

Then, in a normal volume he asked,

--Which design do you want, Lady?

--I'll take Thank God I'm a Country Girl, I said.

NORMAN FISCHER

THE KNACK

One had the knack
To remember the distant stranger
And the trees that came by the by

Flying by the airplane's window
It was love at first sight
Between me and the dark stranger

His foot, his eye, the speed of the airplane
And the air we breathed in the airplane
Unlike that on land: less smoke

Maybe it was less than love, less or more
To confess the strange wall my head hit
More times than I could count it.

All the people on the earth are struggling
With large walls or the knife-edge of laughter
Glancing up occasionally from their leatherwork

Or needlepoint or neverending suffering
Flying by. The grace of the space they live in
Is not unseen nor colorless. It

Moves by the closing of a door once
And forevermore, weight so dense
And loud with a clatter

We would not suspect it did we not know it was so
Having read it in books
Onward so onward the crushing wheel burns

With a clatter as a reminder
And love burns with its grace to struggle
Strictly to have itself out

Clearly and with nothing lost. A day
Dawns and a night slips by
We spend reading or gazing out a window

One by one the lights of the great
City buildings pale in the dawn
The traffic lights pale in the dawn-

How much we feel for our parents when we die
The grace of gazing out a window
At an airplane in the distant sky

1.22.78 / 2.5.78

ELIO SCHNEEMAN

SONG

Mood sees doom in the window
the pale office of tears
blooms in the distance
as the smooth edge of a cliff.

The vagaries of countless centuries
emerge as perpetual windmills
a sense of space
blows away the resting place.

A thin shadow, memory
circulates the unseen dream
into a semi-golden mist
that streaks the avenue in half light.

WHAT VERSES MAKE

Distance and time arrange space
in meters of equidistant angles

glass frames gather the microdot's edge

chairs jangle in heaps of rice deserts

to proceed in a fashion
of intimacy casual grace collect glances

*

simultaneous rhythm screams in ears
of harboring malcontents
that seize right poles where ice breaks
and flows into banks of presence

ART LANGE

DIVERTIMENTO

I suddenly recall two months previous sucking
squawks out of an undernourished air
with purely anxious and whiney thoughts smuggled
into a curious lucidity "we were invited"

we drink in conversation magnificently adroit
"cocktails" out the window immaculate prisms
float in a leeward tide carved out in the interior
of my eye "You can't get there from here" but dry

yourself by the fire and shake the weather
from your coat separate the sincerity from
the snow and save the former instinct spellbound
self aggressive direct and conversational while a wobbly

sun seems wicker in slow dusk, sliced, it changes
suddenly from wet to snow incorporates
cream and pearl whites as light and tender
as breath a certain simple rendering "we

were invited" ears besieged by fuzz and fire
but persists, drawn simply, with azure sparks
down dazedly speaking flatly as easily
as laying linoleum borders at the absolute

boundaries of sentences small truculent and sentimental
with an expression of surprise (arrived sometime
during the week, living by the heart, and pugnacious
domesticity) at who appears at the party, uninvited,

a giddy imitation of nothing ever seen before
a precise personal light, particular insights,
unbelievably stubborn with rays of careless
conversation a subtle crinkle intrudes inconsequence

we go out to seek the quiet procedures but remain
"wrong from the start" charmless though dignified
anxious with thoughts of possibilities astounds
inside it is warm and snowy like a promise made

by mistake and never kept a faithful
anonymous performance a painfully faithful
performance anonymously remarkable bare in the crafty
breath of you hearing the doorbell ring or rather chime

meaning more behind the door to join in the
confrontation like meeting yourself in delicious advantage
on the street unexpectedly amid fields of flutter
noticing the room filled with people in your face

and suddenly there's Poulenc at the party, precursing
the fingerings of a peculiar nocturne difficult sublime
supplicating a contemplative incantation and listening
interestedly to an animated Tony Towle, then sadly wagging

his head in a spontaneous gesture mirroring the video
fecund magical toxic like bums travelling incognito, no end
to the purple days we hear groups of silence in the
corners, whims, more chimes, a formal spasm

while pedagogic appears lethal the seduction of things
boulevard period life monotone almost a rich panoply
intricacies and expensive cheese in the kitchen
motionless encased in a mist hazy like a spray

of ideas formed in the mouth and spit out
like sour wine into the face of the conversant, a gift
considering estuarial ardors and orbs like tendencies
abandoned, ovoid shapes held in tension rigid like

dialogue, in spurts, between two cozy bent somewhat
lame looking dulcét lately disinterested a red soft
pillow to placate interior weather dangerously vibrato
figures blur to take on functional punctuation in the memory

a rude shatter of palette as everything suddenly disintegrates
dissolves disappears leaving only thin air and solid
objects forcing us to rely solely on
the wisdom of the heart, and something else.

ALLAN KORNBLUM

Lost and Found

The way words
Sparkle and shine
They mesmerize
My mind
Drinking coffee
Or wine

When I look
With only eyes
I'm blind, I grind
To a halt

Then letters
Float to the sky
I can read the sign
Everything's fine

How I Became a Writer

It's been a long time since last I wrote, and I feel a stranger to these typewriter keys. The keys unlock the door to the room with The Big Chair, from which one can see The Big Picture. What is The Big Picture? In the summer of 1969, Mary Ferris and I lived in Keene, New Hampshire. But we knew very few people there. So every other weekend we hitchhiked to Boston. The road between Keene and Boston went through a particular small town whose particular name I forget. The sole industry of that town was the construction of straight-backed wooden chairs. This town didn't have a main square, but the road passed what must have been the Town Triangle, a patch of green highlighted by a monument to the town's industry: an enormous straight-backed wooden chair. No swirls, no swoops, no dips, not even any arms- a monument as much to simplicity as to the chair. Whenever we passed that chair I would get a chill, I would wonder who was going to sit in that chair, and what would that person want to eat for dinner? That summer I was just beginning to write poetry, but the poems were very bad, because I didn't realize that that chair was for me. I never did really learn how to write- at 3 a.m. one May 1970 New York night, I woke up, reached for the typewriter, and found myself sitting on The Big Chair. Didn't give it a thought, as me and my typewriter went to town. Only from The Big Chair can one see The Big Picture which fills the soul of the writer as fingers fly.

JIM BRODEY

DREAM (Feb 3 79)

huge buildings, brick streets --- very hot muggy (direct sunlight) South American night-day --- Bill Burroughs, a polite German student, some kind of doctor; Jerome Rothenberg in a tub of water talking to me over the phone --- whizzing thru streets very fast in an open touring car --- smoke opium --- bars, floral shops, textile stalls, beautiful women (dark) on bicycle --- long harbor shadows, hot late afternoon on bricks --- Mother's voice saying "Don't talk to the natives they all wanna kill Americans" --- Burroughs saying "That's a load of bull" --- everybody very polite, friendly, German student especially so --- I have the impression of 0 coming on.

DREAM (Feb 4 79)

Crystal clear blue (no cloud) Hollywood day, on patio off tree-lined residential street --- bright sunlight incredible blue day, jet streams over head --- a locomotive moving across the sky --- surrounded at large oblong glass table by various Surrealist notables (Paul Eluard; huge huge Mark Breeding eyes; Breton: ignoring me generally; Bunuel: lost looking at butterflies in garden beyond; Char's soft misty eyes & funny modern shiny hairdo; Tzara: quiet & thin studiously handsome like James Chance but oddly quiet-dangerous & certainly cute; Dali: also quiet but with a nutty smile; Ernst: so young & bird-like; Benjamin Peret: most interesting poetically (to me) & talking in my direction (polite & interested in me) --- all buzzing in business suits & conversation. Robert Duncan arrives, handshakes all around, some laughter --- we're introduced, he remembers meeting me before & is very polite & surprised I'm in this company --- suddenly: a huge pair of very blue eyes appear & gush blood --- I wake up to muffled but still very loud Sex Pistols lp playing in Stimulators' apt below mine.

REAL LIFE

I don't traverse this earth
armed with triggers, angels & demons
but a hunger is worth any price
a stupor to unwrap swallowing
the sacred flake
& slip bare into time's bloodstream

verse spies demure as real smears
to hang with you is so divine (out there) rived
too many colors collate darkness
bright blue coconut chocolate cities
rolling masterpiece hunks combine to form
the outskirts to another lovely vice

pleasurable fingers trace forearm
pear-scented flesh lifts in hermetic dust
being so strange to one of some light
the voices know all my Motown favorites
melodious clods reckon energy loose

Goldilocks meet the human shredder

3 - 8 - 79

TURN POEM AROUND

Holy shit
I realize
I'm laying
In bed, orange
Covers & pink
Trout sheets
Big books open
Apple pie $\frac{1}{2}$ eaten
Yoghurt carton
Plastic spoon
Milk sausage bun
Big roach
In paw, lights on
Lights on
Middle of day
Lights on
Digging
Peter's lovely
Lonesome poems
Carried away
Into myself
Wanting sex
Every minute
Knowing those
I'll love next
Are thinking
Wanting
It too, happy
But still
Wanting
Only
You

LENNIE TRISTANO, NO WIND

Waves: applause, fathoms above, calm air
Lets in fur rainbow bruise, layered light
Without a name yet, bluesy sweet lozenge
Of no sleep, tint: a young Monk sweeps up
Fragments of the living dream, Danube
Suction rides the Rhine clean & smooth
Jaunty, Yang is beginningless, dawn star
Echoes atonal nudge: applause, not the
Slightest ripple pushed so far as to
Dissolve these desires, tiny aches

Birthplace of waves, bottomland quivering
Bargain basement riches of sound, hydroponic voices
Stage left gorge evaporation, sizzling satin
Needles that pierce & don't try, pins locate
Density of longing embargoes each kiss, seaward
Rushing expendable charms, moods that light
Drifts in & out of, a popular treatise
On food, the lesser weirds unscrew

These blues are the streets themselves, heat
Rises throwing distortions off, lingering
Resonances feathers of applause, tremors
& awful salads dot the attention we pay
To surfaces, what's below disorder
Love plays no part in, vacant yawn
& plush air, waves swim through
Golden dawn teeming with earlobes

NEW YAWK IS ALL JOY

new yawk is all joy
cloudy slashed membrane
brain on the line, what line?
the brain of tenderness, on
the bottom of the great deck,
cabby smoke sizzling through
34th nostril

4 am wrong number keeps ringing
CONSTANT BRRINNGG, new dots
blink purple & red in bleak hue
gargoyles pumping zombie fuel,
addictions scamper, radiances
evict spidery threads attempts
to ensnare the sappy consumer,
downer of headache & scalp sores
bursts through cemented halo
of potholes & dogshit

new yawk is all joy
terrifying & old, crumbling, rebuildt
nutty gothic amidst stainless steel
mansions teeming with lunatics, fear
that strange juice we share with chicago
the backwards peek the sideways glare

6 - 1 - 79

EXPLOSIONS & LOVE

RETURN TO FOREVER (1968) Young Italian choirboy takes a pill & turns into Sophia Loren with a new book to sell. Robert Conrad (in brilliant makeup job) as the boy. Guest cameos: Rosemary Clooney (as you know who!), Walter Slezak, Alex Katz appears briefly as Rembrandt with Jane Russell as Mrs Rembrandt. Takes an active Imagination.

WHO EATS BRUNCH? (1965, MCA Musical) Althea Gibson's debut as Willie Mays' illegitimate daughter from teen romance. She is befriended by Reggie the Rich Kid, who is proving manhood training for Olympic water polo team. She makes team instead, risking romance. Woman athletic trainer introduces her to depraved life in Tokyo underworld, where she encounters the trade that has made Reggie's father rich. Suicide and dining table dialogue follow. Reggie: Sidney Poitier. (JG)

B.C. REGAINED (1999, Creative Fiction Unlimited, English) Smart, adult chic fare combining weird makeup and scenery displays, excellent performances (Julie Christie and Faye Dunaway) as Charlotte & Emily Bronte in love with the same pinhead, an expert diver (played by Alain Delon) and Francis The Talking Mule does a charleston against the Newport yacht races. All of this immensely entertaining hodgepodge of plot no plot & several reel snips is enhanced twofold by the 3-D effects and the miniature of New York City (in a flashback) melting via blue radiation. Music by Kiss. Costumes by Eskimo Pie. Stanley Kubrick, Producer. If only for that too brief cameo performance (red hot!) by Gene Autry, this is a stunner.

THE HISTORY OF EGO (1932, German/South African musical) Talk about your spectacles! This infamous challenge to decent taste still inflicts the viewers with scenes of amazing actual horror. Despite the scenes of mass torture and bloodshed (although these can be waved aside when taking the artful view), the birth of a Helicopter from the stomach of a salamander filled many an audience with moments of uncertainty. The songs are bloodthirsty. The dancers stink but they are naked. The camera work is hazy, unless this film was shot completely in shadows or deep gloom. There's not much story but plenty of gore. A tireless classic for the S&M crowd. Rereleased by request of various congressmen. Well, the history of ego is a hard grind. Go with someone you fear. Hohum.

JESUS PARKER (Egyptian, 1956) This film combines the lives and music of Jesus Christ and Charlie Parker. Jesus: Tony Curtis. Parker: Godfrey Cambridge.

THE GREATEST HITS OF ADOLPH HITLER (1951, German/French) This weird travelogue combines some of the worst scenery in Europe with some rather distasteful songs about the camps. There is a scene from Dickens, and Tarzan (played by Lord Greystoke himself) appears for an instant at a crap table. Not as bad as THE HISTORY OF EGO, but well on that road. The director, Otto Noh (a Japanese/German S&Mer) also dredged up the cold thrilling vopor romance, PINHEADS DANCE which puts punks on a spit & rockers into deep fry. I understand from one of my agents in Germany that Noh intends to film a proposed 15-hour film version of the entire life of a one celled animal into the Nazi of today. Music by Devo. Kris Kristofferson plays the one-celled beast. The highlight for us: Mike Sappol's surprise cameo as the voice of Labor.

LENNY BIT ME (1980, MCA Musical) Picture yourself upon the knee of Fate, chew some bubblegum, make a face. A too cutesy Charles Adams type, Joey Heatherton on a leash, three dead mice and a beautiful blue couch named Phil. A guitar left wailing Martian static in a bathroom in the Bronx. Peals of laughter, orange sea breeze nutmeg vapors exonerate the silent moods, then EXPLOSIONS, gas flame pulse fountains blazing flesh urinal munch, all-clear rally of pouts. A little animation, not enough. Music by the Egotones, Link Wray, Charlotte Carter and Clarence Carter. Would have been better had they used real humans. Ushers in the coal-colored era of Lenny. More to come from these creatures.

RIPPED GUTS (1980, MGM/20th Cen. Fox War Movie) New Mel Brooks clone epic stars 49 losers in films like Martin Milner, Hugh O'Brien and Gene Barry. Besides these dopes & notorious drags there's 14 well-known "faces" from the famous war movies of the past. Rip Torn growls on a steep slope. Van Johnson just gets that letter from home then gets blown into pieces & each piece gets back up & dances off set. Of course, there's the Fart Sequence here too, but in a rainy muddy foxhole between whacks. Ted Berrigan wanders past mumbling something like "Just like Korea," the credits are fun as well (that clever napalm sequence to make the titles from bombed villages and rice paddies forming the words), well, one could go on forever. This is a nine and a half hour movie. That I think says quite alot right there. Very funny, continuously very funny. Better bring your breakfast, lunch and dindin. On second thought, better not. Because of the length this movie has never been reviewed all the way through. So, sometime, when you're on a few uppers, catch it. Only then.

CHICKEN SHIT (1956, almost-Anti-War Movie) Poor hopeless & the dregs. This nutty futile short (it runs 43 minutes) is aimed at discouraging cowardice during this grey period in American history. Lee J. Cobb is wasted as the chief chicken. Music by DAR. There are no spics in this film. The big thing here is the discovery that a gun is also a Big Mac. Stay home and watch "Bowling for Dollars."

GARY LENHART

Palestinian State

Whiskey vast sidewalk

Souvlaki off blue

Hungry communist discomfort

What did Bob say about the Stalin Pact?

\$3500 for a dining room set

The shit's been in the air since Socrates

Don't bring back my last anxieties

Denizen between cop & Jane

Divorced from sympathy

SOONER BE FURTHER

Who got the weather?

What makes a quickdraw?

First free horrible taste

No cut & dry cure

Entertaining handcuffs mildly enigmatic

When's a girl a faithful sidekick?

Embarrassed Pancho

didn't know

to not quit when it hurt

"Dulcet, French
over spoke much
like Fragonard
with many similes"

Jack showed up salivating

his good shoulders chipped

for angels to stand on, usher

Live heart, include

yellow pools, 172

Roach tattoos scar family of 4

After 19 years she throws

Thoreau up to him

Solitary head heads into a sunset

pretty as cowboy boots

in a girl scout's dream

Blondie

takes her nose job

to a fullback

in his dilapidated prefab

sly under cottonwoods

A mule even if it costs me

Casa Ranch

Noose around my neck

disposes benevolent sentiment

Weird peasant hangs on Twinkie

1/6 perfect energy

Coke + whiskey

Poison juice

to make one plucky

Aren't ears bulwarks pounded again?

See poets torment the wimp, their glee

They don't go out of their way

It's a credo for Masters

I think in bed

you'd be less reticent

To hit you tilts

No judge of saddle

Sheepman logs glossies

It's a shepherd's diary

Cattle barons plan a containment strategy

Call it cognitive dissonance

Does that mean

I can't be Glenn Ford

when I think

it's the right thing

Partners

If you love someone it makes a difference
& Jane Fonda in her study
as if she wore no make-up, is ready
for a cold shoulder, which I've got plenty
What a man feels I hardly think
& seldom get wrinkled out
until o.d.'d my heart gives finally
life to my dying, tending with showers
to destroy the brat & rebuff the tight
It's common as common sense is not
to get tied up, let fly the far-fetched
Look at the shotguns we unload into beer cans
Shorter lives quiet, tolerate & build us

MICHAEL SCHOLNICK

Grief

Their actions are deduced. An old existence at each station.
I renounce the deceptive, gross pleasure. A regard flourishes
for nativity. License the maroon boxcar! I adored the room wood
and watch chain. The so called "facts," to be avoided at all costs.

letter felt sentences and united carefully
judgement within lip brush pad
as skin razor night

and bother in mascara
endless perversely rich stuffed time
torn powder
gel reading one clothes
first apples those false
expected is weakened eyeliner cleansers
since kind which Liquid Glow really hair
sense collection This to geese cuticle
called cottonballs
sparkling furnishes
their photograph in bubble bath

III.

You won't have
to sing much
in that outfit

You don't look that
way either

You mean
all I gotta do
is take out a bullet
and dress the wound

Another screwy dame
How do you circumvent?

go ahead

There are no strings
tied to you

Gloss

The location is faceless
Easily, the creature flies
I, reminds.

The sullen dogwood, its
guile has, consolable
at the outset.

Continuous breakage
in time.

Materials brusque, em-
pirical, as if a tar-
get, jolt. A ravenous
plot.

In, of. How demonic.
A higher mathematics
which presupposes gravity.

A spectrum prophetic.
Wilderness. Candy.

Wine-red Azalea strap.
Bottles; magnificent,
docile.

Noise

Anything rained on. Quavering atmosphere. The flag clangs.
I'm no redneck. No rednecks. Zero sophistication. Conceptually
important. Significantly do. Autumn's an abstraction. Clang.
Your ear falls off. You know all the lobbyists. Fuel pertinence.
The installer needs a band-aid. Unintentionally detail. Ominous
delight. You're bugged. She considers them immediately. Now
they tell the broker. The public speaks. Required dangerously,
the vicissitudes. Avowed. Is there one thing ever? There is
always motion. Etch presents. Takes. The universe dislikes.
Preordained estimates. Unamerican preposterous. Adept figure
hand. Deft post destiny space dial. Autumn's an abstraction.
Paint ugly good. Ready bedraggled blood green phase. Clang.
Real life meets real life.

GREG MASTERS

Can I write about Gary Lenhart the way

Jack Kerouac wrote about Neal Cassady
About say how we rode on the train back from an Albanyized
(that'd be mostly ultranew space sculpture Rockefeller
Pyramid) best from across the river) weekend

& there in that dining car plenty of room at a
white table over train ride drinks the window black & no
lights bright proving houses or no dangling stream of
miniature golf bulbs with some son bent over putting-
Cape Cod summer, 19something, little me could be

not being on the river side of the car I figured
made it even darker that was one second the bar car
attendant was doing magic tricks for a kid with braces
who's mother imagined him further away than that as she
talked with the 2 coast guard guys returning to duty at
Ellis Island or one of the Brooklyn docks cause I heard
them say piers

they drank about a 6-pack each leaving the light
empties in the cardboard rectangular tray the attendant
snitches out of a dispenser arranged so compactly back
there with the percolator and involved shelve trays design
a microwave oven on each end of his neat counter the
plastic wrapped meat sandwiches went in one & a pastry
would later go in the other

she when we did get to Grand Central rolling that
last mile slowly underground but I forgot to look this
time gets off without them saying good-bye maybe home
to tell her teeshirted oldman about it all

closer to Albany than NYC on that firm steel line
we split the last tab Gary makes blotter halves
(there's that sports page headline kind of writing you
told me about way before before the days dysoxen with
Dunkin Donuts coffee to go at last car rides Saratoga

main street walked up & down with a large boring used bookstore presenting its separate table for Barbara Cartlands almost a burger on that side street with the happening looking bars crafts shops one guy here in winter putting together a finely crafted table judging from one he's got polished in the shop's front window)

the food wasn't so good at that paneled luncheonette we ended up in my burger actually weird & fries so late as to be dessert & what a oiled disappointment they were but it was the days sports page, a NY Daily News resting delivered on top of a cigarette machine, you reached over from our counter seats & brought into focus to point out how you learned writing from reading sports pages when I asked you exactly what you meant

when you answered Bonnie Frazer's question, how'd you learn to write asked in the Cherry Valley of yesterday part of the weekend this train carried us away from

GREG MASTERS & TOM WEIGEL

Border Affair

How it was seemed shadowy & credible only to opera singers and antelope. Martha's Vineyard, a country of its own. Pipeline job crush in someone else's news. I was in Europe headed for a 6 month stint on the North Sea but still had money in Paris. "Legal tender" booming brutally through my mind. I'll get it back, I thought. In town there's the Left Bank and McDonald's. It's Spring, of course, Americans inflated, all the wrist watches in chains. Everyone's a problem solver.

The river's been abandoned, a sad umbrella. All the robbers in denim. The politics of fuck. The marshals have replaced you all over our country. Your mother has to keep me informed. I haven't used one pushpin since I've been here. It's not what you say, what you're doing to me puts me vacant on Fifth Ave. and its afternoon coiffure. Don't forget to return my sunglasses. And its almost welcome to the eighties where you'll catch up on your sleep. Once we were incurable for Frank O'Hara, now we're just drifters.

The manual told us vendors could ransack the boulevard. Milano offered us relief even if it was a tourist satori. In other climes we'd be in excess like a breath of summer. Falling asleep with clear-cut clouds or another hysterical window. The ocean's ironic arrived at and a hometown. Suggestive of boardwalk epics I fell flat. My memory is a painting I'd syndicate to convince the dance crowd. I'm through asking directions.

Three seconds of white suits then I'm back in the states. With vodka I dominate the corner. Maybe standing on some other guy's masterpiece, foot in the prehistoric puddle headed for the rally at the center of distraction. Instant Vortex. All this and disappearing ink. Your name on the door; another girl, another planet- just a song. But none of this fits. A hot bath with you to look forward to. The season explodes promoted like a monogram.

5 - 12,29 - 79

RKO

A camouflage in newly painted estates, in a sanctified frame, we adjust the latches, admitting not only scope, but an unnamed experience of translucent, transparent and dank blue daylight, bitten on the lunar image by God's remission. Spades. Everywhere triangle refines. Exiled libertine mothers walk around accused. There's nobody on boats like the practical Ionians headed for them in this or any dream landscape. Just some bourbon induced idea of a saxophone from the next room splitting the immediate surroundings. Not sirens on Ave. A, more, Darwin on 3rd base that I remember again wanting to head south on your body. Which is, they say, sheer serendipity. To be flagrant in the botanical symmetry, it radiates the off-kilter sundial. Gargantuan, lone mates, possessed of skills like hammering. All the mongoloids rocked.

Experience echoes in these fresh rooms - whistles, reviews & binary numbers. May devastates the wine while collars pick cake. One coffee, not ~~too~~ light, please. The weekends, however, allowed even more corporations to bus their equipment. I achieved a total identification with that breath, which recited the one meaning: visual. Paydays proclaimed in advance for the coachman. Whole belts ushered to seats that I remember even today as no gender link beer, feminine proclivity. Peripheral burgers. Tough ushers dance down their aisles. On a good night we'd send them home inspired.

It's really a question of last Spring's toll collector the way she said "I'm suffocating" & we laughed in our drowsiness as if nuptial. The ways the reviews sound remind me to be terrified of calm. The neutrons fell, presupposing a mindful win. This irritated the bourgeoisie who would have enjoyed inscribing their own names on the same dungeon rock as B-y-r-o-n.

I dreamed last night that I would go anywhere and it was your dream. There was idiotic wallpaper in the study. Philanthropic athletes glistened in respect to Pride. The local blood is destructive, not of feeling. In two weeks we'll be gone anyway. I've prepared the maps & have fixed you a tonic. Where we go should have pianos in the mountains, assembled birds, practical prescriptions auctioning the afterlife. Who can live in the future? No one. No need to reconvene the cessation of floating. Gargoyles, angelic & wrinkled, swayed in model composure. Tied to the ravenous notes of Jazz pitched inestimable void elucidates. Now carries balloons. Thus temporal, death's forgiveness driven and reduced to a valve with buttons. Vain mystics feel the wrath of my beans. Voices. Neighbors on line together at the bodega. It was the middle of a nap but I knew what I was doing.

The Stimulators are playing Max's on Monday, we should go together. We are rustic. I never rested. You were on edge, moral & passionate. As ghosts seek treasure, I aimed a waffle at prejudice. We reached the plateau. The mist & our memories are another aisle. As long as Maggie has to sweep discos at dawn I refuse to acknowledge all clocks.

Afternoon Hotel

The afternoon's a test when we gather in dopey doorways. There's a crush on the facade & its gold. Accordians in heaven like morphine I'm looking down on it. One's stock against dirty dishes with snow. The ten choirs put in a biology dashboard. Outside, you never lost. Never scared with red beard of sticks.

I fucked plants to illustrate my missing link theory. It messed up my dreams. Dread was purity till I shot it up. Timeless ten seconds, pure as Christ. The window was filled with disgusted neighbors. Even the tape recorder slowed down. All my nights were arranged. I could feel the snow melting miles away. The inside of composition were driving rules. We fostered reflective station-wagons & rode headlong, feet first into cosmological light flung in economy of its own. Jump ball. Halos of gnats.

Visitors would sit inventing new perspectives. Drums were tuned & melodies restored. We proved electric, later calling it material to work with. Another district's dresses sewn dethroned the whisperers. Then we shelved our doubts like the confessional diary. Pragmatic proprietors remained silent. History like a fire escape remodeling simple genes.

There are photographs bleached to the heals of progress -- at the given hour of inventive chimes we fall into rehearsal.

Overview

Resilient & tenacious

I am here for you
like Times Square's minimal revisions to graphic chaos

Regression & work

is where it's at

Three top musicals

for the urge to go out
young Avery from Connecticut sat down
a man among men

only in the desert

put on the morning like a blazer
then what's next?

consult Don Juan

Midnite breezing into Ukrainian National Home

what do they take you for?

breeze out

the life of all matter

(or)

what's the matter with life
seems a question of taste
culled from cutting room floor

Social Structure

for Jim Brodey

Bugs, Baby, you don't shut down a landmark
let's get out of here

zip

park yourself there

Witness now electric frogs impasse

tractor justice -- irreverence

the bunk of gods & canyons

love's tour de force

don't say I didn't warn ya

Shimmering sheer air

the upward waking dozers

vindicating substantial sweetest

loud sounds

Sounds played for energy trusted

Openness to thought

Delight & the weed

prevails like new paint

3 - 3 - 79

Spectacle

Children of the week bloom on American reefer
death's injection is willful rejection of the void
across 50 odd states your plasma crying rivers
and to come back as a cat I can't wait
for who because you're really so tough getting up
to get up for errands & work & supreme nothing life forcing
dead as dominoes on clean music's turnpike
it's the fucking reactionary dawn too
yet who can stop me from rockin' all nite
who in place of articulate conversation I'm unwittingly lacking
Amazing Dikes Amazing Women Step Right Up
Dance like the last word is dance instead of fuck
you the ex-Freddie of the floorboards & boardwalks
chenille finds a raw new fan of this persuasion
& Heartbreakers definately rip thru my stereo's alley
a loud hopeless most possessive strain
describes the limits yes & the broke & the hungry & the dazed
& the brown-eyed woman who hates me for caring
I can relate to the blues too tho I'm not of or like you

A certain Pablo is back on the block
the discreet move
later you notice him & think of summer
contemplating England too
Do people still say "rubbish" there with any conviction?
That porcelain Chinese vase splits one sorry day
on the mantle in the Indiana mansion where
its mistress ventures a rampage of self-disgust
Bored beyond apparitions
she is Dracula's easy mark
even her sickle dreams turn to pretzels
untouched by the velvet finger of tragedy
the excitements of endangered flesh
or even the casual danger of taking the pill
if only she'd clean up her act & skip wearing
those dismally bright patterns from Sears
& learn to breathe correctly
before finally submitting herself to the hour
of her domination & demise
by the hairy hands of a delinquent saint

So I'm pressed to admit the histrionics of infra-red
fluorescent tubes invading the domes of the rising city
but you Art of all Ages Super Queer stand firm
everywhere in this greased tunnel of time

purveyor of my extra-sensual
awakening in self-creating space
you armies of the night
you furies you harpies you harbingers of what
the nearness of the no-stroke painting
newer & better inspections of the day's spills
of traffic & fame & uncertain pain
onward to the acute accident of joy
sideways you can walk thru the nite undaunted
where there's a saxophone crooning over your shoulder
& the negligible implication of entire classes
& the ever-fickle public coughing
for there is something achingly twisted
in the multi-colored lonely crowd
waiting to get into The Wiz
& later the Russian Tea
then later Studio 54 or Regine's
and later much later homeward-bound on the last train
to Scarsdale amusing themselves with pocket calculators
unbridled passion appears
in six red zeroes pushed to "clear"

2 - 27 - 79

Weigel/78

ROSE LESNIAK

Votares

In the few two decades I've lived
acceleration of government visions
pushing distractions
to divert us from the here
dimension
Do, do explore the people of the drift
and bring us all together.

Muted activity of the 70's
makes it imperative
the next sound will be a loud CRASH
the massive jaws clamp,

and here is my promise, my love,
to delve deeper for the changes,
to spit and strike and fight!
And I'll admit it!
I loved material more than you.
You'll be glad to know I'm working to stop
carousing in heartaches
standing before the loom.

It's an arduous unravelling
of all I've been trained to do.

Chicken Pox

we're touching eachother
so we can be absent