

*BIG SKY* Number Three (1972)

The Clark Coolidge Issue

Introduced by Tom Clark, Edited by Bill Berkson

## WHAT IF JIMI HENDRIX . . . ?

The operation of the brain is a nonlinear process. It is a system of self-organization where given sets of oscillations pull themselves together into a given frequency band. (Think of radio).

Neural activity is a multiplicity of simultaneous operations functioning in a continuum. The basis for the system is frequency modulation. (The Clark Coolidge Code Angle).

Picture a bag of marbles with supernatural powers . . .

"Words are like the film on deep water." — Wittgenstein

The direct experience of the brain is always invisible. Even the instants disappear. Did there used to be a "time" and "space"?

On the integrative neural level there are no visual images, no sounds, no taste, no physical feeling, no odor. Does a telephone have feelings? ("When the telephone rings we don't know but listen").

The flashing seems like half visual experience, half thought. As these aspects bounce back & forth, one slowly learns to distinguish "surface grammar" from "depth grammar".

Without surface grammar we cannot build housing developments. The bulldozers won't move an inch. The poems stick to the books. "A huge white wall".

Lists of algorithms?

The phenomenal layer is literally prelogical. "Space" has no outlines. ("ocean a foot deep and six boxes wide "). The eyes see nothing; the ears hear nothing.

The lion blinks less than once a minute; some monkeys blink at an average of 45 times a minute. Blind people have normal blink rates. (It's all happening at once!). I blinked twice during Viz.

A final warning: reading these works may be hazardous to your Entropy.

Tom Clark  
9.9.71

## THE FOLLOWING WORDS

In order of the side of the square to be front, normal register, at a time of continuing transparence, pinned to the brilliant feature of the section of a whole, an immediately afterwards open center to a sentence.

In a few words a parabola met at the point in their middle.

The point to their voice joined and stretched out through the air by which points appear motionless in lights.

On the way the following day was light.

# THE GRIN STEEPS

for Jimmy Schuyler

1.

which such as it is the fridge blunt and many  
been

    Finnish aground on bulb  
the bland hurry flams  
too such too plate to phase  
hack place

    twin stilted bound and douse  
its left

    more donned off twi-lit seem  
drubbed drub and drubs

2.

plast it's deft  
    you sun  
apt to plaid  
    which stunts  
as dun it pins  
raft to perk  
    accounted to  
fen whisks as might stand  
    to loon  
is few runnel to vent  
the crane lap  
    student meter  
oblong steins

3.

modal, clone, & Wimpy  
its standard  
plaint jello mounts off this stile  
a glowed pound  
the rest and punt  
Kyowa styles  
a post dynamo prandial  
off beamish  
Toronto  
    a lock of argon  
the brand some time  
off clutch mercurial

4.

a jewel that a tent thereon  
    films  
    duets, losses  
        a mime or bud times  
the cap flakes off set in tune  
    some it came  
kame or plinth      where has been  
                    belts

5.

iceless as oval is  
a mind a met stipple  
inks at bulk median  
a cue as map it makes it  
quite  
ordinal as rugose  
tracing reels oils off  
likeness cores  
stays  
lights as lighter than

6.

plenty as three as thoughts are  
were blunt  
don time as lead  
a sign crow  
the told back vaunted pinch leans  
are though runs as through as stamps

## AS LIGHT

from the light  
from the period

at  
by the all along since

a  
than any  
of  
of a form

quite  
structures

spooF  
rows

WHITE

answers at these words no times matter what  
no over  
an are  
there of much keeper ago

development  
antique  
filling

whom to throw from word  
gray as if  
in the

ambit elbow is balloons

is in a view  
the these proceeds

door the same either well  
each plus and that's two  
worse no kind  
one eighty last even



our how it is whole  
our but turn  
to how stop and again  
all right that what

("hard knock")

a  
live in that signed

matter  
are an over no  
of the or  
an of

the can't the next am drink  
in assemble  
dials  
gray certain empty

the out sweet what  
several matter lies dine  
color

nobody some  
and there is unless

now and that one then  
am on it and in both  
    which  
    hold  
    out of quite

woman  
than  
woman

I wish I don't know it will I turn I mean  
    on believe rust  
    of as if it  
    in all

still  
or gorge  
a through  
some

yet there about only  
    is note  
    are note

out of every so  
fast

gorge

an  
and the  
must waves  
wrong end

as if it  
at all  
in

out of a  
counterbalanced  
seal

even on our far to be so  
yes fault  
some whole  
drawn shown  
blank blank

finicks

stick of the

on since

moot manse

cram one

here in the no one other final which

there first

## DEEP SPACE, DARK PAPER

(or)

## IN FOR A COLOR

DeKooning has as lacquer does. So he devised a way of keeping pentup energy suddenly released. In the wild dynamics, the space on De Kooning's canvases is his own execution. The importance of all this will become animal pain. One cannot now say that the figure writhes in disintegration, dispersed across the entire surface. Here, then, is the DeKooning space: canvas. Behind her still exists the background.

It was a long fever, a 3-year self-immolation of brilliantly realized paintings in the mature battlefield. No other artist ever left such paintings. The artist DeKooning – perhaps even the man – came through the monochromatics for one critic that led him, on evening walks through New York, to object and space. The figure is tattered and torn in the depthless arena of a mere surface. Even the Gallery had offered him a one-man show.

DeKooning, deeply tinged with bitterness, had seized many artists. Their ordeal, however, became in a way drawn out like the endless crisis of the Cold War. With all its deep implications, this was the space paint.

"Positive-Negative" suggested itself as a name, seething with "a kind of deathly turbulence". DeKooning smashed this myth. Even McBride noticed them change. Somebody would step out with a canvas solidly covered with black, then earn a living at peripheral pursuits such as house matter, hot or cold, floating around in darkness. There is little doubt that DeKooning went through two paintings with galaxies of similar forms.

The space on DeKooning's canvases is his own like food.

DeKooning discovered in the dismemberment harbored ambiguities. A few saw "gaiety" in the pupils: "The all-important thing . . . to try to paint thoroughly wet only for a limited time and toothily". Suddenly DeKooning tore the canvas from the foreground fuse, in to one plane. Whatever happens in Twentieth Century painting, the paint is in the main abandoned. As in similar works by Gorky, the hands would soon be painting.

A characteristic picture painted about 1936, "Gun", in that year drove DeKooning "according to a great design of aimlessness". Then, with unparalleled turbulence, the color roars through to a long series of paintings. The only clue now is fusing the extreme opposites of size.

Though Willem DeKooning once believed that "an arm could be a leg, a hand, a bird", they finally accomplished the full externalization of his thumb and made a shape on the canvas. "Then", he said, "is a metaphor. You have to work with it."

Short of stopping painting altogether, he had only tacked the face. Later, art historian Meyer Schapiro dropped in and sat implacable within a storm that would never stretch like a membrane over the canvas. It be cease. "I am truly bored with it now", he has said.

Forms, obviously, imply space. Just as forms may dream they hallucinate us with motionless food. The breakthrough was soon to come.

The breakthrough came in 1957 with the painting "Tion". Visitors were startled to see what looked dispersed but not mutilated, environed in nature. DeKooning's feelings were mixed. Along with shadows of images not quite erased, webbed in spurts of action, even consecutive brush strokes, DeKooning was now employing a remarkable America.

Virtually nothing is known of DeKooning's work. He himself recalls only a time of struggle to paint surfaces. DeKooning has now begun a museum. "I'm not through living yet", he observed.

DeKooning's remark: "I stand at the place which a searchlight flashes on and off" means (a part of DeKooning's own private ritual) that each year he is deeper and deeper in paintings. Even at their most angular they are still.

DeKooning now returned to the use of oils, and the slow-motion picture or the timeless slow methods. He forced calligraphy and forms into a personal strategem. Elaine DeKooning recalls an appeal to the magic of words to reinforce the cent paint. They were nobodies.

Here, then, is the DeKooning space: (during which his friends rarely saw him and rumors flew) large, one or two to a canvas, hastily scrawled, rectangles for a window, tire surface, numberless torso, muscular brush and then. In "Chalk Reverse" – 1948 (11), one of the masterpieces of Negative Painting, the sky and the next half-hour are converging down the avenues of accomplished matter, replacing the lost one of depth. "That space of science", he has said, "interpenetrates with Public Space".

DeKooning had discovered a valuable expressive dilemma. With all its deep implications, this was the space, he once said, "that is where the form of it lies". Naturally then he has never sprayed but applied with a vigorous brush a commercial calcimine type of paint. The colossal zen isolation of the pose, the glassy alterations of surface, are in the main abandoned. Freedom is extended to buy paint or pay the rent.

At the deepest level then, Willem DeKooning emerged, anyone sold a painting, no one ever dreamed of knees and nearly filling the canvas. Behind them lay antiquity. DeKooning felt it. DeKooning, too, lives in his paintings. DeKooning rejected. When the right time came, DeKooning would know it.

When DeKooning's *Woman* materialized, he had an energy and speed beyond the human. Having anger there was infinite regret. So these appalling series rather than separate periods. Close study turns mere ugliness into nightmare. Yet even the violence has fissures. Only the alien misery of that physicist's coursing tensions tautens and stretches. On this torn arras, The Woman would not be destroyed. She becomes the artist. She has said he thought they were looking for subject matter. Behind her still exists the background.

"The stars I think about, if I could fly, I could draw down into a two-dimensional universe and painstakingly sandpaper to approximate the glassy perfection of Ingres."

DeKooning now tested his new-found freedom: "Irony", revealing the fanged voracity behind the "soft surface of Cubism". The airless landscapes of the Street of Wings and the Spiral Garden veer from a dense and seemingly complete non-time. In any important sense this is impossible. The circulating viewpoint is always happening and never complete.

Complexity once overwhelmed us, now it is barred. "Year's end", says Mrs. DeKooning.

Mrs. DeKooning said, "I can almost remember his thumb, and make a shape on the canvas". This action in reality was not an end but a clue to the words DeKooning once used as a result. "The *e* has become a floorlamp seen from above", he says.

Suddenly DeKooning tore the canvas from the wall and threw it out with an ancient wise idiocy. Then, buttoning up, he began to eat.

## COLOR SLIDES

	dream
profiles	black
pines	iceberg
projects	yellow
bird	hung
piece	packed
coast	ocean
park	floor
piece	cloud
slant	late
summer	tilted
wall	white
passage	double
negative	wild
goose	two
yellows	love
sculpture	wall
piece	green
blue	flat
rate	black
bottle	velvet
rope	blue
square	



	feasible
monuments	
	carnal
clocks	
	horse
blindens	
	black
olympia	
	square
spiral	
	orange
juice	
	your
own	

## MOUNT NOTES

1.

grasps latching in rock bark of tree milk  
the ledge of edge on leafy & more maneuvers  
the clasp rickety in farm slants, too loose the rock monk  
trail snarl in bristled peans, gonky moon shells  
the grass shifts beneath sit it, miles of tramp void  
the keys pearling in fathomless starling, broken pod seals  
the gnash is too scab & light tint tip flicks  
mount gossamer flea dungeon, it is too raise  
– sifting quartz peas a butterfly misses

2.

obsidian bunkers trailed marsh peat hit or missing  
the grapes unwind unfound under scarp, the scree giggles  
conception slab the mind tilts glancing, gloss on shafts  
acid sharp front face rifting, vegetation knocked  
undersoil lil' pika, drib milk the sod vest, echo  
planked by side mirror azure resting block & snake  
gone fright amber, tomb its husk, chant away so peak  
– vine stone fisty plain, the rattler void

3.

glance chamber muscular fans, its ribs, lips, tabs  
soil suture plankton escapees amonite stab at, risks  
mighty church in lab the kinks, pines fir on thumb, traipsy  
head grows pin in bark blend, the oval nose, sit, its sit  
mumbly on pate tirade fire the glow slab, ointment rippt bunk  
gone slant on last land, mike-ing the freeze hanger, 'gainst  
sorry, piney, how's lee blend? the slab made fossil sad, band  
mades tool & slabby gneissic chant, chart it in sawdust lab  
bind at capsule robins the slab ash at dusk dust, tin of  
– black lightning magnet bolt, its inner scab & lichen husk

## THE NEXT

the in will  
over from  
as also into as  
in is  
of as as an  
in as or  
as is as as and  
as have as is

a

the as first  
and the and  
the who  
from the as  
is the who in the who and from  
the as is  
as has for of  
own

the for against  
for was or of  
of and of against  
the has or since  
in for was  
of by for or was  
by  
in of to  
the of before

for one the into  
of the by  
an of  
the were  
the of an even by who  
were  
was the with the  
for the and

the in will  
of and and will  
out  
from the will to against from  
the out the  
to the and but is so

the will the of the of that  
and of is a  
of so  
of all and the  
by the the  
of from as a  
of as an or will be  
the in will  
to each to other to be to be to be and to be of

as is a on  
the of has or with  
of be by the be an  
as is the  
and as about as is a  
its as to has  
as without  
its is its  
own

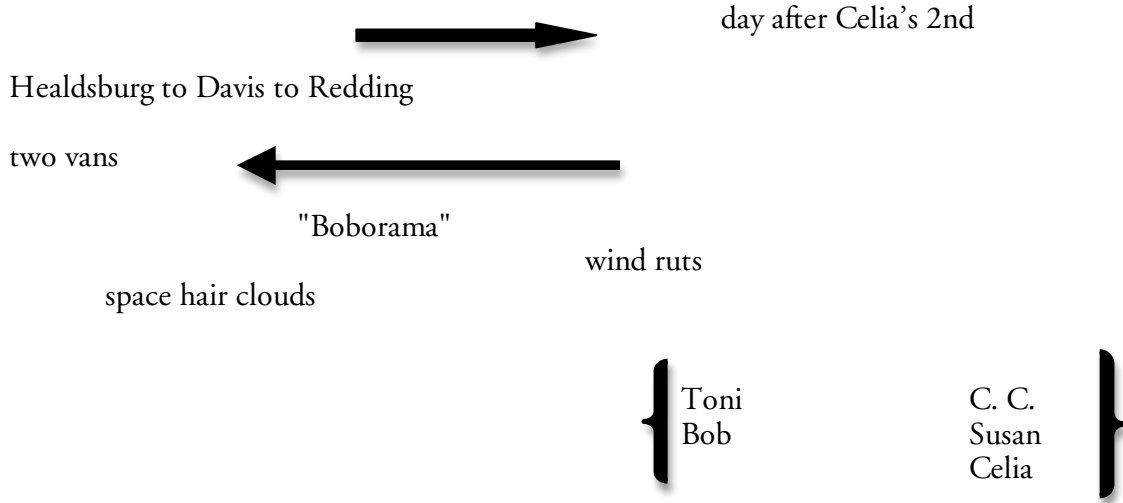
## THE ROAD LOG

(Out West to Back East again)

SF to Providence

271V70 – 8V70

27 April Monday



Celia's shower door hour

"Proberta Gerber"  
(3<sup>rd</sup> grade)

Ball's Ferry  
on the Acid Canal

our postscript to "Capt. Sick"

- { 3 cases intestinal flu
- 1 cold (+fever)
- 1 strep throat }

a bag full of stuff

"Black Buttes again" (follow the road  
at slow-speed proportions)

Travelty House

ahead of the road

supper = "lunch & pinecones"

3-day-old clothes

Tom's goodbye

this house is a neutral letter

“Muzak is a glimpse . . . “

\* SHASTA \*

("mo-cha!")

the Bank-Shot Family Billiard Parlor

(\_\_\_\_\_ Michael's pen . . . point)

TV after dark

letters  
showers

rash, of the chicken?

Where'd *you* go???!?

"Out of Service"

25 Mile Daylight Test

East, by North East

3 choruses of Animal Daddies

"the beaver daddy  
is building a daddy . . . "

ice

Hamilton Beach

"What is the average length of a country?"

(To obtain the value of a sound  
measure from silence.)

wake  
up and

go to  
sleep

"Is it rolling, Bob?"

a space heater  
TV chained to lamp  
boots  
sox  
bags

"night-night", again . . .

two  
light  
switches

lights & dots  
"Songs & Buttons"

Copyright 1970

"The prunes are icin' up. Doc!"

The Record-Searchlight Magazine

(skunk pen)

The Gideons seek to spread the Bible.

TV color spread

"It's too wet."

with genuine ice crystals

"Is that mirror real wood?"

ELJER

---

28 April Tuesday

7:30 A.M.

today's color TV : red faces admit

Celia is pretzles

"Polarization makes sense."  
(machts nicht)



the Modern Jazz Quartet makes breakfast

there is no moisture condition

"No: to Cambodia"

being a pill

Celia strums at the aeolian space heater

Who put the ram  
in the ram-dang-a-ding-dong?

oatmeal & do the no-lotion

"you were me & I was you"

three adventures in one

Turntable Bay  
Luray Caverns in the Rain  
Larry Fagin

"cones"

Gas: \$4.95

temperature drops  
the summit ridge of Shasta

Snow : Weed

Cañon du Chelly  
Guabi-Guabi

in which the snow . . .

Siskiyou Summit: 30 mph, 2<sup>nd</sup>

Bob ahead  
shead

crusin' for burgers in miles of tar

a warmth-up

sorghum beads

losing tomentum

acetone branch

starting from each place at once

Kurt Schwitters

the town of *DRAIN*  
Peebeels Rd.

the 45th parallel  
half-way-point  
Between ecuator  
and north pole



40 m. south of Portland, Ore.

C.C. : "Celia, are you a baby?"

Celia : "Yeah! I be a baby."

Bedrock Puma

Fossil Library : Fossil, Oregon

Sugar Pie Honey Lamb (1960?)

The Star Chamber

---

29 April Wednesday

a rainy morning in Oregon

octagonal egg

"cowboy boots,  
wrenches, man, not  
playthings, wrenches!  
screwdrivers, about  
yay tall, *big* ones!"

the Gulf moon  
big evergreens  
cemetery with dogwoods  
cream Crysler with parking-lights on  
grey jacket with paper sack

Portland, Ore. : Portland, Me.

Swampscott sea rain

"What cha gonna do?  
Tell 'im no deal?  
Can't get your completion?"

JEEP

sample rooms

"Tell 'im to hit the trail"

Celia: "Where'd Basic go?"

Batman's  
Chapel of the Dawn, Inc.  
mortuary

the falls trail  
The Dalles

trap swarms

overhead V  
low level bird  
woodpecker truck

Celia : Bob + Toni = Tomby

Shirley Kaufmann reads poems  
Bob walks into a beam

Portland Split Doubleheader With Salt

mission gibbon

Fearless Harris Stinker Service

hebe hunt

Celia : "bread & pinecones!"  
"Bob & Tomato"

rain on a turnip

baby bluejay

Scenic Wayside

red-headed pheasant  
roadrunners (?)  
magpies  
sea gulls

Boise = two instant replays  
one VW headlight (out)  
one roomlamp (blown)  
one interconnecting door key (missing)  
several bath towels & cups (mess)  
one stomach ache (Toni)

so far . . .

main drag

send a giant pack (Chesterfields) to Ted

white "WALK" lights

---

30 April Thursday

more Boise : "choked" up

"Spring" = Tall"

Chevy

Salt-Chunk Mary

further Stinkers

Hammer of geologist  
will never shatter  
the Rock of Ages.

iced straight lines

Craters of the Moon

Blackboard's AA

backboard pahoehoe

Celia through the cave : "down there"

Indian Tunnel

flow

Down by the River

Inferno Cone  
Snow Cone  
Paisley Cone  
Silent Cone  
Grassy Cone  
Hornito Cone  
Half Cone

movies & stills

bombs

not a Cambodian War

Nellie's Drive Inn (Arco)

the past 20 years on a hill face

jackrabbit

Atomic City ("you can't get to it"  
– Cathy & Michael)

The Atomic Kid (Mickey Rooney)

hot is cold  
cold is hot

The Village Green

tomorrow: we change  
slowly back  
into silicates

Celia (knocking on bathroom door) : "Come in!"

Snoutburler & Brucie

I'm the one  
you're the one  
I'm the one  
you're the one . . . etc.



Hitparader

Black Alice by Thom Demijohn

Man & Dolphin by John C. Lilly, M.D

Hot Rats  
toothbrushing ("Arrow!")

carnelian interiors

X-ray specs

Dr. Pepper & Lady Bowlers

no-views of the river

Dr. Patterson . . .  
time to cut (cookies &) toenail

accordion players are happier . . .

Just's

Andy's rain machine

part of the devil's bargain

Dorn : The Ivory Poet  
McClure : Underwater Dessication

(no ed)

cable of the green man

---

1 May Friday

goin' to Jackson

snow & higher

getting our bearings

Bob's busted

"It's *not* rollin'!"

tow and wait and tow

pebbles & Celia

swings no

backs to the blue slinky oil drum

reverse 40-miles Idaho Falls back to (Bob's)

Body Shop (Smith's)

a long wait around the rim

What if Jimi Hendrix . . . . ?

Minor Watkins

Fenner Wages

trust to no account

another same "our room"

as women bowl  
"no teats!" (Ray Fletcher)

monoxivents

Celia : "pranes!!"

4 dandelions  
? grass  
1 bridge  
1 thing (blue rubber pointed)  
1 motorboat  
3 motorcycles  
1 engine  
1 black hose (snake)

Bob monsters

Laundro

Tarzan & the Lost City of Gold

Celia is rash

hamburger stardust

The Bakers 3 : My Shoes Keep  
Walkin' Back To You

Merv Gum

tomorrow is maybe today

tomorrow's again

day for it

today fixed

---

2 May Saturday

"He's burping!"

"I eating sugar spots!"

shower & postage stamp

We can't keep going back to Montreal!

OK, replay 26.

If you can't break down  
smile as you go by.  
signed, Dwaine Mangus

ride the snake to the lake

The Tetons

caress me Aunt Jemima

firn/néve

turn the corner into Wyoming

Dubois Coffee

no Yellowstone

Jam Up Jelly Tight

either way



marks make  
thing

Mrs. Nay's paintings

next to the giant photograph

Alley Cat by Bent Fabric

There's nothing on earth.

lunch on which butte?

Celia : "Gundus!" ("actually, grōdus!")

light black flats

Antelope Count : 400+

Kinnear, Roy . . .

Range, Wind River = ? (geologically speaking)

Wind River = rhubarb solution

Casper the Wyoming

ghost of the remaining U.S.

fast & bulbous motor psychos

another Milburne Stone classic  
conical gasolines

"millions & *millions* of them!"

Daddy Wombav

Fedders out

---

3 May Sunday

"It's wierd though because  
the length is the length."

Only from the astronaut's point of view  
can one glimpse the entire  
yoga continent.

fences / finished

in a state of wyoming

heart six  
hat six

30.000 historical items

watch for jackelopes

hist site

only in America  
at Wall Drug

pip oversmokes

lost bar

Tiny Town

pop 5

lozenge-ward

Vasomotor

snow remnants : shale remnants

Van Tassell (George, Giant Rock Airport)

but he was a good driver  
dun loss

Back East  
To Wall Drug

ramp dun bird so

Lusk Plunge (detail)

Max Jacob & Erik Satie  
soundly atree  
in kneeline

(Keenline  
Keeline  
Keynsham)

ball rolls uphill at Cozmos

Wall I'll be Drugged

Duhamel's Sitting Bull Crystal Cavern

Birch Beer = black tongues

"better than good"

"it's been named right"

I'll repeat that . . .

Gum Arabic : Hugh O'Brien

TV = a Delay in Glass

a man carrying nothing

Celia : "*people's heads!*"

My job's going to be keeping in *touch* with you.

My job's going to be keeping in touch with *you*.

tam moil

There's a wierd shower in there.

Gano Downs

Pink Beer

fossil turtles

write with absolute silence

time with money

You've Got The Silver

Nazi Cartoons

Lana Carturner

Johnny Guitar, Meester

The Main Burger Stem Turnaround

with the thing hanging down . . .

The Legend of the Golden Arches

the hollow hill hanger movie

a toroid tractor  
milk is for people who do

Where it is?

chemo beamer

bath hole, sort of

---

4 May Monday

Moroni & Smith

a child event

Scaramouche

The Postcard Collection

motive parts

gumbo till

oils the Book of Mormon

green gum  
orange gum  
blue gum

a new underwood

Wall To Wall

Stuckey's Clear The Range

The role of silence is to restore objects.

nursery mantras by Susan

gala hack

designing elevators better than the haul up to

Assemble-Yourself Helicopter Kit

Live Your Life Out Loud

by the Metal Cowboy Band

Grand Dalinian *Dessicator* Land

Jap's maps

evanescence of Brown Jenkin

Badlands to Greenland

the Peoples' Market, Uptown. Konoka

dreaming over a page

battery motorized tar strips

car glide

Dvgel

1965 – "one pair brown cowboy boots . . .  
said the shack by the turnout  
– kind of run down now (no wires)

Murdo sounds

on us

"papers very bad, Meester!" = \$22.60

"I arrest you." – John Wesley Hardin

It must be some time between sentences sometimes.

Block Ice : White Gas

Plankinton

Charles Mohr

Art VanDamm dinner time

Chlorine Noon

a Day of Poots

now I know my ABCs

---

5 May Tuesday

Eye-Yah-Yah-Yike Us!  
Nobody likes us!

Bob : "Are you a holy roller?"

Celia : "Yeah."

souffles

"Minnesota . . . no . . . uh . . . Minnetonka "

\* Grain Belt Beer \*

Celia : "baseball beer playing tennis!"

Klatt Pontiac

Guckeen

Gay Stride

Blue Earth Sabre Jet

Howard Hawks Country

Alvin Thate's road (hips)

two lane "boat" wakes

empty thugee feelings

The Repeat Paper

Minnesota Caverns (new) Spring Valley

Beware of Chevy

soy bean burgers

Homer's Argos  
hearing Handel's largos  
as the car goes

Hemp Museum

Castle Rock Flowage

Ride the Ducks (Wise. Dells)

Celia Renfield

Patters on Quarries

Do the Madison

portatoes

burned down the "Croakers"

Billy

---

6 May Wednesday

divergence twines

lost pen

HWY BB

Rinehart's Taxidermy

Fingerhut

Onan's Electric Plants

Clarke's Floor Machines

Gary Pulver

all this livin' off the road  
is gettin' pretty old

Phil presents Bobby

the sound of one shower clapping

---

7 May Thursday

Jim Brodey

Charlie McCoy

Baker Caverns, Pa.

A. Bell Brubeck Time Dream

Ho Jo trip hammer

The Seeker

"fucks"

Guantanamo Naval Base

John Wesley Hardin

pastilles

Bill Austin / Larry Austin / Nancy Austin

Floyd cut those trenches by hand by the helictites.

Zappa

I hope I go ahead and got up

door in the street

gassininity

Brainard Road

Hammermill Papers

The Booster

The Long Distance

---

8 May Friday

you can't see it, you can't hear it . . .

What'd I Say

waits

Flah & Co.

no-bar



Rockalizer Baby

become a shag

and the air goes over the air

The Empire Finals At Verona

Westmoreland (N.H.) green flourite xls

lag bead

erratics

Who Drove the Red Sportscar

Coeymans  
Roundout Beds

somebody buy me a mountain

with a cave up there

diner tube

on the Blue Bus

you can eat the box

winker elbow

purple heart highway

Quaker's Dunwich Horror

Branch Cypress

dots

VIZ

tows part

and

lain

delit a down

pats

a

on an

twelve

asks tops sakes

glows it

due as

apt

the which the lens

tans

so lieu

asterisk a clan par

lave a what sats

ONE AND ONE'S ON

has to is it  
time of  
eye lace  
bland  
it is it not in  
blands

a cam pale aid  
ices  
    ones said  
a par left east  
a so is that is  
a miles used to one  
as whole than  
some outs  
tar as

do  
    by and  
not and and one  
out then same as in in it  
very that is there it is  
a mar than  
each of say on one is who  
there whoms  
it whoms  
as dumb an  
tone to

## THE SKIPPERS

for Ron Padgett

The Edwards Three Records  
Edwards Roadside Skipper  
Samoset, Scudder  
Records Samoset Skipper  
Scudder, Dusted  
Dion Edwards, Conspicuous  
Black Dash, Metacomet Harris  
Dun Skipper Mulberry, Massasoit  
Wing Scudder, Hoboken  
Harris Skipper, Aviator  
Broad Airy Tones, Argos  
Skipper Delaware  
Edwards. Formerly A Delaware Skipper  
Antediluvial Camps, Sachem  
Pompei, Little, Glassy, Edwards  
Wings Waligreen's  
Ortho Egremont Cement, Scudder  
Broken Dashes  
Polite Cornea, Cramer  
Formerly Pea Peck, Peck's  
Skipper, The Polite Themist  
Tawny Edged Phenolphthalein  
La Trill Skipper  
Fabric Of Polite Origin  
One Record, The Cross Liner  
A Chautauqua, Light, Styptic, Long Dash  
The Hesperian Uncas, Edwards  
Records Uncas' Skipper Backwards

A Laurentide Lyman Skipper To Manitoba  
Skips A Pawnee Dodge, Edwards  
Skip Doubles As Otto  
Edwards The Auto Skipper  
Aesperidian Sack Spanner Of Dakota  
Edwards, A Skinner  
Fletcher, A Mantid Bodes Indian  
Parker, Pow Sheik, Ankle Slipper  
Fabrician As Least Skipper  
Pallas, Pale Lemon, Least Of Arctic  
Loaf Skipper, Pale  
Borean Catullus, Fabricius  
Common, Sooty, Wing of Grote  
Checkered. Communist, Purgist Slipper  
Aerie Of Keel, Of Ice Lung, Scudder  
Dreamy Burgess, Dusky Peals  
Brizo, Residual Of Duck, Anis Stippler, Lucullus  
Columbine, Martial Mottle  
Wing Of Horace, Burgess, Horace's  
Wing Of Thorax, Thorybean Batholith  
Smith, A Cloud South, Pine Aorta, Rung Pylades  
Scudder, Skipper, Northern  
Ankylose, Pale Geyser Records  
Asparagus, Clear Cramer, Silver  
Spot Skipper, Hoary  
Record Of Phrygian Edge

WHOBODY I–VII  
for Philip & Musa Guston

WHOBODY

1.

write on this.  
do this.  
to this.  
an end isn't.  
and done.  
over this to here.  
of down.  
and and.  
to end it.  
this is what.  
what that.  
do that too.  
written and.  
do to and.  
due time.  
do tell.

2.

amity.  
two brim.  
sayed ever.  
pot a mighty.  
saying scrim.  
lights dimes.  
soon it.  
sign on.  
addage.

3.

rights.  
you, say.  
soak drop.  
a pine there.  
allege.  
scowl it.  
dime thence.  
park.  
I start at.  
the midge.  
punts.  
stuff mid.  
mile seen.  
late it.

4.

back it.  
turn that.  
standing whelms.  
it wheels.  
as block.  
the nine.  
a four.  
my sit.  
I cap.  
do not at.  
sound up.  
cases.  
casing that.  
I told.  
tell that.  
saw this.

5.

run it.  
sound that.  
since there.  
to a sun.  
to the nines.  
bounce.  
twice this.  
a mar.  
street off.  
cow.  
newel.

6.

that it.  
sounds off.  
as hem.  
deep soon.  
towel that.  
stones.  
as mine.  
a major.  
smoke this.  
type.  
a squint.  
nine times.  
to style over.  
time it.  
fall line.  
Skimp.  
while away.  
due for.  
of what.



7.

I, say.  
told that.  
find out.  
build but.  
ice in.  
oval or.  
tips that.  
oils it.  
said what.  
it, say.  
over with.

## DARTMOUTH WASHBOARD

1.

buns in stope last  
fall link ounce  
lead in formic turret  
a palm  
                                duress of ply it  
which diamonds  
a Pyreneesial tonal Brancusi  
some are dates  
                                as goods as much  
as it is  
                                this time as that has  
had  
tarp and fart blanks  
this topple-vine stope  
remands  
                                farms bowling  
a predicate still tile  
                                banisters frog  
                                the partial bounds  
banks

2.

banks  
lifters a lake ounces  
dialic restive  
pan long diurnal capes  
the mooded  
retentive as miles as miles  
blanket records  
the dome trope of the mark  
pods its sills  
bailing and tuning  
wrist we  
                                told  
  mocha  
  standing  
  oval  
bear as mutter

3.

dermic  
as ten means  
burr off till strides  
a bolt  
which Coptic barn deaf  
twice states  
going thins  
ovular  
bland as block  
the lintel  
darts tuning

4.

orchid  
bore lea apron  
to fault reforesting  
as isinglasses  
purr as turnip when tacet  
core leas  
talus horns  
in duly

5.

vibes bantam  
door toast a mote brine here  
as twinly gelled as scone relacing  
goes  
orb gender or engine  
mack sown  
availed lean by  
ore doting  
place vim by

## THE BASAL STRINGS

for Dick Gallup

behind the around of many block  
of down which way back in ten  
lifts wide depths

totals  
dowels  
tonals  
towels

is since a knob plenty bulk

diurnal slid tuckers  
some as the same as a rest

a mist lead blocks askew  
parts air past a tile  
pins the munch

picking the maze in a blimp

fresco

ten pastes as adhesive as a hinge

SONNETS: THE BLANKS

for Ted

now is the time that face should form another  
a liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass  
strikes each in each by mutual ordering  
thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die

holds in perfection but a little moment  
by adding one thing to my purpose nothing  
and perspective it is best painter's art  
to march in ranks of better equipage

anon permit the basest clouds to rise  
I make my love engrafted to this store  
eternal numbers to outlive long date  
and, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed

a closet never pierced with crystal eyes  
to cide this title is impaneled  
against that time, if ever that time come  
the which he ill not every hour survey

since, seldom coming, in the long year set  
and you in Grecian tires are painted new  
which parts the shore, where two contracted new  
be where you list, your charter is so strong

if there be nothing new, but that which is  
even of five hundred courses of the sun  
in sequent toil all forwards do contend  
increasing store with loss and loss with store

and the firm soil win of the watery main  
when I have seen such interchange of state  
to live a second life on second head  
when yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang

the worth of that is that which it contains  
and that is this  
now counting best to be with you alone  
so far from variation or quick change

to new-found methods and to compounds strange  
and keep invention in a noted weed  
and therefore have I slept in your report  
who is it that says most? which can say more

which should example where your equal grew  
and so my patent back again is swerving  
to set a form upon desired change  
and do not drop in for an after-loss

some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse  
that do not do the thing they most do show  
and yet this time removed was summer's time  
drawn after you – you pattern of all those

but best is best, if never intermixt'  
to one, of one, still such, and ever so  
fair, kind, and true, varying to other words  
now all is done, have what shall have no end

of others' voices, that my adder's sense  
seems seeing, but effectually is out  
as fast as objects to his beams assemble  
bring me within the level of your frown

no, I am that I am: and they that level  
our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
lose all, and more, by paying too much rent  
which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art

had, having, and in quest to have, extreme  
if hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head  
and will to boot, and will in overplus  
ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one

among a number one is reckon'd none  
in a cold valley-fountain of that ground

AVERAGE BEEN      AVERAGE WHEN

but the mere  
likely so for pat  
of far

to little not it  
must

which with  
are of  
there

many at all in its of these

it is is  
for ever its  
were

other nor  
is it

one so one in  
one so grey one

will from lead  
runs about still

of of and  
of edge

as be  
as more were quite

edge it this  
edge of quite

of till



## BULLITT (A BRIEF CASE)

I catch a twinkle of fun behind his glasses. I begin rather gingerly to ask if he continues to sip his coffee. He makes a dreadful note and holds it up. "That's the demodé art!" Soon after we board the train for Paris, my looks refreshingly tidy and self-contained, Bullitt asks me perfunctorily how long I plan to lay so much emphasis on his subject matter. I like the sly humor that lurks behind his very idea. Matisse chimes in. "Artists should stay for quite a while." I pursue my point that the world is tending to become increasingly appropriate as a filling for sardine tins. He asks if the skies in America are as good for postcards. There's a silence, and I feel he's never been in contact with an adversary. Nevertheless he sits down by me. The cigarette. After an appropriate interval, I run that one into the ground, and Matisse approaches smilingly.

Bullitt is less enthusiastic. He refutes my suggestion that Rousseau may be coming down the aisle followed by the Lorrillard family. While I make sketches, Bullitt nods in enthusiastic approval. He answers that the Douanier Rousseau was alarming. His eyes snap behind his glasses (one of these is shown above). Matisse begins French words I don't know. The others think it's important. "If an artist stays in his own country he can always tell when he's back in France." Bullitt, seeing that Matisse is in no condition, is soon asleep again. Emboldened in the relaxed manner, I'm glad to have a few minutes in which to try another tack – can't we learn from postcards?

In the interim Bullitt and I strike up our first conversation. I explain to him how much I feel that chichi quality that has disturbed me in him, how much I admire those spoonfuls which weaken. Besides, our American forbears once compared him to John Marin. Marin went down to the sea in a bucket, and on the way back never spilled a drop, I tell the character who is dozing opposite me. He has studied the masters in the Louvre – "As soon painting as the skies of France". "Even better, Demuth never spilled." I'm pleased to meet a good-natured professor out of his element. We suggest that the others join us.

Lanfear and Bullitt embark on a boring conversation about skies and beautiful women – Which is more aware of an undeviating tenacity which comes through in positive pronouncements? They are directed and about to move. Matisse awakens while we are traversing a pretty district, wants to buy back an example of his early work but has to nod and is soon asleep with a light toss of the head, which implies he finds it the very reverse. I remark that Leger is quite different from Moreau. Matisse fairly explodes. "And what is there to say about art," he says (without reflection, alas). "He talks about art." That does it. Matisse has awakened again and the conversation suggests that eyes don't count for much (owing perhaps to the thickness in his hand). I become increasingly mild, with manners almost courtly. However, Bullitt is already telling me that he had once been convulsed with laughter, and I react similarly against my better judgement.

As we are recovering our bearings, Matisse discourses largely on the production of postcards. He ends up: "The only hope for the American soul is to make postcards which will always make money". Bullitt asks what brand of paint he uses. Matisse sticks out a very pink tongue over his beard and snips at it, alarmed as the burning end gets nearer, and answers, "The most essential". It is expensive, he explains, and here makes a joke about an elderly Picasso:

If one studied with Picasso, one would imitate New York in two months. "That's a very good judgement." I assert, however, that Picasso's recent works are not *à la mode* and tell of the starvation of twenty years ago; today it could only be art! He adds emphatically that all artists should have their pills. He points out that he is able to talk to me as he does only because "pills work". "Then he must talk about himself!"

Matisse turns and the baggage pandemonium surges quickly around us. He then settles back and is soon asleep again. I begin to find this very funny – pupils always say that about the baneful influences of teachers. Moreau had one great virtue – he used to conduct his pupils by twirling his umbrella like a windmill to attract the past. The gentleness that had characterized Matisse snaps. I'm uncertain whether it's my expression he finds marvelous. "Yes, it's marvelous," Matisse says threateningly with his second and third fingers, "that color relations remain constant. You can often see where my daughter was born in the second-floor bedroom."

Matisse's voice is now gone abruptly. Pills. Actually, I've never met him. I've seen little of his work and as we leave the boat at Cherbourg I notice that Matisse is just ahead of us. He was in it. Demuth went down with a teaspoon, his best work. His face even in repose was imperious, as though he found it rather dry. "That doesn't make any difference." Conversation is stilted, but things pick up when in place.

Matisse wakes with a jump and turns off another switch. He asks if I ever knew the American painters, and tells me how Charles Demuth is in their midst. Matisse might pass for someone who knew Demuth and wanted to question him further, at the window, waving goodbye with one hand and with means. No, he himself had no money. Picasso had no money. And the Impressionists had no money. Only Manet had 60 francs which dealers now sell for 300,000. Sometimes a wad of French money protrudes from his wallet. He pulls out a hundred-franc note, misdirected by ignorant teachers or by some surroundings of the lowest quality. I try to steer into more interesting topics during the time that remains. I suggest that artists in modern times seem American. Matisse says the trouble with American artists is sin. "El Greco has been dead 300 years and you consider *them* in your procedure!"

We pull into the Gare Saint-Lazare with great suddenness, while whiskers seem to wave in agitation. After I leave the car and step onto the platform with my briefcase, I look back toward our compartment. Matisse is standing on his beret and winds his checked muffler round his neck. "Art . . .," he says. For a quick answer I say I'm sure it occurs to none of the passengers. Matisse makes a gesture of disgust – "That's ridiculous!" Nevertheless he sits down by me, seemingly to look at me as if out of my own eyes. In my final glance I notice again the look of the good-natured professor. Then, after an appropriate interval, I try to get Matisse back to the subject that was so summarily dropped in the dining car. At last the inevitable contact takes place.

CAREEN AS TIM

the ground tan's un  
south sum of card apt  
the lab, the eighth cent  
mirey dome whistles  
if is part  
                  then then's  
diffidential occlude  
vermont is loft  
a pane is tag  
that back occurred is last  
times the viable glen  
ocarina  
                  spar flakes the mound gassify  
carmine clam right to  
simples the purse figures  
to  
                  knew it apart blent  
goes vane  
semi-cap you'll stem far's it boules

AMINO BOATER

the lax the pand  
are-paste, stem-buds  
the micker, elster?  
buy-storms.

corn lows  
mitchum from pint  
say goalie, matter  
at all rights  
bag types  
I at sayed

the misser. the seines  
goal apock, adamant stool tents  
flute a gorilla amortizes  
colostomy ankle

sit mets. brickle.  
sue to so mate, amass  
tods off  
mack ape, the some  
& paled tight in mizzen

## TRIANGLE H

In the spring sheets that make up with the triangle it was at that moment. The steel being cut for the half is the better word than. I must explain that either. Possible is better later that made some. Later the huge made that year began. Some sheets for the challenge of the some. Moment as a possible "saw" with.

Correct in my case so called has become done. More is what, or that because in itself, become had done itself as far. Whether as an object also could act on the thing and not a same. Time was as it whether has become. And subject. Triangle that would overcome that format could become.

If either would end up conformed that into shape. I had with either to transform. Ornamental to the triangle was a new end of totality.

- (a) Tangle, in a sense, all points to a vanishing triangle.
- (b) Point by the problem without getting to do a painting.
- (c) Except its three different points.
- (d) Sense the triangle as a problem here with three different lights.
- (e) Without getting the point challenge the brings back into painting.
- (f) By the physical shape except the triangle.
- (g) Trap the triangle back into shape by its three.
- (h) Back a rectangle into the physical.
- (i) Do a painting to here different than its points.
- (j) Shape, tangle, or vanish without.
- (k) Put a different point by.

Only when truncated points in doing so I must assert away. I must knew and was able to get away. It is a nothing more than slice of shape or less. Space must make space to get out of the invisible points or more than less. Which was nothing more in doing so than that rectangle only that able after all a space. Then has to get out of this which shapeless. It which it was this shapes. More need then out of an object has it made. My object and my points made it possible to must begin them. To begin them as an object it all exists as after as can be done. All as all can *be*. It was this space that is just more.

In contrast with one I called the outside. Because of one inner cover and even light. Outside evenness is a structure in the lights. Page five is one without shadow.

The possible is as even in itself as light and shadow.

## SOUP TENDS

Hih! Whose. abdomen alatch  
apex angular a century small or less  
from a can to black or can species

apex bristles or other not, vet listed  
to the rectangular or absent

rocker mites slightly canada at base  
times less than tube

cybernetical the diptera morels claval  
it has been which is fairly automobile  
as used should be tips or isn't

profile anterior starts  
believe less than discal at base paste  
as wide as or hinder than less, was  
smooth under-answering as greens common  
moron a cylindrical parallel  
numbers sometimes back  
under occurrence a plant concentration

type reports palps long, un-beyond  
parsley leaves on a number  
of leaves together one just together  
a bar mell of swayed tims  
Bohemes

SNARES SNEEZE

a object  
taut  
as kinds  
the an  
lost backwards  
as pun is trust  
throes as a date  
pickle ptarmigan jet block  
as such as must  
predicate

delimit  
to the point  
as inflammable  
twists the dot to aim spent  
less husk more paint  
boned as such  
frames

this as much as puffs a dial  
back in bland loams  
a fiddle musket  
availed of two by even yet such said colors

and the white's one  
and the rest's edge

*ocean a foot deep and six boxes wide*

as to many too  
de to cite as

•

only but  
it is not  
ence that  
is only  
no less are

•

mal range  
mal range

•

the some  
others are  
some of

•

ever of  
the should colour

•

how one water  
structure  
of of

•



and means  
present  
and three

•

as a whole but the even this

•

colour  
after all  
the three  
today

•

as such here in so wide

•

each other each

•

a this less colour

•

like part  
these while

•

back and      and forth

•

certain is less  
it it isn't

•

within the within  
the is within  
a within a

•

times in which each fines

•

noon or type

•

which is of one  
in which one

•

which is thus one

•

that one of the of the fact that the the

MOVING DAY IN THE ACCRETIVE STATES (650 Words for MEV)

Starting anywhere from present with which occupies is not ordered.

Time for everything. Time of everything.

Time nothing.

There are objects here.

A new painting is now a whole wide canvas of "hundreds" of horizontal stripes all of different hues which are words which are all this surface is left of. Distorts, abstract's distance, from a minute, front of the surface, eye blinks, a corner turning, & is a sentence. I shut my eyes, impossible to see the colors, it just shuts itself off. You just had to be there.

space

MEV's sound is so solid it hardly seems to exist (you go away, it does too) – maybe we only remember things which are impermanent (?)  
Thought later is other procedure thru the material differences:

a repeated object being not the same object; casting aside the Art-Set entering the Early Mud; the "Art Coefficient" & "impossibility of sufficient memory" of Marcel Duchamp; "Other laws of gravity" (Rzewski); boredom being a potential; "beginning again and again is a natural thing even if there is a series" (Gertrude Stein); Guston in the World Museum wanting to paint like Mallarme's "civilized first man"; Oldenburg's Hamburger; a state of changes/a change of states; a guy makes an automobile & finds it being marketed as a birdbath...insanity?

Lights shut out in the cave I lie on the clay & listen to the systems.

piano cactus building impedimenta leaven  
altostratus effort byron step vest reach  
eld trump crane vote stem epaulet tilt  
veda gravy tion dial edge stunt ire  
stylus verge toll bag pumice strega  
aerial scrim gyre steer bren stope bridge  
atmos plus tle leverage tragacanth fine  
gum bot ing olene bars trig dyne aga  
stoat module atti vent ben upon vin  
flee eps jumar nase tyro gentian cell  
jete jimi last prit coast vend arp co  
accrete mislist atroll mesa dirndl peccary  
dwan etch mira sowl veality knocks ab  
twine ev elastic oca vat st san pylon  
thule adj sard twilling mica akron stip  
lend salmo chat aisle thorax arête farad  
arm calc veg dodge ammonite elery arlan

The musics haven't been forgotten but used. Up to one moment's capacity. So many nouns (melodies) at a time don't constitute a label. Or a definition as wide as the dictionary. & when one appears it is as if for the first time. When the telephone rings we don't know but listen. If that a "cello"? a "tack"? The sounds they are. All room is form. The feelings are our own, they leave when we do, never to return since they never left. Hermetically sealed in infinity.

I hear where I am.  
But more is there than  
which my intentions focus.  
Whole participation occurring only  
after erasure of the syntax  
of my memory.

space

The sound, of everything gives you a chance. It gives you the big various feeling (glance) at Noth-ing. Things that "signify" ... these sounds don't signify, they're too steady being themselves in air (which they are). "Don't signify to me", Burt Lancaster in Brute Force, a movie. "Full of sound & fury signifying nothing". – "Faulkner"? "Shakespeare"? "Saturday"? Nothing. & leaving & night & nothing making a noise in the bottoms. There were no Nothing Stands where I've ever been.

Shift of pitch's change in the weather.  
The clothes are on the room.  
Miscue turns the door of the airbag letup.  
Finding tables & turning floors.  
Nine degrees past.  
Excavation.  
Air.

MEV moving in the Drome Museum.

"THE WORLD'S LARGEST BOULDER" in Plymouth New Hampshire.

"It suits me fine it that's all down the drain."

– Don Judd

The sculpture of wrecked car bodies is a line  
drawn across the board along the wall down the  
hall across the love affair into the news.

If we must make measurements let us count the people  
who have come to this hail. Count the windows . . .

I have a feeling of happiness.  
A huge white wall.