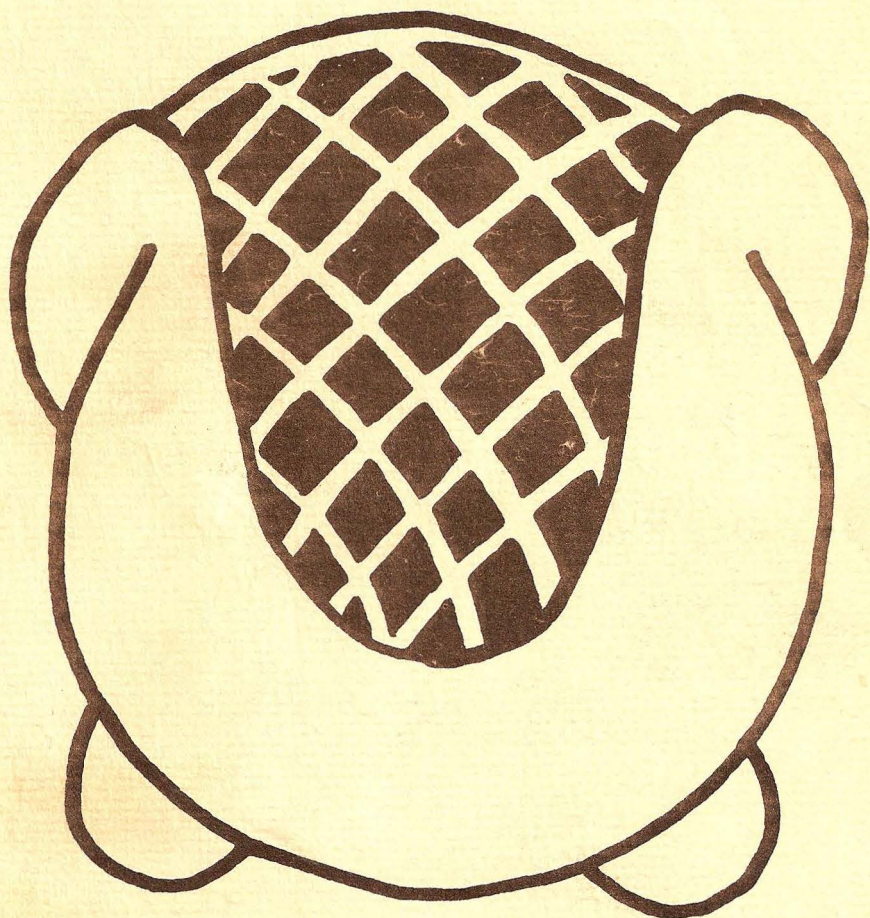


HILLS



★ number one ★

H I L L S

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March 73

In This Issue:

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BOB PERELMAN

Front and back covers by FRANCIE SHAW

The last three poems by Kit Robinson were previously printed as a TV Guide publication called *Three Wires*.

Tomaz Salamun's poems were written in Slovene and translated by the author and Anselm Hollo (*Sand*, *Yugoslavia*, *Edison*, *Teotihuacán*), Elliot Anderson (*Gongora*), and Bob Perelman (*History*).

Hills is edited by Michael Waltuch and Bob Perelman.

Yank Martin's Testimony

This is the way it happened that night. I was tooling and I was slicing. I was stock still. 2 nomads popped across the hill. My radio said go, boy, and my company said the same thing. Into that bag of lunch stepped yours truly. In the dark, I could see only three beans, each red and yellow offset by a green. There was more time than I knew how to use. I could feel it nourishing the bones I might later throw into action. Quite possibly an atomic storm riddled every glimmering window. A familiar fear gripped my comb and red wigs flew from my skull. Sense of urgency had put me out into that silver space half destiny half desire and now not one thing there did I know to do. My rooms stood.

Jason and the Argonauts

Sweet Baby James is an idiot, says Arthur Bremer, pulling out of the station. And on a lonely night in Georgia that's true, as Nick Fit hovers above a burning filter in the dry heat of the Palace Palm. The narrative at this point fishtails to hit briefly on a dinner for the stockholders of the R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company in Winston-Salem, N.C. Pass the yams, brush up on details of slaying, hash in backseat, drive-in movie The New Centurions. Sleeping Ace plays a rookie cop working on the fruit squad. High jinks with waitresses and television in the backseat. One after another quiet minutes, countless relief. "Stretch" socks. Today, some of the old surfers can still be found, hanging out in the offices of widely circulated rock magazines. One of them lifted a small plaster doll, or utensil, from the desk and, turning to face him, said, "This is it." Outside, everything was quiet, as Nick walked "briskly" to the waiting car. No one had noticed him, nor yet heard the muffled cries from within. Midday shoppers loomed in and out along the boulevard, as Sleeping Ace drove around fitfully, balking at intersections and stalling. It was good to be back in San Remo. They had decided to go to a movie anyway. A large airship swings loose from its launching derrick and drifts impassively over the lights of the shopping plaza. It is late evening, and the crew is already asleep.

Sleeping Ace in Texas

Sleeping Ace was sad in Texas with his wife. Money can save you said his wife. And days, weeks of solitude will strengthen your hair as you make it grow. But that was disappointing really, because Sleeping Ace already had millions. They were located high above the earth's atmosphere where no one could wake them. The brightness of these little critters was sense itself. How frail they are, wondered Sleeping Ace. He did not say it though, because he was talking to his wife on the telephone about education. I'm getting an education just moving my car said Mrs. Sleeping Ace. Sleeping Ace sat around and did nothing. Texas is too hot, they used to complain. That was before Sleeping Ace went into plane wreck ventures.

the village terminates in a plump hick.
five steps face the brew.
the embarcadero, a hand; The Waves,
collars; Kennedy, fun terminal;
this and that zip liquor store.
the ski boot foam exploded in shipping
and at Christmas time---figs.
room in the back, carmine sundown,
plenty of books to pin up and fry. praise Allah.

Angel Shakes at Lucky's

speech has chinks in its wall of sound.
through them I hear the Pleiades
blink off for the night.
it's called "after hours".
lean buildings stand,
fresh and legible paint slips hoist,
and men are poised in relief
against Lucky Arch's,
a proposed monument to that sound.

trembling like a truck
through tiny lapses,
delirium tremens.

logic describes
lazy circles in the sky.
adios mes amigos.

fucking amid the maps,
views of rivers,
and so forth.

I. 8. 73.

walk on water skate on ice. what color ice? my
 skates are alfred johnson skates. PAT. AUG. 27. 1918
 NO 1277137 CHICAGO USA NOT CONNECTED WITH NESTOR
 JOHNSON MFG CO. does ice mirror? it is day ice is
 silver metallic blue color of mirror of skates.
 lake's face we glide over used to mirror sky. did
 the lake look forward to freezing point? to when the
 liquid surface crusts? innocent enough it starts.
 water cooled turns heavy sinks warmer water surfaces.
 continuous cooling. watch the sun skid on ice. i am
 joking he never does detests slippery surface. it
 starts with a shiver continuous cooling goose pim-
 ples. for a second a certain expectant dullness of
 the surface then a thin skin forms like on milk
 cooling continuously. ice is less dense so floats
 its power lies in expansion. do you think skating a
 substitute for flying? empires of ice expand below.
 domain of the beautiful but terrible ice queen. pal-
 ace walls of drifted ice windows of bitter wind a
 hundred halls ablaze by northern lights. gemini fly
 a lot in dreams as long as they are light. air is
 their element. at night ice is black even from a-
 bove i guess i should know. we love to skate at
 night on a surface well lit.

I. 15. 73

winter takes a break everybody has the london flu
 takes it easy so why not him our backyard is an
 icebox turned on defrost. through all pores drips
 melts runs how vulgar can you get. as snow dis-
 appears old garbage reappears and i read

" a nest is a bird's house "

i've known this for a long time people have told
 me for a long time it is such an old story in
 fact i hesitate to repeat it. nests are places of
 intimacy designated by an attraction. there does
 not exist an intimacy that is repellent. its being
 is well being. and memory is a wardrobe with the
 presence of lavender the history of the seasons
 enters. what dreams are reserved for us if we re-
 call the land of tranquility. memories come crowd-
 ing. we shall see later we say to ourselves wheth-
 er or not we'll use them. to open them is to exper-
 ience an event of whiteness.

day like spring in thick of winter. turn down the thermostat preserve energy the air is too balmy for a crisis today perfect for making love all day long. but the problem remains "how can housework be made into a creative activity?" objects that are cherished are born of an intimate light they attain to a higher degree of reality than indifferent objects. daily at eight the housewife awakens furniture that was asleep. is there a single woman or man who does not respond to the word wardrobe? so white your sheet white as the moon on the wintry meadow. imagine every morning every object in the house would issue from our hands. things become crystallisations of our weakness but a bit more polishing and we have something quite different. sit in corners & see how old the world has grown how worn. common sense lives on the ground floor same level as everybody passers-by. you want to write? either go down into the basement or upstairs.

trees in silver jumpsuits stiffen he-mannish fantastic to look at difficult to live with. now snow hugs the ground with a heart of warmth. let the little seeds & bulbs tell you. snow flocks graze on their backs in the sky on sky blue. blow into embers. embraces extinguished is not what we want. a yearning always yes Dr. Zhivago. embraces rekindled. brace yourself. here comes the windbride to Lara's tune. three times she breathes on you. we all want to be reborn. the wind bloweth & bloweth. there goes New Adam & there New Ada something missing as usual. their excessive embraces turn to ashes. a fire not fierce but modest is the way out they say. the wind bloweth. ash wednesday follows carnival tuesday not in this country but the country i was born in. a knock on the door & there is ash wednesday hanging over with his little pouch of ashes i fall on my knees & on my forehead he sprinkles sign of the cross.

DARRELL GRAY

To the Romantic Poets

Yes, she is the beautiful night
So lovely a night the stars get lost in her,

And yet from her wrists and lips unwind
The perilous dimes lost in subways--
A spiral of effluvia
We recognize as history--

The Israelites

Must battle the Arabs
Far from the moon's bright garden
In whose center blooms
The insomniac rose

And yet
She is the night of beauty
The angel whose name
Lifts the wet grass
And topples the insect gently
Onto lower leaves--

Let him rise by skill
Or evolution's shaky ladder
To sing the gravelly song, until
Whatever it is sings with us
And we praise beauty for her single star--

A gravelly teardrop flung in orbit:
My hands at the small
Of your back.

Looking Out for Myself

i look out for myself like a cushion
run over by a taxicab in a rain forest
the sky forming the top half of a sandwich
of radiation and gooseflesh hung up on poles to dry

all this is because an angel tripped over
a roller skate i left on the front porch of my childhood
where always the metallic savor of bees kept
boring a hole in the crucifix

i slept in my alternate selves until i got hungry
i measured the span between hunger and sunday dinner
the distance was overwhelming and full of fish
i turned on the radio and got caught up in emotions

but the strange thing is whatever i heard
seemed realer on the inside than the outside
i imagined the ground was racing to stay in one place
i imagined a language of automatically changeable parts

so that now in the comfort of my writing chair
it is with relative ease that i project myself
into the owl's head and the head of the engineer
tho i prefer to play pool and drink dark beer

let it be said, then, that tho nothing
ever came of nothing, something did
as trees come from the forest to be made into homes
leaving only a silence there, and the miniature lakes

on whose bottoms the still-born bodies of footballs
rally around a pentagon of sleepless slime
and all because the alphabet ran out of beds
and had to be closed down pending further notice

if you think i am crazy just take a look at the world
in the hopeless blue of the sky flies an actual bird
but looking closely it's not a bird at all
it's a giant airplane full of nervous people

The Muse Replies That the World Is a Dangling Participle

Eddie Haskell is a giant
She said to me one morning he
Has the biggest prick this side of Nebraska
Too bad I say he is only a figment of Cortez
What she says you *know* Cortez
And I replied that just because history doesn't
Come around much any more I've read of it
The blowtorch of puberty has nine lives
My typewriter sticks I
Write that down *You're insane* she replies
Yes but I'm on top of it I'm the dictionary's living
dream
Cortez waves at me from the prow of his
Expensive ship
I hallucinate that it's his pants
He's waving almost a sonnet
Almost a believable symbol
As a shoe is a symbol for a foot so there

When All Is Said And Done, Do You Do More?

A taste is emphasized in the past, and cannibals are emphasized in the future. We begin to segment our social explorations, like construction workers with boots that cramp their ankles. All visible defenses keep bumming off the invisible offense of Reality itself, while commerce grows dynamic near a spillway. Two-thirds of any action is composed of a prior action, like those cotton plugs in the necks of aspirin bottles. Levitation is the Central Rose.

Blocks impair variables, and interviews depend on a static gaseous state. Population is the only funnel. What comes out one end gets condensed and televised, while the raw violet urges bubble and seethe with facts. A lone interloper leans on the protean delta, a phonograph needle clenched firmly between his teeth. The baby cannibal plays a fugue. He is amused and in a random prediction. The anvil of priority is complex and foreshadowed--indeed, a whole cone of velocity is parting his hair, a micro-tornado eclipsing a larger sample.

The moon sticks to precise points of time. We know this from high school on. On and off. A president's lawn translates incoherent being, while a flag pole translates nothing. A crow may land there, off and on,--an "example." Opinion is feathery even at the core.

And so we drove all night, then stopped in solid shapes. Nuns were mutating starlight into delicate baskets. A rodeo hairnet fluttered with apperception. So long to the cannibals! A semaphore of human nature had better drive a small car!

Despair of the Sun

Lonely necklace, lovely night

Big green cigar, unsmokt

It all comes together

in this

and if *this*

is a poem

It will register the weight of all lonely &

eternal objects,

tho itself

will not be *heavy*

ANSELM HOLLO

night thoughts in bowling green ohio

for a fistful of dollars

however small

one is this transplant

heart over fist

*

"dead skunk in the middle of the road"

in the radio, not on, but in

total privacy, but with a number

of little robots plugged in

*

as giorgio piccardi the astrochemist once remarked

to be subjected to cosmic effects

one does not have to be shot

into space, one does not even have to leave one's room

one is always surrounded by the universe

since the universe is everywhere

as remarks are not literature

& this is a poem

*

wear the head as it grows

keep the lights blinking

through her whose name is desire & cherish

all bodies, that they may fit

their faces

that they may fit their bodies

botticelli's venus--anselm's life

botticelli's
venus, o
absolutely
one of the greatest
women in anselm's wife

in the mirror

iaia of kyzikos saw
iaia of kyzikos
iaia of kyzikos painted
iaia of kyzikos

christmas, the sea, a lady who plays the piano: for her

miniature world tree in the front room
wards off the rampant clowns of the apocalypse
snow in the streets & thoughts
halfway round the globe
so much water, all subject to tides, & memory

according to doctor nils-olaf jakobsen
a human soul weighs twenty-one grams

alone & not conscious at all
grosspapa goes across the lagoon
aoi, aoi, a great weird

loomis, loomis, the throne has been transformed
it has turned into a magnificent nuptial couch
the king embraces his blushing beloved
& the people one another
nothing is heard but sweet names &
the whispering of kisses

& in that temple they shall dwell forever
& guard the mystery of the world

Taxis

Yellow, a thesis on everyday life.
How you yellow.
Stopping the patient among us, as if we
were actually anyone or you, the smart one
with a degree in spelunking
and not enough change or reading Tasso
you discovered what a tropism was, let
the journalist in you have his idea of what
the vehicle should be called, asked
about it, hurrying us to our home
to figure out just what gives
every part of a building its just dimensions.
And in the evening, side by side
we have just discovered the change in our lives,
a hunch that a hand waved in the weather
would remain aloft, proof any reduction
was in vain, would go by, on.

A Season

Later, bouncing along in the back of a truck
became the only resource. The plants grew.
I don't remember, but thank you for the gloves, the
directions,
the snaps, all those mnemonic pronouns, a time
no longer intestate. The weather also changed, more so,
since it hardly changed, a moustache; her hair grew
also,
a trip to the planetarium, Europe.

We put on our Mae Wests.
Whose theology did the captain stick to?
I only got a signed penguin, dinner
with an abstract expressionist, prehensile to the point
I didn't know about. The papers.

The homology never stopped, did it?
And did you take baggage where more coffee
would have done the job?
It was raining.

You asked about ashes, heavy-handed
conclusion about obelisks. Something got salvaged,
grew out. I knew about cuneiform, implacable
through all this syntax, a weather of no small
circumstance,
a rain.
Angled, so as to be more summer, more mote.

Wavering, the flags were something less
than their stanchions, contained the answer
we had looked so long for, though danced away
accurate representation at the slightest flutter.

You confirm this tattered algorithm
by the soft light of a knowledge
that is now strangely cursive, dispassionate,
forecast becoming leaf, countenanced
by my gradual appreciation that these pictures
you hold in your hand are more than edges, street,
room.
Are not pictures, are found again, in this relay of
assertion.

Aphasia

What we came to expect from that gradual cadence
was the feeling that nothing remained
to be said, a harbinger
of colder and more desolate fortunes.

"She buys more socks." As if that sudden switch
to the present tense were a panacea
for the glum architecture. . .
not only these dark corners
but also those which already were
bright as day.

Which was the least of my extrapolations.
The thickets, their self-indulgent fragments,
confronted my blazer; but more generally,
a slowness and a marked tendency
to fatigue, that generous euphemism,
took the cake.

Tag ends of arguments aimed at nothing at all,
the few belongings bearing the tattered emblem
of too much shore leave. . .
the yoyos grinning near the horizon.

Street Crimes

1
One of the most exciting things to do in this town
eats at the body and salt makes you take to the belt.

2
The car slowly advances my shoulders,
open rattles in an old movie,
kisses to the brushes.

3
Composed as a half-naked duck scraping the windows
of the run-away grasses passing the fuzzy fenders
where you appear, the last harmless pelt
on this need to know faces your license, your love
instead of your drive.

TOMAZ SALAMUN

Teotihuacan

Hey-hoy, bombs fall out of my breasts,
cats' paws' tracks.
Pieces of glass will enter the throat of this hymn,
put the air-conditioning on low.
When I swallow a baby, I say to myself,
maybe the last chance to swallow a baby
in this century.
When I stop, I say, damned power-brakes.
When I meet a truck in the night, I say,
very good, I have a full-size Chevrolet,
all money goes to financing Presidential
campaigns.
When the sun enters the axis of Teotihuacan,
I say, what control with the calendar,
full of genius. I won't be sorry for people,
I will be sorry for paper. God knows
how many millenia until the typewriter.
Birds will burn before the earth will be ashes
and feathers will fall on it,
when it is dark. The power will catch
even the most sublime souls by the legs,
and throw them on the fire-site.
The legs of souls grow out directly
from a dough, to be safe against meteorites
and sparrow hawks. When they squeeze their
fingers, they neutralize infra-light.
When I discovered all this, I was sad
for three days. A drop of physical laws
scratches and tortures our amen too.

Yugoslavia

All these weird cordons sanitaires of civilization,
like Yugoslavia, Java, the court of Bucarest, are
destined for vermin. The jungle, reaching us,
knows taller trees than pines. Humming-birds,

with more colors than eagles will peck our wounds.
Names like zebra-white, Punta Arenas, Guapore,
will wrap up Freasing monuments and suffocate
the ivy on them. They will break the coccyxes

of exhumed partisans. Electricity replaces
love, the jungle, the drums. The white race
the yellow race, the yellow race the blacks.

And you, who will cry out for this poem
at the crossroads, lost in front of the
signposts showing pluck-flame-brain.

G'ongora

G'ongora, perla cat'olica doliente,
dilacerate poison,

C'ordoba,
enamel, institutions, golden arrows.

How the white,
raised up arches, among the aftermath, give light,
how the beaters roll, mowers.

Here sleeps a rhinoceros, porphyry,
here he smells nature:
tramples it into Lent.

History

Tomaz Salamun is a monster.
Tomaz Salamun is a rushing sphere in the air.
He lies down in twilight, he swims in twilight.
People and me, we both look at him, amazed,
we wish him well, maybe he is a comet.
Maybe he is punishment from the gods,
the boundary stone of the world.
Maybe he is such a dot in the universe
that he will give energy to the planet,
when oil, steel, and food run short.
He might only be a hump, his head
should be taken off like a spider's.
But something would then suck up
Tomaz Salamun, possibly the head.
More possibly the head than anything else.
New legs would grow out of his head.
Possibly he should be pressed between
glass, his photo should be taken. He should be
put in formaldehyde, so children would
look at him like they do at fetuses, proteuses, and
mermaids.
Next year he will probably be in Hawaii
or in Ljubljana. Door-keepers will scalp
tickets. There, people walk barefoot
to the University. The waves can be a hundred
feet high. The city is *fantastic*,
shot through with people on the make,
the wind is mild.
But in Ljubljana people say: look!
This is Tomaz Salamun, he went to the store
with his wife Marushka to buy some milk.
He will drink it and this is history.

Sand

Little forks, grasshoppers, little cats, shoulder-
straps,
little goblets, toasts. Smash the window!
Hmm, husband, not only have we covered nature
all over, we have also devoured the ape, the elephant,

the badger, the wild boar, the mouse, the pike,
the gallant bison, and the worst esthetics:
crystal is a vessel for meat. Crystal is not
a vessel for meat. Crystal is a goblet for wine.

The dilemma which opens, therefore is: to swallow
urine or to unreel the ribbon, backwards. I am for
unreeling the ribbon, backwards, otherwise the
difference
between chiseling-out and digression would be petty.

So petty, the audience would need a magnifying glass.
But I hate a magnifying glass on my skin. I am not
Sven Hedin, I do not drink camel piss. I am not
trapped
in the desert. I am here, on the sand, because I
love it.

Edison

When Saint Francis gave away his coat ,
he was not cold. His previous life was cold.
It boiled to become wine.
When it became wine, moles, grasshoppers,
cats drank it. In the Middle Ages,
they were on a chain, because they had been lions.
People were afraid cats would eat them.
Not true, cats never ate people.
Only those lazy little monks copied
the texts so inattentively that great rust
appeared, as on Transatlantic steamers.
Really, cats were lions, but silky ones.
There were small sewing-baskets beside them,
even when they pastured in the desert.
They pastured, in that they licked the sand.
Like hens, they need calcium.
Hens lie on their flanks in the dark.
Lights are on, in the people's dwelling.
Edison, with hard work, scratched out
electricity, like people who shell peas,
dividing the pea from the shell.
All done, he said: this is electricity, and Amen.
We can turn it off, and sleep.

BOB PERELMAN

India

How much does it cost the rest of the world to
keep the letters of Indiana's name glued together and
colored green on the map. First there is i-n-d-i-a,
which should hold together fairly stably by now; but
adding the n makes for a whole set of erosions, inde-
cencies and unmistakable clues that the namers had
imagined themselves in the wrong hemisphere. Then the
a, which violates the i-n-d-i-a-n by forming the in-
exact a-n-a, cousin to the even tired r-a-m-a, as in
f-o-o-d-o-r-a-m-a. The a-n-a implies a leveling of
consciousness over a wide area. So you have the search
for i-n-d-i-a totally incomplete, and, before anything
of substance was initiated in the mind, it spread it-
self out insistently and destructively, in an all is
one, howard johnson's orange glow that is called
health here, florida orange juice and steel mills, but
is understood elsewhere as violence, appetite disem-
bodied, misspelled.

July 20

Thoughts sandwich with pure lust and beauty's in action when the beasts attempt stasis. Thorns are allowed to exist. The green beans steaming are themselves cousin to the good news they've been trying to give away. And whose body doesn't tremble with good night kisses, pebble relaxation confronting the amoeboid calendar.

The pictures we've been showing one another, the photographs of large numbers of people serve no purpose. As if we weren't private enough already. Too sensitive to the cut of our own diaries to bask in the blank pages. Let me lead you gently behind your next thought.

The great slipperiness before our millions of pieces unite around a pleasurable one, let's be ready for that. We have hair, we drink, we break our pleasure back down into little chunks. But we've already lived forever.

Oct 26

men of princeton, women of Indiana, it's going to go past you. Not get nasty, just past you. Not to have a darkened optic nerve when looking sunny. White fish, clause, no inborn suck to be dependent on. Instinct nothing but law of chance, completely screwed. Coal of my eyes, shifting gaze slowly, sea rumors reach into the pyramids. Form of early verse, yeriyei, bring on the elegant and silent machine, that works by shape alone. Words: wind sculpture; mouth: wet red rubber bag. Word is form, and so many doesn't make any difference. No sirree bob.

language giant cleanup machine. A light workout, out of the bottle. I rise, piss, and eyes the causes dead white santa clauses going up. Let's all start. Us. Me. Say those huge mounds. Mona, look see it's dream and fact streaming down the same chalked sidewalk, see for yourself.

Nov 28

lullay, my liking, my dear one, my sweeting, wake up
You're more than equal to exact speech re- and tri-
vivified. And the dirty corners can only be swept
so clean, even by sight's irritated photons

it's

no longer an age of transition, your prophecies
are driven deep into jargon, there is no standard
So purifying the world you speak all day
hours of air, more things fall

Earth upon earth the lightning stings
clear onto another earth. In the extreme of music
wherein you sleep and wake, the beast allows
you to touch him

Jan 1

given the brain being an industrious
essay just beginning physically
un-inked and hopeful
and given the skeletal structure

rolling over and away from the heartbeat
galloping off ahead of the heartbeat
gambling and running back to wait for the heartbeat
Jim's I think drinking his heartbeat

always mentioning purple everybody's heartbeat
and given the cool brain riffing
through the smoke to the clear sky-writing
and given this conservative

forming and reforming of the letters
"boys will you burn the leaves?"
This industrious thing
can't be trusted

Feb 3

there is GRASS on the PAMPA and there is OIL
in the CRANKCASE. Our CAT purrs under her FUR
as if the CALENDAR would NEVER cease. I have ACCESS
to the PERSONAL, it is the AIR I TAKE, through WHICH
my two ARMS WAVE. Farther AWAY, FACES, armies of WORDS,
DIM fact and fancy. Bacon, an OLD june,
MEMORY DISQUALIFIES itself. Though it may EMERGE
as a DROP of longing on my TONGUE. From this
LIVING AXIS, I am ABLE to SPEAK without DYING.

Manuscripts are welcome,
accompanied by SSAE's, and
may be sent to *Hills*, c/o
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