

NON-EVENTS

A HUNDRED POSTERS

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Not said the reactionary. I'm going to stick here  
fill it's over.  
This made up Frederick's mind.  
Looking to his right and to his left in order to  
enlist his friend's support,  
there he saw Bellefin just ahead on the platform.  
The artist was giving the mob shit.

So okay, that's it. Then go.  
Would you mind running to see for me if Mr Arnoux is  
in the kitchen?  
Half-full half-empty plates and bottles all over the  
floor in numberless rows and saucers pots a  
kettle of fish and the frying pan agitating on  
the stove.  
Arnoux was having a great time killing the servants  
what to do,  
sitting gravy and tasting sauces and telling jokes  
to the cook.

NON-EVENTS

Barrett Watten

So it's a good play, who cares about the style, it's  
the idea that counts.  
And Frederick found no chance to speak. He buried on.  
Wasn't I only just saying like in the case of Praelin  
interruption by Hussonet  
Look we've heard this a million times. Forget it.

NON-EVENTS

for B W

This is great. He's really showing us a great time.  
This?! said the Vicomte de Cisy. Forget it!  
After eating the first bite from his spoon he said  
So old des Aulnays, did you see Father and Janitor  
at the Palais Royal?  
Come on you know I'm not going to see that, the marquis  
answered.

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No!! said the reactionary. I'm going to stick here  
till it's over.  
This made up Frederick's mind.  
Looking to his right and to his left in order to  
enlist his friend's support,  
there he saw Pellerin just ahead on the platform.  
The artist was giving the mob shit.

So okay, that's it. Then go.  
Would you mind running to see for me if Mr Arnoux is  
in the kitchen?  
Half-full half-empty glasses and bottles all over the  
floor in numberless rows and saucepans pots a  
kettle of fish and the frying pan agitating on  
the stove.  
Arnoux was having a great time telling the servants  
what to do,  
stirring gravy and tasting sauces and telling jokes  
to the cook.

So it's a good play, who cares about the style, it's  
the idea that counts.  
And Frederick found no chance to speak. N buried on,  
Wasn't I only just saying like in the case of Praslin  
Interruption by Hussonet  
Look we've heard this a million times. Forget it.

Not as though the words were hard to make out in  
groups  
but really in a reasonable and open way  
as though he were telling just what happened  
to a friend who made sense, whom he could let know  
the most personal telling things he had to say.

He never had any intention of getting married at all!  
Who so irresponsibly started these rumors up?  
The same way, this story's been going around he was  
born with a tail.  
That's so ridiculous, not to say indecent and  
disgusting,  
that I know I don't have to try to disprove it to  
you.

Well, it's almost too plain this is fate,  
so we may as well name him after his father.  
He was an Akaky so let's call the son Akaky too.  
And in this way he became Akaky Akakysyn.  
At the christening he exploded in tears and indicated  
facially that plainly he knew his fate was to  
be a doormat.

So that's how the matter reached him, as it was  
supposed to.  
In this country everything catches the craze for  
imitation,  
everybody apes those they think better.  
I understand when one doormat reached the top he  
walled off part of his office as his special room,  
he called it an audience chamber, . . .

He's so fucking careful to avoid sex it's as though  
sex were the only thing too delicate, not good  
enough to touch  
the scientific impulse of the investigator. He wants  
sex. Membrane he wants to explore.  
You know how great artists love to indulge their  
fantasies in sexy even disgustingly gross obscene  
gushy revolting sex-oriented images-- but just  
the opposite,  
Leonardo left only a few cautious sketches of the  
inside of a cunt, a womb with child, and the like.  
One can only doubt Leonardo ever fucked a woman.

It frees the mind by its first refusal  
to believe, then disagrees again and never forgives  
them  
not having known and told the truth. It works it out  
its own way  
and imagines a baby in her belly. Sexually feeling  
itself,  
the child considers how it came to be, from food, from  
excrement, from father, hard to comprehend.

Maybe he began working it out for the sake of his art,  
to get light, forms, space and so on down. He wanted  
to be sure  
he could completely reproduce the looks of what's out  
there and show others how to too.  
He probably thought all this more useful than it really  
was.  
Pulling on painting, he pushed further and further in  
to things, animals, plants, anatomy, interior struck  
biological functions il sole non si move.

This piece of flesh's so wonderful no one else could  
not have one too. Nothing is so good. I intend clutch  
have to know that everybody has one, no matter who I look  
at even little girls. I don't see it but refuse to say, so  
miserably nuts I'd become, it must be real small and it'll  
grow.

So we got there all right and I went on to drink  
and I'm still drinking. Hunh, said Penthaus, so I  
hear,  
and hear. Get rid of this bore-- blind and torture  
him.  
They imprisoned him and were preparing to kill him  
when the doors opened and his chains fell off.  
Penthaus wouldn't let him off, even then, but walked  
up the mountain instead.

. . . give birth by telling lies-- I tell you her  
children  
are born through her mouth. Stop. Sigh. Ahem:  
You still moanin bout those yerrunrelated to?  
Listenna me tell you what happenta my sister then,  
even though  
the factet I'm cryinnis gonna make it hardta talk.

This exiled murderer comes at me by the throat and  
near tosses me off  
the damned boat; I catch the end of a rope and hang  
on while everybody's egging this guy on.  
Then the big booser wakes up as if this racket's  
dried him out and starts screaming  
What is this? What's happening? How'd I get here?  
Where'm I going?  
And the captain offers to take him wherever he likes.

He used to run all over the corn so it never got  
harvested.  
He'd tear down grape and olive vines and kill the  
cattle that had the shepherds, dogs and big bulls  
cowed.  
Everyone hid behind walls to be clear of him.  
Then these tough young guys started coming together  
in a group, including  
one who used to be a woman, one whose wife hadn't  
ruined him yet, and Atalanta.