

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,
stirring 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 Hussionet
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.

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.

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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 Akakyson.
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.