

**USE A LITTERBAG IN YOUR CAR**

**Drive**

**Safely**

**ADAMS CHEVROLET CO.**

Delray Beach, Florida

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Michael Gottlieb's new book, 96 TEARS, published by Roof Books, is now available from Segue Distributing and from SBD.

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A HUNDRED POSTERS

#39 October 1981

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Published with the assistance of the Segue Foundation

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ADAMS CHEVROLET CO.  
Delray Beach, Florida

Michael Gottlieb:

#### THE TEST OF TIME

The best shine in the afternoon.

A responsibility of the senses, mantling braids of dissuasion with an undress cringe of forbearance.

That someone once or did believe in a discovery, going on a kind of shopping spree.

The feeling that anything that could be called "late" just as easily, or yours, a pillar of the city.

What you shouldn't try until you really have a feeling for the basics, like contradiction, so called stability, ratios of wrong.

"Something generally eyed as a terrible burden in the right hands might seem transfigured, formgiver, into the focus of an existence, an axle for a life to circulate upon."

No one wishing they'd said it.

Of themselves, their asset, the easiest, the most enjoyed avenues to that certain prospect, an inscription to all the semi-privileged lapses, recognition distress.

Those who trade in it.

Indole, 'bad vice,' suspensary, nearly as arrant, "connotables."

An encomium resembling a lacunae, over a belt, too much decoration in the cross hatching.

Market razes as bail sunned the training lost diaristic escapework, "Chargin Charlie."

Jealous inches moled the fairway of tenses.

There was a catch in his voice that rarely left, a sort of sneaking suspicion, somehow voiced, that his place only temporarily had his name by the plate.

Erstwhile complete solemnity attends the exhumation of the artifice.

Sometimes, it's hard to accept, it's easier to say nothing, or, instead, it seems to bring around results more readily.

And one can have a lively fantasy life on top of that too.

It will never get dry in there.

I am not the moraliste.

The well you call.

The planning sector.

If I thought we could ever be alone.

Upon a stubborn clock of reason, an insistent failure of its own, in

repetition.

This water, meant, changing like a voice for various returns, a signature with branches.

The foreclosure, scapes of, generous tokens, the resilience of the 'fabric.'

What can be pretty, want, the accomplishment, disposal.

I let it get away, the ice melted before it was possible, I could have called but I had to seem as if I had nothing better to do.

How can you get by on this?

Ambient decision, this you have to orbit with one, the percentage in venturing beyond the 'own.'

This will go a long way to obviating the necessity of shackling yourself to that kind of fate.

Easy retrieval feints acknowledgement collar wayward mail.

"Tell yourself, talk to yourself, stop trying to outwit yourself, there's only us here, remember, there's no Them, the world is a great big us, right?"

What was the importance of being alone at a time like that, having once been "appellated," now dug in, doesn't it seem a bit suspicious, that it should be necessary?

How to combat malicious gossip.

It is important to study those conjugations of indecision to approach an