

A Hundred Posters

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Ted Greenwald:

MOONLIGHT FLOODED

moonlight flooded

the sunlit room

the lip of the plant

hovered on the window

and drooled

a green

the night wiped

under the lip

and began the construction

of a fine chin

the plant turned, saw me,

went up in smoke

in a beautiful state

CLOUDS FILL

clouds fill  
with vitamins  
the charge the window  
of attention brings via eyes  
warms back of the head  
the brain the hand  
fills personally with a cup  
holding, itself like a hand,  
a warm liquid to greet the new  
a work fills a space like  
the foot in show  
kicking the joy in air  
and stubbing

YOU

you're looking forward  
to something, and your faces  
show it, something!  
I stand over the smoke  
entranced with your look  
the beauty of your skin,  
how much I love you  
do I feel as much  
if you were or when you  
are ugly a slight turn  
to the right makes me wonder

Charles Bernstein:

Everyone looks & someone else & they keep striking me & then the mistake, a memory of people piled up to hurl out on unfamiliar faces, only a glance, a sideways look, a color of hair & thrust back into solitariness. A consciousness solitary in the way it insists on forming the borders around signs, hovering abt an event, constituting and reconstituting its meaning. All of a moment the ashtrays become my whole life pounding, crystal, a violet light intersects the page where i imagine it. A letter proclaiming its restoration & a majesty at last to relax for everyone. "They shut me out" Barbara was saying, the door closing in front of her "& you were the only one i could talk to." Maybe they wld remain friends but more likely a drift, reading the newspaper, filling out the shopping list, & finally it wld arrive, without any formal decision, another abrasion of surface. "Was less a..." & groping to put the subways & the hospitals in a perspective, or look a different way. Several yrs at least wld transpire. "I am a great BallErInA: PavLOvA, BaRySHniKoV, oUSpeNSkAYa--none have my air of absence."

Now she folded she called and was told to unwind  
she asked and was warmed.

I didn't want to. Please let me know. Let me  
show you. Please let me know you.

It couldn't last.

No time. Here it begins only in the relation. "The imitators of Mondrian  
don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. It's whether you're  
with us or not & there's nothing you can do to influence that." The  
three rows of tulips were lined nicely amidst the yard. A brief rest.  
A moment's solace. Weirdness. Trying, trying, trying: continually the  
fool...."It's pouring & the subway walls are leaking & no one is paying  
any attention & I get so tired of it." It, it. No word or all words: just  
two stops ahead. Several universes. "Better to look to Larry Poons than  
Eugen Gomringer." Wherever, the brigade sailed in total array, a  
whiteness unlike the face held in any other. This was twisting. A turning  
within. Sand.



I figured it out. I expected all of a sudden for President DeGualle to come out from the woodwork & say--Mr Charles--you don t know me but i want to present you with five tons of dmt to distribute to all yr comrades. &, for notable service, the medal of the Legion d'Honneur de Prix Romain. I had scarcely started in the trade when all this came up. JB, TG, BA, PV--& yet i felt i was meeting no one, that no one cared a tinker's wink for what i was up to. TELL IT TO KIM IL SUN. I became immediately a leper imitator. Not the fancy downtown type but a more sporty out & out colored set. They had difficulty conjoining it for me. I sent them all letters. Even MA. SC. All my peers in the world of dance. I am a great ballerina. When Balanchine saw me he sd, i can't remember exactly, "i ve never seen such a sweep, such flow of movement, combined with so enormous a density. You re sheer bulk floors me." Here the voice began to chop or a least blend. The violins that had been playing all along in the background increased their volume or at least i began to hear them more distinctly until i cldnt hear a single work she was saying. "Type it up" or something like that. I could hear the sputters of my heart.