BIG SKY Number Three (1972)

The Clark Coolidge Issue

Introduced by Tom Clark, Edited by Bill Berkson
WHAT IF JIMI HENDRIX . . . ?

The operation of the brain is a nonlinear process. It is a system of self-organization where given sets of oscillations pull themselves together into a given frequency band. (Think of radio).

Neural activity is a multiplicity of simultaneous operations functioning in a continuum. The basis for the system is frequency modulation. (The Clark Coolidge Code Angle).

Picture a bag of marbles with supernatural powers . . .

"Words are like the film on deep water." — Wittgenstein

The direct experience of the brain is always invisible. Even the instants disappear. Did there used to be a "time" and "space"?

On the integrative neural level there are no visual images, no sounds, no taste, no physical feeling, no odor. Does a telephone have feelings? ("When the telephone rings we don’t know but listen").

The flashing seems like half visual experience, half thought. As these aspects bounce back & forth, one slowly learns to distinguish "surface grammar" from "depth grammar".

Without surface grammar we cannot build housing developments. The bulldozers won’t move an inch. The poems stick to the books. "A huge white wall".

Lists of algorithms?

The phenomenal layer is literally prelogical. "Space" has no outlines. ("ocean a foot deep and six boxes wide "). The eyes see nothing; the ears hear nothing.

The lion blinks less than once a minute; some monkeys blink at an average of 45 times a minute. Blind people have normal blink rates. (It’s all happening at once!). I blinked twice during Viz.

A final warning: reading these works may be hazardous to your Entropy.

Tom Clark
9.9.71
THE FOLLOWING WORDS

In order of the side of the square to be front, normal register, at a time of continuing transparence, pinned to the brilliant feature of the section of a whole, an immediately afterwards open center to a sentence.

In a few words a parabola met at the point in their middle.

The point to their voice joined and stretched out through the air by which points appear motionless in lights.

On the way the following day was light.
THE GRIN STEEPS

for Jimmy Schuyler

1.

which such as it is the fridge blunt and many been
Finnish aground on bulb
the bland hurry flams
too such too plate to phase
hack place
twin stilted bound and douse
its left
more donned off twi-lit seem
drubbled drub and drubs

2.

plast it’s deft
you sun
apt to plaid
which stunts
as dun it pins
raft to perk
accounted to
fen whisks as might stand
to loon
is few runnel to vent
the crane lap
student meter
oblong steins
3.
modal, clone, & Wimpy
its standard
plaint jello mounts off this stile
a glowed pound
the rest and punt
Kyowa styles
a post dynamo prandial
off beamish
Toronto
   a lock of argon
the brand some time
off clutch mercurial

4.
a jewel that a tent thereon
   films
   duets, losses
   a mime or bud times
the cap flakes off set in tune
   some it came
   where has been
kame or plinth
   belts
5.

iceless as oval is
da mind a met stipple
inks at bulk median
a cue as map it makes it
quite
ordinal as rugose

doils off
tracing reels
likeness cores
stays
lights as lighter than

6.

plenty as three as thoughts are
were blunt
don time as lead
a sign crow
vaunted pinch leans
the told back
runs as through as stamps
are though
AS LIGHT

from the light
from the period

at
by the all along since

a
than any
of
of a form

quite
structures

spoof
rows
WHITE

answers at these words no times matter what
no over
an are
there of much keeper ago

development
antique
filling

whom to throw from word
gray as if
in the

ambit elbow is balloons

is in a view
the these proceeds

door the same either well
each plus and that’s two
worse no kind
one eighty last even
our how it is whole
our but turn
to how stop and again
all right that what

("hard knock")

a
live in that
signed

matter
are an over no
of the or
an of

the can't the next am drink
in assemble
dials
gray certain empty

the out sweet what
several matter lies dine
color
nobody some
and there is unless

now and that one then
am on it and in both
which
hold
out of quite

woman
than
woman

I wish I don't know it will I turn I mean
on believe rust
of as if it
in all

still
or gorge
a through
some

yet there about only
is note
are note
out of every so
  fast
gorge

an
  and the
    must waves
wrong end

as if it
  at all
in

out of a
counterbalanced
  seal

even on our far to be so
  yes fault
  some whole
  drawn shown
  blank blank

finicks
stick of the
on since

moot manse
cram one
here in the no one other final which
there first
DEEP SPACE, DARK PAPER

(or)

IN FOR A COLOR

DeKooning has as lacquer does. So he devised a way of keeping pentup energy suddenly released. In the wild dynamics, the space on De Kooning’s canvases is his own execution. The importance of all this will become animal pain. One cannot now say that the figure writhes in disintegration, dispersed across the entire surface. Here, then, is the DeKooning space: canvas. Behind her still exists the background.

It was a long fever, a 3-year self-immolation of brilliantly realized paintings in the mature battlefield. No other artist ever left such paintings. The artist DeKooning – perhaps even the man – came through the monochromatics for one critic that led him, on evening walks through New York, to object and space. The figure is tattered and torn in the depthless arena of a mere surface. Even the Gallery had offered him a one-man show.

DeKooning, deeply tinged with bitterness, had seized many artists. Their ordeal, however, became in a way drawn out like the endless crisis of the Cold War. With all its deep implications, this was the space paint.

"Positive-Negative" suggested itself as a name, seething with "a kind of deathly turbulence". DeKooning smashed this myth. Even McBride noticed them change. Somebody would step out with a canvas solidly covered with black, then earn a living at peripheral pursuits such as house matter, hot or cold, floating around in darkness. There is little doubt that DeKooning went through two paintings with galaxies of similar forms.

The space on DeKooning’s canvases is his own like food.

DeKooning discovered in the dismemberment harbored ambiguities. A few saw "gaiety" in the pupils: "The all-important thing . . . to try to paint thoroughly wet only for a limited time and toothily". Suddenly DeKooning tore the canvas from the foreground fuse, in to one plane. Whatever happens in Twentieth Century painting, the paint is in the main abandoned. As in similar works by Gorky, the hands would soon be painting.

A characteristic picture painted about 1936, "Gun", in that year drove DeKooning "according to a great design of aimlessness". Then, with unparalleled turbulence, the color roars through to a long series of paintings. The only clue now is fusing the extreme opposites of size.

Though Willem DeKooning once believed that "an arm could be a leg, a hand, a bird", they finally accomplished the full externalization of his thumb and made a shape on the canvas. "Then", he said, "is a metaphor. You have to work with it."

Short of stopping painting altogether, he had only tacked the face. Later, art historian Meyer Schapiro dropped in and sat implacable within a storm that would never stretch like a membrane over the canvas. It be cease. "I am truly bored with it now", he has said.
Forms, obviously, imply space. Just as forms may dream they hallucinate us with motionless food. The breakthrough was soon to come.

The breakthrough came in 1957 with the painting "Tion". Visitors were startled to see what looked dispersed but not mutilated, environed in nature. DeKooning’s feelings were mixed. Along with shadows of images not quite erased, webbed in spurts of action, even consecutive brush strokes, DeKooning was now employing a remarkable America.

Virtually nothing is known of DeKooning’s work. He himself recalls only a time of struggle to paint surfaces. DeKooning has now begun a museum. "I’m not through living yet", he observed.

DeKooning’s remark: "I stand at the place which a searchlight flashes on and off" means (a part of DeKooning’s own private ritual) that each year he is deeper and deeper in paintings. Even at their most angular they are still.

DeKooning now returned to the use of oils, and the slow-motion picture or the timeless slow methods. He forced calligraphy and forms into a personal strategem. Elaine DeKooning recalls an appeal to the magic of words to reinforce the cent paint. They were nobodies.

Here, then, is the DeKooning space: (during which his friends rarely saw him and rumors flew) large, one or two to a canvas, hastily scrawled, rectangles for a window, tire surface, numberless torso, muscular brush and then. In "Chalk Reverse" – 1948 (11), one of the masterpieces of Negative Painting, the sky and the next half-hour are converging down the avenues of accomplished matter, replacing the lost one of depth. "That space of science", he has said, "interpenetrates with Public Space".

DeKooning had discovered a valuable expressive dilemma. With all its deep implications, this was the space, he once said, "that is where the form of it lies". Naturally then he has never sprayed but applied with a vigorous brush a commercial calcimine type of paint. The colossal zen isolation of the pose, the glassy alterations of surface, are in the main abandoned. Freedom is extended to buy paint or pay the rent.

At the deepest level then, Willem DeKooning emerged, anyone sold a painting, no one ever dreamed of knees and nearly filling the canvas. Behind them lay antiquity. DeKooning felt it. DeKooning, too, lives in his paintings. DeKooning rejected. When the right time came, DeKooning would know it.

When DeKooning’s Woman materialized, he had an energy and speed beyond the human. Having anger there was infinite regret. So these appalling series rather than separate periods. Close study turns mere ugliness into nightmare. Yet even the violence has fissures. Only the alien misery of that physicist’s coursing tensions tautens and stretches. On this torn arras, The Woman would not be destroyed. She becomes the artist. She has said he thought they were looking for subject matter. Behind her still exists the background.

"The stars I think about, if I could fly, I could draw down into a two-dimensional universe and painstakingly sandpaper to approximate the glassy perfection of Ingres."
DeKooning now tested his new-found freedom: "Irony", revealing the fanged voracity behind the "soft surface of Cubism". The airless landscapes of the Street of Wings and the Spiral Garden veer from a dense and seemingly complete non-time. In any important sense this is impossible. The circulating viewpoint is always happening and never complete.

Complexity once overwhelmed us, now it is barred. "Year's end", says Mrs. DeKooning.

Mrs. DeKooning said, "I can almost remember his thumb, and make a shape on the canvas". This action in reality was not an end but a clue to the words DeKooning once used as a result. "The e has become a floorlamp seen from above", he says.

Suddenly DeKooning tore the canvas from the wall and threw it out with an ancient wise idiocy. Then, buttoning up, he began to eat.
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monuments feasible

carnal

blinders horse

black

olympia square

spiral

orange

juice

your

own
MOUNT NOTES

1.

grasps latching in rock bark of tree milk
the ledge of edge on leafy & more maneuvers
the clasp rickety in farm slants, too loose the rock monk
tail snarl in bristled peans, gonky moon shells
the grass shifts beneath sit it, miles of tramp void
the keys pearling in fathomless starling, broken pod seals
the gnash is too scab & light tint tip flicks
mount gossamer flea dungeon, it is too raise
– sifting quartz peas a butterfly misses

2.

obsidian bunkers trailed marsh peat hit or missing
the grapes unwind unfound under scarp, the scree giggles
conception slab the mind tilts glancing, gloss on shafts
acid sharp front face riffing, vegetation knocked
undersoil lil’ pika, drib milk the sod vest, echo
planked by side mirror azure resting block & snake
gone fright amber, tomb its husk, chant away so peak
– vine stone fisty plain, the rattler void

3.

glance chamber muscular fans, its ribs, lips, tabs
soil suture plankton escapees amonite stab at, risks
mighty church in lab the kinks, pines fir on thumb, trapisy
head grows pin in bark blend, the oval nose, sit, its sit
mumbly on pate tirade fire the glow slab, ointment rippt bunk
gone slant on last land, mike-ing the freeze hanger, 'gainst
sorry, piney, how’s lee blend? the slab made fossil sad, band
mades tool & slaby gneissic chant, chart it in sawdust lab
bind at capsule robins the slab ash at dusk dust, tin of
– black lightning magnet bolt, its inner scab & lichen husk
THE NEXT

the in will
over from
as also into as
in is
of as as an
in as or
as is as as and
as have as is

a

the as first
and the and
the who
from the as
is the who in the who and from
the as is
as has for of
own

the for against
for was or of
of and of against
the has or since
in for was
of by for or was
by
in of to
the of before
for one the into
of the by
an of
the were
the of an even by who
were
was the with the
for the and

the in will
of and and will
out
from the will to against from
the out the
to the and but is so

the will the of the of that
and of is a
of so
of all and the
by the the
of from as a
of as an or will be
the in will
to each to other to be to be to be and to be of

as is a on
the of has or with
of be by the be an
as is the
and as about as is a
its as to has
as without
its is its
own
THE ROAD LOG

(Out West to Back East again)

SF to Providence

271V70 – 8V70
27 April Monday

day after Celia’s 2nd

Healdsburg to Davis to Redding

two vans

"Boborama"

wind ruts

space hair clouds

{Toni
Bob
C. C.
Susan
Celia}

Celia’s shower door hour

“Proberta Gerber”
(3rd grade)

Ball’s Ferry
on the Acid Canal

our postscript to "Capt. Sick"

{3 cases intestinal flu
1 cold (+fever)
1 strep throat}

a bag full of stuff

"Black Buttes again" (follow the road
at slow-speed proportions)

Travelty House

ahead of the road

supper = "lunch & pinecones"

3-day-old clothes

Tom’s goodbye

this house is a neutral letter
“Muzak is a glimpse . . . “

* SHASTA *

("mo-cha!")

the Bank-Shot Family Billiard Parlor

________________________ Michael’s pen . . . point

TV after dark

letters

showsers

rash, of the chicken?

Where’d you go??!!??

"Out of Service"

25 Mile Daylight Test

East, by North East

3 choruses of Animal Daddies

"the beaver daddy

is building a daddy . . . "

ice

Hamilton Beach

"What is the average length of a country?"

(To obtain the value of a sound

measure from silence.)

wake

up

go to sleep

"Is it rolling, Bob?"
a space heater
TV chained to lamp
boots
sox
bags

"night-night", again . . .
two
light
switches

lights & dots
"Songs & Buttons"

Copyright 1970

"The prunes are icin' up. Doc!"
The Record-Searchlight Magazine
(skunk pen)
The Gideons seek to spread the Bible.

TV color spread

"It's too wet."

with genuine ice crystals

"Is that mirror real wood?"

ELJer

28 April Tuesday

7:30 A.M.

today's color TV : red faces admit

Celia is pretzles

"Polarization makes sense."
(machts nicht)
the Modern Jazz Quartet makes breakfast

there is no moisture condition

"No: to Cambodia"

being a pill

Celia strums at the aeolian space heater
Who put the ram
in the ram-dang-a-ding-dong?

oatmeal & do the no-lotion

"you were me & I was you"

three adventures in one

Turntable Bay
Luray Caverns in the Rain
Larry Fagin

"cones"

Gas: $4.95

temperature drops
the summit ridge of Shasta

Snow : Weed

Cañon du Chelly
Guabi-Guabi

in which the snow . . .

Siskiyou Summit: 30 mph, 2\textsuperscript{nd}

Bob ahead
shedd

crusin' for burgers in miles of tar
a warmth-up

sorghum beads

losing tomentum

acetone branch
starting from each place at once

the town of DRAIN
Peebeels Rd.

the 45th parallel
half-way-point
Between equator
and north pole

40 m. south of Portland, Ore.

C.C. : "Celia, are you a baby?"
Celia : "Yeah! I be a baby."

Bedrock Puma

Fossil Library : Fossil, Oregon
Sugar Pie Honey Lamb (1960?)
The Star Chamber

29 April Wednesday

a rainy morning in Oregon

octagonal egg

"cowboy boots,
wrenches, man, not
playthings, wrenches!
screwdrivers, about
yay tall, big ones!"

the Gulf moon
big evergreens
cemetery with dogwoods
cream Clysters with parking-lights on
grey jacket with paper sack

Portland, Ore. : Portland, Me.
Swampscott sea rain

"What cha gonna do?
Tell 'im no deal?
Can't get your completion?"

JEEP

sample rooms

"Tell 'im to hit the trail"

Celia: "Where'd Basic go?"

Batman's
Chapel of the Dawn, Inc.
mortuary

the falls trail
The Dalles

trap swarms

overhead V
low level bird
woodpecker truck

Celia : Bob + Toni = Tomby

Shirley Kaufmann reads poems
Bob walks into a beam

Portland Split Doubleheader With Salt

mission gibbon

Fearless Harris Stinker Service

hebe hunt

Celia : "bread & pinecones!"
"Bob & Tomato"

rain on a turnip

baby bluejay
Scenic Wayside

red-headed pheasant
roadrunners (?)
maggies
sea gulls

Boise = two instant replays
one VW headlight (out)
one roomlamp (blown)
one interconnecting door key (missing)
several bath towels & cups (mess)
one stomach ache (Toni)

so far . . .
main drag

send a giant pack (Chesterfields) to Ted

white "WALK" lights

30 April Thursday

more Boise: "choked" up

"Spring" = Tall"

Chevy

Salt-Chunk Mary

further Stinkers

Hammer of geologist
will never shatter
the Rock of Ages.

iced straight lines

Craters of the Moon

Blackboard's AA

backboard pahoehoe
Celia through the cave: "down there"

Indian Tunnel

flow

Down by the River

Inferno Cone
   Snow Cone
   Paisley Cone
   Silent Cone
   Grass Cone
   Hornito Cone
   Half Cone

movies & stills

bombs

not a Cambodian War

Nellie's Drive Inn (Arco)

de past 20 years on a hill face

jackrabbit

Atomic City ("you can't get to it"
   — Cathy & Michael)

The Atomic Kid (Mickey Rooney)

hot is cold
cold is hot

The Village Green

tomorrow: we change
   slowly back
   into silicates

Celia (knocking on bathroom door): "Come in!"

Snoutbubler & Brucie
I’m the one
you’re the one
I’m the one
you’re the one . . . etc.

Black Alice by Thom Demijohn

Man & Dolphin by John C. Lilly, M.D

Hot Rats
toothbrushing ("Arrow!")
carnelian interiors
X-ray specs

Dr. Pepper & Lady Bowlers

no-views of the river

Dr. Patterson . . .
time to cut (cookies &) toenail

accordian players are happier . . .

Just’s

Andy’s rain machine

part of the devil’s bargain

Dorn : The Ivory Poet
McClure : Underwater Dessication

(no ed)
cable of the green man

1 May Friday

goin’ to Jackson

snow & higher

getting our bearings

Bob’s busted
"It's not rollin'!"

tow and wait and tow

pebbles & Celia swings no

backs to the blue slinky oil drum

reverse 40-miles Idaho Falls back to (Bob's)

Body Shop (Smith's)

a long wait around the rim

What if Jimi Hendrix . . . . ?

Minor Watkins
Fenner Wages

trust to no account

another same "our room"

as women bowl
"no teats!" (Ray Fletcher)

monoxivents

Celia: "pranes!!"

4 dandelions
? grass
1 bridge
1 thing (blue rubber pointed)
1 motorboat
3 motorcycles
1 engine
1 black hose (snake)

Bob monsters

Laundra

Tarzan & the Lost City of Gold

Celia is rash

hamburger stardust
The Bakers 3: My Shoes Keep
  Walkin' Back To You

Merv Gum

tomorrow is maybe today

tomorrow's again

day for it

today fixed

2 May Saturday

"He's burping!"
  "I eating sugar spots!"

shower & postage stamp

We can't keep going back to Montreal!

OK, replay 26.

If you can't break down
smile as you go by.
signed, Dwaine Mangus

ride the snake to the lake

The Tetons

cress me Aunt Jemima

fim/néve

turn the corner into Wyoming

Dubois Coffee

no Yellowstone

Jam Up Jelly Tight

either way
marks make thing

Mrs. Nay's paintings

next to the giant photograph

Alley Cat by Bent Fabric

There's nothing on earth.

lunch on which butte?

Celia: "Gundus!" ("actually, grōdus!")

light black flats

Antelope Count: 400+

Kinnear, Roy . . .

Range, Wind River = ? (geologically speaking)

Wind River = rhubarb solution

Casper the Wyoming

ghost of the remaining U.S.

fast & bulbous motor psychos

another Milburne Stone classic
conical gasolines

"millions & millions of them!"

Daddy Wombav

Fedders out

3 May Sunday

"It's wierd though because the length is the length."

Only from the astronaut's point of view can one glimpse the entire yoga continent.
fences / finished
in a state of wyoming

heart six
hat six

30,000 historical items
watch for jackelopes

hist site
only in America
at Wall Drug

pip oversmokes
lost bar
Tiny Town
pop 5
lozenge-ward
Vasomotor

snow remnants : shale remnants
Van Tassell (George, Giant Rock Airport)

but he was a good driver
dun loss
Back East
To Wall Drug

ramp dun bird so
Lusk Plunge (detail)
Max Jacob & Erik Satie
soundly atree
in kneeline

(Keenline
Keeline
Keynsham)

ball rolls uphill at Cozmos

Wall I’ll be Drugged
Duhamel's Sitting Bull Crystal Cavern

Birch Beer = black tongues

"better than good"

"it's been named right"
I'll repeat that . . .

Gum Arabic : Hugh O'Brien

TV = a Delay in Glass

a man carrying nothing

Celia : "people's heads!"

My job's going to be keeping in touch with you.
My job’s going to be keeping in touch with you.

tam moil

There's a wierd shower in there.

Gano Downs

Pink Beer

fossil turtles

write with absolute silence

time with money

You've Got The Silver

Nazi Cartoons
Lana Carturner

Johnny Guitar, Meester

The Main Burger Stem Turnaround

with the thing hanging down . . .

The Legend of the Golden Arches

the hollow hill hanger movie
a toroid tractor

milk is for people who do

Where it is?

chemo beamer

bath hole, sort of

4 May Monday

Moroni & Smith

a child event

Scaramouche

The Postcard Collection

motive parts

gumbo till

oils the Book of Mormon

green gum
orange gum
blue gum

a new underwood

Wall To Wall

Stuckey's Clear The Range

The role of silence is to restore objects.
nursery mantras by Susan

gala hack

designing elevators better than the haul up to

Assemble-Yourself Helicopter Kit

Live Your Life Out Loud

by the Metal Cowboy Band

Reading Copy Only: facsimile available at http://english.utah.edu/eclipse
Grand Dalarinian *Dessicator* Land

Jap's maps
evanescence of Brown Jenkin
Badlands to Greenland
the Peoples' Market, Uptown. Konoka
dreaming over a page
battery motorized tar strips
car glide
Dygel
1965 – "one pair brown cowboy boots . . .
said the shack by the turnout
– kind of run down now (no wires)
Murdo sounds
on us
"papers very bad, Meester!" = $22.60
"I arrest you." – John Wesley Hardin
It must be some time between sentences sometimes.

Block Ice : White Gas

Plankinton
Charles Mohr
Art VanDamm dinner time
Chlorine Noon

a Day of Poots

now I know my ABCs

5 May Tuesday

Eye-Yah-Yah-Yike Us!
Nobody likes us!
Bob: "Are you a holy roller?"

Celia: "Yeah."

souffles
"Minnesota . . . no . . . uh . . . Minetonka"

* Grain Belt Beer *

Celia: "baseball beer playing tennis!"

Klatt Pontiac

Guckeen

Gay Stride

Blue Earth Sabre Jet

Howard Hawks Country

Alvin Thate's road (hips)

two lane "boat" wakes

empty thugee feelings

The Repeat Paper

Minnesota Caverns (new) Spring Valley

Beware of Chevy

soy bean burgers

Homer's Argos
hearing Handel's largos
as the car goes

Hemp Museum

Castle Rock Flowage

Ride the Ducks (Wise. Dells)

Celia Renfield

Patters on Quarries
Do the Madison
portatoes
burned down the "Croakers"
Billy

6 May Wednesday
divergence twines
lost pen
HWY BB
Rinehart's Taxidermy
Fingerhut
Onan's Electric Plants
Clarke's Floor Machines
Gary Pulver

all this livin' off the road
is gettin' pretty old

Phil presents Bobby
the sound of one shower clapping

7 May Thursday

Jim Brodey
Charlie McCoy
Baker Caverns, Pa.          A. Bell Brubeck Time Dream
Ho Jo trip hammer

The Seeker
"fucks"

Guantanamo Naval Base

John Wesley Hardin

pastilles

Bill Austin / Larry Austin / Nancy Austin

Floyd cut those trenches by hand by the helictites.

Zappa

I hope I go ahead and got up
door in the street
gassininity

Brainard Road

Hammermill Papers

The Booster

The Long Distance

8 May Friday

you can’t see it, you can’t hear it . . .

What’d I Say

waits

Flah & Co.

no-bar

Reading Copy Only: facsimile available at http://english.utah.edu/eclipse
Rockalizer Baby

become a shag
and the air goes over the air

The Empire Finals At Verona
Westmoreland (N.H.) green flourite xls

lag bead

erratics

Who Drove the Red Sportscar

Coeymans
Roundout Beds

somebody buy me a mountain
with a cave up there

diner tube

on the Blue Bus

you can eat the box

winker elbow

purple heart highway

Quaker’s Dunwich Horror

Branch Cypress

dots
VIZ

tows part

and

lain

delit a down

pats

a

on an

twelve

asks tops sakes

glows it

due as

apt

the which the lens

tans

so lieu

asterisk a clan par

lave a what sats
ONE AND ONE'S ON

has to is it
time of
eye lace
bland
it is it not in
blands

a cam pale aid
ices
   ones said
a par left east
a so is that is
a miles used to one
as whole than
some outs
tar as

do
   by and
not and and one
out then same as in in it
very that is there it is
a mar than
each of say on one is who
there whoms
it whoms
as dumb an
tone to
THE SKIPPERS

for Ron Padgett

The Edwards Three Records
Edwards Roadside Skipper
Samoset, Scudder
Records Samoset Skipper
Scudder, Dusted
Dion Edwards, Conspicuous
Black Dash, Metacomet Harris
Dun Skipper Mulberry, Massasoit
Wing Scudder, Hoboken
Harris Skipper, Aviator
Broad Airy Tones, Argos
Skipper Delaware
Edwards. Formerly A Delaware Skipper
Antediluvian Camps, Sachem
Pompei, Little, Glassy, Edwards
Wings Waligreen’s
Ortho Egremont Cement, Scudder
Broken Dashes
Polite Cornea, Cramer
Formerly Pea Peck, Peck’s
Skipper, The Polite Themist
Tawny Edged Phenolphthalein
La Trill Skipper
Fabric Of Polite Origin
One Record, The Cross Liner
A Chautauqua, Light, Styptic, Long Dash
The Hesperian Uncas, Edwards
Records Uncas’ Skipper Backwards
A Laurentide Lyman Skipper To Manitoba
Skips A Pawnee Dodge, Edwards
Skip Doubles As Otto
Edwards The Auro Skipper
Aesperidian Sack Spanner Of Dakota
Edwards, A Skinner
Fletcher, A Mantid Bodes Indian
Parker, Pow Sheik, Ankle Slipper
Fabrician As Least Skipper
Pallas, Pale Lemon, Least Of Arctic
Loaf Skipper, Pale
Borean Catullus, Fabricius
Common, Sooty, Wing of Grote
Checkered, Communist, Purgist Slipper
Aerie Of Keel, Of Ice Lung, Scudder
Dreamy Burgess, Dusky Peals
Brizo, Residual Of Duck, Anis Stippler, Lucullus
Columbine, Martial Mottle
Wing Of Horace, Burgess, Horace's
Wing Of Thorax, Thorybean Batholith
Smith, A Cloud South, Pine Aorta, Rung Pylades
Scudder, Skipper, Northern
Ankylose, Pale Geyser Records
Asparagus, Clear Cramer, Silver
Spot Skipper, Hoary
Record Of Phrygian Edge
WHOBODY

1.

write on this.
do this.
to this.
an end isn't.
and done.
over this to here.
of down.
and and.
to end it.
this is what.
what that.
do that too.
written and.
do to and.
due time.
do tell.

2.

amity.
two brim.
sayed ever.
pot a mighty.
saying scrim.
lights dimes.
soon it.
sign on.
addage.
3.
rights.
you, say.
soak drop.
a pine there.
allege.
scowl it.
dime thence.
park.
I start at.
the midge.
punts.
stuff mid.
mile seen.
late it.

4.
back it.
turn that.
standing whelms.
it wheels.
as block.
the nine.
a four.
my sit.
I cap.
do not at.
sound up.
cases.
casing that.
I told.
tell that.
saw this.
5.

run it.
sound that.
since there.
to a sun.
to the nines.
bounce.
twice this.
a mar.
street off.
cow.
newel.

6.

that it.
sounds off.
as hem.
deep soon.
towel that.
stones.
as mine.
a major.
smoke this.
type.
a squint.
nine times.
to style over.
time it.
fall line.
Skimp.
while away.
due for.
of what.
I, say.
told that.
find out.
build but.
ice in.
oval or.
tips that.
oils it.
said what.
it, say.
over with.
DARTMOUTH WASHBOARD

1.

buns in stope last
   fall link ounce
lead in formic turret
   a palm
   duress of ply it
which diamonds
   a Pyreneesial tonal Brancusi
some are dates
   as goods as much
as it is
   this time as that has
had
tarp and fart blanks
   this topple-vine stope
remands
   farms bowling
a predicate still tile
   banisters frog
   the partial bounds
banks

2.

banks
   lifters a lake ounces
dialic restive
   pan long diurnal capes
the mooed
   retentive as miles as miles
blanket records
   the dome trope of the mark
pods its sills
   bailing and tuning
wrist we
   told
   mocha
   standing
   oval

bear as mutter
3.
dermic
    as ten means
burr off till strides
    a bolt
which Coptic barn deaf
    twice states
    going thins
ovular
bland as block
    the lintel
darts tuning

4.
orchid
    bore lea apron
    to fault reforesting
as isinglasses
    purr as turnip when tacet
core leas
    talus horns
    in duly

5.
vibes bantam
    door toast a mote brine here
as twinly gelled as scone relacing
    goes
orb gender or engine
mack sown
    availed lean by
    ore doting
    place vim by
THE BASAL STRINGS
for Dick Gallup

behind the around of many block
of down which way back in ten
lifts wide depths

totals
dowels
tonals
towels

is since a knob plenty bulk
diurnal slid tuckers
some as the same as a rest

a mist lead blocks askew
parts air past a tile
pins the munch

picking the maze in a blimp

dresco
ten pastes as adhesive as a hinge
SONNETS: THE BLANKS

for Ted

now is the time that face should form another
a liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass
strikes each in each by mutual ordering
thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die

holds in perfection but a little moment
by adding one thing to my purpose nothing
and perspective it is best painter’s art
to march in ranks of better equipage

anon permit the basest clouds to rise
I make my love engrafted to this store
eternal numbers to outlive long date
and, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed

a closet never pierced with crystal eyes
to cide this title is impanneled
against that time, if ever that time come
the which he ill not every hour survey

since, seldom coming, in the long year set
and you in Grecian tires are painted new
which parts the shore, where two contracted new
be where you list, your charter is so strong

if there be nothing new, but that which is
even of five hundred courses of the sun
in sequent toil all forwards do contend
increasing store with loss and loss with store
and the firm soil win of the watery main
when I have seen such interchange of state
to live a second life on second head
when yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang

the worth of that is that which it contains
and that is this
now counting best to be with you alone
so far from variation or quick change

to new-found methods and to compounds strange
and keep invention in a noted weed
and therefore have I slept in your report
who is it that says most? which can say more

which should example where your equal grew
and so my patent back again is swerving
to set a form upon desired change
and do not drop in for an after-loss

some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse
that do not do the thing they most do show
and yet this time removed was summer's time
drawn after you – you pattern of all those

but best is best, if never intermixt'
to one, of one, still such, and ever so
fair, kind, and true, varying to other words
now all is done, have what shall have no end
of others' voices, that my adder's sense
seems seeing, but effectually is out
as fast as objects to his beams assemble
bring me within the level of your frown

no, I am that I am: and they that level
our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
lose all, and more, by paying too much rent
which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art

had, having, and in quest to have, extreme
if hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head
and will to boot, and will in overplus
ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one

among a number one is reckon'd none
in a cold valley-fountain of that ground
but the mere
likely so for pat
of far
to little not it
must
which with
are of
there
many at all in its of these
it is is
for ever its
were
other nor
is it
one so one in
one so grey one
will from lead
runs about still
of of and
of edge
as be
as more were quite
edge it this
edge of quite
of till
I catch a twinkle of fun behind his glasses. I begin rather gingerly to ask if he continues to sip his coffee. He makes a dreadful note and holds it up. "That’s the demoded art!" Soon after we board the train for Paris, my looks refreshingly tidy and self-contained, Bullitt asks me perfunctorily how long I plan to lay so much emphasis on his subject matter. I like the sly humor that lurks behind his very idea. Matisse chimes in. "Artists should stay for quite a while." I pursue my point that the world is tending to become increasingly appropriate as a filling for sardine tins. He asks if the skies in America are as good for postcards. There’s a silence, and I feel he’s never been in contact with an adversary. Nevertheless he sits down by me. The cigarette. After an appropriate interval, I run that one into the ground, and Matisse approaches smilingly.

Bullitt is less enthusiastic. He refutes my suggestion that Rousseau may be coming down the aisle followed by the Lorrillard family. While I make sketches, Bullitt nods in enthusiastic approval. He answers that the Douanier Rousseau was alarming. His eyes snap behind his glasses (one of these is shown above). Matisse begins French words I don’t know. The others think it’s important. "If an artist stays in his own country he can always tell when he’s back in France." Bullitt, seeing that Matisse is in no condition, is soon asleep again. Emboldened in the relaxed manner, I’m glad to have a few minutes in which to try another tack – can’t we learn from postcards?

In the interim Bullitt and I strike up our first conversation. I explain to him how much I feel that chichi quality that has disturbed me in him, how much I admire those spoonfuls which weaken. Besides, our American forbears once compared him to John Marin. Marin went down to the sea in a bucket, and on the way back never spilled a drop, I tell the character who is dozing opposite me. He has studied the masters in the Louvre – "As soon painting as the skies of France". "Even better, Demuth never spilled." I’m pleased to meet a good-natured professor out of his element. We suggest that the others join us.

Lanfear and Bullitt embark on a boring conversation about skies and beautiful women – Which is more aware of an undeviating tenacity which comes through in positive pronouncements? They are directed and about to move. Matisse awakens while we are traversing a pretty district, wants to buy back an example of his early work but has to nod and is soon asleep with a light toss of the head, which implies he finds it the very reverse. I remark that Leger is quite different from Moreau. Matisse fairly explodes. "And what is there to say about art," he says (without reflection, alas). "He talks about art." That does it. Matisse has awakened again and the conversation suggests that eyes don’t count for much (owing perhaps to the thickness in his hand). I become increasingly mild, with manners almost courtly. However, Bullitt is already telling me that he had once been convulsed with laughter, and I react similarly against my better judgement.

As we are recovering our bearings, Matisse discourses largely on the production of postcards. He ends up: "The only hope for the American soul is to make postcards which will always make money". Bullitt asks what brand of paint he uses. Matisse sticks out a very pink tongue over his beard and snips at it, alarmed as the burning end gets nearer, and answers, "The most essential". It is expensive, he explains, and here makes a joke about an elderly Picasso:
If one studied with Picasso, one would imitate New York in two months. "That’s a very good judgement." I assert, however, that Picasso’s recent works are not à la mode and tell of the starvation of twenty years ago; today it could only be art! He adds emphatically that all artists should have their pills. He points out that he is able to talk to me as he does only because "pills work". "Then he must talk about himself!"

Matisse turns and the baggage pandemonium surges quickly around us. He then settles back and is soon asleep again. I begin to find this very funny – pupils always say that about the baneful influences of teachers. Moreau had one great virtue – he used to conduct his pupils by twirling his umbrella like a windmill to attract the past. The gentleness that had characterized Matisse snaps. I’m uncertain whether it’s my expression he finds marvelous. "Yes, it’s marvelous," Matisse says threateningly with his second and third fingers, "that color relations remain constant. You can often see where my daughter was born in the second-floor bedroom."

Matisse’s voice is now gone abruptly. Pills. Actually, I’ve never met him. I’ve seen little of his work and as we leave the boat at Cherbourg I notice that Matisse is just ahead of us. He was in it. Demuth went down with a teaspoon, his best work. His face even in repose was imperious, as though he found it rather dry. "That doesn’t make any difference." Conversation is stilted, but things pick up when in place.

Matisse wakes with a jump and turns off another switch. He asks if I ever knew the American painters, and tells me how Charles Demuth is in their midst. Matisse might pass for someone who knew Demuth and wanted to question him further, at the window, waving goodbye with one hand and with means. No, he himself had no money. Picasso had no money. And the Impressionists had no money. Only Manet had 60 francs which dealers now sell for 300,000. Sometimes a wad of French money protrudes from his wallet. He pulls out a hundred-franc note, misdirected by ignorant teachers or by some surroundings of the lowest quality. I try to steer into more interesting topics during the time that remains. I suggest that artists in modern times seem American. Matisse says the trouble with American artists is sin. "El Greco has been dead 300 years and you consider them in your procedure!"

We pull into the Gare Saint-Lazare with great suddenness, while whiskers seem to wave in agitation. After I leave the car and step onto the platform with my briefcase, I look back toward our compartment. Matisse is standing on his beret and winds his checked muffler round his neck. "Art . . . ," he says. For a quick answer I say I’m sure it occurs to none of the passengers. Matisse makes a gesture of disgust – "That’s ridiculous!" Nevertheless he sits down by me, seemingly to look at me as if out of my own eyes. In my final glance I notice again the look of the good-natured professor. Then, after an appropriate interval, I try to get Matisse back to the subject that was so summarily dropped in the dining car. At last the inevitable contact takes place.
CAREEN AS TIM

the ground tan's un
south sum of card apt
the lab, the eighth cent
mirey dome whistles
if is part
then then's
difdential occlude
vermont is loft
a pane is tag
that back occurred is last
times the viable glen
ocarina
spar flakes the mound gassify
carmine clam right to
simples the purse figures
to
knew it apart blent
goes vane
semi-cap you'll stem far's it boules
AMINO BOATER

the lax the pand
are-paste, stem-buds
the micker, elster?
buy-storms.

corn lows
mitchum from pint
say goalie, matter
at all rights
bag types
I at sayed

the misser. the seines
goal apock, adamant stool tents
flute a gorilla amortizes
colostomy ankle

sit mets. brickle.
sue to so mate, amass
tods off
mack ape, the some
& paled tight in mizzen
TRIANGLE H

In the spring sheets that make up with the triangle it was at that moment. The steel being cut for the half is the better word than. I must explain that either. Possible is better later that made some. Later the huge made that year began. Some sheets for the challenge of the same. Moment as a possible "saw" with.

Correct in my case so called has become done. More is what, or that because in itself, become had done itself as far. Whether as an object also could act on the thing and not a same. Time was as it whether has become. And subject. Triangle that would overcome that format could become.

If either would end up conformed that into shape. I had with either to transform. Ornamental to the triangle was a new end of totality.

(a) Tangle, in a sense, all points to a vanishing triangle.
(b) Point by the problem without getting to do a painting.
(c) Except its three different points.
(d) Sense the triangle as a problem here with three different lights.
(e) Without getting the point challenge the brings back into painting.
(f) By the physical shape except the triangle.
(g) Trap the triangle back into shape by its three.
(h) Back a rectangle into the physical.
(i) Do a painting to here different than its points.
(j) Shape, tangle, or vanish without.
(k) Put a different point by.

Only when truncated points in doing so I must assert away. I must knew and was able to get away. It is a nothing more than slice of shape or less. Space must make space to get out of the invisible points or more than less. Which was nothing more in doing so than that rectangle only that able after all a space. Then has to get out of this which shapeless. It which it was this shapes. More need then out of an object has it made. My object and my points made it possible to must begin them. To begin them as an object it all exists as after as can be done. All as all can be. It was this space that is just more.

In contrast with one I called the outside. Because of one inner cover and even light. Outside evenness is a structure in the lights. Page five is one without shadow.

The possible is as even in itself as light and shadow.
SOUP TENDS

Hih! Whose abdomen alatch
apex angular a century small or less
from a can to black or can species

apex bristles or other not, yet listed
to the rectangular or absent

rocker mites slightly canada at base
times less than tube

cybernetical the diptera morels claval
it has been which is fairly automobile
as used should be tips or isn't

profile anterior starts
believe less than discal at base paste
as wide as or hinder than less, was
smooth under-answering as greens common
moron a cylindrical parallel
numbers sometimes back
under occurence a plant concentration

type reports palps long, un-beyond
parsley leaves on a number
of leaves together one just together
a bar mell of swayed tims
Bohemes
SNARES SNEEZE

a object
taut
as kinds
the an
lost backwards
as pun is trust
throes as a date
pickle ptarmigan jet block
as such as must
predicate

delimit
to the point
as inflamable
twists the dot to aim spent
less husk more paint
boned as such
frames

this as much as puffs a dial
back in bland loams
a fiddle musket
availed of two by even yet such said colors

and the white's one
and the rest's edge
ocean a foot deep and six boxes wide

as tomary too
de to cite as

•

only but
it is not
ence that
is only
no less are

•

mal range
mal range

•

the some
others are
some of

•

ever of
the should colour

•

how one water
structure

•
and means
present
and three

•

as a whole but the even this

•

colour
after all
the three
today

•

as such here in so wide

•

each other each

•

a this less colour

•

like part
these while

•

back and and forth
certain is less
it it isn’t

within the within
the is within
a within a

times in which each fines

noon or type

which is of one
in which one

which is thus one

that one of the of the fact that the the
MOVING DAY IN THE ACCRETIVE STATES (650 Words for MEV)

Starting anywhere from present with which occupies is not ordered.

Time for everything.  Time of everything.

Time nothing.

There are objects here.

A new painting is now a whole wide canvas of "hundreds" of horizontal stripes all of different hues which are words which are all this surface is left of. Distorts, abstract's distance, from a minute, front of the surface, eye blinks, a corner turning, & is a sentence. I shut my eyes, impossible to see the colors, it just shuts itself off. You just had to be there.

space

MEV's sound is so solid it hardly seems to exist (you go away, it does too) – maybe we only remember things which are impermanent (?) Thought later is other procedure thru the material differences:

a repeated object being not the same object; casting aside the Art-Set entering the Early Mud; the "Art Coefficient" & "impossibility of sufficient memory" of Marcel Duchamp; "Other laws of gravity" (Rzewski); boredom being a potential; "beginning again and again is a natural thing even if there is a series" (Gertrude Stein); Guston in the World Museum wanting to paint like Mallarme's "civilized first man"; Oldenburg's Hamburger; a state of changes/a change of states; a guy makes an automobile & finds it being marketed as a birdbath...insanity?
Lights shut out in the cave I lie on the clay & listen to the systems.

piano cactus building impedimenta leaven altostratus effort byron step vest reach eld trump crane vote stem epaulet tilt veda gravy tion dial edge stunt ire stylus verge toll bag pumice strega aerial scrim gyre steer bren stope bridge atmos plus tle leverage tragacanth fine gum bot ing olene bars trig dyne aga stoat module atti vent ben upon vin flee eps jumar nase tyro gentian cell jete jimi last prit coast vend arp co accrete mislist atroll mesa dirndl peccary dwan etch mira sowed veleity knocks ab twine ev elastic oca vat st san pylon thule adj sard twilling mica akron stip lend salmo chat aisle thorax arête farad arm calc veg dodge ammonite elery arlan

The musics haven’t been forgotten but used. Up to one moment’s capacity. So many nouns (melodies) at a time don’t constitute a label. Or a definition as wide as the dictionary. & when one appears it is as if for the first time. When the telephone rings we don’t know but listen. If that a "cello"? a "tack"?
The sounds they are. All room is form. The feelings are our own, they leave when we do, never to return since they never left. Hermetically sealed in infinity.

I hear where I am.
But more is there than
which my intentions focus.
Whole participation occurring only
after erasure of the syntax
of my memory.

space
The sound, of everything gives you a chance. It gives you the big various feeling (glance) at Noth-ing. Things that "signify" ... these sounds don't signify, they're too steady being themselves in air (which they are). "Don't signify to me", Burt Lancaster in Brute Force, a movie. "Full of sound & fury signifying nothing". – "Faulkner"? "Shakespeare"? "Saturday"? Nothing, & leaving & night & nothing making a noise in the bottoms. There were no Nothing Stands where I've ever been.

Shift of pitch’s change in the weather.
The clothes are on the room.
Miscue turns the door of the airbag letup.
Finding tables & turning floors.
Nine degrees past.
Excavation.
Air.

MEV moving in the Drome Museum.
"THE WORLD'S LARGEST BOULDER" in Plymouth New Hampshire.

"It suits me fine it that's all down the drain."
             — Don Judd

The sculpture of wrecked car bodies is a line
drawn across the board along the wall down the
hall across the love affair into the news.

If we must make measurements let us count the people
who have come to this hail. Count the windows . . .

I have a feeling of happiness.
A huge white wall.
Jimi would have no doubt shown up at a Crossroads Guitar Festival or two, since they're not only a celebration of the guitar, but heavily blues influenced as well. As a result, Jimi and Eric would have had at least ONE duet! Jimi wasn't political where he might have made a stand today, but his abhorance for violence and war came up at every concert he gave and would have no doubt continued. Before he was Jimi Hendrix, he was James Marshall Hendrix, a crazy talented guitarist trying to make his living playing music. Before he could be the icon who changed the way we think about guitar, he had to keep playing music, keep making connections, and not starve to death doing it. So he did what people in his situation often do: he jobbed. Assuming that what worked for Hendrix in the 60s will work for you today is intellectually dishonest. You're bullshitting yourself because reading seems scary. But it doesn't need to be.