Wet floor feet faster than wine
the glowing ejaculation drops
tongue spun chords drunken
despite attempted equilibrium
they all fell on their ass

In the morning upon rising elixir rose hips and she replies in lies
whose cunning curls innards such as he has known in wanton rivers
washboard women blues up
and minnie on belly walls
I come not knowing thankful

Votive light Cecil Taylor
Moving among ivory madonnas fingernails full and third eye scab
from pulling up a tree in haste the early morning other branch swung
around upon my jerk and slammed my skull
such worship in piano keys comping the bass line looks both ways
twice a horsey string unbound fire curls
the ripple of control
in leaden box thoughts follow spirits flabbergasted and pith stalks

Dear old Stockwell
to you Jazz
mit fingered books
scissors coloring yr. visien
the wheel speaks

go the upstretched tree pipe
inhal the silver sky
and blow coke Tiber Tiger
TAP CITY FASTER CIRCUS
REPORT

Robert
Invitation to build a house mit Paul Beattie ace film maker 63
miles north of S.F.
Redwood trees go straight up gush-bubbling stream right by and
Pauls four daughters (youngest born day after Malota):
Louises sister wanting to do seamstress business 17 miles away
or everything being set up.
Meanwhile I distribute the winters harvest of love objects
and beloved Burpee book all in Gods schedule
John Fles is everywhere!
Louise is rounding, the jazz baby moves lazy liquid blues
Would I winnie the Shampoo or listen to wet roads spinning
wheels
The boat of skin and Appollinaire set down in ocean liner notes
Today I work for strangers the balloon energy filling schips the
violence of prayers
true to the dues
we will embrace in continual pursuit of one clear tone for all to
dig the afternoon children playing

Love Louise
B Malota

0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
 to the rolling eyes of
Paul Mistrie!!!!!!!!!!

4 SHORT STORIES FOR PASSOVER
from 278 e. 7th st. nyc 9 6-d

My mother will do anything for me. She is my slave. She will pay
$50.00 just for one feel. She is so happy when I am there cold
and passive in front of her that tears of joy come to her eyes.
If Freud had eaten a proper diet and done his yoga...

One of my poker buddies from high school contacted my mother in
order to find me. He is now an epileptic and is waiting for his
father to wound him with an apple.

My cousin Judith lived in Czechoslovakia her father was a big
lawyer and she worshipped him and my own father likes to tell of
how Judith describes the elegance with which her father would peel
an orange; this never fails to break up my father.
Judith was made a bookkeeper at Auschwitz and one day she entered
the names of her father her mother and her grandma. I thought
there was no accounting for people. Guess there is.

Dorothy gave an Auschwitz party
it was a real gas.

Michael Katz
Mary Butts, inhabit her Ashe family of Rings, take off
your clothes under a white moon, so you can disappear into rock,
so you can escape from the man after you, and the fury. And where
will you land? The Thames, a mouth full of water. But I'm
slamming you, still it is a thing of anger, because she, who called
around her, called down the fine spirits, whose every book is a
re-affirmation of life, who says in every book that that other
thing has to be fought, finally ends up being driven downstream.
I think of her death as horror, with the absence of every other
force taken away. But then again, she knows it herself, she says
acts have been done by others than her, which acts will bring
anguish down upon her.

Well I let the poems speak for me, and right now I make
the pledge to you and to Mary Butts that I will write a poem, what-
ever that means, to her and for her and her green eye-lids and the
'gallant south'
she writes:

.......

Until they came to the world's end
The sea below and under them
The gulls above and over them
And through the thunder and the wailing
Sun full of wings was over them
In a glass world made out of grass.
'God keep the hollow land from all wrong!
God keep the Hollow Land going strong!
Curl horns end fleeces; straighten trees,
Multiply lobsters, assemble bees.

GIVE IT TO US FOREVER, take our hints
Knot up its roads for us, sharpen its flints,
Pour the winds into it, the thick sea rain,
Blot out the landscape and destroy the train.

Turn back out folk from it, we hate the lot
Turn the American and turn the Scot;
Take unpropitious the turf, the dust
If the sea doesn't get 'em then the cattle must.

Make many slugs where the stranger goes
Better than barbed wire the briar rose;
Swarm on the dom-tops the flint men's hosts
Taboo the barrows, encourage ghosts.

Arm the rabbits with tiger's teeth
Serpents shoot from the soil beneath
By pain in belly and foot and mouth
KEEP THEM OUT OF OUR SACRED SOUTH!

Capitals mine, poem by Mary Butts, only one I've
ever found, died in 1933, I think, this from
Zukovsky's Objectists Anthology, 1931.

John
April 1

Dear Billy,

Elizabeth Taylor farted incessantly during the Paris premiere of "Lawrence of Arabia," creating such a stench that Richard Burton, her escort, often was obliged to hold his nose. This gave some members of the audience (seated beyond Miss Taylor’s immediate vicinity) the impression that Burton disliked the picture. His actual opinion isn’t known, but when they asked Liz how she had enjoyed herself, she replied "There was a lovely sunset at the end, and I think there was one at the beginning, too." This information comes from an eyewitness, Jack Hamilton, film editor of Look, via his friend and mine, Richard Van Flair of the Bethune St. Van Flairs. Richard’s sister Cheryl, by the way, is a lower east Side witch whose specialty, I’ve just found out, is giving hepatitis to competitors and enemies. She uses a spirit-paper technique. Richard doesn’t know whether or not she’s ever had dealings with the Promises to enquire. She doesn’t know Dorothy, but she’s heard of her. *Malka

On Wednesday, Malka Saffro will become Mrs. Giuseppe Salerno.

Matron of honor will be her good friend, Mrs. Manuel Garcia.

At dinner this evening Mme. Ossoenskaya, 77-lb. Czarist émigrée, asked a former Doris Humphrey dancer, "How is your land?"

Last Thursday Nick, Diana, Dale, Jack and I attended the world premiere of John Taras’s "Arcade," in which a gang of elderly Spanish ladies lunch Arthur Mitchell with Allegra Kent's sunbonnet in the medieval sculpture hall of the Metropolitan Museum to a tune by I. Stravinsky, interesting chiefly for its heavy borrowings from G. Fosco’s score for "Cleopatra's Daughter." Some people seemed to enjoy it; personally, I thought John would have been wiser to stick with the San Remo. Before the performance we all dined at the Bernovich’s; Diana served yams, carrots plus pineapples, which I thought an elegant, though most likely unintentional, application of D.F.’s traditional method of dealing with Dale. Afterwards we went to the Aztec Room of the Americana hotel; Diana, guided as always by her infallible instinct, was wearing 3 pre-Columbian jade necklaces (2 of them, on loan from the Jobber Collection, had been confided to her by Dale 2 weeks previously after a festive curry at the Koh-i-noor; he had removed them from his wall when he dismantled the swing, having been Olé from May to December; the 3rd was of obscure provenance). Just as Dale was telling Nick how the Chinese hated white people far more than any of us suspected, a woman came over and placed before Diana a ballpoint pen and a business card from an Illinois hardware store, saying "I’m sorry to interrupt, but my children just love you and they’d never forgive me if I didn’t ask you for your autograph." D. looked rather blank, but the woman kept coaxing, so finally she autographed the card. The woman looked injured + said "You mean you’re not Joan Baez?" But she kept the card.

Diana’s favorite song is "Old Paint."

Dale says Joan Baez is a junkie. I hope he’s right, because in that Time interview she said that people who smoked pot in Cambridge were silly.

Dear Joan Baez, I moved my mattress.

Lilli Gittinger, Greenwich Village refugee sculptress, used to say "Life is a big magazine." This was long before they were publishing Big.
Nice having a West Coast branch: adds a certain dignity to our everyday work of exchanging salt and scouting for open wounds. Thinking of opening a branch in Reykjavik. Devote a winter to screwing Diter Rot.

Composition for W. Linich

1.) Eat a baked alaska every day next week. You will be hanged on Tuesday at noon.
2.) Eat ten baked alaskas in sequence. Inside one you will find an unexpected container of sweet and sour pork. (Hate eggs.)
3.) Drink a pinta milka day. Convert four-fifths to A. + P. tuna. Garnish with Oreos and serve.

Johnny Dodd was getting despondent about being forsaken by Freddie, so I forwarded the all-time favorite information to him. I wouldn't say he was my all-time favorite, so far, but he's certainly among the top ten. Or fifteen. Not only is he a superior lay (as I'd been led to believe he wasn't) who comes back for more in the morning, and an all-around sweetie-pie; he also has fives at parties. Jack Champlin went to a school in Topanga, called Barton's or something of the sort; he was allowed to ring the buttermilk bell the day he knocked over the beehive.

Søren Agenou is getting smelly now that he's due to become a movie star. When Dorothy suggested that he do some work he mumbled "The honeymoon is over." And he wants a raise in allowance. He was furious at Jerry Lumumba, his kewpie-doll poet, for bringing a girl into the house. Like Peter Hartman you and Carolee Foughkeepsie. If Diane + Alan had been really smart, they would have waited till they got to Kansas City before they decided there wasn't room for three in that front seat.

Gil + Marcia were burglarized, as was Richard Maxfield. Richard is thinking of accepting an offer to teach at the Univ. of Missouri, and asked Dorothy about the racial situation there. She told him she was sure he'd have no trouble.

Spent Saturday baby sitting for Samantha Solomon and looking at old photos of fun and games with Dorothy and Ray, bringing up baby with Diane and Fred, at home with Remy and Nick, on the beach with Malka, in the bath with Thalia and many many more.

Yesterday we heard that Ralph the Cretin had heard that the police were looking for him for giving drugs to minors; he was about to turn himself in, so we turned him over to Nick, who is more like his old self this week and who spent the afternoon reasoning with Ralph under a blanket; he was still at it when I rushed off to catch the 11:45 last night.

Let's hear from you often - keep up your wonderful work.

Fondly,
John

Billy, thanks for the information about Thō (must be jelly cause YAM (don't chic like that) FESTIVAL.

Gorge Brecht

(10, ed.)
MOON POEM (for Jarry Heiserman)

What Zealous News dog moon O Moon?
What vast voluptuous rattled night?
What liquid messages? Diseased & Breathing light?
Rave dog moon!

Some angels blowing horns
& Satan Power too knows dog moon Burn Down
O Moon dry urging furious tricks
between the heave of Love's fine flesh!

Dry Lungs & Innards! Tongues! Moisture!

O RED WICKEDNESS!

& Gangs of rapacious lovers flapping organs
public under the vile mesmer of your cold suspended sex!

What Voluptuous News dog moon O Moon?
cause all of their 3 to 4 anthems throughout all parts of the world,
utter "GIVE SIGNALS!"

Enough! Leave Off! Enough
before I chock my love's cruel spade of Lust
in body pourings shouted alive from out this hollow Prowling Eye!

O Stenciled Devotees! O Fingers!
O Balls In hand!
Plyed Openings! Unequaled Oils!
Traitor's Gates!
Bites & Boldness!

Bones! O God! God Bones!

INVASIONS

AND LOSS!

and O had I time enough from loving
and arms too
I would drag you from the sky

DANK URGING MOON DOG MOON O MOON!

Kirby Doyle
October 11, 1962

Dorothy,

It is rumored Albert M. Fine spends his evenings in two ash cans filled with ice cubes.

Ray

Please send to: Stanton Kreider, 278 West 11 St., NYC

Astronomy

Astronomy is as old as anyone can

There has been Astronomy among the Ancient Greeks Egyptians and Babylonians for as long as men know. All the Ancient people had names for the planets and stars—like Zeus for Jupiter and Minib for Saturn. Some of the were named after some of the ancient Gods were even named after planet and stars. The people also thought the Sun was a moon and the stars were all special gods. The universe center. The universe is like a big family with the sun as its father or leader. The inner family is made up of the planets Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars. The outer family is Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto in the order from the sun. The close relatives are the moons which circle the planets Mercury Pluto and Venus have moon moons that we know of but the earth has one, Mars has two, Jupiter has 12, Saturn has 9, and Neptune has 2. Th distant relatives are the comets, metors and asteroids. The asteroids have what we call an asteroid belt which is between Mars and Jupiter. One of the comets most known and talked about is the Halley's comet which will return in 1986. This is the suns complete family.

n Daley, 215 East 5 St.,

dear Miss Hg,
Are you of the Balte White Mouse.

Ray Johnson

WHERE IS THIS PALACE?

IODINE.
VOICES FROM THE ART WORLD (OR, BRIGHT SAYINGS)

1. You know, that de Kooning is an interesting man. - James Rosenquist

2. Question: Can you explain why you paint this way? 
   **Answer:** Uh -- it gets - uh -- very complicated when you -- uh -- talk about it.
   - Andy Warhol

3. Oh well, off to (yawn) Paris again! - Norman Bluhm


5. Dig man, hip, groovy, swing, baby, junk, pot, yeah! - Anselm Hollo

6. (To a starving fellow artist) Those *damn* Mercedes, you know how they are! - Ed Higgs

7. Last summer we went to Provincetown to look for talent. - Balin-Traube Gallery

8. Cassius Clay? I like to bask in reflected glory. - Diane Wakoski

9. Brother, can you spare a dime? - Jonathan Williams

10. I'd like to note that Clay's techniques are not original with him. They were first brought to perfection by Bill Robinson. - Diane Wakoski

11. This magazine has the hippest, most intelligent and most aware audience of any publishing today. Your story is too far out, though. - Seymour Krim

12. You're an active, intelligent young fella. What you ought to do is hustle around and get yourself a show! - Ivan Karp

13. how come all those little countries hate the United States? - Gregory Corso

14. It's a - poooooooooo leasure t. - ooooo mmmm meettttttttt youuuuuuuuuu. - Jackson Mac Low

15. Down with intelligence! Long live death! - Green Gallery

16. Dig man, hip, groovy, swing, baby, junk, pot, yeah! - Jack Micheline

17. You know, Ezra Pound is a better writer than - than - Burroughs! - John Fles
18. Larry Rivers is one of the finest painters in America - Kenneth Koch
   Kenneth Koch is one of the finest poets in America - Larry Rivers
   (Together) We're just a couple of song and dance men...

19. Well (blush) I must admit I do use daring imagery. - Robert Bly

20. I would now like to read one of my urbane, witty, sophisticated, and charming poems. - Kenneth Koch

21. Hand $ across the sea! - Yevgeny Yevtushenko

22. That's not a flower. You just think it's a flower because it has all the properties of a flower. It's really a dog. - Jerome Rothenberg

23. I'm not anti-woman. - Edward Albee

24. Suits, ties, paintings, underwear, sculptures... - Leo Castelli

25. I'm Billy the Kid. Who are you? - Mike McClure

   --Duke Mantee

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NEW BOOKS:

New Handbook of Heaven, poems by Diane Di Prima, published by Auerhahn Press, 1331 Franklin St., San Francisco, California $2.00 reg. ed.; $15.00 signed, ltd. ed.

Meat Science Essays, by Michael McClure - City Lights Books, 261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, California, $1.35

The Island, a novel by Robert Creeley, published by Scribners, $1.65

Blues People, by LeRoi Jones - $5.00

All above available from Phoenix Bookstore, 18 Cornelia St., NYC

SIGNAL - A quarterly review. First issue out Oct. 15, with new work by Hart Crane, Dawson, Di Prima, Jones, O'Hara, Oppenheimer, Rumaker, Weiners.

price $1.00 per; 1 year $3.50
The Brownstone Press, 57 West 82nd St., NYC

--looking for parts of novels for second issue.

WILD DOG - prose, poetry, non-fiction & other things for people who read by people who write
Box 213, Idaho State College, Pocatello, Idaho

CITY LIGHTS JOURNAL is out. Prose by the poets.
c/o City Lights, 261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, California
The Judson Poets' Theatre presents Asphodel by John Wieners; music by John Herbert McDowell; directed by Jerry Benjamin; and What Happened by Gertrude Stein; music by Al Carmines; directed by Larry Kornfeld.

Sept. 27-30; Oct. 4-7; Oct. 11-14, 8:30 p.m. For reservations call 727-0033 after 7 p.m. Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Square South.

AN ANTHOLOGY: works by BRECHT, BREMNER, BROWN, BYRD, CAGE, DEGENER, DE MANIA, FLYNT, ONG, HIGGINS, ICHIYANAGI, JENNINGS, DEMPSEY, DONG, JOHNSON, MAC LOW, MAXFIELD, WILLIAMS, MOYIS, MOYIS, PAIR, RILEY, HUT, WARING, WOLFF, YOUNG. La Monte Young - Editor, George Maciunas - Designer. An anthology; 23.96 from La Monte Young, 275 Church St., N.Y. 13, N.Y.

La Monte Young: Soprano Saxophone; Angus MacLise: Hand Drums; Marian Zazeela: Voice Drone; Tony Conrad: Strings. *Hour Tape $10.00. Checks payable to S. Adler, 333 West 14 St., N.Y. 14, N.Y.

indicate ½ or $ track

[271] The Floating Bear regrets the resignation of its editor, LeRoi Jones, for personal reasons.

The Bear will not return mss. which have arrived unaccompanied by stamps & envelope, nor will it criticize mss. at all.

The Bear will try to be out the first of each month and will contain announcements of whatever thru the fifteenth of the following month. I.e., all announcements & notices of concerts, plays, books, magazines, wars, riots, pollen count, openings, happenings, divorces, marriages & troop movements for the period Nov. 1 thru Dec. 15, should be at the Bear office by Oct. 25.

THIS IS A VERY STRONG APPEAL FOR FUNDS:
"Il faut d'argent!" --Apollinaire
"Isn't it funny
How the Bear needs money?" --Winnie the Pooh

How many times
Must I pass the postoffice
With empty pockets? --(Modern Japanese Haiku)

Let them read KUKOKURU --Marie Antoinette
I'm hungry. --Freddie Herko

All art arises out of a system of exploitation & denunciation.
--George Hegel

Shut up & drink your beer. --Bill de Kooning

Coygme
Both make a mockery of manuscripts. --Chaucer

Signing checks
Is like having sex. --Dorothy Parker

Heroes, melt down your golden shields