AS I PASSED THE ANDY AUTO BODY WORKS

As I passed the Andy Auto Body Works
you were coming out of them no it was someone older
as I drove along Main Street and came to the first stop light
you ran across in front of my car no it was only a child
I went on as far as the trestle and I nearly ran you down my chest
contracted no but the eyes were like yours only not so brown
and the walk - I thought it was you walking along looking in the windows the cheeks were
I drove on to the end of the block, and just as I made a U-turn
which I was not supposed to do there, I nearly hit you
again no the hair was all wrong and the clothes and
I finished the turn pulling up at a parking meter and there was
no perfume I put in my nickel and a cop came over I thought
for a moment it was you again but I knew I must be wrong
you couldn't be a policeman because last night ah yesternight
you were there on a Channel Something show the crookedest of crooks with a gun too no
I parked the car and said 'Hi!' to the cop and
he smiled at me and his smile was like yours

--Ruth Krauss
Why?
I don't know.
Help me.
I can't.
I love you.
No you don't.
No I don't.
So much time.
Make me mean something.
I'm tired.
Go on.
I can't
You will.
I know.
I love you.
No you don't.
No I don't.

Tomorrow.

What day is it?

Tuesday.

Why?

Because.

It doesn't matter.

It doesn't.

Is it late?

Late?

Late.

Yes.

It doesn't matter

No.

I love you.

No you don't

No I don't.

THE END

---Alan Marlowe
Medieval Latin Song

Dum Diane vitrea
sero lampas oritur,
et a fratris rosea
luce dum succeditur,
dulcis aura zephyri
spirans omnas etheri
nubes tollit;
sic emolliet
vi chordarum pectora,
et immutat
cor, quod nutat
ad amoris pignora.
Letum iubet hesperi
gratioem
dat humorca
orris soporiferi
mortalium generi.

O quam felix est
antidotum soporis,
quod curarum tempestates
sedat et doloris;
Dum surrepit clausis
oculorum poris,
laudio equiparat
dulcedini amoris.

Morpheus in mentem
trahit impallentem
ventum lenem,
segetes maturis,
murmura rivorum
per arenas puras,
circulares ambitus
molendinorum,
qui furantur somno
lumen oculorum.

Post blandis Venoris
commercis
lassatur cerebr i
substantia,
Hinc caligantes
mira novitate
oculi nantes
in palpebrarum rate!
Hei, quam felix transitus
amoris ad soporem,
sed suavior regressus
soporis ad amorem.
when Diān's bright torch rises
late in the evening
kindled from the rosy light
of the setting sun
and the sweet air of the west wind
breathing
lifts all clouds
from the ether
then is the heart made quiet
as if by the power of music
and the inconstant mind
grows still.
the glad light of the evening star
strews welcome,
sleep-causing dew
on all things mortal.

Oh how blest is sleep
the antidote
how many storms of grief
has it stilled,
how much sorrow!
When it creeps through the closed
gates
of the eyes
it equals the sweet-tasting joy
of love itself.

Morpheus leads
across the restless mind
soft winds,
the ripening grain,
the sound of streams
on bright sand,
the circular course
of the millwheel,
and these things
steal light away.

After the soft commerce
of Venus
the substance of the brain
is tired.
Then dizzy with new joy, the eyes
float
on the raft of the eyelids.
Oh, it is sweet to slip
from love to sleep
but sweeter to return
from sleep to love.
Ex alvo leta fumus
evaporat,
qui capitis tres cellulas
irrorat.
Hic infumat oculos
ad soporem pendulos,
et palpebras
sua fumositate
replet, ne visus
exspatietur late.
Unde ligant oculos
virtutes animales,
que sun magis vise
ministeriales.

Fronsie sub arboris amena,
dum querens canit philomena,
suave est quiescere,
suavius ludere
in gramine
cum virgine
speciosa.
Si variarum
odor herbarum
spiraverit,
si dederit
thorum rosa,
dulciter soporis
alimonia
post defessa Veneris
commercia
lassis captatur,
dum installatur.

O in quantis
animus amantis
variatur vacillantis!
Ut vaga ratis per equora
dum caret anchora,
fluctuat inter spem metumque dubia,
sic Veneris militia.

--Author Unknown, possibly Peter Abelard
Out of the joyful belly
rise
the fumes
which moisten the three chambers
of the brain.
They cloud the eyes
waveri ng toward sleep
and fill the eyelids up
with mist
so that the sight
digresses.
then living essences
bind up the eyes:
they are the ministers
of magic dreams.

Under the trees
while the nightingale complains
it is sweet to rest
sweeter to play
in the grass
with a handsome
virgin.
If the scent of many herbs
blows gently
if the rose becomes
our couch
after the weary commerce
of Venus
languid
we snatch the nourishment
of sleep.

Oh how much
does the soul of the lover
vary
reeling about.
As a raft on the vagrant sea
when it loses anchor
tossed between hope and fear
doubtful:
such is the warfare of Venus.

--translation by Diane di Prima
HAY Meeting with C. Goy

how often I had entered the park and drifted past the benches past the strangers in this country of my belonging from another time zone, irrelevant to the scene, to sit eyes glued ferociously to a book until finding it unbearable. I would walk to a coffee shop or sternly make for home. So when this day of the great sky which had first roosed me from weeklong lethargy and the confinement of the apartment when I had hung out a shirt as trifle for the day, one detail of uselessness before the day collapsed into emptiness as the others had, all of them, passing only the introductory line of benches I saw Carl sitting alone and having only an hour to kill being given this great lump of meaning to splash into my thin layer of time as an adult into a sunlit wading pond, April began as it had on two other occasions only in my life to filter its enchantment with a generous and unherring hand. We had barely exchanged recognitions and shorthand glossings of the intervening six years, his in the incarceration of the madhouse, mine in marriage, when the insects of conversations began to alight on our mutual flower. Although unshaven, and in shabby clothes, and with frequent more than hints of long not having bathed wafted to me from his presence at intervals, it seemed well, and in the exchange and locking with the insipid but strongly integrated man of the handlebar mustache, performed with a sprightly vigour and the old intelligence as keenly as in the past and with less diffraction when ego was flashed on the microscopic platform. He was fine, really, and I was loathe to leave when the watch sliced time nearer to my appointment. Probing, I discovered that he was known to A. and quite willing to go along. Greed is in any form a disgusting characteristic, and how happy I should have remained in my image of him had I left him there. Stretched out over time his energies were inadequate, and growing thinner and thinner as a strand of taffy pulled, he at last, sagged to withdrawal, even the complexities of his own ego no longer rousing him to occasional fragmentary comment. Hours later, at the Kiwi, surrounded by chanters of ghosts more fulfilled in legend than his own, having chosen death, he came to a dead halt and we left, stopping again at one of those little halls of shops on McDougall, for cigarettes, and this time I stooped to two, and gave him one, he so far in disintegration so lost in the unrecollected forms of his own identity that when asked he could not brazen a choice, but was indifferent of brand altogether. It had grown cold and we hurried along the streets thinly clad. The process would not be interrupted, some vital mechanism in his being, something no doubt so fine that it had made no noise when they bruised it, would not ever be able again to reproduce a unity to organic whole out of this cluttered jangling ruin. Their craftsmanship was not equal to his pattern, he would return to them, screaming for that lost part which they had long thrown out and accept with an exaggerated gratitude whatever wetted towels of routine and care they might choose to cover his clotted genius with.

Ferencz McLaughton
PILGRIM STATE HOSPITAL

One enters Pilgrim as though it is the death-house. One sits down on the ward and waits. The doctor approaches. The patient weeps. Shock treatment is prepared. One awakes dazed.

Allen comes. He says, "Don't argue with them, do as they say."

Time asserts itself again. You go home. You tire yourself out sleeping with women. Then you pause. You think, "You are a writer, you should do something again."

It is tiring to understand what they are saying to you. You talk about Nerval and you talk about Proust.

A young man comes up to you. He is of Arabian descent. He mentions Nasser and begins an anti-Semitic diatribe.

Dr. Rath is a young man of Hussian-Jewish descent. A background more brilliant than any doctor in the institution so far as I am concerned. You mention Tristan Tzara to him and he understands what you mean. He works through group-therapy. Patients come together and remorselessly cut each other to pieces. Fights break out during the course of the group therapy session.

"Solomon, you don't want to get well. You're just looking for a big dick." I fight back. I knock the boy down. He screams, "I'll kill him even if they send me to Lattawan."

He had disclosed to me in an earlier conversation that he knew Weinberg, slay of Bodenheim. "Bodenheim was a fag," asserts Davis.

I disagree not being quite sure of my facts.

Come back to Village years later and find Bodenheim's reputation as a man was quite good. Davis escaped from Pilgrim. I don't know what happened to him, hard-bitten and bitter. I have never forgotten that face.

Confused him in my mind with Corso since both had reformatory qualities. Met Corso again -- changed my mind. Corso is a litterateur and a Catholic with a strong religious sense of right and wrong.

The tendency toward crime among the young men of my generation is impossible to surmount. We are all guttersnipes. Gratuitousness is the spirit of the age. Gide and Cocteau have made us what we are. The big dick or "fag" if you prefer me to use Genet's French, this is all that matters. Make another man submit to you and you are God.

Ah! Ludicrous ribaldry. Hein blowing his beautiful understanding face to ruins with a bullet. Camus dead in auto accident.

Of all things, Artaud become vogue ten years after his death as a rediculous nut.

Brechtesgaden. The Fuehrer and his blond boys.

Who is this man Castro? Very late on the scene. New young communist intellectuals in the Village, a new group, a new element very much involved in politics.

Why I don't understand them. They are good men.

Kennedy seems quite human after all that has occurred. Maybe he will restore some sort of dignity to my life. He has begun already. He appointed a few to the cabinet.

He himself is a Catholic. An enormous advance in democratic thinking on the part of the American public. Democracy versus nihilism in daily life. Motivation or despair.

--Carl Solomon
MY RETURN TO PILGRIM STATE

I had spent 7 months here between 1954 and 1955. when i left i said i hope i would never have to return again. not knowing that god has ways that we become sick to the point that only hospital care would be the only way out.

In August of this year my children and myself living in oyster bay on relief. i was told to go to court because my husband was back on payments toward our support. not that this has anything to do with this but it seemed that my voices started with a court house. one week after going there i started to hear voices that seemed to be having a large court session on all the past friends and people that i had known from a little girl. hearing their voices and debating on putting me in an institution. for things that i was falsely being accused of. these voices continued night and day for about three weeks and then it ceased.

Then there was a group of men and women who said they were hired a mind readers organization speaking to me mental telepathy and had picked my mind up on the beach. They were telling me we had only until xmas to live and to either commit suicide or they will come up on xmas eve in santa clause uniforms and kill us.

So through the strain of it all for my children's sake i gave up and came willingly back to pilgrim state hospital for my cure. the voices remained with me for 2 or 3 weeks and then they just politely walked out of my life. the peace and quiet is wonderful.

--anonymous,

as told to Hubert Selby, Jr.

I could not believe we had anything in way of reprimand coming and was astonished there was anyone who apparently felt the opposite.

I asked Elise if she still had her notebooks and if she managed carefully. She said "my lord--I think it is time." They both grew intense and when the car in front moves forward we turn also up another deserted country--where i will meet you--and we will continue as if this was the day of our last resort. You are now and for many. Most girls were staying all night and would be glad for a wild winter storm.

Tony put all he thought she could stand in the screw twist--and nearly drowned everyone. I asked for my mixing bottle back and no one would as much as lift his hand to give it me. I told you I will not be saved if all this fan fare dies down hard.

—Herbert Huncke
FOR THE FLOATING BEAR

PROSE OF OUR TIMES.

Kerouac: Enormously talented, no conception of "philosophy", when he tries to think in his prose you are redaced. Sloppy, no working out visible, whole passages suffer enormously because of this breakneck method. Narrative gift best since Defoe, but no better than Defoe. A reaching back 250 years to this technique, no apparent connection with the masters of the 18th century novel, the great innovators and perfecters of the 19th. As if he merely forgot that Flaubert existed, a shallow pickup on Joyce, an ignoring of Ford, Lewis, etc. When the perception as artist matches the energy expended we have him at his best, a lucid, hard prose capable of the most minute detail, a narrative unmatched in our time. When the energy is greater than the perceptions, we have slop, v. Subterraneans. Best piece he ever wrote, October In The Railroad Earth. Worst, Old Angel Midnight, see that for don'ts.

Burroughs: Clue here is that he is not a writer, he merely writes. Doesn't care about the overall pattern, if he enjoys writing it, in it goes. Naked Lunch the most dazzling prose of this decade (and last), but not great writing. Thinking shallow and amoral, magnificent construction of comic characters, greatest "funny names" since Rabelais. Style is reminiscent of ashe, though not consistent, I mean, he can bore the hell out of you. Power is often misdirected, because his greatest hatred, his full venom falls usually into scenes in which the characters are not people. Irritates because he has the arrogance of the addict, viz., "you poor dopes". Best things in Lush are Clem and Jody, episode about Bradley the Buyer, the fantasy land near the end of book. If he could cut out and edit, in terms of the work, and not what he likes, he'd be a good writer. Latest "cutup" method merely amusing, old stuff from the transition days, a bore and a fake. In the current Futurism show in town, we find the same sort of thing done as collage, ca. 1915. It didn't work then, either.

Fles: Imitation of all that is brd in the beats, the Zens, the holies, the mystics, the ... you name it. Annoyingly romantic, no writer.

Krim: Thick, heavy, embarrassing reliance on hip slang words, but he tells the "truth", which is commendable, though does not make art.

Jones: Thinks too fast for the words, too many typographical tricks, too many ocular distractions, parentheses, the words speed on, the thought struggles to catch up. Needs a lot of cruel editing, great intelligence, incredible "moving" power, but you don't want to re-read it. Too much junk in shape of side remarks, off the cuff comments on what has taken place in the narrative placed in the narrative itself. Too many short sentences. A feeling that you're being, somehow, tricked. Lots of fancy stepping, a great dancer, you feel ungrateful to want to analyze, but he makes you need to. However, a pro, should be fine if he gets tight, and cuts out what is prettiest.

Creely: Let your mind slip off the words for a moment and you're lost. He demands your attention, not so that you can "enjoy" what is happening, but because you must be all there, completely with him to
get the story. Every word needed, it doesn't seem casual, the work that goes into it comes out of it. The greatest master of thorny, pruned syntax ever seen by me. No cliches at all, very few adjectives, metaphors out to the bone, those that are used really work, not decoration at all. Story of the cat in Three Fates Tales his best, Mister Blue hard behind it. Prose as good as the verse, which is in itself a unique accomplishment. A real writer, an artist of the very highest rank.

Olson: Solid, declamatory prose, though he, like Pound, expects you to know his subject as well as he does. Many times like notes to himself, you are infuriated that you don't know what he's talking about because you didn't read a certain book. Mayan Letters an incredible record of a brilliant amateur who "sees" more than the professionals in their own field. A great grasp of life, he will not be bought, the Call Me Ishmael a great scholarly mind shot through with intuition rising splendidly to a splendid subject. Every thought in the words as perfect as fingers in a kid glove.

Dawson: No critical eye for his work. Drenched with adjectives and metaphors, to the extent that some stories would cease to exist if the metaphors and adjectives were blue-pencilled out, all exists on the surface, things that move him should move you as reader, but fail to, either because he doesn't know exactly what he wants to say, or he says what he wants to say abstractly. An actor, he wants you to know how he feels via the medium of the story, he doesn't want the story to let you know anything. Very, very pretty, very accomplished, his great gift is a relentless pursuit of reality, made hyper-real to the point that it becomes real fiction, unreality. Must learn to edit out the whipped cream.

Il Primo: A good eye for the compressed, the dense. The principle well learned. Some stuff though, too self-consciously flat, despairing, the prose is sometimes the equivalent of a "wise guy". Good dialogue, too many hip words, a quality of fable in the best stuff. Too concerned maybe, with not being a "lady writer", so loses some of that gentleness possible. Story about the man who turns off her gas in Dinner and Nightmares most representative.

Ruskin: On the basis of The Desert, The Truck, The Pipe, Exit 3, one of the great classic prose writers of the language. The characterization is careful and exact, the narrative moves surely, but delicately, the pathos and misery of events delineated expertly. Nothing fancy, good solid prose, no attempt to be "new", an honest concern with what must be said. Doesn't really know rough workmen types, though he uses them constantly, but who cares? It's like being annoyed at Henry James when he has a tough Irish cop say, "I beg your pardon, sir." A very great craftsman. His latest work, what I know of it, a striking out in a new direction in terms of subject and approach to it. Very gently, too gently, and a disturbing preponderance of real old wornout cliches, like "He felt as if he carried a heavy weight on his shoulders", "He thought that perhaps if he saw her, talked to her, things would be better". A great lapse of attention there, but that will probably be all right as soon as he gets over the compulsion to analyze himself in prose.

Oppenheimer: Incredibly facile, but the stories suffer from his want
to tell the reader too much. Apparent necessity to put it all down, "just the way it was". Always too heavy, a fascination with nouns, things, the conversation in some spots pointless, heavy. Thinks that if he tells an uncomfortable truth it makes a story. He as Oppenheimer, always at you, he can't stay out of it, he speaks on every page. Repetition of cliches which he has developed himself, viz., "It ought to have been better", etc. His critical and non-fiction prose excellent, a fine mind, a curious mind, but the same arts by which he writes critiques are not of any use in his fiction.

Selby: The best prose writer of our time. Impossible to blue-pencil anything out after the story is finished, except for perhaps an adjective here and there, perhaps a misspelling. Can't remember one memorable line", etc. There are none, the work becomes, finally, a towering structure, a new thing that was never there before, you are brought into a fantastic world that exists right here, but it took Selby to show it to you. Nothing fancy at all, no topping, no cherries, a fantastic looking at what is there, a great rendering into prose the like of which can only be compared to Swift. Simple, you don't know what is happening to you until suddenly you are in the middle of the story and you can't get out, you are captured. He is never in the way, he is not in the story at all, he is a great artist. The things that happen are grotesque because he will take 5 events that it might, in "real life", take ten years to occur and put them all together as happening in one day. Hence, the gigantic nightmare world that he evokes. A quality like Celine's, but not so informal. A great moralist, but in the stories themselves, he says nothing. Best work unpublished, The Queen is Dead, Landsend, Strike. The latter a masterpiece. A great use of dialogue, no description of how people talk, but the reader can literally hear the voices. Easily the greatest delineation of the world of the deviate in American letters.

Dorn: A great visual writer, a searing anger, a tenderness. His 50 Dorn In Santa Fe the most remarkable "news letter" I have ever read. What I See in The Maximus Poems a great off-beat appraisal of a great poem. The section on what it is to be a Western man clear and uncom promising. What makes the prose so compelling is the casual off-hand air it maintains. Good prose by a good poet, full of intelligence.

Rochy: A confessor, again. Or, "How I Was A Fag In The Great Southwest." Next to Selby it's like reading The Bobby Twins. Will only make it if he has a cruel editor, or becomes one himself.

Woolf: One of the only men capable of building the "little thing", the "character" that you meet for a moment into an unforgettable story - not a vignette, either. See, for this, The Fly Man, Bank Day. His The Hypocritic Days fall of early virtues which he really learned how to use, later. A fine novella, though the early sections are too heavy and slow for the crushing end, the characters are too well defined for the short length of the book. As if he wanted to write a big novel and decided against it half way through. Fade Out a great comic novel, the man sees, hears, with piercing clarity. Hard surface, beautiful construction. He knows exactly what he wants to do, and say and it all comes out beautifully. The way he ends chapters a great clue to his artistry. I mean by that, where he decides to end them.

--Gilbert Sorrentino

[99]
from The Construction of Boston (5 May 52, Maidman Playhouse, N.Y.C.)

The popular press has rejected the work and its argument reduces to the opinion that it was all nonsense. I should like to make the point that it was not nonsense enough, that it was all too conventional. The nature of the event was essentially parody, and parody is deliberate and pointed. Poetic pomposity, historical pride, "culture," avant-garde seriousness, even life itself to the extent that it is sentimentalized, are treated to the snigger of contempt. Perhaps they deserve it, but on this evening, all that came forth was a very familiar tee-hee, some titillations for the exquisites in the audience, and a distinct bored restlessness throughout. What should have been carefully thought through, was too lightly got together and each artist tended to revert to his own well-worn gimmicks. Hence, no nonsense at all. Only a catalogue of signatures with stuffing in between.

The underlying reasons for this failure of art must remain with each artist, but in general one may guess that all of them allowed an enthusiasm born only out of their glittering place in the sun, to carry the work while a deeper sense of necessity was absent. For there was no venom, no compression behind any of the images or events. Some had worn us out a thousand times before, but almost all of them seemed uninspired and stale (even if we had not exactly been confronted by them in the past). A posture of freshness and of playfulness in such circumstances, was painful to behold because it was so unconvincing. If it had been self-aware it might have been tragic; here it was only foolish.

I allow the fact that in any burlesque one's ironies often make use of clichés such as those on this night: the heroic couplet, the photo of Boston-with-flag, the Venus, the call upon the Spirits, the romantic music, the costumes, etc. But their use must be governed by a transformative process of savage originality. The carcass of the adversary must be sliced to ribbons with a delicious satisfaction. At least a robust horse-laugh. But above all, one has to bluntly grasp the self-evidence of the ridiculous. Lacking internity, and missing simplicity, the Construction of Boston was only a "camp" (and not even high camp, which is quite difficult to do well), had no real fun, and its little amusements were private and tiresome to many who understood.

Yet two situations emerged from all this cuteness as something more genuine; not because they were more clearly inspired in purpose or more deeply critical. I think that it was because they did not, at heart, fit into the play's over-all point of view, that within them was a more obscure and poetic impulse, an impulse that may have been a just emerging replacement for the failing sense for ridicule. They remained unfulfilled but they stay in the memory. There was that shrouded figure with the lamp in his head, searching and fumbling with his construction of junk, and there was the huge wall of building blocks that rose so furiously--the latter was potentially overwhelming like any building going up today. Its scale and mass, its immediate energy, were all just about right in the space of the theater. For the first, one was touched momentarily by wonder and for the latter, if it were not for the context, one could have felt awe.

Perhaps, as I was told, the director of this show could do little with the material, and indeed it seemed he did nothing. In view of this it would be futile to consider in any detail the larger structural problems of the work. It should suffice to simply mention its
repetitiveness. Excepting the two situations described above, the elements all had about the same level of temperament, the same quality of feeling and a nearly similar duration and spacing. This further neutralized each (in the unrewarding sense) and contributed to the lack of motion in the whole. Here, stasis was out of place; for both the literary idea of the play and the (at least) potential humor in each of the actions, demanded an easy mobility in timing and a sense of contrast, which, for instance, the great traditional comics have always known.

Thus, if The Construction of Boston was not traditional in the deepest sense, it was conventionalized in the shallowest.

Ordinarily, I shouldn't have felt it necessary to devote such lengthy remarks to a performance of this calibre. But its artists and assistants, its producer and its various supporters in the art world, are all widely applauded and respected. The event was the talk of the town, one could not get tickets, the publicity was enormous and we were promised a masterpiece—a masterpiece, incidentally, which was not to be confused with the home-spun happenings of lesser lights struggling along with their crudeness. Well, we saw our masterpiece. I would suggest now a little less fame, a little less smugness, a little less publicity, a few less cooks at one pot, and we might have a decent bit of broth, someday.

--Allan Kaprow

Dear Fl. Bear,

May I point out to Mr. Denby that it's impossible to judge anything except by means of ideas. He has misunderstood Mr. Herko's idea—which, it seems to me, was that art is not interesting unless it is motivated by love = to give, and to share experience.

James Waring

Dear Leroy + Diana

Regarding the Paul Taylor History.
I think it's terrible that your magazine should support this kind of thing. I get upset every time I think of Mr. Herko cowardly hiding behind the soft-headed love dialectics—Stupidity, cowardice or viciousness—there is no excuse for that article.

Sincerely,
Alex Katz
JAN MULLER (1922-58) at the Guggenheim thru 2/25/62

Better go up the semicircular (pink) elevator than pass the lost names attached to blobs of forget who are the thousands of new acquisitions: jenkins green jensen parker kobzdey byars dali albers bellon (1) dzubas lost names coterie blobs, blobs of our generation, symmetry blobs, messy blobs of commerce that is expressionism in 1962. Oh generation of painters with hearts that are silent, would that you all had a plastic ariole or ventricle and a heart that went thump thump like jan muller's, that you knew death was looking over yr shoulder as you painted.

born 1922 Yan Muller, from Hamburg, prague, paris, provence, barcelone, lisbon, canada, ohio farmer, a y dishwasher & penmaker, started painting 1945, died 1958, painted in a hurry, at 36 years.

Start at the 4th floor and go down, start with the end, Jacob's Ladder (1958) canvas of death. Start with the best, at the end, Jacob's Ladder "all my friends goodbye, goodbye, kneeling fornicators smiling foetus, goodbye, masked caballeros, all my sexy women goodbye, life, goodbye shakespear goethe society ladders burning house goodbye, pump pump") better start at the end and see the work the whole oeuvre disintegrate as it moves backwards to 1950 pointilliste splash, to hofmann, to beginnings.

From the 4th fl balcony you can see the big saturday afternoon gaping at yr childlike nudes, "look, yum yum naked 2 of them, horses too all naked (search for the unicorn, 55) yum yum impale me," smack their gums (3 years of search 55-56). What do they make of yr women legs up ready for it; what do they make of the faust, the hamlet and horatio in tragic gowns, the angels with clown faces, the triptych like adam & eve out of eden, the virgins in modern eden, hofman lurking in the landscape?

This is wright's boat and it's good for you, to stand spaces & spaces away from yr work, way back look at the conqueror's knee of This Time, of That Place (the posture again in triumph in the sun) the leg from the renaissance, close up looks like hurry & smear but you had the long eye of renaissance, hamlet & the skull, st anthony, dody mary & blond barbara yr flowers of passion, yr leanfrom girls.

thump thump canvas bodies, white bodies, the men clothed toward the end on horses, or caped and flying, or pointing the accusing finger (social?)

I run up and down between 1955-58 (died january 29) between the plastic operation, wife dody james and the end, who was responsible for the change? the doctor or dody? the world changed for him, figures became sweeps, the brush stroke hurried, the source was bible and literature and sunlight of provincetown, burning morality, old delacroix love (red & yellow) hofmann lurking

at the bottom of the ramp the lonely gate by hans hofmann coarse rectangles of 1960, all the colors for effect, for space like he couldn't put it all together. and if his heart thumped too, like a clock, for life for death... what they will make of you Mr. Muller when the others are forgotten.

Howard Schulman
OCTOBER "26 RAUSCHENBERG

STANDING THERE LISTENING TO THE FRENCH SPEAK BEHIND ME I SEE THE BAROQUE ANGELS, IRON GRILL TECHNOLOGY AND ORANGE ANOTHER WAY. AS IF I WERE SEEING WITH THE UNSEEING ASSUMED EYES OF THE GENERATIONS OF EUROPE. WHY DO I SEE BAROQUE HERE? IT IS OBVIOUS THAT THE ORANGE CIRCLE AND THE BOX OF ORANGES ARE ABOUT ORANGE, FOR THEY ARE SUNKIST NOT ORANGE.

STOP SIGNS, SIGNS SO DEFINITELY ON THE SURFACE OF CANVAS.

THE BIRD FLYING TOWARD OR AWAY FROM THE EYE OF LIGHT, OR DIS-_TRUCTION OF IMAGE. LINE ON THE SURFACE AS METHOD, LOGIC

CHARTED, CA GND, CLOCKED AND HERE BY THIS THIN DRAWING DIRECTLY ON THE CANVAS, ON STAGE, IS PAINTED SURFACE* AROUND WHICH SWINGS THE THICK PAINT, WHITE AND GREEN, SEPARATING AGAIN TO REVEAL THE TRANSFERRED FLAT TEXTURE OF THE FIBERS AND COLORS-

OF MAGAZINE PAGE* A MAGAZINE OF LIFES LARGE COVERAGE.

THE DETAIL HERE SERVES TO EMPHASIZE THE ISOLATION AND PRECISION OF THE FACT OF PAINT AND SURFACE WITHIN LARGE GENERAL THEME.

EVENT CAUGHT AS IT HAPPENS, HAPPENING. JIMMY WARING COMES IN IN HIS BLACK HOOD A THEATRICAL FACE SURROUNDED BY NEGATIVE SURFACE, BACKING INTO THE RED, THE ORANGE, THE BLACK, STENDHALL WITHIN ADDITIONS* THE BLACK CLOCK OVER THE POPE OF RAUSCHENBURG. JIM SAID HE LACKED A PAPER BAG FOR THE SCRAPS OF SILK HE HAD FOUND IN THE TRASH. IN THE BACK ROOM WITH THE FRENCH AGAIN. ALL BLACK, BLACK TRANSFERRED WATER, BLACK BAROQUE ANGELS, FLAT, HOLDING TO THEIR FREEZE AND THE CANVAS. THE WHITE PAINT STROKES FLOWING DOWN OVER THEM, JIMMY WARING IN BLACK AGAIN, MICHAEL NOGAY IN GRAY, THE GRAY'S IN RAUSCHENBURG HOLDING THE CENTER A FIREMAN FIREING THICK YELLOW PIGMENTED ISOLATED AND ISOLATING. BLACK TRANSFERRED BUILDINGS*

TRANSFERENCE OF IMAGE AND IDEA, A GREEN FOOTBALL SUDDEN:

AT TOP TWO BLACK HANDS OF THE DIAL AGAINST TYPESCRIPT AGAINST CANVAS. TWO BLACK HANDS OF THE DIAL STATE FOR THE EYE.

THE ANGEL HOLDING A MIRROR TO THE NUDE, REFLECTING

SELF ABSORPTION OUT TO VIEW IN BLUE, GREEN, RED AND YELLOW THE PRIMARYS.

DO I UNDERSTAND THE BIRDS, THE HELICOPTERS, THE CUBES TO BE AIR, ABSTRACTED AT ALL THOSE DIFFERENT ANGLES TO BE DIRECTION?

WHO DIRECTS YOUR CONSTRUCTION JOB BOB? AND THE WATER GLASS-

GRAY, GRAYER, BLACK AND DARKNESS* WORDSWORTH ALWAYS HEARD THE WATERS, AND THE WATERS OF*

PROGRESSIONS, SPACE, COLOR EXPLANATORY, ISOLATING ELEMENTS WHICH SEPARATE AND UNITE TO EXPLAIN OUR SURFACE OR ART HISTORY. RAUSCHENBERG CONTAINS US ALL BIBLICAL.

---Anne Wilson