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JAMES SHERRY

Straits

I. Flood Hour of Stares

Rain through skylight
  cracks widen
  between crumbs on the path
  home friends expect me less predictable
  a watch with wings carry them off

We leave patria behind
and carry youth like the plague
buckets from pump through haze
  between us at breakfast no
  matter where
  we glance elsewhere

Even boy with two left feet throw stone from dark
  door greying snake charmer raise one-eyed squint under
  palm waxy wind over Straits of Gibraltar
to Altamira and
  Mommy clutching stuffed rabbit
ticking we hang on like virgin on horseback

Distant music drips
puddles on floor moss on walls
we flee to double door coffee parlours gold and
turquoise turtle
  necks crane
  boys slosh passed alley frankincense

Light splinters falling
  water falling
  clash pass
  reflection
II. Fitting In

Daily I write at Baba's Cafe
where everyone's name is Baba
where buttercup girls dancing boy
inlaid jewels overlook whitewash Tingis
and minaret overlook white afternoon sunsplintered cliffs
walls painted lions and stairs leading nowhere
to wait for sunset cannon muezzin
to eat this month stories
begin in others middle
class aliens
smile don't swallow spit this month
good Muslims named Terry Mustapha and Abdullah

Smiles of women pivot on their teeth
sun poised on a grass

leaf no more radiant
than her veil long as Ramadan night
peacock belly
many fish feel at home in salt
swimmer stared back he asked
how many bisexuals were in the room
peeking out door crack loop loop goldfish

Washerwomen laugh like knife-blade shadows
gold tooth fishwives tease
men haul water bucket from the pump
III. Green Twilight

Hey my friend you want some double zero
you want some boy some girl what you want
my friend come here my friend my name
Hazuk Mohammed Riffi I smoke a lot of kiffl
pull leaves shuck seed
  roll past knife blade on inclined board
  flowers slide slower
  knife scoop them high
  roll down sound chopping
  flowers on wood two parts kif
  one part black tobacco

Sky wrung out again on town's naked shoulders
steam clouds billow up walls jeeps prance between
  whitewash walls cracks
everything rushes between
  Casbah walls beggars barefoot
  boy big foot big fat woman foot
  charcoal seller knife sharpener

Hurry up Casbah steps wide tunnel arch grass fringed
hurry up slippery stone sea air fill my mouth
  would nourish it is cold and damp
  it is cold and damp it is cold and
  damp mortal after mortal has passed
  hurry up

Low door arch woman bellows pottery charcoal stove
  orange glow on her face through cellar arch
  baker slide loaf deep in orange oven room

Softly don't wake baby gurgling sleep
metal green foxes watch from pink lawns
orange sebsi ember arcs through black room
IV. Morning Oud

Hacksaw gasp
aspirin light can't reach
earlobe flea shriek in sheepskin
wet feet skylight drips
tear tangerine in charcoal bucket we use
for heat smiling sun

The metal sea the cut slut the soupy pea with huile d'olive
the stewed prune the black and white tile
rain weary pure weary aeiou
weary tin can costumed port of entry
moss grown on inside wall January
hourglass clogged

Boiled coffee we expect to sail
the white cap doffing sea home
we forget where we are
names dates postman delivers Proust
half eaten figs on dry flower strewn table
naked picture hooks

Land locked seasick harpy land
flesh must pass
rats run across climbing feet
frosting sea metal thighs Parchesi
dipping wool to dye it is the most
ignominious profession in the Arabian Nights
raw silk returns as purple burlap

Three men one wall orange cap finger cymbals
wail in sun all day
honored sharif and merchant
can't get no one to talk to
V. Buckets Can't Contain It

Rounds of drinks fray elbow cracks in marble tables fall in them the letter Y is forgetfulness

Tea stems whirl in the new poured glass what a life they twist and cavort as they sink

Children chase through the Socco how does it feel to be less than four feet tall and never have any money even canary chirp to recorded music me and Roger rescue record player from Spanish junkies by doing twenty Marine pushups

Stolen away from childhood cowbell lunch fall out aging elm to withered rose bed to multiple lady with torn skirt dragon tree branches droop root and behold a new trunk loop

Devils occur also scrofula trees and hands from eyeballs with enough resin under skylight rain foot deep we flee still innocent cynical through flood via dump truck to Tarudant where bananas swell in the mouth
VI. Coda

The end of the world begins at the pillars of Hercules
Wellington won here
Hebrews swam to Phoenician graves
Spain reclines north
Africa yawns back from cliffs girls climb aprons full of seawrack
I choose the news I hear
Westwind threads from siren emptiness into the Mediterranean

(NOTE Straits appeared previously in James Sherry's magazine ROOF, published in New York, and forms part of a longer collection of the same name)
Automobiles' gestation and the consequences thereof

- for Dick Higgins

Mercury - Gremlin

Fuel injection is the known cause of pregnancy in the Ford Mercury. Gestation is 12 months, during which time a lead-free diet is advised. The baby Gremlin is delivered out of the trunk. Complications sometimes occur at birth, so a skilled gyno-mechanic should be on hand, in case a hot greasy cloth is needed.

LTD II - Vw Rabbit

Early signs of conception in the LTD II can be often heard through the muffler in the form of straining sounds followed by sudden gasps. After 6 months the trunk of the LTD II swells considerably. Caution must be observed when parking the vehicle; during the full period of pregnancy generally lasting 10 months the warming over of the engine is important and rapid bursts through the choke help a lot to comfort the foetal Rabbit on cold winter days.

Plymouth - Toyota

Foreign births to home made cars are quite common these days - especially in city environments where pollution is extremely severe. The gyno-mechanic can easily spot those early warning signals: tyre pressure higher than is normal, air filter a little sluggish and key slipping out of the ignition. Toyotas are easily aborted with a good lube job, however a specialized garage-hospital is advised.
Charger - Austin Mini

Chargers are generally regarded as the loosest cars around. They will exhaust with almost any make of new and used model. Prevention of impregnation is often desired; the best preventative so far proven is the sterilized gas-cap. Austin Minis are oftentimes born to other makes, including foreign trucks and light-weight vans in excellent condition. If the rear fender of your Charger is showing signs of an unwanted pregnancy, have it towed away and forget to collect.

Dodge - Audi

When your Dodge is in labour you might have problems closing the doors, however this occurs only within the first six months of gestation. Double park your Dodge as often as possible, and leave the front lights on during the night. Do not have your car wheels balanced and drip feed the radiator when necessary. Try to jack up your Dodge when not in use and a strong tarpaulin prevents rust on the bodywork of the new born.

Chevy - Honda Civic

If strange sounds issue from beneath the hood of your Chevy, chances are it is pregnant with Civic, and its periods are all upset. A good dose of antifreeze sometimes helps abort during early stages of gestation. The carrying in the sump can last for up to two years, so avoid car pools and passengers riding in the rear seats. If your Chevy uses too much gasoline, do not panic, this is normal under the circumstances. Ensure that the oil is changed regularly.
Olds - Porsche

If your windows start to frost when they shouldn't, your Olds is pregnant. Remove winter treads at once and keep seat bolts in a loosened condition. Multiple Porsche births are frequent these days, so be prepared for a small fleet. Having an automatic transmission does a lot to help the infant Porsche during early months of pregnancy. If you have an old Olds or a beat up model, it is always wise to check in for an overhaul once every five weeks. Avoid waxing and seat covers, and adjust the rear view mirror with a little more care.

Cadillac - Cordoba

If your Cadillac goes sniffing around the exhaust of family saloons it usually means that your vehicle is in its mating season. The Caddy can be as instinctually aroused as any other make of luxury car, and is prone to many more accidents. It is as well to keep your stereo tape deck playing as loudly as possible at all times. This confuses your Caddy and spoils the scent of a Mercedes or Rolls. Should your Caddy be impregnated, take it to the carwash, or better still, heavy truck wash. Have the sparks changed once a week and arrange with your local service station for a mid-mechanic well in advance. The Caddy's normal gestation period is nine months, and the Cordoba as likely as not is born pink, shining and front fender first.

* * *

9
All lace-making spiders make strong spiral webs. These beautiful geometrical webs may be found out of doors in abundance during the autumn, or in green-houses at almost any time of the year.

To mount the webs take two regular squash rackets with the waxed twine taken out and smear one flat side of each circular frame with a thin coating of Carter's cement. Choose two freshly-made cobwebs, and then pass the gummed side of the rackets over the webs so that the inner spirals are stretched across the centers of the frames.

This must be done carefully without touching or damaging the design as a whole.

There are tiny water-beads along the strands of the webs too small to be seen by the naked eye. A strong magnifying glass, or a low-power microscope, will show the beads and their marvellous regularity.

The beads on the webs of very young spiders are not so regular as those on webs made by spiders that are fully grown.

These tiny beads will remain during the game, but those beads easily visible to the naked eye on spider-lines in the early morning of an autumn day are not made by the spider; they are simply drops of dew that will instantly fall from the web when the dead flies are chosen as "soft balls" and a good game in the raspberry bushes is underway.
It is lethal as Spring,
almost reptilian.

There is nothing quite like it
for floating the unexpected up at you.

It is unwarranted.

The memory worms out
from under the tarpaulin
towards a better grip
of things as they stood

beyond all this waterproofing,
obsessive sealing of passageways,
corrugated iron, cement blocks.

The nomenclature of things
is a steadfast occupation,
how busily the mind clings to it.

Where was I? As if suddenly
one were to go backwards
down the jiggling stepladder
and unhinge oneself into swerving traffic,
I cannot make sense
of these interruptions.

Yes, they lean heavily like girders.

The room is very real to me now.
There was doubt in the beginning
it could have carried for so long.
That replica in the skull, 
had it not against the grinding 
race smooth and away? I think not.

This spectre, I interrogated without break.

What produced the scratch in wall B? 
Why the remaining pink in corner D? 
I am not easily 
taken in by these these things.

It is as I had left it: 
a smell of plaster of Paris 
(there is not much to be said 
for the greenery in these parts.)

A paintbrush hardens onto newspaper.

I cross the room 
slowly as in a dream.

The bureau is like a galleon, 
I pull open drawer C.

Bah, it stinks of emptiness.

From out of the loosened joinery 
my hand extracts a hairpin. 
Clumsiness brandishing grace. 
I hold it up to the room's centre. 
It is an antenna 
to which the memories 
home in like pigeons.

They are wretchedly stupid birds. 
A lifetime of meticulous observation 
informs me of this.

The buildings are covered 
with scaffolding. 
Gigantic sheets of plastic flap in the wind.
My wooden clicking against pavement
is dulled with rubber.
Do they censor even this?

The essence of woman
has been mentioned elsewhere.
I will dispense with details
of hair, anatomy.
They are immaterial.

The occasional retrieved object
is charged
with potency.

But the worm wanders off again
pulling in its opposite directions:
it explains the lengthening process
but does little to alleviate the moment.

The mind too, needs its screwclamps:
it is more easily transported than the body.

The rest of the story, be it that,
is found in the tattered timetables.
How I cursed the columns,
the arrows leading and stopping
in the middle of nowhere,
a field, a sheep covered in dung.

I ran through the rain
to the station, sweating.

The message said little:
spoke of a need
for the shimmering resorts.

What time is it?
The clock there has stopped.  
There are two instances  
in the passage of a single day  
when this clock gives the correct time.  
This was not one of them.

I stood on the platform  
and waved goodbye to the wrong train.

1978
DAVID MILLER

Two American Poets: Frank Samperi and Cid Corman

Frank Samperi is one of the few really outstanding poets of the present time. His work is not really comparable to that of any other living poet (and in fact I think Samperi would find any such comparison irksome); as he stands against so many of the current tags chosen by critics and poets alike, including "modernism" and "the contemporary", it is happily impossible to fit him into any "group" or "movement" or "general direction" - however, because of this Samperi's work has not found the acclaim, except in certain outlying quarters, which it deserves. His is a poetry of profound lyricism and of spiritual depth. Even comparatively "trivial" or minor things by Samperi add something to the total depth of his work. (The same is true, I believe, of another outstanding poet, Cid Corman.) His major published work to date is the trilogy comprising The Prefiguration, Quadrifariam and Lumen Glorae (all: Mushinsha/Grossman, Tokyo/N.Y.). I have written about Samperi's work - especially concentrating on the trilogy - in an essay which appears as an Afterword to his volume The Kingdom (Arc Publications, Lancs.). Samperi's most recent book to appear in the States is sanza mezzo (Elizabeth Press, N.Y.), a small collection which, like the earlier The Fourth (Elizabeth Press) is "to the side" of his major projects, yet, also like the earlier volume, containing a number of excellent poems. sanza mezzo will not reveal Samperi at the depth of the trilogy, but it does show the insistent beauty and incisiveness of his poems:

the birds
among
the flowers
startle
then continue
their flight
leaving
even
the trees
a
shattering
mass
at first
a
shuddering
mask
Some exceptional work by Samperi has also been appearing in Cid Corman's journal Origin (Fourth Series).

Cid Corman has been publishing since the 50s, and has a long list of books and pamphlets of poetry, criticism and translations to his credit. 's is the 15th, and most recent, of his books to appear from Elizabeth Press alone. Corman's poetry is sparsely exact without being "bloodless", indeed the pressure in his lines (often considerable) is the pressure of a life which celebrates life; life without hope. Life facing death. I am reminded of André du Bouchet's lines, from "The White Motor": "I found myself/ free/ and without hope." In one poem Corman writes:

So little wanted
already too much.
Assume your breath as
what it is - your fate.
And in the name of
God - abandon hope.

So much of this poetry centres upon the two terms (realities), breath and death - appearance and absence, being and nothing. In an earlier collection, significantly titled Livingdying (New Directions, N.Y.):

Mother, you will die.
In a few years, more
or less. I have the
doctor's word for it.
What is there to say
or see or do? Day
extends day. Body
bends to earth to drink
a dish of shadow.

(The title of that volume, incidentally, derives from Corman's extraordinary version of a Chinese poem, probably by Tu Fu, beginning "Ten years living dying alone..."

The vision is bleak, but not so bleak as it may seem at first. Corman's concern for concrete detail is a loving concern with the particular. His vision is also a humanitarian one, centering upon people in relation and in their essential loneness. (Cf. "Making Love", in Livingdying.) Nor is the poetry divorced from "aura" - the term breath is not only the actual physical act of breathing and existence of breath but also conveys the spiritual principle. For Corman's is an interior poetry - not in the sense of being merely personal/autobiographical nor in terms of narcissistic psychodrama - but in the sense of manifesting an interior movement, where
interior is not split from the physical world, not made to stand over against it as the subjective in relation to a cold and spiritless objective world. (As the Gospel of Thomas has it: The Kingdom of Heaven is both within you and without you.)

Established.
As if a name could by
being breathed
mean something
beyond the
breath. The ar-
chitecture
of a flame.

That pressure in Corman's lines is partly due to the actual insistence of what the poem says; partly to Corman's skilful use of syllables - which he uses strictly or freely, as it suits him. What the pressure reveals is of the other side of hope/hopelessness; it does not depart from the actual, yet in this very insistence Corman is drawn to reveal, existing at the heart of the poetic vision, what Dante called "the love that moves the sun and the other stars":

Except we are loved, we cannot love. Here is the root then, the love of a father, and the tree, the worth of the child. Except there be fruit too, love in us, again to them, both root and tree will wither in us, howsoever they hitherto have grown. Drawn to love by love, everlasting in revolving splendor.

............... March 17, '78
HOMAGE TO SOUTINE

I
Soldered to the mind's feverish edge
two forks can't
burn themselves out.

II
Trees smash blueness to bits with rooted wings,
wooden rib-cages bend
blast-cracked,
compressed earth's downpoured weight
sags granite walls,
landscape's packed tottering ultimate chaos falls.

III
Trussed fowl dangling
loosened plumage -
thrashed canvas an electric
death-shock.
HILL AT CÉRET, c.1921

It is there some years arrived, folded mesh of sealed words in the wire letter-box.

Take such precipitousness with "a recalcitrant clashing of gears" up the sinuous ochre - what's left of roadness goes.

There is a light the colour of lichens and a squelched-out-of buckled rust the body of solid earth rocks folds.
THE LETTER

It is there some years arrived, folded mesh of sealed words in the wire letter-box,
trap within a trap, interstices I might soon see through, words awaiting my guided life
that corrects (in mid-course) its homing erratic flight.
Soon but not yet, not yet

my fingers twisting in cage wire - the physical strength your words need to deny.
1. Coleslaw salad
   - shredded white cabbage
   - carrots
   - celery
   - green or red bell peppers

2. Lents
   - Shredded white cabbage
   - Mayonnaise

3. Cabbage:
   - Carrots
   - Mayonnaise

4. Onion:
   - Mayonnaise

5. Nuts:
   - Mayonnaise

6. Popularity:
   - The most popular

7. Coleslaw)
   - Adds enjoyment to grills
   - Only to cold meats but acts as an additional vegetable (not heated)

8. Accompaniment:
   - Ideal

9. Mayonnaise:
   - Based salads is ideal

10. Coleslaw:
    - Best enjoyed as an additional vegetable
know and enjoy your delicacy
Spanish Salad Ingredients:

- shredded white cabbage
- red and yellow peppers
- olives
- carrots
- onions
- peas
- potatoes
- mayonnaise

Genera appreciation in this is salad red and yellow peppers give it distinctive flavour it is (most suitable) to be served with tender meats like ham.
Russian salad ingredients:

- 1 potato
- 1 carrot
- 2 white beans
- 3 peas
- 4 cut green beans
- 5 mayo
- 6 nanaise
- 7 diced vegetable salad
- 8 salad akin to potato
- 9 but with full variety
- 10 y vegetables (suitable salad) to serve
- 11 with all meats or cheese on open plate

Other...

Serve with sliced tomato on a salad with a difference (general application).
Prawn salad ingredients: shredded white cabbage, prawns, tomato purée, lactic acid, permitted colouring, mayonnaise.

Serve with sliced tomato as a starter or place in hors d'oeuvre range as a salad with a difference (general application n) as a seafood dr

Essing

30 m/m

5 cm
Frankfurter Salad

Ingredients:

- 3 frankfurters
- 2 lettuce leaves
- 3 onions
- 3 red and green peppers
- 1 sliced tomato

Instructions:

1. Place the frankfurters on a platter.
2. Add the lettuce leaves.
3. Slice the onions and place them on the platter.
4. Slice the red and green peppers and place them on the platter.
5. Slice the tomato and place it on the platter.
6. Serve with the sliced tomato as a side dish.
7. The smoky flavor of the frankfurter makes it a (somewhat unusual) salad.
- french style salad ingredients
- ingredients: cabbage, cucumber, pepper, carrots, pimentos
- also: olives, green beans, lemon juice
- a piquant salad ideally
- suitable) with either hot or cold meats
- or cold meats
- 6 cm
Madras Salad Ingredients:

1. Mayonnaise
2. Rice
3. Red Peppers
4. Sultanas
5. Conquats
6. Spices
7. Sacchar
8. Colouring
9. Monosodium Glutamate

Suitable to accompany lamb and salad. Best used in small quantities.
POTATO SALAD

Ingredients:
- Potatoes
- Onions
- Mayonnaise

Simple, healthy salad but most popular. Ideal introduction to salad range for children. Its mild flavour (very acceptable) as a supper dish. Served with slice of hard boiled egg. 

Top (hot or cold)
from our Shipping Correspondent

Readers' attention is drawn to the following items in the current maritime press:

from Ships Monthly, June 1978, a notable recent transaction:

Infante Dom Henrique (passenger steamer, 23,306grt, built Hoboken, Belgium, 1961) has been sold by Comp.Portuguesa de Transportes Maritimos (Lisbon) to Portuguese interests for use as an accommodation ship at Sines. Her propellers have been removed.

from Shipping World and Shipbuilder, May 1978:

A series of eight 14,900wt.cargo liners are to be built for Oy. Finnlines Ltd. for the carriage of toilet rolls. Their full class notation is "+400A1, Ice Class 1A Super(strengthened for Ore Cargo) +LIC & UNS". The first of these vessels has been named Lolita.

from Lloyd's List, 20 June 1978, the following arrivals are specially recommended. (Please phone harbour master of the port of arrival for latest information about timings):

Adviser, T & J Harrison Ltd. due Seaforth from Kingston (Ja) July 8th.

Ivory Tellus, Behrend & Co. Ltd. due Huskisson 1, Liverpool, from Apapa /Lagos, June 21st.

City of La Spezia, EWL Co. Ltd. due Victoria Deep Water Terminal, Hull, from Malta, June 29th.

Margaret Johnson, Liver Shipping Agencies, due Tilbury, from Vancouver, July 1st.

from the Mariner's Mirror, Vol.64. No.2, May 1978:

M. Lucien Basch's paper "Le Navire 'Mns' et Autres Notes de Voyage en Egypte" (pp.99-123) discusses the longstanding controversy about the origins of ancient Egyptian deep-sea vessels (navires egyptiens de haute mer), posing the question "etaient-ils ou non de conception egyptienne?". The author discusses the relative merits of the hypotheses of T. Save-Soderbergh (1946) and A. Nibbi (1975) and advances an interesting theory of his own.

In the same issue Professor Casson examines the evidence for the use of lead sheathing in Roman craft (pp.135-8), and Stanley Gerr, in a note on the brigantine Eye of the Wind which is about to undertake a voyage of exploration in the Pacific, remarks that the ship's name is a literal rendering of the Old Norse word vindr augu (wind eye) from which we derive our English word "window". He reflects that had the ship been given the name Window the ring of adventure so appropriate in the name of a ship of this kind would have been lost. We look forward keenly to further notes from the pen of Master Gerr.

finally, details of a course at Liverpool Polytechnic, reported in the Guardian, June 19th 1978, may interest readers who live near the coast. The course simulates actual "incident situations" in port approaches, and has serving ships' Masters take action as they see fit on dummy instruments. One captain avoided an approaching vessel by making a ninety degree turn across a busy shipping lane because "That's what I always do".

PETER BARRY
### EXPERIMENT

**LOCATION**

**PROPERTIES OF LOCATION**
- Height above the sea level
- Near sea
  - Lake
  - Fields
  - Forest
  - Mountain
  - Valley
  - Air polluter
  - Water
  - Noise
  - Electromagnetic
  - Nukes
  - Dor present?

**CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PERSON**
- Age: Sex: Build: Sense deficiency?

**PROPERTIES OF THE MOMENT**
- Planets position of
- Date: / /197? Time: am
- Humidity
- Pressure
- Recent nuclear experiments: Yes/No
- Recent storms
- Revolutions
- Recent storms, how long ago
- Phase of the moon
- Weather

**PROPERTIES OF THE SPACE**
- Lightsources
- Odours: Incense
- Colours
- Open/closed window
- Air-conditioning
- Shape
- Heating, what kind
- Dominant materials present:
  - Stone/concrete/wood/ferrous metal
  - Non-ferrous metal/plastics/synthetic-natural rubber/ceramics
- Mandalas
- Running water
- Underground stream
- Openfire/camino
- Negative iron generator
- Ir-fluorescent tube
- Uv-
- Noon-

**Persons external**
- Scars
- Ornaments
- Cloths

**Persons internal**
- Low charged
- Physical wellbeing
- Mental state
- How are you feeling

The actual experiment to simplify the actual recording use the capital letters A-H to indicate:

- A- Aim
- B- Possible effect forseen
- C- General procedure and set-up
- D- Observations
- E- After effects ills/impact
- F- Summary of results
- G- Conclusion
- H- Pointers to further experiments

(c) the revealer '78
A new version of earth
takes a chance
in the idea of a book

A railway extends below
& above a cliff
At the top
is bello vue, below
six toy lorries under a silver sky

Allotments begin to race
until the sky is covered by earth
& forgotten
January penetrates grey fields of wedded skin, trees
grasp cumulo-nimbus

an interception
of ocean drifts & to the south only
stones & pieces
of jurassic gravel remain
as text
Cows among grass ignore
claws of scots pine beside the montage
An army has fought here

The evidence:
left in a field, the skeleton
of scrub, a Mobile Home

Three blue doors later, three girls are running
one slightly ahead, only to soon
disappear behind platforms
arriving with new darkness & the crackle of interference patterns

Further, glass mediates
blue puddles in mud, frost overlays
Friesian cows
wait at the crossing It's a landscape
slung between punctuation like the desire
that joins drifts of granite, stopped
at points where we act as markers

Soil rich & limey
I break it up a little

at right angles make a shallow drill
or use the head hold the handle
until the soil is quite fine
by pressing the rake in this raking
to remove surface stones
mark where each row handle into the soil
this depression of the rake to make
along the line of the rake at a low angle
with the garden line if the rake is held
the surface is liable to the ground
of seeds is to be sown
to become wavy instead of level at a steep angle
in one direction and then rake first
rake over the bed

Foxes come down from the railway embankment
I saw one dead in Cuckoo Wood it was pinned
between the eyes grey & ghastly We skirted
burnt gorse & past Orange Court found
the Farnborough road & thence back
to Lower Green Farm the masts
of TV aerials shining through the brushwood
ten miles from the Crystal Palace

interpenetration
of "global cybernetic industrialization"
the end of movies

In Camberwell another dead fox a man told me of
still by the railway in a garden he'd reclaimed
where I was aware of a texture
tilled fine
become text
interpenetration of strata sifted context

a consciousness beyond our imagining
MARCH 29 Woke up this morning at 7.30 I wondered how come at this hour, even when I have to work (for and then realised discomfort I need endless waves of flaking matter)

Rake over the soil to remove surface We check to see is there any low angle
Then rake forest in one direction back on the door
and then at right angles between waves of flaking matter
The lower part of the house dark until the soil is quite fine.
I check to see is there any low angle
back on the door
In this raking hold the handle of the rake at a peel away from
The day turned out windy but sunny, a good spring day.
re-dug the vegetable patch on the west side of the house
remain to sift especially fine & pad down
the seed bed. Fat glistening earth.
If the rake is held small, to the ground the surface is
And then to Charter X by train & bus to Camden. become wavy
liable to the new edition of Bunting's Collected Poems, also

Gato Barbieri & Dollar Brand Confluence, Don Cherry

Eternal Rhythm instead of level "hit" Gold flooding the the garden
Grids. Remembered I had forgotten. A thought had arisen earlier. Conversation with an immensely fat blonde young woman who'd just come back from the coast with her little daughter.
Here I am lying in bed listening to the Don Cherry wondering why I've started this diary again.

APRIL 9 Remembering of seeds is to be sown is almost visceral

— B, on being asked why he liked living in Berlin: "Because it's full of crazy people doing meaningless things."

Along the line

On the radio: J C Bach (succeeding C P E) hair wet and
plastered garden darkness begining the rake handle into the soil

make a shallow drill by pressing. garden darkness begining the rake handle into the soil

APRIL 11 when I awoke there was snow. A day of inconclusive rake meetings, the texture home through a haze of sun & radio chatter Or use the head of the would never be the same

MAY 19 I hope I'm. derailment to make this depression at random, for divination and guidance. I am immediately confronted with the question: "Which Side of the Cloud is the Thunder On?"

MAY 25 Dark blossom falling to buttercups
a feeling like dirt in a cutting lunchtime:
cold steak pie & mixed salad, meeting with who has a new woolen shoulder bag and talks

and obscure Australian painters. K sent me a cassette letter. accumulated mistakes The South

London Press says NEVER TOO LATE TO PRUNE YOUR MELONS.
is this locatory action
June / the end of movies / a garden of delight
the erotic (see FOURIER interpenetrates & sustains

In hot dry weather spinach bolts flowers, reverts to type

Each day spent weeding, tending beneath the concrete post where there is no longer a bird hut Dandelion Bramble the glow of photosynthesis among the grasses I root out their milky spines

They grow from the roots
fluted panels of neon bright red
warp, wobble and dance

arrangements of rose stems, the halves of one circle split burnt sienna

a vortex display cerulean blue, Mars red, rose madder & black

the roots go deep

three years before you have "clean soil"

a sense of tension & vertigo is established

On the train
I observe daily the progress of gardens
I employ a non historical approach

yet all that I mistrust
is there

or rather, here

a reliance on
"what we are & continue to become"

(we is presumption
an unexamined nostalgia
of public experience) and I fear
the ritualistic I'm afraid The total the
too inclusive

I open Young:
we could not "know" objects
except as points of departure
for the infinite

I call that ambiguity

Sat. July 8

By way of discourse on the bricking up of the Fleet, Peter mentioned
to me today how old canals and waterways that once carried coal barges
have disappeared underground, to surface only intermittently in suburban
gardens, as a well here, an ornamental pond there.

Today too I heard of two other poets who are currently working on gardens
(that is to say the idea of gardens). There's no reason why we shouldn't
look over the fence from time to time in friendly interest. I offer
these notes as such a gesture.

memo: use Eccentric Spaces, by Alfred Harvison, Peter thinks

EMI 1114-15

(TO BE CONTINUED)
Sunday afternoon mid-July. Weather: cool, intermittently sunny. I type at
my desk in the bay window of my room, in translucent green shade of crab
apple and horse chestnut; further off, sombre cypress. Although there
is sufficient daylight, my desk lamp shines whitely.

It is quiet. Muffled sounds of people making tea, preparing to go
out for a walk. Phased drone of light aircraft from Biggin Hill.

Outside: a greenfinch flits briefly into view and out. Inside: two
swallows fly across a Chinese wooden cylinder holding my felt tipped pens.

I rearrange the spaces and begin.


This is the first substantial selection of Lax's work to be published in
this country. That might be the first and most obvious thing to be said.

The next thing might be to remind those of you who know and inform
those that don't that Lax is an American poet of (recently) minimal
structures, now residing on the Greek island of Patmos. Other examples
of his work may be found in such places as Alembic 6, edited by Robert
Hampson.

I want to focus briefly on moment; as "a point of time" "a time so
short that it may be considered as a point" "the present, or the right,
instant" "moving cause or motive" "importance, consequence" "an
infinitesimal change in a varying quantity" "a stage or turning point"
"an element or factor" "a measure of turning effect"

and from "Tractatus I-IV" that opens the selection:

"he was determined this time not to write about anything, to keep as
far away from any possible subject as he could and just to keep going,
to include or to exclude whatever came to mind, not necessarily to
lead it in, not necessarily to leave it out; to let things rise to
his consciousness, to be examined briefly, and let fall again or
invited to enter....

"he would not stop now to describe the globe: describe a globe: all
globes except for their sizes were much alike. he would not attempt
to describe a moment of something moving, of something regretted,
desired, lost. the moments were clear in his memory, but he had
not a word for one of them.

"even as the rains fell, the times fell, the moments fell. the
moments dropped as from a moving cloud. they intensified as they
neared a particular point, and then, again, they diminished. even
as the rains spoke, the times spoke: articulations just beyond the
realm of consciousness.... each moment proclaimed the business of the
moment. in every moment, hidden or manifest, there was a possible
fulfillment. each moment made its demand, and each its offer. each
was a sphere; each held to its sphericity a moment."

This is not the place to quote at length from Lax's poetry; quite
apart from the fact that his structures are most often long and thin and
our space here is too constrained, it must also be said that the best
exposition of this poetry is itself in sequence and juxtaposition. Lax
chooses instants or instances that are not frozen but metamorphose and
permutate subtly, minimally, over expanses of stasis, and so engender a
feel of passing of time.

And with this sense of passing, a sense of the leaving behind of
sundry illusions; and beyond this, a further mystery:
of the nature of a first selected poems: as witness: the writer of this review had the pleasure of publishing some of the pieces herein in a small pamphlet (Share Publications, 1975, 1977) (I'll send a copy of that to anyone who'll send me the postage); other pieces come from (1972), quaintly Fingers (1975) and Janguiary Rites (1972), and as I type this straight onto stencil I note I haven't given the title of the Share pamphlet, which is Gingerbread House - so much for their provenance, and straight on to the poems themselves.

It is possible to think of Brown as a word sculptor: now welding together disparate metals, now having away at blocks of language, eliminating extraneous meanings "of unsuspected conflicts// to myself/ hardly aware/ I had a self// fixed sophisticated language of lineage", arriving at a relativistic reality : "the canal/ insido me/ I see it clearly// which is perfect/ size means nothing/ pitiful/ the optic lease// in this little universe".

(I break off to drink a cup of milky tea and eat a plum or two; the sun now lower in the sky)

To examine a detail from the whole canvas: "Hot otter problem" begins the second part of the book, which is titled "Burubudur":

the movement here is from the opening "One thing is sure// stating the problem isn't// the problem" to the closing "(the etymology's uncertain) one/ thing is sure isn't/ the problem stating/ the problem".

That the problem may be is left largely for the reader to decide; it may be pertinent however that the etymology that is uncertain appears to be the sim translated as "Good Fortune" in the I Ching. And that the "obstruction in the fourth place" is an echo of the "obstacles" that earlier surround the poet; whether physical, natural objects or moral or technical problems we are not told. So that the locatory action of the poem (images of the west coast of Scotland: otters, fish, fox) incorporates within it a wide range of cultural references: the Book of Change already mentioned, a line of Spanish that translates as "it is necessary to eat fruit green and ice-cold" juxtaposed with "it is favourable to let justice be administered", and "some decadent gesture with fire". The mountain may be a real mountain or part of the hexagram.

The poem can be read as a refusal of the pastoral.

I am reminded of Allen Fisher quoting Lukovsky to the effect that poetry convinces by the form it creates (not by argument).

Our perceptions are creations of form
"carved
like a leaf"
and this reminds us that it is man that creates "nature" and that a
whole set of cultural assumptions feed into any landscape, that then
becomes a text to be treated - cf the running metaphor of an earlier,

A possible danger to avoid, then, might be over-sophistication:
the tipping over of an always urban, ghostly and elegant vision into
micro-cleverness and decadent "wit".

The danger is flirted with from afar in this fine book.

Design, layout and production are all to be commended, and it is a
pity only that the occasional typo and spelling mistake went uncorrected
in what is otherwise a careful and lovely presentation.

After supper, 8.50 pm

This issue of REALITY STUDIOS is already late, and already dusk begins
to gather as I begin to think about running off the pages tonight on
the duplicator.

The desk lamp increasingly becomes a focus. I put on Archie
Shepp, light an amber joss stick. Just time and space for a short
piece on Bill Griffiths.

BILL GRIFFITHS: A History of the Solar System/
Fragments: A History of the Solar System (Writers Forum)'78

This book is in concertina form, i.e. the pages are sewn in a continuous
zigzag pattern so that the whole thing can be spread out in one long
sequence. The covers are green card with the title handwritten on a
white oblong of paper affixed to the front. The type is IBM Golfball,
brown/wine red on white paper.

Bill Griffiths' words spin off and away from centre that is defined
as no more than "an untidy ball of (yellow) wool, with bad-wound loops
and strands tumbling out"; reel off drunk with their own energy and
anarchy praising "the limitless availability of things" and against the
violence of containment, but with the embedded ambiguity that this very
availability "will have to be maintained by violence"; as enshrined
in the problem posed as section viii of the first part of the book:
"Is Science, Fact, steel-stone, established, something bad, harsh-set ...

etc; "... or is it knowledge beneficial, hopeful ... under kick of
ignorance, mob, Duke Dictator?"

"It only sorts loose," he says, "when you say knowledge is always
equal to power." (See the last line of my poem on p 37 of this journal
for my response to that.)

Let me put my response into more gnomic form: It may be that we
have to choose Anarchy as the only possible way of opposing Chaos.

Does that sound OK, or merely obscurely pompous?

"In one science, the disk of the pre-solar system was a great
turbulence, a totality not a pattern, of eddies, vast or so, so
that matter only accreted at the quiet rims and interstices of these
eddies, places such as turbulence was rejecting."

The book streams out toward its limit with the image of a carousel,
and a prayer that once more for the life of me I find hard to know how
to respond to. But Bill Griffiths is to be read not as some natural
philosopher but as a poet of the ecstatic urban environment, and this
book lets loose much you may delight in.

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KCE 16.vii.78
PAUL GREEN
Six Poems (for David Miller

I

the plunder is ritual
Taken into torchlight
and stripped of black elder
the nourishment of bird life
veiling which's sentinel
or riposte
turning to the elements
a codling residue
of patriation
Look! and Look! at the pining
of the simile
beyond the rim
the plunder is ritual
the gain only half way
the missed area
someplace other than intended
the hand's tendons shrunk
to points
of matt absorbency
the levels of treasure
the semiology that's left
in the tracking of "source"
the contentments burned
on the motor
the raw betel
chewed by the pretender
this continuation
of the or
the sloped flanks
coupled in instinctual union
the flesh harness hardened
by the intercourse of evolution

a lapse of energy where skill
returned to the water
the prevalence

of the hot dead animus; not anima; not animalis
glittering against the actions
of the algae scud
the lamp / the lamp of the vulva
the black pastes which're present
still in definition
binding the alchemic area
the tritruative order of the (7) planets
the sublimation of the earth adornment
"the white shit on the white stones"
"the red buds; and the perforations"
"of the red buds"
"the waters and the waxes that abideth"
"in the cutting and the reaping"
"of the buds"
a rejoinder to miracle
a possible elm shaft
that's worn to the earth
a root of the wound
which is praised
but listened!

to the flexing of another revelry
a simple but defeatist zeitgeist
imaged on the caskets
of the Acquitaine
of velocitas: that constant light and radiating of the work perforce the incommunicado of its energies arranged within the numina relate the grammar and the personalis to the contexts of the nova the mellifluous patternings of lacquered t'ung
Half-light and snow:
the city must look bombed from the air
the star ships are shedding their angel hair
in the half light
and the clock simmers with cold breath
in the half light
mucous membranes cool off limbs settle all over the city
in the half light
and this light bulb fuzzes mightily as if filled with snowflakes
in the half light
in the half light
it is always the impersonal present tense

* the simple repetition of used fantasies
would be as boring as the uncrinkling of old newspapers
and the guardian angel is decaying
like a snow woman in the industrial zone
it is uncomfortable kneeling during the ritual of analogy

*
in the snowy half light

cows are dying

it is impassible between the cities
in the half light

I'm keeping phlegmatic and husky
in the half light

no good worrying that the lady is up to no good
in the half light

it is wiser to dream of a thudding bass guitar
in the half light

it is wisest to learn the saxophone fingering for a gritty low B-flat
in the half light

* 

Half light and snow:
the city has been wrapped up like a herd of giant deformed beasts
in cold storage

like all throaty adolescents I want my invisibility to be seen
by a living woman

but I want certain well-licked phrases
to crawl off into the woodwork first

for I stand accused
of too much fandango in the chiaroscuro

I retch like an older man
blindfolded by the half light

*
The skeleton with the river lapping deliciously through its ribs has been born again. The car is moving along. Is it me going by, or is it me going by? The bird is sitting on the wall outside the garden, whilst not more than 50 yards away another bird is pecking at the ground for worms (the worms of your brain). Or is the worm pecking for hints in the air? The ground is becoming a sheet of very fine thought, almost thinner than rice paper, and even more dissolvable? And I think of God. And I think of God! I am lifted up to the sky to watch music, set on the violin (the famous sado-sadistic violin), and with its eyes I can see the telephone wires becoming luminous with the colour of bird songs. Another phase/ a new cycle begins, and yet oh God - I don't set my foot on the ground for fear of breaking through that illusory thought. Do you think there may be water underneath the rice paper? After writing this I shall quietly, and secretly tiptoe outside, and whilst no one is looking I shall check to see if there are a few molecules separating my soul from the rice paper earth. The Daliian succulence!
The skeleton with the river lapping deliciously through its ribs has disappeared, dissolved. Time has been born again. I look at the cars going by, or is it me going by? The bird is sitting on the wall outside in the garden, whilst not more than 36 yards away another bird is pecking at the ground for worms (the worms of your brain). Or is the worm pecking for birds in the air? The ground is becoming a sheet of very fine thought, almost thinner than rice paper, and even more dissolvable! And I think of God. And I think of God! I am lifted up to the sky toasted music, sat on the violin (the famous sado-masochistic violin), and with its eyes I can see the telephone wires becoming luminous with the colour of bird songs. Another phase/ a new cycle begins, and yet oh God - I daren't set my foot on the ground for fear of breaking through that illusionary thought. Do you think there may be water underneath the rice paper? After writing this I shall quietly, and secretly tiptoe outside, and whilst no one is looking I shall check to see if there are a few molecules separating my souls from the rice paper earth. The Dalinian succulence!
The past with the present lapping deliciously through its ribs has disappeared, dissolved. Space has been born again. I look at the people going by, or is it me going by? The philosopher is sitting on the wall in the garden, whilst not more than 9 yards away another philosopher is pecking at the brain for thoughts (the earth in your brain/ the thoughts of a worm). Or are the thoughts pecking at the philosopher in his brain? The brain is becoming a sheet of very fine light, almost thinner than a quark, and even more cosmic! And I think of God. And I think of God! I am lifted up to the sky in F Major, sat on your tensions (those famous sado-masochistic tensions), and with its eyes I can see the waves becoming luminous with anguish. Another life/ a new life begins, and yet oh God - I daren't set my life on the worms for fear of breaking through that visionary landscape. Do you think there may be a danger lurking underneath the worm? After writing this I shall quietly, and secretly tiptoe my life outside, and whilst no one is looking I shall check to see if there are a few particles separating my love from you, the earth of my dreams. The communicating language!
Lapping deliciously through its ribs has disappeared, dissolved
has been born again!
I look at going by
or is it?
growing
sitting
on the wall
outside
in the garden
whilst no more than three yards away...
another is pecking who's pecking who?!
a very fine
almost thinner than
... and even more!
and I think of God
and I think of God!
I am lifted up to the sky
and with its eyes I
can see the wires becoming.
Another phase
another life
fe be
-ins, and yet oh God -
for fear of breaking through
do you think there may be...
underneath?
quietly and secretly
tiptoe outside
and whilst no one is looking
I shall check to see if there are
a few
gradually
steadily
growing into
infinity!

J.E.S. 1976, 1977
Forever entwined

Forever entwined come this way see no more into me go vanish forever with your own smell disappear into what spirit moves speaks is love or no love within and cut come and go once or twice.

Cut into small pieces

Cut into small pieces they change shape at night each in their own separate kingdom. Blood flesh & water & the endless streets where the crowds make a small attempt at happiness & then part, their faces lifted to the sky. I remember them as a stain. Colours floating & fading in the brain. Changing shape. Opening & closing lost within themselves & each other torn at the edges & drifting apart. Dabs of light upon the ocean's restless drifting waves.

(more prose pieces by Cory Harding can be found in The Adventures of Billy Basset, published by the X Press, c/o 62 North View Rd, London N8)
A Dream - July 31, '76

August first
white rabbits
four water to waist
all light-haired all
flips of white over
nipples
over pubes

jumping and
playing
the man
all laughing for
the joy

I on the quadrangle
knew it was time

and went round the chapel trying
to find a place to leave
book and clothes and could not
for motorbikes and scooters
in the niches

inside a hymn
men
organising
excitement apart
from the real
men inside not in
the world back 9, 10
thousand
years

( remember light colour of bodies
the leaping in the warm water
how do I know it was warm? regard
your dreams

September 12th 1976

A white plastic room. Empty, and then a
lipstick flavoured telephone. It does not
ring. There are no sounds. There is no-one
here. But human smells form greasy stains
in the armchair.

A yellow flower grows. Sickness sickly
drifting over the floor, Ugly screen
colourless draped in the air.

Then the window opens there is a white plastic
landscape. Empty: the room never ends.
The boy with the burned-out eyes sits in the ruined church holding two stones in his hands. A circle of lighted candles surrounds him. Fragiles sounds of a city melting.

The boy eats the stones. There is silence. The bell in the empty tower chimes seven times.

A white plastic room. Empty: and then a lipstick flavoured telephone. It does not ring. There are no sounds. There is no-one here. But human smells form grease stains in the corners.

A yellow flower grows. Sickly snake slithering over the floor. Ugly scream colourless draped in the air.

When the window opens there is a white plastic landscape. Empty: the room never ends.
September 13th 1976

Nest of grey blood eggs. There has been a fire here. Alone in the blackened field. Barbed wire twists into a lost child's scream. Touch of frail sky. And dusk.

September 13th 1976


October 8th 1976

A room of stooping creatures. They are hunched over typewriters. Words form slime that slides off their fingers. They are typing their own names over and over again. They hear nothing. They are blind. Loud electric music plays, the walls are painted with scarlet flowers.

In the shadow of her body, memories grow. They live inside her. Whenever she is alone she kisses them.

No-one sees her. But she lives in seasons and on the edge of woodlands. In the silent rooms of empty tenants. She is there.
October 11th 1976

In the morning they slit his brain open.
Found the body of a rat living there.
The rat had the face of a dead child.
There was a voice singing but no-one could
tell where it came from or what it was saying.

October 26th 1976

A shop where they sell aniseed and
peppermint twists. Everything covered
in dust. Waxwork of a shopkeeper propped
behind the counter. The shelves are
stacked with rotting vegetables. The
shopkeeper is crying.

November 2nd 1976

She is a photograph of herself. Her
face is the shape of laughter. Her
fingers sing like flowers.

In the shadows of her body, memories
grow. They live inside her. Whenever
she is alone she kisses them.

No-one sees her. But she lives in
madows and on the edge of woodland.
In the silent rooms of empty tenements.
She is there.
CHARLES BERNESTEIN

It absolutely blew the tuchas away. I could never spot it.

Ballet Russe

Every person has feeling.

It is all the same.

I will travel.

I love nature.

I love motion & dancing.

I did not understand God.

I have made mistakes.

Bad deeds are terrible.

I suffered.

My wife was frightened.

The stock exchange is death.

I am against all drugs.

My scalp is strong & hard.

I like it when it is necessary.

It is a lovely drive.

A branch is not a root.

Handwriting is a lovely thing.

I like tsars & aristocrats.

An aeroplane is useful.

One should permanently help the poor.

My wife wants me to go to Zurich.

Politics are death.

All young men do silly things.

The Spaniards are terrible people because they murder bulls.

My wife suffered a great deal because of her mother.

I will tell the whole truth.

I love Russia.

I am nasty.

I am terrified of being locked up & losing my work.

Mental agony is a terrible thing.

I pretend to be a very nervous man.
It absolutely blew the tushies away. I could never spot it & then it came up. As dry as dust. OUT OF TRACK. "Really, they'll be *stars* there" Here at least everything is new, boys on bicycles roll by, its all full up, I can't help regretting it. Turns, it turning, the account to be refurbished, hat on tight, fifty cents in hand. "Let me in." Sitting on the bus, walking up the stairs, waiting for it to start. It was 9, 10, 11 & already
Loose Shoes

That's the trouble around here through which, asking as it does a different kind of space, who much like any other, relives what's noise, a better shoe, plants its own destination, shooting up at a vacant -- which is forever unreconstituted -- wedding party, rituals in which, acting out of a synonymous disclosure that "here" loses all transference falling back to, in, what selfsame dwelling is otherwise unaccounted for. They make several steps, alone the boot straps only an extra heaviness, but for all the world knows the better in the offing. Walking around, trying to keep a stiffened sleeve, coffee pouring over all manner of suit. He beats us all the way down there since, not Russian, we no longer care about big cigars. A patterned sock hugs the boot, brightly
surfaces several spiraling reminders
to fill up the glasses & get the
next carapace over with, begin
the quiet. Which always seems imposed.
Caravans of blank personalities file before
judgement, choice a matter of
boosting the inseam & making ends
do. A series of truncated tips,
fibers emergent from large industrial
rolling machines, mahogany solids
vertically stacked aside blue jeans,
soap bubbles, starry eyes. My own
best memory is dried, sits happily
amidst cushions & packages from
Altman's. A serial horror that
gradually dissolves into what
have you -- makes speakers re-circuit
their origin, projecting from which
chair, sideways, & put away in your pocket.
My hand claims its own boundaries.
Pretention, fits of troubled labor

described as such, "sordid business",
at last remain on the other side, noiselessly.
It releases its own tension, pin
stripe after boulevard, having heard "all about" it. I went over very well by them, he thought.

No, this seems much the more graceful. Embers indiscernibly fly by & seem to illuminate the particulate nature of the air. Dress warmly, making a film about you, us. I feel only a temporary relief. The idea of recurrence temporary nonsense to make a way seem possible by an accountant's time. "Real time" by any other standard & yet -- in a way -- irreproducible, which hedge gives space to breathe a little more freely.
Senses of Responsibility

Of all these, pieces from which this spoon, solitary as it is atop this table, a pen, whatever other hang of discomfort, issues like "please" & "thank you" & I forgot to mention someone who will make you take offense at this attic altogether, might as well as, forgive some one or other stutters -- what I most want already has reformed itself & can't properly stand up to what "I feel like" I will be able to do. Actually, the rung, shades, consumable beverages, typewriter keys, thermometer & door stops all have been located but the several other things -- the names don't matter -- now begin to feel more pressing. Admonitions about several trips to Turkey, about the Persian rug in the other room, about "that light" glowing outside the window "all night" only by the time you stumble on it, panicking at the last minute that it must be put out, large row houses have replaced it, in which you must live. Whether by train, car, bus or foot it takes longer than expected but the delay has an aroma much to itself that you can count on. Destinations don't, are so quickly receding points. A visual imagination: that what it takes discerns skyline from cluster, handle from brim. I look over the side & find it much the same. "Old hat", "shoe lace", "shag carpet". Only you need to do some much more than ever could be "expected" of you.

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It's not that miracles are achieved, nor that we make them happen as we sweep away all the remnants of that other life we keep thinking is the best one to possess. Starting from this new spot, lakes acting as shifters for our understanding, for that newer insight that always seems to be just the same old one that keeps being forgotten. Switches of tense are the tones that don't let us alone, peeking out of the curtain, "hi" "thanks very much I forgot to ask for that yesterday" 'let's get out of here' Much happens that never gets properly decided upon & later it's obvious that it had to be that way. Everything gets thrown off balance, or, really, a constantly new balance is achieved, only you wish the new equilibrium wouldn't take over so fast. It's been too good a time but always at the expense of the children. Assuredly: not this same prattling, flutter, off in some shell glamour, but marvelously largesse of demeanor & coming over, without that hesitation inside that so plagues, haunts, gives "gnaw to" "this is the way it is & you've simply to accustom yourself to its own internal integrity." Wind, chill, umbrellas, radio antennae -- all had become vestigial to our top priorities. A rain pouring down next to the house but all this time we were with the neighbors, who could never otherwise be reached. Elastic bands better off in their own containers: a spring that by foreign measure empties cups, frying pans actually, now made of glassine substance: a large grey box in which slate floors no longer feel at home. They talk it over, not even a prayer of a chance is given for "that other principle" far exceeding what any of us would care to demand. It's
not that... but just that.... &, pulling myself up
by my own linament, a smallish round tray that even now
gets misplaced, the same old pattern reveals itself. "The
pillow cases are all from Lord & Taylor but the sheets --
this will really blow you away -- are from Simpson's, in
Toronto." Plastic discs that really don't care a whit
what we do, make of ourselves. Yet the lowest trees
have tops, skyrockets, & you pop into the very next
showing & say you're sorry to have been detained, while
harboring a colony of chick-peas in
place of your front lapel. "What a can he
is" refuses to submit to the usual procedure of
buckling down at the red flashing light, which not only
is not cause for celebration but practically necessitates
that the whole shop shut down. All eyes glaze
at the announcements, which sound more like an enjoiner --
not to worry. But this still to be encompassed in the
almost repressed instinct to let self-consciousness
pose in the guise of criticism. "I
got a neckache", "the joint's all akimbo"
but there's still one man left in this department
who can tell a syntagma from a peristalsis.
The noise swelled over the middle table
& a chiseled voice rose above it almost filling the room.
Kiff-Kiff

I climb out the window sending thoughts (could! as paper wrapped in tiles separate meanings clasp day sinks, busily screen flickers "all noisy" fixing biochemical stream of panic, watch looms, buzz & its "two timing" bogs string pop on second fiddle (get so tire of (it "bottom broke plumbs thru---" stops on off'll carelessness wanting what rarely digest
A cold at its worst stage - that's what I've got. I am an art student - though that is hardly relevant to what follows. (I write in the dramatic present.) However I wish you to understand that I am not an academic though I have a certain nostalgic respect for the academic way of life. I have no relation to the university except one of curiosity and a capacity for woolly logic. My nose runs continuously and the base, around the nostrils, is sore from the constant dabbings of an already soaked handkerchief. I usually carry round three or four with me (I reject paper handkerchiefs on ecological grounds) though today I forget to replenish the supply. My eyes ache and I have not the patience to read or go to a film. I associate Oxford with colds.

I get two colds a year, one in Autumn, one in Spring. This is a specimen of the latter ... a true awakening of unpleasantness for the coming summer (pity those, who, with hay fever, stay in their rooms on warm, clear days.) Today is, both by the calendar and by the state of the weather and foliage, the first day of Spring. I had hoped to make a few sketches of the colleges (I have a conservative, some would say reactionary, attitude to visual art) but the state of my health will not permit this. I have decided to visit the Ashmolean and Blackwell's.

The first significant event of the morning occurs as I am walking down Beaumont Street from my boarding house in Walton Street ... where I see an old lady collapsing on the pavement (a heart attack?) and with my art school sense of symbolism this seems to point to the passing of the old year and the regrowth of Spring. As usual I make my way up to the first floor of the Ashmolean, past the Greek and Roman antiquities, so that I might once again see the Gallery's Uccello. I have a file of photo-copied references connected to this most mysterious of early renaissance paintings. American art historians spend many hours in front of this masterpiece conjecturing theories as to its philosophical relevance to the psychological nature of linear perspective. 'With regard to this it stands almost in the same class as Piero's "Flagellation". Let me resume my narrative so far by listing the three principal phenomena of my day:
(1) My cold.
(2) The death of an old lady in the street.
(3) "A Hunt" by Uccello.

Here are three kinds of experience:

(1) Physical discomfort.
(2) Tentative symbolism.
(3) The mysterious nature of linear perspective in painting.

These three types might be further clarified by their relational (temporal) significance:

(1) The temporal sensation of self.
(2) Temporal aptness.
(3) Historical relevance.

All this on a day when the weather seemed to be running hand in hand with man's artificial delineation of the seasons. I am not in tune (despite this) and it was only the sight of the old lady collapsing in the street that gave me any sort of awareness outside my internal physical condition. (I blow my nose.)

My sense of order is today of an internal reality and the perspective of Uccello suggests to me the voyage into the subconscious that I associate with ill health (that is: the ordering superstructure is damaged and allows the subconscious fears and insights to come rushing through.)

This might all seem a little pedantic but it is a feature of contemporary art practice that artists have suddenly taken upon themselves the right to write. You are doubtless aware of the dense little magazines emanating from colleges and groups of artists that recently have taken on an ideological/philosophic nature.

You may find the logic and the associations a little far fetched but you would be missing the point if you compared our writings to that of current philosophers, political theorists and sociologists. We jump to conclusions via the road of psychological association and expect our work (I'm not calling for arguments with the sterner of our circle) to be judged by the criteria of imagination rather than the more ancient values of philosophic logic. We have turned to writing because of the chaos that modernism, in its later stages, has led us. We hope to "write ourselves out" of the resulting confusion, elitism and urban decadence.

All this came to mind this morning as I was lying in bed - the sun filtering through the green checked curtains to my room in the bed and breakfast. I had been reading a copy of "Art-Language" (one of the most esoteric of art journals) where an art construct entitled "Oxfordshire"
was referred to. It was in fact the first issue of this magazine - a stage before the obscurity of the later issues set in. An obscurity all the more distasteful and elitist in that this is exactly what they hoped to overthrow in the realm of the visual arts.

In their notes on "Oxfordshire" the artists write that "the framework was set up in the main to supply a 'ready-made' art ambience in contrast to a 'ready-made' art object" (as Marcel Duchamp did some fifty years earlier).

What I hoped to do was create a matrix (within the ambience of the short-story form) (an ambience in which any phenomena mentioned is part of "the work") within which various phenomena could be mentioned, inter-related and analysed.

You know my subject matter.

(1) My cold.
(2) The sight of an old lady collapsing in the street.
(3) Another viewing of Uccello's "A Hunt".

All these seemed significant as starting points for an enquiry but three images that forced themselves on my consciousness last night outpace them.

The first was a black and white image (like a woodcut in the style of Albrecht Durer) of a child/putti crucified on a cross - in the background a quiet, peaceful landscape.

The second was a faint, misty, once again monochrome (the dominant tone being mid-grey) view of a lawn leading up to a brick Elizabethan manor covered with silent grey blocks.

The third image presented a strong contrast, both visual and emotional, to the preceding pair.

The image had an almost visionary intensity and luminosity of colour that seemed to contradict the extreme banality of the subject matter.

The image was of a large green grass hopper attired in evening dress, visionary also in its intensity of detail.

(1) Crucified putti.
(2) Lawn with blocks.
(3) Grass hopper in evening dress.

Having the quality of:

(1) A woodcut.
(2) A fine engraving/aquatint.
(3) A colour transparency.

Each image was visually quite distinct yet their significance seemed to exist in the fact of the sequential trilogy. Everything pointed to the
life of an aristocratic grasshopper.
I make these notes as I sit in "Lucky Jim's" restaurant before moving onto Blackwells.
The image of the putti seemed to indicate a crisis yet one seen with the objectivity of hindsight (the stylised "historical" quality of the woodcut). The second picture, though pictorially distinct from "a natural view", in its grey tones seemed to suggest my one time depression. Pondering, slow, archetypal forms. The Walt Disney grasshopper perhaps relates to the "childishness" of the first image though here the psychotic accuracy and, at the same time, absurdity of the image gave it its own quality of unreality.

Death in the streets on the first day of Spring. The death of an innocent child portrayed long ago. The physical discomfort of a cold reveals the terminal aristocratic memory blocks of the subconscious. The endless perspective of a hunt. Its victims. The pursuit. The sports of the privileged classes. The grasshopper as dilettante. Walt Disney yet a thousand times more lifelike.

Rigidity of the three dream images, each portrayed in a different medium, suggesting the relative reality of three eras.
My state of health (subject).
An incident in the street (object).
A hunt (relating subject to object through the visual language of linear perspective).
I walk into Blackwells and continue to ponder these ramifications and relationships.

(Previously published in New Stories, Duplication No:8, copyright Andrew Hayfield, 1978, and available from 21 New Walk, Beverley, East Yorks HU17 7AE, price 50p inc p&p)
PETE RPHILPOTT

Unfinished Business

3. Cutting Up

3.4 THE MURDER

No importance, omnipotence.
It is delight, the crystal pen
the word within that world, a
blank mirror. Me, the roar
of the internal sea, eternal
sight outside, humid, humped
like any string of epithets.

You young unaware why

It is within, like light
is within a room, fear the brain,
a leaf falling, two birds
& an aeroplane flying behind a tree,
cold light, what is it? Things
are dark, obscured, what lines
dimmed. The weather was foggy
particularly in this region.

When I was young;
I could do anything
but aging I know
I shall live in a fashionable district
drink beer at lunchtime on Sundays
& watch the women wear their peasant clothes
discoursing upon the latest films.
And I shall decide & not understand
those who will replace us.
And I shall teach literature
to people who know
that what can be written down
is worthless & without reason.
Last night I dreamt we were invaded by an enemy
& I stayed when we were taken over
in a great man's house, & found myself
to be in the castle of the young emperor
(who was sleeping
for whom this conquest was being made, &
I found there the daughter of the house
who was beautiful
& she told me to go where he slept
& kill him with a bodkin
which was poisoned, & I did
& we escaped into freedom &
I drifted out of sleep into an active
& aware consciousness until the alarm
rang.

2.6 THE CLEAR AIR

There are no hills here, nor
anything that can move us:
nothing to shelter us from the light
of future greatness & indigestion.
The self is broken up by morning,
but the old flaws hang on,
like the light of day over water
until affliction & joy are removed.
The clear air cannot alter.

2.6 ANOTHER SHORT POEM

3.61
Skin split & blood
came out. Words are redundant?
I don't make them.
I am not at peace.
Out of breath.
Her own smell annoyed her. She became capable of nothing. The good life was behind, hazy like a holiday brochure. It was a dark night. There was no intention.

Can there be any value in the products of memory? I am a reflection desire etiolating & passive holding nothing.

It is the words that I can't understand.

3.62 The cut widens. The sound is as if heard on a television. The drops move into one stream. She wasn't above fear.

She looked into the mirror & could see nothing in her eyes. What was the difference? What could she look for? What could happen? No one entered. The room bare as a mouth. Nothing else to be known.

Nothing else to be forgotten but the sound of voices & the sound of water as delight. Nothing can be lost in this sphere not even darkness. Imagine summer suspended above us. Then another, some appearance becoming uncertain. Each line could be a bird.

But I am past what they said moving into a being whose significance is doubted.
3.63
The cut like a big smile.
There was no repetition.
What I feel is within:
a drunkenness & doubt
something to be praised
& something to be forgotten.
I know what I want
will not be wanted by me.
I am green, gold
& am near the sea.
Off the coast,

words
said slowly
& to be deliberate
& to be not words
connective
with what isn't there
a lack
we are told
names.

catch a flame in the forest
fox, like a spark flicker
out, no rush, no panic
shooting stars burn brightly
just to die, no does he
shine in the forest gone
make a wish

75
On Voodoo St.
Pagan ladies dressed in black
eagerly dance
in rituals that include
me and you

Ruby eye cry and flow
cease to flow and crystallise
Leaves me staring at hardest stone
This once was heart now a jewel alone
no pain

catch a flame in the forest
fox like a spark flicker
out no rush no panic
shooting stars burn brightly
just to die so does he
shine in the forest gone
make a wish
loose rain fall collect
my hair in groups
forms a point

as beautiful in the life of
as pain as in death
now lonely within that kingdom
touching me an intrusion
no doctors' hands are mine
pass slowly into death my friend
the butterfly you'll not become

and it fires me.
Somehow difficult to express
a flame without wind
could die so easily
if my thoughts were not like a fan
that's life/all hectic
& little lost moments caught
held in moths' lifespan flame
& allowed to drip melting candlewax
down

burning/in that's confusion
what colour is flame
to scorch my hands a darker still?

move nearer the light
In some moths' dream
where days and nights reverse
the ghost of me
is more real than the truth
words
out of so many
should you become defined
i would grow a little less

after
the rain
a moment
such as this

voices
out of reach
something more
than my imagination
this love

an uncertain depth

deeper than i
dare to wade

yours

briefly

1) the
 fatal
ock, [flase

falling

strapped to seatbelt

the plane

expects

the jungle on empty

land inhabits the

water-table

& the trees

all look like cauliflowers

lots & lots of cauliflowers

the worm is strew

bared emotion

invitation

unlike teeth

please accept

( March 25 1976 )
JEREMY HILTON

lots & lots of cauliflowers

1) the brittle oak, flame
sackcloth
falling falling
strapped to seatbelt
the flame
engulfs
the jungle oh empty
land inhabits the
water-table
& the trees
all look like cauliflowers
lots & lots of cauliflowers
the worm is strewn
mosquito mangoes
mangled,
fusillage

( March 25 1976 )
2) follow the snakes of little rivers
   the devious miles
crocodiles crouch
   always follow
   the rivers, seeking the confluence, flies
   flown in flesh
hatched to hunt
dream stumbled
close that delirium
   hatch - the
   water muddled no
food from berries, spent energies growth
stunted in rampant tangles brooding by banks by waters

( March 27 )

3) courage, straddled a patchwork warp
courage which faces this thrived rosebush which does not admit barriers, the sounds of fear meet the brave in this swamped basin hope now hangs a fruit for the monkeys in the strange glades - the dead lay otherwise, reprieve is a malt anemone only the damned are certain

( March 28 )
4) the voice skidding on the slurp
   bent-men the west
   sun glades and eddies
   the voice shafting thru the stars
   the angry spaces
   clouds of coal-sack jungle
   the voice crashing on the reefs
   monastic turtles
   below the hoarse spate
   the voice slanting thru the leaves
   implants the zero
   on the weakening occultist
   the voice bridging the long parting
   where joy falls & fades
   sunrise grows to song
   the voice stretching the throat's sinews
   a frail frog's passage
   from delirium to dawnpain
   the voice thrusting the racked step

   ( March 31 )

5) the world turning
   turning
   turning into cauliflowers
   lots &
   lots of
   cauliflowers
   trees hurling, from
   from the banks of the earth
   hurling, closer
   strapped falling
   the voices the screams strapped
   round my heart,
   of those not ready to die
   falling from flame
   seatbelt SWIRLING
   the trees
   all look like cauliflowers
   SWIRLING

   ( April 2 )
6) a boat gives the hope
first glint clear star on
fast cloudy river
a hut gives the hope
next more saintly gift
shade for flesh that festers
voices too great for hope
as though miraged dream
fitful sleep broken by the real
a boat sows the hope
that voices of the loved dead
inhabit dreams of the awake
a hut nurtures hope
there is a god of rescue &
the sense beyond the real
voices reap huge hope
at the end of night's tunnel
there is the world still real

( April 4 )

7) the breath is a flame that
dances the way a voice
sings from inside you, dances
on the wings, awfully, of
a huge bird, of
cargo of passage from
some outer orbit beyond sense
and trees, trees like
lots & lots of cauliflowers
swaying
in time with energy's source
falls & falls primordial
world rhythms, that the
scarred should
walk, for ever even, driven
by a voice that is from
inside her young body & from
the dead

( April 5 )
ALAN HALSEY
Hermetic Variations

I

A reading of the "Poemandres"
("The Divine Pymander")

Poem and rays
Thought in me
becoming on a time
concerning the entities

The authentic mind
changed in idea
to light the world pyre
to the pneuma

Phenomenon mind labours
from silence the word
to see cosmos
in perpetual periphora

Poem and rays
filled with as many
bodies as there are
then is cosmos a body

moving in mind and
capacious word
poem and rays
goods from the good

not noun but the
cause that noun is
to generate genera
form astral ideas

great memorials of
technic urges
reborn from nature
in periodic circles

Poem and rays
the crater a great
mind-full cup
he created
apotheosis
of the man
whose gnosia is
to us the beginning

the monad the root of
poem and res
image of things
raised above

that phantasy generates
sun moon stars
the bear that turns
the world in its turning

place number measure
the poet conserves
pyramid and heart
in the selfsame image

this name this thing
his name his thing
eulogy and hymn
poem and res

the inspiration is
breathed by sense
and understanding out
to synthesize the

elements in order
is cosmos
according to the
natures its rays

as the rays of
the one noetic
will are the
energies or that

poetic good
enchoired of gods
in the spherical
cosmos that

is a head
to the man his
poem and rays
arts and science

the turning of
the strophe
with aesthetics of
all things made
against evil
which is ignorance
your doxy-disease
so you only see

your doxy
Poem and res
to tell the
symbol from the

thing this
bird this
oak things
here and future

ideas morphosed
in the zodiac's
twelve ten powers
in one word

II

A reading of the excerpts
made by Stobaeus
from the works of Hermes.
Plan for a poem.

This truth
the sun
abiding
of itself
creates the
thing seen
is theoptics.
A chord
then
in harmony
a poem
or a body
where seed
is sign--
of the
invisible?
With no
scheme
of its own
but pro-
vision of
a scheme
in the
logic of
things as configured in the chronicles topographies and physics? Critic of the thing appearing is aesthetics? Self's kinetics? A trope to turn the matter round to an idea of the truth? Of the infinitive to be, disembodied? The one whole semblance of a sun? With seven spheres the decans and the zoo a poem or a body maintaining the good order the god and the name.
The yielding flesh
soft weak
and indescribably lovely

beyond that the sea
the city
wanting both
taking with both hands
grabbing that which is offered
and the ache the ache
for what is unfulfilled
yes, it should be
PERFECT this living
loving
it could be (Blake Reich)

and others
who seem to have made it
transcended this egoism
this obsession with the suffering
self and the self
that takes joy on the spur
the spurt of the moment
lacking tranquility
for twenty years
I've been writing poems
and reading them
there's been no advance
it is all
the same poem the same theme
though the probe
is deeper
a geology stripped
as Parra says
"I take back everything
I've said
with bitterness"
I take back all I've said
the poem turns round
upon itself
it is the same poem.
Black stone on white stone

I shall die in Paris in the dirty rain on a day already engraved upon my mind. I'll die in Paris—I can't escape it—on a Thursday, like today, in autumn.

A Thursday, because today, Thursday as I force out these lines, I push my body to its limits and see things more clearly than ever before, the road ahead and myself alone.

César Vallejo is dead. They all beat him though he did little to deserve it, they beat him hard with a stick and ropes witnesses are Thursdays, the aching humerus bones, solitude, the rain, the roads.

(From the Spanish of César Vallejo)
This you say is "naked poetry"
or gossip
anything is good material
for poetry
it's been said
time and time again
all poetry is translation
not the pretentious
I mean I imagine you
buying those brown boots
that peruvian skirt
presents for the children
all over this country
women preparing for Christmas 1976
or when you go to the STD
and they take a urethral scrape
a tube of blood
ask you intimate questions
and you LIE
as everyone does
the truth is
elusive as freedom
as love
as joy
it comes and goes
"I could cry
upon your young shoulder for what
I know"
I feel so alone
yes, I'll steal
from anyone
words lines beauty
THIS IS A POEM.
I'll include in it
everything
wives children
their trust and loyalty
loyalty and courage
are primary virtues
I've been disloyal
and a coward sufficiently
to know this.
You'll think

I'm talking about myself again

far from it

writing about the world as I see it

men and women

the platitudes

the "human condition"

"why has life put such a need
to talk inside of us"

"why can't it be
like this all the time"

"fucking is a release;"

Paul,

from the "pain of loving"

and sometimes

the lady curses you by her touch

"you save your conscience in her cunt"

it is all true

that act is healing

stripped to essentials

salvation

out goes anxiety

all the poisons

that infect our lives

disappear

in the time it takes

the sensual act

which

heals

salves

and purifies.

December 1976
Nursery Supplies

a review of E E Vonna-Michell's 2 ply constellation washing up for more than 10 months (Balsam Flex, 1979)

1

THE PIECE

is a length of corroded iron piping, taken as a cutting from a longer length, and inserted in some soil in a plant pot. To the pot is attached, by means of a paper clip and some string, a rectangular card label on which is inscribed the name of the piece, author and publisher.

2

"If a sign is useless, it is meaningless. That is the point of Occam's maxim.

"If everything behaves as if a sign had meaning, then it does have meaning." (Wittgenstein, Tractates, 3.328)

3

Interdisciplinary art works (intermedia) are commonplace these days, yet there are those, museum curators and academicians among them, who still feel insecure without definitions. (Is it sculpture? is it theatre? is it conceptual art?)

For such as these, the piece under review incorporates a simple solution.

A copy has been submitted to the British Library Copyright Receipt Office for cataloguing. Examples were also on sale at the recent ALP Book Fair in Chalk Farm, London. It is therefore a book.

4

"For Exhibition display keep the best shaped Terminal Bud." (Gardening Encyclopaedia, Spring Books)

5

AN AVERAGE LINE DRESSING

and then it occurs to me that we are concerned with a binary gesture here. There is the primary, punning action. But when the piece has been potted the gesture we are then asked to consider is that of publishing. A potting gesture and a publishing gesture: of these is the piece composed. And that's all I can think is relevant to say at this moment; beyond this is all the boring stuff, like, Does the title mean anything?

SPECIFICATIONS/INSTRUCTIONS next page
6

SPECIFICATIONS (review copy only)

Length of planted cutting: 6½ in (160 mm) from tip to base
Size of pot: 3½ in (90 mm) diameter
Type of pot: plastic, "terra-cotta" finish
Size of label: 4½ in x 2½ in (120 mm x 60 mm)
Type-face on label: IBM Mid-Century
Size of label: ~ in x 2½ in (120 mm x 60 mm)
Typo-face on label: IB
Soil: coarse grade garden loam and gravel
Plant attitude: 10° approx. off perpendicular
State of corrosion: advanced

7

INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE

i) Light: tolerates bright sunshine or deep shade
ii) Humidity: moist atmosphere enhances corrosion
iii) Water: water very sparingly; do not feed
iv) Flowers: N/A
v) Method of propagation: N/A
vi) Type: Hardy perennial

YOUR NEAREST STOCKIST: Balsam Flex, C/o Lower Green Farm, 2 Osgood Avenue, Orpington, Kent, UK.

-Ken Edwards, March 1979