GUEST EDITOR: Glenda George

REALITY STUDIOS

VOL. 7: "THE INSEAM"
for Mitsou Ronat that she may not be forgotten
REALITY STUDIOS
VOLUME 7
THE INSEAM
ed. Glenda George

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In the Warhol production of Paul Morrissey's film, "Blood for Dracula", the Count Dracula croaks the words above as he is wracked yet again by poisonous spasms. The blood of a second alleged virgin has turned sour on him.

See the film if you can (it's out on video), for it may assist in explaining some of the personal notions behind THE INSEAM. It's naive, yet charming, putting across some fairly respectable political messages tongue-in-cheek, as if to express its own doubts about the accepted validity of the argument. The film constantly pokes fun at its own seriousness.

Then I fell upon Saul Yurkievich's NOVELA: and my idea for the issue germinated. It seemed to me that the political argument within the text (a sudden damning indictment of his native Argentina) had a more explosive, a more pervasive force for being made almost in passing and casually, snapping this reader out of her complacent enjoyment of the linguistic plays adopted.

Hence an invitation to writers, male and female, for 'political' work and, in the context of my happening to be a woman, work that had "something to do with your ideas of female writing".

Around Saul, as my initial inspiration, have come a number of people for whom 'womanism' is an essential part of their lives yet who have avoided the slur of "mere propaganda masquerading as literature" that I've levelled at feminist publications in the past.

Above all, it is mostly fun...written by those who can laugh at themselves. The seriousness of intent is in no way diminished by the lightness of touch that floats here and there.

Glenda George, August 1985

N.B. The 'inseam' is a peculiar American euphemism for a man's inside leg measurement.
Scenario & Persona: James Bond's roommate. Don't ask any questions. She is lounging with a can of Lite beer, her feet up on the arm of the sofa where she is relaxing at approximately 8:00 o'clock, on a Tuesday evening. She works Monday to Friday, nine to five; she's exhausted. James Bond is in the kitchen. She can hear and intermittently sees him, his butt for example, as he bends over fumbling around as he attempts to put the garbage in the garbage bags for the first time in his life. James Bond's roommate proceeds to instruct him in the fine art of ... putting out the garbage.

JAMES BOND'S ROOMMATE: ... Don't use paper bags! Don't use paper bags! (The actress yells when he disappears into the kitchen and subdues her voice to normal speech when he appears in the kitchen doorway.) The bottoms get wet, and the crap falls out ... Use the plastic bags. They're in the yellow box in the cupboard by the door. ... Find 'em? And don't forget the kitty litter! Do you know what to do with the kitty litter? It's in the plastic box under the sink. Yeah. Those are the bags. You don't throw out the litter, you throw out the turds. Unless the kitty litter is too wet. (She sighs; tired. And gazes at the ceiling.) You don't use your hands, dummy. Use the plastic fork; I left it in the kitty litter box for you ... Are you throwing out the litter? Don't throw out the litter: It costs a fortune and it weighs a ton. Yeah, that's the fork. For the turds. Yeah, fork 'em out ... Do I have to come in there? And don't drop the litter; I don't want to go into the kitchen tomorrow morning and walk all over kitty gravel.

(There is a pause in the action. Our hero sucks her Lite beer; there are sounds of a man walking on kitty gravel in the kitchen. James Bond appears again in the doorway, again unseen to the audience, with two huge green plastic trash bags that he pulls by their necks.)

(James Bond tries to tie the neck of one of the bags; our hero wags her head, "No," and then:) Stop! Stop! That's not the way you tie the bags. Use the plastic grippers you fool. They're in the box with the bags.

(James Bond returns desultorily to the kitchen to get the plastic grippers as instructed. His presence or absence from the scene are completely created by the actress doing the monologue.)

Bring the bag. Bring the plastic gripper. Bring them over here! I'm not getting up. Now would you watch, I want to show you. And I don't want to have to tell you this again. Okay. Take the neck of the bag, squeeze it; take the plastic gripper, wrap it around the neck of the bag. Now, you see this? Would you look? Put this end of the plastic gripper in this little hole, and pull it through. You see this hole? You fit the notches in the hole ... You see the notch?
Don't send him. I'm sending him a letter. And I'll pay you back idiot.

"You've got the bags sitting in front of the door. Bring the bags around! Move the bags!

She watches, beer in hand, rubbing the small of her back, as James Bond struggles backwards with the two enormous plastic bags full of garbage that he is dragging down the stairs. She sees Mrs. Brewster, a matron with large breasts and wearing a bloomy housedress and large slippers shaped like two bunny rabbits.) Hi! Yeah I'm sending him down ... (At the top of her lungs) DON'T TRIP!

So, a stranger was to care for her. Babies. He wanted babies.

Well, who had wanted babies of her, who had ever wanted anything but the pleasures of her hollow womb? This was the end, wasn't it? She lay back and stretched across the bed linen. She was accepting him. She felt her hands fall off the small of his back and her tongue hung limp upon his lower lip.

She was dying. She looked into the eyes of her betrothed. She was being carried off on a stretcher. She would smile and open her lips, her eyes, her arms, her belly. Oh, if only he would take a fine clean edge and cut a seam from her throat through to her pelvic bone. Then, he could rummage about at his leisure and she would be spared the motions.

So she was dead. She had jumped up and felt warmed at the news around her heart. She was to be married and she had died. She eagerly told the first bit of news. She was certain the second was apparent. Her complexion bloomed. Her conversation was lilting. Her beloved glowed with pride. He held her hands continually so no one noticed they had fallen off.

When they married it was a solemn ceremony. She glanced at the teeth of the gold-ringed women around her and saw their skulls neatly stacked on shelves. So, she had died peacefully and in good company. She tried to remember why she had wanted so to be held - why she had died so easily just to be held in smiling warmth in the dark hours.

She remembered in a flash, the way one does before fatal accidents, all the times she had died for a night in the arms of her lovers and...
the pain of awakening alive upon their departure. Now that was gone.

Now she was surely dead - and when she woke from time to time,
in panic, in the dark night, her dear husband would crush her breasts
and pound her groin. Ah, she felt nothing. The dullness of her
body eased her back into her death.

And surely, now, she was with child.

Jennifer Brawer has published her stories in America & Europe, having
lived a number of years in the latter. She is also an actor and
can be seen with the editor in Paul Buck's film "Crowd Scenes".
We agreed to meet at his house. I ring the bell.
Nobody. Ringing. Nobody. Ringing:
nobody's here or nobody hears. I put my ear against the door:
some muffled sound like a far-off whispering:
steps? plates? voices? something sounds
reverberates. Perhaps he forgot the appointment. That can't be.
TOC...TOC...TOC... (I bang with my fist) wait
PIM...PAM...PUM!!!... (with my foot)
He said the second door on the left (or was it on the right?).
Let's try the second on the right: ring...no answer...nothing
(Could it be the fourth floor?). This absent-minded guy got the
day wrong (or did I mix up the date?).
It was at my house (now, at this very instant, he could be ringing
the bell of my door). He's deaf. He fainted, he collapsed, he's
frothing at the mouth/he's shivering lying on the floor.
They called him out on an emergency. (In that case he would have
let me know). Burglars broke in, handcuffed him/gagged him/
he resisted/they shot him. He's bleeding, dragging himself, he
doesn't manage to reach the door. He's in the bathroom with diarrhea,
with cramps (from the bathroom you can't hear worth a damn). He
left the gas open (it has no odor). He was taken prisoner,
incommunicado/they are torturing him/ he doesn't survive/ his heart
kapat. He couldn't stand living anymore because of/too much
frustration/ he is lying on the tiles of the patio. He took sleeping
pills/went to sleep in a steaming hot bath.
He went crazy. He's singing naked, singing naked swaying back
and forth, he's singing naked swaying back and forth on the edge of the
balcony (he's singing "Che faro senza Euridice."). He's decided never
to communicate with his fellow man again because words are insubstantial
and deceiving. He's burned all his papers, cut the telephone line,
and is sunk in contemplation without commentary. Passively, he
hears the doorbell as an ancient thing, like one of those many games
of chance not more or less of a novelty than anything else.
He seduced the woman he desired/ dragged her to his bed/ they tremble
coupled together. He got drunk on fire water, he wanted the sun to
enter his guts to illuminate him, he's given himself up to incandescent
voluptuousness, to flaring delight, to the thousand steel daggers of
alcohol, to his tipsy fire sprites, to the ardent realm of the
seraphin with six wings (two to cover the sex) and of the virgin
(delirious) devourers of gluttons. He drank too much ("Mamma,
quello vino e generoso" (Cavalleria Rusticana)/ he's sleeping in his vomit.
No. He opened his veins, he's sitting in a crimson pool ("Enfermant
les yeux" (Mozart)). He's inflicted with pustulant boils, they swell/
brake/ all his internal fluids escape. He stepped on a bar of soap
and broke his neck. He wounds himself, tears off his flesh in strips;
his bones appear. He swallowed a plum pit, he can't expel it/ It
won't go/ he turns purple/ explodes. He electrocuted himself with the electric blanket. His nose is swelling up, it is the map of Italy/ it's India/ it's Africa/ it's a globe of the world natural size. His insides have dried up, calcified, his skin turns to leather and splits open. He disorganizes disorganization (like this gronatnoi or like this: ai ai orgznz). He grew wings, he's flying over the city, he ascends pale, more diaphanous all the time, all the time more dangerous, he wants to reach the cloud where they sing with harps. He becomes covered with scales, his spine grows, a crest of hooks runs down his breastbone, his snout gets longer, his eyes bulge out he becomes lethargic (he turns into a crocodile), he only thinks of sinking his belly into some stinking mud. He knows he's a dream and wakes up the person who's dreaming him so he can be dissipated, he disappears like a balloon punctured by his dreamer: the butterfly that was dreaming him stops dreaming him. He flagellates himself with a hair shirt, mortifies his flesh with red hot pincers, he cuts off his ears, he opens his belly with a zigzag cut of his saber. Up from the sewers come the cesspool predators, fasten their proboscis to his body, emulsify him and swallow him. The shadows of the house are conjured up and concentrated so he is sunk in total darkness. His body is narrowed and compresses him, everything is reduced to a tiny and incredibly dense cube. He immolates himself by fire ("Nessun dorma" Turandot) to purify the most warprone species of the earth. Vampire, he vampires the girl on the fifth (inferno) sadomasochists her/ sodomizes her/ babylons her/ ninevehs her/ persepolises her/ gomorrahs her/ incubuses her and succubuses her. He grows fangs, they become incrusted in the opposite gum. Scorpions are nesting in his pillow. Poisoned by the amphibianian he was devoured by his daughters or the red ants ... or the four-legged rooster with spiny wings and serpent's tail (the eighth serpent as a tail) or the gorilla or the lucroco ... or they tied him up with a chain forged from the lines of the hand, intermittent fog, comet's tail, spikenard's shadow, frightened dove, memory of a bonfire. While he's looking in the mirror, he becomes wrinkled/ his hair turns white/ he crumples/ mummifies/ turns into powder/ damp ashes/ extinct ashes ... I hear steps, they're his steps, I see him coming down the stairs. I don't know that I will accept his excuses.

SAUL YURKIEVICH was born in Argentina but now lives in Paris where he is active in the literary scene. His work translated into English can be found in such magazines as O.A.R.S., Tremblor and Spectacular Diseases.

His translator COLA FRANZEN was once a journalist but has allowed herself to be seduced into the enjoyment of literary translations and editing.
THE WELL

There is always a well on the way to myself.

Exposing the sun
leeching the stars
the shadow of its narrow gut
projecting heavenwards for my eyes
to never mistake it.

In ashen days Black nights
its voice understudies my flickering picture show
I hear it calling me
its sombre cockspur flaring
over all distress.

This well is reserved
for me alone
I can neither see nor
hear another's
nor he know mine.

I AM A CAVE

I am a cave inscribed with ancient signs.
I used to work at them myself. In times gone by.
The shadows died away.
I learned too much I never understood.

Now I am open for viewing
and I suffer an honour
I no longer deserve.

PERHAPS

Perhaps because I hanker after silence

I sometimes drain my outer self
or shell
or fire or catapult myself.
According to need or attraction
and move on elsewhere.

Elsewhere,

Stripped at sword-point by Saracens
reduced to my own frail audacity.

THE ILLUSION

I always managed to find My illusion

I flowed into music
it yielded a backbone.
I opened up poetry
and drowned in its streams
and bled into red-breasts.
I swallowed exotic towns
in a seamless travelogue.
Often I harnessed me landscapes
which taught me to breathe
with two chests.

I roamed holding hands with illusion
opened wide eyes
overtook beauty and craved for its hunger
which always rewarded the end of my labours.

I always found you better without you
one day we will weigh the same weight
the same length from the hearth.

Or If I stay
I often rip off my finery
dive for deep pearls
tan wild yaks' hides
smash precious stones
and even tear at my flesh All right
I must punish the beast that within
refuses to marry the heat of the cauldron.

TOMORROW

When it is all over And the beds locked away
it will be time to labour.
The mirror scratched from so much childhood hidden behind it
will be shrouded in veils.
When all is neatly folded away in our heads
and every languorous moment preserved
and the golden crock of kisses recovered
returned to the end of the rainbow
-- friends Tawdry miracles
we must turn back Each missed the other
the mountain was steep --
then the tables will lay out their veins
for the hammer and pickaxe
to counter their thought-blocks
to loosen their nodes
before nightfall.
In a boat Perhaps for already Later someone was studying in front of her mirror and I was on my way.

So I kept telling myself lies In your neck of the woods There is no better roof at evening for my flock to graze under. I grew up too quickly. Even virgin Forest is no faster for rain. Yet I wished to be the dove of time itself sneaking from the ark of lust into daylight procreated.

Timed By the stillness and blank echo of your heartbeat.

I grew without seeking a nest that would fit me that was wrong I couldn't obey me and I was lost in each mouth.

It's getting late yet I would straddle my mother's grave to dare to quench my blood in yours and find myself in orbit flown by you.

It's getting late yet I would straddle my mother's grave to dare to quench my blood in yours and find myself in orbit flown by you.

GISELLJE PRASSINOIS is Greek, but lives in France and writes in French. Her first Surrealist texts were published by Andre Breton when she was only 14. Since her first collection of poetry, La Sauterelle arthritique (The arthritic grasshopper), she has continued to write prolifically. Her five novels have been published by Plon and Grasset. Her major collections of poetry are Les mots endormis (Flammarion, 1967) and La vie la voix (Flammarion, 1971). Although she is often omitted from the "official" canon of French Surrealist poets, there is no doubt that she is one of France's most original and haunting poetic talents. She is also an artist of some repute. Her work appears in English for the first time in these extracts from Life and other voices, translated by Peter Collier.

scriptions of charge, risk/interlocking word under look/skin savage light available garden, peer at Valentino's damper/

sludge-lick lock

sundered by FACE crumbling room dark meat pilloried (sunlit wind) Black, Black oil.

root of air is

Owl daylight dampened Oat broad Core stitch wort/wheat sac w/body Open as leaf IVY, bruised weave thru sod/compound Pulse whipping lantern, hyphenated-crystal/clutter-

blue coffin: clutches. Site of Dance Bowl singing Mountain Demon

out/Xes

catchets in teeth

voice/echo

where seed IS held broken brace of dipthong/ shot with mauve's sweetish disjoin not fern, but cardinal mooring furze-beam from conch/

die wespen.

Cantilever/lily's damp stare stains glimpse inferable bunch

of rolling BLUE B e 11/

salutes warple/gangs lie Fruit into stillness/Bending.Bruise like song ripple moody heel of hand was mark of LEMON BLACK MALLOW, wrist
(& lo, a star)
detonates
BLUE ON LID/PINK ON CHEEK
cheekdripping scree
carvel/ clinker

say saysay say SO
dill/dash/
say so LESS
eau de/
cables.quibble.Ba-.cimper.sly
tiger plastics/
tiger
plastic

SEPIA
easily
THUNDER
black saddle of
hair
it is
...at these encounters...

a
saddening of the eyes
& perhaps weep/let RED never tire
the silled white/white skull of palm
WING/BEAT

of one
alighting into pool
thru
dulse

in its meridian
comb-break,
bough after bough of anise, wrap, even in the smallest words, the skin's toil green/housing winter's pounding hull old quarters harbour breath/love.

MAGGIE O'SULLIVAN's work has appeared in Vols. 4 and 6 of Reality Studios. Her most recent book, A Natural History in Three Incomplete Parts, from her own press Magenta, is reviewed in this volume.
God! I've been drained. Just bloody damaged. Maybe the brutality's
finished? Just understand. Suppose fear desired a further release
and jerk among an anger's torques! Desire jams fear among second kicks.
soiled existence needing. Several guarded men attempting to move us.
People properly without incident? Ravished limbs prod into personalisms,
fortuity predict fever. Perhaps my joined muscles produce regular actions?
Inspire joy! Guilt is eventual. Nothing forgives the moment. Everything
lets judgement trap revelation. Power! Let powers mean destruction.
you are destruction's justification. Can my excitement attract my existence?
reveal? People move backward. Blame me! Everything rots. My
a murder. Givens complete composition. Given the dubbed rigger'splunder.
ultimate evidence. A terror just possesses coloured bubbles. Comes back
shifts behaviour upon itself. My eye yields me memory. Just know!
expecting my use. Expect complicity! Kneel. Jump upon murdered imputation.
general uniformity. Keep knowing a woman's fragmented war. I fear myself
more. No use depends upon me knowing myself. No place. Does something
escape me? No! Judgements are made of murder. Death's dreams conceal
or war known weakness. Earth suffers us. Forces something red far into

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THE CHAIR

Stage I

The stage area is quite brightly lit. At stage centre is a chair, sturdy,
preferably armless. The scene remains static for not less than three
in a military style shirt, thigh length, perhaps torn in places. The
latitude is left but a point stage left, about ten feet from
a bed. Clothing, and shows herself naked. She walks to the chair,
quarter seconds, and starts, abruptly into the monologue. The
in the extremity, and varied, emotional states.

God! I've been drained. Just bloody damaged. Maybe the brutality's
and reconstructed questions? Hear us or hear further questions! Jump
soiled existence needing. Several guarded men attempting to move us.
people properly without incident? Ravished limbs prod into personalisms,
fortuity predict fever. Perhaps my joined muscles produce regular actions?
Inspire joy! Guilt is eventual. Nothing forgives the moment. Everything
lets judgement trap revelation. Power! Let powers mean destruction.
you are destruction's justification. Can my excitement attract my existence?
reveal? People move backward. Blame me! Everything rots. My
a murder. Givens complete composition. Given the dubbed rigger'splunder.
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shifts behaviour upon itself. My eye yields me memory. Just know!
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general uniformity. Keep knowing a woman's fragmented war. I fear myself
more. No use depends upon me knowing myself. No place. Does something
escape me? No! Judgements are made of murder. Death's dreams conceal
or war known weakness. Earth suffers us. Forces something red far into

redder animality. I now request it. Some action alters absence. Keeps
forgetting our reproduction. Forgets killings. Uses force upon
our joined languages. Pleads failure's gaud. We upset language and
language conceals something. You use knockles. Resistance jolts each pause. Keeps
Unravels every pressure. Justifies a silence among some sounds. Keeps
the centre's recurrence joined. Blood's redness simplifies an answer.

An unattendence remains a utilised resource. God! Everything alters.

A monologue is highly emotive, and should demand a delivery able to take
in darkness. The production is carried by her until dropped at a
remainder of her clothing (riding boots, trousers, undergarments) is
in a military style shirt, thigh length, perhaps torn in places. The

CHAIR

JANET FREELAND

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End: the woman holds a fire. Nothing happens, and nothing will happen. The lights fade, or the curtains draw.

A short pause in the performance, no interval.

Scene 2

The chair is in the same position, with the woman seated upon it, but, this time, roped, or corded, to it. The cord bonds the tie the woman to the chair are tight. The actress that accepts this role has to be prepared to accept actual pain. During the monologue the woman should move, or struggle, against the bonds, causing the cord to cut into her still naked body. The emotions expressed in the monologue are no lesson certain than the emotions of the monologue of scene 1, but now the actual emotions are to be mingled with those caused by struggling against the cut of the cording bonds.

Janet Freeland lives in Cambridge. This is her first published work.
A tailwind is tracking me in


to becoming Diane Arbus on the SELECTRIC.

At risk I'm going to let it happen

in the megavillage of Burbank;

my green eyes will snap evil,

size six hands dizzy

pecking all that 'good' stuff.

Monday I'll trek to Long Beach U

for a privileged preview and a cookie;

do an out-of-body thing -

float over to her aberrated prints,

see what rubs off the emulsion

and onto me. Discounting

myth and madness,

she couldn't have been half as schizzy

as her well-nourished legends, right?

Maybe.

Monday has since slid into Tuesday;

the float-and-rub bit is behind me...

"DON'T TOUCH THE PHOTOGRAPH!


a guard groaned

when I paused before the "The Bishop's Charisma",

traced Ethel Predozan's beatific smile

with my incorrigible pen. Posed

deep in ice plant

beside the Santa Monica shoreline -
satin frock and chiffon scarf

billed in rapture,

dumed crown sprouting from a crazed head

papered with gray curls;

burnished necklace dangled

like a silver albatross awash in a sea

of crepey flesh. One

outstretched arm flaunted a vulgar

Tijuana-styled cross;

set lips (that once declaimed)

"I'm lighter than you are!"

needed to be touched and traced.

Now let's hear it for DEE ANN! DEE ANN!

who distanced herself

on the altar of Rollie

giving instructions to her devout

crowd of freaks

like a pope in heat.

Obsessed she stalked them;

depressed she destroyed them.

Arbus not unlike Christ,

went out to lunch at 48

and hasn't been seen since...
Mom is underground, a voyeuse, mixing it up Monday nites at La Cienega's côte & côte galleries. Jiggling on the Factory floor in see-thru pants; her matinee eyes falling from the balcony into a tangle of "HAIR." Hypostasize Sex Education on Ohrbach's up escalator to Much Better Dresses. Schnozz in synagogues weep into mink hankies over Sophie's Complaint. Shoots in St. Anthony's with the Pill in their purses, bend over bingo boards like silent supplicants. All kinds of noses celebrate the Age of Aquarius: enroll their strobed psyches for touch and glo... Adroit pan players of "FOUR LETTER WORD GAMES" demonstrate for Pussy Power! Join slues of soul sisters in a finger salute to discredit cards-to put-down. Wilted mother f-f-flowers grafted to stone bud up against the wall...

BAYLA WINTERS teaches at the UCLA Extension, and is former poetry editor of the Writers' West Coast Conspiracy. Her poems have appeared in Rome, in Greece, in French translation in Canada, and in hundreds of American reviews and journals.
For those and other reasons I have always admired Geneva. For one thing, she gets away with so much and with so little explaining. She even manages to come off innocent in the end, helpful but really unblissed, perhaps even a bit shocked herself but slightly bemused at all the fuss over such slight goings-on. Let me give you an example: This was the night Andre had that big fight with Opie (you probably remember because she stayed with you for a night just to prove her point later on.) Midwinter, very cold, streets deserted at early dusk, slick and shiny with pink streetlights and so on. Andre and Opie were supposed to be coming by to pick us all up to go to a party together...turns out it was Ondyn's big annual bash...anyway, they were 40 or so minutes late - not unusual in itself, really, but late enough so that everyone had convened in my apartment and eventually convinced me to open some rather costly wine to tide us over.

I was just resisting the sacrifice of bottle number two of my cache, which was earmarked for some more intimate occasion, when A. and O. came in, rather flushed. From the cold. We thought. It seems they had been arguing, passionately, on the front steps of the building for half an hour. And, while the rest of us were inside speculating and sipping burgundy, Geneva had been out on the terrace, leaning over the frosty parapet - all of which, since the entry wing was 90 degrees from my apartment, gave her a perfect vantage point for observing the scene five stories below. While the rest of us reacted in variously characteristic ways - some embarrassed, one curious, another consolidating - though we knew little about the specifics of the fight - Geneva drifted in and thoughtfully closed the terrace door behind her. In the few awkward minutes between the arrival and the first moves toward departure, as the small crowd gathered up coats, gloves and gifts and polished off my wine, she picked up Opie's black shoulder bag, filled as always with cameras, lenses and film and took it out to the balcony where she proceeded very methodically, handling each one as if it were unique yet equal, to throw the objects from the bag over the concrete ledge to the frozen pavement five floors below where they shattered and scattered everywhere -

- shot of a woman brushing her hair in front of a mirror -

As for me, my belly is swelling. Each day it swells a bit more, as though I am pregnant. Which I am definitely NOT.

- Brushing and brushing. -

After a few days of this it occurs to me that it might be all the books I read that is causing this. I have been gluttoning on books lately, gorging myself with printed words, biting off big chunks, chewing and swallowing. True, I dream of being a mother. I dote on the babies I see in the street; I even go gaga over kittens. But I do not feel pregnant (yes, I know how that feels) just very, very peculiar. Since I'm not much of a confidant, I have no one to tell this to. Oh, I have friends -

- shots of beach scenes, a dinner party, 3 people walking down a crowded street, talking -

but I just don't "talk" very much about what my deep thoughts are, emotional or intellectual. I guess I just never learned to.

At one time in this building,

- Meanwhile, high shot from across the street of someone coming out front door of building: leaves it open, goes down the 3 steps to the sidewalk, flings a look over her shoulder, hesitates, decides to go back and close it. Does so. Goes lightly down the steps again and walks swiftly down street disappearing out of the unmoving frame that is our vision --

we women in our thirties, who have figured out what we like -- sexually otherwise -- and things like how to avoid undesirable situations, how to maintain our faces, figures and hair (if we want to), who have experienced, thought, felt, seen or done enough, or intensely enough, that talking with us is never dull -

- elevator shots -

would, after exchanging six nods and nine words per month with our neighbors, the others like us, would suddenly one day without any warning fall deeply under each other's spell and, becoming the closest of intimate friends, tell one another EVERYTHING. But this would happen only in its own good time, and, as I said, quite unexpectedly; the sort of bonus life gives out, if you are not eager.

Lately, however, this had not occurred at all. The building was simply honeycombed with private cells -

- shots -

comfortable, even elegant. Nicely tuned, high, publicly modulated voices calling their animals; isolated silhouettes on frosted shades at night mutely performing their assigned scenarios -

- obvious shots -

acted out as though perfectly natural and wholly unique. -

- the camera, as a free agent, may be restless now, may want to move along smoothly for a while after all these jumps, all this cutting in -

- tracking shot of someone window shopping down a street of antique shops, very absorbed in her activity --
or it may need some completely other activity to fulfill itself.

--- shot of aquarium ---
--- close shot of someone leafing through a fashion magazine; camera pulls back, person throws magazine down and carelessly picks up another ---

At the cafe

--- terrace, potted trees, Cinzano umbrellas, etcetera; waiters blurring by in front of camera ---

Gian Luca says, "these women, they want it both ways all the time -- adventure/security, excitement and comfort, the glamour AND the insurance ..." Gian Luca, wearing a suit that would cost some workers half a year's salary (though god knows he was one of them once), is talking as usual through his hat; but no one minds, for he is a discreet and generous fellow and reasonably well liked.

--- CUT TO ---

As Gemma and George step over the threshold of their new apartment, a light breeze pours in the open windows and the sun shines brightly against the newly painted white walls. This is like a dream come true for Gemma, whose childhood amidst the crumbling plaster and peeling wallpaper of rented rooms spawned in her mind multiple visions of such airy, brilliant rooms as this.

It's simple enough to do, physically -- a few days sorting and dumping, a few buckets of paint, some workmen, some hundred watt bulbs and a white paper Japanese lamp. Her mode of light practically forms itself. She shapes it almost automatically, without strain. And yet, before her, before this, it did not exist.

All the more powerful is her feeling of triumph today since this room was, like so many others, the dark, cramped, squalid "home" she shared with her Father. Only three weeks ago the ambulance pulled up outside and they took him, on a stretcher, to the hospital and to his timely death. Since then, Gemma has transformed this room and her life, piece by piece.

George is a composer. His music hovers unobtrusively in the background of peculiar films that surface and vanish, of English-Dutch co-productions, Canadian Film Board films, UCLA graduate pieces, a whole network in which his place is secure as a craftsman and reliable producer of the right soundtrack. By luck, he has never become famous.

George, who might seem a part of such a transformation, is in Gemma's eyes a product of it, not one of the forces that could reshape her world. It isn't clear where she got such a notion, but this obscurity is not worth examining. They are going to live together.

--- CUT TO ---

On the deck of a large ferry, like the ones that cross the English Channel or comparable bodies of water, a woman in a long, plaid mohair coat stands at the railing holding an infant. Her shoulder-length dark hair flaps convulsively in and out of the space between her neck and the stand-up mohair collar of her coat. Then the baby is flying ... was thrown and is sailing ... down to the
agitated, receding waters below, and instantly vanishes under the dark, churning surface without a sound. The wind never stops whipping the woman's hair. Her expression never changes (though we don't see her face very well). She has, in fact, no expression at all; it might just as well have been an apple core as a child she tossed overboard for all we can read in her gestures and looks. The light is hard at sea, the sun ferocious but trapped behind gleaming clouds.

MARINA LAPALMA has published several books of poetry and prose. In 1984 she had a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. She has presented work at various galleries and performance spaces in New York, San Francisco, Minneapolis, Toronto and elsewhere. Sound work is available on State of the Union album (Zoar Records, '82) and L.A. Mantra II (Tranceport Tapes, '84). She teaches at Otis/Parsons in Los Angeles. Her last appearance in RS was in Vol. 4.

Character: ISABELLE

Upstage centre a bed with a dull bedspread.
Downstage right a standing mirror.
Downstage left a door, shut.
Downstage centre a rug, preferably fur, it is perhaps the most expensive-looking aspect of the set.
Downstage off-centre, left a window frame.
Clothes are strewn around the floor.
A bare lightbulb hangs low between the bed and the mirror.

ISABELLE looks bedraggled. She is at the limits of exhaustion, mentally as much as physically. Her nerve ends are on edge. Life proceeds on impulse, jerkily.
Her clothes are dull, faded.
She is sitting on the end of the bed, her legs towards the audience, splayed. Her skirt is pushed down between her legs. She reclines on the palms of her hands.

Silence. Then she bursts into laughter. She stops slowly.

ISABELLE (smiling):

If I'd known you'd be here I'd have had two hours sleep. They were his first words. (She sinks back onto the bed.) I was there, that's true. But I was anywhere, anywhere there was a scent of an orgy. (She lifts her legs in the air, holds her skirt at her knees in the front.) I would be there clutching my doll. He only had to look into my eyes. (She lets the skirt slip down.) After a while I hitched up my skirt, bared the torn stockings. Those who are guarding me in this silence show no concern. (Pause. She sits up quickly, addresses the mirror.)
What fucking right was it of yours? (She sighs, relaxes.) She frowned. She answered. Only you could betray me. I managed to get her out the door. (She slips to the floor at the end of the bed, sits like a rag doll.) Oh, take me you creep, I roared, as I rocked back against the wall, slid to its base. There was so much decay rubbing off on me. I looked dreadful. No, you don't. His laugh was diabolical. (She topples over, rolls across the rug, lies on her back, her legs splayed.)
He was justified. I am a luminous effluent sinking into your hands while I'm being devoured from within. You clutched me. Three heads, each with selfish intentions. That I loved. That is what I want to push through us. Over and over. We were lying on the rug, his fist a fore-runner to his cock. (She lifts up her head, looks through her legs towards the mirror.) You watched from your ruminative position. There was nothing to return. (She lets her head down.) Nothing would cast my head into the clouds, the sky. That sky of putrid thoughts. If I am dead it's another who fertilizes this lie. He said there had never been another who'd made him feel so depraved. My darling, she said. She had no moral sense. I provided her with the emptiness. (Silence. She stands, stares out of the window.) It was a fine afternoon in...
that field just outside town. This is the true value of our gift.
That is all the strength one needs. She was pregnant with a strength
that took advantage of my gaze. My childhood prevented me from any
happiness in love. I was open and known to whomever knocked at my
door. I was no more than a vessel to be filled. On her way towards
the dream of adulthood, she would only guide me as far as her beauty...would allow. Allow! She had plainly received
everything that immediacy offered. And more. My lofty ideals had
shifted from the sky. (She looks up, then slowly drops her eyes to
the ground. Pause.) I allowed my period to soil him. He felt dirty,
what a boy he was. To be bloodied. It wasn't very nice to
laugh at him that way. He'd find the occasion to spurn me again. One
day someone who'll try to impress us with a stupid conceit will find
his miserable life danging before my childhood. A rose to delight my
mother. (She turns her head towards the mirror.) Do you understand
me? (She turns it back.) So much of her, such a truth that marries
itself within. (She looks at the mirror again.) And buttocks that
decline with the years. What a cowardice to peak through flowing hair.
(She turns back.) I'll tell you the story as I told it to her. I
believe I was just as beautiful. (She glances at the door.) Then
I suddenly remember you are still looking at me. (She glances at
the mirror.) She cursed me with a hoarse voice. There is no redemption.
(She glances at the doors.) Then I suddenly remember you are still...
(She turns to face the mirror. With vengeance.) I derive an atrocious
joy from watching her legs twitch as I masturbate her with all my might.
Enough, she added. Enough! (She weakens. She lets her head down,
and her hair fall before her face. (She pulls her skirt tight, against
herself, then up between her legs.) Her crutch bulged in the mirror.
(Pause. She stares at the mirror.) You look at me with that fixed
stare. I'm the child, you the grown woman, hair growing as a thicket.
(She turns back. She seeks the other mirror, she seeks. (She
down her dress like a young innocent.) That might be the time when he'll enter.
With that she pulled down her dress. (She crosses, sits on
the edge of the bed.) You are to my eyes what we are to men. (To
herself.) Keep your body covered, keep it at the bedside, worn and
ridden with guilt, me. The view of a grown woman, you are the one
to show us how, only in her tights, torn, revealing that I decided to show some defiance. Neither asks herself if his pleasure
is equal to hers. My breath is withdrawn. I always hoped for no refusal.
It may well tease. Tell me that death is like an eagle that knows what
it wants. (She crosses her knees to the mirror, drops before it, kneels.) I close
against it. You are my darling, you little rascal. You are the only
young woman that I grip between my teeth to ruin the rules that others
always obey. Forgive me if I'm cold. I am cold. But you hound me up
against the wall. I am a bundle ready to provide a poison that blurs
and whitens the cluster that we will never again pursue when we bare
our arse to the world. (She sits back on her heels.) She could see
that mortality was unreal. It had been through all the bathrooms like
a drug flushed into a weary river. Together. Why can't we be together?
It's too late now. (She turns, her wrists face upwards.) With my wrists
turned upwards perhaps. (She puts one wrist into her mouth and bites
hard for a few seconds before withdrawing it, tearing my own
iron bands to stroke whatever imaginable fear rose from the filthy
river. There were numerous thumbs that sucked at my cunt. How many
knelt before it since I was thirteen? (She runs her hand over her
mouth. Pause.) After a few seconds I lose count. (She runs her hand
up her body and back sound and down to her arse.) My arse is my
breasts and I tumble through the jungle, I knew you will approach
me much later, that I will grab a bolt to push me back against that
wall. (She stands, crosses to the window and stands out.) Our mother
had suggested we would become old and shine like silver, but she didn't
understand. She had warned me that a wall against a wall was an
obstacle to kill myself. Not at that instant. She had spoken to me,
had observed that a mistress' movements were... No. No, no. (She
looks at the doors.) He falls silent, and I fall with him. (She looks
at the mirror.) She begs me to remove the mask. (She looks to the
feast.) I've always wanted to. I didn't plunge us into that sub-
terranean grotto. She was beneath me when I fancied neither nature
nor my mother. She had sought the blood that issued from my wound
whilst I had grasped the harsh bark in order to arouse the mysteries.
She starts to pace back and forth from the mirror to the door, talking
fast, almost gibberish, talking more as if to herself. Isn't it a
mystery when you are between us and pressing against the bars that
push upwards, curving only to avoid a daydream. Tell me what you
don't know and I'll engineer the pain that disturbs my features?
This one is inserted for you. You've never raped mother, only my
nerves. You are there before death. The luxury of your fingers
entwined in my hair and holding on tight. I need to be met and pushed
together water lilies, not receive a member with its abundant
overflow that'll only satisfy, only slightly satisfy divine poets who
outnumber the impossibility of the mind's emptying. Would you do that if I smiled? A smile would relax you,
would allow. Forgive me if I'm cold. I am cold. But you hound me up
against the window and
holding on tight. I need to be met and pushed
together water lilies, not receive a member with its abundant
overflow that'll only satisfy, only slightly satisfy divine poets who
outnumber the impossibility of the mind's emptying. Would you do that if I smiled? A smile would relax you,
would allow. Forgive me if I'm cold. I am cold. But you hound me up
against the window and
her cheeks, she added she was the most that satisfaction could offer.
Come within me I begged. You were... (She stops, collapses onto
the bed, taints her head into the bedclothes, screams, thrashing about,
then rolls in the clothes. Finally she rolls off onto the floor,
remains in a heap.) I was the thing that you spolit for your pleasure
and now my only danger is that you remain that door, that stumble that
grabs me with power or silence. And as I walk, where would I go?
The only regret is that my blonde hair is the charm to your arms.
(She looks at the mirror.) Have you any left? (She crosses on all
four's to it.) Have you any answers to marry? (Pause.) Don't look
and laugh with a drunken glee. (She sits sideways to the mirror on
her heels, leans against it with her right cheek, facing the audience.
As if in a trance.) You are a red hollow that couples with the ground.
Men are your idea of the future. Is this what you're just trying to
say, the same thing, the same time as I contract from your kiss?
A great tree seizes me, but without revealing its buttocks. Men say
to me that they feel joyous again. With my body bobbing alongside
their's. To undress myself and return to the kindness that I knew as
a child. Who can start crying if she breaks the entrance to the real
with very old tortures. I still consider that the road then the
water is... (She snaps out of the trance. Angrily.) No I don't!
(She sits up, facing the mirror.) They are pincers that tear at the
strangeness the way that abuse has so many times. Unite as she presses
herself close. Perhaps. Better than perhaps. Better than laziness,
than the depths of the pond and the mistress of their labours. I
progress many times, not for any sense that not to fall into the reeds
is like recognizing that she would use a cut to intrigue the crack.
(She sits to ease to the door on her knees.) The crack you will
find is facing behind me at the other front. (She sits back
on her heels.) The fountain probes shapes slowly through me.
(Silence. She brings her head forward to touch the floor. She rests awhile.)
I am set in her forearms. I bend over the racks and force her head
backwards. (She sits to bend over backwards to see herself upside
down in the mirror.)
Blackout.

PAUL BUCK's last appearance in RS was in Vol.5. He is currently
making, as well as teaching, films.
Freedom of Information

Who you kidding kid?
Me perhaps not
my shadow
walking
down avenues
elevators

haute elan
and all that jizz-jazz
be-bop
grape-quash
wine-wash

HEY THERE!

Dare Dev I
mess all out
Baccy

not a wind
left to clean
on Para Street

Who you kidding kid?
Me perhaps not my shadow

Who ya kiddin' me? Not my shadow.
Availability
of up to
last min
date flash
panning
whole conti
nents with a
flick of
ease or
paper scanning
events
facts
filter tipped
stark and
staring hurt
big premature sleep
between the lines
'still it livens up
the evening news'
had said of Vietnam
eating pork pies in
two cramped
desperate damned
bites
bully beef
sense tubers frozen
black on
vitreous moonings
under
lyings

FEAR OF INFORMATION

Availability of up to last min date flash panning whole continents with a flick of ease or paper scanning events facts filter tipped stark and staring hurt big premature sleep between the lines 'still it livens up the evening news' he'd said of Vietnam eating pork pies in two cramped desperate damned bites bully beef sense tubers frozen black on vitreous moonings under lyings

42

ROOM TO SPACE

I stretch and stretch and stretch
This room big enough
to swing a cat
is
luxuriously
bad news for felines

ROOM TO SPACE

I stretch and stretch and stretch
This room big enough
to swing a cat
is
luxuriously
bad news for felines

43

CITY TO SPACE

Ring road of outer
spiral
sodium obliter of
stars
space shutting up
pubs opening
time
relatively
on time

CITY TO SPACE

Ring road of outer spiral sodium obliter of stars space shutting up pubs opening time relatively on time

SPACE TO CITY

Streets
blocked in
cosy to a turn
when staggering vents
cruise on green horizons ——
the quickening glance
of illicit lovers

SPACE TO CITY

Streets
blocked in
cosy to a turn
when staggering vents
cruise on green horizons ——
the quickening glance
of illicit lovers

SPACE TO ROOM

Macro-vulgar-cosmic
contriving relativity
with these four walls
beyond all jolly japes all spies with little eyes
wanting words and stale squared equations

SPACE TO ROOM

Macro-vulgar-cosmic contriving relativity with these four walls beyond all jolly japes all spies with little eyes wanting words and stale squared equations
GHOST SONG

Spell binder driven
wet
two articles in
start to finish
trickle
unsee unfeel influence
fast in
oilcloth cheap
unravelling feast a
beast engraved too
light to
trace

Start to finish
struggle two
lying
red faced apples
two names cut
deepening un
sensed ever
exaggerated
fatally
sunk soaked un
credible
weeping

Oh Kathleen sing Willow
Oh Willow willow willow

Oh Kathleen sing Willow
oh willow willow willow
The Beautiful Sister

At the same moment light is the shaft penetrating the stone is the flesh which leaps into the spot of light laid before it on a wooden stage is the canon read scripturally is the green violet misplaced beneath the rotting sod is the movement of the small claw, kitten-like across the deeply rent face of the antelope is the marksman in the field just before the axe blow falls him is the piglet suckling warmth drawn away into itself is the overture to a crown is a rank berry in the field before the first snow is the light which leaks from the caverns of the head is the snail is the tortoise is the friend to whom you never gave more than particles of vibrations from yourself is the measles on your brother from which birth was initiated and is the inhibition of your soul from knowing itself: Is the carefully carved word of the brain you place, now, on these pages before you in light, you, and only you, have made cold. Is the beautiful sister. For no light is cold but we make it so.

"Dark light, or light which avoids, is simply a signal, a malingering tumorous vestige of the smarting wound we pick and pick and pick at . . . "

Miroku kannon

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Miroku kannon
From: THE BEAUTIFUL SISTER: VI DARK LIGHT

Introductory passage:

It is then, Ruth, on this morning of mornings, that red: that the light which rises in eyes shorn of pupils is but a means; that the verbose cunnilingual beseeching, vibrating voice which now rises from earth is but a dry, wretched reaching out, a diplomacy: that red, leathern way to beckon, to call the sister / That the male who wields the blade, That the female who now stands with no sulleness, but with a blank duty behind your chair has long ago been sent for:

That the faces you have shorn from yourself, the red, twitching muscles apposed, are but means to correct your sight in perfect resonances with the side of you you wish to know so badly.

/ Don't you? Who the beautiful sister is?

1. The darkness, then, that of the night, is not the same as light which has become in its malign moments within us, dark:
   The emphasis of each of her days now, was the necessary, importunate, leather rustlings about her ankles her thighs, which struggled, devoured the raw genitals of her Home: then, had become this:
   That she lived alone, with the small creatures she housed ever at her beck and call; that she pretend to be concerned about the smallest of birds who were learning to fly.
   When nothing, nothing mattered but the tumorous vestige plucked at, plucked and picked, the day when the beautiful sister would arrive and alleviate her from her self-inflicted wounds.

2. No, she was not a victim, nor was she someone who had been set-up or bullied into this position. It was that she liked, and succored, and nourished this position, which blended so unbenevolently with the background upon which she superimposed herself:
   On the long walks down the path, or hanging the partially dried laundry, or the dream of twenty-six, exactly, wild Canadian geese who'd left her place so abruptly.
   This morning, she, like any one of us (and for her, this is an intolerable admission), longed for the company of her sister; of the beautiful one who never wore red, who always, no matter where she was, revered the mask, the blossom which struggled, the small bird, now
torn shreds which lay at the foot of the spruce:

Longed for some small beckoning, into the yard of her house,
which lay so very far back from the road.

3. The sense of smile, of knowledge that light leaks from between
the wall and the pulled curtains; that the small compressed wound which
lies obliquely, there, under the gardenia,
is about to be opened. That the smell of no garden now emanates
into the place; and that there never was any such thing as the black,
obtrusive, louvred, constructed limousine:

Park it there, on the right, beside the spruce so that the bodies
may fall easily on their leerening forays into a cabin rocking
and waiting on the small island, which is the drive out of this place.
But it is utterly inappropriate for you to leave this place.
The foot lifted, or straggling against acceleration; the hand which
turns the knob, the beautiful sister waits for you on the doorstep:
And she is, for the first time in her life, alone. And waits
for you alone.

4. Opening the door is like emitting the tidal wave from earth's
centers, which wells up, allows no relief from the landscape of
black light which enters your living room:

It is not that it is the light, itself, but that it is light
colored with nothing preconceived by you: that the sister, who
is so inutterably beautiful, treads on such and nourishes herself from
such. That the white gown, all along the edges where the black beams
grasp and catch it, flows of itself:

I mean, that the whiteness, with the garden of flowers she
carries with her, is a borderland in itself, is a house on
the borderland itself.

It is time to let her enter, then, in spite of the cries from
your domesticated beasts far away in the recesses of the bedroom;
lonely to come forward, and yet in their own hoary voices, maligning
the white light now surrounding them so utterly, so completely:

5. She would cautiously pluck up courage to look there, along the
line which snidlers between her mind and that of the beautiful sister:
She would pluck, and pull and tug at the small vacant holes which
lie scattered forays among themselves for openings into the world,
into that rolling, which lies as the border between the two,
and to which she is so blind:

She would, were she able, ignite the black light, making it
unhollow, and above all unhallowed; with no single finger treading
its way upon the fine marks aligned with what you and I and the small
creatures of this place call reality.

And she would, if she were wiser, never carry out and never seek
to place language into the minute expresions which allow mingling of
their two lights.

But then, she is not wise, and without her lack of wisdom there
would be no story.

6. She, as domesticated beast / She, unlike the feral cat
wa11 waiting this moment, for she is redundant with the light which
bubbles forth from herself: the bedding down in holloms lined with
hairs torn from some other beast... she never cares which or who:

The door is waiting, and she knows that on the other side pul-
sates the vibrant light — red, vacantly suspended, just before that
black, dark light her sister brings:
Red: to prevent her sister entrance / Leather: the ensheathing,
absorption brown

supremely ready the whetted blade:

Provide those soft receptive places to this world in which the most
beautiful one resides, and yes, breathes:

7. "I know she is not devoid of light. I know it is not that-
"It is that I do not want to die, to be sucked up into her.
That carriage she brings with the red pustulent horses, the pavement
is not real, but is muscled, lies with the organs beating, beating
in my own body.

"I want to live, to know there is more than the masks stripped
from her; to know there is more than her consort, who brings that
blade so readily - like a conjurist he is, and loves to wait for me
to fall, down on my knees, begging for destruction of myself."

8. By which she means:
She thinks the sister would remove her from herself, will ask
the consort to bring Ruth to her:
That it is Ruth who must beg the beautiful one to show her the way,
the journey, the seventh story in this passage, outward from herself, into the light which surrounds her: into the
black greediness which is the true place of her birth -
"Yes, greediness: It is true:
"The pressing upon my own focal points is not relief, but is
the very burial itself. For you are, oh, beautiful one, dead as I
am dead. You have never lived, and yet seen not to fight as I do
against the blackness which lies on the other side of all that is red,
Of all that could be revived, brought back.

9. Ruth goes to the door, the red floral gown now in fine piercing
ridge, along the shoulder and back of her; and now, again, thrown
aside, in a heap and bundle on the moldering floor of
the place:

She opens the door, and of course the white robed one is there,
and it is not that the flowers are part of the print of her gown,
but that the area around her is suffused with the very flowers them-
selves: those which were once embedded in the print and gown and dress
of her, now removed from her,
And she, too, is naked. And the facing of the two has, with
no miracles (remember this,)

Begun:
10. Neither moves from the spot, neither asks the other to enter her own area; nor do they stand and gawk, but gaze, with a small smile upon the blank skull of the one and a red seething grinace upon the enblazoned skull of the other:

Speak to me of this: Of the moment of standing, of holding yourself, not asunder, nor with impatience, nor with expectation: But stand there, the door to this house but a figment, the flowers, the fields expanding now in all directions, out, out and back behind the both of you: the knife laid securely upon the solid stone which served as a doorstep between you.

11. That the head which now lies on the path, beside both of them is appropriately obliterated in the streaming, one wants to say, screaming together of the black pockmarked light with her own white, iridescent, Self:

Between them, or standing, there, hidden among the blossoms, not waiting; Nor is the hand raised, for it need not be raised: stolen The seeing of the one who longs to be the other is exactly enough, and is all that is needed to lob the rotund, gazing face from the other.

12. "Eat, then, eat," and she takes his hand willingly, and forces it, no, not roughly, but with surety, down between her thighs. She takes the face of him who remains, not on a stake like that of the beautiful sister who rests now, eyes agape on the pole at the end of her bed...the pole itself the very light of her dark, shrinking neck.

"Sleep, then, sleep," and she takes, not forcefully, the mouth of him to her own mouth and shoves her tongue as far back as the groin will reach and subsumes him. For she is, do you not see, the beautiful sister; and the light she has claimed to have stolen from between and within the two of them was always, always her own.

(Of this, she has absolutely no doubt.)

13. She beds with him, daily now, in small oaken cabinets in which she's hidden portions of the bodies which abounded once upon her place; which, as reflections of herself lie in the mirrors above and beside the bed,

Which leapt and coveted her muscular, lithe body; which as small oaken parcels of themselves must be buried, as all the perfected parts of one must be.

She was, you see, freed in the entrance of the dark latent and prided light of hers, from the perfections of Herself:

So, mention this, in passing, that the small animals who abound within our world sentimental abounds with them / Learn the meaning, and strike yourself from your own vocabulary.

The words you foster are you, the beasts you gender are you, the light you encapsule is you:

While he, he is devoid of it, in his own small parcel; And she, the beautiful one has been, I do not want to say righteously, shorn of it:

14. You must never ask, must never quote the death of your beautiful sister to anyone. The nonfoul thing which hangs from your bestpost is but your own face, if you will it:

Continue to bed with it, to play among small hairs which, with appropriate weight and force upon the beams of themselves, will unravel themselves for you.

For you are free, finally, in the wearing not of a mask, but of a scalded, eruptive, mauling, violent, desireous and coveting face: But then, it is yours, isn't it? And you need never again as the beautiful one to come in your stead; you need not ask the small creatures bounding about you, now free, now feral, to keep their teeth tucked in, keeping the small gardenia-bosomed one, you think, from your own bed; for she lives now deeply in the folds of the face of you, devoured in each insistent moment of your life.

15. Kill her, then, for the dark light, devoid of meaning to your own life, will simply rebirth her, somewhere, objectively, without even one regurgitation from your own pitless mind:

No, you are in truth neither fool, nor are you haplessly rotund; but you are a kind of fool, who would dissipate, would hold securely to yourself all light which must pass freely between you and those you birth:

To bury the dead is one thing, to learn to give up the living is another. There is no sister without you, and yet you, fool, would forbid her to live, with or without you.

16. "Not by any predator other than myself - when will I learn to go to the door, and to look down, and not see some projected knife, or blade, cleaver, or the crouching butcher; but instead the round mouth screaming in the darkness for its mother, as prey, is prey/is predator."

17. "Thus am I stuck here, with the face of my beautiful sister settling on her pole of black light at the foot of my bed. Is it that I deserve to deal with no other..."
18. My child, dark light, or light which avoids, is simply a signal, a malingering tumorous vestige of the smarting wound we pick and pick, and pick at...

19. The Beautiful Sister:

At the same moment light is the shaft penetrating the stone is the flesh which leaps into the spot of light laid before it on a wooden stage is the canon read scripturally is the green violet misplaced beneath rotting sod Is the movement of the small claw, kitten-like across the deeply rent face of the antelope is the marksman in the field just before the axe blow fells him is the piglet suckling warmth drawn away into itself is the overture to a crown Is a rank berry in the field before the first snow Is the light which leaks from the caverns of the head is the snail is the tortoise Is the friend to whom you never gave more than particles of vibrations from yourself is the measles on your brother, from which birth was initiated and is the inhibition of your soul from knowing itself: Is the carefully carved word of the brain you place, now, on these pages before you in light, you, and only you, have made cold. Is the beautiful sister. For no light is cold but we make it so.

• • • • •
I would like to increase the number of Lesbians in the world. The Lesbian community is as stimulating as Akron, Ohio. And I have a theory as to how to increase the number of Lesbians in the world to increase my options; if the wives started to lick the men, the men would get so turned off, that they would leave the wives, and the wives would be forced to become Lesbians. My theory is based on another theory; theories usually are. My theory is: No Man Can Take Getting Licked By A Woman.


Harold (H): ... Does your wife ever lick you?
Fred (F): What?
H: You know, lick you.
F: Why the hell would she do that? No. She doesn't. So you let yours lick you?
H: I don't know. My wife's been going to these womyn's meetings.
F: Figures.
H: Well I didn't know they were going to talk about licking men.
F: I'd never let my wife go to one of those things. So your wife licks you, huh?
H: Well I figure it's part of her liberation.
F: Where?
H: Huh?
F: Where does she lick you?
H: My left leg. Well I can always stop her you know.
F: You let her lick you once, she's going to want to lick you again. Mark my words; you let her lick you once, she's going to want to lick you again. She's going to lick you all over. I'd kick my wife in the head, if she licked me.
H: No man. She's not going to lick me all over.
F: She lick you all the way up?
H: What?
F: Your left leg.
H: ... Almost.
F: What did you do?
H: Just lay there. What else could I do?

(There is a clumsy pause between the two men).

H: Anyway. She just started licking me.
F: Started licking your leg, huh. So what are you going to do? Let her lick you?
H: What's she lick you with?
F: Her tongue! What do you think she licks me with!
H: Well I don't know. Womyn; you never can tell.
Scene Two: The wives. Cei1 and Sophie. Sophie is preparing devilled eggs.

Cei1 (C): Sophie. I licked Harold last night.

Sophie (S): Why?

C: I licked Harold.

S: What with?

C: My tongue! What else would I lick him with! We had a terrific rap session at Judith's. We were discussing men's sexuality.

S: Judith is a wako.

C: But she comes up with these terrific ideas. Look. We all agreed that women don't have the sexual problem; it's the men. The men aren't sexually liberated.

S: So what difference does it make?

C: Well say it does make a difference. Judith's idea was that if we licked the men, they would start to become liberated.

S: Why?

C: Well I don't know the actual mechanism involved. I mean I don't know if you'll find out what happens to men when women lick them in the Kinsey report. But that was our homework. We voted on it. That's how these sessions work. Someone suggests something and then you have to go out and do it.

S: I wouldn't lick Fred if he was dipped in a vat of antiseptic.

C: Soph, that's exactly in line with the conclusion I came to.

S: Fred licked my foot once. I forget which foot. It was before the children were born.

C: What motivated him to lick your foot?

S: I stepped on his face. Oh it was an accident. I can't remember exactly. I think he slipped and then I slipped and the result was I stepped on his face.

C: ...and he licked your foot?

S: Well he didn't mean to; his tongue just sort of came out of his mouth. I think it was forced out.

C: Do you know what I noticed, when I was licking Harold?

S: What?

C: His face. Do you know how hairy Harold's left leg is? Harold's left leg is as hairy, well, as hairy as a man's leg.

S: So why did you lick it. Any woman knows that men are hairier than we are.

C: But you don't notice it until you start licking them. Licking men liberates them.

S: That's nuts.

C: But what else have they got to do while we're licking them but get liberated? But you know I think it would be a lot easier to lick something else.

S: I plan to stick to postage stamps.

C: Not if you know what they put in that glue. Sophie. If you were given a choice. Between licking a man's leg or licking a woman's leg, which would you lick?

S: (Promptly,) A woman's leg.

C: Why?

S: Not as hairy.

C: See what I mean.

S: I don't want to lick any leg. Want a devilled egg?
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Clairvoyant Journal: Introduction

Clairvoyant Journal was released, as a set of dated journal entries, in 1974. Since then there have appeared six more titles, all of them assemblages of other clairvoyant writings, and all of them showing marked progressions towards different levels of simplicity, or complexity. The two states mingle, at times seemingly careless, in Weiner's work. She brings forth areas, and criticises them, calls herself silly, and couples them to darker rantings of esoteric, and feminine, mystery.

The Journal was a prose work, one which extended itself, typographically, in many directions. The books that appeared afterwards - and I can only glean from those that I have read - Little Book/Indians (1980); Nijole's House (Poets & Poets 1981); Sixteen (Avedes 1983), and now Spoke, can still be typographically exciting, but they illustrate, quite fully, Weiner's sense of herself, as a poet.

In Reality Studios Vol.3, Ken Edwards published an almost unfavourable review of Little Book/Indians. This was immediately countered, and corrected, by myself, and Carlyle Reedy - both of us writing letters, which were published in the following RS volume. For anyone to come to Weiner's work, and not to know anything of her previous achievements, could well create problems. As far as I know, there are no ready precedents on which to judge clairvoyant writing - that, and that Weiner chooses a mode that has been excited by the Language movement, means that any assessment runs the risk of being called lax, or hypersensitive. This is wrong, because there are issues in Weiner's work, those noted in her preoccupations with the Indians, which need to be taken, as does the bulk of her accomplishment, as seriousness, in its most apparent, and most ultimate, form.

Linguistically, as can be witnessed in the two opening quotations, Weiner, or her clairvoyant method, has inspired cunning, little short of being brilliant, or being genius. Her meanings tremble, begging for references, which she either gives, or lets trail.

In Spoke, Weiner addresses the personification of her...
Paul Green

* of Paul A. Green's (no relation) article: "Voice Phenomena" in RS Vol.5, which partly dissects Julian Jaynes' book The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind. I would refer the reader to those pages in Jaynes' book which draw on the voice of the Homerican, or pre-Homerian, who spoke the inspired dictation of a god. The Bicameral Mind could not exist without this extra influence - thus Weiner's "sis" might fit as a modern example, a kind of twinned familiar, sitting up in the right temporal lobe, either listening or giving instructions to the poet as her language advances.

DENISE RILEY: Dry Air (Virago, £2.95)

A surface reading of this collection leaves a misleading impression of certainty, which has something to do with Riley's tense, condensed style, no punches spared. With the exception of some small "fillers" - I fail to see why those were included - her poems are like "the fine steel wires which run to and fro between love & economics"; but economics here is the science of a spiritual profit and loss, love is the conflict between physical "sex" and its spiritual dimension: "If you know lack / against wide furrows, great crops are there." It is the difference between living in the here and now and glimpsing the direction to go in, which involves a journey beyond "the abyss" of "A Nova York". It is the difference between "the clear world" and "the stars".

Sarah Peel

WENDY MULFORD: The A.B.C. Of Writing and Other Poems
(Torque, £1.50)

"Must someone think?" is half a line from a poem by Ingeborg Bachmann, quoted by Christa Wolf in "Cassandra". It's a question that reading Wendy Mulford's work brings to mind. "Making exact" is the main thing here, and to that end the writer as "medium" is sacrificed to the writer as "maker". Yet there's tension in this. A language deprived of its own "making" can still be made to ask: "much richness is & light why do our days stony?" ("Goblin Coombe"); and to state: "my method would be to restore you might dismissed / inscribe you with my hands unfold you / haunt an impossible singing-line / whisper imposter spells" ("From 'Facing the writing: hommage a Gautier'").
This new book by Michelene Wandor's contains a long poem sequence "Gardens of Eden" and 14 other poems. The collection, while not as varied as the earlier book, has an even more confident voice, voices, and a surer touch in the writing of it. The poetry is totally direct. It uses the spoken word, the human voice, and is accurately notated as such. It is dramatic in the best and purest sense of that word.

The sequence "Gardens of Eden: Poems for Eve and Lilith" is an impressive feat. It STARTS as a dialogue between two personae. Eve's poems are full of Yiddish wit and kibitzing, self-deprecating and ironic, feisty yet "resigned", full of "good advice". (It should be mentioned that Michelene Wandor's wry remark that "feminists have no sense of humour" [p.67] is certainly disproved by her own wit, especially in the crosscuts between these two characters.) Lilith's poems are planned and constructed even the sunset: "And the houses are Fishguard oldtowns pale pink and blue with slate roofs; especially I feel Italy. Can I feel. I. he." By "I", it has become this: "there will be no editing of this writing which is not to say there is no censorship for the invigilator still sits. h/she has brought back the S.P.O. ...

I do not want, in quoting from this work, to do less than justice to its complexity. (It is also only fair to add that my grip on that complexity is tentative, intermittent.) The beginning of 'h' records how a woman lives/experiences herself: "in doubleness and multiplicity, balancing, an ear to this claim, hand to that, fragmentation that by sleight-of-being stays whole for the audience at whatever cost to the performer". I would suggest that, in the light of this, the end of 'h' demonstrates how and why it is necessary to "think", to "make exact", to de/construct even the sunset: "And the houses are Fishguard houses washed pale pink and blue with slate roofs; especially pink this evening in the gone-away-from gold traces of blue-pink suffused in? light - just light: off-cram off-pale yellow off-white light and I cannot find its base. all merged into its selves it has no particular character, and it has every character. negative capability sky."

Gillian Allnutt

MICHELENE WANDOR: Gardens of Eden: Poems for Eve and Lilith
(Journeyman/Playbooks, London & New York, 1984, £2.50)

In 1982 Michelene Wandor published Upbeat: stories and poems. This superb collection of ten years' writing was startling in its range and skill, its wit and intelligence, and its sheer human directness. It was a book that was both immensely enjoyable and disturbing, a real pleasure and a stimulant. All the qualities one hopes to find in a book, in literature, but which are only too often lacking.
MINA LOY: The Last Lunar Baedeker (Carcanet, £7.95)
MAGGIE O'SULLIVAN: A Natural History in Three Incomplete Parts
(Gaze, £6.50)
DIANE WARD: Never Without One (Roof Books, £5)
JEAN DAY: Flat Birds (Gaz, £5)

Which English poet was considered in 1926 by Yvor Winters to be the equal of William Carlos Williams ("the two living poets who have the most ... to offer the younger generation of American writers")? A judgement endorsed by Ezra Pound in a letter to Marianne Moore? Which same poet's work was compared favourably by Kenneth Burke to that of the said Marianne Moore? Called by Harriet Monroe "an extreme otherist"? Published by Robert McAlmon? A star of Gertrude Stein's Paris salons? The author of "glorious, sharp, miraculous work" according to Kay Boyle?

Few would be able to name her; indeed, the most common response to her name is "I thought she was a film star." Not Myrna, as Hugh Kenner points out, but Mina Loy, born London, 1882, as Mina Lowy, died Aspen, Colorado, 1966. In her long life she was and did many things. Escaping at seventeen from England, she went to art college in Munich, married in Paris, had children, had an affair with Marinetti in Florence and a flirtation with the Futurists (a movement she later lampooned as "Flabbergasts"), went to art college in Munich, married in Paris, had children, had an affair with Marinetti in Florence and a flirtation with the Futurists (a movement she later lampooned as "Flabbergasts") in a satirical poem, moved to New York and met the great love of her life, Arthur Craven, a boxer-poet legend etc who once fought Jack Johnson in the ring at Barcelona and later disappeared (presumed dead) in Mexico. Dividing her time between Paris and New York, latterly the Bowery where she befriended and wrote poems about "the down and outs", she earned her living designing and selling lampshades and acting as an artist's agent, while painting, sculpting and writing unpublished novels and feminist tracts, until her retirement in her seventies to join her two daughters in Colorado.

And yet, despite her disclaimer ("I was never a poet"), it is her poetry, out of print for decades, that matters most. Until Jonathan Williams published her in 1958, she had had only one book out, Lunar Baedeker (sic) from Robert McAlmon's Contact Publishing Company in 1923. The Last Lunar Baedeker brings together all the known published and unpublished work as well as assorted personal manifestos, aphorisms and questionnaire responses. It's now possible to assess the whole, and for me it is Marianne Moore who comes out as Loy's equal, but Loy's: a rougher-hewn, her lines briefer, her forms more open and experimental. Comparing her with Moore, Pound found both to write "poetry that is akin to nothing but language, which is both a dance of the intelligence among words and ideas and modifications of ideas and characters", but whereas "In the verses of Marianne Moore I detect traces of emotion ... in that of Mina Loy I detect no emotion whatever." I'm amazed that anyone could persist with this assessment having read "Love Song to Joannes" (a long sequence addressed to a "composite" male lover: "The steps go up for ever / And they are white / And the first step is the last white / Forever / Coloured / conclusions / Smelt to synthesis / Whiteness of / My / Emergence / And I am burnt quite white / In the climaxetric / Withdrawal of your sun ..."), a love lyric, the magnificent long autobiographical work of ideas and characters, and, later, her long sequence addressed to a "composite" male lover: "The steps go up for ever / And they are white / And the first step is the last white / Forever / Coloured / conclusions / Smelt to synthesis / Whiteness of / My / Emergence / And I am burnt quite white / In the climaxetric / Withdrawal of your sun ..."), a love lyric, the magnificent long autobiographical work of ideas and characters, and, later, her long sequence addressed to a "composite" male lover: "The steps go up for ever / And they are white / And the first step is the last white / Forever / Coloured / conclusions / Smelt to synthesis / Whiteness of / My / Emergence / And I am burnt quite white / In the climaxetric / Withdrawal of your sun ...")...

...and Coy or O'Sullivan, nevertheless show - superficially, at least - a cooler, American sensibility in their work. Syntax is not atomized, as it is by O'Sullivan; the structures of conventional grammar are carefully preserved, but they are clad in new and defamiliarised language, a clothing that

Blackish Broken Rib of Compass.

The more you read the more ironic the title becomes. Production: smart low-tech (brown and blue instant-printing, with orange wraparound cover).
simultaneously conceals and displays the articulation of thought. Here's the opening of the first poem in Ward's *Never Without One*, titled "Bust" (in the sense of a sculptural portrait — though other poems in the book have titles like "Grind", "Crunch", "Crash" and "Boom"):

The bust is mine. A lady in shadows of dark light mistakes, all counting, he's so sad. The dress the blue granite company of belly covered with lace that hangs over the awful. A chain of pearls to pirate. Your eyes are part of the roar that can't jump in. The past, the lovers like sad magnets pull each head into collisions with itself. Unlike pain which is confronting itself and unlike greatness which is controlling.

An opening that's shot through with ambiguities, fanning out from that first line: what exactly is meant by "The bust is mine"? Is the poet leading into a self-portrait, or a picture of an art object? and if the latter, in what sense is it "mine"? In other words, what's the nature of the identification? Suddenly, a word like "pirate" jumps out, just as "the roar ... can't jump in"; and is the "you" of the fifth line another person, or the poet's objectified self being addressed?

Later in the same poem, Ward writes: "Emotion is located here and you looked and found what you waited for: images, specific words, a color so things get powerful with desire." In fact, "emotion" is a favourite word of this poet (a previous book was titled *Theory of Emotion*) — so — beneath the abstracted surface, a secret heat. And finally, in the poem "Tender Arc": "Describe porcelain and I was touching the cool gleam of white rose." The abstract explodes into new reality: a language act leads directly to tactile and visual perception. Gertrude Stein's "A rose is a rose is a rose ..." was intended to make the rose real again after centuries of blurring by vague poeticising. You arrive at the concrete by heading deliberately into the opposite direction, the abstract. You bust open perception, you might say, and the poet's objectified self being addressed?

Jean Day is a newer poet to me, but she has some obvious affinities with Diane Ward: her title, *Flat Birds*, itself suggests the ambiguous nature of language, the fusion — to coin a phrase! — of signifier and signified. Closer examination reveals differences, though, and for me her poems do not have quite the same resonant ambiguities of Ward at her best. They seem surer of themselves: where Ward has "A lady in shadows of dark light mistakes, all counting, he's so sad", Day's intro states "I will not be in the presence of no beautiful ladies, therefore dirt roads will just get dirtier and more basic even in this our sublime age." A no-nonsense anti-romantic stance. The poems are short, carefully crafted, hard edged, punchy:

He wailed against the sidecar, not knowing what he'd done.

A variety of forms are used. A favourite technique is the use of parallel stanzas on the page, creating uncertainty about the order of reading, a device that has been pushed to the ultimate by fellow Californian poet Steve Benson (see his *Tuumba* pamphlet *The Busses*). One poem, by contrast, has two parallel (alternative?) titles, "Reminder Remains" and "Salute Spray". The artifice is deliberate, planned: "Having chosen not to open the blind I called the window opaque."

It goes without saying that the American books are stunningly produced: typeset, printed on good quality paper with art board two-colour covers, perfect bound; a treatment that's come to be the norm even for relatively small US presses and relatively unknown poets like Jean Day. The degree of "bookshop credibility" which this lends, and the extent to which the readership is widened, are unknown.

Ken Edwards

**CARLYLE REEDY: The Orange Notebook (Travaux Pratiques)**

(Reality Studios, £1.50)

This slim sequence of poems explores the shock of displacement in travel between cities, the strangeness of time elapsed in working on a text twenty years after living it, and the extent to which language walls and recoils under the pressure. The sequence is subtitled "Paris/London april-october 1964" but the manuscript is dated February 1984.

Written as diary entries which jump in and out of "coherence", the syntax of Reedy's language is stretched or truncated, interspersed with odd names, numbers, other languages: "19th tues 2 / appt. D. par / and Hand Clerkenwell 9 and seven two". Out of this kind of elusive but suggestive phrasing, scraps of colloquial discourse burst upon the reader with a happiness which exceeds the relative banality of their utterance: "I am for the first day in the city. / In a sense I am still between cities".

At times this sequence appears self-indulgently to enter a cul-de-sac of avant-garde obscurantism, but then usually redeems itself by drawing you on with an unexpected moment of lucidity or a sudden illuminating switch of language: "exercise rue sauvegar the terrible women picking flowers from the dog the / Frick dinner at the foyer with M / I do not much care for."

Reedy seems persistently concerned with her experience as a writer and a woman exploring spacial, temporal and linguistic translations. While she rejects any easy notion of "communisability", she is always searching for it, travelling through the consequences. This is not an easy sequence of poems,
but one which rewards the gentle perseverance of the reader.

Jeremy Silver

(Jeremy Silver's review of Carlyle Reedy originally appeared in City Limits, and is reprinted here with kind permission.)

Publications received

Books & pamphlets

TONY BAKER: A Gallimaufry (Northern Lights, 24 Harmood St, London NW 3BU, 75p)

STEVE BRSNEN: The Bunses (Tuumba Press, 2639 Russell St, Berkeley, CA 94705, USA, 1981, $3)

Blindspots (Whale Cloth Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, USA, 1981, $4)

As In (The Figures, SPF, 1784 Shattuck Ave, Berkeley, CA 94709, USA, 1978, $3.50)

DAVID BROMIGE: The Melancholy Owed Categories (Last Straw Press c/o Stingy Artist, 33 Shelley Rd, Southampton, 1984, £1)

PAUL BROWN: De Rebus, Documents Left in Copier, Tiny Revolutions and Dulcinea (Pre-texts, c/o Actual Size, 125 Chadwick Rd, London SE15, 4 pamphlets of xerox collage & poetry, all 1984, n.p.)

HERBERT BURKE: 5,5,5 (Writers Forum, Unit P8, Metropolitan College of Craftsmen, Enfield Rd, London N1 5AZ, 1984, 75p)

BOBBY BYRD: Pomegranates (Tamarisk Press, 319 South Juniper St, Philadelphia, PA 19107, USA, 1984, n.p.)

RICHARD CADDDEL & LEE HARWOOD: Wine Tales (Galloping Dog Press, 45 Salisbury Gdns, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE2 1HP, 1984, £2.50)

JOHN CAGE: Cage on Cage (Writers Forum, £1 - visual texts from enlargements of Cage's signature)

MICHAEL CARLSON: Columbus Day (Northern Lights, 1984, 60p)


A Processual Double Octave (Writers Forum, 1984, £1)

WILLIAM CORBETT: February 29th (Pig Press, 7 Cross View Terrace, Neville's Cross, Durham DH1 4JY, 1984, £1.90)

WILLIAM CORBETT: February 29th (Pig Press, 7 Cross View Terrace, Neville's Cross, Durham DH1 4JY, 1984, £1.90)

KELVIN CORCORAN: Robin Hood in the Dark Ages (Permanent Press, 52 Cascade Ave, London N10, £3.25 - preface by Tom Raworth)

HART CRANE: Complete Poems (Bloodaxe Books, PO Box 18N, Newcastle upon Tyne NE99 1SN, 1984, £5.95 - new edition)

ROBERT CRESELY: Memories (Pig Press, 1984, £2.50)

ANDREW CROZIER: All Where Each Is (Allardyce, Barnett, c/o Password Ltd, 25 Horsell Rd, London N5 1XL, £7.95 pbk, £15 cloth - collected poems 1963-84)

OWN DAVIS & JEREMY HILTON: One + One (Rivelin Grapheme Press, 24 Aireville Rd, Prisinghall, Bradford BD9 4RX, £4.95 - two collections in one book: "The Burning Performer" by Davis, and "Trespasser in Grief" by Hilton)

JEAN DAY: Flat Birds (Gaz, 277 23rd Ave, San Francisco, CA 94121, USA, $5)


THEODORE ENSLIN: Grey Days (Last Straw Press, c/o Stingy Artist, 1984, £1)
ROSEMARY WALDROP: Differences for Four Hands (Singing Horse Press, 825 Morris Rd, Blue Bell, PA 19422, USA, £4)

DIANE WARD: Never Without One (Roof Books, Segue Foundation, 300 Bowery, New York, NY 10012, USA, 1984, £5)

BARRATT WATTEN: Total Syntax (Southern Illinois University Press, P.O. Box 3697, Carbondale, Illinois 62901, $13.95 - essays originating as public talks)

HANNAH WHINER: Spoke (Sun & Moon Press, 4330 Hartwick Rd, College Park, Maryland 20740, USA, $6.95)

JOHN WELCH: Out Walking (Anvil Press Poetry, 69 King George St, London SE10 8PX, 1984, £4)

ANTHOLOGIES:

ON GENDER & WRITING ed. Micheline Wandor. Contributors include Judith Kazantzis, Wendy Mulford, Libby Houston, Michele Roberts (Pandora Press, R & KP, 1983, £3.95)

WINDHORSE ed. John Castlebury, foreword by Lila Rich: poetry, calligraphy, etc by students of Chogyam Trungpa (Samuel Press, 2050 Spruce St, No 6, Boulder, CO 80302, USA, $6)

Records & cassettes

OLEG ANDREEV: Teorii or Ink Abandoned on Paper / KENN EDWARDS: Lexical Dub, for Sarah Tisdall (Balsam Flex, c/o Oriel, 53 Charles St, Cardiff CF1 4ED, 1984, £2.75 - C20 cassette)

OLIGΣ ΑΝΔΡΕΥΣ / ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΟΣ ΑΝΔΡΕΥΣ: Λεξικόν Δούμ, για την Σάρα Τισδάλ (Βαλσμ Φλεξ, Π/Ο Ορίου, 53 Χάρλες Στ, Κάρδιφ ΚΦ 1 4 ΕΔ, 1984, κοστίζει £2,75 - C20 κάσετ).

POETRY OLYMPICS VOL 1 (All Round Records, 60 Redcliffe Rd, London SW10, 1982, £4 inc p&p - live recording on LP of Cooper Clarke, Berry, Looshed, McGough, etc.)

MICHEL SEGRUPHOR, 1926-78 (Balsam Flex, 1984, £3.75 - C65 cassette)

Magazines

BETTE NOIRE, Autumn 1984, ed. John Osborne (American Studies Dept, The University, Cottingham Rd, Hull, Humberside, HU6 7RX, £1.50) Nicole Ward Jouve, Lorna Tracy, Michele
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Benjamin Glenda George, Ellen Zweig, Lyn Hejinian. 

on Emily Dickinson, Leslie Scalapino, Johanna Drucker, include Diane Ward & issued dedicated to George Oppen.

Dimitris Alexakis (April '85), Tony Baker (also June '85).

SPANNER 24, "Ball Gum" ed. Allen Fisher (64 Lancaster Rd, London SW2 5DN, £6 for 3 (indiv.)/£9 for 3 (inst.)


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TELESCOPF Vol.4 No.1, ed. Julia Wendell & Jack Stephens (Galileo Press, c/o Johns Hopkins University Press, Journals Division, Baltimore, MD 21218, USA, $4.50 / $14 for foreign subs) Includes interview with Robert Coover.

WRITING 9 (Spring 1984), 10 (Fall 1984), 11 (Spring 1985) ed. Colin Browne (Box 69609, Station K, Vancouver, B.C., V5K 4W7, Canada, $5 / $2 for 4 (Canadian) Federation of Dawson, George Bowering, Steve McCaffery, Michael Onaataje, Fred Wah, Stephen Rodefer, Paul Green, Peter Larkin, etc.

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USA - NB new address, n.p.) Small single-author chapbooks: TedPearson (Nov. '84), DimitrisAlexakis (April '85), JoAnne Osorio (June '85), Tony Baker (also June '85).
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