Astronauts of Inner-Space: An International Collection of Avant-garde Activity

Jeff Berner, Ed.

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ASTRONAUTS OF INNER-SPACE:

AN INTERNATIONAL COLLECTION OF AVANT-GARDE ACTIVITY

17 MANIFESTOES, ARTICLES, LETTERS, 28 POEMS & 1 FILMSCRIPT
AN INTERNATIONAL COLLECTION:

Dadaism and Today's Avant-garde
Poetry and Theatre
Who Are the Situationists?
The Concrete Poets of Brazil
Advance Through Obscenity?
Programmed Art
Back to the Wall
Letters as Picture and Language
Culture and Technology
Theory and Practice of Text
From a letter
The Development of Group Zero
The Literary Techniques of Lady Sutro-Smith
Paradada
The Vienna Group
The Use of Computers to Make Semantic Toy Models of Language
In the Event
28 Poems & 1 Filmscript

2 Raoul Hausmann
4 John Arden
6 Jorgen Nash
8 Decio Pignatari
10 Maurice Girodias
12 Bruno Munari
14 Allen Ginsberg
16 Franz Mon
18 Marshall McLuhan
20 Max Bense
23 Diter Rot
24 Otto Piene
28 W. S. Burroughs
30 Dom Sylvester Housard
34 Konrad Bayer
36 Margaret Masterman
38 R. Watts
40
DADA, more than Futurism, was a movement which incorporated the artist into his period; and it showed both the artist and the public that, under the onslaught of social change, the eternal values of "beautiful truth" or "true beauty" decomposed into poor academic nothing.

But Dada was not only an overcompensation of protest. Dada was more than Dada: it was the negation of curricular logic; it was sensitive to hazard, it was based on "creative indifferency".

Dada did not find a school, and Dada refused to continue when it saw its limits. Therefore someone who has been Dada cannot be opposed to renovation, but he cannot approve of any imitiation. The new unconventional forms which Dada created were: dadaire automatisque, phonetic poetry, articularization, abstract painting and sculpture, photomontage, new typography, ready-mades (assembled).

The plastic art of Dadaism had two aspects: one took the direction of non-objectivity and abstraction (corresponding to phonetic poetry), and the other was a return to the concrete object, e.g. in the ready-mades of Duchamp and Man Ray, in Hausmann's collages and photomontages and Schwitters' material pictures. Yet vulgar materialism was avoided, by irony and absurdity.

Let us look at Neodadaism: first of all it takes sides with the object as a "thing in itself"—which Dada denied. The Neodadaists believe that they are substituting "nature" for art. Since the great exhibition of assemblages in the Museum of Modern Art in New York in 1965, and the book by Stein, "concretism" has been declared the "new anti-art" with natural objects replacing artistic work.

Restany, spokesman of Neodadaism, declares: "The artistic consecration of the vulgar object forms now the 'dadaistic act'. After the 'Nothing' and the 'Zero' comes the third position of the myth; the gesture of anti-art becomes the functional behaviour, a kind of appropriation of the modern world's exterior reality, as a fundamental element of new expression."

ROAUL HAUSMANN:

But the collages of the Dadaists, the sculptures of Arp, the waste-paper pictures of Schwitters, always show a constructive idea; in spite of their material-art tendency, they remain art. George Maciunas, of the Neodadaistic " Fluxus " group of American students in Germany, claims to prefer the real rotten tomato to the painted one; or he finds the flight of a bird or of a butterfly "concrete and beautiful". He declares that there is no intention, no programme, in the Neodadaistic "happenings". But all these happenings are calculated very intentionally and are not at all spontaneous, as the literary productions of Higgins and others prove. The "happenings" of the Neodadaists are empty repetitions of Dada acts. Walter Serner, in Zurich in 1957, had an empty armchair brought on the stage, he approached it, bowed deeply and put a bunch of flowers on the seat. The title of this "happening" was POEM. If Maxime Falk lifts a violin slowly as if it was a heavy load, with both hands, and crashes it down on the floor, that is only an act of destruction. It is the same thing with the broken "cello which Armuz calls " Access of Fire."

Dadaism and Today's Avant-Garde:

Higgins and others. The "phonetic poem" as a new kind of art was invented by Hugo Ball in 1916 (as poetry of unknown words—i.e. has been invented) and has been an invention of Tzara, as his alt claims, nor of mon, Claus Bremer and others.

Before they became acquainted with Schwitters' and my records in 1935 in Basle, the younger generation in Germany was ignorant of phonetic poetry. It was only thanks to the creations of Dadaism that it could be taken up again (e.g. in the book monos by mon and Holleider, 1964).

The great part which Surrealism could play in art was only made possible by its dadaistic predecessors. The literary innovation of "écriture automatique", even before Breton and Soupault, had been introduced by Arp and Serner, and to some extent Tzara. The magic-irrational tendency was shown by some of Dada's founders, as Ball and Huelsenbeck. Even surrealist painting received its real inspiration from photomontage, especially that of Max Ernst.

Now to photomontage: it was in 1910 that I saw in a fishin-village on the Baltic postcard souvenirs of military service, where the portrait of the recruit was "colled" into the lithograph of the military establishment. That gave me the idea of making pictures of nothing but parts of photographs. A year later, George Grosz, John Heartfield and Haush Fitch, and later still Max Ernst, made innumerable montages. At the first international exhibition of photomontage in Berlin in 1931 there were montages of Dutch and Russian artists, too. The Russians raised photomontage almost to the status of a national art; at least it became an important medium for propaganda and publicity.

One of the first to renew typography was Martens, in his "Words in Liberty". Under Trau and Picabia in Zurich and Hausmann in Berlin, the Dadaists independently created another kind of expression through punning, one which aimed to transform the whole printed composition into an "aphoristic poem". The great exhibition at Amsterdam and Baden-Baden last year showed clearly the continuous influence which Dadaistic typography has had throughout the world, to the extent that one may speak now of "visual poetry" and consequently of a new art of "letter pictures".

Inventions are made when they become necessary. It needs a certain climate. Involuntary climate to be compared with aurophobic pressure, perhaps it is a simple metronomological affair which triggers through whole epochal and coordinates the insane pressure on the brains of artists.

After war and revolution, Dada had to be unheroic, unpathetic and inclined to relativity and phenomenology. It was "creative indifferency" and at the same, as is advanced to the absurd-banal. Thus it is not to be compared with another art-period. The intellectual climate of the world demanded it.

The Dadaists knew this spontaneously. But a general climatic situation cannot be repeated; the exigencies of the world-pressure are certainly different now and earlier ones cannot be relearned . "Renaissances" are, for the most part, sad and without issue.
Robert Graves has, in many books and essays, declared his view of the purpose of poetry, which I understand, as being the celebration of the Muse—seen by the ancients as a manifold goddess, but comprehensible in modern psychological terms as the forces of birth, fertility and sexual power, the feminine tenderness of life and the irresistible depredations of death which nevertheless contain their own capacity for renewal. Against these he sets the more masculine concepts of aggressive strength, the domination of the will, the arrogant rational assertiveness of scientific rectitude, straight lines, as it were, in contrast to curved. These he seems to regard as basically anti-poetic: and with this concept I am in agreement. But the promulgation of such ideas in the drama as opposed to lyric poetry involves certain problems. The playwright is compelled by the circumstances of his art to communicate with a public, a gathered together in one place at one particular time, and his communication is a collaborative act needing actors, a producer, a designer, stage-stuff and so forth to make it possible at all.

This means that the personal working out of the poet's relationship with his Muse is not practicable. Where a lyric poem can satisfactorily be addressed to one person only, or even be a kind of soliloquy, a play will not work as a play unless the author bears in mind that he is addressing an indeterminate but nevertheless plural audience. There is a limit to the amount of interest such an audience will take in the private cognitions of a writer. The themes handled in a play must have some general relevance, and the greater this relevance, the greater appeal it will make. Yeats, towards the end of his career, became so disillusioned with the responses of his audiences that he took to writing his plays for audiences almost as small as those which he might have hoped to reach with his poems; and there is today a resentment and disgust of the stage often expressed by poets—

by other matter, which may appear only marginally relevant to the main theme. Thus the workings of politics, the exposure of social evils, the matters of a particular section of society, may all have a place (and a sincerely felt place) in a play which is not basically about them at all. They are all themes of public import and may serve to publicly illustrate the poet's prime preoccupation, the celebration of his Muse and her part in his personal world. Therefore I cannot see myself in any deep way connected with other writers. A technical connection there is indeed—playwriting is a craft and is learnt by example and experiment, and the work of others can provide this—but when it comes to the essential subject matter of the plays I can only write what I personally understand and feel: the phrase 'a school of playwrights' cannot for me mean more than 'a school of carpenters'.

Carpenters can share a workshop and produce furniture together with a common supply of wood and tools. But furniture can do no more than be sat upon and eaten off.

Plays, at their best, must speak to their audience with one man's voice, even though this is modified by the collaborative circumstances of their performance. It was possible in the Middle Ages for good plays to be communal—how many writers worked on the York Mystery Cycle?—but there was a shared body of belief in those days. Now we are faced with audiences who, taken as a mass, believe in nothing in particular; a play has to present its meaning to both the sympathetic and the anti-pathetic at the same time. The former must be fulfilled and the latter converted, if possible. This demands a degree of passionate affirmation on the part of the writer that cannot be shared.

But audiences are hard to come by in this country, and clearly some form of collective action is necessary by the playwright and producer if the theatre if we are to survive as a means of communication at all. The only way I can see this happening is at the carpenter-shop level. We are faced with a situation where we must plug the idea of a theatre as a place where interesting things happen without regard to what the things specifically are, before we can indulge ourselves with interminable disputes about subject matter, styles of presentation, or philosophies. It is necessary, for instance, that remarks such as those of Kingsley Amis be proved to be wrong before we can boast ourselves a force for anything in the life of this country.

JOHN ARDEN:

Poetry and Theatre

Mr. Anis illustrated this very well with a recent review he wrote of Arnold Wecker's plays. 'The theatre,' he said, in effect, 'is not improving at all; it is just what it has always been—a conceited and inconsiderable place where good writers are destroyed by the world.'

But this has not always been the case. The examples of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Jonson, and others show that it was once possible for poets to adapt their work either for private circulation or for public performance without diminution of its quality. The essential element of the theatre is that there the writer speaks through the lips of his actors; it does not necessarily give him an opportunity for direct statement. He has to find a fable that will of itself express his image of the world and express it in a way that will make sense to his audience. Aristotle said that the heroes of tragedy should be princes and governors, upon whose actions the fate of society hung, and, granted the changes in social organization since his time, I think that this is a rule that still holds good. The type of poetic commitment I have outlined in my first paragraph must be applied to a vision of the world in action which can be conveniently presented by actors on a stage, and therefore is likely to be enriched (or diluted, according to taste or the skill of the playwright)
JÖRGEN NASH:

Who are the Situationists?

then our public has to act to get hold of the situationist publications!

1. I refuse to have anything whatsoever to do with the new ars technica of the American city.
   The only drink I can imagine is the blend of experimental and avant-garde foods.

2. This summer there was arranged the first film festival showing some of these, and other films, made by free artists under independent and very often rather primitive circumstances.

3. The SFU and the big international art exhibitions which have taken place at Drakabygget is a part of the situationist idea that the artist should break out of the commercial paper mill, in order to obtain an absolutely free realization of his intentions. And in the manifesto of the Second Situationist International we wrote that "Modern industrial society has so far been organized along classical lines as developed in Greece and feudal Europe. During the Industrial Revolution, following the French revolution there have been cycles in which all the different forms of such a method of government have been explored. This has been a valuable experience. It has shown that the enlightened autocracy of Plato and the more or less aristocratic military dictatorship which replaced legal government, as well as the various forms of democracy (including the latest edition, the so-called "people's" democracy)—that none of these have been capable of forming a form of government that can satisfy the needs, still less to allow people to flourish, to flourish and prosper. The new phenomenon which has dominated industrial society from the beginning, despite some pioneer romanticsm, is a growing socialisation of all the means of life—which is itself the insusceptible consequence of machine techniques. By socialism we understand the inclusive principle which makes society the centre, meaning and purpose of all human activity. It is all the same whether one takes this evolution to mean progress or whether one interprets it as a means to human freedom. Both attitudes amount to the same thing. Socialisation will spread in one way or another. Man can only dominate his future environment if we face this fact. We must use this knowledge to evolve the means of liberation. In order to win it is essential for us to extract ourselves from the principle of fanatic necessity and to regain a new potential of choice and self-determination.

The social structure which fulfills the new conditions for freedom that we have termed the situationist order. The point of departure is the de-industrialisation of Kieckegaard's philosophy of situations. This must be combined with British economic experience and the American social action programmes. It involves a profound revision of Marx's doctrine and a complete revision of his growth rooted in the Scandinavian concept of culture. This new ideology and philosophical theory we have called situationism. It is based on the principles of social democracy inasmuch as it excludes all forms of artificial privilege. It is the only existing guarantee which ensures that human life can develop in all its cultural variety and without crushing the individual. This is a form of government in which the anonymous society designed for the future. Sartre says that we should always ask what would happen if we went against our own situation in the modern world.

We want to make it possible for man to be free to gamble his life. This can only happen if everyone is allowed to have individual freedom of action. Greek-Roman thinking is rooted in political and social theory. It is opposed to our own way of thinking because we believe in individual being and individual stands at the centre of all worthwhile activity. Sartre's existentialism has been called humanistic, but in fact his human being is a socio-centric creature.

There are some people who will fail to grasp the significance of the Situationist struggle. The head-on collision in which we are involved will strike them as inexplicable. But we are convinced that one day this phase will be seen as an event of primary importance for Europe: the moment before a decisive break. How, we ask ourselves, can we think that a verbal battle is not worth fighting, we would like to say this: A word war is better than a world war.
Pedro Xisto and Edgard Braga.

From 1961 on, concrete poets face definitely the "engagement" question—social and political concrete poetry—was chiefly based on Mayakovsky: "There is no revolutionary art without revolutionary form." Today: diversified trends and tendencies within the group, some worrying more about semantic and permutational features of the language—researches on language through Semiotic and Information and Communication Theory (also some statistical analysis in "Computerpoetry"), after I felt the necessity of a mathematical "expert" in order to precede on my investigations, I mean in order to carry them on, especially regarding the study of language as a code. Luckily enough, Luiz Angelo, a student in Engineering, was more than a mathematical "expert": he was a poet.

DECIO PIGNATARI:

As a result: concrete poetry, officially launched at the National Exhibition of Concrete Art, São Paulo, December 1956. Display of poster-poems, together with pictures, drawings and sculptures by concrete Brazilian artists. "Neugândres 3" is published. Nevertheless, "Neugândres 2, 1955, already included Postamentos, a series of spatial poems, in color, composed by Augusto de Campos in 1953—a first manifestation of concrete poetry. Still in 1953, Decio Pignatari meets Eugênio Gomringer at the Hochschule für Gestaltung, Ulm, Germany, who was engaged in similar researches. Stirring point for an international movement of concrete poetry (suggested by the Brazilian group).

1958: "Neugândres 4—poster-poems and a Pilot plan for concrete poetry. This is the movement's basic text.

Ronald Azeredo, 1956, and José Lino Grinewald, 1958, join "Neugândres." Luiz Angela Pinto and Waldemir Dias Piao (not belonging to the group) participated in the movement at its beginnings. Pedro Xisto and Edgard Braga, of former generation, enlist as concrete poets, 1957. Concrete poetry spread all over the country, inspiring well known poets: Manuel Bandeira, Cassiano Ricardo, Carlos Drummond de Andrade.

1962: "Concreto" is published. National and international magazine of the movement and its variants, and of avant-garde poetry in general. Edited by Neugândres Group and the poets Augusto & Haroldo de Campos, this one also interested in prose problems, some turned to the creation of "new languages," even before and/or beyond the word—i.e., as poetry as well as in prose, as far as a text can be so "divided" (Whither Dias Piao, Decio Pignatari, Luiz Angelo Pinto, Ronald Azeredo).

Comment

No general reappraisal of the whole situation is in view: the experiments of a certain kind of new language (as you will see) are too recent for this. This does not exclude that we people involved in this new concrete poetry (Luiz Angelo Pinto, Ronald Azeredo and myself) prepare a sort of theoretical basis and/or explanation for it in months to come, as we expect to be able to publish a booklet of these new poems by October (at our expense, as always—). Luiz Angelo and I: have been working together for more than a year—researches on language through Semiotic and Information and Communication Theory (also some statistical analysis in "Computerpoetry"), after I felt the necessity of a mathematical "expert" in order to proceed on my investigations, I mean in order to carry them on, especially regarding the study of language as a code. Luckily enough, Luiz Angelo, a student in Engineering, was more than a mathematical "expert": he was a poet.

From the start, Augusto, Haroldo and I have been following modern music processes. Colour poems by Augusto are directly inspired by Webern's "Klangfarbenmelodie." We first met Boulet in São Paulo, October, 1953; during a whole year, 1954-55, when I was in Paris, he was practically the only artist who really interested me (but unfortunately I could not expect musical problems only by analogy: no musical formation...). An entire section of "Inoeando's" is dedicated to music.

In these five years, Haroldo de Campos has been in close contact with avant-garde artists all over Europe, Japan and Mexico, personally and/or by correspondence: Agam, Vasarely, Gerstman, Mavignat-Boulet, Stockhausen, Berio/Ponge, Heineinbottel, Gomringer, Döhl, Helms, Belloli, Sanguineti, Diaccano. In the last three years, concrete poetry (Brazilian) has been published in Europe mainly through his efforts. He just returned from lecturing in modern Brazilian literature at the Technische Hochschule, Stuttgart, inspired by Prof. H. Dörner (concrete poetry). He and his brother Augusto, working together or separately, have been translating poems from six or seven languages—from Basho to Joyce to Mayakovskaya (Joyce: Floraugus kate—fragments). We three translated cooperatively 17 cantares (canto) by Pound, published four years ago by our Ministry of Education and Culture. It was chiefly through exchanging letters and books with Augusto de Campos—who sent to them the "pilot plan"—that Ian Hamilton Finlay, Scotland, and Dom Sylvester Houédard, OSB, came enthusiastically to concrete poetry (see Typographic 8). Augusto is also in touch, exchanging letters and darts, with American painter and art critic Charles Biederman. And just received a letter by Mike Weaver inviting us to an exhibition of avant-garde poetry at Cambridge.

Ronald Azeredo never wrote verses in his life: directly to concrete poetry. Owns an extraordinary form intuition. Now pursuing a sort of "graphic prose." He works in advertising. Old Dr. Braga (some 15,000 babies born in his hands) was a parranassien/symbolist poet twenty years ago! Gets strange verses working on medieval lyrics patterns.

Pedro Xisto loved passionately Japanese "hakuū"; his path to concrete poetry; another idea (and we) would be happy to see in action: a "text laboratory" (see his proposition in "Inoeando's").

Grinewald, also a cinema reviewer, works in Correio da Manhã's copy desk—"the " curiosa" (from Rio) newspaper that played and plays a very important role in these days, by opposing and condemning violently the coup d'etat.

As to this matter, by the way, things today do not seem so dark as they appeared in April—but they are not likely to promote culture either. In any case, for us, to create things really new is to create freedom.
In the early 'Fifties it was still customary for young Britons and Americans to complete their university studies with a taste of Paris life. I made friends with a number of young poets and writers who were gravitating around a "little magazine" called Merlin.

They belonged to the last generation to follow that tradition. When the last of them were leaving France a few years later the Algerian War was in full swing, prices were going up and Paris had become dour and forbidding, definitely not the place to lead a happy bohemian life.

My friends had only few ideas in common but they were all full of amori and, they shared a certain general attitude that was clearly influenced by the New York raiquians and was consequently queer, self-consciously silly and self-deprecating. As they belonged to a post-war generation they had no trust in their elders, with the exception of Sade and Genet, and also Samuel Beckett and William Burroughs who, although accomplished writers, had not had any books published at the time.

Their names, most of which have not yet emerged from obscurity, were Christopher Logue, Austryn Waismann, Baird Bryant, Alfred Chester, Marilyn Mecate, Iris Owens, Jae Lougée, Dick Seaver, Normun Rubinson, John Svermon, Marsco Hoffenberg... But only Alex Trocchi (with Cain's Book) and Terry Southern (with Candy and the script of Dr. Strangelove) have so far produced significant public images of the style then prevailing in that milieu and of its curiously iconoclastic tendencies, somewhat tainted with a touch of youthful romanticism.

I had, at the time, killed off my first publishing house, and I decided to start the Olympia Press. The idea itself was not very original as my father before me had published the first books by Henry Miller, in the therefore seemed to be the natural thing to do, to force those writers who had been suppressed by fear and ignorance past the censor's eye.

In the first six years of its existence, the Olympia Press was fortunate enough to publish books by Miller, Beckett, Genet, Nabokov (Lolita), Burroughs (The Naked Lunch), Durrell (The Golden Man), Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg (Gandy), all of which did achieve a measure of fame.

But somehow that seemed too producing restrained pornography on an unprecedented scale.

To be quite honest I am not sure to this day what pornography really is, and what it takes to satisfy the specialized reader. But it certainly requires a great simplicity of mind and/or purpose to turn out the real thing, and all my authors (who had imagination but no remarkable version) could do was to use all the ingredients and spices in liberal quantities, and hope for the best.

The finished product usually proved enough to convince both the readers and the censors, although we had a great difficulty in suppressing the humour which continually kept cropping up in the books. Most of our authors had a hard time keeping a straight face, and there is nothing out our type of customers hate more than humour. I remember having being obliged to put in a note at the end of one of Cruise Palmiro Vinculan's sazas, explaining that the famous author had been sent to a lunatic asylum before he could complete the manuscript, which accounted for the debunked ending of the story.

The mass effect of that production was exactly what we had aimed for: it broke the spell. There was no mystery anymore in obscure literature because it had become easily available; anyone travelling on the Continent could buy the books, and the only danger was to pick something like Beckett's Moly or Philip O'Connor's Steiner's Tour in the belief that it was an obscene novel. But even the really obscene volumes were found to be entirely harmless socially and medically. No reader was reported killed by a four-letter word.

Then came the second phase. One after the other, the great outlaw masterpieces were published and rehabilitated, first in the United States, and then in England: Lolita opened the way in 1958, to be followed by Lady Chatterley's Lover, Tropic of Cancer, Our Lady of the Flowers, The Naked Lunch and, more recently by the gallant Memoirs of Fanny Hill, which volume has that immense advantage over its predecessors that it never invoked for its own defense the cowardly excuse of "literary merit."

And now that Gandy has opened the way in America to this final wave of aggressors, the pseudonymous novels will in their turn move out in the open and finish the good work. In five or ten years' time, literary censorship in England and in America will be a thing of the past.

The freedom to use any words and images in speech and writing is a vital condition of psychological freedom, which is, in turn, essential in the definition of all other social and political liberties.

Of course it is a remarkably plastic concept. Lawrence was the suffering champion of literary freedom, and yet be would have censored Joyce out of existence had he been able to. Stephen Spender once called me a hypocrite. Henry Miller disowns the obscenity in the books he wrote thirty years ago, and condemns writers such as William Burroughs. And Casonova himself ended up in the malignant skin of a book censor.

In the opposite camp, disorder is even worse. The established authorities, when they have to explain what is erotic literature, are obliged to resort to such emotional similes as lewd, filthy, dirty, pornographic, disgusting—all of which, incidentally, are pretty revealing of what is going on in the censor's psyche.

But those noisy quarrels will soon subside in the quiet of literary history.

When they do, we will leave us with a new knowledge: that eroticism is a constructive force, and that it will become more and more an integral part of literature as the present trend develops in the direction of introspective and autobiographical writing.

Eroticism: the very word I am forced to use for want of a better one reveals a meaningful gap in our vocabulary. The very notion has been conditioned by generations of censors under the names of sex and obscenity.

And yet we should see it as the very texture of our feeling, as the positive counterpart of our anger, as the motor of curiosity, progress, culture—as the first source of art.
The artist's job is to help his fellow men develop their under-standing of the world we live in. In all the art of the past we saw a rich variety of static forms springing from the expression of nature in two or three-dimensional images. Today, however, we know that this expression of nature is not a natural convention; we realize that the world is continually being transformed by kinetic energy, that there is a structural arrangement of things that is continually modified by changes in the environment.

It is these messages, I believe, that today's artists ought to be using to increase our knowledge of the world, and make us understand certain facts which traditional artistic techniques were in no position to show us. But many avant-garde artists cling romantically to the technical preconceptions of static art, and still concern themselves with making personal demonstrations, with polemics between painting and sculpturing, or about sculptures in motion or sculpture made of found objects. They care about the uniqueness of the work of art and its correspondence with personal style as a commercial investment, about gestures, chance discoveries and artistic scandals.

All this is on the way out; it belongs to a vanished world and no longer has any prospect of establishing genuine communication with the public. In my view we now need to conduct research with a view to re-founding a true, objective visual language, free from any personal element and aesthetic prejudice, a visual language which can naturally and intuitively communicate the dynamic factors determining our new knowledge of the world. A true visual language, that is, comparable with that which characterized old-fashioned static art in the days when it was thought of as a craft.

My own research lies in the direction of experimentation and the mastering of this new dynamic, multi-dimensional visual means of expression. Conducted as objectively as possible, they set out from scientifically established facts and from technical and psychological data concerning creation and perception.

BRUNO MUNARI: Programmed Art

One such line of research which I began in 1954 deals with the possibility of making visual communication and expression by means of polarized light, with a view to securing images whose colour transformations are according to nature and not according to somebody's personal taste. The technical answer is to use polarizing filters, introducing colourless materials of varying stratifications between the two filters. These stratifications and thicknesses determine and define the areas of colour, while the rotation of one of the filters allows the colours themselves to be varied over the full range. Such experiments have been demonstrated in various cities, most recently in Tokyo, where they were shown at the Museum of Modern Art in 1960 to the accompaniment of specially prepared electronic music by Toru Takeemita (the electronic program being also recorded and derived from the light). A film about this experiment was made a short time ago in the Monte Olimpio studios in Milan.

Another piece of research, begun in 1959, deals with "continuous structures"; objects made up of an undefined number of modular elements set in a common framework and able to fit together. The form of these objects has some changes can be seen as un-stable images against a neutral field, or one subject to quantum fluctuations and formally specified limitations.

A work of static art calls first for a scheme, a design, a technical preparation which may be either conventional or unconventional. A work of programmed art demands an actual programme of its own, consisting first of all in the exact establishment of the message to be communicated and in the choice of means of expression, uninfluenced by aesthetic, anti-aesthetic or styliastic preconceptions; (thus is often made of technical, scientific, physical or optical principles such as magnetic fields, optical effects, the limits of perception, colour change by addition or subtraction, virtual volumes and volumes.) The motive forces—mechanical, electrical, electronic, &c.—are taken into account, and the cyclical or infinite kinetic combinations. This is where computers can be of use to predict or establish possibilities. Computers have been used in the art of Italy (e.g.) by Nanni Balestrini to compose the poem entitled "Tape Mark I" which was published (with technical explanation) in the Almanacco Bompiani for 1965; (b) by Pietro Grossi in Florence to compose algorithmic music. Such music was used for the film More which Piccardo and I made at the Monte Olimpio studio this year.

Finally, it's worth noting that we may call "good design," i.e. the projection of the object, the apparatus itself or its container. The aim here is to use programming to construct an object capable of communicating visually the intuitively perceived kinetic message. Often this object is a natural incorporation of the same idea (as good design demands); at other times it is a neutral container. The forms, colours and transformations will vary according to the programme of means and materials. Thus it is not just a form or a "construction" undergoing changes (as with Calder, Tinguely and others), but a continual series of formal transformations. Imagine an iron sculpture being destroyed, then reduced to dust and sprinkled evenly over an aluminium surface under which magnets are agitated. . .

Eugenio Poli and I belong to no group. Group T in Milan directs its research to constructing objects which give the spectator visual information about the continuous development of forms, as seen through their transformation. Those of Group N in Padua are concerned more with objects that produce variable optical effects according to where the spectator stands. Group N goes far in collective work, and all its objects are signed collectively with the "Group N" stamp. The "Nouvelles Tendances" movement is a mixture of more or less neo-Dada or Surrealist kinetic art (moving objects made from found elements); mechanical and casual movement) and the research of the Paris Groupe de Recherche d'Art Visuel.

Works of programmed art have nothing in common with other forms of kinetic art where a given composition, whether strictly geometrical or strictly casual and made up from found objects, moves through space as the main object, but remaining a composition none the less. Programmed art of more or less purity (purish being distinguished by the absence of subjective, as in program design) is now being created in several parts of the world.
The individual soul is under attack and for that reason a "heal" generation excised and will continue to exist under whatever name Rovey generation lost or as Kerouac once prophesied found until it is found. The soul that is. And a social place for the soul to exist manifested in this world. By soul I mean that which differs man from thing, i.e., person—not mere men's consciousness—but feeling bodily consciousness. As long as this tender feeling body is under attack there will continue the expression in Art of the scream or weep or supplication the EXPRESSIONION in one form or other of that infinite—Self—which still calls thru the smear of Babelanarchic war mulls and noise of electric sights & spears which is XX century masscommunication/culture.

Uniquely the art work is one single hand, the mark of individual person: thus in prose developed thru Kerouac Burroughs Sibby the nervous transcriptive spontaneous faculty. Thus in poetry the individuals more reflection of the broader breathing W. C. Williams thru myself Corso Kerouac Creetley Witners Snyder etc.

How difficult to sustain this in the USA presently occupying its deepest geographies in wars (not against comunism for peace has been made with Raulita) against the yellow & other races.

Though ten years ago it may have been inconceivable that the great sweet "cassaba melon" as it was called of "American Century" prosperity was really a great psychic body a mirage of electronic musc-hymnus, the real horror, the real evil latent in America from the days of Poe to the Days of Burroughs is clearly visible in the faces of the hate-gangs that crash thru newspaper and Television at last to lay their Abah curse on the Negro, as they have already laid their Abah curse on Communism. The spectacle of supposedly respectable elders—Eisenhower the leader of the country himself—sustaining a bid for power by an Android like Goldwater! The choice given—or CHOSEN?—

German silent under Hitler woe to the Americans silent now.

Sitting in a Park in Saigon, the strategic Bombing expert in civilian clothes drunk at three AM said "I've got the Eichmann syndrome."—Not a matter of Policy, rational discourse etc. A total disconnectivity between my deepest feelings desire for acceptance tenderness and the military machine non-person rage that dominates the thinking feeling massmedia life publishing life

train pulls in airconditioned: packaged news. The New York Daily News last month proposed that the US Govt. attempt to promote a war between China & Russia in which they supposed at least 500,000,000 lives would be lost. Modest Jno. Swift!—

Things no longer merely out of proportion, things are UNREAL. Manipulating the unreal from centers of power—how can the soul endure? Which is to say, what happens to real bodily feelings confronted with human response ? The feelings and the response become seeming unreal. Total disorganization. Eisenhower knewed before Dulles to take the War.

Oh well, what about the avant guard? It's the only thing (aside from family, childhood etc day to day common sense) it's the only social public manifestation that makes much sense—because it's a attempt to push forth outward feelings of feeling. In public, tender shoots of private sensibility, private understanding, rapport, giggles, delicacies, access, awareness of what is endured all the pre-packed money oriented murderous blasting.

Movie blasting, news broadcast blasting, slick magazine blasting, newspaper blasting, school board blasting, politics blasting, courtroom blasting, social blasting of a totally disabled tribe engaged in struggle to retain power-dominance and control over an entire planet (no an entire solar system!)

Poetry: the resilience of individual sensibility carried thru the vehicle of individualized metrics—individually differentiating not conforming—that's accomplished.

Prose: the vast project of total recall begun by Kerouac continues as he's a saint to that task. English readers by this time also know Burroughs & though he's typically "controversial" in his own time (Is he or is he not an artist? what a stupid argument!) he already influences the thinking processes of a whole generation of American and English boys.

But what's happening now in the US? Amazing enough, MOVIES. After having been absent from the land for three years, I found on my return an excitement, a group, an art-gang, a society of friendly individualists who were running all around the streets with home movie cameras taking each other pictures, just as—a decade ago—poets were running around the streets of NY & San Francisco recording each other's visions in spontaneous language. So now the present moment is being captured on film. This is nothing like the commercial film of Banks distrib- Suzy-suzy, etc. This is the film of crazies, eccentrics, sensitive, individuals man one movie—that is to say the work of individual person not corporations. As such naturally it's interesting depending upon the individual behind the camera—Ron Rice, Harry Smith, Jack Smith, Brakhage, Mekas, Anger, Conners, others. Jonas Mekas is the genius organizer of encouragement and showings, and there is a Film-Makers Cooperative—which naturally has been attacked by the police.

Police, another problem. Police and John Birch societies together gagging up on the avant guard. Goldwater almost, not quite, in reach of power. To make a long story short, laws were sneaked thru in NY requiring licensing for poetry readings in coffeehouses. The State attempted to close down all coffeehouses where poetry was read, one year later. As well as threatening theater cafes, banjo-art cafes etc. A "synchonistic patch". Film showings of the new cinema were stopped in New York and Los Angeles. No student riots or sit ins took place, (unlike our more bold brotherhood behind iron curtain) (nor were there protests at Congress of Cultural Freedom). Sculpture has been seized in San Francisco, Editor of Oregon University mag, was bounced for printing Antonin Artauds To Be Done with The Judgement of God (as several years ago editor of Chicago review was bounced for Burroughs)——Wichita police closed down local coffeehouse, seized City Lights books and one shot poetry magazine NOW. Lenore Clavane commisioned arrested in NYC. All this a sort of white backlash possibly temporary, for myself I lost my mind and am immersed in legal calculations and artistically sterilized screaming at newspapersmen & college professors IT'S HARPERING HERE. I dont suppose this phase will last too long with me & I trust my own genius to carry me thru to tears somewhere else.
Franz Mon: Letters as Picture and Language

Schwinders went still further with his poetry of the banaul among the denizens of our civilisation from which he made his collages were tickets, scraps of newspaper, all kinds of everyday written material; the irrelevance started to become fascinating. Later Hains and Vostell were to strip off entire poster boardings and offer the mangled results to us to read. The Art Nouveau typographers started pulling the actual shapes of the letters about and spinning them round. The formal alienation of one's writing made reading more difficult and stimulated more intensive concentration on the text. Writing became cryptic; at the same time it became more potent, richer in possible meanings. Ernst Schreidler invented a semantic writing, which is not itself readable but hints at something that can be read. Oddly enough there are few printers who have played any part in this development. Hendrik Werkman was probably the first. He used the resources of his type-case to compose letter-pictures. Grieshaber, an outstanding craftsman among artists, took up his ideas (most wittily in his 'monkeys' alphabet') and passed them on to his own pupils. Of these Jonas Reischauer has gone furthest. His work sheets are often printed by superimposing a number of colours and impressions. The superimposition makes the text harder to read, which means that when one reads it the whole weight of the sign is felt.

In non-representational paintings pure manual calligraphy has developed into an important factor. Kandinsky in his early works was already using a free-flowing natural line for the direct transcription of his gestic communications. Hartung, Mathieu, Masson, Pollock, Hartgen and many others have explored this multi-dimensional field and have set down significant experiences that occur when executing 'writing' of this sort and can be communicated in no other way. This is perhaps the clearest instance of a kind of writing evolving in the course of modern art which communicates experiences that one can neither have nor transmit in any other way, and it thus itself a kind of language.

Related to this are the efforts systematically to evolve 'script' divorced from the normal language of sounds: a form of script, in fact, which is likewise a language. The basis here is the undeniable saturation of modern man's experiences and memories with reading; the whole existence is swamped by and dependent on reading and written matter. Given his state of awareness, he can detach himself from orthodox writing without losing his capacity to read signs that look like writing. The unreadable texts by Schreidler already mentioned are attempts in that direction; so is the chalcoplinic schrift of Bryen, Hains and Vlissel (1956). Klei and Mondrian made similar experiments. Among younger artists Wolfgang Schmidt has probably gone furthest, with his 'sign-fields'. This is a systematic development of complexes of signs that look like writing and recall the letters of the alphabet, at the same time demonstrating the wealth of combinations to be derived from the simplest elements: lines, circles and segments. The ambiguity of such sign-writing suits the element of surprise with which the realities of our modern civilization are always liable to confront us. It prevents us from forgetting that we must always be prepared to formulate the unimaginable. For only what has been formulated is real for us.

(1) The "Scripulare Maiori" exhibition in Berlin in 1962, the "Schrift und Bild" exhibition at Baden-Baden and Amsterdam in 1962-63. Catalogues of these exhibitions, notably the large book-cum catalogue Schrift und Bild, now published by Typos-Verlag, Frankfurt. Special number of Quadrant, 1965; Typographica no. 6, December, 1965; Biihne no. 32-33, 1964.
The work of Adolf Von Hildebrand (The Problem of Form, 1893) and of Rémy de Gourmont was typical of a great deal of new awareness concerning the nature of materials and their relation to the modalities of human perception and creativity. The new art and architecture and poetry of the 20th century had their roots in the new kind of perceptual disciplines that centres in the awareness of style. In 1952 Marshall McLuhan’s The Problem of Style made quite explicit the relationship between style and perception, as well as the relation between art and the active training of sensibility. Recognition of this technique became a program of discovery. In 1950 T.S. Eliot’s essay on Massiah brought new stress to bear upon the language of a period in order to make it a means of perceiving the entire structure and values of a civilisation: ‘These lines of Tournear and el Middleton exhibit that perpetual slight alternation of language, words perpetually juxtaposed in new and sudden combinations, meanings perpetually eingeschachtelt, meanings which evidence a very high development of the sense, a development of the English language which we have perhaps never equalled.’ This is the kind of approach to language as the material of poetry that launched many of the artistic experiments of the 1920s, as well as the critical programs of the Calendar of Modern Letters and of Scrutiny. It is not only an attitude but a method and a technique of grappling with all the material forces in any human environment. So that if politics is the art of the possible, its scope must now, in the electric age, include the shaping and programming of the entire sensory environment as a luminous work of art.

From the noolithic age man had been engaged in creating technological extensions of their bodies in various fragmented and specialist forms, whether of script, or wheel, or housing, or money. These extensions serve to amplify, but also to fragment, human powers and faculties in order to store and to expend knowledge and materials and processes. Naturally, such amplifications of human powers greatly enlarge the means and incentives to violence and foster the enlargement of bureaucracy and enterprise alike. The break with the neolithic age came with electromagnetism and its derivative technologies. The electronic age is distinct from any other age in having extended the human nervous system itself in a group of external technologies. The numerous extensions of limbs and feet in the various forms of spindles and wheels and roads now begin to yield to the circuit and the loop ‘where the hands and feet set foot.’ The immediate extensions of our nervous system by telegraph and telephone and radio and television not only unbracket us into a period when the codifying and moving of information supersedes all other tasks in scope and in the creation of wealth, but they involve us totally in one another’s lives. The extensions of our nerves and senses as they constitute a new man-made environment also require a wholly new kind of understanding of the sensory modalities of this new environment and of the learning processes to which they are so deeply related. One of the discoveries of Baudelaire and his followers concerned the means of relating the creative process in poetry to the stages of apprehension of human knowledge. Since Baudelaire, art has become consensive with discovery and knowledge in every sphere of action and at every possible stage of human development. The gap between art and technology has now ceased to exist. As we become cognizant of our art and technology as immediate extensions of forms of codifying information, the electric circuit has restored to us the world of pattern recognition and to an understanding of the life of forms which had been denied to all but the artists of the now receding mechanical age. Our main concern today is with the patterns of the learning process itself, patterns which we can now see to be correlative with the processes of creativity. In the world of the organization of work, the

MARSHALL McLUHAN:

Culture and Technology

electric revolution means the end of jobs. That is, electric circuitry eliminates the fragmentation and specialization of work processes which created the ‘job’ type of work in the Renaissance and after. The elimination of the job in the work process means a return to the depth involvement in role-playing formerly associated only with arts and crafts. But now in the Age of Information the work process and the learning process become interfused. Automation is ‘learning a living.’ Precisely the same kind of a revolution is taking place in the world of learning as in the world of work. Numerous Centres such as the Centre for Culture and Technology at the University of Toronto have recently come into existence. They are the response not so much to a theory as to a need and even to a pressure. It has long been known that in graduate studies a research student crosses departmental boundaries as a matter of course. As access to all kinds of information becomes swifter, so does involvement in the patterns of every type of information. As an example, the Centre for Culture and Technology which exists by cross appointments within the University of Toronto, is concerned to establish ways of quantifying the psychic and social consequences of every type of technology. It is natural that the extensions of our senses technologically should have a direct effect upon the sensory usage and preferences of any community. Many of these effects are quite incompatible with the continuance of older values. Once a sensory typology has been established for a given population, therefore, it is possible to predict the effect on the sensory typology of any given new artefact such as the motor car, or television. That is, it becomes possible to control or to avoid kinds of innovation that are destructive of such established values as we prefer to retain. A large measure of personal and social autonomy thus becomes possible across the entire spectrum of culture and technology, meaning in the way that we now have the means of thermostatic control of the thermal environment. A full understanding of the sensory typology of cultures on one hand, and the sensory order and impact of art and technology on the other hand, makes the possibility of a human environment sensorially programmed for the maximal use of the human powers of learning.
The theory of text is a branch of modern aesthetics. Its concern honors us with works of classical and traditional poems (poetry) than with well-designed articles made of words (advertising). It is based on an extended analysis of a text from which characteristic modern methods of writing and the texts themselves to them may also be derived.

The theory of text makes use above all of mathematical methods. Structure and individual characteristics of a text are expressed in mathematical language. This allows their identification and analysis. In this sense it is a principle of modern aesthetics that "esthetic reality", irrespective of how it manifests itself, can, like physical reality, be quantified and adequately described in mathematical terms. Accordingly we speak of the theory of "textual sets", of "text statistics", of "text topology", depending whether it is set-theory, statistics or topology that we are applying to those sets of words we call "texts". Sometimes we simply use the more comprehensive term "textology" to cover the semantic description of texts; i.e., their description by means of an abstract and symbolic classification theory.

American C. S. Peirce, or their subjection to the abstract theories of auto-
esticts, and have been developed primarily by Russian mathematicians.

In addition to such analytical aims (the analytical theory of text) we have described the symbolic (synthetic theory of text) whose ideas new types of text and new ways of writing exist.

The experimental theory of text is thus part of the general theory. Programming of new texts, preferably by means of a computer program, whose language, is among the constructive aims of the synthetic and experimental theory of text, and it is applied to what we might call the "artificial poetry" of the future.

In the theory and practice of text the element of experiment is so important that it seems essential to make it, as it were, into a stylistic principle. Let me briefly touch the various points of its development and to a distinction with which we are supposed to be familiar.

His well-known essay of 1795 "On Naive and Sentimental Poetry" describes a classical poetry as an expression of something that is, its semantic extra-textual object; that is, its narrative, its thematic-functional object. Thus does it form a part of the theory, or poetic structure, of the poem which is the poetic object of the poem. Schiller's distinction is a point of classical poetry, which may well be preserved at the level of language. Naive poetry then seems to be that element in which poetry makes it relate more closely to the world of reality. Aesthetic and adequately described in mathematical terms. Accordingly we speak of the theory of "textual sets", of "text statistics", of "text topology", depending whether it is set-theory, statistics or topology that we are applying to those sets of words we call "texts". Sometimes we simply use the more comprehensive term "textology" to cover the semantic description of texts; i.e., their description by means of an abstract and symbolic classification theory.

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dimensional word connections, with or without deformation; metaphors which are representational of one vocabulary within another; separated or non-separated connections and texts; open or closed sets of words, based on a vocabulary restricted to monosemials or just to one word; chains and graphs of words or just morphemes; all these are among the methods and constructive principles of the topological style of writing.

The cases which I have described are of course ideal possibilities. In its experimental activities modern poetry, being mainly concerned, as we saw, with the material, metalinguistic level, uses these possibilities above all where they overlap, particularly in the combination of the topological and the statistical and most of all when this results in "visual texts", in two-dimensional "oscillations" (to use Eugen Gombrich's term): the sort of textual formation that has already been popularized by advertising. It is clear that this topological style is an almost pure example of the "material" style, in that the vehicle for the beauty of words and their connections is their material (visual, vocal, verbal) function rather than their objective factual meaning, and that this is a matter of juxtaposition, of environment, of relations between neighbours. Such topological structures are particularly evident in so-called "concrete poetry", for instance, in that of the Noigandres group in Brazil.

Experimental poetry is often accused of being dry and boring. And of course it is true that we are less moved and affected by the products of abstract rational imagination, which spring not so much from a background of true-to-life emotion as from an atmosphere of theorizing, than we are by works that result from life and feeling. However, the dwindling of the poetic element, so characteristic of experimental poetry, corresponds exactly to that dwindling of vital human existence which is unavoidable in any technological civilization.

From a Letter

DITER ROT:

destroyed pictures of objects ruins
of pictures
boring things
stolen things
bad things good things (selected according to judgement of certain persons)
correct (change) texts of writers as one would have liked them to write correct such texts also by correcting in degrees (change letters and words by applying professional printers signs at the margin and show the proofsheets as they continue to change into chaos joke don't know what etc) take pictures of own pictures through pictures of other people (or the other way round) as one takes pictures in a block-factory through a net of lines: have the picture produced on filthy material and take the other picture through dirt film (rusty)

here I write down some of the notes I make constantly for to remember when I have the opportunity to do something I hope it gives you an idea however faint of the idea

(written in the order (disorder) in which they appear in my notebook) fairly flat objects used as relief-printing block (without ink) symmetrically cut things (like the cutcards) destroyed signs (letters cut combined twisted ruins of letters)

text copied on dirty or dusty film print with text submerged in that dustspurs announcement: the following x pages contain also things I had no money to produce I did not dare to produce etc.

symmetries of form symmetries of scenes
texts made up of pictures (for the same words the same pictures) pages filled with the same letter (ELR) taken out of books posters written letters etc (hundreds of different r's)
take pictures of pictures of friends print them on top of each other take different texts and mix them have other people collect certain printable stuff for me

dizer rot.
The Development of Group Zero

spinal fever although he did not influence us directly. I met Fontana for the first time in 1961. But MacK and myself have known, introduced by Piero Mannoni who since 1959 established many contacts between artists in different countries, especially between Milan and Düsseldorf. While Fontana’s encouragement to us mainly was a human stimulus, another “impulsion” came from Max Bill who in 1960 included us in his show “Koolokte Kunst”. But most of us (except Mavignier who had been Bill’s student) succeeded in remaining on their feet as artists who do not want their spirit (and sensation) being overwhelmed by brains or even intellectual visual research. One of our most important aims proved to be the attempt of reharmonizing the relation between man and nature—nature offering enormous impulsion from the elements and their vast materialisations: the sky, the sea, the arctic and the desert, air, light, water, fire as means of expression and form—not putting the artist into the position of a flautist from the modern world “so, no, the artist using means of actual technical invention as well as those of nature. The proportion nature—man—technical was once one of the guiding subjects of ZERO 2 published in July 1961. It was devoted to about 20 artists among whom the hommage & Fontana and the statements of Yves Klein, Jean Tinguely, Arman, Spoerri, MacK and myself may have been most influential.

Yves Klein had perhaps been the real motor in provoking a “ZERO movement”. His personal influence as our friend and as an artist-power have set loose our activity in 1957 towards ZERO, even if our personal tendency in light and visual movement as vibration and the struggle between light and darkness had only a loose connection to his ambitions. His influence, however, came from his personal genius and his universal attitude towards purification.

Perhaps the most important “ZERO” exhibition took place at the Hamburger Kunsthalle in Berlin in 1959. It was organized by Pol Bury, Paul van Hooydonck and Jean Tinguely assisted by Daniel Spoerri. The exhibition had no title but the theme of the catalogue was the Moholy term “Vision in motion—motion in vision.” The participants were a.o. Bury, v. Hooydonck, Yves Klein, Mack, Mavignier, Piele, Sperrer, Ucker, S. Tinguely. In July 1959 I organised, together with Mack, another Exhibition of that type in Wiesbaden, entitled “dynamo 1”. It was opened the night before the start of “documenta 2” and became the first of our exhibitions in Germany which thrilled the common feeling on teaching etc. and gave an impression of the chances for harmony between sensibility and mental control (or even identity in them). Since the beginning of 1959 Mack and myself had repeated meetings with Jean Tinguely whose rousing talks on drugs and the activity, and gave an impulse to motorize our light objects. Since 1959 we worked for the composition and publication of ZERO 1. After it had come out (“ZERO edition exhibition demonstration” Galerie Schmela, Düsseldorf, July 1961), an ever increasing number of ZERO “happenings” and exhibitions took place, mostly organized by Mack and myself, sometimes, in Italy, by Mannoni and Castellani, or, in Holland, since 1961 the “Dutch informal group” changed its direction and approached ZERO, by Peeters and Armando (who in 1964 fixed a new name of their group—”null” (ZERO) and settled stonily in our neighborhood. Peeters was one of the organizers of the “NUL” exhibition in the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam in March 1964.

About 1960 two tendencies within the spirit of the artists who had taken part or been interested in ZERO events proved to develop clearly: the idealistic (occasionally romantic) trend willing to provoke an alteration of objects and man from the dark to the bright (later on emphasized in the ZER0, THE NEW IDEALISM manifesto of Mack, Piele, Ucker in Berlin and Brussels)—and the New Realism (Newe Réalisme) of the late Yves Klein, Tinguely, Arman, Spoerri—in some way parallel to pop art in America.

By that time (about 1961/62) many other groups, especially in Europe, were founded which felt either attraction or hate-love to ZERO, such as the Yugoslav group in Zagreb, groups in Milan and Paris. Peeters did researches on the art of vanishing (Paris which also comes from the Vaastre line), the academic kinetists in Munich (with their ambitious formen v. Graevenitz, “Nouvelles tendances”, the kinetic centre of Medulla and Salvadori in London, etc.). Since the end of 1961 Ucker began to work close to myself and Mack, and our group formed the first collaboration: the “salon de lumière” (light salon) in the Stedelijk Museum. Up to that time we—besides ZERO exhibitions at various places—had several exhibitions together: in Brussels (Palais des Beaux Arts); Museum Haus Lange in Krefeld; in Berlin: The Hague (Gemeente Museum); in London (McRoberts and Tunnard) at documenta 3. Mack’s and Ucker’s work so far is more concerned with light itself while I myself try to
penetrate darkness by means of smoke and fire on the one hand and projectors on the other. While Mack longs to alter vast landscapes I myself try to influence the"human landscape"by the light ballet and my plays.

Mack, Uecker and I myself now form, let's say, the "inner circle" of ZERO (which is no group in a definitely organised way—there is no president, no leader, no secretary—there are no "members"; there is only a human relation between several artists and artistic relation between different individuals. The partners in ZERO exhibitions are always changing. There is no obligation of taking part, no "should" or "must"—(one of the reasons, I think, why ZERO is still rising)—we are fond of collaboration and occasionally doing team-work (Mack, Pieno, Uecker, "light-mills")

but we are at the same time convinced that team-work is nonsense if it tries to be alternative to or to rule out individuality or personal sensibility. For me the essence of team-work is the absence for a synthesis of different personal ideas. This synthesis might be richer than the few ideas which a single artist usually is able to investigate.

We try to keep faithful in our conception of giving more beauty to "the world" without killing our spirit by fixed terms of a program and believing that we might be alpha and omega. We try to work in our ZERO zone and at the same time remain open to the zero zones which "the world", man, and nature offer us in permanence.
I do not present the techniques I use in writing as a solenoid literary movement but rather as amusing exercises so introducing Lady Sutton-Smith who 'launched' as she put it a villa in the Marlham (Tangier) overlooking the sea, Lady Sutton-Smith tripping special bougainvillea and thin strange cats; 'I think of writing as something that's fun to do. Out here we have the space to make our own fun you know crippled with arthritis I hardly walk so I write my walks. I write my walks in columns.'

Every day her servant went to the market to buy food and Lady Sutton-Smith wrote the walk before she sent her servant, wrote what he would see and how he would meet and what would be said. She plotted and timed his walk on her map of Tangier. 'That's just here by the bougainvillea where the old junky doctor used to live.' When her servant returned from the market she questioned him to see how close she had come and entered the corrections in a separate column. Then she filled a third column with cross column readings and observations . Edges she kept stacked up in a depth of two on each page devised neatly in three columns. Lady Sutton-Smith is here to answer your questions. Please remember she also has stray cats to feed, that she must organize benefit slave auctions for the S.P.C.A. and the Anti-Fluoride Society and teach a class in flower arranging at the Leprasarium which is another of the civics thing she did. 

'Cut up?' but of course. I have been a car up for years and why not? Words know where they belong better than you do. I think of words as being alive like animals. They don't like to be kept in pages. Out the pages and let the words out. Sometimes I take all my old Tuesday walks and fill a column on some future Tuesday with old Tuesday cut ups and see how close that comes when I get there. You would be surprised how I can write a future Tuesday from old Tuesday cut ups or any other day as well I use pictures too in my books . Oh not just any picture. The picture.

The Literary Techniques of Lady Sutton-Smith:

W. S. BURRoughs:

Now back on a 1957 Sunday I wrote: 'As old junky selling Christmas seals on North Clark St. 'The Priest' they called him. And just here is a picture from Newsweek, May 18, 1966 . plane wreck. The priest there flesh lified. ' Last rites for 44 airliner dead including Captain Clark (left)'. Left an old lanky on North Clark St. dim jerry far away Lady Sutton-Smith Lady Sutton-brings you an article I wrote once for the uplift magazines . My Advice to Young Yout. I had an old city editor once who used to tell his young reporters: 'You will never get anywhere sitting on your dead tail. Go out and get that story. Go out and get that picture. Not just any story. Not just any picture. The story. The picture.' And that goes double for young writers. . Now look at your typewriter. Your words spelt out whose words? . phantom tape playing over your typewriter, sad muttering voices looking for a role. Listen and record. Before you can write you must learn to listen. Now look beyond your typewriter. Pick up your soft typewriter and walk. Sit down in a cafe somewhere drink a coffee read the papers and listen to need namely: Actor, Camera. You will find that a walk a few errands, a short trip will provide pages of copy when you learn to listen and read. Yes how many of you know how to read? Look at Time or Newsweek. Hold a page up to the light and see what the other side . Just here in Newsweek, July 6, 1964 page 5 is a picture of a loaf of bread in some obscure way advertising Esso Petroleum Co. On the other side page 6 is devoted to Banking Service America Express. Now 'bread' in hip jargon used by old time 'Vuul Men' means money. How many of you saw that money behind the 'bread'? When you read a newspaper, read it. I recently took The Quiet American by Mr. Graham Greene on a short trip from Tangier Gibraltar as sitting in the saloon of the Mons Calpe cold mist outside fog horns blowing I read 'Pyle looked dreamily at the milk bar across the street. 'Was that a grenade?' he said. 'No that was not a grenade. That was a fog horn.' cold mist through the milk bar. (Note in the margin). Now look around and see if you can find 'Pyle' in the saloon. Yes there he is. bottle of beer . quiet American eyes. So take any book on a trip and make a reading diary. Now arrange your reading diary in one column. Note these intersection points in the margin of your paper. Listen to what is being said around you and look at what is going on around you. Cast yourself as a secret agent in constant danger of assassination or enemy torture chambers all your senses on total alert sniffing quivering down streets of fear like an electric dog this is an amusing little literary exercise bringing to the writer what you abhor. . Set your clocks forward an hour . Set your clocks back an hour . Now read even column and see what an interesting trip you have made and how much there is to write about really because any intersection point in present time contains all your past times and maybe your future time as well. . What's that? I'm a little hard of hearing. Oh no of course you don't use all your cross column readings any more than you use all your cut ups or fold ins. You only use the ones that fit you know. Yes it is a lot of work picking them out and putting them just here in the right place. I have often thought much of the apparent waste was perhaps a premonition of the amount of work and precision required to use them properly. So look at a page you have written and move all your lines around why not? Read from line one down to line nothing 'I do not present just any picture . All your senses on ' Milk Bar Alert' you can write on North Clark St. intersection points . The 'Priest' there quiet lashed lified being your advice to young writers . Forget me from old Tuesday intersection points . I on the other side . bad muttering voices. a few errands. An old junky writer in the margin dim kerky far away Get that picture? You know how to read behind a novel ? Future fog across arrivals and departures . Smell of ashes rising from the typewriter. Feel the limit is an amusing literary exercise put away some remote file . . The Nova Police Gazette. Yes I keep all my papers in files and the title of every file tells me what is there already and what belongs there. Inspector J.

Lee of 'The Nova Police like everyone who does a job works to make himself obsolescent. I keep files on all my characters with identikit pictures. When I see a picture in a newspaper or magazine that seems to have something of Doctor Benway, A. J. or Inspector J. Lee it's out and out and return it to the appropriate file with all the intersection readings from novels newspapers and magazines in all here in the files stacked up in a dusty room and that's about the closest way I know to tell you and papers running across city desks. Always tell my young reporters: 'Get the name and address.' Lady Sutton-Smith committed to a cool Sunday file. Fresh southerly winds stir papers on the city desk. 

Note: The first cut ups were made by Mr. Brian Gysin Summer of 1960 and appeared in Minutes To Go September 1960. There are many ways to do cut ups: 1. Take a page of text and draw a line down the middle and cross the middle. You now have four blocks of text 1 2 3 4. Now cut along the lines and put block 1 with block 4 and block 2 with block 3. Read the rearranged page. 2. Fold a page of text down the middle longways and lay it on another page of text. Now read across half one text and half the other. 3. Arrange your texts in any three or more columns and read cross column. 4. Take any newspaper page of text and cut it into any number of columns. Now shift permute order of lines 1 3 6 5 12 10 e c t e r a. There of course many other possibilities. A good way to increase your collection is to keep a file of the title of the file tells me what is there already and what belongs there.
AG poetry scene 1964 begins 1st decade post concrete—monotoned poems concrete world already envisaged writing eugen gomringer's entry 1953 (cf 1st internet exp concrete art (basel 1944) and concrete art 50 years of development (milan 1956) both organized by gomringer's friend max bill) w/ noun poem aequallay aenos insear and near carry of 30+ de camping w/ his permanent umpoems — earliest beginnings — the 1949 peter fromresistentialist poem by peter fischer (lowly rector of passover college)—or series of sonnetsicam poems typed w/ brain fischer grill for wc 1945 my earliest yesterepart—our or wordless no song plays the—true poems concreate world only got vividly begeen in mental symbolics at 1st meeting 1955 gomringer plus pinguin (jean baudrillard) w/ augusto & heraldo de campos de the brazil noigandres—isolation the antibiologic w/ all poems come to concreate out of other senses—hence founding of international movement of artistic poetry by pierre garnier paris 1953— & all—all—all—all—all—phoem w/ mikey weaver charlie 1954 that makes the poet-artist hookup in kinesics desiderated typographics & c.1956 gomringer started ap (to no so far)—has phd diter re / owald wiener claude breiner/reifer gulliver / jose lino gruenwald / ronaldo arceo / kitano katsu / wladimir dino pio / thor spenholts / heraldo & augusto de campos / decio pignatari / friedrich achtleer / gerhard ruhl / carlo behl / emmett williams / kenu 2 number british (em / ih / das deh) inc increase;border broilers inter art-art & artist-public & mind-unnind & nonnomm /SUPERCOOL AESTHETIC OF

DOM SYLVESTER HOUEÉRD: paradox

bossman & searchy—4-D poetry logically closes 1st cent modern art from 1863 napoleon III salon des refusés—logiclly postwright命中的 words language as matter. poems looked at the thru—-not clean-window poems to poet mindscapes— poems that sound poorly not just him—this defined 1st decade concret (static / dynamic / kinetic) poeticexpressionist;afterbeat poets had no new private messages to imrove—wore were concerned ab starts now related to—literary history—decomperntialized planetarised & off-centre—language expression overg—national languages overcomune— in global villiclue—containment of newscociety builtin divine madness—hence un-un &

cool nothing parasuda (suarda) out-growing sticky feaf of inner near—1954 in france post metapolitise of alluger post formetico after poetico in OUT (ex 5e saison) w/ chopin / bran gysin / in jounral / in shaker mel—poet garnier's cteut les lettres aux at centering specialists everywhere see manifesto on barriern magique—also soundpoems in aristophanes / schwitters tradition—backgoedes to [W] barriers scambled between all visual / static / kinetic arts & eyeverse—between all aural arts (all-human like

nothingness / to concrete spatial 4-D kinetic—these 3 ambulibites as creativity now—not art-poem as concretisation idea (to copy outside- world inside / nature / impressions of nature / soul-psyche-subconscious)— but artist-poe; as imitator creators (of va-3 trinity concept) [7.127] — art-poetry towards the ex-nilhio— poems不做 copies of but additions to the self-diverifying cosmos poems— hence egoless involvements w/ ch'努on / communication problems / shrunkhead / cold / classless non-

dents in & sobornost w/ ball-trains 1956 has been plunet-fromative / bas manman arp elwertbott etur poetico in OUT (ex 5e saison) w/ chopin / bran gysin / in jounral / in shaker mel—poet garnier's cteut les lettres aux at centering specialists everywhere see manifesto on barriern magique—also soundpoems in aristophanes / schwitters tradition—backgoedes to [W] barriers scambled between all visual / static / kinetic arts & eyeverse—between all aural arts (all-human like

jeudi—crossfilterlies w/ noigandres (de campos bros / pingatari / acerdo / gruenwald / edgard bragha / ferreiro gullar / marcel moura / wladimir dias pino / pedro xisto / manuel bandeira) who someone now their own (musical typographic semantic sociological) original inspiration with the concrete pura of gomringer (now deepening in his current work to plan ch'like crystalistic contempoizity) & the statngtucal technical mensch who heraldo is 1964 lecturing the brazilian non-noigandres post—nonconcrete praxis group (paulo de chantie / cassiano ricardo / s-a cabral / yone foscaca / armando fessas filho) aim to humanise contemporary poetry—poem making poems (of shaker's biested poem-kt)—controlled-strochas—rubbersheet poetry—synthey- sin of the eye-ea-cybernetic triunity of spacialist manifesto

spatialist humour from-prague—josef hirsal / b'griegorov job-bb / iudas novak's poibazus—current develop- ment of japanese yovu & sentho groups (kittano katsu / fumitomi yasu / toshio shikimaru / nikuchi seichichi / je vinchole) so far close to dubravnik/gomringer's nonconcrete pura will manifest in tucek no of les lettres—lans g helmsy gang has got known to bg mamyways eg thru samul_FRAME—joua reichert paralleling fuurial thur jaia reichard in typographies— the poet-typographer cina cina typo- rase—not only in fih's poeyorgography but in eg brunon munari / pierre fauchez / edward wrigty (frist thing first material signatories— fuurials openings jiunjford s a response to that appeal)—in spain one (young fine) known concretist enrique urrize finally great britain—1st eye- concrete pdb was scotland 1963 by ihf in his POTSH & fishshort (mouta / xisto / de a campo / hendery / hollie / morgon / ifh / jonathan williams / mary only)—in england was ihf pub in aylford review 1963—still not quite everywhere apart from f j & b advcs in pusle 1963 & current pp run-proof leg in tag (also beseuec) it is j level; w/ synaptic olso-nukylo advc & blackmountaineer as felt influence here tho various laicks not mens only hold some advances frustratingly up—1962 edwin morgan / ian finley / ascen helio / myself all came to concrete directions out of different places thru. TLS letter 25056d on international movement de melo e castro in re article poesy prose & the machine TLS 40962d—sit herbert read (vocal awovals 1962) / in jounral / in shaker independently—thomas thomson had presented us w/ starpoems in bayanus 1949—then (ear-concrete) wim stone / margaret lothies / charles cameron / mike weaver thru the contact w/ garnier—thru him w/ chopin & 5e saison now OUT / gomringer—de melo e castro w/ phd the was all ways w/ eg locus solus poets harry mathews / ib lax / emmett williams / brice gymn (sulicanting strabo- graphic gift in olimpia-2 first step to mechanised poetry: machine poem 5 in us geo maelbech / tm durango (cf poet silence swans) in budd / bumloosh / brown peinture-musique rencontre at stadler mars-avril 54)—project in gb include concretist—f ihf's poemoramas—shaw's worldy—an OUT wim chopin aucticrack to my tyypetare—fuurials abscaporum— weaver's
ROBERT CREELEY: Sense of Measure

ago in Art and Artists concerning the fact that an artist does die with each thing he does, in so far as he depends upon the conclusion of what possibilities do exist for him. Paras-

doxically, nothing can come from that which is altogether successful. But again this risk is overcome—in the imagination—by trust of that coherence which no other means can discover. It would seem to me that occasional parallels between the arts and religion may well come from this coincidence of attitude, at least at times when philosophy or psychology are not the measure of either. Let me be misunderstood by those who demand of the artist 'a religious' experience, not a social order or commitment, less a moral one. Gary Snyder tells me that the Indians consider the experience of vision a requisite for attaining manhood. So they feel their enemy, the whites, not men, simply that so few of the latter had ever gained this measure of their own phenomenon. In this sense I am more interested, at present, in what is given to me to write apart from what I might intend. I have never explicitly known before what it was that I would say. For myself, artifici-

ation is the intelligent ability to recognize the experience of what is so given, as words. I do not feel that such a sense of writing is "mindless" or "automatic" in a pejorative way. At the end of Paterson V Williams writes:

—learning with age to sleep my life away:

The measure intervenes, to measure is all we know...

I am deeply interested in the act of such measuring. I feel it involves much more than an academic sense of metric. There can no longer be a significant discussion of the meter of a poem in relation to iambic and like terms because linguistics has offered a much more detailed and sensitive register of this part of a poem's activity. Nor do I feel measure to involve the humanistic attempt to relate all phenomena to the scale of human appreciation thereof. And systems of language—the world of discourse which so contained Sartre at all—no more for me a false situation if it is assumed they offer a modality for being; apart from description. I am not at all interested in describing anything. I want to give witness not to the thought of myself—that specific concept of identity—but, rather, to what I am as simple agency, a thing evidently alive by virtue of such activity. I want, as Charles Olson says, to come into the world. Measure then, in my testament. What uses me is what I use, and in that complex measure is the issue. I cannot cut down trees with my bare hand, which is measure of both tree and hand. In that way I feel that poetry, in the very nature of its relation to image and rhythm, offers an intensely varied record of such facts. It is equally one of them.
I am, or rather was, a member of the Vienna group. This working collective no longer exists, having resolved itself into friendly contacts and occasional collaborations. The group came into being in 1952. Its members at that time were Hans Carl Armann (born 1931), Gerhard Rühm (born 1930) and myself (born 1932). We were subsequently joined by Oswald Wiener (born 1933) and Friedrich Achleitner (born 1935). Our longest period of collaboration was from 1954 to 1959. A large number of collaborative works date from then, and arose from the most varied combinations of two, three or four of us. Our individual works, however, also began to manifest a common style; this was indeed the aim. Together we tackled the same themes from different aspects or according to different principles, tested out formal possibilities, discovered new methods and applied them.

The fact that genuine collective works could be produced, and produced as part of our programme and not just as odd byproducts of it: this urge towards anonymity, this self-effacement of the author in favour of collaboration—an attitude influenced no doubt by our youth—was a major characteristic of our group, and still strikes me as one of the few conceivable justifications for literary cooperation. The Vienna group was not so much an economic organization as a laboratory and a test-bed. O. Wiener was particularly keen on anonymity in those days, and as a result our contributions to a possible KONRAD BAYER: The Vienna Group

theatre of the future—presented under the guise of cabaret sketches—appeared under our combined names without any indication of specific authorship (1958, 1959: demonstrations of "facts", public acts of destruction, exercises in awareness, attempts at total theatre)."

Our varied intellectual backgrounds made for fertile mutual influence. For their part Oswald Wiener, Gerhard Rühm and Friedrich Achleitner aimed at constructive, materially-oriented writing, looking back to expressionism and the bauhaus, drawing inspiration from Wittgenstein's writings; musical scores, rows, structures, optical presentation; Rühm was a musician and composer, Achleitner an architect. O. Wiener a jazz musician; that was in 1954-55, whereas O. Wiener supported them at the time on the theoretical side, but subsequently gave up all attempts in that direction. Gerhard Rühm and Friedrich Achleitner can still be counted as concrete poets.

We still sometimes appear together, for instance in the "mobile salon" of galerie situationen 60 in Berlin or when producing old collective works like our kindertraper (written 1958, performed 1964: Achleitner, Rühm, Wiener and myself).

The final development was the founding of a magazine (edition 62, die dägenfurt) devoted strictly to the publication of our works; it was made editor. This meant I could save one or two of my friends' earlier works from oblivion (including Armann's "die fahrt zur insel mainau", 1954). The magazine subsequently fell victim to technical difficulties.

An anthology devoted to our group will shortly be published by walter-verlag, often, under the title die muttersternewaere. There is also to be a novel, poems and short plays by Armann, as well as my own der hof des von der bering, for some time now Armann has been living in mulheim and Rühm in Berlin.
MARGARET MASTERMAN:

The use of Computers to make Semantic toy models of language

Small has a little train. The engine is black and shiny. He keeps it oiled and polished. Engineer Small is proud of his little engine. The engine has a bell and a whistle. It has a sand-dome. It has a headlight and a smokestack. It has four big driving wheels. It has a firebox under its boiler. When the water in the boiler is heated it makes steam. The kind of thing which the computer produced was:

* WHEN HE IS OILED HE IS POLISHED, for instance, nonsense or not?

It will be noted that these two toy models both take English grammar and syntax for granted, but isolate and exaggerate the factor of the wide range of choice which human beings have in the actual sequences of words they write or say. The question arises, however, whether we could not make a Toy Model which was semantically constrained but syntactically simplified. For instance, take a set of 12 short questions and 12 short answers from an A.A. phrasebook:

- When does it rains? Are you feeling ill? Where does he live? Down that street. Early next week. I don’t know. Code these questions with semantic classifiers in any way which defines for you the range of sensible answers which the question could have; and conversely for the answers; and then let the computer loose to match questions and answers. Again, judging the result is a sophisticated activity. Is it why aren’t you dressed? + I thought I was a sensible piece of dialogue or not? And granted that the computer can thus be made to talk ‘scene’, with how ‘pidgin’ a syntax could we get the meaning across?

Once the toy-model-making idea is grasped, endless ideas suggest themselves; and one has to ask “What is the underlying aim behind all this?” Surely what is really being done here is making the computer talk not by painfully teaching it one new word after another, and then how to combine them, but by teaching it to dump down the enormous permutational resources of the whole language so that tolerable conceptual and semantic associations are formed. In other words, the computer does not behave as the child does; it behaves as the dumb poet does. Huge sets of literal and metaphysical word-uses (e.g., from Roger’s Thesaurus) have been fed into it, and it combines them. But why rely on Roger? Why be so stereotyped? Why not get a real poet to feed unusual strings of synonyms and usual rules of combination into the machine, and then see what sort of sequences come out?

You will say that to use a computer to write poetry is like using a crane instead of a spade, and then to throw light both on the habits of language-users and on the nature of conceptual thought itself.

Two such toy models have become widely known. The first of these was the program produced by Christopher Strachey, in which he made the Manchester University Computer write love-letters. A typical output of this program was the following:

DEAR RONEY-DEW
YOU ARE MY GREATEST WHISKERS MY UTTER MOONBEAM
YOUR BEAUTIFULLY MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY COMPUTER.
In looking over the things I have done over the past few years I can not find any special continuity or even any specific interest. I suspect it is a good thing that everything is up in the air, although I must admit I am not always comfortable with that feeling. I have been making a point recently not to shut out so many things as I used to. Some years ago I had to keep out anything that did not seem appropriate to what I was doing at that moment. All those other things were somehow distractions. Now when a distraction comes along I may take out time to think about it, or write it down, or photograph it, record it, film it, or cast it, or eat it, or something else. As a matter of fact, it seems more and more that distractions are more interesting than anything else.

As I look over the events (EVENTS—not really a very good word) that have concerned me there seem to be a number of ideas that have been of interest. One day I tore up a letter by mistake and later on it seemed that was the only important thing that had happened all week. Since probably that was not the case, I decided it was really so, I remade the letter out of brass and had it chrome plated. That was a piece of sculpture. So I put it into the same kind of mailbox the original letter had been in, so that anyone could open it and find a new kind of letter. Then it was not quite so much a piece of sculpture, especially for those who tried to pry open the metal envelope hoping to find a letter inside. I also wrote an event for mailbox with the thought that it might be of interest to do it under instruction:

mailbox event
open mailbox
close eyes
remove letter of choice
tear up letter
open eyes

So far I haven’t discovered if anyone has actually done the mailbox event (except myself). In making the postage stamp for the brass letter I decided in the future to make my own postage stamps since most stamps are not very interesting any more. They once were when I collected them when I was about eight years old, especially a Spanish stamp of Goya’s Main. In making the stamps I found I was interested, evidently, in whiskeys, W. C. Fields, girls, sheet music, gas cans, sex, pliers, pencils, breasts, alphabet letters, and a number of other things. Some of the stamps have been declared pornographic, a subject that is of some interest to me. I wonder if anything really is. I also make a dollar bill since everyone is interested in money.

Some of the events are just things to think about. Others are actions that can be carried out, sometimes before an audience or person. Some are actions to be performed in private. Some are instructions for actions, for attitudes, positions, orstances. Some are impossible, some inconsequential. The events to which I refer here are the ones that are printed on cards and collected in a box. As future ones come along they can be added to the box to form a kind of expandable and changing work. There are also such events in the box, that when the action is taken the event card itself is changed directly, as in the Hospital Events which are explosive. Some events have been composed with an idea of performance in mind.

R. WATTS:

These are more precisely theatre plans in the sense that they are plans for an audience, a stage or area, props, lighting, sound, etc. I tend to look upon events as actions of short duration, not necessarily related in any special sense. When a number are done at one sitting (as in Yum Lecture) it is rather like cutting open a string of beads, each bead an event. This may be like, or unlike, a happening where the whole program is scored as a totality. I consider Yum Lecture a chain of events arranged in such a way that the sequence is quite random, no performance exactly like any other, with changing performers, costumes, actions, sounds, words, images, and so on. The structure is such that it is very flexible (nearly non-existent) and permits inclusion of anything one wished to do and any possible future changes. It is a loose and open thing. The audience puts it together the way it wishes or not at all.

Simlar ideas were at work in Yum Festival which George Brecht and I carried out last year. In effect this was a mailing to an audience, sometimes randomly chosen, of an assortment of things. Some were event cards similar to the above; others were objects, food, pencils, soup, photos, actions, words, facts, statements, descriptions, puns, etc. Certain ones were by subscription. One might say this way of working is a way of manner of calling attention to what one wishes to talk about; or is a way of talking about it. Or it is a way to hold up for scrutiny a range of material that ordinarily is not so directly useful for art or has not yet been so considered. Some might say it is possible in this way to suggest the relationships among many things, or the non-relatedness of all things, or some other formalistic thinking or theory. Others may feel this is a formal means to cope with or deal with many diverse thoughts, feelings, attitudes and subjects. For me, I am pleased that I can as easily say something about trees as about autos, about birds as about persons. The whole universe of observable phenomena (or even more?) can be considered as useful, helpful, worthy, or at least there. There is not the problem as there is in painting or other conventional forms, say, where one feels he must make rational formal decisions about what to include or exclude, how this goes with that, what space or color should this and that have, etc. One might argue, however, that these problems are and always have been the proper concern of art and artists. Traditionally this is true, is accepted a priori, and indicates the limiting bonds of tradition, defines what art has been.

In recent times some artists, and not only visual artists but dancers, film makers, and others, have been testing out their thoughts and ideas in their own domain as seen against our recent experience with events, environments, and happenings. It will probably be possible for painters to change the nature of painting if they so wish. I presume it is being done this very minute. It is also possible to invent new forms, new methods, to deal with new ideas. I presume this also is occurring.

Earlier I mentioned that distractions seem to be more and more interesting to me. This suggests that it might be fruitful if everyone thought more about what is distracting to him. These momentary signals: that barking dog, those greasy smells, a fragment of words, a flushed toilet, that funny hair. How do we decide what is important for art, anyway? When do we decide to do something about it.
THE THEORY OF OPPOSITES OR
THE HISTORY OF NOTHING WITH
THE SUPPRESSION OF TALENT
INVOLVING THE WHEEL OF THE
LOCOMOTIVE, THE BRAIN OF THE DOG
& CRANK SHAFT OF A SHIP
THE CYLINDER HEAD OF THE AEROPLANE
THE VALUE OF THE OVEN
VARIOUS DOMESTIC ARTICLES
NEW & OLD
AN ARCHITECTURE FROM
TOOLS OF THE CHILD
THE SEARCH FOR ARCH-TYPES
TO AID THE
METALLISATION OF THE 'DREAM'
A SHORT HISTORY OF THE COMMON
WOODEN CIRCLES, PAPER SQUARES
, INKWEEL 1934, OLD NEWSPAPERS
AND A DICTIONARY OF GUNS.
THE CAMERA RUIN & VIRGIN
A CLOCKWORK MASK LIKE AN EYE /
PALLAS

SALE

I've sold out, all I owned, the 1st.
Four flights of stairs they came up,
rung the bell twice, out of breath,
and paid down their cash on the floor,
since the table too had been sold.

While I was selling it all,
five or six streets from here they expropriated
all the possessive pronouns
and sawed off the private shadows
of little innocuous men.

I've sold out, all I owned, the 2nd.
There's no more to be had from me.
Even my last and tiniest genie,
a keepsake long treasured devously,
fetches a good price in the end.

All I owned is sold now, the lot.
My old chairs—I sent them packing.
The wardrobe—I gave it the sack.
The bed—I stripped them, exposed them
and lay down beside them, abstemiously.

In the end all I'd owned had been sold.
The shirts were collarless, hopeless,
the trousers by now knew too much;
to a raw and blush ing young octlet
I made a gift of my frying-pan

And all that was left of my salt.

GUENTER GRASS
Translated by Michael Hamburger.
Large Mural Poem

The Wheel

Perpetually he considers the pros and cons
of having himself covered with prist
and bound up into a book
since after all he is indistinguishable
from an immaculate sheet of paper.
In place of a heart
he wears a watermark.
He never greets passers-by
and never wants to be greeted
whether with or without a top hat.
Nor does it ever occur to him
to seize a dagger and feel like stabbing
though many experts come
and admire the lovely white sheet of paper.
Many many experts come each day
to hold the lovely white sheet of paper up to the light
and as soon as they discover the watermark
to shriek as though with a single voice:
the watermark the watermark the wheel!
As soon as the experts discover the watermark
they nearly have kittens
and immediately inflect
as words are inflected.
One and the same expert inflicts as a singular
person
as a singular person and as a plural person
in the present past and future.
The admirers are fearless.
All they can think of now is inflect or break
and the wheel.

Jean Arp

Translated by Michael Hamburger
London Poem

On what is now my news
Went to Finland for a month, it didn’t work, it is
A little better here
You don’t have to be
Anybody or conform to anything
To anybody’s anything
You can own nothing, you don’t have to strive
For virtue
Ownership being the one and only virtue
In Finland it didn’t work, I was afraid
They would all realize that I have no desire
And no ability to acquire
That virtue
Here, it is a little better
I can always point to the Far North and say
There, there it lies
My virtue, there
I have an apartment a wife and children.
Friends and opinions
To influence public opinion
There, I have I have
Pointing to the north I say, I have
And sit here reading
The Economist on “how to expand”
Throw orange peels on the floor, sun shines
A dusty windowpane and almost three o’clock
In the disintegrating world
All of us watching it go, not really caring
I don’t really care I light a Woodbine
A woodbine is a woodbine
And how is it with me here, am I happy
What part of me, my fingers, toes
My hair or teeth or that which has remained nameless
Since God was born of a virgin
Lost, cut off, cast in the mold of steeples
Yes I am working
Serenely all day, not waiting
But as I sense the endless, flat city all around me
I become restless
I am waiting
For the flowering of this city and all cities
Take a walk:
Underground, between trains
See a woman combing her hair
Looking the way she does she won’t change much
A thought
How could I ever
Really say
Anything
At all

Trans. from the Finnish by Annelen Heilo

Discobolus

But
before his final throw
someone whispered to him
from behind
—Just a moment,
we still have to discuss this
purely as a matter of form,
—You don’t know the situation,
comrade,
In principle we welcome
your initiative,
but you must understand
—We have to insist on
fundamental
agreement
for every throw,
he felt
the soft Sudanese reed
wind round his wrist,
he wanted to cry out
but
his mouth
was suddenly filled
with the candy-dolls of the evening sky,
his muscles swelled
like Thessalian granite,
yet
there was really no point in it,
—Forward there,
someone said,
make way, please,
Demosthenes
is to throw now,
and Demosthenes
took a grain of sand from under his tongue
and neatly
licked it in the other’s eye,
—Hurrah, one more
world record,
they shouted,
desperate maddened nameless
Discobolus
again swung down
low from the knees,
but he was
already stone
and saw
only a single
huge grain of sand

from horizon to horizon.
So he stood.
And round the corner
came
the first school excursions
led
by the finest pedagogues,
who referred especially
to the play of the shoulders,
to the courageous human heart
and the proud pace forward
on the way
to eternity.

Trans. from the Czech by Ivan Milner

MIKOSLAV HULJAR

PENTTI SAAKIKOSKI

Translated from the Finnish by Annelen Heilo
Four stills from "The Poet" (a film)

1

The poet, drunk, is seen
composing a poem to the revolutionaries
of the world.

It is to be a long poem.

While working on p.9 he realizes
that he is stone cold sober:
he stops, goes back,
reads what he has written
starts crossing out words—
lines—sections—
whole pages.

One line remains,
on page five. It says:

the heroes, their mouths fall of

It is not
a very good line. Maybe
he only forgot to cross it out.
We cannot
ask him.
He has fallen asleep.

2

The poet,
asleep;
addresses his friends

You, my brethren
in the dream:
remember the time of night
we have agreed
to light our pipes of peace

Remember our pact
be gently mad children
at the appointed hour
paint the blue sign
on your foreheads

Knowing each other's rooms
we can then be together
remember
no one must know
our vow not to grow
up in their world

3

In the morning,
the poet looks out
and sees a quiet residential neighborhood

Look at it long enough
and it won't go away

Talk to it long enough
and it will yawn

Scream at it long enough
and it will dawn

Upon you that Rome
was not overthrown
in a day

4

He returns

to bed:

there is, possibly,

someone there.

ANSELM HOLLO
Concerning the Revolution of Things

Try to catch a heavenly body
Try to catch the one of those so-called at hand...

And whose tongue
Is suit we with the following...

And who had the idea
With the beginning then savior...

And why should you think
With the table

Two Poems

Three War Myths

She ran away.
The second ran away.

One leaped under the table...
A Dialogue

1. What is the penalty for nostalgia?
2. Ten days in prison or a fine of 50 pounds or both.
3. What is the reward for close scrutiny?
2. A healthy mind in an enameled jug.
   The reward for unrelenting attention to detail is beatification.
4. I was beatified last year, but not for unrelenting attention to detail.
1. What were you beatified for?
4. For discovering a new hormone.
3. What does the hormone do?
4. It grows chins on idiots.
1. What's it like being beatified?
4. Fair.
2. What is the penalty for conspiring to overthrow a piece of abstract sculpture?
3. Hormone treatment. The penalty for hope is despair.
1. What's despair like?
3. Like speech. The penalty for speech is space.
4. What is the reward for serious intentions?
2. The same as that for industrious sobriety. The reward for heroism is a piece of old chewing gum.
1. What is the penalty for plotting to enthrone reason?
3. Space. The penalty for visionary foresight is also space.
2. Is there any incentive for elevating the standard of living?
1. Yes, the incentive for elevating the standard of living is a signed volume of Swedish grammar.
4. Who signs the volume?
1. Edgar Bottle.
2. Who is Edgar Bottle?
1. A stevedore who lives in Wapping. The incentive for striving to create heaven on earth is a pat on the back by a trained armadillo.
3. Who trains the armadillo?
1. Edgar Bottle. He also trains fossils to reveal the secrets of evolution.
4. What is the reward for fostering evolution?
2. Three rectal suppositories. The punishment for impeding evolution is also three rectal suppositories. In either case they are administered in brisk sequence by a nimble squirrel trained by Edgar Bottle.
4. Who is Edgar Bottle?
2. The prime minister of the moon.
   He used to be a bent lawyer in Carlisle, but he was unanimously elected by the seven extra-galactic spores which inhabit the moon to be their chief representative.
3. What is the encouragement given to protecting the innocence of children?
1. There is no official encouragement given to protecting the innocence of children. Unofficially a squashed rose is sometimes bestowed. These are obtained from the huge, squashed rose nurseries that have recently been established in neuter county by an innocent child called Fanny Pizze.
2. Is there any penalty for prolonged observation?
1. The penalty for prolonged observation is space.
4. Is there any reward for perpetual vigilance?
3. A kiss from Madeleine Fob.
1. Who is Madeleine Fob?
3. A hieratic spinster who lives in Peru. The punishment for genuine originality is life imprisonment.
1. What is the reward for penetrating the secrets of the universe?
2. Evolution. The punishment for evolution is space.
3. Who administers all rewards and punishments?

Paul Ableman.
from Love Poem

Our love is watched over by all my masters:
Picabia watches from his cacodynamic eye
Max Ernst looks on as impersonally as when he watched
the Virgin Mary spanking the infant Jesus
Guillaume Apollinaire in Piccadilly Bus Station
watches the unlikely couple walking the cold streets
Monk takes his hands off the keyboard and smiles approvingly
The Beatles sing lullabies for our never-to-happen children
Quietly in the shadows of Central Station William Burroughs
sits dunking Pound Cake in coffee waiting for the last connection and sees us through the window
Bartok has orchestrated the noise of the tulips in Piccadilly Gardens for us
Marcel Duchamp has added your photograph to the Green Box
Dylan Thomas staggers into the Cromwell for one last one and waves across to us
Kurt Schwitters smiles as he picks up the two pink bus tickets we have just thrown away
Parker blows another chorus of Loverman for us
Ensor smiles behind his mask
Jarry cycles slowly behind us down Spring Gardens
Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns
Bless the bed we lie upon.

ADRIAN HENRI

Polyglottal Stop

The parrots were expelled
from their joyous suburban cage
to a valley
far from human flattery & rage
& when they gave
voice to their exile
the parrots heard
echoes
& were struck dumb
& no bird heard no word
in a green old
ago

MICHAEL HOROVITZ
Interview

What do you consider your purpose in life?
I am an absolutely useless person.
What are your political convictions?
What we have now is fine. The opposition against what we have now is fine. One should be able to imagine a third—but what?
Your religious belief, if you have any?
The same as my belief about music: that only the totally unmusical can be musical.
What do you look for in people? My relationships are unfortunately of little or no depth.
What do you look for in books? Philosophic profundity?
Breadth or height? Epic? Lyric?
I look for the perfect circle-form.
What is the most beautiful thing you know of?
Birds in cemeteries, butterflies on battlefields, something in between, I don’t know.
Your favourite hobby? I have no hobbies.
Your favourite sin? Onanism.
And to conclude (as briefly as possible):
Why do you write?
I have no job. Vade retro.
You make puns, also.
Yea!—I make puns, also.

GUNNAR EKELÖF
Translated from the Swedish by Robert Bly.

Ezra Pound

Ezra Pound,
in the middle of the Italian town
in a cage, exhibited,
stinking stone underneath him,
stinking horse blanket above him,
freezing, because it’s winter,
shivering, with indifference
towards the American soldiers
who jester at him, spit at him,
kick at him through the bars.
Ezra Pound,
bearing the millipede
of host, pestilential uniform,
U.S. millipede, C.S.S.H. millipede,
Nazi millipede, Nasser millipede,
millipedes without cause, effect,
without premise, knowledge,
error, reiteration of error,
Ezra Pound,
stinking, freezing, shivering,
thinking:
count yourselves lucky
that I’m not writing a poem,
for if I write a poem
and someone interferes
I kill him,
but I am not writing a poem,
cannot write a poem
because I’m asking myself
whether I was wrong.
Ezra Pound,
in the millipede’s enclosure,
in the shell of his trial, imprisonment.

WOLFANG WEYRAUCH
Translated by Michael Hamburger.
lachesis lapponica

here it is bright, by the rusty water, nowhere. here, these are the grey willows, this is the grey grass, this is the dusky bright sky, here i stand.

(that is no standpoint, says the bird in my head.)

here where i stand, that whiteness in the wind is the moor down, look how it flickers. the silent empty wilderness here is the earth . . .

(‘viva! cries the dusky bird: i viva fidis caetra!)

what’s caetra got to do with it? (what have you got to do with it, with the cotton grass, the hair grass by the dusky water?)

nothing. i’ve nothing, bird, do you hear? and no bird, bird, whistles for me. (that is true,) i leave me in peace. here i’m not fighting. (it’s a curlew, most likely.)

over there is north, where it’s getting dark. you see, the moor gets dark very slowly. here i have nothing. here i have nothing to do. the whiteness up in the north is the spirits of the north, the moor’s bright spirits.

(this is no standpoint, those are no spirits, those are birch trees, it shrinks, here nothing happens.)

that’s good. i’m not fighting. leave me. i’m waiting.

in time, very slowly, the bark peels off.

(it’s nothing to me) and the whiteness there, the whiteness there under the whiteness, you see, that i shall read. (and here, it says, the exact time: twenty-three fifty,) here, in the rusty moss.

i believe in spirits (there’s no such thing!) empty silent wild. i too am a spirit, and so is that shrieking bird in my silent head. (don’t say that.)

we both look northward. midnight. (on times square you stand, dead man, i know you, i see you buy, sell and be sold, it is you, on red square, on the kurfürstendamm, and you look at your rusty worth.)

(it’s a curlew, most likely, or else a pectoral. don’t say that, get it out of your head.)

i’ll cut off your head, bird. (it’s your own.

i viva fidis i better dead than red. take a rest! ban the bomb! fiber allein in der welt!) don’t say that. (you are all that, says the bird, imagine, you have been that, you are that.)

how do you mean? (in all seriousness, says the bird and laughs.)

a curlew can’t laugh. (it’s yourself, it says, who are laughing. you’ll regret it. i know who you are, death’s head on the kurfürstendamm) on the moor.

white, dusky, grey. there are no victories here.

that is the moon down. those are the grey willows, that is the bright bird against the dusky sky.

now it is midnight, now the bark splits,

(die esern zeit!) it is white, (zero two minutes) there in the mist where it’s getting dark, you can read it,

the blank page. the silent empty wilderness.

here nothing happens. (don’t say that) here i am. leave me. (don’t say that.) leave me alone.

(are you with me, death’s head, and are you dead?)

is it a pecorcel? if you are not dead what are you waiting for? i’m waiting. i’m waiting.

it is on the outermost edge of this plain, marsh grass, cotton grass, hair grass, where it is dusky already, bird,

(how do you mean? do you see? do you see the white script?)

(corsard, it says, good luck. we shall meet again.)

leave me where all is blank. (death’s head.)

look how it flickers. (and the dusky bird in my head says to itself: it’s asleep, that means it is with me.)

but i am not asleep.

hans magnus enzensberger,
translated by michael hamburger
Hurry-Burly Rock
A SUPER POP POEM
by FRANÇOIS DURÈNE
(Cantab cant canto, onion oxonian . . .)

Tiger rime tag rag time buttock
Reischlag tag hellow bellow hannock
Ban banco ban bannock
Callaghan yankoo eecidah
Love you value lued uvula
Yatagan yuca renana
Mah cab pikidi
Mob cab Piccadilly
Cad caddy Cadillac
Nag smuhy-pamshy back
Hobby Moe mahogany
Mohdy Naggy holly oaks
Holy hooligan scretch
Hub mob holophin scratch
Kick jaw stinch jingo jingle joke
Mango limb mandolins lingo
Mandril riind mandarin rim bow
Bawl B.C./B.B.C.

Freeze abyss hees burry
Friday Freud frights friends Du-frensey
Sit-down zany citizen Zen
Sunday sin yet soon Sun Yat-Sen
Simulate late sea-mew whom whim
Sink song sinew sec new sick skin
Spleen spanel spinch Nietzsche
Speck spanish nature nuche
Rat coffin in coffee tea cough
Skips gipsy tipsy tippstaff tough
Griffon sham shamper saraph rough
Craft cornrake bomb hook boot broon boon
Harpoon corkscrew blue blood bloom proof
Nincompoop spoon croft crux roof oof
Minstrel's nostrils Thames Thames Thames TIMES!
introduction to a selection from 5,000 new ways

the present selection from 5,000 new ways first appeared (without projections and sound effects) in the years Klein memorial number of KXY (Paris, Spring 1963). At that time there really were 4,600 others, and perhaps they all have been saved for an occasion when space was no obstacle to printing the entire series, although chosen at random from the full 5,000, the selection seemed to me, after I saw it in print, to have acquired, unexpectedly, a beginning and an end, and to get the job done better and faster than all 5,000. mistaken or not, I destroyed the rest.

for performance, three activities are involved: reading the text aloud, projecting images, and producing sounds. the text should be followed line by line as printed. projections may come in any order, followed by sounds, also in any order; in any order, that is, except the alphabetized order printed here. (other projections and sounds may be substituted for any or all sounds and projections suggested here.)

at a recent (and, so far, only) trial performance in Paris, projections and sounds were noted on cards, which were then shuffled. the first two operations yielded:

text: the new way the maiden heads
projection: hundred-dollar hill
sound: draining sink

text: the new way the banana splits
projection: two left shoes
sound: firecracker

sound effects

also known as: nixie
cream piece for o.e.
applause
automobile starter
baby
breathing
cat purring
chain
echevres
chines
chopping
clearing of throat
comb
cough
crying
dishwashing
dog
draining sink
drumroll
firecracker
foghorn
gong

a selection from 5,000 new ways

the new way the maiden heads
the new way the banana splits
the new way the hundred-dollar hill
the new way the two left shoes
the new way the firecracker

high c
horse
jet
jew's harp
john barrymore
laughter
love
pedal
pouring
printing press
rain
ripping
roaring lion
rooster
satin's evolutions (first 90 notes)
sandpaper
shattering glass
snow
squirting
star-splangled banner
stayed backwards
static
station identification
subway
rapscallion
thirty seconds from
a transistor radio
thunder
ticking
train whistle
wind

high c
jelly
jet
jew's harp
john barrymore
laughter
love
pedal
pouring
printing press
rain
ripping
roaring lion
rooster
satin's evolutions (first 90 notes)
sandpaper
shattering glass
snow
squirting
star-splangled banner
stayed backwards
static
station identification
subway
rapscallion
thirty seconds from
a transistor radio
thunder
ticking
train whistle
wind

the new way the diaphragn
the new way the ham books
the new way the venetian blinds
the new way the soda pops
the new way the sheep dips
the new way the rock pits
the new way the root a foot
the new way the fever blisters
the new way the band aids
the new way the ear drums
the new way the pen names
the new way the poop decks
the new way the cork screws
the new way the finger nails
the new way the side walks
the new way the ice cream
the new way the skin ruffles
the new way the circle jers
the new way the joy sticks
the new way the fox trots
the new way the foot notes
the new way the orange
the new way the bean sprouts
the new way the tom tirs
the new way the curtain calls
the new way the left-handed monkey wrenches
the new way the eye lashes
the new way the organ stops

EMMETT WILLIAMS
Two Times Eleven Times Eight

2 piano-keyboard-garnet chance poems

1
would be from they one and why
no till all that three who a out
like have none though as near so which
than with an shall I thee him yes
or if but he whom will ten thy
this of up since these off you your
cas he by at me as it we
for two oh she what their its on
were six through eight nine are them when
was five not am had those his where
in down then now how should the thou
2
then the should bow now then down in
where his these had not five was
when them are nine eight through six were
on its their what she oh two for
we it as me at by he can
your you off those since up of this
thy ten will whom he but if or
yes him thee I shall on with than
which so near us though none have like
out a who throw that all till no
why and one they from is her would

JACKSON MAC LOW

The Computer's First Christmas Card

jollymerry
holliberry
jollyberry
merryholly
happylolly
jollyjelly
jellyjelly
bollymerry
hollyheppy
jollymolly
merryjerri
merryharri
hoppysarry
heppyjarry
boppysappy
berty jorry
jorry jolly
moppysally
Mollymerry
Jerrey jolly
billyhuppy
jorry hoppy
hollymoppy
Barrymerry
Jarry happy
happy hoppy
boppysolly
jollymerry
merry merrymerry
merrychris
merryantasy
Chrisamerry
merrychris
YSANTHEMUM
EDWIN MORGAN

Extract from a Set of 500 Sentences.

(378) * SHE IS NEVER COOLED, AND HE IS NO LONGER PAINTED.
(379) * IS SHE HEATED, FUNNY AND PROUD USUALLY.Q
(380) * IT DOESN'T HAVE THE SHINY AND YELLOW HEADLIGHTS BESIDE
HEATED, TRAGIC AND GAY FLAWS AND MACPHERSON BEHIND IT FREQUENTLY.
(381) * HE NEVER MAKES HUNGRY LISTS AND THE BRIGHT ROOFS BELOW
HER FOUR WIDE CHAIRS.
(382) * WHAT IS SHE REPAIRED FOR.Q
(383) * NOT EVEN ABOVE IT DOES IT FIND A NEWSPAPER UNDER IT.
(384) * WHOM DOES IT SEEK.Q
(385) * IS ITS HOT HAND POLISHED ON STOVES.Q
(386) * SHE DOESN'T OPERATE IT, THE SMOKESTACK BELOW ALCOHOL
RARELY MAKES THE BATH AND LONG FIREPLACE UNDER A BLUE PENCIL AND
OIL CAREFUL OF FLAWS, AND THE THIN NEWSPAPER BESIDE THREE SMOKESTACKS
DOESN'T MAKE ITS THIN AND BRIGHT HEADLIGHT LONG, WIRY AND THIN EITHER.
(387) * THE GREEN AND BIG DOOR IN FRONT OF IT IS HOT, POLISHED,
COOL, HUNGRY AND FUNNY NOWHERE.
(388) * WHAT IS COAL COLD FORQ
(389) * NOT ONLY ON A ENGINE IS HE WARM.
(390) * WHO IS REPAIRED.Q
(391) * IT IS RARELY COVERED, SMITH IS NEVER PAINTED, AND SHE
IS NEVER HUNGRY AND WIRT EITHER.
(392) * WHAT DOES SHE PUT FOUR WHISTLES BESIDES HEATED RUGS FOR.Q

These computer-generated sentences were produced by Dr. Victor H. Yingve on the principles outlined in his Random Generation of English Sentences (Mechanical Translation Group, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Memo 1961-4.)
Transit Landing

...the earth is tiny in the brochures
to the snack bar waddle development experts
enveloped in travel cheques
the quarantine flag has been hoisted

will herl altel adreleer
please go to transit information

hooked out bookkeepers paddle
through glass-lined corridors
to the last judgment
last call for zangusuki

will herl adal erinamon
please go to transit information

on account of fog the world is closed
on pedal trolleys bridges arrive
in shrouds that trail in the wind
the plane is ready to take off

will manisir gazel
please go to transit information

exit b position thirty-two
the nylon voice crisis was upon us
funeral processions flood the runways
strains blaze in the dark

RANs MAGNUS EKENSBERGER
Translated by Michael Hamburger.

Letter to a French Novelist

CIO PORTA
O, Aster!
O, Sparta!
O, tarp;
O, a strip?
A pasteur?
P's Auster?
P's Auster.
Taras, sap.
Art. snap?
A rat nap
to quina.
O.A.S. trap.
So apart.

--Pat. Rosa.

EDWIN MORGAN

The Fisherman

The fisherman who gathers drift-seed
from the sea
will return to the sea
(a night with gouged out eyes
in his empty net)
His shadow floating like a shredded sail
between night and day
will see the last star
quenched in the lonely observatory
on the mountain

DAVID BOKEH
Translated from the Hebrew by Leonard Lewis.
Osloism and Today's Avant-garde
Poetry and Theatre
Who Are the Situationists?
The Concrete Poets of Brazil
Advance Through Obscenity?
Programmed Art
Back to the Wall
Letters as Picture and Language
Culture and Technology
Theory and Practice of Text
From a letter
The Development of Group Zero
The Literary Techniques of Lady Sutton-Smith
Paradada
The Vienna Group
The Use of Computers to Make Semantic
Toy Models of Language
In the Event
Poems & 1 Filmscript

Raoul Hausmann
John Arden
Jorgen Nash
Decio Pignatari
Maurice Girodias
Bruno Munari
Allen Ginsberg
Franz Mon
Marshall McLuhan
Max Bense
Dier Rot
Otto Piene
W. S. Burroughs
Dom Sylvester Houedard
Konrad Bayer
Margaret Masterman
R. Watts

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