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 RUIND & VIRGIN
A CLOCKWORK MASK LIKE AN EYE

AN INTERNATIONAL COLLECTION
OF AVANT-GARDE ACTIVITY

Astronauts of Inner-Space:

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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 changes, the eternal values of "beautiful truth" or "true beauty" decomposed into poor academic nothingness. But Dada was not only an over-compensation of protest. Dada was more than Dada; it was the negation of conventional logic; it was sensitive to hazard; it was based on "creative indifference".

Dada did not found 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 imitation.

The new unconventional forms which Dada created were: dadaisme automatisé, phonetic poetry, articulation, abstract painting and sculpture, photomontage, new typography, readymades (assembled).

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

Let us look at Neo-Dadaism: first of all it takes sides with the object as "thing in itself"—which Dada denied. The Neo-Dadaists believe that they are substituting "naturung" for art. Since the great exhibitions of assemblages in the Museum of Modern Art in New York in 1961, and the book by Seitz, "Concrete", has been declared the "new anti-art" with natural objects replacing artistic work.

Restany, spokesman of Neo-realism, declares: "The artistic consecration of the vulgar object forms now the "dadaistic act". After the "Nothing" and the "Zero", 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." 

RAOUl 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 anti-art tendency, they remain art.

George Maciunas, of the Neo-Dadaistic " 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 Neo-Dadaistic "happenings". But all these happenings are calculated very intentionally and are not at all spontaneous, as the literary productions of Higgers and others prove. The "happenings" of the Neo-Dadaists are empty repetitions of Dada acts. Walter Serner, in Zurich in 1917, 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". When June 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 Arman calls "Access of Fury".

Dadaism and Today's Avant-Garde:

Mon and others. The phonetic poem as a new kind of art was invented by Hugo Ball in 1916 (as poetry of unknown words—words have been 

The great exhibition at Amsterdam and Baden Baden last year showed clearly the enormous 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. Intentional climate to be compared with atmo-spheric pressure, perhaps it is a simple meteorological affair which suggests itself through white fog and expresses the same pressure on the brains of artists. After war and revolution, Dada had to be unheroic, unesthetic and inclined to reality and phono- menology. It was "creative indifference" and at the same time, some, which are not, are not to be mixed with another art-period. The intellectual climate of the world demanded it.

The Dadaists knew this spontane- ously. But a general climatic situation cannot be repeated, other exigencies of the world-presure are certainly different now and earlier ones cannot be restored.

"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 tendencies of life and the irreversible deprivations 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 be 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 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—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).

JOHN ARDEN:

Poetry and Theatre

Mr. Amis illustrated this very well with a recent review he wrote of Arnold Wesker's plays. 'The theatre,' he said, in effect, 'is not improving at all, it is just what it has always been—a conceited and inconsiderate 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 now. He must make his characters a surrogates for the main theme, thus the workings of politics, the exposure of social evils, the manners 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 his spirit 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 give hints—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 in meaning to both the sympathetic and the anti- sympathetic 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 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 intereseing 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.

Canal Stripe Series 3

A brief poem by Ian Hamilton Finlay: to be followed through several pages.
The first manifestation made by the Second Situationist Internationale after it broke away from the I.S. was a leaflet signed by Jacques de Jong, Angar Schröder, and myself. Shortly after the group Seven Rebels was formed at Bauhaus Situationiste Drakabrygger, founded in 1963 in the rolling hills of Hallandalsen in southern Sweden. It is a situationist centre for experiments in film, painting, décor, urbanism, poetry, archaeology and music. Here the first Co-risus manifestation and concert were formed, and both the films and experiments were made, such as the huge Spiral Labyrinth in Malmo Town Hall. Here we starred in the film, released by the Amsterdam Experimantal d’Oresadet, which resulted in the artistic taking-over of two streets in the centre of Copenhagen, with half a kilometre of decorated walls in Strøget and Montenegro.

The Irish poet Patrick O’Brien writes about the group Seven Rebels that “these seven artists have all broken away from the ’International Situationist’ in Paris and formed a Second Situationist International based on Scandinavia. . . . All of them are exiles from their own countries. The Danish Nast lives in Sweden; Feakerline in Denmark; Thorson has moved across the Kattegat; De Jong in Paris; Elle’s studio is in Italy; Strid is moving to Dublin; and Hans-Peter Zimmer is only kept in Germany because of the process the Bayerish government is running against him. They are not cosmopolitans but cosmocrats of the new sort.”

Other situationist artists from all over the world have worked at the Bauhaus Situationiste Drakabrygger, such as with Jornt Fehr and Helmut Sturm (SPUR, Germany), David T. Homicz (U.S.A.), Staffan Larsson and Bjorn Rosenblad (Sweden), August Jorn (Paris), Novi Maruni and Renata Centenari (Italy), Christoffer von Kramer and Silvia Katia Giardini (Various countries), St. Leger Jones (U.S.A.), Roy Lindqvist, Carl Magnus and Lorenz Haf of Segerstad (Sweden), and the photographer Gren Frankbinder, Paris, and Professor Guy Atkins, London.

The Franco-Belgian situationists base themselves on the same principles as Pascau, DESCARTES, Croce and Gide. Action precedes emotion. You only feel strong enough to feel feelings after you have put your feelings to the test. According to Scandinavian situationist philosophy action is the result of emotion and arises out of emotion. Emotion is a primary, non-reflective intelligence: passionate thought/thinking passion. We are not saying that the French method is wrong or that it cannot be used successfully. We merely say that our two outlooks are incomparable, but they can be made to supplement one another.

The second Situationist International is a freely organised movement. It is a voluntary association of autonomous work groups. At the moment there exist four such groups in Hallandalsen in the southern part of Sweden, and two more in Denmark and Finland. It also works together with the German avant-garde group SPUR in Munich, whose books have partly been published at Drakabrygger.

The 1963 festival was a porceygraphy and blasphemy case to be brought against the group in the court of Munich. A periodical about poetry, politics and political bombs called Drakabrygger has been edited since 1962, with the journalist and cartoonist Katarina Lindell as editor. The following declaration is a question from this magazine: 1. I promise that I shall never, personally, under any circumstances, set foot in an atomic shelter. It is better to die standing with all the bullets in my body than to survive the perpetual modification of which we must remain the task. The labour movement was once considered to be the salt of the earth. Today it is more like a milch cow, whose udders are being pumped in an effort to get more and more material benefits—at the expense of the mind. All the same, our material standards have not risen to such great heights when seen overall. We have the spectacle of a society which, on the one hand, is consumer-minded but on the other hand is controlled by shopkeepers of every kind. . . . 2. I refuse to have anything whatever to do with the new artrocity. 3. I refuse to drink in the company of an owner or builder of an atomic shelter. . . . For this subterranean artrocity, even if it manages to survive the disaster, will be of the quality of sewer rats, and could in no case be considered a continuation of the human race. 3. At this point in our present situation it is not so much the thermo-nuclear war, but rather the threat of this war, which shows the absolute bankruptcy of all the politicians in the world. The capitalist or bureaucratic leaders of East and West already make use of their bombs every day, in order to secure power for themselves. Only if one realises that they have placed themselves beyond the law can one establish a new world order. I therefore pledge myself not to expect the necessary upheavals of society by any of the existing formations of specialised politics. This is part of the Moderate-manifesto, signed by all the members of the movement. But as we are no revolutionaries, our movement is absolutely anti-authoritarianism, we don’t run around forcing people to sign our manifestos. The Bauhaus production of books, booklets, leaflets and periodicals is thoroughly non-commercial. Our job is to produce—

JÖRGEN NASH: Who are the Situationists?

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

The film groups working at Bauhaus Situationiste Drakabrygger have in fact produced a number of experimental and avant-garde films. 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. Work on things like this festival and the big international art exhibitions which have taken place at Drakabrygger is a part of the situationist idea that the artist should break out of the commercial papermill, in order to obtain an absolutely free realisation of his intentions. 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 Rome. 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 and satisfy the needs, still less to allow life to flourish and prosper. The new phenomenon which has dominantly characterised industrial society from the beginning, despite some pioneer romanticism, is a growing socialisation of all the means of life—which is itself the inseparable 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 the same whether one takes this revolution to mean progress or whether one interprets it in terms of an absolute reduction of 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 face. 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 fantasistic necessity and to regain a new potential of choice and self-determination.

The social structure which fulfills the new conditions of freedom has to the term the stiucratic order. The point of departure is the de-territorialisation of Kiesckgardi's philosophy of situations. This must be combined with British economic conditions and industrialised French. During the Second World War we have had a new social action programmes. It involves a profound revision of Marx’s doctrine and a complete revolution whose growth is 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 who now finds himself in the anonymous society designed for the future. There says that we should always ask what would happen if our society were some other thing. Another way of saying this is that we should all die of boredom.

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. Greco-Roman thinking is rooted in political and social theory. It is opposed to our own way of thinking because we believe that all social being and individual stands at the centre of all worthwhile activity. Sitte’s scholarism 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 insipid. 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. If we are right, 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.
History
Neugandrs Group was formed in 1952 around the magazine of that name, founded by Augusto de Harido de Campos and Decio Pignatari.
Neugandrs: prototypical word, from Arnaud Daniel (via Pound, Canto XX): our motto of poetical research and invention poetry.
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.
Neugandrs 3 is published. Nevertheless, Neugandrs 2, 1955, already included Postamento, a series of 200 poems in color, composed by Augusto de Campos in 1953—a first manifestation of concrete poetry. Still in 1955, Decio Pignatari meets Eugenio Gomringer at the Hochschule für Gestaltung, Ulm, Germany, who was engaged in similar researches. Staring point for an international movement of concrete poetry (same suggested by the Brazilian group). 1958: Neugandrs 4—poster-poems and a Pilot poesia for concrete poetry. This is the movement's basic text.
Ronald Azeredo, 1956, and José Lino Grinewald, 1958, join Neugandrs. Pages Gullar and Waldir Dias Pinto (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.
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 a year: researches on language through Semiotic and Information and Communication Theory (also some statistical approaches in linguistics), 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 mathematician "expert": he was a poet.
From the start, Augusto, Haroldo and I have been following modern music process. Colour poems by Augusto are directly inspired by Webern's "Vierstimmigemolodie". We first met Boulton 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 approach music problems only by analogy: no musical formation...). An entire section of Inempod's 3 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, Maritain, Boulez, Stockhausen, Berio/Ponge, Heinembüt, Gomringer, Dahl, Helms, Belloli, Sanguineti, Diacoano. 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, Studium Generale, Stuttgart, invited by Prof. Maruyama, 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 Mayakovsky (Joyce: Finnegans Wake—fragments). We three translated cooperatively 17 cantares (cantos) 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—when he sent to us the "pilot plan"—that Ian Hamilton Finlay, Scotland, and Dom Sylvestre Houclier, OSB, came enthusiastically to concrete poetry (see Typographia B 20). 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. Ours an extraordinary form intuition. Now pursuing a sort of "graphic prose". He works in advertising. Old Dr. Bega (some 15,000 bibles born in his hands) was a parnassian/symbolist poet twenty years ago! Gets strange verses working on medieval lyrics patterns.
Pedro Xisto loved passionately Japanese "haiku": his path to concrete poetry; another idea he had we) would be happy to see in action: a "text laboratory" (see his proposition in Inempod 3).
Grinewald, also a cinema reviewer, works in Correio do Manhã's copy desk—the "caricia" (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.
The names
Augusto de Campos, b. 1931, São Paulo.
Haroldo de Campos, b. 1929, São Paulo.
Decio Pignatari, b. 1927, São Paulo.
José Lino Grinewald, b. 1929, Rio de Janeiro.
Ronald Azeredo, b. 1937, Rio de Janeiro.
Pedro Xisto, b. 1901, Pernambuco.
Edgard Braga, b. 1908, Alagoas.
Luiz Angelo Pinto, b. 1941, São Paulo.

The Concrete Poets of Brazil

(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—is poetry as well as prose, as far as a text can be so divided (Whedimar Dias Pinto, Déco 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 that. This does not exclude that we people involved in this new concrete poetry (Luiz Angelo Pinto, Ronaldo 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 approaches in linguistics), 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 mathematician "expert": he was a poet.

Decio PIGNATARI:
MAURICE GRODIAS:

Advance through Obscenity?

"Thirties, and Sylvia Beach had saved Ulysses from the censor's axe in the same manner.

But, since then, mankind had newly been shaken out of existence by the war, and it seemed incredible that such obsolete practices as literary censorship could be tolerated in a modern society. And censorship was still very strong in England and in America—perhaps even more ruthless and blind than ever before.

It 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, Denton (The Ginger Man), Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg (Gaudy), all of which did achieve a measure of fame.

But somehow that seemed too producing unrestrained 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 perspicacity) could do was to use all the ingredients and spices in liberal quantities, and hope for the best.

The finished product usually proved genre 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 our type of customers hate more than humour. I remember having been obliged to put in a note at the end of one of Cesar Palmeiro Vicanon's sazis, explaining that the famous author had been sent to a lunatic asylum before he could complete the manuscript, which accounted for the disbeliever 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 any more in obscene 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 Molloy 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 Gaudy has opened the way in America to this final wave of aggressors, the pseudonymous novels will in their turn come 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 in 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 he would have censored Joyce out of existence had he been able to.

Stephan 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 Casanova 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 smilies 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, they 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. It reveals a meaningful gap in our vocabulary. The very notion has been condemned 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 understanding 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 seeking to communicate, so as 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 great artists cling romantically to the technical preconceptions of static art, and still concern themselves with making personal demonstrations, with polemics between painting and sculpture, 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 researches with a view to re-founding a true, objective visual language, free from any personal elements and aesthetic prejudices, 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 experiment and the mastering of these 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 visual communication by expression 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 several 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 Takemitsu (the electronic sound version of the selection and derived from the light). A film about this experiment was made a short time ago in the Monte Olimpino studio 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 that can be seen as un-stable images against a neutral field, or one subject to quantization and de-formation of means and materials. Thus it is not just a form or a "composition" 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....

Bruno Munari and I belong to no group. Group-T in Milan directs its researches 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 concern themselves with objects that produce variable optical effects according to where the spectator stands. Group N goes in for 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 objects; mechanical and casual movement) and the researches 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 in a predetermined path, but remaining a composition none the less. Programmed art of more or less purity (purify being distinguished by the absence of compositional, 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 "beat" generation echoed and will continue to exist under whatever name Roevy generation lost or as Kerouac once prophesied; found until it is found. The tale 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 material 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 EXPRESSION in one form or other of that infinite—Self—which still feels thru the smog of Bakunin's war nulls and noise of electric sights & spears which is XX century masscommunication.

Uniquely the art work is of one single hand, the mark of individual person: thus in prose developed thru Kerouac Burroughs Selby the nervous transcriptive spontaneous faculty. Thus in poetry the indivi- dualism more reflected is the ecstatic breathing W. C. Williams thru myself Corso Kerouac Creeley Waters Nemer Snyder etc.

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

Though ten years ago it may have been inconceivable that the great sweet "cassaba melen" as it was called of "American Century" prosperity was really a great psychic blow a mirage of electronic mass-hypnosis, 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 late-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 7—

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<th>ALLEN GINSBERG:</th>
<th>Back to the Wall</th>
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<td>by us between an old-fashioned politician like Johnson, which is to say conservative and an outright Authori-</td>
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<td>tarian right winger? We never had a choice between middle and left, we were always stuck between middle and right. Finally it becomes too much to fight. But the stakes are too great to lose—the possession of one's feelings intact.</td>
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<td>There has been an outrage done to my feelings from which I have never recovered tho I've talked to Blake and bowed at the feet of many an Indian Guru. To live in a country which sup-</td>
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| posedominates the entire planet and to be responsible for the outrages of one's own country! Woe to the universities business and budgetary government of my nation. You DON'T have a 60 billion military budget without the EMOTIONS of the being affected. Maybe the majority feels well enough well? I hope so. Actually the majority don't feel anything at all personally, where it comes to politics, just like the Germans. Total indifference to the Vietnam War. I feel a little since I been there. But the war goes on. Few American lives lost, myriads of Yellow, it makes no difference here. The suffering the suffering the suffering yet all unknown un accounted for—the vomiting grimacing bleeding myriads in ricefields? The commuter train pulls in airconditioned  packed 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 300,000,000 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 fogjigs and the response become seeming unreal. Total disorganization. Eisenhower kneaded before Dulles to take the War.
| oh well, what about the avant garde? 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 an attempt to push forth outward feelings of feeling. In public, tender shoots of private sensibility, private understand- | |
| ing, rapport, giggles, delicacies, amas, awareness of what is exchange all the pre-packaged money oriented murderous blather. Movie blather, news broadcast blather, slick magazine blather, newspaper blather, school board blather, politics blather, courtroom blather, social blather of a totally maladjusted tribe engaged in struggle to retain power; dominance and control over an entire planet (not an entire solar system!)
| Poetry: the remembrance of individual sensibility carried thru the vehicle of individualized metrics— individually differentiating not con- forming—that's accomplished. Prose: the vast project of total recall begun by Kerouac continues as he's a sain 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 influ- | |
| ences 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 indi- | |
| viduals who were running all around the streets with home movie cameras taking each others 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- | |
| uted among youths, etc. This is the film of crowds, eccentrics, sensitive, individuals one 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, Mekus, Auger, Connors, 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. | |
FRANZ MON:

Letters as Picture and Language

others carried this development on; in many cases the text-cum-picture was worked out by a poet and a graphic artist in collaboration.

Meanwhile isolated letters or fragments of writing were finding their way on to the painter's canvas. The artists discovered that letters had a value simply as forms and adopted them as a formal constituent of their pictures; they used written words (like "café") to bring realities unrepresented in the picture to play on the observer's consciousness. Kurt Schwitters went still further with his poetry of the banal; among the detritus of our civilization from which he made his collages were tickets, scraps of newspaper, all kinds of everyday written material; the irrevocably started to become fasci- nating. 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 spining them round. The formal alienation of 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 Schneider 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. Grisemberg, an outstanding craftsman among artists, took up his ideas (most wittily in his "monkeys' alphabet") and passed them on to his own pupils. One of these, Linus Reichert, has gone further. His text-sheets are often printed by superimposing a number of colours and impressing. The superimposition makes the text harder to read, which means that when one does read it its whole weight 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, Hantai 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 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 is 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 "language". The basis here is the undeniable saturation of modern man's experiences and memories with reading; this whole existence is swamped by and dependent on writing and written matter. Given his state of awareness, he can detect himself from orthodox writing with- our losing his capacity to read signs that look like writing. The unex- celled texts by Schneidere already men- tioned are attempts in that direction; so is the chaotic Hippuris salut of Bryen, Hains and Villeglé (1956). Klee and Mondrian made similar experiments. Among younger artists Wolfgang Schmidt has probably gone furthest, with his "sign-fields". This is a systematic development of com- plexes 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 in 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 un- imaginable. For what only has been formulated is real for us.

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 dimensions that centres in the awareness of style. In 1932 Muriel Murry'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 technique became a program of discovery.

In 1930 T.S. Eliot's essay on Massia 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 civilization. 'These lines of Tournaire and of Muriel exhibit that perpetual slight alternation of language, words perpetually juxtaposed in new and sudden combinations, meanings perpetually eingeschachtelt into meanings, which evidences 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 materials of 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 noetic 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 expedite 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 distant from any other age in having extended the human nervous system itself in a group of external technologies. The numerous extensions of hands and feet in the various forms of spindles and wheels and roads now begin to yield to the circuit and the loop 'where the hand becomes the set foot.' The immediate extensions of our nervous system by telegraph and telephone and radio and television not only usher 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 consistent 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 electric revolution means the end of a job. That is, electric circuitry eliminates the fragmentation and specialization of the 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 'living a learning.' Precisely the same kind of a revolution is taking place in the world of learning 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 qualifying 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 that 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, making in the way that we now have the means of thermoregulatory 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, extends 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 aesthetic. Its concern has been with words, with classical and traditionalized poetry. The theory of text, as it is usually applied, is the "material" of the text. This kind of non-classical poetry satisfies our consciousness not much with words as words. Thus it too breaks through the old Schiller dichotomy. Modern-aesthetic, non-classical poetry, is based on a differentiation of "naive" and "sentimental" by establishing a category of "try-out and experiment". Words form texts which are made up from a vocabulary which acts as the fundamental set for all the texts there are. Text theory describes the relationship between texts: i.e. between sets of words. The set of all possibilities within that of the basic words (the vocabulary) then represents the set of all possible words, terms of one or more words. It can be said that words, at least as seen conventionally, have privileged classes. The set of words which are the styles of writing tend to form the accepted classes; the making of metaphors is one example, but there are other possibilities too.

As a rule when words appear in a context they undergo changes in content and form. The changes in the context "father's finest horses" jumped every word has been altered, defined, and related to its dictionary (vocabulary) representative. At the same time it can also be set down indecisively and undetermined meaning "jumped". Here the context has been dissolved; we can now only call it a context, as the word's position with regard to its neighbours is concerned context and connection are identical. They are important, but not intrinsically so, being a branch of mathematics that examines figures, sets of elements, in turn, and their relations to their neighbours (systems of environment).

This topological approach leads to:

1. the structural theory of text and the stylistic set up, which conceives the aesthetic realization of a text to depend on distances in the set of possible word combinations, on the selection of particular textual elements, i.e., of employment of words of specific numbers of syllables, sentences of specific numbers of words, of specific combinations of such (known as text engrams) and so on. This can be found for instance in the work of Arno Holz, whose Phantasia, with its unusual approach, is an attempt to prove that a traditional poetic language, makes five, six, seven-syllable and even longer words the main vehicle of the poet's intentions, and that the aim of textual events of a high degree of improbability, corresponding to the structure of the poet's language, is a form of aesthetic circumstances as a whole.

The structure and production of texts can be understood in yet another way. We can examine the words of a text in the light of their propriety to other texts. We can see that the set of all of these terms are another set of one or more words. It can be shown that words, at least as seen conventionally, have privileged classes. The set of words which are the styles of writing tend to form the accepted classes; the making of metaphors is one example, but there are other possibilities too.
dimensional word connections, with or without deformation; metaphors which are representations of one vocabulary within another; separated or non-separated connections and texts; open or closed sets of words, based on a vocabulary restricted to monosyllables 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 Novanglés 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

WINDBOAT

material and take the other picture through that film (cutted)

DITER ROT:

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 dirty text copied on dirty or dusty film print with texts submerged in that dustspurcs 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 sense texts made up of pictures (for the same words the same pictures) pages filled with the same letter (E.L.R) taken out of books posters written letters etc (thousands 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
GROUP ZERO is no group in a definitively organized way. When in the middle of the fifties the activity of the younger artists in Düsseldorf increased more and more, no gallery proved to be willing or able to take real interest in their work and imagination. The result was that some artists found a solution of their practical problems in organizing what they called “night exhibitions” which consisted only of a vernissage at night without an exhibition lasting any longer.

The first exhibition which followed a certain "line" was the seventh night exhibition with the title "The Red Painting" (paintings the dominating colour of which is red). Encouraged by the publicity which the previous events had raised, we (Mack and myself) provided a catalogue in a cardboard zinc called ZERO I (April 1956). It contained articles written by some critics and statements of the artists themselves who took part in the exhibition. The main tendency was the purification of colour against the informal and neo-expressionism, the peaceful conquest of the soul by means of calm, serene sensibilities. The leading articles in the catalogue came from Yves Klein, Heinz Mack and myself. Yves wrote on his monochrome painting, Mack on vibration, and my statement was concerned with the value of colour as light articulation.

The title ZERO was the result of research lasting for months, and finally found more or less by chance. But from the beginning we looked upon the term not as an expression of nihilism or a dada-like gag but as a word indicating a zone of silence and of pure possibilities for a new beginning like at the count-down when rockets are started—zero is the immovable tolerable zone where the old state turns into the new.

More important than ZERO I may have been ZERO II (October 1958). It was published at the occasion of the eight night exhibition under the title "Vibration". The show consisted of works of five artists mainly devoted to visual movement: Holweck, Mack, Maviagner, Piene, and Zillmann. In ZERO II the statements of Mack and myself got to have the serious character of manifestos, Mack’s concerned to be "quiet and unquiet" and mine to "lightright". The article of the theorist Fritz Seitz was a profound introduction to our problems.

So the first reason why something like a group formed itself was the integration of similar artistic imagination in individual artists who became friends after having met from different parts of Germany (and—after some time—one of the world). Another reason has been my friendship with Mack and our human and artistic neighbour- hood which became apparent in his vibrations and my light pattern paintings. In the time after the vibration exhibition we met many artists who intended things related to our work. Most important proved to be our contact to Lucio Fontana whom we look upon since our first personal meetings as something like a spiritual father although he did not influence us directly.

I met Fontana for the first time in 1961. But Mack had already introduced his group which he introduced by Piero Mancotti 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 impulse, another "impulsion" came from Max Bill who in 1960 included us in his show "Le krautkrei kunst". But most of us (except Maviagner 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 impulses from the elements and their vast materializations: 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 fugitive from the "modern world", but, on the other hand, using means of actual technical invention as well as those of nature.

The proportion nature—man—techni- cal was one of the most striking subjects of ZERO III published in July 1961. It was devoted to about 20 artists among whom the hommage a 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 artistic power have set loose our activity in 1957 towards ZERO II, 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 Düsseldorf in 1959. It was organized by Rolf 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 Rolf Bury, v. Hooydonck, Yves Klein, Mack, Munari, Piene, Uecker, Soto, Tinguely.

In July 1959 I organized, together with Mack, another Exhibition of that type in Wiesbaden, entitled "dynamó 1". It was opened the night before the start of "documents 2" and became the first of our exhibitions in Germany which stirred the common feeling on both art and event, 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 fired our activity and gave an impulsion to motorize our light objects.

Since 1959 we worked for the compilation and publication of ZERO. After it had come out ("ZERO exhibition exposition description") 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 Mancotti 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—"ruul" (ZERO) and settled spiritually in our neighborhood). Peeters was one of the organizers of the "NUL" exhibition in the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam in March 1964. After 1960 two tendencies within the spirit of the artists who had taken part or been interested in ZERO events proved to develop clearly: the individualistic (occasionally romantic) tendency willing to provoke an alteration of objects and man from the dark to the bright (later on emphasized in the ZERO IV, the NEW IDEALISM manifesto of Mack, Piene, Uecker in Berlin and Brussels)—the New Realism (Novelle Réalisme) of the late Yves Klein, Tinguely, Arman, Spoerri—in line parallel to pop art in America.

By that time (about 1961.6) many other groups, especially in Europe, were founded which felt either attraction or hate-love to ZERO, such as the Yugoslav group in Zagreb, gruppe t and gruppo 0 in Milan and Palais, the group des recherches d’art visuel in Paris (which also comes from the Vastrely line), the academic künstler in Munich (with their ambitious foreman v. Gravesen), "Nouvelles tendances", the kinetic centre of Medalla and Salvadori in London, etc.

Since the end of 1961 Uecker began to work close to myself and Mack, which caused our 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 Brus- sels (Palais des Beaux Arts); Museum Haus Lange in Krefeld; in Berlin: The Hague (Gemeentemuseum) in London (McRoberts and Tunnard) at documenta 3. Mack’s and Uecker’s work to-day is more concerned with light itself while I myself try to be..."
penetrate darkness by means of smoke and fire on the one hand and projectors on the other. While Mack longing 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, Planes, 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.
The Literary Techniques of Lady Sutton-Smith

W. S. BURROUGHS:

Now back on a 1957 Sunday I wrote: 'An old junky selling Christmas seals on North Clark St.' 'The Present' they called him. 'And just here is a picture from Newsway, May 3, 1954...plane wreck...the priest there lived...Last rites for 44 airliner dead including Captain Clark (left).' Left an old junky on North Clark St. dim jerry far away Lady Sutton-Smith brings you an article I wrote once for the uplift magazines...My Advice to Young Youths: 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, and 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 and drink a coffee read the papers and listen

Lee of The Nova Police live everyone who does a job works to make himself obsolete. 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 Berkway, A. J. or Inspector J. Lee I cut it out and return it to the appropriate file with all the intersection readings from novels 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 returned to a cool Sunday file.

Fresh southerly winds stir papers on the city desk.

Note: The first cut outs were made by Mr. Brian Gysin Summer of 1960 and appeared in Minutes To Go September 1960. There are many ways to do cut outs: 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 lengthwise and lay it on another page of text. Now read across half one text and half the other. 3. Arrange your texts in three or more columns and read cross columns. 4. Take any page of text and cut the line down the middle. Now shift permute order of lines 1 3 6 9 12 etcera. There are of course many other possibilities. A.
DOM SYLVESTER HOUEFAR:

paradada

bossmaness & anarchy—4 poetry logically closes 1st cent modern art from 1863 napoleon III salon des refusés—& logically postwittgenstein treat language as matter, control of 3 parameters in E&M like content of audiovisual / parhuman like systematical-stochastic selecting &/or collage of data) & carverse—ophonophor barrier scramble in eyer is next yahayun artifacts postest nonautonomy of any art—simultaneity (in arts of arts of artists)—this space/time/minutuum consciousness—nonpresumption—unassumption— all make current scenery & matrix of todailness in creativity & pobis & point where now thrus thru surrealism/ accentuated consciousness hairsweat in foundational of presup—statiqo of lexicon mow—lowtemperature serene (to potter-the-beauty)—chain-of supercool is nothingness —suchy identification & distinction data / paradada—consciousness of antecen-
dents in & sobornost with ball-tran 1966 has been pluton formativ—first basmanon arp albertlloret artur genetico in OUT (ex 5e saisone) / chopin / brion gysin / in runifinal / is / sharkey-6—piecer garnier's creare les lettres ains at centering specialists everywhere see manifesto / position-I current number (plus response by chopin)—both trans in (links) signed by 26 poets on 10/01/03 from austria belgium brasil czechoslovakia england france german holland japan norse norwegian switzerland unia—marco chamie / cartheirdrich claus / jn finley / fujimoto yasu / in runifinal / & p garnier / emm erdos / dr ginerova / h i hirali / a hollo / a howared / e i dall / kitasono katsu / f van der derle / e in de melo e castro / fino / em edwin morgen / ladoloff novak / herbert read / toshiko shikimia / j vinholes / p de vree / emmert williams / jonathan williams / plus (partiula) I kizvodes—total 6 from brasil & a usa—w it read brazilian pied plus manifesto (eng trash in cd) if since it was augusto de campos made suggestion to garnier—poetries mentioned position-I can illuminate as concrete & visual (aesthetic structures do language in words & so much as / more than / or instead of they them) / phonotic & phonetic / vocal noise processed on tape—e protape (verbogonic) / cymatic swirl & permational—in eyeverse (printed printed typed filmed ed) / carverse—ophonophor / supercool—overtime into / EM / imnivance (or analytical) this analytical poetry of communica-
tion theory & language manifested doved by sturttag group—max bene / frazz mon / hirag / benzenegg / dahl / plus buesbecker / (venus)

jaudt—crossfertilises w / noignandes (de campos bros / pignatari / arcedo / grinenwald / edgard braga / ferreiro gullar / marcello moura / wladimir dias pino / pedro xisto / manuel bandeira) who combine now their own (musical typographic semantic sociological) original inspiration with the concrete para of garnier (now deepening in his current work to plan ch-like crystalline contempnate) & the stuttgeart techniqueal highschool where heraldo in 1964 lecturing the brazilian non-noignandes post concrete praxis group (mario chamie / cassiano indicaro / s e cabral / yone forsica / armando freites filho) aim to humanise sturttag group—poem making poems (of sharkey's bristed poem-kit)- controlled-stro-
chassums—rubbersheet poetry—synthe-
sis of the eye ear—cybernetic triunity of specialist manifesto spacialist humour from prague—josef hirsal / i gérőgeron jöb-b & ladalov novak's phonetics)—current develop-
ments of japan's VOUT & SENTO groups (kitasono katsu / fujimoto yasu / toshiko shikimia / nakiti seikai / j vinholes) so far close to contact garnier / noignandes concrete para will manifest in next no of les lettres / banz g helms germany has got known to bg manyways eg thru sunglamarines / jousa reichert parallelling runifinal thru jasja reichard in typographic— the poet-technology ctriphere runifinal— / not only in ih's poetrygrowing but in eg brunnu mariuri / pierre faucuche / edward wrig & first things first manifesto signatories / runifinals openings judonerd & a response to that appeal—in span one (young fine) known concretist enrique uribe finally great britain—1st eye

concrete poem bsd scotland 1963 by ihf in his POSTS & flishorn (mouta / xisto / a de campos / hendery / hooly / morgan / ihf / jonathan williams / mary clyl)—in england was ihf bsd in aylford reissue 1965—still not quite everywhere apary from 6 j & b advices in pusha 1965 / current pp run-
proof leg in tail (also uncorrected) is ihf level 5 w/ synatikc olson-zenkofsky & advices & blackmountaineer as felt influence here tho various lacks not mans only hold some advances frustratingly up — 1962 edwin morgen / iain finley / assuer hello / myself all came in concrete directions out of different places then. TLS letter 253056 on international movement from de melo e castro in re article poetry prose & the machine TLS 06/03/63—iherbert read (vocal avowals 1962) in runifinal / is sharkey independently—stethomson had pressed us w / starpoems in banamus 1949—then (ear-concrete) wm stone / margaret lothies / charles cameron / mike weaver / edwards " been there / contact w garzier thru him w/ chopin & 5e saisone now OQU / got ihf & ihf always w eg locus solus poets harry mathews / the lax / emmert williams / brion glyn (balancing stroboc-

graphic gift in olympic-2 first step to mechonized poetry : machine poem 6 i w geo macbeth) / wm turnborough (cf poem silent unawse / wass inspired b/burnough / brown pielwise-musique rencontre at stadder mwar-avril 54/juegos in gb include kinetic—fi ihf's poemenaras —sharkey's wordform—OQU film w chopin audietrack to my tyapetast / runifinal's absapopom — weaver's
motorized BOMPoeom edwin morgan's motorizables—the carpet 1965 movement in art article & HCA 1965 random/planned art in motion expo helped dissolve hummunitynist poet-практичнее over here—1st i snowing poem farhavil's original mobilization of FROG-POUND-PLOP*—cf too his deviltrap & pritchile & dechirer poems shortforms scrolleooms my unfoils & space-invasions by & ditter rot's boks & bruno munari's mobile paper-folds—vis-a-vis kinetic & (k) dynamic artists are o. suburbia / boro / pol bury / Calder / jn healy / hoenich / michael kalder / gryla kostic / franklin / malina / group A M / paris / group N / popok / julio le pare / bridget riley / nicholas scheffer / sobrino / j r / steich / group T milano / t tvaks / in tinguely / georgio vardinang / vicor de varey / yavan / &c june 1964 foundation of international kinetic poetry fund at cambridge by mike weaver & hoekup w/ popper scheffer malina &c-8 planned autumn expo cambridge—plus/erests expo oxford—3 autumn bbc-3 talks first decade wants that art (concrete 4-D kinetic) edged thru gutenberg galaxy to poetry but that poets as poets completed the scene 2nd decade 64-74 shaping to total fusion poet-player-player in brain-controlled machine creation ('l'important c'est d'avoir vaincu la machine—slave to 1st OU? disk)—existential scramble man/tool barrier like to electronic motility in chunk of infertile poetics.

*my translation of matsuo basho's haiku form the sa / hana zu robokawa / makes no sense—all of morgan's motorizables.

I am wary of any didactic program for the arts, and yet I cannot ignore the fact that poetry, in my own terms of experience, obtains in an unequivocal order. What I deny, then, is any assumption that that order can be either acknowledged or gained by intellectual assertion, or will, or some like intention to shape language to a purpose which the literal act of writing does not itself discover. Such patterns of pattern as I would admit are those having to do with a preparatory ritual, and however vague it may sound, I mean simply that character of invocation common to both prayer and children's games. But it is more relevant here to make understood that I do not feel the usual sense of subject in poetry to be of much use. My generation has a particular qualification to make of this factor because it cares of age at a time when a man's writing was either admitted or denied in point of its agreement with the then fashionable concerns of 'poetry' comment. William Carlos Williams was, in this way, as much criticized for the things he said as for the way in which he said them. I feel that 'subject' is at best a material of the poem, and that poems finally derive from some deeper complex of activity. I am interested, for example, to find that 'automatic or inspirational speech tends everywhere to fall into metrical patterns' as R. D. Dodds notes in his 'The Greeks and the Irrational,' Blake's 'Hear the voice of the Bard' 'demands realization of a human phenomenon, not recognition of some social type. If we think of the orders of experience commonly now acknowledged, and of the incidence of what we call chance, it must be seen that no merely intellectual program can find reality, much less admit it, in a world so completely various as ours has proved. Recent studies in this country involved with defining the so-called creative personality have defined very little indeed, and yet one of their proposals interests me. It is that men and women engaged in the arts have a much higher tolerance for disorder than is the usual case. This means, to me, that poets among others involved in comparable acts have an intuitive apprehension of a coherence which permits them a much greater admission of the real, the phenomenal world, than those otherwise placed can allow. Perhaps this is little more than what Otto Rank said some time ago. I have never explicitly known—before writing—what it was that I would say. For myself, articulation 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 Peteran P 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 measures. 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 limbs and like terms because linguistics has offered a much more detailed and sensitive register of this part of a poet'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 et al.—are also 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, so 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, is 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 ubiquity of its reference to image and rhythm, offers an intensely various record of such facts. It is equally one of them.

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. Para
doxically, nothing can come from that which is altogether successful. But again this risk is overcome—in the imagination—by trust of a 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. Last I be misunderstood—by religion 'I mean a basic transrory experience, not a social order or commitment, less a moral one. Gary Snyder tells me that the Indians consider the experience of visions a requisite for attaining manhood. So they felt 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 writing—what it was that I would say. For myself, articulation 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 Peteran P Williams writes:

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ROBERT CREELEY:

Sense of Measure
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 Armanza (born 1931), Gerhard Rühm (born 1930) and myself (born 1932). We were subsequently joined by Oswald Wiener (born 1935) and Friedrich Achleitner (born 1936). Our interest 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 by-products 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-bench. O. Wiener was particularly keen on anonymity in those days, and as a result our contributions to a possible rühm and Friedrich Achleitner aimed at constructive, materially-oriented writing, (harking back to expressionism and the Bauhaus, drawing inspiration from Wittgenstein's writings; musical themes, rows, structures, optical presentations); 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 kindertrae (written 1958, performed 1964; achleitner, rühm, wiener and myself).

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

An anthology devoted to our group will shortly be published by walter-verlag, oden, under the title die musterinternatür. There is also to be a novel, poems and short plays by Armanza, as well as my own der hof von des vors bering. For some time now Armanza has been living in malmö 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: e.g. Where does he live? Does that street. Early next week. I don't know. What does he do? Code these questions with semantic classifers 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 WHY ARENT YOU DRESSED? I THOUGHT I WAS a sensible piece of dialogue or not? And granted that the computer can thus be made to talk 'sense', with how 'pidgin' a syntax could we get the meanings 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 map down the enormous permuatational 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 metaphorical word-uses (e.g., from Roget's Thesaurus) have been fed into it, and it combines them. But why rely on Roget? Why be so stereotyped? Why not get a real poet to feed unusual strings of synonmys 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 ladder; and thus 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,
YOU'RE BEAUTIFULLY MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY COMPUTER.

This is not so. The computer's advantage is that it does not tire; it can produce an indefinitely large amount of an indefinitely large number of variants of any type of combination of words which the poet may desire to construct. By reading (and analysing, if necessary again with the computer) what it produces we can at last study the complexity of poetic pattern, which intuitively we all feel to exist, if only we were able to grasp it. And this increase of understanding of poetic pattern will, in the end, deepen our mastery of, and understanding of, poetry itself.
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 these other things were somehow distractions. Now when a distraction comes along I may take 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 really was, so I remade the letter out of brass and had it chrome plated.

It 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
trust up letter
open eyes

So far I haven't discovered if anyone has really 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 eight years old, especially a Spanish stamp of Goya's Main. In making the stamps I found I was interested, evidently in whiskey, W. C. Fields, girls, sheet music, gas cans, sex, плаза, 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, or stances. 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; such as the Hospital Events which are explosive. Some even have been composed with an idea of performance in mind.

R. WATTS:

In the event

These are more precisely theatre pieces in the sense that they signify 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 chance 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 pulls it together the way it wishes or not at all.

Similar 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, soap, photos, etc.

In the event

actions, words, facts, statements, decisions, plans, etc. Certain ones were by subscription. One might say this way of working is a way or 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-relationships of all things, or some other formalistic thinking or theory. Others may feel this is a formal menu to cope with or deal with many diverse thoughts, feelings, attitudes and sub-

jects. For me I am pleased that I can as easily say something about trees as about auto's, 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 bounds 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
INKWELL 1934, OLD NEWSPAPERS
AND A DICTIONARY OF GUNS.
THE CAMERA RUIN & VIRGIN
A CLOCKWORK MASK LIKE AN EYE /
PALLAS

Poem for Jean Arp
IAN HAMILTON FINLAY

Sale
I've sold out, all I owned, the 1st.
Four flights of stairs they came up,
rang 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 devoutly,
fetched 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 beds—I stripped them, exposed them
and lay down beside them, abstemious.

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 blushing young eating
I made a gift of my frying-pan

And all that was left of my salt.

GÜNTHER GRASS
Translated by Michael Hamburger.
Large Mural Poem

A A A A A
A C A C A
C R C R C
R O R O R
O B O B O
B A A A A
A T A T T
T S S S S
S T T T T
T A A A A
A B B B B
B O O O O
O R R R R
R C C C C
C A A A A
A A A A A

The Wheel
Perpetually he considers the pros and cons
of having himself covered with print
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 infect
as words are infected.
One and the same expert infects 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 infect 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

PENTTI SARKIKOSKI
Translated from the Finnish by Anselm Hillo

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-doos 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

Miroslav Holub
Translated from the Czech by Ivan Milar

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.
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 full 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

for Tom Raworth

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 HOLLÖ
Two Poems

War Myths

Three
She ran away.
The second ran away.
The third
got stuck in the door.

One
He ducked under the table
and survived.

Concerning the
Revolution of Things

So they revolve.
And revolve.
Their nebulae pierce us.

Try to catch
a heavenly body
one of these
so-called "at hand" . . .

And whose tongue
is satiate with the full flavour
of the Milky Drop of the object?

And who had the idea
that stupider stars
revolve round the wiser?

And who thought up
stupider stars?

MIRON BIAŁOZIEŚKI
Translated from the Polish by Adam Czarniakowski.
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 unremitting attention
to detail is beatification.
4. I was beatified last year, but not
   for unremitting 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 conspire
   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 elevat-
   ing the standard of living?
4. Yes, the incentive for elevating
   the standard of living is a signed
   volume of Swedish grammar.
1. 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 put 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 evolu-
   tion is also three rectal suppo-
   sitories. In either case they are
   administered in brick 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 extragalactic
   spores which inhabit the
   moon to be their chief repre-
   sentative.
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 be-
   stowed. These are obtained from
   the huge, squashed rose nurseries
   that have recently been estab-
   lished in neuter county by an
   innocent child called Fanny
   Pizale.
2. Is there any penalty for pro-
   longed observation?
1. The penalty for prolonged ob-
   servation is space.
4. Is there any reward for perpetual
   vigilance?
3. A kiss from Madeleine Fob.
1. Who is Madeleine Fob?
3. A hirsute spinster who lives in
   Peru. The punishment for
   genuine originality is life im-
   prisonment.
1. What is the reward for pene-
   trating the secrets of the
   universe?
2. Evolution. The punishment for
   evolution is space.
3. Who administers all rewards and
   punishments?
from Love Poem

Our love is watched over by all my masters:
Picabia watches from his cacodimanic 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
Maxel 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 va

l

y far
from human
glaffery & rage
& when they gave
voice to their exile
the parrots heard
ees 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.
Yes!—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,
frozeing, because it’s winter,
shivering, with indifference
at the American soldiers
who jive at him, spit at him,
kick at him through the bars.
Ezra Pound,
observing the millipede
of boot, pistol, uniform,
U.S. millipede, U.S.S.R. millipede,
Nazi millipede, Nasser millipede,
millipedes without cause, effect,
without premises, knowledge, error, rejection 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, impugnment.

WOLFGANG 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 . . .

(i vico! cries the dusky bird: i vico fidel nostro !)

what's castro 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, whispers 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 by,
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 peregrine.
don't say that, get it out of your head.)

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

i vico fidel! i better dead than red. take a rest! ban the bomb!
liber allei in der welt! i 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 moor down, those are the grey willows,
that is the bright bird against the dusky sky.

now it is midnight, now the bark splits,
(de coke time;) 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.

(arre you with me, death's head, and are you dead?

is it a peregrine? 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?)

(consent, 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-Burlyric Rock
A SUPER POP POEM
by FRANÇOIS DUFÉRÊNE
(Cantab canto, onion oxonian...)
NOOF!

Cham lighten christianlike
Chit check at Tchang Kai Chek
Hotch catch match potch glue cake
Ankle Uncle Ang'dil
En tant qu'êle anteque
Dump dung Dunlop until
School skeleton scallop
Skull cap skulk scalp slip skill
Will will will will will will
Stop slow slogan sling slang
When win whip whom whoop...jing clan
Ten potentate too potato
Meet tomato mathematics
Mattocks Matthew Appomatox
Anrocks koax Oxford inox" axe
Narcotic market X attacks
_Atlic Monoco to-morrow
Marconigram Polo negro
Sorrow ful nigard fool Zorzo
Terpid torpedo pigment pig
Weed week wiz wiz we dig ear wig
Fleal mid ashphodel meadow
Fiddle fifteen Fidel Castro
Fid farewell Faro's farrow
Farm enters cereal
Serial Formentor
Les Fruits d Or fomenter
Bitter syrup Sarraute Buto
Better bellow butter bullock

I DEAL deal rhythm reason
Ideal deal rhythm 1 do
Rhythm Holbein Djilas
Reason elbow jealous
Jal. angel Boumendjel
Lausanne l'oe en gîde
Losange Los Angeles
Juice Joyce Djeulla Macmillan
Albacet d'ala
Bel's Roche Dausac mask alas
Moleskin Alaska
Dallas Callas à la Sula
Decidious Dedalas tongs ton-Sils Maria
Dist diary diaphoree
Dolles, Dulles, and Dally daily shoes
Neither nose tongues nor noise eyes use
Rambosale rula benzeline
Oste hullahbalo henroin
Crambo bowling limbo Boing
Wing wing swine swine swan swan wink wink
Quick quick queen queen king king aching
Became bacan garlic darling
Cold neck bodkin Old Nick napkin
Ring siglaj Zulkine wrong
Winkle seal zincoblock
Veal devil evil hook
Dump caval dimple paper check
Panach click pauper cloack panache
Pund pumpos pound pounce bounce
Pen green eat pomegranate
Germany many geminate
Forget me not far gate minute
Does he mean it? Mimoan in tow
Mimicmo moon Ro-Chi-Minthe.
Tootum tooty teat
Today Tito tonitit
Tar nectar neck tattoo
Mosquito Moscow teeth
My scottish misletoe
Nice missal listen too
Licentiousness lesson checksum
Battles battle Battles but butt
Victim cross Chou-en-Lai

Tiger rime tag rag time buttock
Reishlag tag bellow bannock
Ban hanco bannock
Callaghan Yankee encada
Love you value owed uvala
Yatagan yucca renana
Mah ca picallad
Mob cab Piccadilly
Cad caddy Cadillac
Neg saunby-pamby back
Hobby Maoh mahogany
Molody Naggy holly ask
Holy hooligan stretch
Hub mob holophin scratch
Kick jaw stink jingo jingle joke
Mango limb mandolins lingo
Mandril rind mandarins rim bow
Bawl B.C./B.B.C.
Freeze abyss bees bury
Friday Friend frights friends Du-frenzsy
Sit-down zany citizen Zen
Sunday sin yet soon Sun Yat-Sen
Simulate late sea-mew whim whim
Sink song sinew sco new sick skin
Spleen spanel spinach Nietzsche
Speck sparrow nature niche
Raft coffin in coffee tea cough
Skips gipsy tipsy tipstaff tough
Griffone shanty shampoo seraph rough
Craft cornerake bomb hook boot bream boone
Harpoon corkerscrew blue blood bloom proof
Xincoopoop spoon croft crux roof goof
Minstrel's nostrils Thames Thames Thames TIMES!
The present selection from 5,000 new songs first appeared (without projections and sound effects) in the years Klein memorial number of KWK (Paris, spring 1963). At that time there really were 4,000 others, and perhaps they should 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:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Text</th>
<th>Projection</th>
<th>Sound</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Text: the new way the maiden heads</td>
<td>Projection: two left shoes</td>
<td>Sound: firecracker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Text: the new way the banana splits</td>
<td>Projection: hundred-dollar hill</td>
<td>Sound: draining sink</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Sound effects


glass knowles' nares
cream piece for o.o.
applause
automobile starter
baby
breathing
eat purring
chain
cheating
china
chopping -
clearing of throat
comb
cough
criing
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 holly buttons
- the new way the hippety hops
- the new way the lockety splits
- the new way the drum sticks
- the new way the bamboo shoots
- the new way the cream puffs
- the new way the jigg saw
- the new way the powder puffs
- the new way the toilet rolls
- the new way the bottle necks
- the new way the race questions
- the new way the passy
- the new way the cake walks
- the new way the partner ships
- the new way the ear trumpets
- the new way the gang bangs
- the new way the square roots
- the new way the pork chops
- the new way the ding dongs
- the new way the fig leaves

Projections

- apple
- arm pit
- balloon
- big toe
- burning book
- candle
- castle
- charlie chaplin
- chess game
- chicken foot
- clock
- cottager's bench
- comb
- declaration of independence
- dice
- dinosaur
- fish
- football game
- funeral
- great wall of china
- hamburger

The new way the diahphragm
The new way the ham hooks
The new way the venetian blinds
The new way the soda pops
The new way the sheep dips
The new way the cork pits
The new way the rootstoot
toots
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 creams
The new way the skid rows
The new way the circle jerks
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 tis
The new way the curtail calls
The new way the left-handed monkey wrenches
The new way the eye lashes
The new way the organ stops

E&MRY WILLIAMS
Two Times Eleven Times Eight
2 piano-keyboard-guanto chance poems

1
would her from they one and why
no till all that three who a out
like have none though us near so which
than with as 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 am 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 these since up of this
thy ten will whom he but if or
yes him thee I shall an with than
which so near us though none have like
out a who throat that all till no
why and one they from is her would

JACKSON MAC LOW

The Computer’s First Christmas Card
jollymerry
hollyberry
jollierry
merryholly
happjolly
jollyjelly
jollybelly
hollymerry
hollyheppy
jollynelly
merryjerry
jollyharry
hoppycarry
huppyarry
boppheppy
berryserry
jorryjelly
moppyselly
Mollymerry
Jerrymerry
bellyhuppy
jorryhoppy
hollymoppay
Barrymerry
Jarryhappy
happyhoppy
boppypolly
jollymerry
merryxerry
merrychris
amerryaaa
Chriismerry
aMERRYCHR
YSANTHEMUM

EDWIN MORGAN

Extract from a Set of 500 Sentences.

(376) * 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 GAY 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, WRY 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 FOR.Q
(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 WIRY EITHER.
(392) * WHAT DOES SHE PUT FOUR WHISTLES BESIDE 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

woe 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 herr aktell wheeler
please go to transit information

hooked out book-keepers paddle
through glass-lined corridors
to the last judgment
last call for anguak

will herr adolf eriksson
please go to transit information

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

will monsieur godot
please go to transit information

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

HANS MAGNUS ENZENBERGER
Translated by Michael Hamburger.

Letter to a French Novelist

CLAPORTA:
O warlap!
O Sparta!
Gar c'lap,
O, a trap?
A paste?
Pa Astor?
Pe, Acosta.
Taras sap.
Art snap?
A rat sup
to punch.
O.A.S. trap.
So apart!
--Pat. Rosa.

EDWIN MORGAN

The Fisherman

The fisherman who gathers driftwood
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 Rokeah
Translated from the Hebrew by Bernard Lewis.
Ondaism 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 Semantics
Toy Models of Language
In the Event
Poems & 1 Filmm script

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