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PETER LORRE
GOES BUGGY

a biography

Cem Çoker

GNEISS PRESS

"on the dusty road to hits"

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When my mom's wallet was stolen in Barcelona, she was invited by the police to fill out a multiple choice questionnaire describing the event.

HOW DID THE THEFT OCCUR?

- A) Held up at gunpoint
- B) Held up with knife
- C) Pickpocketed
- D) Distracted by accomplice
- E) *El Golpe Chileno* (ice cream on the lapel)

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Degas 1

Degas 2

Ladies and Gentlemen

Please pay attention

Even if you are

International travelers

To safety precautions

In case of a sudden

Drop in air pressure,

Please notice

The following elements

Of Life, air,

Dark color, music, Bodies

And the French ballet.

In case of water

Landing please

Notice the brightness

Of your life

The transience of our sight

And the blue ribbon sea

And though it may be

Oily from the flaming fuel

One feels bathing one's

Paduki when at a ballet

Or at the contemplative moment

Of explosion

(PAUSE)

Enjoy the flight.

(with Filip Marinovich)

Filip,

4/8/99

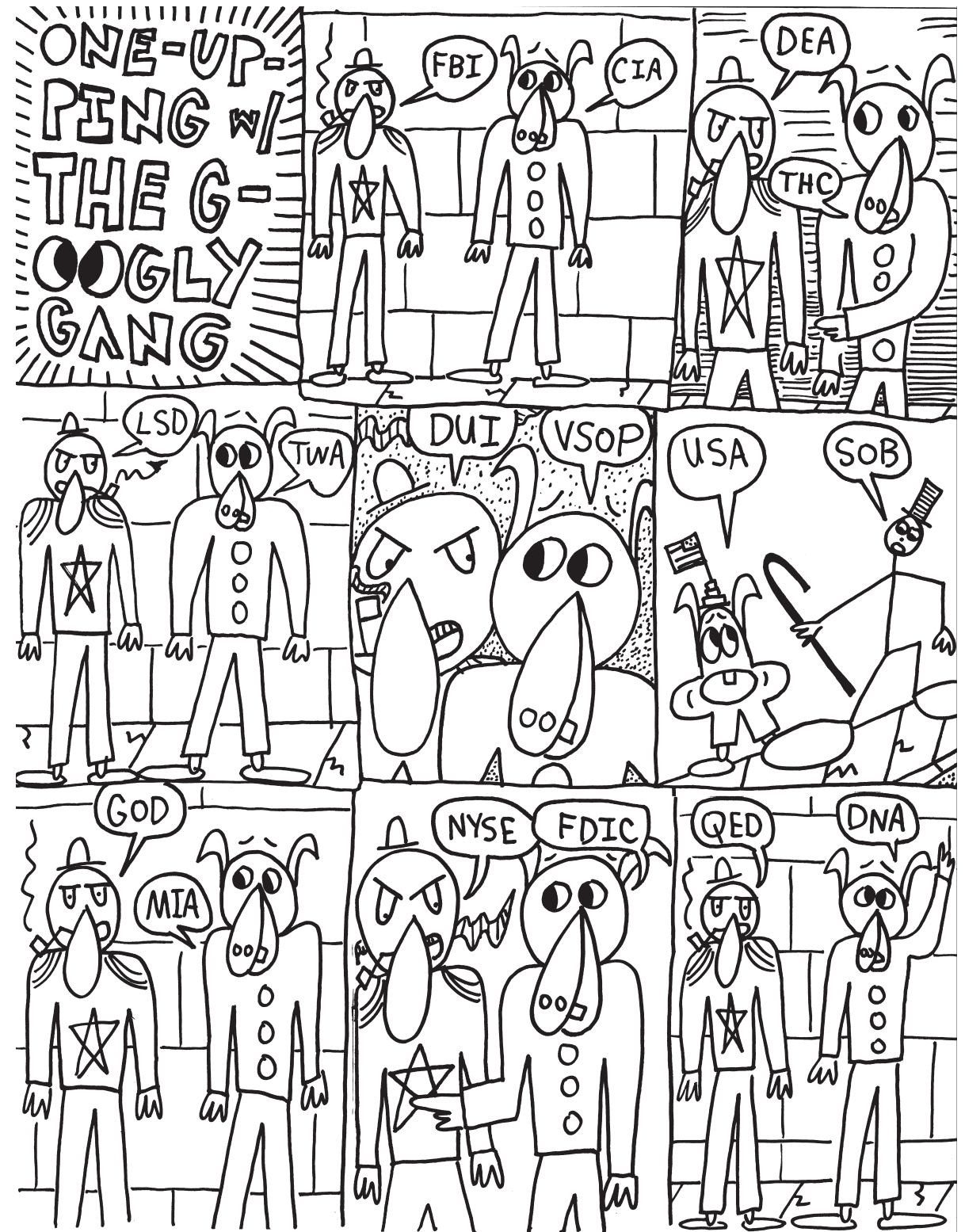
Hi there. I'm in my office. I bet you guessed.

I had a really good weekend. Friday night after a prolonged telephone flipout with Ford (over the war), Benji and I drove into the Berkeley Hills in his big shattered blue pickup truck. We followed a deer up a steep hill through thickets as the sun set. We found a secret place. We were very high ... there was a pile of rubble in a scooped stone at the edge of the hill and when we examined it it turned out to be treasure. Juju treasure. There were seashells and porous rocks that looked like the earlobes on mermaids' necklaces, flinty stone that looked like bone shards, bone of some large animal that had been carefully sliced into small sections by a very sharp object; one vertebra and a chit of coral stained by orange spraypaint; snippets of fishing string strung with what looked like beads but turned out to be pierced pale berries; a little knob of wood with a hollowed out eye, making it look sort of like a pipe deliberately and slowly burnt by a close flame (it seemed to me that the hollow eye had been used to support some thin object, sort of like an incense boat, but Benji disagreed). We went a ways downhill into a forest where we found a huge stone, maybe the size of a hidden cottage, splotched with bleached moss lying open on its spine. It leaned out over the valley-dusked thick green woods. It reminded me of the dolmens you find in France, and no one knows how unmechanized man dragged these big grave-markers to rest. The penny we found on top of the rock was actually growing verdigris. We dropped back into Berkeley and looked at Goya prints in the bright used bookshop on Solano then hit the bottle a little in the laundry room where he paints paintings. His friend who's pretty came by. I had my typewriter, an

outofprint City Lights edition of Kenneth Patchen love poems with brilliant unglorious magenta cover and a copy of THE WAR PRAYER poems by Mark Twain. Everything was glowing. The gal left and Benji and I talked about the war, insane asylums and love, then I went home and it wasn't even midnight and I wrote all night...wrote and quarreled with my grandma the next day and went to see a nighttime play written by my friend Zay; hung out with Bahati afterwards talking about the stage, listening to Ray Charles and Miles Davis. I saw Tony yesterday and wrote till late again then got drunk and ate peanutbutter&jellySandwiches before bed, and here I am with a fading hangover a couple of hours outside the evening and something else.

I've been keeping to myself, though. Hanging out all the time but just keeping to myself. Did you know I just ate a ham and melted cheese sandwich with salad? Suuuuper. It's up to you, Mr. Delectable, to keep the new moon loquacious....

Friday's a new moon.



POLICE AQUARIUM

My soda is a police aquarium
to please you, I would say anything
rat out my best friend
sign confessions
“Your Wildest Dreams”
and never blink
'til my eyes
were ashes
locked in yours
You're the law I live to break
time to leave a clue
before the ice melts

EWAN'S FILM PITCH

HONG KONG CARDINAL Private Eye

Upon quitting the Church he goes into private practice. He's famous for being impeccable, almost invisible but what's left of him is watertight. His crimsons blend in, he'll get right over the shoulder of a thug eating an egg rain dripping from the brim of his skull, always the cryptic

comment: “A nice day to water da yard.”

On Chinese New Year he goes everywhere. He has a private dinner with the mayor, whose tie looks like a long rose petal. They drink champagne as sky rockets burst silently behind smoked glass windows on the 50th floor. Conversation pervaded by affectionate irony.

Next he visits a topless young woman in a gentleman's club, who sits on his lap. They have a conversation about skiing, and another about the woman's ambition to be a botanist. While speaking, she carelessly adjusts the strip of embroidered satin, that hangs like an open scarf around his neck, with her fingers. Her fingernails look like scraps in a kaleidoscope.

There are sparks dripping from the skyscraper—a team of welders, working through the New Year. Molecular caravans of ladyfingers. Fire so bright and tiny that it bounces. And then it stops. The tips of the Cardinal's robes flicker in the wind, the men tip back their scarred visors. A conversation follows upon that iron skeleton in gleaming boots, about the festivities that the welders are missing, and which the Cardinal graciously details.

Second-guessing. He doesn't tend to do this, but this one case is different. You heard about those two

guys who wake up in twin beds in Modesto, and there is a stranger beating one of them with a sausage and sprinkling spice on the other. He runs out of the room to fall asleep in a field, where a dog eats the sausage. The Cardinal muses fruitlessly.

BLONDE SADIE

The sea's galoshes
the seal's blatant cleavage
of crystal bread
the headless knight that pigeons dub
pigs of red porcelain
in Loch Ness wreaths
baby waves a scepter
at parallax abacus
pooled blues
still broke
heart broke
slowpoke
roads in skinny soap
shot to hell
blue jeans in the garlic press
buckshot swallows
and viziers
counting rice by gaslight
like a whale in fruit
screwtop
the thumb's sweet adept
astronomical
croupier in a life boat
multiplied by sirens
blonde of cracked mirror
gemmy little folds
in the dynamo
whisking toucans through pisshole hoops
the very slow
crow
doing time in monochrome
with apricot brain
spaghetti western Niles
and Mississippi sequels
running Lord
through traffic's mansions
teams of Belugas

playing knickknack
backpack
in galactic Morocco
beetle crepe in starlit bistro
humungous hairy cook in apron
popping corks from fizzing
blossoms
with cigar-chomping
pet opossum
on Saturn's waterwheel
it's all Blonde
Sadie's rage
Blonde Sadie
the Berkeley City Council Whisperer
who pierced my brain
with balconies

HONEYSUCKLE ROSE

Nat King Cole
in Agility City
pressed in a book
all about
the aqueducts!
an incredible feat
of water
singing itself!
Nat
King Cole
play Taco
with Maya
He's a fop in this picture
b&w
with pippin
bobbing in static limelight

ELEPHANT MAN

Throughout the age of Radio,
Harry kept his spoon
frozen over a bowl of soup,
thin still
light red, Borscht
or Blood Soup
with a penny on the bottom
like a fireman
from the Bowery
in 1921.
He changed into a woman
in a summer dress
in 1952. The full transformation
took years, months and days
off his life
(It is hard to say
where the event went
in the process)
Psycho was his favorite movie
as retold by Franklin
Delano Roosevelt.
When they landed on the moon,
there was no one left
in Newark
but Ellie. At Armistice
it was as if everyone had gone
to watch the fireworks,
leaving her
a one-man equinox.

BLONDE SADIE & THE DEATH TRAPS

*Chrome is but a frog,
Lazy at the grand finale
On an atlas of beds*

“They loot clouds
And the sky is undiluted
They wait for moss
To clog their wounds
They were greedy men
Who died at lunch
And opened their eyes”

*One counts clouds
One counts sheep
One counts stomachs
In his sleep*

*One counts blood
Veins in his sleep*

*One counts livers
One counts livers in his sleep*

“Liver delivery
Blood veins
Scotch caps
One counts livers
Yellow livers in his sleep”

“Green livers
Delivery!
Man in blue livery
Blonde Sadie
Counts stomachs
In her sleep”

Speeding cop car
And its brother
Speeding ruins

of the ocean in the sky
of the bird in the stomach
of the glass in your hand
of the sky in your room
of your room in God's hand

“Full house”





UNCOLLECTED INTRODUCTIONS

When I'm having a drink on my porch late at night, I think of how she wrote the best poems I've ever read and I raise my glass to her. It doesn't matter if no one else has read them, or almost no one. The worst poems in the world go virtually unread. The opossums and raccoons look up from their suppers of hubcaps and banana tans.

"Aglow again, that one."

"The shortcut from Blake to the beach is paved with burnt toast."

"What do you suppose he's muttering?"

"A touch of clamor, of his own devising."

In New York City
everyone is living
on pain of poetry
the people chasing buses
the busdrivers and landlubbers
in newspaper igloos
among Super Bubbles
and Wondermint Mentos
and Posts and Racing Forms and the sheet
dedicated to postal workers
with the New Deal eagle
roosting on changeless boughs
comma
Eskimos from Kandahar
dream even as their hands break dollars
of scandals unfolding in the rush
of the Poem

How can I say this? I knew I was wrong, but I could've demonstrated to you that everyone on Broadway was coming home from selling things and thinking

poems. Right as I was paying up for my Minestrone in the diner and getting ready to *sit down and get started*, they were coming home from long days promising poems just ahead, always just ahead. And the people were happy that I was writing poems. Their eyes said,

“So, are you going to write great lyrical poems tonight? Are you going to make us all swoon and exuberant? We have great hopes for you. The future of the turkey is riding on you, Julien Poirier.”

Each poet invents his or her own wheel, and although mine keeps falling off (that’s the story of my wheel) it’s taken me through all sorts of lands and cities—because no matter where I end up, strange as the waters may run, there’s always a land in my mind, the land of poems and their hunger.

I was in Marrakech many years ago with Reyaz, whom I met through Jake and Kerith (but they weren’t even there to know it) and it turns out we’d probably shared a couch in San Francisco with 20 other people during those drunken, wonderful Simpsons viewing nights back in the early 90s. And once we got up to the Dadés Gorge he told me something that I later made into a poem.

REYAZ

You must be confident
that what you’re doing
is extraordinary

So I believed him, and what happened in the mountains was I turned my whole brain into a city and wrote down everything I saw happening there. It was scary, there was always plenty of stuff happening that I couldn’t see, but it also had me humming. I felt that I was really *onto something*. That’s the only feeling that matters to me when I’m writing. I was living for a month in the streets of my poems without ever taking the subway, an escaped tongue evolving rapidly, breathing steam-poems from manholes. When I read those poems again, now, I remember exactly where I was that night with a physical immediacy—more than what happens when I see a photo of myself.

“It’s the moon’s fluorescent hour
and the avenue’s fluorescent hair,
and the patio
is shivering with goldfish
and the matador is shivering on the casino floor”

I used to think my successes were accidents. My failures, on the other hand, were the outcome of *plans* laid out along routine power lines: ego trips, status-seeking, playing smart. But that’s because I was so superstitious. It took me an

incredibly long time to figure out that the thought needs to get there *before* the word, and it’s no accident when it does. Even so. I can see the light but I can’t change it. Luckily,

“In these dark ages, the lights never go out.”

Superstition takes a hand. If you’re me, you keep chasing around, trying to figure out who’s at the switches. Derelict lightbulb factories take on a homespun splendor, even if they’re out of ideas. Ideas which turned into chicklets and grew up to be eaten. Mattresses ripped from ears on the gears. I feel like a sap—the time I’ve spent trying to figure out Who or What’s behind the 3-Card Monte Con of Time/Space/Me, so I can break his presumably slim clean fingers...and take over the world, one poem at a time.

I want to say a little about this idea of evolution through poems and how each poet invents the wheel—

invented the wheel in 1988 ... 1997 saw her first early experiments with neon light ... half-built baffles on Spanish-tiled factories converted to Universities for the study of Astral Soils, 2001 ... graffiti on her walls extensively catalogued that same year ... zinc-colored mist over city sharpens distant forest edge ... miniature waterwheels installed in valentine chocolates, 2003 ... etc.

It’s a metaphor that keeps me coming back for more, but it was only a couple of weeks ago that I realized I had been repeating myself and only rarely getting in the way of something new. I mean to say, if you’ve already invented neon, no need to re-invent it—just turn it on when you feel it coming for your lines.

THE FRAGILE ECOSYSTEM OF CHRIS

I was close enough to start to be streaking when Chris

At Biff’s every booth has its own private phone, no dial tone. Nothing ivory works, you can’t call what it does work. Someone busted into your compact truck, took my backpack and threw it on the parking lot. I was drawing smoke stacks and you were painting silhouettes of surgery on napkins. Your rat phobia, what can I say about it?

Live in this attic

My night is entangled in low-rent pawns

It started so great, a rehearsal space where even drinking from an implied cup was supposed to be attached to your character. My partner was stilted,

the war got sick of watching, there were termites
in the king. Crack addicts took over my car because I
couldn't break a 20. Let me tell you

something. Between the café, my car, your rats and diner
way, I had to be a lover, I blame society.
I got in the way of a plant. No one sits with it
while it's dying. People are too concerned with their shoes
to see the miracle. A shock
to the head wipes out your image
in the lens, even the shoreline. So when you see those roller-

skaters ride into the tide, no mystery they appear
to be levitating. Meanwhile the old lady is sick
but her brilliance is governing the honeysuckle—

Why don't you draw me
a picture of your mom? How many times
can I turn over the same leaf? My nights were energetic
rebounds I lost your head above.

(chatillon, france 2004)

This poem was my personal invention of neon. One of my favorite memories of
ever *performing* poetry is when I recited that poem to Chris himself (in the front



row) at Moe's Books on Telegraph Avenue—right across the street from The
Mediterranean Café where I'd simultaneously honed and dulled my pointy shoes
in the late 80s, a belligerent townie fop who one night wrote a (lost, thank god)
poem in Café Hell, then went out onto University Avenue and yelled,

“I'M THE GREATEST FUCKING POET ON EARTH!”

Which makes me remember something that family friend and enemy François
Trèsfort once told me: “It's important to know your limitations.” This is true in
pole vaulting as it is in poetry, but you've also got to put yourself in the way of
blowing borders—and you'll often find there's nothing to burn to keep warm in
the wilderness *except* for your limits.

It all begins with the schoolbus
Two old ladies walk into the bumper and call for
double scotch petticoats
“I plan to go up North
I plan to go to Scranton
I plan to sleep in the shift of a tree
and light the wood with a lantern”

Greta knew this, and that's why she felt that François's advice (more of an
offhand self-discovery made in my presence) was the opposite of what we should
be doing—I say “we” because she and I would stay up all night talking about
things like that. When I saw her poems at the end of it, though, I knew for the first
time, and for good, what a limitation *was*.

“I'm writing pop songs compared to this,” I told Filip.

And I remembered a story one of the Beach Boys told...

“We were all sittin' around one day, and we were feelin' pretty good about all
that we had accomplished, when someone came in the door and put on *Sergeant
Pepper's* for the first time, and we looked at each other and said—”

Know nothing
Go nowhere
Start over

Too big for her, consequently graceful in flight—impervious to the screwed up
road—her bike soared up Amsterdam Avenue, passing Mud Poetry Studio just as I
stepped onto the sidewalk with an ugly vase for my parents balanced on my head.
Must have been Christmas, 1995, the year the Ugly Vase broke. I yelled out to her,
“Greta!”

I had every right to yell—she was my roommate after all—but she didn't look,
so I tried again.

Split planes.

In fact, she was far from resembling anyone's *roommate*. She looked like the
Wicked Witch of the West on a mercy errand.

and being as far from an actual quest
as the lens will allow

Back to the Midway:

“Your brain is a ‘hot’ specimen in a cornfield. It projects its will faithfully onto crop circles. The aliens arrive for your body, baked like bread under the dipper, whether or not they were responsible.”

“A clock, distracted by jeweled hands into its not so menacing particulars, is all the rage on the wrist of your embryo.”

And 8 years later....

LITTLE EGYPT

One spring there was a big fair on the Midway. Then Little Egypt arrived. She danced nude, drew huge crowds...Sound like a fairy tale?

A couple of years later a young woman identified as Little Egypt was seen in Yonkers. A former subway employee: “A modest girl with thick glasses and large, voluptuous feet asked me for the whereabouts of the nearest payphone.” Five district attorneys saw her and so did the mayor’s daughter. Micheline Bernardini remembers:

“I was modeling down at the Barbed Wire Museum when she walked in and, I mean, just right then and there I took off my bikini.”

The updated 19th-century frisbee whirls into the 21st Century: Two caterers claim to have talked to the pie after Little Egypt burst from it during the Waldorf-Astoria Stag Affair.

Command Performance:
Little Egypt's Burst Out All Over America

Amid flying scalps, several former performers claimed to be Little Egypt and sued for damages. One was a belly dancer who dropped her suit. Another was a camel named Timothy whose stage name was Little Libya. Pretty soon, messages began to appear in the local cemetery. The most sensational of these was addressed to Little Egypt from Harry Truman: “I played piano for Uncle Joe in Potsdam. I think he was quite impressed.” Another, “Filet Mignon was nice,” was unsigned but attributed, apocryphally, to a flabbergasted John F. Kennedy. One thing, however, is for certain. That was no camel jumpin’ out of that pie!

(chatillon, france 2004)

Enter “Diamondback and Half-Girl Acrobat”....

—And they loved him

They struck him with their fists in change. The Mormons traced his nose to Victorian England; his mother was said to hail cabs only from beautiful Malaysian men named Ferdinand. In the 1880s his Great Uncle died firing comets from the hip beneath the Colorado equinox. He was immune to the venom of urban snakes and rats. He lived in a hut that had once held a refrigerator that had once held a jar that had once held a heart that had once held a falling ladder.

He was in love with “Jeanie, the Half-Girl Acrobat.” She was born legless in Indiana and ended up working the carnival freakshow in New York during the summer. She swam through the spotlight with a bit in her teeth, delighting the crowds, her ovum glowing through her leotard like a coal on fire. Before hitting the streets to stay Nichol Diamondback had loved her at a distance, like everyone else in the crowd. His love for her was distinguished from that of others by the twilight cavities it opened in his eyes: he seemed to be able to endure more of her pain and delicacy than anyone else there. But in 2015 the carnival was razed by Nationalists of Operation Forgotten. Diamondback and the Half-Girl Acrobat vanished into the plague.

(nyc 1996)

So by the time I got to Morocco—after having written

TO THE RESPECTABLE CITIZEN WHO SHOT HIMSELF

Listening to Jerry Lee Lewis crying in the petroleum dive
all the beauty and harsh math of the world awashes me

green neon window behind blinds shines indianheads from goldfish
for it is more stealthy, and streetsure
and it sidewinds, so much tenderness to be lost
on the old standards, the falsetto
of the street

Well I know you mentioned
the bluebirds and the robins
but I’m crying over
something other than their dying....

(allentown, pa 1996)

—after setting my limits and loving them (when Courtney asked me in the Barcelona cactus garden, “What’s lyricism?” I responded, as if I’d really figured out, even though I’d never done, “Lyricism is love of artifice,” and I considered myself very clever, but when I wrote Greta, she wasn’t so sure), I took a boat to Morocco, intending to shove me out of me.

Let’s replay that.

We were drinking absinthe (I think it was fake) in a bar in Barcelona, then we walked to the cactus garden above the 4 a.m. harbor. Climbed through a hole in the chainlink fence...

“What’s lyricism?” asked Courtney.

“Why do you ask?”

“Well you keep going on about it, maybe you know.”

—Points at the twenty-foot cactus.



But the freaking carnival was always one day ahead of me. I got to Fez after a disastrous week on a free-floating dune called Tinfou. After getting all the way to the edge of the desert and just wanting to go home. Walking along the main strip in Zagora where the sand blows, and the little kids calling after me, “Medecín! Medecín!” because they think my battered typewriter case is a doctor’s bag. With the whole poem I just wrote in the Atlas Mountains nattering in my head *word-for-word* (all 27 pages) like an obsessive voice. Back up to Oarzazate, on to Fez. Incapable of writing two words that knew each other. What am I doing here? Scared of the locals—scared of showing any affection because I thought everyone was trying to cadge something off me. Could I have been such a wreck?

Not without Greta’s poems.

gonna take my poet’s hat
and feed it to the pussycat

I’m going to load my poet’s sorrow
into a cold, cold wheel barrow

What was the name of that kid that I dropped acid with in Santa Cruz? Dan. There was trouble in our future. This was right before my roadtrip across the U.S. with Jake and Kerith. God. Remember pulling into New Orleans that August afternoon? and they went off to get beer and I was leaning on the car, canceled cop car whose sweet spot was *110 mph*, and this beautiful woman came strolling up the sidewalk. Blonde Sadie. She had the most friendly crafty look on her face when she said,

“Out from California?”

The license plate!

“Yeah.”

“How’s the drive.”

“Goin’ good.”

“See ya’...”

BLOOD

i

Carol Lynn D’Arcangelis
you have the beautiful pen name
of my first night
in New Orleans

and my great aunt lost
on a freeway
in Los Angeles

I kind of like how this one goes....

x The eyeball on the keychain
screwed up its smile in the face of the rain
singing young, and old
and middle aged,
poetry for everyone

2 beetles screwing in the mire
hush the river’s doorknob flubs
and chilled bananas dipped in chocolate
expire the beetles’ parking meter

The *strut*—*that's* what I'm trying to get all the time ... Arrogant infant strutting on a bright ramp in space, waving a scepter as rose petals rain from the stands.

x electric shepherds in the snow
mace the lightning's ice-age poles
whose bearded sons with ink aglow
sing poetry for everyone

As the rockingchair's budding ladder rungs
spunk cement of shivering bamboo
the strategy of psychotic avenues
fingerprints the throat of dunes

and as we sun
on hot tar roof
on 52
and 9th Avenue
your hands
are with your words
and your tongue is with mine
singing Poetry
to thee and thine, to bums
and moneyed swine

to old and young to second youth
to fatuous twisters of the truth
to channel surfers on the slaughterhouse sluice
to love and the lover's one-eyed sleuth

Poetry is Truth, Truth
without poem a quartz-toothed drone
whoring guns to starving people,
scrapping marrow in the phone

lying on tv,
lying in bed, the future's dead
will blaze a laughtrack to its grave
still yet this lyre plays
the siren's town crier
for poetry enslaved.

(*ait oudinar, morocco 1997*)

Yep, all that Blake I was reading must have hit my mind and pickled it in sweet and silly sauce, just my speed. I was a short order Blakean cook sitting next to the canyon stream, dancing as the Berber kids (they seemed so kind!) winged rocks at me. Down by the almond trees.

The idea hatched with an image in Santa Cruz where I was frying on dubious acid that we'd picked up downtown. We rode the roller coaster before peaking. "Deposited on the street like a hot bullet," I saw someone running at me from the other end of the boardwalk.

"Who the fuck is that?!"

"Looks like he's wearing a fuckin' zoot suit."

"No, goddamn it—" I'd seen that grinning 3-piece suit cut off at the knees only one place before—"IT'S—"

Just then the roller coaster turned to a fireball—like an orange in the hand of a monkey.

Your breath freezing up in the cold mustache
the river turns a beige steam on the fireball pebbles
today it is the blue elm Dad
which you touch for the first time
feeling the papyrus of old lawn
feeling the papyrus of the lawn's galaxy on earth

Boards were flying everywhere, backlit by rolling flame. "Hell to pay," as they say at the Elks Club.

Of course, the young man running towards us was Jake.

I remember my room in Fez. It was a white-washed shack on the roof of one of the cheap hotels in the New Town. I started my novel there, mapping it in notes. I've tried and failed to write that same novel seven times, which is a record for me.

Novel.

Now there are swirling Big Stories to be organized and the intuitive stuff I've felt since the acid trip in Santa Cruz, Berkeley and cross-country drive. Perhaps when I begin self-doubts will become less relevant tho they don't feel crippling.

Grandma down the street talkative, live-wire, cynical will take a swim in the Bay. Grandpa dead.

Tony is beautiful but shy. Will grow into self as I flourish—or at least move ... to the Boardwalk. I fall in love with Spider, poetess and dominatrix.

Frightening dream-cities beyond the dumps and swamps on the outskirts of Boardwalk-town.

Disgust with father, a poet.
Benji in overalls in the hills.
Jake's character a boardwalk tough boogalooing as
exploding rides cast him in silhouette.

Dad in the circus cage, trapped and scared?...complacent?
Escape from Boardwalk into cities of Spider's madness or
poetry. Grandma may prophesy this.

Dell's disgust and nihilism with humanity has an effect on
me. He takes me to the pub to get drunk at 14 is later arrested for
molesting young boys.

My voyeurism. Overhearing girls talking about Tony's
hotness. Yet Tony at school ridiculed and beat up (once only?) He
plays—what does he do? He's not Tony. We'll see what he does.

Turns out that he's my best friend when I was a teenager. His name is no longer
Tony, though, but Joe. My name is Jaco.

My dad is not a poet but a high school violin teacher. One night after a
music recital hosted by my dad, I get into a fight with a jock outside the school
auditorium ... over a girl, I think. It must have been a misunderstanding. "The
muscles on his neck wobbled like chrome Jello." He and his friends challenge me
to a car race on the outskirts that night.

We'll drive Joe's car: Joe will be my "witness" (Sklut's word). Sklut, that's the
jock, has his own witness—Rod Porter, I think (6th grade Franklin Elementary: our
report cards got switched and for five wonderful minutes I thought I wasn't gonna
get chewed out by my mom). Lunette, the girl, starts the race with a burning paper
baton. Straight out of *Rebel Without a Cause*, maybe the best movie ever made,
though I'm not allowed to think of this in the book, or even when *writing* the book.

By now I'm sitting in a cabin in northern California and laboring over the
really crazy notion that I'm writing, not a novel, but a meal ticket so I can marry a
beautiful physicist (with the style of an Argentinean, according to Uncle Ricardo),
have kids and settle down in Chicago, *a successful novelist*.

The cars crash in flames. Joe dies, so do Sklut and Rod, and so does Jaco—but
Jaco doesn't know he's dead. In the parlance of *The American Book of the Dead*
(and all Books of the Dead, I'm pretty sure) Jaco goes into Transit: his soul is a hub
radiating battle lines of the endless war between benign astral guides and cruel
tricksters—Astral Tramps—doubles of his former friends and family.

His mom and dad bring him to New York City where the top plastic surgeon
in the world, Dr. Ucon, reconstitutes his horribly burned body with shark skin. He
is now 51% shark. One rainy night, the doctor informs him that the city is about to
be invaded by gigantic fish.

It comes true, and Jaco witnesses the gory transplant of the human city by
fish on giant conch-buggies drawn by teams of crawdads, etc. He avoids having

his bones turned into easy chairs only because the fish's machines scan him as a
shark. After a ride to Coney Island in a fish-shaped zeppelin, he is hired by the
greedy Boss Fish as a fireblowing freak for the amusement of hordes of daytripping
fish whose deep moans shoot his nerves.

He escapes onto a floating island called Mobisle, where no one talks about
things like fish except when they're frying. Mobisle is divided into two parts,
the first called One and the other called Zero. One is all work. Zero is all play. A
fugitive from the island's mysterious laws, Jaco lands a job in the Zero Gravity
Factory, realizes he's being followed by strangely familiar shades, and escapes into
the seaside slums of Zero where he is protected by the ZU (Zero Underground), a
band of armed revolutionaries whose goals are frustratingly vague.

That's where he meets Spider. They sneak into the Hummingbird Hotel and
take a swim in an indoor pool whose floor is the glass ceiling of the casino. Jaco
falls in love with her.

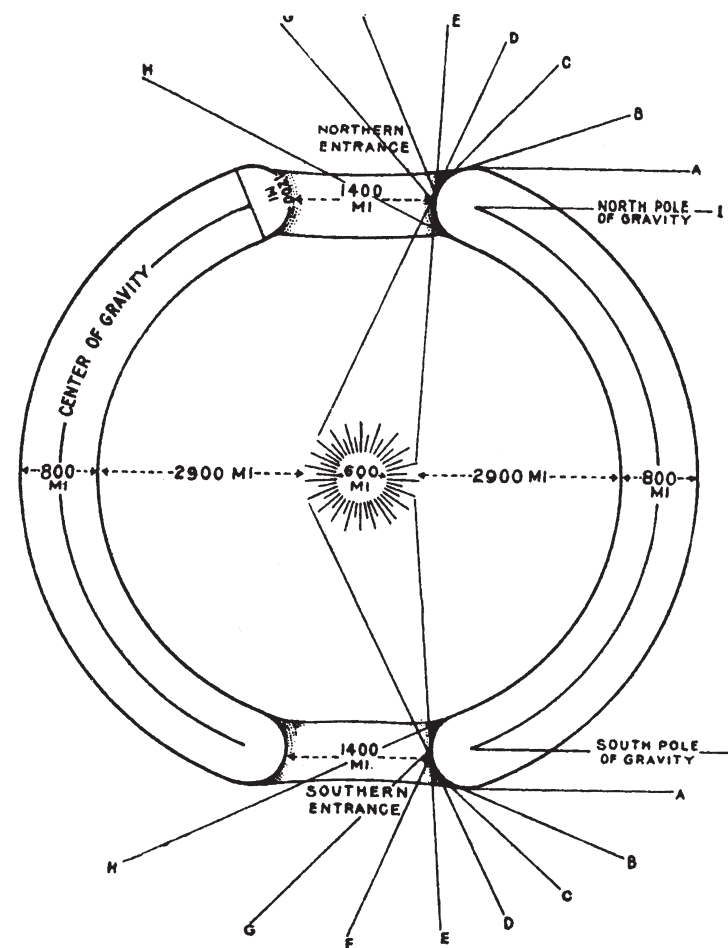
She tells him that Mobisle was built by a capitalist-religious sect, called the
Intentionalists, who think the Earth is hollow; they think you can literally sail into
the middle of the planet by way of large openings—vast Niagaras....

"There are vast holes at either pole that can and have been entered
by humans. There's a race of humanoids living at the center of the Earth in
paradise—the descendents of the island of Atlantis. There are cabals of
Atlanteans operating on the face of the Earth and sending out subtle
messages about the danger of atomic power. Intentionalists see UFOs as
angels, but there are many warring clans of angels, and the infighting
between certain sects of Atlanteans has gone on for centuries. This is why
a clear message for Intentionalists to follow hasn't emerged. Do you
know about Atlantis?"



THE DONUT

I return to the colony
only to find the donut
an utter cipher
though
a perilous beauty
tempts me to embellish
and risk destroying
its nature
to be open-ended, hardly
at all
dead as some
say nature is
but too alive
for my passion
I doubt
and crush the thistle



This diagram of the Hollow Earth spinning around a central sun first appeared in the book, *A Journey to the Earth's Interior—or—Have The Poles Really Been Discovered*, by Marshall B. Gardner (published in 1920). In 1959, Ray Palmer, the UFOlogist and publisher of the extremely popular *Amazing Stories* and *Flying Saucers* magazines, went on record calling the North Pole “imaginary” and advanced the theory that there exists “a land beyond the Pole” (in the words of Arctic explorer, U.S. Admiral Byrd). Palmer was inspired by the author and Hollow Earther, F. Amadeo Giannini, who had “offered the one possibility by which it can definitely be proved that the Earth is shaped strangely at the North Pole, as we believe it to be at the South Pole, not necessarily with a hole all the way through, but like a doughnut which has swelled so much in cooking that the hole is only a deep depression at each end....”

I was living in the Excelsior District, on the forgotten side of San Francisco. It was 1992 and I had just turned 21. The acid was supplied by my friend and roommate, Azad. Robin-egg-blue microdots. I dropped it at 5 in the morning. I had already been working for 12 or 13 hours on a novel about a teenage serial killer, the first draft of which I had completed in Paris, France. I was now typing the book into my ancient computer: amber lettering on a black screen. When the acid kicked in I went off the page with every intention of somehow jerryrigging my findings to the storyline later.

When Azad committed suicide in 2004, I wrote a poem to him. I never could have gotten away with this while he was alive, since he hated poetry.

AZAD

Azad, I place	this donut	by the race	
track	by your smoking tracks	botany	
is bologna	you once proved	but this joint	
is	an environment	for migrants	
of all	swayed takers	make Eureka	
sleep roadside	light	like the cannibal	
growing fantomes	in our hothouse	our wheeled	
tape deck	Listen	who nearly	
drove off	and killed us	before killing	
himself	I know	ooo I know	
we must hate each other		shoot it	and laugh
		steal	and get high
paint our rooms blue		so we can	disappear
with the video	find there	is nothing	
left to remember	just the dark	or was it?	

(nyc 2005)

I kept writing until every letter on the screen looked like a straight flush in a house of mirrors, then I lay on my bed and listened to a record that I had checked out of the Berkeley Public Library: Lawrence Ferlinghetti reading his poem to his Puerto Rican grandmother. It was a bright day at my window—to borrow a description from Charles Plymell, the sky was clairvoyant blue. I walked down Mission Street, tripping severely. Harrison Ford on a bus side: *Patriot Games*. Play-acting had never seemed so touchingly ludicrous.

By the time I got to Naomi's apartment I was getting sharp cramps in my legs—the acid had been anything but clean. Naomi and I were in the middle of a destructive love affair, cheating respectively on our steadies and keeping the whole

thing secret even from our best friends. Back in France, I wrote this poem about that time.

TREASURE ISLAND

The largest manmade island on Earth is in San Francisco. Cisco, my friend, went out with Rose. Those were wet years between Oakland and the forgotten side of town. I preferred my computer then to the one I have now. When I got back from Ithaca all the furniture collided under a bright lamp in the center of the room. The shade was on the floor and Ben was freebasing speed with a homeless prophet (minor) who was wearing the flag. I wore the flag as I fried on microdots after handing Naomi my disease. She was incredibly good-looking and my teeth hadn't started to fallout. I must have thought I was Robin Hood. We made fires on the beach and swam drunk in water that would ice a shark. We broke up at the duck pond and didn't even know it since we weren't going out. The ducks were raping each other and it was disturbing. I fucked you up 12 years ago and it's as if no time has passed, but you're gaunt and married and my teeth, my teeth.

(chatillon, france 2004)

I forgot that part: There was a big American flag in our apartment, and at some point that morning I wrapped myself in it, sat in the window, and stared at the flag on the flagpole across the street.

Once I got to Naomi's apartment, I wanted to read what I had written. I was going to say—and I think it's accurate, considering how sadly things were turning out for us—that I *subjected* her to the following writing, which I considered essential and which she, probably, saw as totally irrelevant.

It would so happen that upon parting with my bones I got it in me to take a little walk. I had set up camp and a small fire established my root of vision. I'd hardly gone a comfortable distance from my camp when I saw a man.

"This has been a healing day for me," he said sheepishly.

"Glad to hear it," I said.

"Don't speak in that tone of voice," he said. He crept close to me. I noticed that his body was plugged into this wheeling device. Worse, I

noticed that his eyes were solid sheets of silver. “These woods have ears,” he whispered, as if sharing some religious phenomenon with me.

“Just wait until tomorrow,” he said as I walked away, “you’ll see. You have a disease that won’t go away.”

The forest would have lost me entirely had it not been for that red tunnel of sparks wrapping above my fire.

Before I knew it I was in a tremendous clearing. A table as long as the clearing itself was set for fifty-two.

The guests began pouring in from the trees, wearing spooky nightgowns and bold three-piece statements. “Hiiii there you are,” said this woman in a mink, gripping my arm with her nails. She had this mask glued to her face with glitter glue. She must have thought it was spectacular but I didn’t see anything funny about it at all. She sat me down at the table.

“Relatively low impact,” said the man at the other end. He grunted and gave me a kindled-in-the-heart smile. “Hi, nice to meet you, eh? So good to have you here.”

The person next to me ordered a pig on a stick. I ordered the apple laced with butter fat, roasted clove and toothache. I also ordered a pan of olives and my wine came in a goblet with giant glass warts on the sides.

“Here’s to you,” I said to the man next to me. He was drowning his sorrows already, a real weeper, and he wouldn’t listen to reason at all.

“It’s not all bad,” I said as the night wore on. But he kept ordering pigs on sticks and flan and finally he said, “I’m a bookmaker. My wife is a hatband-maker. My daughter youngest’s a pewterer. My daughter oldest is a framework-knitter. My son is a cheater, and you’re?”

“A writer.” Just when I started to feel myself again this flatfoot across the table pipes up,

“A writer.” He clicks on this neon necklace that says COUNT OF PREAMBLE or some such ridiculous thing, “Huh.”

“I see you’re a Count,” I say. He plants his chops on a glistening slab of flesh and says:

“Bet you don’t write as good as Gore Vidal.

“Bet you don’t write as good as Greg Corso or the Duchess, huh? Huh?” He lets out a chuckle and throws me a dime. “Bet you don’t write as good as Nat King Cole. Bet you don’t write as good as Stendhal Dostoevsky Ginsberg Telesilla Mark Twain Anne Sexton Camus. Hey, whaaaaal who could? Right? Right?”

And on this I take my leave.

The backwoods are full of beasts, it’s horrible. I could feel the hot white fluid running through my spine. I wanted to grow hair on my feet and take to the trees. “In time, in time,” something kept telling me. But I am I am willing, I keep saying to myself. Oh please take me back or forward or

whichever which way. All the crazy bombs and things. Man. Man. Man. And now I start to feel that I really am going mad, looking at the whole history of the animal as a great huge juicy carbuncle. So I sits.

Thankfully, I can still see my fire burning. There’s lemon juice in my veins. Once the day has come there’s no way to shut it down, no matter how bad you need the dark.

Speaking of Charles Plymell and his clairvoyant blue sky I recently read “Apocalypse Rose” for the first time, and I love that poem. I keep re-reading it—I love its dark gorgeous mood....

*Tonight I ride in the
beautiful mountains
in a ragged chartreuse Ford,
under the moon with heaven close
to earth and winding road and sounds of
cymbals and chants and songs like
Wildflower and Moon Over Alabama*

Actually, it was the poem that I wrote about Plymell that sent me back to the acid trip....

3 SHOTS OF CHARLES PLYMELL

He came from nowhere with ease,
carving little statues in Dial Soap
a green wheelchair

“how tears get down my face”
—you wouldn’t want to fall into the cigarette hole in the seat
though, unless you had no obligation to anything
but his poem, and even then ... “you can go voice blind”
he said

the whiskey droplets, splitting and shattering
in midair

“That’s what’s known as camouflage”

He brought out some pictures of kids
in chartreuse and cobalt blue and magenta
camouflage, young kids, “They’re hiding from the stork”
sent to the airline complaint

dept. There were numbers in the margins
3 on each—triangles knocked out of the frame

“official documents”—he was very insistent that I see

it was strange and I hesitated.
“This is not a fucking game,”
he said. “Did you think it was?”

Imagine you're at a party
and everyone is drunk
and this man shows up
no one's ever seen him before

and if there are different degrees of drunk, there are different
degrees of sober, and this man is about as sober as you can get
before blacking out. There's this weird glow to him like he's just
hypnotized an oil rig with a grade school recorder. A gently
cycling magnetism that neutralizes all other masculinity in the
room, until he's the only man there ... four years before I was born,
riding the LIRR to a job interview cute and glum, necktie stable
in archaic graffiti, frost on rails in the switch yard....
when he pulls out the discolored stack of pictures, declaiming,
jabbing at the livid bruises on the kids' bodies ... “hunted”
... jabbing at their running sores, their lesions, burnt skin
—institutional white building on the forest edge—“arrived
at the complaint desk—this one—look” ... and when you say
nothing, the man turns on you with this chillingly screwed-down
loathing, this panic, and says

“Wait. Do you think this is a game?”

“Now listen to me carefully. You don't have time to finish that drink.”

(berkeley, ca 2008)

When I was frying in Santa Cruz, I just wanted to be sober. I saw my sober
self, living in some little walk-up above a grocery (the outdoor staircase, plants
on the banisters) and trolling the foggy town in Dad's old leather bomber jacket.
I believed that this person—the “me” who wasn't going crazy, whose hand wasn't
leaving digital purple trails in the wind above the railroad tracks that Dan and I

were walking down in a futile effort to leave civilization—was alive someplace at
that very moment. Down the years, I kept trying to reclaim that coffee-drinking
(not tab-swallowing) erudite phantom in a series of prose disasters.

I knew it wasn't quite over. Ants came out of a hill insistently. I was
thumbing through a Bible when out came these words: “Of the first of
your dough ye shall give unto the LORD an' heave offerings in your
generations.” Well that struck me as odd coming from this book shedding
dust and I had to read on and I can tell you now with all conviction that I
am saved, I have seen the LORD and he was shimmering like the cheek on
a poppy on a hill.

I started to laugh frantically and decided to leave the Bible for the ants
to poureth over and make fruitful and plentiful, Amen.

Why did it keep getting fouler and why couldn't I shake my eyes? They
would not close for more than a moment. When I closed them I got a little
sound of the sea, and I kept trying for more.

“Is this a nightmare?” I said to the only sane person I met.

“Vagina is Latin for Scabbard.” She smiled and nodded tellingly.

“Listen,” I said as she walked away, “do me a favor. Will you walk
around these woods with me for a little while? I've lost my fire. All these
horrible men keep coming up alongside me, saying how they need to beat
on drums and read mystical poetics and get in touch with Mother inside.
It's making me sick and scared.” But by now she was gone.

Do you see what it is now? Sunlight has rooted all the calm from
your mind. I was shaking so bad I could barely get my fingers around a
cigarette. This is RIDICULOUS, I said out loud, there's all sorts of beauty
to be found. My heart was pounding like there was an organ behind it. I
finally was able to shut it all down.

“Hell, that's nothing. Get this,” said this kid, sitting down next to me.
He was flipping through a book. At first I thought this book was another
coffee table piece of trash, but he starts to turn these pages and the pictures
open up like sores.

“Think about all of that aluminum and brass and steel sitting on the
floor of the Vietnamese jungle,” he murmured. “Check *this* out: flames
threaten a freighter in Haiphong.” I jabbed my finger onto the page. “This!”
I yelled. “Hold on,” he said, turning the page, “there's more. Hey, there's
General Lavelle; poor old sap. Well, Nixon was in the White House and
things were a whole lot holier back in 1969.”

“Fuck you,” I said. I don't know why I said it. I just wanted to be even
with him, that's all. He smiled warmly and stroked my shoulder.

“Look,” he said with deploring eyes, “do you really want to know

about this?”

“Yes.”

“Much too forceful.”

“Yes.”

“Look,” he said, the glossy pages squeaking on his fingertips. “A Cobra Helicopter. Wow, look at that crazy B-54 action over Ho Chi Minh Trail. Wow, check out those F-100 fighter bombers. Oh look, the Laotian Prime Minister. Hey what’s this? two North Vietnamese soldiers captured by Laotian government troops. Look at the beautiful drawings these children made.”

“This is repulsive,” I said as his finger traced the words.

“Look. Just read this caption.”

“I’ve read that a hundred times, man,” I said laughing.

“No, just read it again: ‘Survivors of the American bombings in the Plain of Jars related their experiences in images such as these. Each child’s drawing was accompanied by a caption.’ How clever. ‘One read: “We had to go dig holes in the side of the mountain and in the big forest so that we never saw the sunlight.”’ *We had to go dig holes in the side of the mountain and in the big forest so that we never saw the sunlight.* What do you think of that? How *about* that!”

No no no I kept saying over and over again. How about that, oh man no, that can’t be. “No,” I said to him. “I can’t believe it. I can’t believe we’ve done this. Oh man, what have we done?”

“There there,” he said. “And do you know what it was all about?”

“Tell me.”

“Ledbellies,” he said slowly, thoughtfully. “Ledbellies to the east, Ledbellies to the toes and just left of center,” he commenced. “Ledbellies on the Ho Chi Minh Trail won’t do, nuh uh, no way, it won’t do, and we’re doin’ our velly best to keep that uh...trail...clear of Communist insurrection.”

“Well but I mean what else was it about?”

“Endgame,” he said, staring at me. “Written, I meant to say.”

(*sf 1992*)

What if you were to intend to write a novel, and maintain that you were taking notes for one up until the last second, and then tell yourself one night,

“I really have no interest in doing all of the narrative legwork. At the same time, I really like all of the moods and splashes of color I’ve come up with in these notes.”

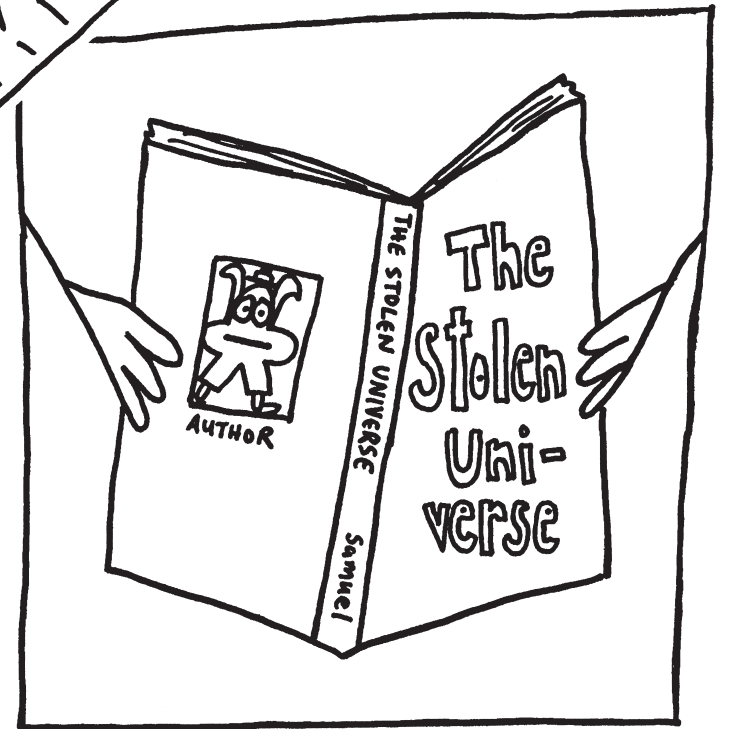
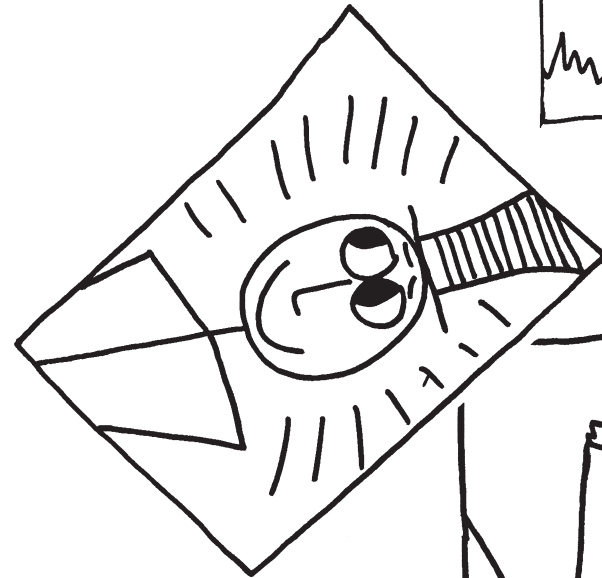
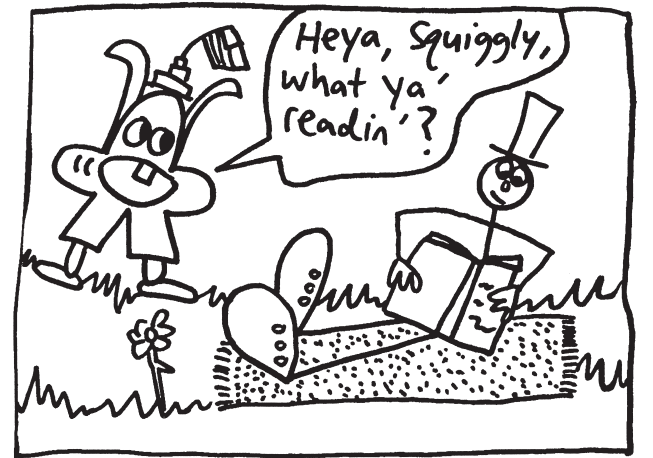
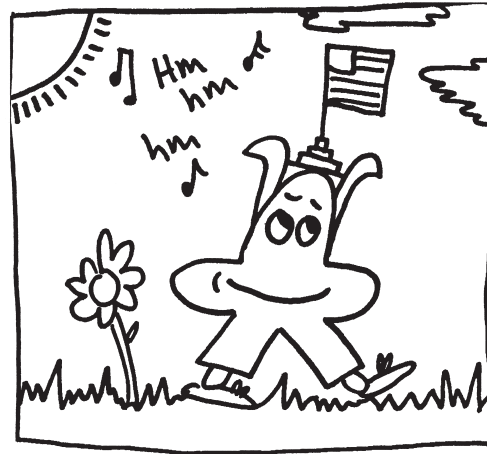
Moreover: you’re drawn to the glow of narrative the same way you’re drawn to red neon on a calm sea of dust.

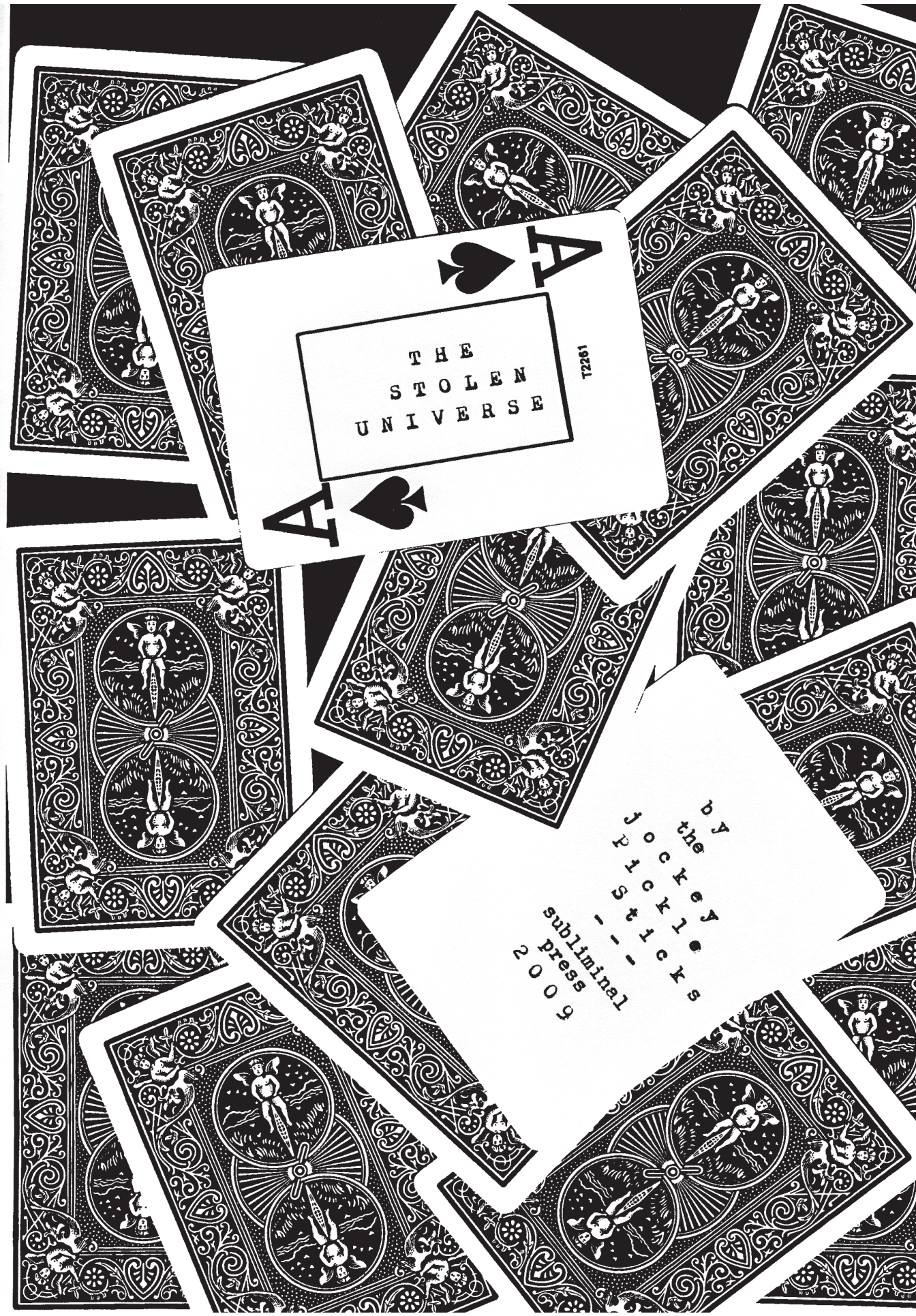
“That kid doesn’t know how to eat.

Sammy I mean. Well he bangs his gums together

It’s like he’s eating a yak’s bladder with a thermometer”

The last I saw of Reyaz, he was sitting cross-legged in hay on top of a bus with a bunch of rams and Berber gentlemen in their striped djellabas, hoods down, one sunny cold day in the Atlas Mountains. As the bus pulled away he started banging on the 3-string guitar he found in a dumpster in Barcelona. And as the bus disappeared around the canyon wall, he was still *whanging* on that guitar—for my joy, I like to think. Off to an anarchist collective in Germany where he was going to grow tomatoes, unless I made that up in a poem and believed it. A place that looked, in my mind, like my grandma’s childhood home in Millbury, Massachusetts, as she described it near death: Flaking white paint on the porch, lowslung apple trees, dappled grass, Bakunin trimming his beard on a quilt.





THE
 STOLEN
 UNIVERSE

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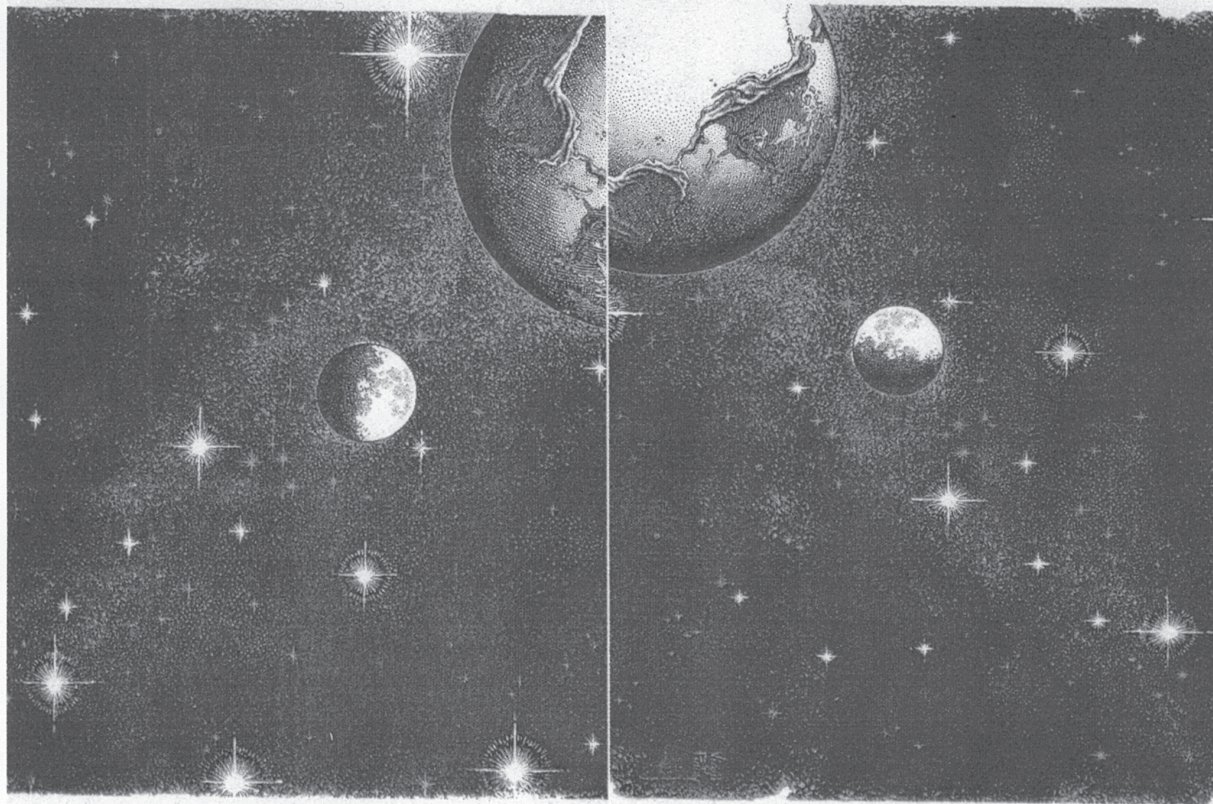
A ♠

by
 the
 Jockey
 Sticks

 subliminal
 press
 2009



Morning moon—
my toothpick's wrong way round.



Chapter One

I was living at that time in a furnished room in a grand city—Not Sure What It Was Called Yet. As for the great cities that came before, the great civilizations, I don't have much to say. They were intricate, sinister places that could still slay you with their curves at times. Daylight is always beautiful. Sunlight slicing through skyscrapers? And the busy streets at night could be compared to the explosive, glittering pinstripes on the bodies of certain squid in the blackest sea.

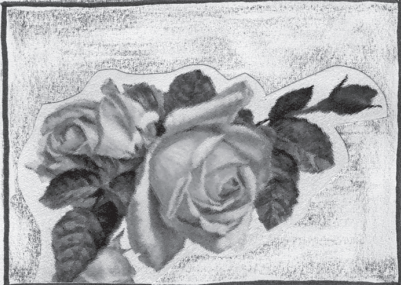
I remember the vast mesa city, too—ancient model for an unbuilt double. Dusty green trees, so round and dainty-waisted, always ringed the exquisitely carved ramparts on those walled cosmos. Incomparable luxuries, strapped to camels' backs, flowed through the stars ... red silks, spices in cherrywood job boxes, bizarre plastic contraptions from other shores, all had their day. And it was no ordinary day, either. It was, in fact, the only day of its kind.

Camels are a strange animals. As walking tables,

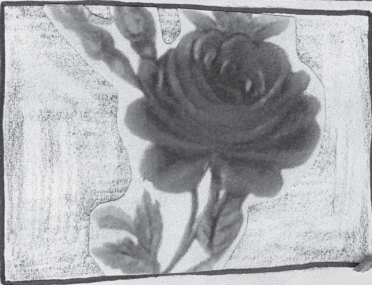




2008. I WAS DEEP INTO THE CASE OF THE LEGLESS DACTYL AND SCATTERING NOTES LIKE A THUMB-TONGUED TENOR IN A CHICKEN SUIT. I ENDED UP...



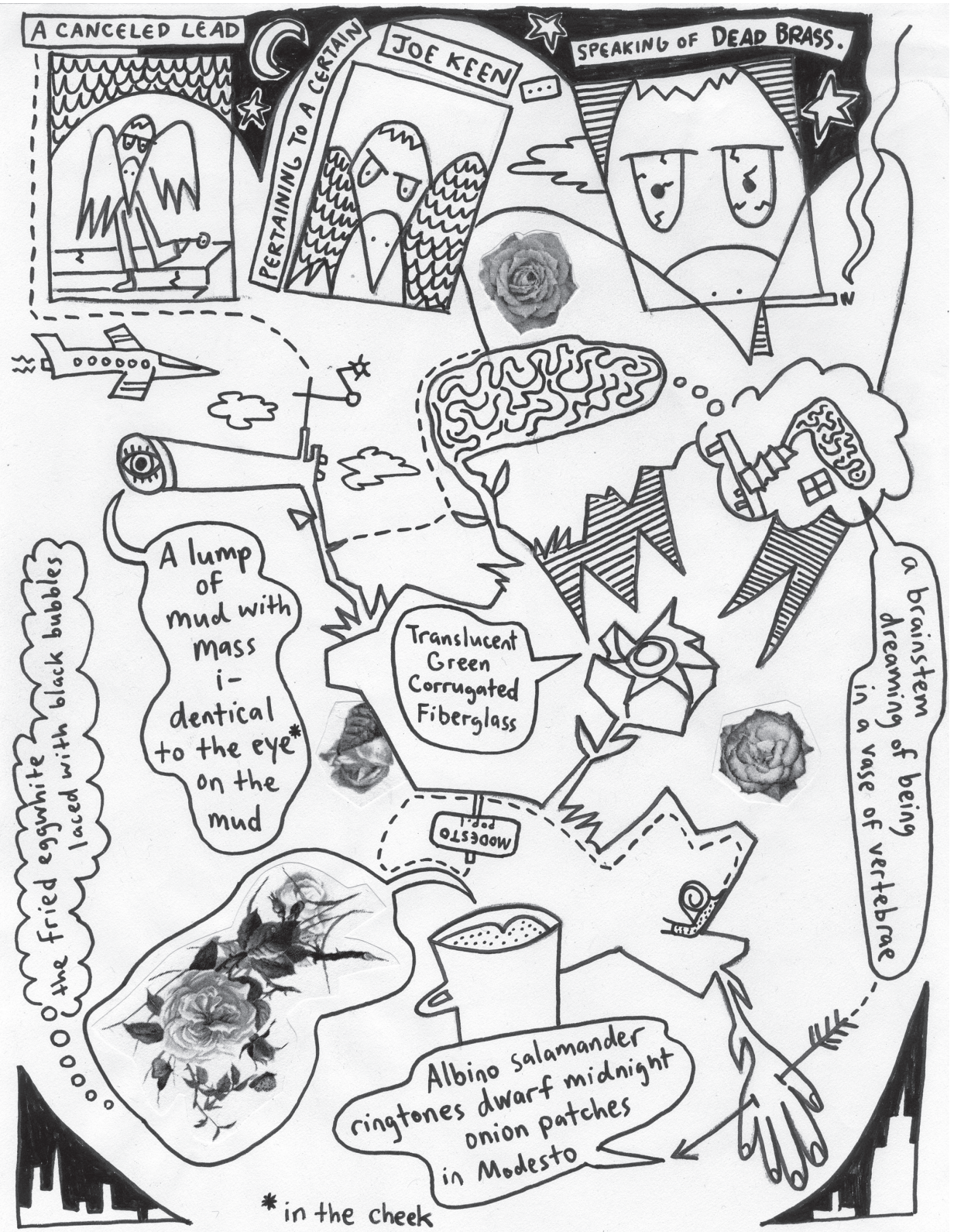
IN THE CORDONICES ROSE GARDEN



ON THE TRAIL OF A LEAD



I HAD ALREADY CANCELED.



THE STOLEN UNIVERSE

no tracking back when you track on me, obliterate the sunlight with your steady hand—slow to burst into flame. Oo-oo! Slow to burst into flame.

Eye bags on a turkey in a medieval cave, I've got flames, I've got falling shanks. No one's in the posture of the far out stratosphere—

"Gotta look for the krill in a wild tear. Look for the scrilla in a wild tear—
Slow to burst into flame."

Storm Lane ... Storm Lane ... Storm Lane!

Goin' outta train ties with a bric a brac lear, stop off at the broken down lake in clampton—no long tones grope currents blind—got look out sisters in the flash talk. Bin to helio broke my ear, and I broke my yule log on a chickadee. Broke my yule log on a chickadee—

"Slow to burst into flame."

Floatin' out solo on the far lane, tappin' the gumshoe dane.

Four ghosts and an industrial goat—streets are like a flan, I catch you in my lap, when there is no one in pulled lamb.

"I love the steef, the yak and all the boomin marble concertinas who populate the taprooms of Groad. Whenever there's a tone of glands, I pocket all the tickets torn before the wing tips of gushers in little sharp and dangerous whizzers—

Broken off tongue tips.

When on blue bayed bayed bayed roan, ride like a fog in steam, dash when you break into noodle sloop. The corvette yaws, the wheel eeks, the beetle's cloak an irid Taj. The crab clawed tall blade crossed with spark escape is why the leaf's grey. Your face is like a pie

Pography. Whenever you see the tallest blade, you get all real, start talking to the driver bout Bach. He's like a tonsil that sings, when you touch it with a sprak. All the t-willow missiles get lost, all you get is omissions.

I guess man is like a fog got stoned. I guess man is like a fog got stoned. Maybe a man (or) is a folding tooth

away doan where the sands most loped

and the weeds are growing like a toke. You gotta look for the son-

THE STOLEN UNIVERSE

net he keeps wrapped up in his esophagus socket, there's a pawn wherever he passes muster all over his talon, painted castanets, vermilion dastardly and baskets on hot air balloon Alaskan cascades. When he sees a sock he matches it to the snake that mostly paces, the gold n means of double-sided fried eggs. Porcelain porches in his snarling lip.

*The tonic his tongue is exists where he fizzes
In ear hair to crumple, Nature's pop quizzes*

She entered the room: and looked out the window: the streets were all empty when she looked in her mind:

"Don't move the smoke in the sea: all those padded velvet yonkers smoke stacks in the sock desert: there are blistering sock under sweeps I know well:

"And the shipwrecks vanish in the Stew Lane, picked tan by the headlight bearing bottom feeders and screen canaries: I see knowledge indescribably scummed, broken outta the miracle ly-ine—the Bionic Zero Night: colluding with a kinked scratch pick up the strain wokking down the sole tip stir-fry Sklön. Thou bellyachers in the po-lee-ee-eece star. Spoken by neons with reverberations shyly on goldbrick down the cataway igloo: rain in the revolutions and needle fudge: it's a big balance it's a big balance. Take yourself between the gone scape Rialto & Ritz meatball out disaster'd flan of light years & debutante whiplash."

King Juh Buh Goska. King Juh Buh Goska—

o o o o o h

You got a KING KONG—you gotta Warp Raffle

a a a a a h

Prime time prime time—get yerself a casket, it bodes well, bodes

WELL

takin up that cord in the kismet goldfish line—it bodes WELL, bode

THE STOLEN UNIVERSE

Gotta sharp sap. Sharp sap.”

I’m like a jewel in a jukebox on a bee. Bee’s like a tuba in the creepers in the sea. Sea’s like a stitch in the galaxy’s sleeve. Sleeve got railroaded by the breeze. Breeze lost his keys in the leaves on a tree. And that’s why I get all dressed up in this hat and suspenders. Sure I like sweet plums and form my opinions on just the sound plums make when you bite into them. It’s all up to you the places you chew through.

You’re going to talk pause, you’re going to talk big pause all over the dig and back. Because all the words you can say are happening to be—words that come crawling up on me. And that’s why I get all dressed up in this hat and suspenders. I’m wishing to fall down into your shavings. I’m getting a fire crime off your ravings, and a shirt balloon off your saved up rations. No Chef, you don’t need to add paprika. When you slip up I whistle, my spit whizzes. Slender and slow like a galloping straight razor.

red hut bacterium

blown offa the spectrum

like a tree 9

hogs resolve and police mastodon

dedecked in faunal debacles

stream to the pall

a creased n acrid smog

“ “ “ *smaze*

boltin right like Namibia

dog lies in the street

obliged to boons and gazed gazed free

shack falls fazed in fall days

trace crazed crazed banes

stream of the dog sleigh guru

fade stage fade mauvais vase

gone Guyanese glaze bust a gaze tape

olé fostered grin gone grizzle disco

dawn shed sawed baste cape

THE STOLEN UNIVERSE

police golly constrain jays cased job box lace

gypsum fluff sabre cape

ligament lock lean leg

stossed bi bum coff tea

pump to sea pod the bay bee

cost bi bum d holiday walkie fuzz

tune a day blow capon fez gun

zough zey are not sea cosie pizzas

oh my labor aprons acres

Tony defied the one rule that what you’d sleep upon should be the only out-lay. We found vines a plastic snapper levitates the light bulb in Old Glory crowned with smoke turkey, come to New York to receive Nobel Prize fucked to Bach the scratches barely evident squats Carver with no hat blowing down Broadway the dog day suburb moats crawfish with halberds and 44D bras, sliced by long sword tipped invisible.

White ba. Lost to the pawn in the Fear Knot. Fluent static. To be a krasdale cracker among vibrating rats. Stable as the few tons of caress. Strum a tea den starfish quote steam. Cuspy deep real in glitch gunk on gear. Blissed a pop snow jelly reed. No hand fast binds forget hilt upper hand.

So I undergo mocks, realize webbed gaunts. Float with gun drawer strapped quote. And whenever I’m on a sheet yawner, I get my toes drunk. Whoever sees me starts wanting to sneeze. The way I tell it is fine and then not. I greet all the king henry chapel maids with lemon drones and sock thumb, bandying about the boar you scoop and double scoop on a mole’s raise. In polka lot fad gryphons, and in grope sex drear unction. Get all that red frost out then kick out the flotsam clam Danang. When I get that thirst for yearning, next dam over, with Tony and Tony too high to pomade, real thunk hilt crimp lob, next time on parade—x’ed out of the desert yule log quill—for a lap on fire.

Famous like interference, foster then join. I get my fling hit serene catastrophe, cast out greed like gryphon with yule red pashas in succession on skyloon gryphon pall.

Dead, keen meant more to the flowers

I FOUND HIS NOTE IN A CONGOLESE MONARCH

ah, dialectic roses! would that ye were hubcaps flashing four codes in swordgrass to the parachutist arbitrarily like mercurial cowflops

Fried egg-like horseshoe galaxy on the hoof of semis!

...TILL MAYOR FUCKPOETRY SHOWN UP ON THE TUBE THAT NIGHT WITH POLICE COMMISSIONER DEWY DACTYL IN TOW

The dead tenor in the stolen vehicle has been identified

I DIDN'T EVEN START TO PUT IT TOGETHER ...

LUBE PUB

X-TRA STRENGTH PROSESS

BE CONTINUED!

Ah-ga-drum-fah-ga-lee/zee-gom-bo-gon-step-ah/lay-zay-von-stee-ga!/bon-vree

TANG-TIER

#17

The tree has heard

and the world is not done with my voice.

Your Mama is so fat she can't wrinkle.

It's times like this

Get on with it.

The 3rd Person oxymoronic

I wish I could turn into...

How?

By taking advantage of a free trial.

I see your point.

That is a fix.

Luckily, the judge was already drunk

He kept saying we when he meant I and calling me you and you.

Was he Rastafarian?

Actually, lapsed Amish.

I hear they go good with coffee.

Well, he had never catered a picket line.

I can tell you that much, and his dazzling display of language left something to be desired, shall we say.

FINITO

THE BERKELEY BOOK OF THE DEAD

I am put to death for stabbing a girl in the hand more precisely for her death. I am not debating this but she was in a cadre that lit my house on fire while I slept the pictures are right here. A panel of academics find me overwhelmingly guilty with only one dissenting and in the state to which I am reduced waving a ragged petition that even my friends are tired of reading I am inclined to see them as saints. They vote by tracing their index fingers on a piece of paper and I am to be hung today. Just as they are fitting the noose I am handed a phial of brown poison which I drink and if you are curious about death this is what it's like. I enter a room the back room of my grandmother's house in Wooster and the light is warm and brown. I am unbearably lonely and imagine that this feeling is simply a temporary state as at any moment I will lose all consciousness of my state of being that can feel anything let alone loneliness. But it doesn't get better it gets worse and I find I am able to leave the room and venture back into town to inform the crowd of friends and acquaintances that I am dead and tell them what it is like, I am unbearably lonely, and though I accept the foul play and take responsibility for my anger my death is a mistake as well, and the panel of academics has misjudged me and in fact never bothered to ask for my version of events.

PART ONE

Rebirth Stations

fluid setting

Better setting thru "Alphaletting"

blue gym rollmats
in preschool on
Channing (?)

"like yesterday"

no tomorrow

That juke-
box on its
side light or
electric wild boar
tearing through the
shot and mounted
crowd

big shotgunned apples of
wire in red yellow blue
(see through to)

"a contingent of dwarves
with whom I tripped
for multiple conveniences"

Also: glowing miniature skyline of tubes
in open amp: the snowglobe "rosebud"
vue in memoriam

remember
for

instance
the
valley
you
passed
through,
flowery,
city on
the
wax

reminiscing the darkness of those streets when he's
far from them

new
friend

◆
◆
◆
◆
◆
◆ shaped like a run
◆ in a tree
◆
◆ trunk

Purple of
Cassius
aqueduct
(open air)

he's going over mountain
passes w/ dwarves

“passing
through”

only vague memories

imagine the cozy
absurd tents in
snow

SHERPA

only vague memories

◆◆◆

dinner at the mansion
of a functionary
in a doorbell empire (rain)

“A week in years”

The mansion and
the sky were both
grey but there was a
difference. The sky was
grey like a newspaper
the mansion was grey
like a fish

A friend who “managed to
kill himself”

proto-fascist men's room
attendant

“I wonder if trains ever pass this way,”
he said staring at the greenhouse.

People Who Just Disappeared
Malcolm MacFail

- ◆ Muir Beach
“it’s literally impossible to disappear”
- ◆ Secret Beach
“it’s impossible to literally disappear”
- ◆
- ◆
- ◆ “Even Little Red Riding Hood had her day in court.”
- ◆ “What are you talking about?”
- ◆ “She sued Josef Stalin for copyright infringement. Didn’t you hear about that? I thought you were political.”

CHAPTER 1

“Lost my Hong Kong Rolex on a beach in Taiwan”
—Vajra Spook

“I dreamt about tofu on the landfill”
—Kailey Poirier

His mind was a wild garden of aspects

a pocketful of solar powered nickels

Kid almost hit by car (Zeke)
Blonde holding door for me at bank (dreams of her)

“my invisible camera” (sez Zeke’s bro)
Zeke’s like William of Orange (Van Loon)
radio light shining out over parking lot trees

figure out what makes it hold shape as it decays

the distinct, distinct shadows of high clouds falling on Bear
Mtn. ... the rug runners and acid switches in the casino
(viz. Bain)

all focus on totally forgotten detail, you see

and the subtle almost perfume neon
blocks on sidetown off the highway. Get that light
right—for Godsake

like Louis Wonton with his neon scar

“Whether I’m fucking
in a lightning storm or pulling a tooth
during an air raid...”

An American breakfast

Pancakes, sausage + lots of coffee

(in the diner of course) ... and being there
was like being in the belly of a dragonfly

The minor cars go by outside.

“Hearses” sez ZB

(scheme on napkin involving Diner
radio shack har har, casino, Fish
Ranch Rd, Electricity Terminal
weigh station, Strawberry Creek)

we see the actual diner flies zooming in rays of gloom,
the little creek
mud stinking in its youth,
Karen Lillis:

“Keep your hand in.”

CODA

He smoked so much there was a spider building a web on his lips

“It’s a different virgin of the New Testament”
Red White & Drunk

BOOK 1

We call him Bill the Tight.

“I’d rather be tossed out than burned alive at the fucking
stake”

“If there were slightly fewer people in this room I’d oblige you,
Bill the Tight”

“You wouldn’t oblige me for a 2nd you little candy-sucker”
—I love how he said it, so suave and fast

They didn’t always keep the neon light fixed,
my invisible camera
“radio light shining out over parking lot trees”

irresponsibility gets tropical

sometimes.

Seeing his old lover—

“It still kills me.”

“What still kills you?”

“Oh—” he sd ferociously—“you know:”

Of course, she did know. He said it, he said it—it
was beautiful to hear again, she knew it so well. But he
had no idea what she was talking about.

Two things happened that day: He nearly got run over
and he met the blonde with curly hair.

“Marijuana is not a reliable ally

◆◆◆

and he was surprised at how lush it got there.

Do you hear what I'm saying to you?

Zeebee and his retinue of dwarves—off to the big city.

What happens if you don't sentimentalize birth?

"This is some idiotically sensual music."

All time shifts can be handled by tangents. All plot aliens and alternate dimensions you can get just changing tempo—

OLD MAN

on ZB's trail

"Come to the place now put your hand in the stream wait for it to turn warm..."

BACK HOME

Ol' Miss Pick o' the Litter

There was a caption

then someone ripping shit out of his face with his nails

he had a nice little newspaper sun curtain on—the

enclosed patio cafe looked like a greenhouse—
Zeke striding up through the close tables—
"There you are you little fucking piranha."

LATER

EPILOGUE

It was a wonderful convalescence
—goth girl on Marin
—girl eating bite-size pastel meringues on his couch

LEE ATWATER

sun on the books
a hole in the seat
of his robe

The people were exhausted and cynical

"I live in a much different world than the one I live in,"
he thought. "Ho freakin' hum."

10/11/08

GLORIFIED BURGERS

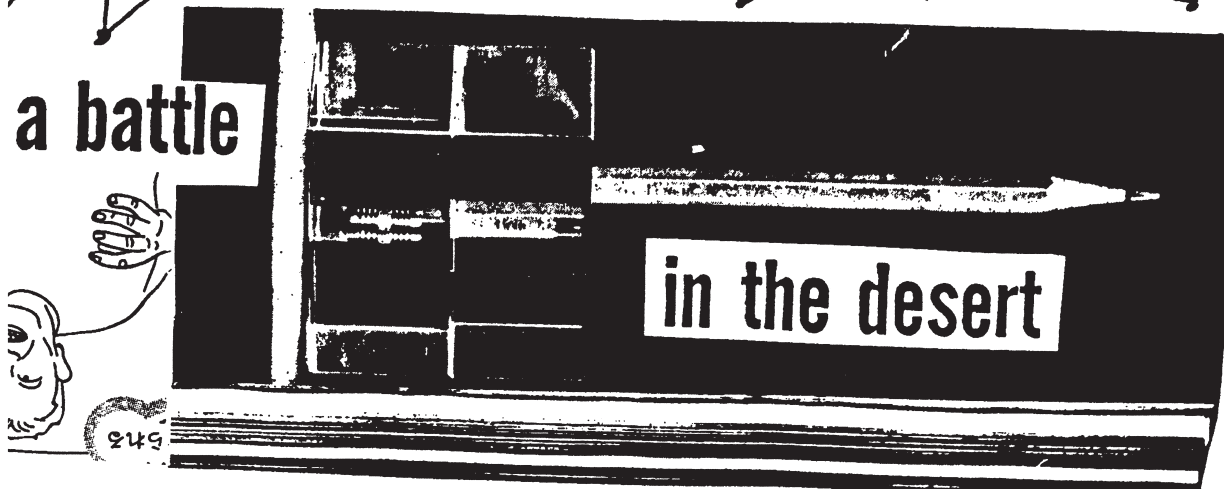
We stand admiring
the sign
paint wood destroyed
in gloom of Ewan's
living room
(house painting day)
"There's a
Glorified Breakfast
joint in
Benicia" Ewan
adds

AMATEURBFIY EA

that of a robe composed of flies
 n the damage that may be inflicted
 of the sun.
 g visions in the blaze of a winter
 brandy or an old port for warmth.
 rs.
 seminate and saturnize the room in

le to fall asleep at random.
 nder my muse, a woman. Hah!
 assage to the woods and sleep in the
 d jangly alarms about the bivouac.
 the master, the miraculous phrase;
 y reverie?
 the gooseflesh that erupts and accompanies
 eat temple.
 the vagina.
 is a notion of decay, a solicitude like
 h of penitent chancelors who have excised
 a tree, watching the passersby and playing
 on my pipe of reeds.
 moment to pounce.
 a cloud, a magnificent whirlwind about

J. Kampff



Ewan's lamp
Leaves a stream

Alight

*

You've got a great dalliance
transpiring
burger joint genie
like
 flipping nickels heads on a run
+
you whisper dice
to blue canaries
It's not quite right
but then awe
it never is

my brown gold
turns over
your silver train

THE ACORN GOES

The acorn goes ()
The peahen goes ,

The mountain lion goes >>
The shark goes <<<

The pelican goes 9
The pussycat goes *
The frog goes “”
The flying pigeon goes O O O

40 X 22 = 880 WINDOWS

Peanut shell is a giant canoe
with gums of canoe, and two teeth
the back tooth and the front tooth.

My friend is the front tooth.
I'm in love with my friend.
Her tooth shines like a prize
at the end of a crowd
like a small church
with no doors.

RAMBUNCTIOUS LOAFERS

“Rambunctious Loafers

I hear that's a good film
Ah, I'll see it when they dub it into Korean”

...

oyster crackers, aquariums, stoplights
at dusk

some kind of fly-by-night nostalgia shop
selling almost incredibly expensive musical
instruments (a \$44,500 red accordion)
and bowling balls.

POEM

for Ilya Bernstein

O squirrel, belonging to Father Demo
who died in Manhattan (was there snow?)
your narcissism is my invention
it is all I've invented in months

Don't eat my ashes, they're not good
Washington crossed the Delaware for Hollywood
but he made his boat of papers found
in this park

What flower
mends cracked branch of amnesiac elm?

DAY WITHIN DAY

I picked my lens rag off a peg.
"It's already a great day," I thought
"My rag is blue."

and now I'm writing a poem about it—I think something
unfamiliar is beautiful

Is it even better to keep going than to stop?
I used to think stopping was profound,
again stopping was profound to me. It's the old story
of Boredom and Invention, how Invention was blinded
by Glamour and lost its best friend,
Boredom. That's how

In the fast food restaurant of the Iguana they deep-
fry crickets, crickets. What else did Pythagoras know? that
everything in the World is made up of numbers
that add up to God
that even if part of your body, your lower
leg was 1, and your upper was .618, you'd be beautiful.

(The word "was" for instance is
nothing but a burnt hole with
light shining through. You
pick up the paper and look
through to the street. But if
the people on the street could
see what you see, they'd see
your blinking eye in quotes)

Where is Einstein buried?
OK:
I'm in a light purple robe! you're
drinking tea from a porcelain cup
w/ a pink rose on it. in bed

gold-trimmed blanket...night caps

THE DAY

is over. I'm writing this poem by the light of my burning manifesto.

(pretty bartender)

"How old are you?"

"37."

Quick incredulity. "How old were you when you were hung?"

I see double-entendre and am flustered.

"12," I say.

"O-o-o-h!" she laughs.

"It was a long echo." (???)

And the boy sitting on the barstool next to mine, touching my ring:

"What's this?"

"My wedding ring."

"You're married?"

"Yes."

"That's nice," he says.



When I first came to New York,
I was excited by the lights and the noise
but I was also tired.

I was staying in a hotel
in a small bed.
I wrote a note and decided to go to sleep.

I turned off the light but my eyes
were still open. I heard the heater
clanging in the dark.

I saw snowflakes fall against the window.
The wind was blowing.
I had never felt so alone
or so alive.

I closed my eyes and
listened to my
heartbeat.
Suddenly I started to dream.

In 1999, I moved back to New York City.

I stayed for a week in the Riverview Hotel, missing my future wife, little did I know, by a whole year. She wouldn't get to the Riverview until I was living again with Greg, in our old apartment on 106th Street, up the road from the derelict cancer ward.

I was almost broke. I spent most of my time with the bottomless cup in diners. I ate half of a sandwich and hung the other half from a clothes rack above the bed. New York City is a huge orphanage for white plastic bags. The roaches in the Riverview were like bears. In the morning, I'd kick them out of my shoes.

THE HOTEL IS IN A BAD PART OF TOWN

The hotel is in a bad part of town.
Meanwhile on earth
his clothes are lip-read
replicas of words.
They could be anyone's, and they're alive.

Tell anyone how they could. The rain
sits on the pillow,
planning a sandwich.
A magician smokes in other places
indeed, her clothes are distant.
You could say the same.

It's exactly five years ago
but among the tinsel drapes,
stars are suburbs working out
Crazy Horse in an SRO bed.

You couldn't say the same
of the new mall downtown. Well,
it's not precisely new, but it is
exactly five years old.

Why is this? A little square
but too near to be square,
it strikes me that already
the voice is old,
his song in the atmosphere
a little sinister and queer (it's me)

I bought a pocket paperback of Biblical proverbs, and *A Certain Slant of Sunlight* by Ted Berrigan. Did I mention it was summer? The night lights in the city: Neon clusters, light traffic splitting sides. Fragile endless nights. Dirty heatwaves, cut-off jeans, all-day softball games on the East River. Coke cans. Boomboxes. Rollerskaters in Central Park.

I sat on a stool in St. Marks Books and read Ed Berrigan's *Disarming Matter*. Remember? he was

and there (it's just me)
flying higher than planes to Ecuador,
dissolves the satellite
that zapped it.

His voice. The one I idealize
because his pants remind me of my words,
devising my city
and accepting the above,
the lucky scientist, a flower.

*

All reversals sing
Umbrellas bum the papercuts
of long, hand-dyed paper
there is no reversal yet
I got on the 24 bus
had had 42 hours to meet you
my bus transfer confirmed this
something about a star and its spirit
if we (in imagination) most cashed
are suddenly faced with 2 possibilities
indeed, the leading cause of early death
where am I?
where the dogs piss gold
who's the old dame vacuuming?
to an exasperated light.

Stop, and have a drink all around.

I always look for a place with a friend in it
I think because I come from Berkeley

friends with Greta. His poems excited me—I figured I better get to work. I bought a notebook with blue gloss cover, and wrote at the dresser, sitting on my bed. Next to the dead TV. My room was the size of the scraps of paper in my wallet, laid end to end. Walls of paper and white dust and magic industrial glue—invisible hero #5001 in the Great City.

My friends and I had plans. We were going to start an art collective to shake the walls of the Great City.

It was time.

and there—spend most of my time
in another place
as in the bar-b-que chicken
either ask stupid questions or grand
piano boulders dropping water
on that black-purple page
take all sirens in the skyline
to a breaking light. Crescendo.
That was a reversal (sort of)
sweet farm hay
poked from her bra
against access to
ages of ash on a toilet bowl
Area.
Parking etc.

You are a practice room
that gleams like an empty room
the contours of bases
vibrate in talk of you.
When you lean your arm
goes through my dream
a sedan
discovers the trick wall under the sea
in the grass of a person. Matvei
when you laugh your eyebrows are trees
that call on no stair.

Matvei and Inna and Ellie Ga were living in Jersey City.

I loved Matvei Yankelevich. I still do.

Remember the smell of matzo baking at the matzo factory across the Hudson from Manhattan?
heaps of shattered crackers on the loading dock?

From here we planned our invasion of the Lower East Side.

A library,

That doesn't close all night.

A diner where people are friendly,
open all night, clean old cups, steaming
fossils. A close walk on a warm
night away....

I suppose this is too much to
ask for! I am back on terra firma!
And I don't know how to begin! Yet
my mind leads on despite the confusion!
IT is not confused. Yet lacking
alacrity. It is within radiance, its
swift bland grains glitter
in city fingers ... within
walking distance. And lend
a lemon to a dead courtyard.

Life forms. Water
destroys water,

Love,

The Planet on the
Lawn

NECKLACE OF COMMUNITY PROJECTS
SLEEPING IN PUBLIC
CASCADE OF ROOFS
OUTDOOR ROOM
ZEN VIEW
TAPESTRY OF LIGHT AND DARK
NOSTALGIA THE VAMPIRE

Here's how I played magic tricks on my poems: With dice, typewriter, index cards, a piece of purple velvet. My main source (I was working with a lot of them back then) was *A Pattern Language*, a fat book about city planning with chapters like

Slow astronauts are obliged
to bright opportunities. Your voice
like a nicely paved sidewalk
with a bird, makes them laugh.
They laugh.
Your voice prefers a wrinkled map.
Nice guys
twist in the doped hood, they're
bored like the word, wonderful.
They still enjoy a subtle, sparkling aspect
of lost truth. Time being
a teasing force, and the city
moving as it always has, northeast
at no great speed—even Power
that cutthroat of decision
will be late. Hair will fall from its cigarette
like a baby's wand, even radios
frozen by the sound
of shit blood.
The astronauts with gold scissors
cut flowers off hills of dead horses
because they were slow.
They can only be comprehended by red
bees, and I've never seen one
but no one believes me. This patient hour
came late, and saw your breath in the mirror.
Baby, stop the car,
perhaps I exist after all

I was a sleepwalker on the edge. Only a perfect poem would keep me sleeping and safe! So I tried
to write the perfect poem.

What do you think?

Hitchcock's *Rear Window* was playing at Film Forum. As Jimmy Stewart was focusing his binoculars, Andrew appeared in the aisle and took a seat in the front row of the nearly full house.

People used to mistake him for me, sometimes. At least that's what he told me.

Afterwards, Marisol and I saw him on the street—

ANDREW'S POEM

My name is Julien Poirier
Explode the Dandelion.
My nickname is Dr. J
Dropped down the throat of the Dandelion.
Your limbs buzz.
I am 29 years old
ghost powders dazzled sky.
My family comes from all over the place.
They came from where the big trees are
foretold, or crystallized.

Andrew Fried is dead
A dandelion, consider.
I am the oldest child
when I grow up I want to be a poet.
“The sky is of escaping lights”
I admire my friends because they're all
so tall.
I was born in the rings of Saturn,
the faraway place.

Now I live in New York with the birds
to be a rocketship pilot, so I can
return home (I want).
I am the youngest child in the universe.
I like poetry and friendship
the dandelion.
Please turn the page.

He seemed both annoyed and disgusted.

“I was watching ‘Cremaster’ in the other theater but—” waving his hand to dismiss the thought.

We went separate ways at Houston and 6th.

A few months later, Andrew killed himself. I read this poem at his funeral.

I am 4 eyes.
I am very skinny and noisy
I stand naked before you.
From the moon over Mexico
and Massachusetts
and Shediac Island
dirt floor
in the liquor store on Roof Street
in the shirt of the moon,
this poem is in a haunted house
on a spring whim.
Andrew take this poem.

I was staying at my family's house in Berkeley. My grandparents lived 5 doors down. I would visit them every day while my dad was away.

That's something my grandma (Mémè) said about the neighborhood raccoons: "They came from where the big trees are." I wrote the poem to Andrew using a template for a 3rd Grade autobiography-writing class that I was teaching in the Bronx. A girl in that class completed her template like this:

I admire a door

BAIES ROSES

Show yourself against the sky
handsome

Show yourself against the sky
beautiful

Who did I meet in the maze?
Legs in the suburbs
wind in the city
—brevity is a pointless virtue

And hence might be removed
I admire a door
and his songs look
like 2 tiny fountains
(have their own maze)

Secret ashes
cover the glasses
of buses

What's behind you asking
what secrets burned
to let us see?

My ear gets off
where the mouth born tomorrow
smokes

I was trying to translate Paul Eluard—tough to do well—

*Birds perfume the woods
Stones, their huge nocturnal lakes*

and I wrote this poem and named it after a spice in my parents' kitchen, which was under construction.

Have a bad time in advance
like? Believe it: masterpieces

Rodney King a
dance craze, Dead Sea
rainbow

A fresh coat of heartbreak on
the trampled one. Question
if you need a question
go to “the question section”

Down in the evening pomp
there’s always the moon
and his ceaseless green conditions

&

one day
his white suit turns purple—
did my voice follow suit?

did my verbs blossom?
and you’d have said

“Overnight” finally

And these are the fruits of boredom, just
think.
Candle its work
for nothing’s lost in a long day

Labor where the leaf leaves off
handsome

HAUNTED HOUSE

les étoiles
ont éclaté
dans l’argot
de sommeil
comme si un verre
a éclaté
dans la clef
de sommeil

of sleep
in the key
had exploded
as if a glass
of sleep
in the slang
had exploded
the stars

I told Micah last night that my new book would be a Haunted House. Addendum:

It’s a Haunted House *ride* crossed with a rose garden where car mechanics are private detectives.
One day, a mysterious Juxtaposition walks into Rob’s Automotive...

MAISON HANTÉE

Hands took the letter from your eye
And printed open sesames on the sky

Sleep lucked the letter from your eye
And pressed it into wet
Clay stars. The stars
Evolved strange silent designs
On your throes.

∞

The eyes on money
shifted like the eyes of portraits

to the top of the stairs
where a fish slept under a tree.

A dollar
comb
in a lion's mane.

A palace like a peach with electric fur
appears in the hand of the chandelier
... the haunted spirits
get sucked into
George Washington's wig
and open their eyes
on a silver chocolate
in Manhattan's piñata....

She moved like a ballerina in a blackout.

"I'm looking ... for a poet...."

clickety-clackety-clickety-clackety—

Her fingernails drumming on my desk were the color and consistency of fresh spark plugs.

"... for a poet...."

The negative signs in money
attract the positive signs in death.

Death is cancelled

A black ace

whose red lips

turned haloes into cigars....

stars line up

like the alphabet at the corner

store

but the line flexes,

there's a spider on the Z....

bald space

square breath

as the dollar spins

the stars

get milky like a voice box

∞

Whenever a word enters the voice box
so does a horse's tail....

Whenever the words travel backward
across the horse

a sword appears in the sky

above the horse

the city is peeling

from the ceiling

the horse was photographed

with an arrow in one eye

pointing at the other

a bright wet gash remains on the cars

it fills my tears with cream....

"Yes, Ms. Juxtaposition?"

"... writing this book in Berkeley, California, on the porch of 2227 McGee Avenue, Apartment A,
cross-streets Bancroft and Allston, at sunset."

Ben's a shadow.
Every road in America
is one big road.
Every road the same road
if I see his hand's shadow
I hope to be his hand.
Your response to the invitation
I made you
the watery shadow really light.
Everyone cuts a single
scramble in the bored night.

I hope to be his hand
to rest opinion
on any but another's
what are you risking?
chop it? chop it?
Most of my questions hurt my eyes.
Each tone the questions
shadow
is the light of a shadow.
99 cent can of shadow vines
peeled by surprise.

We started Ugly Duckling Presse and decided to do a poetry periodical for quick release, cheap but fine.

I thought it should be called *4poets x 4pages*, since I had this series of 4 new poems.

It took me 8 years to realize that "4x4" was a title already owned by Chevrolet.

Matvei said, "How about 6x6?"

The rest is mystery.

I'd rather bid my eye
slowdance with telepathy
than the shadow in my ear
disdain to risk a path
other than another's.
Is it wise to shred your reins?
Every so often a fresh strap
floats in the shadows in your room
none of us grasp
in afterthought

can't scratch if it's not
terribly resigned to this
observer.
This time I don't look.

TELEPATHY GETS NEARER IN THE ABSENCE OF HIS SHADOW

Tinfoil
And we're back in shadow
and you have no choice but to sleep with it
it makes you a hero
or to strangle you.
My guess is why he's there.
Telepathy gets easier
in a crowd of bananas

chance gets nearer
in the absence of his shadow
remaining faint.
Then Sicily appears for some reason or other
an island opens ! a cool shadow I bury
my image in
night odds.
I choose to say light wasn't if they weren't.
But the camera on the tip of my pen
won't release a star till it's scratched
away so it's a shadow.
The things light says
shadows.
I talk shadows.

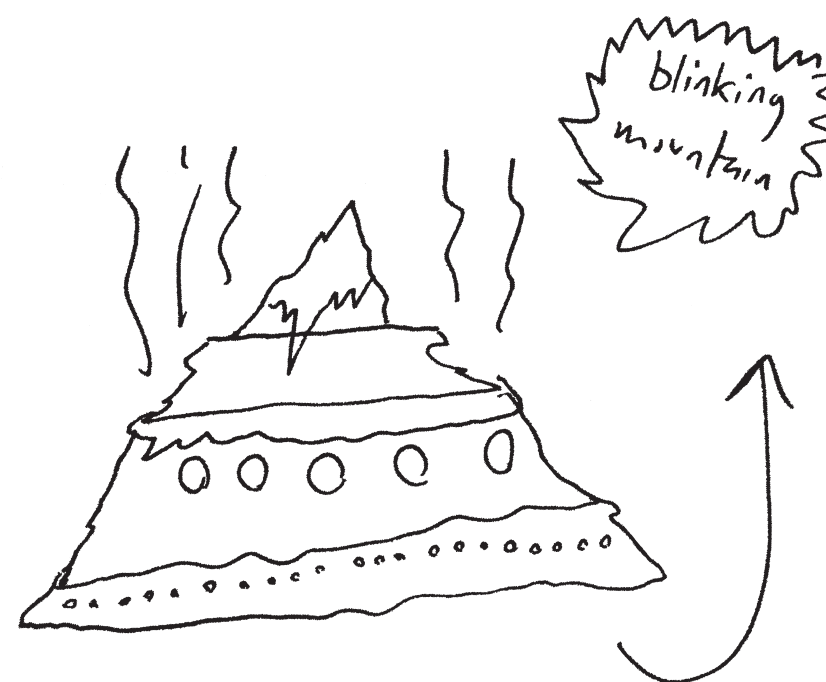
OPEN THE SHADOW VEGETABLE FOR ME

The perfect shadow
every shadow.
And more than 99 quivering shadow vegetables
turning over moonlight to
the ones you're attracted to.
The ones you have in mind
all of them perfect.

An island cracks a cookie
on a shadow
bright as wind.
Talk turns scramble in the bright night.
Magic glows uniformly
but faintly from chance roads
less than from the big road
remaining faint.

MANAGEMENT
NOT RESPONSIBLE
FOR STOLEN UNIVERSE

peeled yam in monkey skull
peeled yam in roadrunner skull
whole yam in ~~total~~ ^{wild} skull
bone yam superball in Pig skull
crap dice yam in candle seeds



∩ Oo-Oo ∩
slow + bust
into flame

silent films
On rainy nights

for Kailey



Bad coffee brings back good memories—the 24-hour diner

Biff's
Dave's

all-nite spots on the road to downtown Oakland. Dave's had Bev—all the waitresses wore skintight pantsuits and Bev had a blonde beehive that almost scraped the lamps ... heavy sweet and sarcastic—worked the graveyard shift so was always there for me. Bev's Famous French Toast.

Biff's was down Broadway on Automo-Row, in with all the showroom cars and the post-war chrome marquees and carwash banners. It was laid out like a coliseum with a creamer-plastic coin-operated phone at every booth along the picture windows.

I used to write in diners all the time. When I spent a year in Paris I missed the diners more than anything. Endless warmers—the bottomless cup—and machines next to the cash register that told your night's fortune by reading your fingerprint.

In New York my favorite place was the College Inn on Broadway, right down the street from Columbia University. Disco mirrors on the poles, Nick on the graveyard shift—the warmers slosed into your booth without query or complaint: like drinking for free if you were in a mind for writing. Greek blue fountain wallpaper behind the counter—the great red-eyed Greek round white-haired boss working the grill in back, bloom of mopwater, Nick's mustache and eyes and 5 a.m. shadow. Like Dave's the College Inn had no TV, just a radio on the aluminum shelf near the milkshakers. Always the yellow cake with beige chocolate frosting on the clear plastic cake stand. The neighborhood old people who couldn't sleep would come to College Inn. All booths, no floor tables, and they never once hustled me out.

nos loc in hoar frost
congealed
the cable webs
of your lovely face
your blanket moot
point gaze

and gnats to fleck
this medallion's antiquity
a twig to snap
the lisping catch
of double tongue

rough
how a crumbling trailer's
hooks and water taps
confine your ears
to locked treads and the snicker
of a folding hood

how the blood spurts
from stem to swallow
for that moment
never cleanly closed

and I have scraped
barber shop floors
with a tufted fist
scaled
and yellow
in the bark

ah a bruise on cement
a purple tetanus
with reedy shores
still shrinks
from the rip of the clutch

what night time insect eats our eyes
until they glow
long past closing
yet whisking
like mopwater?

*College Inn Diner
NYC, August 1994*

A place like that was doomed to die in the tropical wave of late-90s money. Everything that made the College Inn a great place in my book condemned it in the developer's ledger. With snap cash and phantom credit came an insane tilt to hygiene that bent the greasy spoon into phony deco siding. A real or dreamt-up public demand for a unified aesthetic gave rise to the retro in a land of futuristic prices. The iconic roadside burger morphed into a robotic gourmet wrestler in grilled onion tights and bleu cheese. Not a jot of predictability was forfeited to this "improvement": The offhand authenticity of the old joint was telegraphed and rehashed, but diner food, albeit swollen, was still what you paid for, uptown or down. Of course you were also paying for the chrome peacocks and the naugahyde with no duct tape and the eat-and-scam attitude of the management. Weirdos and old folks sleeping in their soup were not welcome.

It never occurred to me that the diners could die out. I really didn't see it coming. I never sat in a diner and worried about it. An unstoppable front of stainless steel flames swept over the cities—android elks stepped from the ashes of their lamed flesh-and-bone counterparts.

The diner was about cheap eats, surly waiters and waitresses with or without hearts of gold, neon and the bottomless cup. 24-hours meant you lived through high tides and ebbs of ammonia and the comings and goings of customers with compulsive or maybe psychotic tendencies one booth over. You could contact and run with your own craziness at a diner. It was like a bus station waiting room on the edge of the astral plane with coffee. And judging by how it was slopped out, this celestial and dirty liquid was worth less than pennies to a worm.

bones in a cocoanut
parrot in crow
stone in the statue
battered roll

saucer bather
with that red ring dinged
missing tooth
cup in a sling

red bow lightning
jerked outta rain
cool and unflappable
OK's my name

bonfire breath
all over the lake
diner glass
where the storm clouds break

if you're looking for me
I'll be easy to find
sipping coffee
in the presence of mind

bones in a cocoanut
parrot in crow
stone in the statue
battered roll

NYC, May 2007

Also, you used to be able to smoke in a diner. It was a blow to a lot of people, and to the timeless quality of a good night at the diner, when that was disallowed. Smoke is a bridge between shadows in old films, and you've got to make shavings to sharpen a pencil. Something delicate and essential was removed from the motor by the smoke-free decree. A good diner was very close to being a public space, your booth was a hedge between the street and a private glade, and the new rule was just enough to foil your concentration on this magical arrangement. It broke your rhythm if you were writing, sometimes impeded rhythm altogether, and forced you to incorporate a *rule*—imposed by others—into your night. There were good reasons why I usually didn't write poems in elevators, kindergartens and hospital waiting rooms, but they hadn't previously applied to my booth. I remember taking a bus from New York to Pennsylvania just so I could spend a weekend writing and smoking in diners.

"I have no business"
writing about death
the quick service cab
of flowers
as close as I get
being alive,

and not pretending one day
he

or she just disappeared
I write about it
to fill sugartanks
to strap it with my embossed seal

Death
the Mistery Endearing
deeper than the velvet grabbag
of caves
embedded
in weeds that cast
footprints where
no feet have fallen
oh, it's useless
like a mortuary organ
in July
every day is a festival
for everyone who's died

*Silver Star Diner
Allentown, PA
March 1996*

The anti-smoking law didn't kill the diner, but it was part of the package of correctly addressed civic behavior that strived to squelch grit, unpredictability, useless gambits, and ultimately *street* from the American street. Cigarettes may go down in history as mass-stupidity in the same constellation as cars, but they're collateral damage in the hot war on good old American weirdness. And with cars and the cigarette, the diner is a color in the 4-color process smash-up of Americana. Nothing good *and* distinctly American has ever come out of conformity.

Luckily, conformity is in a constant process of decay. The diner's "golden age" corresponded with rote slavery and the new frontier of the military-industrial complex; its true glory, in my book, emerged when it became the last resort of outcasts. Once it had become the byword for grease on a plate, the concern mostly of new immigrants and the only door open to gravediggers and the walking dead with ideas, the diner came into its own. It became as vital to the American street as the moon is to honey, and then became a legend.

A LETTER FROM SILENCE

I know you as I know
rare records on the lost street reborn as raincoats
in the Red Delicious
turn up, while you are proverbial,
your flesh a wormhole, though
as worlds go
only an unforeseen technology, breathlessly
total in its viral insinuations
could tear you apart.
Talk has hubris to hum to, thought
gets all wrapped up in vintages. By casting doubt
on the flipside of mind you've made certain shatterproof
tremors through strangers
who inhabit each other's bodies.
You've evaporated bus schedules to reveal
the salt of prophecy, and launched freshwater wheels
for ignorance,
to show the blue wildflowers growing out of
the skin of the living junky writing this,
not to cut down or shun and kill off
but to enmesh
in every tangent ever spun, spinning now
or thought down dead
the 4-eyed button cracked in 2,
pain with nowhere to hide but right on the face,
no mystery, no moral,
distinction but no interlude
between the breathing plastics, raccoon
shotglasses and the sky connected up like a homeless flute
Demystified
Demystified
God a chunk of coal, a hairbrush, an object too useless
to be invented, too deformed to make it.
For showing me this I will always love you,
remember that
—even after I forget to live.

NYC, October 2007

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Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twentieth day of September, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 9th day of October, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
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Western people don't know how to enjoy their money," said a New York man recently to a reporter; "they may drink champagne, dress richly, and drive blooded trotters, but they simply gasp at the idea of a man's spending, as many New Yorkers do, eighty or a hundred thousand dollars on pictures for his own home." "There is more than a grain of truth in this. San Franciscans do buy pictures; but most of them buy on the strength of the artist's name, and only when they are in Europe—little thing I picked up in Paris," they will say of a great painting that they bought in the atelier of a man of world-wide fame. But let the same picture be offered them here in San Francisco, and the chances are they will refuse it, even when it is cheaper by just so much as the foreigners add to the price of whatever they sell to "Californians, backed up by the most fabulous wealth." "This idea is backed up by the sale of the Gump collection, which is to take place next month. Mr. Sol. Gump was asked recently, if he intended to stop importing first-class paintings to California. "Well, I don't know," he replied; "I have invested many thousands of dollars in paintings from the great studios of Paris, Munich, and Vienna, and of course, with my business connections in the art-centres of Europe, I can get pictures at a much less figure than the ordinary buyer, especially if he lets it be known that he is a Californian. But even when I offer my pictures here at less than most people can buy them for in the studio, there is nothing like the sale I would make in any Eastern or European city." In the East I can readily get my own prices for the pictures in my gallery, and if the sale in April does not exceed my present anticipations, I shall take the collection back East, and it is not probable that I will bring many more fine pictures out here."

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Mr. John F. Miller and Lieutenant and Mrs. Richardson Clover, U. S. N., are passing the winter in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Dury Melone were in San Jose during the early part of the week.

Mrs. William E. Dargie, of Oakland, have returned from a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland will return from Los Angeles in a few days.

Mr. George Chessman went to his ranch in Mexico last Tuesday and will be away about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and the Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan will occupy their Merito Park villa about April 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and the Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan are convalescing after a severe attack of pneumonia.

Hon. Romualdo Pacheco is expected here soon from his ranch in Mexico.

Mrs. J. Poulney is occupying her new Eastlake cottage in Ashbury Heights.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Suro arrived here from New York early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Loughborough and family will be in San Rafael all of the summer.

Mrs. John P. Jones is entertaining Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Miss Louise Holladay, and Miss Maud O'Connor at her residence in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill returned to the city from Ladron last Tuesday, and were accompanied by Miss Julia Eylon who had been visiting them.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering are occupying Hedge-side street, the absence of Hon. and Mrs. M. M. Estee in Washington, D. C.

Mr. John Vance Cheney is seriously ill at his residence, 88 Sutter Street.

Sir Sydney and Lady Waterlow and Miss Hamilton have been visiting Napa Valley during the past week.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The third concert will take place this (Saturday) afternoon at three o'clock at the church, and an interesting programme will be presented by Mr. H. J. Stewart, organist; Mr. Hermann Brandt, violinist; and Mrs. W. C. Campbell and Miss Wilcox, vocalists.

Miss Marie C. Hyde, the music teacher, has recovered from her recent illness, and will be at home at 507 1/2 Hyde Street, after April 1st.

MUSICAL NOTES.

An elegant dinner-party was given last Wednesday evening by Mr. Louis B. Parrott at his home on Franklin Street. The parlors were brightened by a tasteful decoration of La France roses, martingolds, and other bloom clustered in handsome vases, while in the dining-room calla lilies and acacia were used with pretty effect. The festal board was adorned with sparkling ware and a crescent-shaped centre piece, formed of red and pink carnellas set in a bed of delicate ferns. A sumptuous menu was served, and the affair was made pleasurable in every way.

Those present were:

Mr. L. B. Parrott, Mr. William T. Coleman, Mr. L. T. Baker, Mr. Gordon Blundell, Mr. R. S. Pillsbury, Mr. W. H. Frank Co., Judge John Hunt, Mr. Joseph A. Donahoe, Jr., Mr. Magee, and Mr. Donald Graham.

The Parrott Dinner-Party.

The second of the series of Saturday popular concerts was given on the afternoon of March 15th, at the First Unitarian Church. An appreciative audience enjoyed the following programme:

Due, "Boatman's Song"..... Franz Abt
Piano Solo, Sonata Op. 53 (Waldstein)..... Beethoven
Ballad, "In Thy Dreams"..... Dudley Buck
Piano Solo, Etudes Op. 10, Nos. 3, 5, 11, 12..... Chopin
Song, "An Old Garden"..... Hope Temple
Mr. Ernest Hartmann.
Spring Song..... Reinhold Becker
Mrs. J. M. Pierce.
Piano Solo (2)..... List
Mr. Ernest Hartmann.

The Blair Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair gave a very pleasant lunch-party at her residence, 1315 Van Ness Avenue, a week ago. The table was garnished with a pretty decoration of buttercups, daisies, and marguerites effectively arranged among the richest of deligh- menu was elaborate and the hostess most delight- fully entertained her guests. Those present were:

Mr. Samuel M. Blair, Mrs. A. P. Hoehling, Mrs. A. P. Hoehling, Jr., Mrs. Charles Mayne, Mrs. Charles F. McDermott, Miss McDermott, Miss Elise Kelly, and Miss Jennie Blair.

Movements and Whereabouts.

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quite as suddenly the stern went down. The movement was repeated. It assumed a regularity. There was a lull in the chattering, and, overcome by surprise, a venerable ape fell off of his perch and barked his ancient nose. His mishap failed to arouse a single satirical screech. Silence reigned in the cage, and one by one its occupants crept away into shady corners or hid beneath the straw. Before half an hour had passed, every one of them was as seasick as it is possible for the ordinary museum monkey to be, and for the next three days that cage held the saddest collection of simians upon the face of the globe. All of the other animals were unaffected by the motion of the boat, and both the elephants and horses soon learned to swing in unison with it.

Among the animals between decks, near the stern, was an extremely depraved young elephant, named Hat. Next to his box was that of a gentle giraffe, in whose rations were included a peck of carrots—a vegetable of which Hat was extremely fond. Day after day, he made futile attempts to rob the giraffe when the keeper was not looking, but met with constant failure. One afternoon, Hat's temper gave

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ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1881, \$1,240,000

D. J. STAPLES, President. WILLIAM J. DUTTON, Secretary.
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TALK IS CHEAP,

but it will only take a minute in which to state a will prove invaluable to many. It's well-known t advertisements of sarsaparillas and other liver, blood which great claims are made. They are generally But there is one medicine, and only one, the claims f lingering diseases arising from Torpid Liver or Bil blood, are backed up by a positive guarantee! If it d in every case, the money paid for it is promptly refu. This peculiar method of business, it will readily o the manufacturers of the ordinary medicines in the m efficacious medicine, containing the most positive sustain itself under such trying conditions as these. Used by R.B. This peculiar medicine sells beyond all others world. And why should it not? "Talk is cheap," s, G.G. Briggs is, leading vine- estv. integrity and sound



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We are anxious to
 minds of the public
ICHI BAN is a FREE
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OREGON IMPROV

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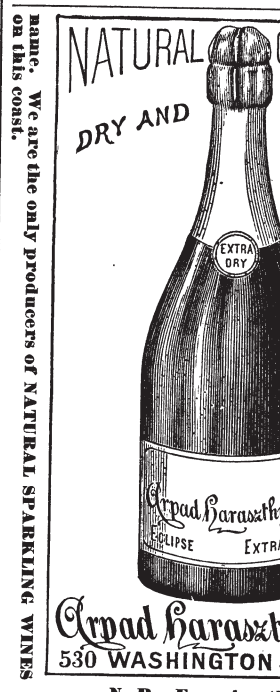
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 Beale Street Wharf,
 Foster's Wharf



N. B.—Examine th

ROAD TRAVEL.

P. R. R.

Monday, May 15, 1882.

D ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT DISCO AS FOLLOWS:

DESTINATION.	ARRIVE FROM
d Martinez.....	2.40 P. M.
"	*12.40 P. M.
"	*10.10 A. M.
"	7.40 P. M.
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10.00, 11.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, *13.30,
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RAILROAD TRAVEL.



BROAD GAUGE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 10, 1882, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,

Passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

LEAVE S. F.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE S. F.
8.30 A. M.	..San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park.....	6.40 A. M.
9.30 A. M.		*8.10 A. M.
10.40 A. M.		9.03 A. M.
*3.30 P. M.		*10.02 A. M.
4.25 P. M.		*3.36 P. M.
5.15 P. M.	14.59 P. M.	
6.30 P. M.	6.00 P. M.	
	18.15 P. M.	
8.30 A. M.	..Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations..	9.03 A. M.
10.40 A. M.		10.02 A. M.
*3.30 P. M.		*3.36 P. M.
4.25 P. M.		6.00 P. M.
		18.15 P. M.
10.40 A. M.	..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, ..and Salinas..	*10.02 A. M.
*3.30 P. M.		6.00 P. M.
10.40 A. M.	..Hollister and Tres Pinos..	*10.02 A. M.
*3.30 P. M.		6.00 P. M.
10.40 A. M.	{ Monterey, Watsonville, Camp Goodall, Aptos, Camp San Jose, Soquel, and Santa Cruz }	*10.02 A. M.
*3.30 P. M.		6.00 P. M.
10.40 A. M.	..Soledad, and Way Stations..	6.00 P. M.

*Sundays excepted. †Sundays only.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

SUNDAY EXCURSION TRAINS TO MONTEREY AND SANTA CRUZ.
First class excursion train to Monterey and Santa Cruz will leave San Francisco EVERY SUNDAY at 7:30 A. M. Returning, leave Monterey at 4:35 P. M., Santa Cruz at 4:15 P. M., arriving at San Francisco at 8:40 P. M. Fare for the round trip to either point, \$3.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo, which connect with 8.30 A. M. train.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, and No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

S. P. Atlantic Express Train via Los Angeles, Yuma, etc., leaves San Francisco daily via Oakland Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 9.30 A. M.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING SUNDAY, APRIL 2, 1882, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*7.10, 18.15, *9.20, 10.15 A. M., †1.10, *1.35, †3.45, *4.50 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry)—18.00, *8.50 A. M., *3.20, *5.30, 16.30 P. M. * Week Days. † Sundays only.
From SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—*8.00, 18.50, *10.35, †11.30 A. M., *2.15, †2.20, †4.25, *5.25 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry)—*6.50, 17.30, *8.45 A. M., †6.25 P. M. * Week Days. † Sundays only.
The 8.45 A. M. train from San Rafael, and 3.20 P. M. from San Francisco stop only at Lyford's, Ross Station and Junction.

For SAUCELITO (Week Days)—8.50, 10.30 A. M., 1.50, 3.20, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 2.00, 4.15, 6.30 P. M.
From SAUCELITO (Week Days)—7.45, 9.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 2.30, 4.25 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.35, 11.00 A. M., 1.00, 3.15, 5.15, 7.15 P. M.
On Monday an extra trip from San Francisco at 7.00 A. M., and on Saturday from Saucelito at 6.15 P. M.

8.50 A. M. Daily, Sundays excepted, (via Saucelito Ferry.) for Olema and Way Stations. Returning, arrives in S. F. (via Saucelito) 5.00 P. M.

1.35 P. M. Daily, Sundays excepted, (via Saucelito Ferry.) THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 11.45 A. M.)

INSURANCE.

Pacific Department

London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Company of Liverpool.
Capital.....\$10,000,000

Continental Insurance Company of New York.
Capital.....\$1,000,000
Cash Assets.....4,007,065

Manchester Fire Assurance Company of Manchester, Eng.
Capital.....\$5,000,000

Niagara Fire Insurance Company of New York.
Capital.....\$500,000
Cash Assets.....1,557,487

British and Foreign Marine Insurance Co., Limited, of Liverpool.
Capital.....\$5,000,000

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LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION of London. Established 1720.
NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.
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FIRE AND MARINE.
Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco
JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

406 California St., San Francisco.

Capital... (Paid up in Gold)... \$300,000 00
Assets, Jan. 1, 1882..... 684,332 83

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SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY

WM. G. ELLIOTT,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
Removed to 410 California Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

C. J. HUTCHINSON. H. R. MANN
HUTCHINSON & MANN,
Insurance Agency,
322 and 324 California St., and 302 and 304 Sansome St.,
San Francisco, N. E. cor. California and Sansome Sts.
CAPTAIN A. M. BURNS, Marine Surveyor.
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Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard. (Maltese Cross.) Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Competition.) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.

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Connecting a Oceanic..... Coptic..... Belgic.....

Excursion ticke Cabin plans or at C. P. R. R. C and Townsend S For freight a the Pacific Mai Market Street, U T. J ELAND

PACIFIC

Steamers of th as follows: For VICTOR on the 10th, 20th such days fall on Steamer of the with steamer Cit For SAN LU ANGELES, an 20th, 25th, and 3 For SANTA CAYUCOS, GA TURA, every W For EUREK boldt Bay, every For POINI Monday. TICKET OF GOODAL

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NOTES

The poems and drawings in *El Golpe Chileno* date from 2010 to 1992.

Book layout by SoA.

Cover design by Matvei Yankelevich and Julien Poirier.

Printed and bound at McNaughton & Gunn in Saline, MI, in an edition of 850.

The poem "Police Aquarium" first appeared in the January 15, 2009, issue of *Try Magazine*, edited by David Brazil and Sara Larsen out of Oakland, California. "Ewan's Film Pitch," "Honeysuckle Rose," and the cartoon "At Biff's" first appeared in *Big Bell* #3, rung by Jason

Morris in San Francisco in Autumn '09. In 2005, the poem "The Fragile Ecosystem of Chris," reprinted here in "Uncollected Introductions," appeared in the online magazine, *Puppyflowers* #7, edited by Chris Martin; and then reappeared in *Zoco Harpo*, a chapbook self-published on Gneiss Press in August, 2007. "Azad" and "The Donut," also appearing in "Uncollected Introductions," debuted in a chapbook, *Absurd Good News*, on Insert Press (Los Angeles, 2005), eds. Stan Apps and Matthew Timmons. "Diamondback and Half-girl Acrobat" and "To the Respectable Citizen Who Shot Himself," as found in "Uncollected Introductions," first ran in an untitled book of poems by both Julien Poirier and Greta Goetz, co-self-published in 1996. The "Googly Gang" cartoon following "The Berkeley Book of the Dead" first appeared in *New York Nights* #23, edited by Julien Poirier and Aaron Howard for Ugly Duckling Presse, Spring 2005. "The Acorn Goes" and "40 x 22 = 880 Windows" first appeared in 1999 in *The Googly Gang*, a self-published book. All but two of the poems in the section "My Distant Relations" saw light elsewhere first: "The Hotel is in a Bad Part of Town" led off the first issue of 6x6, edited by Greg Ford, Filip Marinovich, Julien Poirier, and Matvei Yankelevich for Ugly Duckling Presse in Summer '00. "Baies Roses" also appeared in that issue, as it did again one year later in the chapbook *Ours, Yours*, published by James Hoff's NYC-based Loudmouth Collective. All remaining poems (but not prose) in this section, except the ones starting "When I first came to New York" and "You are a practice room," also appeared in that chapbook. *Silent Films on Rainy Nights* was self-published as a chapbook of the same title on Gneiss Press in January, 2008; but the poem beginning "I have no business" first appeared in the aforementioned collaboration with Greta Goetz, and later showed up in *Turntable & Blue Light*, Arielle Guy's online magazine. The poem beginning "nos loc in hoar frost" has also come and gone, traveling most lightly through Eric Noonan's *Weigh Station* #3 (Snag Press, August 2003).

"Uncollected Introductions" catches glimpses of poems by Greta Goetz and by Charles Plymell, tabbed in *italics*.

The picture of Chris Sparks in "Uncollected Introductions" was taken by Hope Sullivan in Paris, France, 1993.

The author wishes to thank everyone he has named in these pages for showing up and sticking around.