

[illegible]

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CLEVER SINCE
ENJOY
NG

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THING. EVERY
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D.A.N.C.E.

THINKS ALL ESKIM
SHOULD BE COMPL
VEGETABLE! M
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He love
I've got a N
Death helps
That isn't happened
Hal! Hal! Hal! Gezhum! I
Gosh, I hope I'm not late?"
Says, "Spreading repression is r
In my delusion in every morning at a q
So I gave him a job!
Working for me!
He wanted work!
Neo Nazi!
Used to be a
A guy that
I've got

Each of the over
350 gates of The Gates Of
Paradise is an icon of our world, with idea,
picture, meter, prose, or melody all shaping each other. I
have been making words out of pictures and pictures out of words
for over sixty years. The Gates Of Paradise is a poem that exhibits some of

Part One of the poem The Gates Of Paradise: The Breath Garden Entrance: Explores Breath.

the many ways I've seen living and dead human beings struggling to find happiness
inside of themselves and outside of them. These gates are paradisiacals of people, and
animals, and objects, from dancing body parts to Las Vegas lounge singers, from Brooklyn
Dodger fans to cyborg Babbits, from nerve wracked saints to L.A. bottom feeder rabbits, from
lovely air heads to heads of state to heads of lettuce, from black holes to pear shaped planets, with
one often transforming into another as the poems proceed. The Gates Of Paradise are created in the
light of, yet unconstrained by, Shape Poems from Technopaegnia of the Greek Anthology, Arabic

Part Two of the poem The Gates Of Paradise: The Flux Garden Entrance: Explores Change.

Pictorial Calligraphy, Persian Garden Rugs, Chinese Phoenix Dragon Writing, Zenga, Hyginus,
Herbert, Apollinaire, Cocteau, Hollander, et al. In many of these gates, shape burdens as meter
might and counterpoints as meter may. Often the picture is the Schubert sunmelody, the
words the buried Verdi mosquitogun violins. Often the picture is the Reubens silverfish
flesh underpainting, the words the surface Rodin shoepolish. Yes. Shapes, words,
pictures, rhymes, rhythms, ideas, jokes, and yokes all at once—This poem is a

For human beings breath and change are the same: And they are different: The same is the gate.

deeply complex work of art, ranging from intricate metaphysical
forms to regional dialects, to just plain old fashioned
crap. No dimension, or pretense, or any fad
of soul crushing human trainings
are left unilluminated

*My endeavor
in the shadow is to create
a light effect that goes down past
the walls of habitual prejudice, down to*

Part One of the poem The Gates Of Paradise: The Breath Garden Entrance: Explores Breath.

*the training broken buried Self, through the
scattering of ideas, images, and words, too quick
of sad or happy for the merciful dog training
to reject. My endeavor is to nourish the buried*

Part Two of the poem The Gates Of Paradise: The Flux Garden Entrance: Explores Change.

*real human inside so that if the buried Self
ever arises to take its place in the conscious
life, the unbound Self will be strong
enough to survive the vicissitudes*

For human beings breath and change are the same: And they are different: The same is the gate.

*of our daily life. Find your Self.
Be your Self. Live from
your Self.*

Visual poetry, copy art & collage graphics, each issue devoted to the work of one artist. Xeroxage is a word coined by mIEKAL and to suggest the world of 8.5 x 11 art propagated by xerox technology. "The mimeo of the 80s." The primary investigation of this magazine is how collage technique of 20th century art, typography, computer graphics, visual & concrete poetry movements & the art of the xerox have been combined. 8.5x11, 24 pages each. Subscriptions \$20/4 issues. For overseas delivery, add \$10 for airmail printed matter. Back issues \$5.00 each.

Xexoxial Editions, 10375 Cty Hway A, LaFarge, WI 54639
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We'll
 O! Uing
 Gray squeal
 O! Hard bore
 Of hard core
 Board core!
 How core
 She do it
 All over
 Clean she
 Black hard?
 Out on the
 Lawn the old
 Castodian
 Mistled:
 "You're The
 Cream In My
 Coffee," as he
 pulled down
 Old Glory.
 Unmoved,
 she freaked:
 And shrieked:
 "I show you
 How to brag!"
 Snivel bag!"
 On the wet
 child eyes!
 The Bruised
 Smart knees!
 Smart pitiful
 Hard sobs
 Of "please!
 No please!
 You'll gash!
 My bash!
 Stop! Stop
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 Kid fucker
 Now a full
 Fledged
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 Serpent
 She sucked
 His chicken
 Into putnam
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 "Youse died
 To be crude
 The wrong
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 Too bad youse
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from Years

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 Osmotic erotic
 Basic prosaic

1970

In an August heat wave in 1970: Well before my meeting that night out in our garden down in Little Italy: I was eating a light supper alone in the sidewalk café at the Cookery on the corner of 8th Street and University Place in The Village. I love to be alone. When you've come out of years of silence and then spend hours a day talking to numerous people in a struggle to support keeping their birthright alive, it is very pleasant to be among people and to not have to talk. Sometimes that summer through the big open café window I would hear the great Alberta Hunter sing, *You can cheatum but you can't beatum thos e cake walkin babies back home*: In this sizzling afternoon before a meeting: I was sitting at a table at the sidewalk café watching the passing parade of acid trancers, hippy day dreamers and straight arrows with blinders. Then: A distinguished older man of sun red sharp face and silver hair in a blue suit and silver tie and a very short Japanese gentleman in a Brooks Brothers hunch back special gray flannel suit walked up to my table. Sinfan Tasmaguri said: "Ah! It is The Evil Genius his Self. Hello Mr. Big. How's the air down there?" To which I replied: "Hey Mr. Big! Howya doin? How's the air and the sun and the moon and the stars and the atomic radiation up there?" Sinfan said: "Mind if we join you?" I replied: "Are you kidding?" Tempo Perdue sat down slowly. I said: "There's a parade of daydreamers today. No one seems to be looking at anything." Tempo said: "Nobody sees anything." Sinfan climbed up on his chair. He ordered a coffee. Sinfan said: "Where've you been?" I said: "Working hard and having fun." Sinfan laughed: "I hear you a bad wittle Jewish boy of evil genius. Far from being a churchgoer. A traitor to your betters." I laughed: "I must be crazy! I thought you were the bad little Jewish boy evil genius. I am a godfodder Japanese junior Jesus." Sinfan said: "You lucky son of a bitch." Tempo Perdue said: "Everyone has to have their own life. It's better to be in a cage with friends than alone in a rose garden." Suddenly the atmosphere of the street of factory university zombie dreams was filled by a 5 years out of college female shriek: A shriek like the soul of a dying swan machine: Embracing the precursor to an MIT Architect being whipped on her legs by her father with a big birch switch: Because she made a very tiny mistake: Exploded out through the big open window of the Cookery: The shriek screamed: "Of course I'm looking good. I feel like a Daffodil just emerged from old cold dirt to face the sun. You have to talk to David, Sourkraut. He's cheap. He really tries to help people. He's not mercenary like shrinks. He charges fifty dollars a month and it's open house 5 days a week from 7 P.M. on. You can talk to him all night if you need to. There's no: We have to stop now or I'll lose money crap. Sourkraut Baby, just get your vestibule down there." The woman called Sourkraut snapped: "What's his certification, Nora?" Nora screamed: "He's not certified. He writes weird poetry like pictures and writes Chinese with birds. But that's irrelevant. David's a genius. He has an astonishing mind. And he socks it to you. He rips apart lies. David doesn't crap around. Bluebelle's ex-husband used to beat her with coat hangers! She couldn't leave the rat. Then she talked to David. She left her husband. Thanks to David. She met a publisher. They married, got a house in Connecticut, and babies. She got his rocket in her sprocket. People call David The Marriage Breaker. But it's not true. She sent David a lovely thank you note for her new life. David made her see her bondage to her old husband was mean. Her old shrink put her down because her husband was paying him. Most of David's friends live together in Little Italy." Sourkraut snapped: "Does this sound like a cult, Nora?"

fig. 1. DAFFODIL

Nora
 screamed:
 "It is sort of a low
 grade run down psychedelic
 psychiatric singles commune. But don't
 worry, you can be an outpatient like me. They're people
 who want to understand their life and for them David's empathy
 works. He saves lives. You know, David's done more for me in six months
 than ten years of a hundred bucks a throw says you gotta do all the talking and I don't
 have to say anything because the customer is always wrong therapy. You ought to see that
 place. It's like a humanity stuffed Neapolitan slum palace. Long Godfather Cadillacs parked
 half on the sidewalk. Hot Italian stallions in tank tops in every doorway. Butchers with fresh
 lamb skins hanging out over the sidewalk. It's safe. David's protected by the Mafia. Some of
 them, Consigliore or something, come to David's meetings sometimes. I heard one guy brag he
 robbed Tiffany's windows in broad daylight. No one showed up at the Hudson river pier to pay
 for the jewels at the arranged time. He waited 30 seconds then threw all the diamonds into the
 river and escaped. Sourkraut snapped: (slowly) "This is crazy making Nora. He's a liar. No real
 jewel thief would do that. He'd take them to his bittersweet mistress in a cheap and tight satin
 dress in a room with a bare light bulb to stall having to marry her. Unless he's crazy. But then
 again: Why would anyone who wasn't crazy go to this David?" Nora screamed: (faster) "You
 must be right. You have such a really profound Lake Forest sense of reality brain sitting there
 eternally like a hyacinth that never came up. Anyway: There's a big courtyard. A garden. They
 say David planted basil in the garden and Italian women from all over the neighborhood come
 in at night with flashlights to pick the best top new night growth on the basil. It's like medieval.
 Several of his friends are architects. They're in the process of redesigning this space: Three build
 ings surrounding a huge garden. Everyone slaves on the buildings. And David's the master. He
 calls his meetings: Dave's Mind Garage. One of the Columbia architects wears blue French
 mechanics' overalls that have Dave's Mind Garage embroidered in roped silk thread on the
 back. The guy wears white gloves. He's constantly on his knees sweeping up the cigarette
 butts off the dirty wood floor with a whiskbroom and a dust pan. He's almost laughing.
 It's funny what makes people happy. These people know how to smoke! David says all
 work is like polishing a mirror until you realize you're the mirror and then there's no
 mirror." Sourkraut snapped: (slower) "This sounds dumb and scary. Like a dope
 dealer family circle." Nora screamed: (faster) "The first time I went I was
 scared. A Chinese blood red room: A weird cement half cone medieval
 French corner fireplace: A bare bulb in a tiny bathroom: Everywhere
 the smells of bare brick stripped of plaster by a dynamic latent homo
 sexual New Yorker writer proofing masculine labor ability. People
 were sitting in a big circle in folding deck chairs. An investment
 banker next to me was eating a Blimpie sandwich. I was
 a little squeamish about where to put my eyes. I
 feared to see psycho
 hippies or snake pit
 offal. But I lifted up
 my eyes and saw a
 nervous Yale man
 from Texas who
 tried to rape me
 seven seasons ago
 on Long Island at
 Whitney Whitetea's
 double coming out.

fig. 2. **HYACINTH**

then: I saw David
 at the other end of the circle of people:
 Oversized head: Jumbo brain: Shaggy hair like a tall wet
Jewish) Shepherd: You know the kind: Nose always in books: Skinny: Thick glasses: Dreamy eyes: Bedroom: (Sharp:
 Narrow like a snake guarding a treasure. He's a cross between Groucho and the head Rabbi
of Ch)elm and a big hairy pale white chocolate tulip full of candy and nuts. David nodded toward me and (instantly
 attacked my high laced hard leather knee boots. David said: 'They're S and M, Nora. Do they lace all the way
up to) your pussy? There's an ingenious way to scare off a man. They're saying don't come near my rough (trade
 pussy.' I thought David was trying to get rid of me right away. I thought maybe it was a test. Everyone laughed.
'Right) on, old sport!' some old coot with a big Bismark moustache in a vest with doggy buttons and a (Princeton
 tiger tie cheered." Sourkraut snapped: "Bow Wow. OK. He's got a chorus. OK. He's a sharp Kike slob. OK. But
 what kind of crap is this? It's X-rated." Nora screamed: (faster) "You really haven't heard anything yet, Sunny
Sour)kraut. Wait. To me the boots look kinky chic, Bloomys fourth floor. They actually cut me out a (hundred
 dollars. But to David the boots say rock hard jumping saddle leather closed cunt, Get Lost! When I should
 say open for business. David is a super detective. After a few hard questions about my father, David explained
my) father used to switch me with a birch switch on my legs whenever I made a mistake. My high (leather
 boots are protecting me from my father's leg whips. I cried. I smiled. David asked me: 'What do you want
 to be when you grow down?' I asked: 'What do you mean?' David said: 'There's something very small and
 precious buried in you. Like a buried treasure: Maybe you can find it?' I said: 'Where is it in my liver? My
 kidney?' David looked disappointed as if to say: 'Forge it.' I looked at the rest of the people. A tall pretty
 woman in a mini skirt, in an ocean foaming blonde curls and blue eye shadow: Some men were bearded
 in plaids and lumber jackets and some were clean shaven in suits: A Harvard Wall Street lawyer bragging
 about how he punched his wife in the stomach when she was pregnant then ran up to a Puerto Rican dance
 hall, got to the middle of the dance floor and yelled: 'I hate SPI CSI!' until they beat him: A suave Italian in
 a blue suit wearing dark glasses at midnight who was 40 and still lived with his mother and father: An
 awkward Jewish squirrel with Harpo eyes wearing his nuts in his cheeks: Next to him a doctor at Bellevue:
 Then in a whirl the weirdest kid flew into the room. A frail 17 year old fairy from Chicago. He'd run away
 from home after his mother died. He wore a white sheet. He had a huge fuzzy blond afro. He was
 carrying a pillow. David said: 'Hi! Tommy! How ya doing? How ya doin?' The kid said: 'I'm doing great!'
 David said: 'Still carrying your mother's pillow?' The kid said: 'I threw out my Mother's pillow that
 meeting when you asked me what I would do if I lost my Mother's pillow.' David said 'What's that?'
 The kid said: 'This is MY pillow.' He smiled like Rita Hayworth. David yelled: 'Bravo! Tommy! You're
 a real man!' The kid said: 'No I'm not. I'm a freaky fairy and I know it!' David said: 'Tommy you're
 one in a million. Hey did you hear what happened to Chester?' Tommy said: 'The glory hole Queen
 who worked for the Red Cross?' David said: 'Yeah. The guy who was compelled to run down to the
 men's room at work to suck cock off through a hole between the toilet stall walls.' David looked at
 me as if to say: 'And you think you have troubles?' David said: 'Yeah that really nice guy who got
 gang raped the first time he went to a fairy bath and cried all the time. He wrote me a great letter
 from Viet Nam. He's still with the Red Cross. He's having a really beautiful love affair with a
 chopper pilot!' The kid sang: 'Everything is wonderful.' Whistled: 'Have to run.' Sighed:
 'I'm really happy!' Yelled: 'Thanks.' Whispered: 'Can I pay you?' David said: 'Getting
 your own pillow paid me more than most. You need your money. Have a great life.
 Try to find a pearl washed up on the shore of the ocean of your being.'
 The kid said:
 'I will.' He
 walked out.
 David said:
 'We'll never
 see him again.
 He got hold
 of his Self'
 and smiled.

fig. 3. TULIP

You know David smiles like he knows what's really going to happen. Then this really really cute little baby doll started talking. This cute little woman's troubles started way back when she was a child and her father played tennis drunk and slammed her face with his big backhand when she wandered onto the court. David says the woman's been looking for abuse ever since. The woman keeps saying it didn't hurt. David says: 'He was a drunk rotten abusive son of a bitch. You call that a father. I call it a Father The Ripper.' You can never tell if David's really angry or pretending anger. David is relentless. David may be talking to one person, but really he's talking to everyone. Sometimes you can see your own shit better in someone else. He always seems to be getting at something on the tip of your mind's tongue. David doesn't let up. Baby doll says she picked up a judge who takes her home with him. Seems his brother is around, and they want to have a fun evening. The judge's idea of fun is to fuck her from behind while she sucks off his brother and then they both piss on her. And then beat her with silk peonies. David goes over and over the incident. David discovers it's not just any old judge. It's her father and her brother! The baby doll is blubbering. David says: 'You do it to yourself! Still getting Dad to whack you! Still a baby. It's the baby who hangs out with creeps like that. Not the grown-up. Time to be adult. An adult can find plenty of decent men in this world. If those creeps come near you call the cops.' She says: 'I'll beat the shit out of them.' David says: 'Good, good! But leave them to heaven. Don't dirty your hands. Call the cops. Throw your garbage in the gutter. Keep your jewels in a safe. There's a treasure buried inside you. Find it. It's what you really are.' Suddenly David looks tired. 'I'm keeping half the people around here's real Selves alive,' he says." Sourkraut snapped: (slower) "Hey! My father used to hit me all the time. So what? What's this weird real Self crap?" Nora screamed: (faster) "It's just something heV says to people to get them to like themselves instead of hate themselves." Sourkraut snapped: "O this is silly. Everybody likes themselves or they're sick. By the way, how's Leo, Nora?" Nora screamed: (faster) "Leo's married. Leo's a first class shit. I'll tell you later!" Sourkraut snapped: (slower) "But he's rich! What do you want? Blood?" Nora screamed: (faster) "I'm getting to that. OK. Anyway: A really good looking doctor says: 'David, I see pain and suffering all day at the hospital, I don't know if I can take it at home at night too. I deal with it all day. I feel so lousy at night.' David says: 'You know it's interesting that your father owned black and white silver screen movie houses and your mother was a painter and you're a radiologist.' The doctor asks: 'What do you mean?' David says: 'Aren't X Rays black and white film pictures? Maybe you're devoting your life to pretending you're getting your divorced mother and father back together.' Then the doctor told about how he had married a beautiful young woman and had a perfect marriage. Then one night he came home and she was gone. He never found out what happened. She disappeared. He never saw her again. He didn't know where she was. David wouldn't talk about it. David said: 'To talk about this now can only hurt you.' Then the doctor asked: 'Do you think she only married me for my money and left with someone she really liked when she found out I didn't make as much money as she wished that I made?' David said he didn't want to talk about it now.

fig.4. PEONY

sourkraut snapped: (slower) "You're
 damned right she left him because he lied about how much money
 he made. I suppose David didn't want to hurt his feelings so he didn't
 have to get him into a more just marriage. He's no shrink. I don't know what he's
 up to but he's no shrink. Shrinks get doctors into trophy wives that give them their
 They don't let men walk imaginary dead dogs around empty bedrooms crying all
 about Leo? When are you going to get your hands on the money you deserve? He'll leave his wife.
 You're a mega sharp licensed MIT Architect from MIT! She's just a Westchester
 from duuuuh NY Jew. What'd you work for all those years? To slave at a hard job?" Nora screamed:
 (faster) "Leo is mean. He'll just do to his wife with me." So urkraut snapped:
 (slower) "So what? Close your eyes. Grit your teeth and spread your legs. Leo has millions. All this
 could be yours you foolish little opium dream poppy!" Nora screamed: (faster) "Wait. I'm getting to
 it. When I talked to David about how me an Leo is he'd switch on a tape recorder on an orange crate
 and play opera. He has a theory that great singers are giving back to others their mother's beautiful
 feeding of milk to them, that an aria's the outpouring of: a giving back to others in an adult expression
 of: any infant's happiness at sensing sensations of warm milk in mouth and throat. *O che la mort ognora a a*
Addiooooo Leonrrrrrrra, would float through the dump." Sourkraut snapped: (slower) "David could be a
 quack. Is he qualified? Is he even a lay analyst?" Nora screamed: (faster) "Of course he's a quack! David
 tells people if anyone asks about his credentials to say his teacher is a hermaphroditic wart infested black
 Chinese dwarf from Passaic who sells pro kits, towels, and used condoms and reads How to gay Tibetan monks
 taking a shit in the men's room in the basement of the Brandyford Theater in Newark." So urkraut said:
 (slower) "What a creep." Nora screamed: (faster) "Listen, Sunny Sourkraut baby, I have no particular
 faith in credentials. Ruth Le Geu's a psychiatrist from Harvard Medical School, and she's an atomic
 asshole." Sourkraut snapped: (slower) "Stop screaming so loud. I get it. There's something important I
 want to ask you. Do you think if a man and a woman are window shopping on Fifth Avenue and they
 both pick the same furniture for their dream house it means they love each other?" Nora screamed:
 (faster) "I do: If it's real well designed unpretentious furniture. OK: Something David's doing makes
 me feel better. Beneath David's brutal river of verbiage I sense compassion. And his dedication is
 beyond reproach: Empathy is his whole life. For a piddling fee he works preposterous hours. If
 someone is in dire need, David will talk to them all night. Free. His insights are dead center. I went to
 Gutfuss my old shrink and he said everything David said was right. And he told me later he
 spent 6 hours trying to figure out how you can make money helping people. He said it's
 impossible. I thought either David's rich or he has a wife that lets him live poor. I
 checked it out. He's divorced. He has no money. I asked David why he
 charges so little. David said: 'People smart
 enough to realize
 that they should
 become their
 Self won't
 pay a lot.
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 on of
 grand
 deur
 goody
 goody
 god
 fodder
 ders
 will.'

fig. 5. POPPY

fig. 6. **WATER LILLY**

'I don't get it.' David said: 'O che la mort
 ongnora Leo and Nora. Verdi. Il Trovatore. In A Night at
 the Opera. The guy whose mother sold him out! To get revenge on his
 father! The guy singing in the tower! Addddio Leo Nora a a aaaaa!' Suddenly
 David gives orders to two women: 'Asia and Africa! Please! Take this living 'Miserere' aria of
 a Self-hating excuse for a woman to the toilet and show her how to put on makeup. And tell her where to
 have her hair fixed. By going to the toilet she'll avoid playing the toilets!' I said: 'Make up looks garish on
 me.' An Italian woman yelled down: 'Listen to David. He's right.' The women did my face in the john. I looked
 in the cracked mirror. I looked like Joan Crawford in *Rain*. We made a grand entrance into the garden. David said:
 'There, that's more like it! Walking around looking like a drowned swan is a form of self-hate, Leoandnora. If you
 don't love your body, who else will? When you come back here again you'll be saying: The morning glories are in bloom.
 Life anyone? Never forget that you're going to eat the black sandwich, folks. Now's the time to fight to live. To live within.
 To be your Self.' David nodded toward a bright young Wall Street Broker: 'Stan had acne all over his face. I asked him if he
 ever told it to go away, He said no. I told him to start. He started sensing his acne and yelling in his sensations of his acne: Go
 away! Go away! His acne cleared up in 3 weeks. And what about Bruise? He got the elephant man disease moon craters on his
 face sand papered. His skin is smooth as a baby's tuchus now! You know his father had it all over his cock. They called him
 Grapefruit Dick. Get on the road to Self-love. Inner change is slow. But you can send loud verbal orders into your mind that'll
 get your outer being to change fast. The trouble with most people is they let their own minds get away with murder. I'll tell you
 what I said to Malcolm X a few years ago when I passed by him on the street in front of King's County Hospital while he was
 demonstrating by refusing to talk to white people. I said to him: "You're right! Don't take shit from anyone. Not even your own
 mind. And thanks for not talking to me. I've enjoyed it." We smiled. No. No. No. Leoandnora. Don't take any shit from anyone
 and you'll be able to attract a Mister Wonderful. Marriage and a house in Connecticut. If you want that sort of thing.' I said: 'I
 can't give Leo up.' David turned to his friends. He said: 'A classic case, Do you see it? She was acting out taking Leo away
 from her mother. That's often what the two-woman over a man triangle is all about. And this Leo's in crying little girl heaven.
 He's saying, 'Ooooooh!' David shivers voluptuously, his voice up an octave, 'Fight over me, girls!' David turns back to me:
 'Go read Ernest Jones on *Hamlet*. It's all in Ernest Jones.' David looks around at his friends: 'A perfect example of a
 defense.' He gives a long discourse on the defenses of the ego. Rationalizing. Repressing. Denying. Projection. Dis
 placement. Sublimation. Masturbation. Self-love. Candy. Sourkraut snapped: (slower) "What is this, the god
 damn New School?" Nora screamed: (faster) "Anyway: David said: 'Many women leaving a lousy boy friend
 are dead, withdrawn, bitter. The y come out of it saying, Men are all pigs. You have a wish to live. But
 you're desperate to keep your Self attached to a shit. Have to have Leo. What's this have to have crap?' I
 said: 'You don't understand. The have to have is just what I can't give up.' David said: 'Any
 body can do anything. Read *Night Flight* by St. Ex upéry. You compulsively try to get
 rats to love you. Tell Leo, Tough shit. A good future is possible. Dogs live and
 die and they never know what hit them. You're not a dog. You are a human
 being. So do what a dog couldn't do! Yes. Read St. Exupéry's Nigh
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 '

fig. 7 MORNING GLORY

(This lovely intelligent woman may)
 (never get to be her Self and)
 (may never give up work)
 (ing like a dog to get)
 (someone else to)
 (like her)
 (Self-)
 (hatred.)

David grinned as he said: 'So what's so great about Leo? Does he have an eight foot cock? With flying feathers of every color of the rainbow ensconced? On which sits a cactus on an eagle on Queen Isabella of Spain's left labia? Or is it all on the ash tray in her labia under the poster for Spike Jones Does Chastoooshka starring Mickey Katz?' David sang: 'Down The Petersky! Vir gayen Down The Petersky! Down the Petersky gayen vir! Down the Petersky gayen vir! Down The Petersky! Vir gayen Down The Petersky! I smiled. David said: 'What kind of shits do you hang around? They're a pack of cruel sadists. And you want to suffer? You love the pain?' 'Do you love being in pain?' I answered: 'No! How can anyone want to live in pain? I'm hooked on pleasure. Sexually Leo and I are hand washes hand. He never whips me. He just spits on my nose when he comes! It's just innocent fun.' David said: 'You're a closet S and M pair. He doesn't literally use whips and lashes, but in reality he's a whipper. It's not true you don't love the pain. And please don't tell me what innocent things you don't do to him. The situation's the proof! You picked it. You stayed in it. It's your pain bath.' Suddenly David wasn't angry. I saw he could stop on a dime. He lit a cigarette and smoked it all the way down. He said: 'When you want to learn how to start something Leo and Nora first you have to learn how to stop it and you'll be just plain Nora. Get rid of your love affair with pain! Stop! Otherwise it won't matter if you ditch Leo. Because you'll get another Leo. There are plenty of Leos waiting in the wings. Whole city blocks of them. Just waiting. They can smell Noras a mile off. O here comes one! Yippee!' David whooped, rubbing his hands like a New Jersey Fagin: 'What a lovely spectacle my darling. A sweetheart in love with pain my darling. More pain! More pain! Let me writhe in your lovely bathtub of pain with crab infested socks on darling! Have you ever seen anything so terrible?' The Italian Women yelled down: 'Listen to David! He's right!' David said: 'Throw Leo away. Flush him down the toilet. You need Leo like you need last year's Tampax tomorrow evening at a quarter to nine. The next time he calls tell this Leo to fuck off. The lousy mean little gafaerlicht rat. Tell him you'll call the cops. And if he still won't get lost you can always come and hide out down here in this veil of tears.' Suddenly David's beaming: 'Tell Leo you have the clap and you thought he and his old lady ought to know.' David scratched his hair: 'You're not helpless. You don't need to love Leo. Love your Self. Never put your love on anything without holding a part back on your Self. You need to love your Self. Have you ever tried that? No one can do it to you the way you can!' I said: 'What?' David said: 'Loving yourself.' I said: 'I think about Leo all the time.' David said: 'Don't think! It's deadly! Realize! Take back your love off Leo! Cathect your love that's flowing onto Leo back onto your Self.' I said: 'What's cathect?' David said: 'Take your energy off Leo and put your energy in your vagina and wiggle. Love yourself. The hardest thing in the world is to take your love off of another hand and get it back on your Self. Start jerking off. No need to depend on someone else to feel good. No need for desperation. You don't want to be a person who's desperate. Become your own mother. Be good to your Self. Give your Self pleasure. Do you know you have a Self?' He gently strums in the air over his crotch an invisible owl and pussycat medieval ukelele. Switches on his tape recorder: Verdi: 'O o o o che la mort ognora aaaaaaddio Leonora. Use a little K-Y jelly,' he says, dreamily strumming. 'Or flower petals. Yummmmm, soft, nice petals. Cactus flowers in the pink desert. Yaw the tops. Yaaaaaw King Kong's penis. Yaw the tops. Yaaaaw the breasts of Venus. Yaaaaaw the purple light on a summer night in Spaaaaain. Yaaaaw Garbo's pussy. Yaaaaaaaw nice and mushy. Yaw cellophane.'

(slurp.)

fig. 8 CACTUS

I looked around and saw everyone smiling.
 I cried. David said: 'This is the way: Love your Self.
 Yes. Your Self can feel good all the time. What put the ape in
 apricot? what put the rife in strife? What made the Marvell winged
 chariot fly away from T.S. Eliot? What made the clematis vine for life!
 What made the pansy ante up the pantie? What've they got that you aint
 got? A Self! Search for your Self! Find your Self! Sense your Self. Sense
 your head and Say: 'I. Then sense your entire being. Say: 'I am alive.' Then
 sense your head. Say: 'I. Then sense your entire being. Say: 'I wish to live.'
 Then sense your vagina and say: 'I love my Self' Go ahead." Sourkraut
 snapped: (slower) "The goddam male chauvinist pig!" Nora screamed
 (faster) "I suppose David is a male chauvinist. He's always tell
 ing women to dress up and service men and he's always telling
 men to dress up and service women. He's always saying there are no men or women there are only
 persons. And down deep the y're all the same. His pet test question about a new boy friend's honorable inten
 tion is: Does he lick your pussy? Anyway: So. Then David told me to kiss my hand and say: 'I love Nora.' I couldn't
 do it. I was afraid to kiss my own hand! The odd thing is when I talk to David I feel strong. He takes away what you never
 had and he gives you what you always had. He gives away what people sell and he sells what people give away. He takes
 away your idea that you can't afford to be something deep inside you that's hiding: Waiting to live." Sourkraut snapped:
 (slower) "Watch out! Watch out! Snake pit twilight zone funny farm clone! Earth calling Nora Dollhouse! Earth
 Calling Nora! You're out of your tree!" Nora screamed: (faster) "Yes. It's curious. I do feel grounded. That night when
 I got home I touched my vagina for the first time in years. It felt good. Anyway: To continue: David asked: 'Know what
 men want? Well, I'll tell you what they don't want: Rata tat tat! Rata tat tat! Machine gun teeth: Sandpaper sneers: Lemon
 juice quarrels. They don't want a woman who cuts, clutche's, and criticizes. Men have plenty of wounds of their own. Why
 should they get cut by your slices?' David winked at me: 'I'll tell you what real men want. A woman to smile at them. Like
 their mother. They want to be licked and they're willing to lick to get it. Like ice-cream cones. Sex is regression to infancy
 Licking, sucking, slurp slurp slurp slurp. Mother's milk. Men and women together want to be babies again. They want to
 crawl back into their mother. Baby skin on baby skin. They like to be licked, just like you. Nicely. Gently. Mmmmm.'
 He went to work on an invisible ice cream cone. Everyone watched happily enjoying the invisible ice cream. Sud
 denly: Clutching his beard with one hand and extending his other arm like Moses, David said: 'Now you can walk!
 He stood up, eyes glittering, extending one arm out. 'Thro w d own your crutches and kiss your hand! Just like
 Charlton Heston imitating Ayn Rand imitating Cecil B. D e Mille imitating a high class wasp in the Ten
 Commandments.' Then I started laughing. I was crying, but it came out laughter. I guess due to David
 doing his stupid imitation of Charlton Heston. I kissed my hand for the first time in my life. I said:
 'I love you,' to my hand. My face was wet with tears. I was so happy! David is amazing. I tell
 you I've seen him do miracles and he doesn't seem to think anything of it. He just poo
 poos it. When people told him something he did was a miracle he said: 'Being
 alive is the only miracle.' Then a guy talk ed about how it took him forever
 to pee. His mother had sent him a p ost card from Niagara Falls.
 He put the post card over his toil et. He started looking at
 (the po)
 (st card)
 (of Nia)
 (gara Fa)
 (lls whi)
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 ee pee
 and he
 could
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fig. 9. PANSY

Then a guy
 told us all about
 how his father made
 him and his two brothers
 excavate his basement every
 day all summer vacation for three
 years. They never saw the light of day.
 And to get even with their hard father they
 learned how to fuck each other in the ass all
 at once under the house. They called them
 bent pigs. Then a guy talked about how he was two and a half
 how to climb out of his crib. Get a chair. Push it to the lights
 down. And climb back into his crib. His mother caught him and beat him
 he'll probably end up kissing his mom's ass when he's 50. Sendin
 David said: 'You'll see. You're in ter ror of your mother. You think t
 warmth. You think the sensation of terror is love.' Then an inve
 mother he couldn't walk into his own apartment's kitchen. He tr
 said: 'Just keep trying. If you can't cook for yourself you can't live without
 tyrannical mother all your life.' The investment banker came in a fe
 on the kitchen linoleum!' David said: 'Next week! Boiling Water!' Then a
 woman started complaining about how when her husband went to hit her to save herself she had to hold the
 up in front of her to get her husband to hit the baby. Then a guy talked about how he used to get splinters on his
 cock from humping the wooden shingles on the roof of his house while he watched his mother bathing down
 through the skylight and how now he was always falling off beds, ladders, vans, etc. and spraining his
 cock. Then a woman started talking about how she liked it when her father spanked her with a hair
 brush but her husband an English professor wouldn't do it because he was a speed freak into
 black used and unwashed New York Athletic Club spandex jock straps on her nose.
 Then a terribly odor sensitive girl talked about how she was leaving her husband
 even though she loved his mind because he used the wrong soap. Then a
 very rich Brazilian woman talked about how she couldn't stay away
 from the Lincoln Towers Jerk Off Club.' Sour kraut snatched:
 (slower) "Come on. What's that?" No one screamed: (faster)
 "They all sit around and watch porn movies and off. Then the women start each other and
 then the men finish the women off." Sour kraut snatched: (slowly) "You lie! No one
 who lives in a Lincoln Towers could do things like that. It's expensive to live there."
 "Nora screamed: (faster) "Then a man talked about how his mother went
 on his honeymoon with him and every six hours
 checked him and his wife's pubes
 for crabs with a flashlight.

fig. 10. ORCHID

Then David asked
 a severe air force officer
 who kept saying he didn't know
 what he really wanted to do with his
 life to close his eyes to see what came into
 his mind. The man said: 'I saw my Self making
 pottery. I've always dreamed of making pottery. Three
 months later he was making and selling pottery to really big
 stores. Then a script girl from Hollywood came in with a bent para
 lyzed arm. She couldn't hold a pen or write. David figure d out in 20
 minutes she was freezing her arm like a cowboy holds reins to try to
 symbolically hold on to a western movie actor who'd jilted her on
 location in Mexico. When she heard this her arm moved. She could
 write! She was so happy!" Sourkraut snapped: (slower) "Of course
 her arm moved! David's goddam Jesus! Isn't he a goddam Freud!
 Isn't he goddam Frank! Isn't he goddam Sammy! Isn't he goddam
 Dean! Isn't he goddam Jerry! Isn't he goddam Chubby Checker! Isn't
 he a goddam Rock Hudson! Isn't he goddam Doris Day! Isn't he the
 goddam Katzenjammer kids! Isn't he goddam Brain Listerene! (slower
 and slower) Isn't he goddam psychedelic! Isn't he goddam Lenny
 Bruce! Isn't he goddam JFK! Isn't he goddam Bobby! Isn't he god
 dam Teddy. Isn't he goddam Elvis Penis! Isn't he goddam Donovan!
 Isn't he goddam Martin Luther King! Isn't he a goddam Mustang!
 Isn't he goddam Johnny U! Isn't he goddam Griffith! Isn't he goddam
 Liberace! Isn't he goddam Paul! Isn't he goddam John! Isn't he god
 dam Abbey Road! Isn't he goddam Abby Hoffman! Isn't he goddam
 Abby Mt. San Michel! Isn't he goddam Andy Campbell! Isn't he a
 goddam GTO! Isn't he a goddam Camacho! Isn't he? Isn't he? Isn't he?
 (even lower and slower) No! No! Nora! He isn't! I'll tell you what
 he is! He's a goddam Murph the Surf! He's goddam Charles Manson!
 He's the goddam Mad Bomber! He's goddam Tricky Dicky! He's a
 goddam Fidel! He's a goddam Hitler! He's a Self proclaimed! Self
 serving chauvinist! Pig! Whacko! Nanny! Creepo! He's an insanely
 weird yucked enchilada! Ego! Power! Trip! Loose cannon. And you bet
 ter watch out or goodbye Leso. You turn that precious Self of yours in
 to a Venal Fly Trap or you'll never get your hands on all that money!"
 Nora screamed: (faster) "Screeee (i feel like a daffodil stepped on by a
 horse) eeeeee!" Sourkraut snapped: (extremely lower and slower)
 "You pathetic little psycho issues flower child." Nora screamed:
 (faster) "Screeeeeee (i feel like a hyacinth crushed by a truck) eee
 eeeeeeeeee!" Sourkraut snapped: (extremely lower and slower)
 "You're worse than a drug head! You're a sick head! You're turn
 ing into a page out of Bawdy's Flowers Of Mental Illness!" Nora
 screamed: (a bit faster) "Screeee (i feel like a tulip ground into dirt
 by a cow hoof) eeeeeeeeee!" Sourkraut snapped: (extremely lower
 and slower) "You're the whole goddam sick garden! Your car eer path
 is sh it!" Nora screamed: (even faster) "Screeee (i feel like a peony
 bomb ed by bull shit) eeeeeeeeee!" Sourkraut snapped: (extremely
 slower and slower) "You look like shit!" Nora screamed: (far faster)
 "Screeee eeeee (i feel like a poppy pissed on by an elephant) eeeeeee
 eeeeeee ch!" Sourkraut snapped: (extremely lower and
 slower) "If you're poor mother!" Nora screamed: (much faster)
 "Screeee eeeee eeee (i feel like a morning glory gnawed
 by rat fangs) eeeeeeeeee!" Sourkraut snapped:
 (even more extremely lower and slower)
 "You're going to end up with
 nothing but your Self."

fig. 11. VENAL FLY TRAP

Suddenly:
Sinfan was falling all over the place like wind thrown petals off a lead
chrysanthemum. Suddenly: Sinfan was on the ground doubled up in laughter.
The two young professional women called Nora and Sourkraut poked their heads
out from behind the corner of the big open café window. I gave them the Mickey Mouse
smile. Their faces were white as a Wellesley toilet seat. Sinfan gave them the wiggling finger:
Hopped up on his chair. He zipped and unzipped his fly. He winked. Nora and Sourkraut gasped.
They turned. They ran. Sinfan chortled over and over again: "You Evil Genius, you! They think you're
a shrink! Imagine! They think you're a shrink!" Finally he stood up on his chair and Sinfan said: "Do you
mean they don't know what you are? They don't know what you are? They don't know what you are?" Tempo
said: "Nobody sees anything. They're blind." I said: "They don't have the foggiest notion of what they really are. Or
what it would mean for them if they could live from their real Self. They just want to get the residue of their parents dog
training in their mind to kiss them. Some of them are very bright. They're pleasant people. Maybe they can see there is
happiness. Some are decent. They get as close as a microbe's eyelash to realizing they have a buried Self! Then they fizzle.
It's tragic. But they're Dog Training Asskissers. Their Self is buried in cement." Tempo asked: "It's impossible to help
advertising suckers. What are you going to do, David?" I said: "I've almost learned all I can from this. I can sit in a chair
10 hours straight talking through human barbed wire down to the buried human Self. In a year or two I'm going to use all
the focused mental energy skill I can develop to focus my attention on and change my life its Self. Yes. I'm going to change
my life its Self. I don't believe it is impossible. I want to see if I can go up by my Self. From my Self. And change it. With
out any help. Sometimes I get exhausted but I'm in pretty good shape. I want to see if I can give up my inherent breathe
Tempo said: "You can't give something up unless you have something to take its place." Sinfan said: "You know being
smart is a handicap in this world of ninety per cent unevolved insight incapable plain speaking dullards. Even harsher
being a highly evolved advanced pituitary zapped hunchback Asian midget. If any one can do it, you can do it, you lucky
son of a bitch. So you're going to do it from your Self?" I said: "Yes. I am." Tempo Perdue said: "If you don't lie down
some times you'll fall all down. Get your rest. I always get my rest." Sinfan said: "What are you trying to do David! annihilate
late everything in you but what you really are? To be free! So your giant mouth of wild spontaneity can scream out
streamers of silk of all colors! To be free! So your vast intuition can grow huge wings and fly the world like a bat!
To be free! To be free! So your marbled turtle brain can grow feet and take a walk in the sun! You are smart!" I said:
"I am." Sinfan said: "O, by the way, you nerdy little Jewish Evil Genius you, I'll be dead in a few years. The Bomb
couldn't. The Cancer will. Do me a favor. Where a line meets a circle stop. Rest in extremes. Go through life like
an ancient fording a swift stream on slippery rock's bare foot. Don't kill your Self. When I die I would like it if
you would live a little for me." I said: "I will." We had a pleasant little chat: On Fluctuation's Intention
Year Cycles Of Intention sit in Widespread Gaudy Gaudy Attempers At Persecution Of The Id: The re
after we parted. As I walked down to my work from far up on Eigenth
Street I heard Tempo and Sinfan yell once,
much louder
than I've ever
heard any
one ever
yell like: "L
is ten to
David!"

fig. 12 SPIDER CHRYSANTHEMUM

You call
this a real
stone,
I mean,
old kid?
more like
on a toilet
scream coo
Oh, It's mock
dignir! O. K. So?

The Bio Bozo

Anon Pierpont Applebaum chrysanthemum-ed
to twitch his mental blue. No thought or feeling
in his vide open, Solomon empty mind's measure-
less, immaculate, invisible dew. Tomorrow fresh
stars springing up his spine like flying diamonds
new— In the little diamond bag from the
velterhein tied around his neck deep
under his gliding black swans
the sunset dark overcoat
Of this you can be sure.

THIS
STEAL
ING THE
LIGHT.
HAVE
CIGAR!
CALL
PEOPLE.
USELESS
MEET NO
CLEVER
PEOPLE.
HELPING
ENJOY
CLEVER
SINCE
XEROLAGE 34

never get to knot spl
we can't
Why
?aks
ehit
mid
OG
a re
ven
ereht t'n
The
The
That is
know
can
we
get
the
hell
out
of
his
pill
nd.
oks?
Stars
shine
bright
on chaff-
er light,
in this
dark
mind
shap
why

THANG. EVERY
BREATH IS
DEATH.
THAT IS
BREATHE
THIS IS
IS LIFE.
BREATH
IS SELF.
BREATHE
DRINK!
HAVE
LIGHT!
INHA
QUIC
I
ALIV
FAS
B E
MAY
DEATH
IS QUICK.

kill you
take
walk.
aketh
er but
muth
nger
thoth
terith
thithes
ecthaticth
monk air hungerth.


mis
grow
Stand
Self tom
Still sad ac
they twist w
“Humanity what
are, you are to sa,
I hear them sigh.
“Human heart, can be,
but is not fake snot.
Humanity, what
ever you are,
you are to be,
I hear them
crying out.
“Pretend-
ing you re
what you
are not
is fake
inner
life
noise
snot —
is not
breathe
not star
lot of
untied
knot.”

Cut
the kn
ot.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE BIG BOZO INTO THAT SET OF STRETCH GOAL SQUEEZED
 MAINSTREAM BOZOS WHICH WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHOVE RETAIN THE INTESTINAL FOR
 TITUDES NEEDED TO TRICKLE DOWN INTO FORMATIONS OF EMERGENT SOLID SUBSETS OF
 THE SET OF ALL SETS WHICH ARE NOT MEMBERS OF THEMSELVES WHICH MAY NOT BE IN THE
 END A VALID MEMBER OF ITSELF YET REMAINS A SOLID MEMBER OF ABSOLUTE BOZO GATE

“The fault finder will find fault in Paradise.” — H. D. Thoreau

PROEM:—

THE ^{g r} BIG BOZO ^{e e k} 
 Greetings, planetary crumb.
 Call me your in continent of
 North America. Nobody passes
 me! Here I come. Arm ^{r r r} In my ^{r r r r r g h}
 pre-stressed crapanoid fecal form. ^{r r r r r r r g h}
In which we gave Jesus a hard
Time. And can kill you. We come.
Out of prime ordeal mysts. Blissed.
Compression is our middle name. Heaven
and earth are not human. Smell our numb.
Hear us dense. Immense! Fire. Bend our blue
circumference sum. We're number one. Obey.
 Our rock crap cannon sun. Roar. Call us the Big
Bozo. Never the gigan tic whale sized lop sided.
automatic aromatic shit apple. Love us. Follow us.
But. Only out of: 1. Gravity 2. Slavery 3. Curiosity
Brain is hot dumb down crap. Heart is red hot
molten slap. Our whole life we are afraid to spew
outbelch of cluster luster. Fear. Of sluicing the old
rockbuster. Are crust gusher. Not Blood Slusher.
Are a macho macho bedrock mother loder.
Are in raker. Take the caker. Money maker.
Hate superficial outcropping fails. Like to
prete nd to love whales. But. Con sider them
to be mere sw immli ngs:— Lar gely soft.
Insi gnific antly o bese. Over evo lu- p o o o f.
tio ned. g u g g l e
Water bag gy thin gs.

Hell o
 o o o o o
 out there,
 city mess.
 God bless the
 Big Bozo. Call me
 your great Wilderness. ** Vast
 goon boweled mineral wedge. Some
 drinks from the fountain of knowledge?
 I just gargles off the ledge. My brain is
 neo-Nazi brew. My heart is Rabbit Lake
 dark bottom rue. I has hit rock bottom big.
 I has started to dig. All mah life I been 'fraid
 to shit. I'm 'fraid of findin' mah brain in it.
 I holds close mah na tural reserves. Om on a roll.
 Hates losin' claims. Sweryes mah nerves. Likes
 to, make believes I loves, fossil whales. Whites:— If it
 don't cost me any good an' sweet deal uranium rights.
 goddamn, cranium

1. THE
 NO THERE
 THERE
 BOZO
 BOZO

2.
 Hello down there. God Bless the Big Bozo. TH
 Iced Junk is my lawn. Iced moose is my roof. EN
 Call me Alaska. Never white brain death. God is OL
 my codependent. Satan is a dog that never hurt anyone! G
 and never asked to be born I kind of work to death. HT
 Slash. + Laugh. = Hash. Yo. Brain is a back shack BOZO
 deep freezer. Yo. Heart is a empty free acre. Afraid to
 sneeze. My Matanuska purple lung might blow. Out.
 Love wildlife. Seals to whales. Butt wife is a whale in
 a glacier:— Stuffing the Bible in a wh ipped kid is easier.

w a t e r
 3. THE NO WATER BOZO. r i g h t s means? Screw you? Trust me
 means? Fuck you? God bless? The Big Bozo? Never to be.
 Lessed? Messed? Guessed? But ever blessed? Yessed? Call me
 yer great Southwest? I got thet gene thet got into thet genetic
 pool? Hic? While thet lifeguard tweren't watchin'? Gurgle? So in a parkin'
 lot puddle? Om out of my depth? 'ave a drink. Hic. Brain? Last. Hic? Breath uva
 mexcal worm? Heart? Earth dam berm? Whole life 'fraid t' piss?
 Oughter be? Swish? As if? 'Fraid of losin' water? 'Va drink? What's yer
 angle? Slaughters? Dignity's my slant? 's my rant? 's my cant? 's my pant?
 's my daughters? Hic? Fuckum? Dike save the earth whales? Love to? We
 needs a lot more family crime jails:— If'n they don't cost me any ●●
 w a t e r ?

selenium O w h a t arsenic
mercury
cyanide a b e a u t cylon
strychnine i f u l mor nin' per prozac

ver t n' G od bl ess the
B ig B ozo n' do call m e lead
co ⁵⁹⁶ your great Plains weed, soil, n'
loan expert. My anc estors in telligen
ce evol v ed while meander'n 'n the cont rol group
back sect ion. I've never ev er lost my delusio
ns of adeq uacy. My brain is corn. M y heart
is in t he hot bo ttom of a runty si de sty of
The Field O f Dreams Feedlot Comp any and
all of my life I bee n afraid to up an' chew. I'
m afraid of losin' m y bibl e brai n pew
view cud rue goo. What' s yer

4. THE N land got O W on it? I EE hate DS fungBO us n'ZO

insect vomit. [(6 - Chloro-3-) I loves whale crap to the pulp:—
(lifeztitle)-N-. If'n nitro-2-canceronyou an alldeathmine 1% when'n it'n 1-(4-
Claponyou don't'n inme)-3,3- cost dierightnow-1- me (i/thi spray (4-1,2,4-
testyours regales. -1-yt)-2-Jobutane 25% Gulp. Kills frogs birds roses rhythm music
daisies green pastures butterflies fishes horses cows deer wolves buffalos slugs bulls flies worms
caterpillars 1% Kills humans mexicans guatemalans puerto ricans bolivians ecuadorians
panamanians nicaraguans brazilians paraguayans uruguayans and all other amiable non-entities 74%
©Deathco

cycremt
Buenos **Dias.**
5. THE KNOW MERCY BOZO
Gods bless the Big Bozo. Call me your great Mexico.
Eyes of stone. Mothers die on my sidewalk. Groan. Don't know how to g^e
Dead. Bone children sleep on my street. Alone.
They're not me. I'm no poison green grow. I am
slash and burn kindness is weakness freak. No? I'm
rich? You're poor. I'm fountain? You're sewer. My
brain is heart ripped out of screaming plea. Weak.
My heart is brain quivering down stone step steep.
Bleak. I have broken glass cemented on top of that
soul to ass. ^{eye VVV eye VVV eye VVV eye} LIONS FROM SPAIN scream on my
grass. Faithing you to cut more out of you is my
mission. It's obvious. Avanced. Christian. Save sun.
This is my big dream:— Cut whale heart out. Blub.
Throw down scared steps. Thud. Thud.
Thud. Thud. Thud. Thud. Thud. Thud.
TO REA CH TH E UN REA CH AB LE MUD.

6. THE NO
HATE BUSO

Afternoon
yall. Well
God bless
the big Buso
yall. Call me
yaw great South
yall. Mah cage is
turning. Red. But
mah hamster is dead.
Fred. Mah brain is coke.
Doke. Mah heart. Bubba fate.
Straight. Gulpd next to an Ol
Miss furnace by a peculiah drunk
scruff pencil pusher midget in '28. All
mah laff been afraid. Hate. Times
Ah indulge in settin' low pussnul
standids faw mahself. Om afraid
of losin' mah brain 'n it's terrific
piney whiney pale white enclo
sure. On the hole what's yaw
pleasure? It's cold. Throw
another jew nigra queer
on the fire. Ah praises
supuhficial ethics all
ovuh ladies yet Ah do
most like tuh pretend
A'm intuh black female
whales yuh onher:— If
it don't have to cost me
any charmin n' long held
ideals. Ah fails tuh achieve
these angels consisently any
which way they become love
laces of mah noble dreams of
deep ● rich pussunul ● onher.

7. THE NO CENTRAL PROCESSING UNIT BOZO

Hi there. I care. God bless the Big Bozo. Be fair. Never known
as Dead Frisco zest. Call me your great Pacific Northwest. I'm not
the sharpest knife in the drawer ● My ● brains is micro brew snore. My
*heart is new age hi tech hot dog tough. All my life I been afraid to cough. I'm
afraid of down sizing my brain. If I was any more fogged inane, o wow,
I'd have to be watered twice a week. What's your sign? Mine is no*
feign no gain. Seek. And you shall find trendy legal drug sane.
My neck is red. My trail bike is new. My pickup is blue.
I just love to pretend I break for whale Jobs:—
If'n it don't cost me too many lube jobs.
(especially from you)

8. THE NO *Bon* **ANG** *soir,* *mon* **LOS BO**_S
 foe. **Dieu** bless
 zeeee *Beee eeeg* *Bôso.*
 Call me yure great Nouveau
 France! But what *ease cease*
 interior bouquet? Pant ants?
 Can it be I am one *neuron short*
 of a synapse, mon frere? Or ease mah
 brain zee bottom of a bottle of Oiseau de
 Tonnerre? My heart ease on zee pillars
 of Saint Anne de Beaupré? Clair? All
 mah life Ah been afraid to do zee
 puke. Ah am afraid of mah brain
 eee-mare-jing. Luke! Zook!
 Mah eyes is een mah pits!
 Ah make zee pee pee on zee
 grass to annoy zee butterflies.
 And what eez yure raison
 d'etre? Ah feel
 somehow Ah am een
 some metaphysical way
 depriveeng som profound
 proveence of an eediot.
 Ey! I love zee intricate
 defferanc e E y? I like
 to preten d I love zee
 Esquim aux an zee
 whale f o r sure:—
 If it don't cost
 me mah en
 tire
 cult.
 ure

9.
 THENO
 HAIR BOZO
 Ug. Acid piss all
 over Big Bozo. Sparkling
 waters. All mud. No trees. No
 leaves. Me scalped. Call me great
 Forest. Had twelve foot diameter trees.
 Twelve foot from each other. High. All trails
 twelve foot wide. Squirrel go from Atlantic to
 Mississippi. Never touch ground. The Squirrel
 dead. Smoke curl lodges now crap glue wood
 ticky tacks. Brain casino full of white saps.
 Heart shoot craps. Fear sneeze. No see white
 man the house cheat:— What else new?
 Arrowhead into ace of spades grew?
 Iron horse oil eat? Cripples beat?
 Slaughtered
 Whale bleat?
 Life meat?
 Got raw?
 Bloody feet?
 On a hot seat?

NO FUN

10. THE BOZO

Come all ye faithful. But not o n me. Void thy evil goon juice.
 Get into an high powered God bleff for thine Big Bofo. Call me
 thine great New England, little immoral Puffupo. Do ye mind if
 I tell thou what'f wrong with th ou, Neighbor
Wivcykf? (hand) If thou wert Jesuf thou id (hand) be dead hit
on two ftkkf. My brain if a clam. Flat. My heart squeeks
 in ye bottom of Walden Pond f toe jam. I have the wisdom of
 youth'f evil rage. And the total energy of old age'f broken
 preffure gauge. All of my li fe I have been afraid to do a
meeze. I am afraid of the full (organ) discharging of my brain in the
breeze. Come. Whip me lickity fplickity Mather. I do need a
 superubstantial holy yoke of higher morality lather. And what
 is thine sugar, Grace? I vote often and early, Enof, for non-curly
 penif. I fear I like to pretend I lo ve whale flail.
Ah! The pub (foot) lime admonishment:— (foot) If it doth not
ruin my deeper fenation of (foul) whole some celibate punishment.
DON'T NICE
HAVE A DAY

11. THE NO RECORDS BOZO

*Hello out there. Call me your
 long green song and dance dollar.*
 1. Greenbacks only. 2. Greenbacks
 forever. 3. God bless hard cash.
 I like to look that guy right in the eye.
 Run my own life. I like to get
 away with murder. I believe in
 non-violence. I never pay taxes.
 I don't vote. *I read books. Paint
 houses. Rob banks. Deal drugs.*
 oks. I'm a baby sitter. Sheep shearer. Card shark. Pool hustler. I'm a judge. I'm a whore.
 Plumber. Electrician. Mayor. Handy
 man. Loan shark. Haul crap. Food.
 Handle 400 billion clams a year.
 Brain is flame. Heart. A dart
 Jerk off. Laugh at God. Run
 churches. Grow pot. Smuggle
 heroin. Hide. Write songs. Sing
 songs. Clean songs. Dirty songs.
 My big hit. Fuck men. Fuck ladies.
 Fuck the Fed. Fuck dogs. Church
 fence knotholes. I sing. I dance. I
 control cults. I shoot craps. Loan
 shark. Extortionist. I'm secretive.
 Clever. I'm right out in the open.
 I don't like bosses and I don't like fe nces.
 I'll spend my money till death comme nces.
 I belive in living and staying ali ve. I hate jails.
 Never see Sales
 any whales. slips.
 Hear me
 score. Sky
 to floor:—
 Life is my
 open door.

12. THE NO WHERE BOZO

Hello. God bless Big Bozo. Call
 me Eskimo. Got out of your
 way long time ago. No sneeze.
 It freeze. Brain new. Heart blue.
 Kill whale. Eat it too:— I'd rather
 freeze my ass off than live near you.

13. THE NO CRIME

BOZO

God bless the Big Bozo. Call me Burb. No crime
 bran new. *No cig s bra n new.* *Sexual part ner of ch oic e*
 bran new. *House b ran n ew. Stre et bran new. New Marriag e*
 bran new. *No kids bran n ew. Jobs bran new. TV bra n ne w.*
 Brain 0. Jesus 2. Two door fridg e bran new. HMO bran
 new. Cancer bran new. Hair bran new. Breasts bran new.
 Penis bran new. Colon bran new. Shit bag bran new. Teeth
 bran new. Cereal of choice bran new. Love of whales bran
 new:— Crash Recreational Hearse bran Grave new.
 bran new. Life 0 bran new. Death 2

14. THE NO JOBS BOZO

Hey. Get me a job soon!
 God bless any Big Bozo drudge
 doom. Call us your Great East. We got
 a full six pack but lack the plastic gizmo to hold
 it together. Our hot little brain is macro
 brew mind death. Slow blur. Our heart
 is a cracked nut off a rust bucket.
 We know the sin of wages is death.
 We works real real good under
 constant close supervision slaps.
 Cornered rats in wages traps.
 All our life we has been afraid
 to talk back. So butt fuck it! We
 got to be afraid of losing our credit
 ream. What's your dream home team's
 scream? Welfare? We hates doze Jap fairy industry
 opportunity robs. Sometimes we just likes
 to nut crush in big mobs:— We'd love
 Wales if they didn't cost us jobs.

15. THE NO

SNOW BOZO

Mira! Mira! Santa Coca! God bless zee
 Beeg Bozo's bittersweet drug reeng. Call me zee
 great Caribbeing. Mah wheels ease up. Mah wings
 ease flappeeng. I has no engine. Mah brains ease
 tear sniff. Mah heart ease Vieux Dieu stiff. What
 zat beautiful white dr eam in zee air? All my life I been
 in love weeth zee sno w job up there. Om not afraid of
 sneezing Castille squa shed fried brain tear. What ease
 your trageeque warm baby oil water abortions? Mine
 ease superficial inep t nazi sorts. I knows why
 zee whites is goee ng to zee moon. To leave
 zee black man here. I will pretend I loves
 whales. Gets the toureest reech:—
 To my colorful ratty attractive
 destitute rom antic filthy
 intimate lus h happy
 crappy hot brutal
 green hell
 slum bee
 eee tch.

1
6.
**THE
NO
HICKS
BOZO**

Nice 00tc
see yous
Nice to see
yous. God

bless the Big Bozo.
Call me little old New

York. About as kosher as
Leo Durocher. Hey!
Torque my pork. The
giant gorilla always
swings off the top of
my penis. Have two
minds. One is lost. The
other ain't out looking
for it. Brain is hot
speed. Heart is cold
moolah. Philosophy of
life is love is sliding
sideways in a sardine can
full of hot assets lying
there for the making.
Don't get angry. Get even.
Plus commission. Don't just
work. Get kicks. Kick back.
Kick the pearl beyond price.
Right between the eyes. Kick
the clouds. Kick the blues. Get
a kick out of yous. Get a kick
out of art. Don't duck it. Fuck
it. But! It always has got to pay
to get scared of kicking the
bucket: Yous lose money. Hate
to be rude. But. Could yous
please tell me if it would be
a big deal pa in for yous to
tell me up from nt and person
al the agony and the ec
stasy of wh at your rip
off is? I hate spont
aneous swindles.
I loves whales:—
I think I ate one once

**17. THE NO
DIRTY RECTUM
HAOLIES BOZO.**
Aloha. I am a little de
tached. Call me Hawaii.
An awfully clean. Brain.
Sugar cane. Heart. Red
hot lava skin. Sun.
On sun. I vane. I
sail. I skim.

Rain
on
Rain.

Wind
Wind.

**19. THE DEEPLY
HIDDEN BOZO**
If you ever get close

SUN
 screen jars.
 Easy pars.
 Sharp stars.
 Cheap bars.
 Purple fish.
 Fake a wish.
 S w i s h :—

*I sing. I sway.
 I play all day.
 Working on
 carefree knee
 for kind white
 or yellow
 haolie.*

*I n b e d g y m t r i m I l i m b
 s l i m g r i m
 s u n t a n s i n .
 r i m*

1
 8.
 THE NO
 POVERTY
 BOZO. Good
 Evening. Ladies
 and Gentlemen. God
 bless the Big Bozo. Call me
 Los Angeles. I have ruined
 nothing. I am pure. My brain is smart. My heart is hip. Whip. For the goodness of God.
 Humbly. Collectively. I shell out the high priced spread's cloy joy for all mankind.
 I love Mexicans. I love Jews. I love Chinese. I love Japanese. I love
 Koreans. I love Blacks. I love Whites. I love Tibetans. I
 love Russians. I love Arabs. I love Hindus. I love
 Gays. I love Police. I love whales. I just feel
 they are so beautiful and always sell in
 or out of any adequate or large budget
 horrific specific or pacific rim sin
 dream frenetic hot but fixated
 (Mammery! I'm coming! I'm coming!)
 (I am afraid only of sneezing cocaine)
 wholesome fresh loving blessed
 cute alienated sympathetic
 animal espec ially whales
 killed by Chin ese in Tibet
 (snow leopardy red jeopardy)
 secret moronic toilet conflict
 classy brutal ghetto gentle
 power mad paranoid
 projection booth:—
 Couth or uncouth
 I love Beauty.
 I love Good.
L hate **Truth.**

To slim.
 fat. This is
 my whim. To
 make mazoola
 from pineapple.
 Maui Wowie.
 Wiggie ladies.
 Views of whalies.
 Import succ
 ors. Succor
 ass hao
 lies.

*enough to me will you hear
 or kick the ocean my Self is
 the pearl washed up on the shore of?
 The pearl beyond purloin heist or price
 Or the marrow of the sun my mind is of?*

And did my Self create my brain?
 And is my life alive for drudged
 emote dredged main stream
 wails? Or must I be?
 Not pretend?:—
 To be what?
 I am

**T
H
E
E
N
D**

The:- The:- The:-
That's a serious dog
training is our ~~o~~star
and surely dense mazoofas
will follow us all the days of our
lives in our deeply held rigorous be-
liefs that fear the iron reality:—
if I hate my training I will love every
thing inside, out side, and in between
the Big Bozo's super, substantial super
dupe err automatic rifle ill river
driven mazoofa, hazonka, folks.

"He's not certified. I've seen hundreds of Davids. He's a paranoid schizophrenic superiority complex manic depressive impotent multi personality passive aggressive sociopath! They're quite common." - David Daniels, from "The Flowers of Mental Illness"

David Daniels' work has appeared in:

arteonline <http://www.arteonline.arq.br/>

III Mostra Interpoesia <http://thegatesofparadise.com/Mackpesquisa%20-%20Cultura%20do%20Acesso.htm>

Deluxe Rubber Chicken (#s 5 - featuring "The Big Bozo" - and 6) <http://epc.buffalo.edu/eazines/deluxe/>

Muse Apprentice Guild http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/spring_2003/daviddaniels-visualpoetry/home.htm

Drunken Boat <http://www.drunkenboat.com/db3/daniels/daniels.html>

Whalelane http://www.thegatesofparadise.com/GOP_whaleline/whaleline_index.htm

The Iowa Review Web <http://www.uiowa.edu/%7Eiareview/tirweb/feature/sept04/index.html>

His visual poem of 350+ pieces in .pdf format:
THE GATES OF PARADISE: as well as his Autobiographical Visual Poem of 250+ pieces: YEARS:
are available in their entirety at: UbuWeb

<http://www.ubu.com> and <http://www.thegateofparadise.com>

THE GATES OF PARADISE is available in print for
\$30 from City Lights Books, 261 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94133

His paper on how, in using Microsoft Word, he creates Shape Poems in which the shapes tell the words what to say and the words tell the shapes how to form, is at:

<http://www.cosignconference.org/cosign2002/papers/Daniels.pdf>

Interviews with John Strausbaugh and Michael Basinski are at <http://www.ubu.com/papers/daniels.html>

David Daniels was born in Newark, New Jersey on October 11, 1933. He has been making words out of pictures and pictures out of words for over 60 years. He lives in Berkeley, CA. He is a common person, as common as dirt and grass.

He is devoting his art to recreating and resurrecting the fresh authentic humanity of the Shape Poem from the Greek Technopaegnia, as in The Greek Anthology, back into our largely-at best stale, at worst phony, severely forced, regimented culture. His biographical notes are at: <http://www.thegatesofparadise.com/BIONOTESFORPDF.pdf>



photo: David Daniels
design: jUStin!katKO / May 2005 / Dreamtime Village (using excerpts from TGOP)

XEROLAGE 34—XEROGRAPHY, COLLAGE, VISUAL & CONCRETE POETRY

[illegible]

University of Chicago –

“Leave uncovered bald misery. Work hard to grow a heart today. Stand and give your Self tomorrow.”

Still sad across the mist
they twist world sorrow:

“Humanity what you
are, you are to say,”
I hear them sigh.
“Human heart, can be,
but is not fake snout.

Humanity, whatever you are, you are to be," I hear them crying out.

“Pretending you’re what you are not”

There ith no
Thuch thing ath time.
For there ith only bweath.
I think you k now the wreath:
The kith of p eath thath death.
Plathe your TIME tongue between
Your bottom gum and lip: Talk:
Thith ith the very beth known way
To get your louthy mitherable
Thelf-hated thath
killing you
take
walk.
aketh
er but
muth
nger
thoth
terith
thithes
ecthati
mo

HELP
PEOPLE.

CLEVER

MEET NO

USELESS

PEOPLE.

CALL

THIS

STEAL

ING THE

LIGHT.

HAVE

CIGAR

INHA
LIG

NO

Y

XEXOXIAL EDITIONS

aer
 ist
 Yid
 helf
 Yid!
 call
 a real
 Moishe,
 Milton,
 Vy it looks
 moon twinkles
 pepper end eye
 en lump! So nu!
 diamond? Entschul-
 So vhat else is new?"
 um chrysanthemum-ed