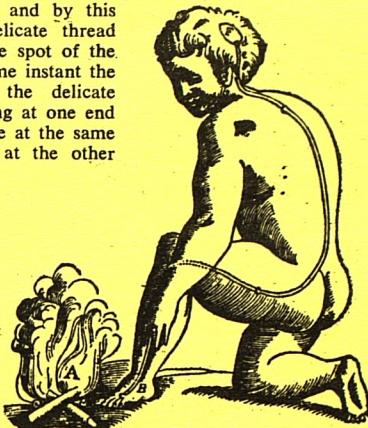


"If for example fire (A) comes near the foot (B), the minute particles of this fire, which as you know move with great velocity, have the power to set in motion the spot of the skin of the foot which they touch, and by this means pulling upon the delicate thread CC, which is attached to the spot of the skin, they open up at the same instant the pore, *d.e.*, against which the delicate thread ends, just as by pulling at one end of a rope one makes to strike at the same instant a bell which hangs at the other end."

prose-poems
and/or
equivalents



understanding walt whitman #1

i occupy every inch every square mile. simply because i choose to be there. i imagine myself there. i know right inside, what i am like out there and i like being there. i like what i am, and thus i choose it. it is optional. it is invisible. i can take it or leave it. but i choose to occupy this space, all the space, simply because i work better when i do. my consciousness is heightened, my thoughts are clearer, my emotions are more powerful, more piercing. and i just generally dig all that territory. i infringe on no ones right. you can all come too. this is my place by squatters rights. but i dont care. i enjoy company. i already have lots. plenty of centers all over the place. out there. i inevitably join. i grudge none. come. come dance. we do what we in general feel like doing. i enjoy it. it is my new frontier. it seems we had exhausted our frontiers. no sweat. there is room for everyone out there.

-- Jon Heinsteini

Berkeley, Calif.

from lessons

the people who begin to get somewhere, somebody comes up to them and offers to put their name on a board and frame it. right away the people think that this is what they want. they think that if their growth is recognized it will be valid. but once you start counting on that board for your validity, you dont grow any more and the man comes and tells you that they have somebody elses name to put on the board. a sort of natural remedy if you can take it.

— Jon Heinstein

The ears grip the side of the head like a rider's knees on a horse. In twos on every ark, which the male? They are like feet generally not much to look (praise to the exception) but are possessed of character and soul, habits, oddities and tastes and function in sleep as much as in waking. Sometimes they die separately in deafness or continue to listen after the person is dead. They are somewhat jealous of eyes and prefer music to painting. Related to mouths (for talking is eating backward with words) they gobble up nourishing prose dinners of sound and then drink silence until stone still, which, for ears, is ecstasy.

He perceived the world was senseless and went insane. When he died, they opened up his brain and found a tiny boat surrounded by sufficient wind and water to sail forever. He lay on his back his ears impaled by carpet tacks, while, on the sloppy deck, fish thrashed and sang in their rising falling monotone of song. Peering through the finest microscopes, expert lip-readers were agreed that what he said was "I have found the truth, I have found the truth" but themselves could say nothing, of course, of his tone, whether joyous or sad.

— Richard E. Lourie

Berkeley, California

Turgenev Dying

Woodnymphs the size of bacteria sit in council deciding whether to abandon his dying beard. He has courage, but no faith, they say. His eyes are slick as moons and he can not decide if the night is a cat's flank, a vagina or just some black paint on the window. His ears are two sunlit fields where crickets chirp and across each a little boy chases pigeons toward the middle of his brain where they fly all at once together becoming a woman. He awakes from the terrible dream which is his life, reaches for pen and paper to write his last truths as the avalanche of cancer rushes to bury his bed.

-- Richard E. Lourie

Cat got the toilet paper again. Looks like a Gertrude Stein piano roll.

An angel is an event with wings.

-- Michael Gregory

Alhambra, California

COMMUTER

-- Gloria Kenison

Harding, Mass.

There was this college boy who had no Stutz Bearcat or raccoon coat, but came to school in a Good Humor wagon. He should have been a genius, poor, but striving for knowledge; but actually he failed the first semester.

finish

the hearse comes through the room filled with
the beheaded, the disappeared, the living
mad.

the flies are a glue of sticky paste
their wings will not
lift.

I watch an old woman beat her cat
with a broom.

the weather is unendurable
a dirty trick by
God.

the water has evaporated from the
toilet bowl

the telephone rings without
sound

the small limp arm petering against the
bell.

I see a boy on his
bicycle

the spokes collapse
the tires turn into
snakes and melt
away.

the newspaper is oven-hot
men murder each other in the streets
without reason.

the worst men have the best jobs
the best men have the worst jobs or are
unemployed or locked in
madhouses.

I have 4 cans of food left.

air-conditioned troops go from house to
house

from room to room
jailing, shooting, bayoneting
the people.

we have done this to ourselves, we
deserve this

we are like roses that have never bothered to
bloom when we should have bloomed and
it is as if

the sun has become disgusted with
waiting

it is as if the sun were a mind that has
given up on us.

I go out on the back porch
and look across the sea of dead plants
now thorns and sticks shivering in a
windless sky.

somehow I'm glad we're through
finished --
the works of Art
the wars
the decayed loves
the way we lived each day.
when the troops come up here
I don't care what they do for
we already killed ourselves
each day we got out of bed.
I go back into the kitchen
spill some hash from a soft
can, it is almost cooked
already
and I sit
eating, looking at my
fingernails.
the sweat comes down behind my
ears and I hear the
shooting in the streets and
I chew and wait
without wonder.

FEMALE AND BREAKDOWN AND PEACE

...the automobiles have big eyes and horns and scratch
themselves and puke black vomit and rot inside very
quickly, and you see them shining and broken and new
being dragged in by white-uniformed idiots looking
angry and calm and final as God Himself, and the
women paint themselves and tighten themselves all over,
jack themselves up to the sky CLICK CLICK CLACK and
they rub their skins with oils and spray them with lotions
and place them in smooth sheen fabrics and act very high
indeed and do not talk to anybody and they wait and they
tease until everybody gets all HARD and then they wait on
the biggest MONEY and then they
give way, they give themselves over like vomit into a
bowl, and they age
quickly and they are forgotten and they spread their days
in supermarkets
wrinkled and officious and angry
arguing sniping spying
praying for the death of everyone
meantime taking up everybody's time
and they have the blues
the most terrible blues
but the brain they never used
now too far gone to
cry.

well, hell, we know that the race falters and that the heart gives way; I can't condemn all these women because of bad climate.

yet it's a shame that only the ugly young women are human.

6:21 P.M.

to run out of dogs
that is what the clock
says to run out of dogs that is what
the worn automobile tires
say
and now the orange-red afternoon comes
creeping like a wounded dog and
lies before me
while blackbirds still pursue the game
like motorcycle policemen hounding
tired traffic

my soul is wrinkled
I turn on the light and read the
evening paper.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California

Charles Bukowski's Cold Dogs in the Courtyard has been released. A reasonable \$1.25 fm. Literary Times/Cyfoeth Publications, Box 4327, Chicago, Illinois 60680. Don't miss this vintage, mint Bukowski prose Confessions of a Man, Insane Enough to Live with Beasts which is \$1 fm. Mimeo Press, 449 South Center, Bensenville Illinois 60106. Buk collectors shd. subscribe to Kauri and begin with number 10 issue -- \$1/year to individuals and \$3/year to institutions fm. Will Inman, Apt. 4W, 362 East 10th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10009.

Nos. 13-16 of Columbia Essays on Modern Writers (the only literary series with some feeling for modern lit) released at 65¢ per: Louis-Ferdinand Celine (David Hayman begins the worthwhile task of rescuing Celine from the critical grasp of Milton Hindus -- Wormie endorses Hayman's Celine "...is the black magician of hilarity and rage, the perverse mirror of 20th century energy ...next to Proust as a painter of a moribund society, next to Joyce as a liberator of language ...unmatched as a comic genius, the father of verbal slapstick"), also Alain Robbe-Grillet (Bruce Morrissette), Raymond Queneau (Jacques Guicharnaud) & John Millington Synge (Dennis Johnston). All fm. Columbia Univ. Press, 2960 Broadway, N.Y. 27, N.Y.

JOURNAL ENTRY -- SEPTEMBER 24

I am sure that somewhere I left an empty red box on the ground. I know it wasn't full of apples because it just wouldn't have been likely, to leave red apples in a red box, that is. An old man with steel rimmed spectacles, the professor type, who sold balloons was watching me as he rested under the shade tree. I remember a dog urinating on a low, round bush, and there were a few clouds in the sky.

No, the box certainly had nothing in it. It was definitely empty.

Sometimes the stairs are too high. I do not climb them on those days, but, instead, take in a show at the local cinema. The shows never interest me, but it is something to do until the stairs become lower. Once, after climbing the stairs, I discovered I was in the attic. And by the time I arrived at the top it was night-time. Everything was quiet and the city hung far below. That was the night I noticed the hole in the roof and saw the star that dimly shone through the hole.

They fixed the hole eventually, but since then the stairs have never taken me to the attic. But sometimes when it is raining, on Sundays, I go to Aunt Bertha's room. Aunt Bertha, that's the landlady's aunt. From her room I can get an excellent view of the railroad bridge, over which a train often crosses.

No, you couldn't say I live an unhappy life. I have my pleasures. It's just that sometimes, in the night when I cannot sleep, I remember that box, and I am sure it was empty. There would have been absolutely no reason for me to leave apples in it.

-- John Cornillon

Cleveland, Ohio

To a Chicago Poet

That's funny
Judging by his moustache
He looks like a poet.

-- Jean Rosenbaum

Santa Fe, New Mexico

Last night I met this guy named Leon
While my husband was eyeing whores at the front of the bar
And wondering if I'd mind the money to buy one a drink
Leon asked if he could make love to me.
I hesitated.
He said, "Will you be home Monday?
How about Tuesday?
What time does your husband get home?"
I said, "I'm really not interested in that, but why dont you
Be our friend?"
He said, "But I want to make you, baby. What will your
Husband say to that? I mean,
How can we be friends?"
So, seeing John's need, I sighed and said,
"Okay, Leon, anytime you want
Bring a woman for John.
We'll play switchies.
(After all, there's a difference between switchies and adultery)
And we won't be friends.

— Susan Cornillon

Cleveland, Ohio

The stream was awash with stones and bubbles.
Foam hissed and drifted, bordering the rocks with lace.
The sun sang like a magpie. A green stubble
Of light scattered across the moss -- a brace
Of minnows hung distainfully above the blind
Lashing of water weeds.

On the far bank, sporting
And shrieking on the shoal, their glinting hind
Ends tossing like flowers, a shock of girls -- sorting
Their clothes after a swim, naked as frogs.
I watched, less vulnerable in my hiding place,
Laughing as they hopped and humped like kegs
Rolling, trying to dress --

A golden mace,
The allegoric dragonfly, fluttered --
Snickerling, Pan retreated, sniffed,

muttered --

— Charles Wyatt

Philadelphia, Pa.

I am lucky enough to have treetops
Outside my window. If I stand
In a certain place, I can imagine great flops
Of ferns on a yellow forest floor.

They yield,
When I come close, to a machine clamped
To a rooftop, the girders and pipes touched
With brittle rust and fading paint --

still lumped
In the window, tangled in shadows, clutched
In the ripe mud of night, it rears and screams
Like a beast sinking in an ancient swamp --
Triceratops, Iguanodon -- the names
Clamor in my mind --

at dawn it looms damp
And gritty, it has bled a pool on the roof
And a sparrow is washing slowly.

Please consider, in the morning hours,
When lovers stumble out into birds,
And the worn rows of flowers stand most rigid --

In the museum a man toils --
touching the shadowed walls,
His heartbeats move like small wet frogs,
His hands unwrapping the mummy cloth,
His bundle shrouded with dust, the moss of darkness,
The core still invisible, a resurrected sloth,
Hanging quaintly in its woven coat.

The rapt silence of the sarcophagus mocks this place --
Wave on wave of mummy tape falls in the dance,

Until the lewd black thing, grasping its knees,
Is carted off,

time's flower, grinning cheese.

-- Charles Wyatt

Social Notes From All Over

Edourdo

Meeting him at a pokerino palace in Times Square
Puts you one up on Winchell,
Rewrites the society column,
His notes smell of the police blotter,
Explosive as a sawed-off shot gun,
"Ya know da t'eater where you put on dem plays?
It's a night club for J D's
Without no liquor,
Run by a bunch'a youth workers,
The Young Dragons beat one of 'em up last week,"

How's Florito?

He went bad,
Rumbles around with the Elegant Lords,

And Sanchez?

The army got him,
Oh, and where is he stationed?
He's out now -- dishonorable discharge,
What about little Estoban?
Doin' time at a reform school,
Did he threaten his sister with a knife again?
That and other things

How's everything with you?

That Estralita said I got her in a family way,
When it could be any one of a dozen,
And how is your father?
We're not livin' with him,
He's not beatin' us up no more,
Says he'll shoot us all dead for lockin' him out,
But we got a family lawyer now,
He sprung my big brother in nothin' flat,
My Aunt's on horse,
You know heroin,
Got knifed since I seen ya last,
I'm just outa the hospital,
We have a family doctor so it's all right,
Nice meeting you Edourdo,
Catching up on the news,
Take good care

-- Emilie Glen

New York, N. Y.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF

SIDNEY HERBERT RUFUS

The author of this Will, SIDNEY HERBERT RUFUS, known as SID RUFUS, also known as TACK and TACKLINE RUFUS, was born in the town of HILLERY, in the State of ILLINOIS, in this Nation, the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, on the 19th day of November in the year of our LORD 1903. A citizen by birth, he forfeited the main part of that citizenship by establishing residence in the capitol of this Nation, the DISTRICT of COLUMBIA; and by relinquishing his right to vote and practicing the privilege of taxation without representation, he does, at the time of this writing, maintain residence in that same neighborhood.

I, SIDNEY HERBERT RUFUS, on my fifty-seventh (57) birthday, this nineteenth day of the eleventh month of the one thousand nine hundred and sixtieth year of the Gregorian calender (November 19, 1960) do hereby make this Last Will and Testament. Adjudged by the conventional laws of our society to be sound of mind, or, at least, legally at large and free to express myself, it is my profound wish that the Will of this Testament be executed without legal expense or question, and that the expediting and fulfillment of the bequests and requests herein be done so without delay, discussion or dispute.

With a song sparrow chirping his anticipation of the coming winter while perched amidst the thinning autumn leaves on a tree outside my window, unpreturbed; and with my cat curled and purring at my feet while she sleeps away the remainder of her nine lives, undisturbed; or, in plainer language: "with God as my witness" I make the following bequeathals and requests:

1. When the kernel departs from this shell to take its destined place in the next cycle of eternity in the pattern of the Absolute, I bequeath the cadaverous remains to the nearest School Hospital or Clinic interested and engaged in the study of such carcasses for the purpose of bettering the physical being of mankind. And, if this be done, let the responsible persons concerned in this knowledge of the anatomy dispose of the remnants in their own manner, without ceremony and without obligation.

2. If this NOT be done, and should this body NOT be worthy of such cause, then let it be cremated into ashes and those ashes strewn to the winds to settle back to dust; or let them be scattered in the nearest river or creek which winds its way to a bay or baylet and on into an ocean, joining the minerals of their making. May there be no funeral, nor exercise of any kind, nor a marker to mark any spot.

3. Nothing on this earth or in this universe or in universes beyond belongs to man. There are material things which he may collect, gain or lose, pay taxes on but never keep; only use and

then pass on in his name to heirs of his choice for them to use and pass on to others. This being known, I hereby bequeath such material things as might be called my estate to my beloved wife, MRS. HELEN DUKE RUFUS. Should I survive my wife, then may my niece and favorite blood relation, MRS. WILLIAM V. HOWLAND, a resident of COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA, be beneficiary of such estate, without further appointment or ado.

4. All my mistakes -- my faults and failure -- my bad judgments and bad behaviors -- my jealousies and petty greeds -- my lies, deceits and such misdeeds -- I leave for the world to behold, that they shall be remembered and serve as profit for them wise enough to profit by such beholdings.

5. A goodly collection of good intentions I leave intact to be started and finished by folk more capable and responsible than I, before they die.

6. My many happy dreams and fantasies and pies in the sky, I return to the magic cupboard to replenish the supply for other dreamers such as I.

7. Should this Will perchance suggest one good thought, may the goodness of that thought propagate and multiply and spread to hearts and minds willing and able to nurture and develop that

goodness into being, with hope that Man will -- as well as search in outer space -- explore the realms of Truth, which someday he must encounter face to face.

Signed by: SIDNEY HERBERT RUFUS (seal)

Witnessed by: The sparrow
The cat
And the Creator

DISTRICT of COLUMBIA

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public, in and for the District of Columbia, this 19th day of November, 1960.

Mary Jo Freehill

Notary Public

My Commission expires:

Apr. 14, 1961