

#3

of things just pass things pure up cize pass think it here/on(to this, that is, to the s/In the first days of the year 1911, a badly dressed young man/teeth and fists, he smashed eternity to smithereens. Then/women were remembered in the icy fog./Lute/He died like the sun/studio last year while eating lemons./There, then, they did it ov/iiii i/iiiiii/I am putting on the topsoil i/In Wiltshire there dwelt a Farmer of indifferent wealth,/him for a garment or two, and so took him into service:/eously: well appparelled he was, and well monied, & might /heard that hee had married a wife in Wilshire, not farre/the coming of his trecherous husband, who returned within a/him with looks full of death, made him this answer: I villaine,/cast them in his face, & said, Now lustful whoremaister, go/22/23/first and then fold and even /1, 2, 3, 4, 5,/face them, they are cheek by/steps, shops noses, ears, eyes/A surface of/an apple/As there were four where anyone seldom/s it, and he is it. And ther/ / /ad made it. Whether he had m/The field of Carnac is a large, open space where eleven/buried. The fact of the duel required that the stones be/representation of the python, because, according to Pausanias,/been. "Let us look for the reason, a thing no one has thought/l'Ecole Polytechnique, an engineer, a M. de la Sauvagere./as ever were Pelloutier, Deric, Latour d'Auvergne, Penhoet/them), if anyone should, after all these opinions, ask me mine,/sharp, clear tones swelled louder as they came nearer and/raising her arm as if to hide under it, she turned her head/by little the soil assumed its usual level and everyone went/road, and the sun, which made our shoulders smart beneath/dinner/dinner/nds folded before you -- I t/The engine/Carter's body/A treasure/Dahlstrom said/Police found/-----/-----/et to mention that -- during/'Twas in the month of December, and in the year 1883,/And was first seen by the crew of a Gourdon fishing boat,/Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay!/Upwards of two miles and more,/Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay!/It must have been an awful sight,/at me stealing away from my/tick/tick/t, noticeable, unmistakable(/all all/ide the left half of the hum/Six Works by/to/is/listeners/just/gardens,/and ec-/plug in your hands, as well/There is a changling that can't/s means you. I mean that. I/Why don't you tell every one about it, he said to her/His attention was disturbed by the sudden lodging of a beebie/Beeflesh. Up in the interesting hive his wife and baby bees/u point away. Come to the po/of things just pass things pure up cize pass think it here/on(to this, that is, to the s/In the first days of the year 1911, a badly dressed young man/teeth and fists, he smashed eternity to smithereens. Then/women were remembered in the icy fog./Lute/He died like the sun/studio last year while eating lemons./There, then, they did it ov/iiiiii/iiiiii/I am putting on the topsoil i/In Wiltshire there dwelt a Farmer of indifferent wealth,/him for a garment or two, and so took him into service:/eously: well appparelled he was, and well monied, & might/heard that hee had married a wife in Wilshire, not farre/the coming of his trecherous husband, who returned within a/him with looks full of death, made him this answer: I villaine,/cast them in his face, & said, Now lustful whoremaister, go/22/23/first and then fold and even/1,2,3,4,5,/face them, they are cheek by/steps, shops noses, ears, eyes/A surface of/an apple/As there were four where anyone seldom/s it, and he is it. And ther/ / /ad made it. Whether he had m/The field of Carnac is a large, open space where eleven/buried. The fact of the duel required that the stones be/representation of the python, because, according to Pausanias,/been. "Let us look for the reason, a thing no one has thought/l'Ecole Polytechnique, an engineer, a M. de la Sauvagere./as ever were Pelloutier, Deric, Latour d'Auvergne, Penhoet/them), if anyone should, after all these opinions, ask me mine,/sharp, clear tones swelled louder as they came nearer and/raising her arm as if to hide under it, she turned her head/by little the soil assumed its usual level and everyone went/road, and t

0 TO 9

Number Three
January, 1968

Editors:
Bernadette Mayer and Vito Hannibal Acconci

Manuscripts and correspondence should be
sent to the editors at 383 Broome Street,
New York, New York 10013.

Copyright 1968 by Vito H. Acconci

CONTENTS

Clark Coolidge	3	Poem
Vito Hannibal Acconci	4	ON
Guillaume Apollinaire	5	POETRY
Aram Saroyan	12	Poem
Robert Greene	15	A pleasant Tale of a man that was married to sixteene Wiues, and how courteously his last wife intreated him.
Aram Saroyan	22	Poem
Aram Saroyan	25	Poem
Bernadette Mayer	27	Poems
Aram Saroyan	32	Poem
Gustave Flaubert	35	CARNAC
Aram Saroyan	46	Poem
John Giorno	49	GOLDEN CYCLE
Aram Saroyan	54	Poem
William McGonagall	57	Poems
Aram Saroyan	64	Poem
Aram Saroyan	67	Poem
Clark Coolidge	69	Six Works
Bruce Marcus	77	Trainor pursues the essence of a sexless friend
Ron Padgett & Ted Berrigan	79	INNER LANDSCAPES

1	1	1	1
2	2	2	2
3	3	3	3
4	4	4	4
5	5	5	5
6	6	6	6
7	7	7	7
8	8	8	8
9	9	9	9
10	10	10	10
11	11	11	11
12	12	12	12
13	13	13	13
14	14	14	14
15	15	15	15
16	16	16	16
17	17	17	17
18	18	18	18
19	19	19	19
20	20	20	20
21	21	21	21
22	22	22	22
23	23	23	23
24	24	24	24
25	25	25	25
26	26	26	26
27	27	27	27
28	28	28	28
29	29	29	29
30	30	30	30
31	31	31	31
32	32	32	32
33	33	33	33
34	34	34	34
35	35	35	35
36	36	36	36
37	37	37	37
38	38	38	38
39	39	39	39
40	40	40	40
41	41	41	41
42	42	42	42
43	43	43	43
44	44	44	44
45	45	45	45
46	46	46	46
47	47	47	47
48	48	48	48
49	49	49	49
50	50	50	50
51	51	51	51
52	52	52	52
53	53	53	53
54	54	54	54
55	55	55	55
56	56	56	56
57	57	57	57
58	58	58	58
59	59	59	59
60	60	60	60
61	61	61	61
62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63
64	64	64	64
65	65	65	65
66	66	66	66
67	67	67	67
68	68	68	68
69	69	69	69
70	70	70	70
71	71	71	71
72	72	72	72
73	73	73	73
74	74	74	74
75	75	75	75
76	76	76	76
77	77	77	77
78	78	78	78
79	79	79	79
80	80	80	80
81	81	81	81
82	82	82	82
83	83	83	83
84	84	84	84
85	85	85	85
86	86	86	86
87	87	87	87
88	88	88	88
89	89	89	89
90	90	90	90
91	91	91	91
92	92	92	92
93	93	93	93
94	94	94	94
95	95	95	95
96	96	96	96
97	97	97	97
98	98	98	98
99	99	99	99
100	100	100	100

of things just pass things pure up cize pass think it here
 me one lem keep off cover for pay the art be lose
 made at the star star matter all the me Wyeth I think
 well pattern's a lot of paint make by a happens matter
 feel of our such Taylor all! at the me around THEM
 guess don't print about now those those not part
 on me anyway articles say not the words image I'm everyone
 pop to who there five didn't the films wick just there surface
 no reason reason my sedge current everything question people
 cover pay being me turns up here awful first objects
 working original tory out ture wick trends able ter
 come as a doing ings thing made asked image forget have don't
 over anyway influenced several I do to do paintings off for rent
 TV to do all men what to make I have painters give are men
 used or fashion esquire people little more concerts
 try much it looks I am fac turning sculp prob understood
 men gave are the same everyone gotten more me anyway articles
 I and ticular ence really US me one them things artist
 I think I like it I like to I'm just a anymore ago
 could doesn't this western several screen sleeping people
 hours doing smoking last star for as what he to all make
 as just it's sym violent putting inside bringing home
 could movies float rectangles hadn't print how they though
 know all surface & me involved are to sit more real bright
 cover keep films tap-dancer I feel I but I'm those those
 objects a social day have wick ter question give are are
 and every it's thing day up have what make tell what
 work admire don't art I don't just I at all and feeling
 working working man people well patterns who when actors
 real here work know the and modest just focuses
 I'm everyone artists I do to do all I'm one whose another
 very much is as think people what people we're it's
 cize up pure silver float phase I floating
 these free sex beth Alexander anything at matter all make
 all men give are the directions then & I make out buying
 people to here really you there's just mean it's if colors
 it way bitionist Braille surface American great
 just things artist I just jects me funny every stand
 by my to do I do take artist any up us it's so don't not
 hard I'm all one oh I'm neither me ing all men
 tims for made it streets guide the factory camera
 objects ences selves you sit are doing with plays
 any fashionable and could somebody's me hanging around them
 factory leaves bothered are with to sit more things
 day mean my films little there me one lem and that're
 a vacuum like work we're great alone we time
 all surface me behind it was her own she has wears
 movies
 so
 only
 no
 up
 to

Andy of my there I

ture surface

on(to this, that is, to the s
um of it all, they move on un
til they have something on hi
m, and another on her, and mo
re on you, and most of all((i
t all))on me, that is to say,
on one and all((it all)), unt
il then, and then it was that
they could move only on and o
ff, and this it was((all this
, it has been said))that they
did on and on. They did it up
. No, they did it up. No but'
s about it, it was the day th
at did it up.

But at least they half-did
it up. "The smallest in size,
in degree, in importance, the
y have done it up((just as mu
ch as they, at least, half-di
d it up there))when they moun
ted a ladder to climb into th
e saddle((they did it up here
)to go upstairs."

--Continued on Page 11--

sum In
until was
him seemed
more thing
it jaws
by
unto enormous
thunder
off young
burglar
give
on
but's and
that refuge
ces
that
The
they door
much ATELIER
did He
mounted felt
the

--Continued--

In the first days of the year 1911, a badly dressed young man was running up the rue Houdon. His extremely mobile face seemed in turn joyful and disturbed. His eyes devoured everything they saw and when his eyelids came together rapidly like jaws, they engulfed the universe which was endlessly renovated by him as he ran along imagining the smallest details of the enormous worlds he was feasting his eyes on. The clamor and thunder of Paris boomed out in the distance and around the young man, who sometimes stopped, completely winded, like a burglar who's been chased too long and is at last ready to give himself up. The noises indicated that the enemies were on the verge of tracking him down, like a thief. His mouth and eyes expressed the double -- walking slowly now, he took refuge in his memory, and he went on ahead, while all the forces of his destiny and his consciousness dismissed time so that the truth of what is, was and will be might appear.

The young man went into a one-story house. On the open door a placard read:

ATELIER ENTRANCE

He followed a corridor where it was so dark and cold he felt as if he were dying, and with all his will, clenching his

Chapter 10 of the Poet Assassinated. The complete translation by Ron Padgett with illustrations by Jim Dine will be published in the fall of 1968 by Holt, Rinehart, and Winston.

teeth and fists, he smashed eternity to smithereens. Then suddenly he again had the notion of time, whose seconds hammered out by a clock he heard fell like bits of glass, and life picked him up again as time began to pass once more. But just as he was ready to knock on a door, his heart beat stronger for fear of finding no one in.

He knocked on the door and yelled:

"It's me, Croniamantal."

And behind the door the heavy steps of a tired man, or one carrying a very heavy load, approached slowly and when the door opened there was in the brusque light the creation of two beings and their immediate marriage.

In the atelier, as if in a stable, a huge flock lay scattered about; they were sleeping paintings and the shepherd watching over them smiled to his friend.

On a shelf some stacks of yellow books simulated pats of butter. And closing the badly hinged door again, the wind brought unknown beings who complained with little tiny cries in the name of all grief. All the wolves of distress howled behind the door, ready to devour the flock, the shepherd and his friend, to prepare on this same spot the foundation of the new Town. But in the atelier there were joys of all colors. A big window took up the northern side and all you could see was sky blue, like a woman singing. Croniamantal took off his overcoat which fell to the floor like the corpse of a drowned man, and sitting down on a divan, he silently took a good long look at the new canvas sitting on the easel. Dressed in overalls and barefoot, the painter was also looking at the picture where two

women were remembered in the icy fog.

There was also a fatal thing in the atelier: this great piece of broken mirror, held to the wall by hook-nails. It was an unfathomable dead sea, a vertical at the bottom of which a false life animated that which does not exist. Thus, facing Art, there is its appearance, which men believe in and which abases them, whereas Art had elevated them. Croniamantal leaned forward, and resting on his forearms, he looked away from the painting onto a placard thrown on the floor and on which was brushed the following notice:

I'M AT THE BISTRO

The Bird of Bénin.

He read and reread that sentence while the Bird of Bénin looked at his painting, moving his head, moving back and forth. After a while he turned to Croniamantal and said:

-- I saw your woman last night.

-- Who? asked Croniamantal.

-- I don't know, I saw her but I don't know her, she's a real young girl, like you like them. She has the somber, child-like face of those who are destined to cause suffering. And with the grace of her hands which rise to push you away, she lacks that nobility which poets could not love because it keeps them from suffering. I'm telling you, I saw your women. She is ugliness and beauty; she is like everything we love today. And she must have the taste of a bay leaf.

But Croniamantal, who was not listening, interrupted him:

-- Last night I wrote my last poem in regular verse:

Lute

Shoot!

and my last poem in irregular verse.

(Please note that the word girl in the second strophe is to be taken in its bad sense):

PROSPECTUS FOR A NEW MEDICATION

Why did Hjalmar come back
The silver tankards were still empty
The evening stars
Became the morning stars
And vice versa
The witch of the forest of Hrúloe
Was fixing dinner
She was a horse-eater
But he was not
Mai Mai ramaho nia nia

Then the morning stars
Became the evening stars again
And vice versa
He cried out -- In the name of Maroe
And his preferred lammergeier
Girl of Arnammoer
Prepared the drink of heroes
-- Perfectly noble warrior
Mai Mai ramaho nia nia

She took the sun
And plunged it into the sea
As housewives
Drench a ham in pickling brine
But oh! the voracious salmon
Have devoured the drowned sun
And have made wigs
From its beams
Mai Mai ramaho nia nia

She took the moon and bandaged it
As is done with the illustrious dead
And little children
And then in the brightness of the few stars
The eternal ones
She boiled down some salt water
A euphorbia of Norwegian tar
And the snot of Elves
For our hero to drink
Mai Mai ramaho nia nia

He died like the sun
And the witch climbed up to the top of a pine
Listened til evening
To the rumor of the great winds swallowed in the phial
And the lying scalds have sworn to this
Mai Mai ramaho nia nia

Croniamantal was quiet for a second, then added: -- I'll never again write any poetry but one free of all shackles, even that of language.

Listen, old buddy!

MAHEVIDANOMI

RENANOCALIPNODITOC

EXTARTINAP + v.s.

A.Z.

Tel.: 33-122 Bang:Bang

OeaoiiiiioKTin

iiiiiiiiiiiiiii

-- Your last line, my poor Croniamantal, said the Bird of Benin, is a simple plagiarism of Fr.nc.s J.mm.s.

-- That's not true, said Croniamantal. But I'll write no more pure poetry. Look what's happened to me because of you. I want to write for the theater.

-- You'd do better to go see the young girl I told you about. She knows you and seems crazy about you. You'll find her in the Bois de Meudon next Thursday. I'll tell you where. You'll recognize her by the jump rope she'll be holding. Her name is Tristouse Ballerinette.

-- Good, said Croniamantal, I'll go see Ballerinette and sleep with her, but first I want to go to The Theater Club to take my play Iéximal Jélimite, which I wrote here in your

studio last year while eating lemons.

-- Do whatever you want, my friend, said the Bird of Bénin, but don't forget Tristouse Ballerinette, your future wife.

-- Well said, said Croniamantal, but I'd like to rave a bit more on the subject of Iéximal Jélimite. Listen:

"A man buys a newspaper on the seashore. From the garden side of a house out comes a soldier whose hands are light bulbs. A ten-foot-tall giant jumps down from a tree. He shakes the newsboy, who is plaster and falls down and breaks. Just then a judge pops in. He kills everyone with a razor, when a leg comes hopping along and brains the judge by kicking him under the nose, then it sings a pretty little song."

-- Marvelous! said the Bird of Bénin, I'll do the sets. You promised.

-- It goes without saying, replied Croniamantal.

translated by Ron Padgett.

--Continued--

studio
Do over
Benin they
wife
Well could
bit as
A
side rose
A
newsboy
a am
comes
the
Marvelous
You
It

called
hide
blue
led

an

rent

thing

--Continued--

--Continued from Page 4--

There, then, they did it over. "All of the working day they rose like the sun and set like the sun so that they could work to do it over((just as when, then, there, they did it over))inasmuch as they rose above it so that they could tower over it all.

I am covering it.((Here I am, covering it.))

Look -- I am covering it.((From that side, I am putting something red on it; listen, it is called a rug. From this side, I am putting something yellow on it; listen, it is called skin. From the other side, I am putting something blue on it; listen, it is called a roof. From another side, I am putting something orange on it; listen, I am putting an orange into the hole, it is called a plug. From a different side, I am putting something violet on it; listen, what

--Continued on Page 14--

Aram Saroyan

[illegible]

--Continued from Page 11--
 I am putting on the topsoil i
 s a violet, but you can call
 it a top-dressing, and I won'
 t refuse to listen. From that
 to this, I am putting somethi
 ng green on it -- one side is
 straight, a second side crook
 ed, a third side long, a four
 th side short and with all o
 f them I have a light touch;
 listen, I was just called awa
 y from what I was doing, just
 as you called out.))

Listen -- I am covering it.
 ((From this side, you see, th
 ere is a crackle, as I wrap.
 From this side, at the same t
 ime, it appears that there is
 a swish, as I enwrap. From th
 is side, in the same manner,
 this comes to light: there is
 a smack, as I wrap round. Fro
 m this side, likewise, it see
 ms that there is a plunk, as
 I wrap over. From this side,
 in the same way, ostensibly,
 there is a clang, as I unwrap

--Continued on Page 24--

--Continued--
 is to
 his
 won't In
 that
 thing of
 versation
 crooked in
 fourth ficient
 of mens
 this
 away to
 repent
 stil
 pen
 there scorne
 his
 time refused
 lighted
 this it
 taylor
 of
 From travelled
 her
 ask and
 him
 tenance
 from
 --Continued--

Robert Greene

A pleasant Tale of a man that was marryed
to sixteene Wiues, and how courteously
his last wife intreated him.

In Wiltshire there dwelt a Farmar of indifferent wealth,
that had but onely one childe, and that was a daughter, a mayd
of excellent beauty and good behauior, and so honest in hir con-
uersation, that the good report of hir vertues was wel spoken of
in all the cuntry, so that what for hir good qualities, & suf-
ficient dowry that was like to fal to her, she had many suters,
mens sons of good welth and honest conuersation. But whether
this mayd had no minde to wed, or she likte none that made loue
to her, or she was afrayde to match in haste least shee might
repent at leysure, I know not: but she refused all, & kept her
stil a virgin. But as we see oftentimes, the coyest maydes hap-
pen on the coldest mariages, playing like the beetle that makes
scorne al day of the daintiest flowers, and at night takes vp
his lodging in a cowsherd. So this maid, whom we wil cal Marian,
refused many honest and wealthy Farmars sonnes, and at last
lighted on a match, that for euer after mard her market: for
it fel out thus. One of these notable roges, by occupation a
taylor, and a fine workman, a reprobate giuen ouer to the spoyle
of honest maids, & to the deflowring of virgins, hearing as he
trauelled abroad of this Marian, did meane to haue a fling at
her, and therefore came into the towne where hir father dwelt
and asked worke. A very honest man of that trade, seeing
him a passing proper man, and of a very good and honest coun-
tenance, and not simply apparelled, sayd he would make trial of

from THE DEFENCE OF CONNY-CATCHING, 1592.

him for a garment or two, and so tooke him into seruice:
assoone as hee saw him vse his needle, he wondered not only
at his workemanshippe, but at the swiftnes of his hand. At
last the fellow (whom we will name William) desired his Maister
that he might vse his sheeres but once for the cutting out of
a dublet, which his Maister graunted, and he vsed so excellently
wel, that although his Maister was counted the best taylor in
Wiltshire, yet he found himself a botcher in respect of his new
intertained iourneyman, so that from that time forward he was
made foreman of the shop, & so pleased the gentlemen of that
shire, that who but William talkt on for a good taylor in that
shire. Wel, as yong men and maydes meet on sondayes & holy-
daies, so this taylor was passing braue, & began to frolike it
amongst the maydes, & to be very liberal, being ful of siluer
and gold, & for his personage a properer man than any was in
all the Parish, and made a far off a kind of loue to this
Marian, who seeing this William to be a very handsome man, be-
gan somewhat to affect him, so that in short time she thought
wel of his fauors, & there grew some loue betweene them, in-
somuch that it came to hir fathers eares, who began to schoole
his daughter for such foolish affection towards one she knew
not what he was, nor whither he would: but in vaine, Marian
could not but thinke wel of him, so that her father one day
sent for his Maister, and began to question of the disposition
of his man. The Maister told the Farmar friendly that what he
was hee knew not, as being a meere stranger vnto him: but for
his workmanship, he was one of the most excellent both for
needle and sheeres in England: for his behauior since he came
into his house, he had behaued himself very honestly and curt-

eously: wel apparelled he was, and well monied, & might for his good qualities seeme to be a good womans fellow. Although this somewhat satisfied the father, yet he was loth a tailor should cary away his daughter, & that she should be driuen to liue of a bare occupation, whereas she might haue landed men to her husbandes, so that hee and her friendes called her aside, and perswaded her from him, but she flatly told them she neuer loued any but him, and sith it was her first loue, she would not now be turned from it, whatsoeuer hap did afterward befall vnto her. Her father that loued her dearly, seeing no perswasions could draw her from the taylor, left her to her owne libertie, and so shee and William agreed together, that in short time they were married, and had a good portion, and set vp shop, and liued together by the space of a quarter of a yeare very orderly. At last satisfied with the lust of his new wife, he thought it good to visit some other of his wiues (for at that instant hee had sixteene aliue) and made a scuse to his wife and his wiues father to go into Yorkshire (which was his native country) and visit his friends, and craue somewhat of his father towards houshold. Although his wife was loth to part from her sweet Wil. yet she must be content, and so wel horst and prouided, away hee rydes for a moneth or two, that was his furthest day, and downe goes he into some other country to solace himself with some other of his wiues. In this meane while one of his wiues that he married in or about Tanton in Sommersetshire, had learned of his villany, and how many wiues he had, and by long traueyle had got a note of their names and dwelling, and the hands and seales of euerie parish where he was married, and now by fortune shee

heard that hee had married a wife in Wilshire, not farre from Malborough: thither hies shee with warrants from the Bishop and diuers Iustices to apprehend him, and comming to the Towne where he dwelt, verie subtilly inquired at her host of his estate, who told her that he had married a rich Farmers daughter, but now was gone downe to his friendes in Yorkshire, and would be at home againe within a weeke, for hee had been eight weekes alreadie from home. The woman inquired no further for that time, but the next morning went home to the Farmers house, and desired him to sende for his daughter, for shee would speake with her from her husband: the man straight did so, and shee hearing she should haue newes from her William, came very hastily. Then the woman said, shee was sory for her, in that their misfortunes were alyke, in being married to such a runnagate as this Taylor: for (quoth shee) it is not yet a yeare and a halfe since hee was married to me in Somersetshire. As this went colde to the olde mans heart, so stroke it deadly into the mind of Marian, who desiring her to tell the truth, she out with her testimony, and shewed them how he had at that instant sixteene wiues alieue. When they read the certificate, and sawe the handes and seales of euery parish, the old man fel a weeping: but such was the grieve of Marian, that her sorrow stopt her teares, and she sat as a woman in a trance, til at last fetching a great sigh, she called God to witnes she would be reuenged on him for al his wiues, and would make him a general example of al such gracelesse runnagates. So she concealed the matter, and placed this her fellow in misfortune in a kinswomans house of hers, so secretly as might be, attending

the coming of his trecherous husband, who returned within a fortnight, hauing in the space hee was absent visited three or foure of his wiues, and now ment to make a short cut of the matter, & sel al that his new wife had, and to trauel into some other shire, for hee had heard how his Somersetshire wife had made inquiry after him in diuers places. Being come home he was wonderfully welcome to Marian, who entertained him with such curtesies as a kind wife could any waies affoord him, only the use of her body she denied, saying her natural disease was vpon her. Wel to be briefe, a great supper was made, and al her friends was bidden, & he euery way so welcome as if it had bin the day of his bridal, yea al things was soothed vp so cunningly, that he suspected nothing lesse then the reuenge intended against him. Assoone as supper was ended, & al had taken their leaue, our taylor would to bed, and his wife with her own hands helpt to vndresse him very louingly, and being laid down she kist him, & said she would go to hir fathers & come again straight, bidding him fal a sleep the whilest: hee that was drowsie with trauel & drinking at supper, had no need of great intreaty, for he straight fel into a sound slumber, the whilest she had sent for his other wife, & other her neighbors disguised, & coming softly into the parlour where he lay, she turnd vp his clothes at his feete, & tyed his legs fast together with a rope, then waking him, she asked him what reason he had to sleep so soundly. He new wakte out his sleep began to stretch himselfe, and gald his legs with the cord, whereat he wondring sayd; How now wife? whats that hurts my legs? what are my feet bound together? Marian looking on

him with lookes ful of death, made him this answer: I villaine,
thy legs are bound, but hadst thou thy just desart, thy necke
had long since been stretcht at the gallows, but before thou
and I part, I wil make thee a iust spectacle vnto the world,
for thy abhominable trechery: and with that she clapt her
hand fast on the haire of his head, and held him down to the
pillow. William driuen into a wondrous amaze at these words,
said trembling: Sweete wife, what sodain alteration is this?
what meane these words wife? Traytor (q. shee) I am none of
thy wife, neither is this thy wife, & with that she brought
her forth that he was married in Somersetshire, although thou
art married to her as wel as to me, and hast like a villaine
sought the spoile of fifteene women beside my selfe, & that
thou shalt heare by iust certificat, & with that there was
read the bedrol of his wiues, where hee married them, and where
they dwelt. At this hee lay mute as in a traunce, & only for
answer held vp his hands, and desired them both to be merciful
vnto him, for he confest al was truth, that he had bin a hain-
ous offender, and deserued death. Tush saith Marian, but how
canst thou make any one of vs amends? If a man kil the father,
he may satisfie the blood in the sonne: if a man steale, he
may make restitution: but he that robs a woman of her honesty
& virginitie, can neuer make any satisfaction: and therefore
for al the rest I wil be reuenged. With that his other wife
and the women clapt hold on him, & held him fast, while Marian
with a sharpe razor cut off his stones, and made him a gelding.
I thinke shee had litle respect where the signe was, or ob-
serued litle art for the string, but off they went, & then she

cast them in his face, & said, Now lustful whoremaister, go
& deceiue other women as thou hast done vs, if thou canst, so
they sent in a surgion to him that they had prouided, & away
they went. The man lying in great paine of body, & agony of
mind, the surgion looking to his wound, had much ado to stanch
the blood, & alwaies he laught hartily when hee thought on
the reuenge, and bad a vengeance on such sow-gelders as made
such large slits: but at last he laid a blood-plaister to
him, & stopt his bleeding, and to be briefe, in time heald
him, but with much paine. Assoone as he was whole, and might
go abroad without danger, he was committed to the gaole, and
after some other punishment, banished out of Wilshire and
Somersetshire for euer after. Thus was this lustie cocke of
the game made a capon, and as I heard, had litle lust to marry
any more wiues to his dying day.

[illegible]

--Continued from Page 14--
first and then fold and even
then enfold and then again fo
ld over.))

--Continued--

--Continued on Page 26--

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

Continued from Page 24--
 face them, they are cheek by
 jowl. As though I touch them,
 they are hand in hand. As soo
 n as I reach, I reach them an
 d they are arm in arm.

That's it -- it is on the s
 pot -- the present which is g
 iven to the one ~~present~~ who p
 resents((does))another to the
~~present~~ superior as, in the p
 resent((thing)), he ~~presents~~(
 (does))a display -- that disp
 lay -- that does it.

So it is -- it is here -- a
 nd so on -- it is there -- th
 at's it -- it is on the go --
 the advance which is carried
 on by the ~~advance~~ guard becau
 se of ~~advance~~ information tha
 t ~~advances~~((acts))so far that
 the cause, which ~~advances~~((ac
 ts))pay, is ~~advanced~~ -- that
 way -- that's it -- it's that
 -- not that it's always -- no
 t that -- but that -- that's
 that --

and it is final, and this i
 --Continued on Page 31--

--Continued--

soon 1
 and steps
 telephone
 spot wires
 given hair
~~resents~~ 2
 3
~~present~~ 1
 2
 play the
 persons
 an microscopes
 that's telescopes
 eyes
 floodlights
 caused lids
 than antennas
 antlers
 acts 5
 shells
 3
 not miles

is
 --Continued--

steps, shops	noses, ears, eyes	steps
	mouths, bills, beaks	shops
telephone	whiskers, horns, tufts	ships at sea
and telegraph	hair, fur, feathers	post cards
wires		
	hair, fur, feathers	a protecting
		b insulating
1.short		
2.medium		
3.long	black hair, blue black	wigs, hairpieces
	brown hair, grey, light	(a)hoofs
	brown, platinum hair,	(b)hoofs
1.blondes	reddish brown, yellow hair	tons of steel
2.brunettes		
3.redheads		
persons	the palms of the hands	cleaning women
persons working	soles of the feet	elevators
		white space
microscopes	noses, ears, eyes	
binoculars		windows
telescopes		
crossed	periscopes	black eyes, blue eyes are like cameras
eyes		brown eyes, grey eyes i.blind
compound eyes		green eyes, red eyes ii.color blind
floodlights		iii.myopic
	lids, brows, lashes	observatory
antennas		
	nails, claws, wings	limbs
	antlers, antennae, arms	visitors
color vision	legs, feet, hoofs, paws	
5.sex	fangs, teeth	
television tower		shedding
		molting
	shells, torsos, trunks	1.height
		2.weight
		3.color of eyes
		4.color of hair
miles of pipeline		

A surface of
 glass in a frame frames
 glass
 A surface of glass
 in a frame, frames
 glass
 playing maze
 playing placing
 playing play

playing playing

plenty of money plenty of
 hands, feet, noses, faces
 many eyes, ears, jaws, legs
 all resting many eyes at ease

many fathoms, feet, furlongs, hands,
 inches
 many leagues, links, meters, microns, miles,
 points, rods
 many rods

The sun that shines is red everything else
 The sun that shone is blue
 It can be seen the sun is green
 Damaged, burned, collided
 Exploded, foundered, vanished
 Run aground
 Sunk by mine, sunk by storm
 Torpedoed, wrecked
 The sun is grey the sun seems
 Yellow something
 Suns everything else
 Everywhere else spaces

an apple
 an apple sweet
 a box a crate a bushel
 the apples nearly have it
 apple of of apple
 covered apples on an avenue
 Have you an apple?
 13 stripes alternate red and white,
 50 stars white in a blue field representing
 a new constellation, stars in alternate
 rows of 6 and 5, staggered
 like men's suits men's apple is brimmed
 if and an eye
 if then and I
 by two children
 by brimming apple
 were bringing apples.
 3 chevrons above 3 arcs with a 5-pointed star
 3 chevrons above 3 arcs with a lozenge
 3 above 2
 3 above 1
 3 chevrons
 2 chevrons
 tons above silk
 on an avenue

as appear maids in pages
 what with it may, it is as that
 maid's jackets
 square at the rush
 21 guns with ruffles and flourishes
 15, 13, 11 guns
 caused tie that tie by
 children it too
 may rank today
 man's brim at back
 man's back a brim
 it had
 and kept if they
 the length could
 touch it
 if wide be that
 that will be apple.

The Red Rose Doesn't
The Rose Is Red Does

As there were four where anyone seldom
so one seldom here where something
a not too red rose speaks
though speaks here seldom the red rose does
as four where no one as if anyone ever spoke
as the four where one never
here where no one seldom seldom
as the rose where no one spoke
so one never speaks because something
not the rose never anything
speaks for anyone seldom one
one though seldom for the red rose
four for the red rose doesn't as it does
some four where seldom anyone
not too seldom seldom something
something red where no one spoke
anything spoken as a rose
the rose and four were seldom anything
something speaks as if they were
speaks though as the rose where no one spoke
though four for the rose does not make four
some for the rose and some for seldom
some were red though seldom rose as red
for four where no one spoke were four
of anything something for something of a rose
something rose but no one spoke
as if the rose were something spoken
seldom red seldom anything but the four
where no one spoke were something like
the something seldom in a rose rose.

--Continued--
is

The there
 had
as blue
so dress
though
as
as
hat
one
some but
something hand
the she
speaks
some
for
something done
seldom
the
 whether
 thing
 and

talking

together
--Continued--

--Continued from Page 26--
s it, and he is it. And ther
e, I said it. And then. He h
ad his eye on her, but the b
lue in it didn't match her d
ress.

He lent an ear, but it was
too large, and made her lean
over, and so he took it back

He had his mouth on her, b
ut she moved. He moved his h
and, just as she did, too. S
he lifted her nose.

Joseph asked Joe if he had
ever done that. Joe said he
had, and that it had been do
ne in.

Joey had to do with them.

Then Joe asked Joseph whet
her or not he had seen the t
hing. Joseph said he had, an
d that it was just the thing

Joey made do without talki
ng.

Until Joseph and Joe, toge
ther, asked him whether he h
--Continued on Page 34--

Aram Saroyan

--Continued from Page 31--
 ad made it. Whether he had m
 ade it, Joey repeated at the
 same time that one of them w
 as still speaking, and, when
 he stopped, and when Joey st
 opped, Joey began again and
 said that he had, And it had
 been made over, he also said
 , after which Joseph repeate
 d what he had said, now that
 Joey did not have to say it
 over again, that it had been
 made over once, as he had sa
 id well enough, while Joe no
 dded once and for all.

As they say, I say it agai
 n while you are playing, jus
 t as you were lost in those
 very games when I was at a l
 oss for words, which are her
 e again as you stirred, unti
 l, it is said, you delay whe
 n you put it off to a future
 time, when, say, it is you w
 ho are praying as I tell abo
 ut you on your knees -- you
 are that -- and with your ha
 --Continued on Page 48--

--Continued--
 made Gustave

 was The
 rows
 stopped They
 asserts
 ville
 numerous
 repeated Was
 One
 was
 them
 said But
 nodded and
 In
 again Upsal
 just of
 native
 loss that
 the
 till arranged
 when battle
 while
 who of
 about fighters
 But
 hands who
 --Continued--

The field of Carnac is a large, open space where eleven rows of black stones are aligned at symmetrical intervals. They diminish in size as they recede from the ocean. Cambry asserts that there were four thousand of these rocks and Fréminville has counted twelve hundred of them. They are indeed very numerous.

Was was their use? Was this a temple?

One day Saint Cornille, pursued along the shore by soldiers, was about to jump into the ocean, when he thought of changing them all into stone, and forthwith the men were petrified. But this explanation was good only for fools, little children, and poets. Others looked for better reasons.

In the sixteenth century, Olaüs Magnus, archbishop of Upsal (who, banished to Rome, wrote a book on the antiquities of his country that met with widespread success except in his native land, Sweden, where it was not translated), discovered that, when these stones form one long, straight row, they cover the bodies of warriors who died while fighting duels; that those arranged in squares are consecrated to heroes that perished in battle; that those disposed in a circle are family graves, while those that form corners or angular figures are the tombs of horsemen or foot-soldiers, and more especially of those fighters whose party had triumphed. All this is quite clear, but Olaüs Magnus has forgotten to tell us how two cousins who killed each other in a duel on horseback could have been

from Par les champs et par les grèves.

buried. The fact of the duel required that the stones be straight; the relationship required that they be circular; but as the men were horsemen, it seems that the stones should have been arranged in a square, though this rule, it is true, was not formal, as it applied only to those whose party had triumphed. Good Olaüs Magnus! You must have liked Monte-Pulciano very well! And how many draughts of it did it take for you to acquire all this wonderful knowledge?

According to a certain English doctor named Borlase, who had observed similar stones in Cornouailles, "they buried soldiers there, in the very place where they died." As if, usually, they were carted to the cemetery! And he builds his hypothesis on the following comparison: their graves are on a straight line, like the front of an army on plains that were the scene of some great action.

Then they tried to bring in the Greeks, the Egyptians, and the Cochin Chinese! There is a Karnac in Egypt, they said, and one on the coast of Brittany. Now, it is probable that this Karnac descends from the Egyptian one; it is quite certain! In Egypt they are sphinxes; here they are rocks; but in both instances they are of stone. So it would seem that the Egyptians (who never travelled) came to this coast (of which they were ignorant), founded a colony (they never founded any), and left these crude statues (they produced such beautiful ones), as a positive proof of their sojourn in this country (which no one mentions).

People fond of mythology thought them the columns of Hercules; people fond of natural history thought them a

representation of the python, because, according to Pausanias, a similar heap of stones on the road from Thebes to Elissonte was called "the serpent's head," and especially because the rows of stones at Carnac show the sinuosities of a serpent. People fond of cosmography discovered a zodiac, like M. de Cambry, who recognized in those eleven rows of stones the twelve signs of the zodiac, "for it must be stated," he adds, "that the ancient Gauls had only eleven signs to the zodiac."

Subsequently, a member of the Institute conjectured that it might be the cemetery of the Venetians, who inhabited Vannes, situated six miles from Carnac, and who founded Venice, as everyone knows. Another has written that these Venetians, conquered by Caesar, erected all those rocks in a spirit of humility, to honor their victor. But people were tiring of the cemetery theory, and of the serpent and the zodiac; they set out again and this time found a Druidic temple.

The few documents that we possess, scattered through Pliny and Dionysius Cassius, agree in stating that the Druids chose dark places for their ceremonies, like the depths of the woods with "their vast silence." And as Carnac is situated on the coast, and surrounded by a barren country, where nothing has ever grown but these gentlemen's fancies, the first grenadier of France, but not in my estimation the cleverest man, followed by Pelloutier and by M. Mahé (canon of the cathedral of Vannes), concluded that it was "a Druidic temple in which political meetings must also have been held."

But all had not been said, and it still remained to be discovered of what use the empty spaces in the rows could have

been. "Let us look for the reason, a thing no one has thought of before," cried M. Mahe', and quoting a sentence from Pomponius Mela: "The Druids teach the nobility many things and instruct them secretly in caves and forests;" and this one from Tucain: "You dwell in tall forests," he reached the conclusion that the Druids not only officiated at the sanctuaries, but that they also lived and taught in them. "So the monument of Carnac being a sanctuary, like the Gallic forests, (Power of induction! where are you leading Father Mahe', canon of Vannes and correspondent of the Academy of Agriculture at Poitiers?), there is reason to believe that the intervals, which break up the rows of stones, held rows of houses where the Druids lived with their families and numerous pupils, and where the heads of the nation, who on state days betook themselves to the sanctuary, found comfortable lodgings." Good old Druids! Excellent ecclesiastics! How they have been calumniated! They lived there so righteously with their families and numerous pupils, and even were amiable enough to prepare lodgings for the principals of the nation!

But at last came a man imbued with the genius of ancient things and disdainful of trodden paths. He was able to recognize the rests of a Roman camp, and, strangely enough, the rests of one of the camps of Caesar, who had had these stones upreared only to support the tents of his soldiers and prevent them from being blown away. What gales there must have been in those days, on the coasts of Armorica!

The honest writer who, to the glory of the great Julius, discovered this sublime precaution (thus returning to Caesar that which never belonged to Caesar), was a former pupil of

l'École Polytechnique, an engineer, a M. de la Sauvagère.

The collection of all these data constitutes what is called Celtic Archaeology, the mysteries of which we shall disclose.

One stone placed on another is called a "dolmen," whether it be horizontal or perpendicular. A group of upright stones covered by succeeding flat stones, and forming a series of dolmens, is a "fairy grotto," a "fairy rock," a "devil's stable," or a "giant's palace;" for, like the people who serve the same wine under different labels, the Celto-maniacs, who had almost nothing to offer, decorated the same things with different names. When these stones form an ellipse, and have no head-covering, one must say: there is a "cromlech;" when one sees a stone laid horizontally on two upright stones, one is confronted by a "lichaven" or a "trilithé." Often two enormous rocks are put one on top of the other, and touch only at one point, and we read that "they are balanced in such a way that the wind alone is sufficient to make the upper rock sway perceptibly," an assertion which I do not dispute, although I am suspicious of the Celtic wind, and although these swaying rocks have always remained unshaken in spite of the fierce kicks I was artless enough to give them; they are called "rolling or rolled stones," "turned or transported stones," "stones that dance or dancing stones," "stones that twist or twisting stones." You must still learn what a pierre fichade, a pierre fiche, and a pierre fixée are, and what is meant by a haute borne, a pierre latte and a pierre lait; in what a pierre fonte differs from a pierre fiette, and what connection there is between a chaire à diable and a pierre droite; then you will be as wise

as ever were Pelloutier, Déric, Latour d'Auvergne, Penhoët and others, not forgetting Mahé and Fréminville. Now, all this means a pulvan, also called a men-hir, and designates nothing more than a stone of greater or lesser size, placed by itself in an open field.

I was about to forget the tumuli. Those that are composed of silica and soil are called "barrows" in high-flown language, while the simple heaps of stones are "gals-gals."

People have pretended that when they were not tombs "dolmens" and "trilithes" were altars, that "fairy rocks" were assembling places or sepultures, and that business meetings at the time of the Druids were held in the "cromlechs." M. de Cambry saw in the "swaying rocks" the emblems of the suspended world. The "barrows" and "gals-gals" were undoubtedly tombs; and as for the "men-hirs," people even pretended that they had a form, which led to the deduction that a certain cult reigned in lower Brittany. Chaste immodesty of science, you respect nothing, not even a peulven!

A reverie, no matter how vague, may lead to splendid creations, when it starts from a fixed point. Then the imagination, like a soaring hippogriff, stamps the earth with all its might and journeys toward infinite regions. But when it applies itself to a subject devoid of plastic art and history, and tries to extract a science from it, and to reconstruct a world, the imagination remains poorer and more barren than the rough stone to which the vanity of some praters has lent a shape and dignified with a history.

To return to the stones of Carnac (or rather, to leave

them), if anyone should, after all these opinions, ask me mine, I would emit an irresistible, irrefutable, incontestable one, which would make the tents of M. de la Sauvagère stagger, blanch the face of the Egyptian Penhoët, break up the zodiac of Cambry and smash the python into a thousand bits. This is my opinion: the stones of Carnac are simply large stones.

So we returned to the inn and dined heartily, for our five hours' tramp had sharpened our appetites. We were served by the hostess, who had large blue eyes, delicate hands, and the sweet face of a nun. It was not yet bedtime, and it was too dark to work, so we went to the church.

It is small, although it has a nave and side-aisles like a city church. Short, thick stone pillars support its wooden roof, painted in blue, from which hang miniature vessels, votive offerings promised during raging storms. Spiders creep along their sails and the riggings are rotting under the dust. No service was being held, and the lamp in the choir burned dimly in its cup filled with yellow oil; overhead, through the open windows of the darkened vault, came broad rays of white light and the sound of the wind rustling in the tree-tops. A man came in to put the chairs in order, and placed two candles in an iron chandelier riveted to the stone pillar; then he pulled into the middle of the aisle a sort of stretcher with a pedestal, its black wood stained with large white spots. Other people entered the church, and a priest clad in a surplice passed us. There was the intermittent tinkling of a bell and then the door of the church opened wide. The jangling sound of the little bell mingled with the sound of another and their

sharp, clear tones swelled louder as they came nearer and nearer to us.

A cart drawn by oxen appeared and halted in front of the church. It held a corpse, whose dull white feet protruded from under the winding-sheet like bits of washed alabaster, while the body itself had the uncertain form peculiar to dressed corpses. The crowd around was silent. The men bared their heads; the priest shook his holy-water sprinkler and mumbled orisons, and the pair of oxen swung their heads to and fro under the heavy, creaking yoke. The church, in the background of which gleamed a star, formed one huge shadow in the greenish outdoor atmosphere of a rainy twilight, and the child who held a light on the threshold had to keep his hand in front of it to prevent the wind from blowing it out.

They lifted the body from the cart, and in doing so struck its head against the pole. They carried it into the church and placed it on the stretcher. A crowd of men and women followed. They knelt on the floor, the men near the corpse, and the women a little further wway, near the door; then the service began.

It did not last very long, at least it impressed us that way, for the low psalmodies were recited rapidly and drowned now and then by a stifled sob which came from under the black hoods near the door. A hand touched me and I drew aside to let a bent woman pass. With her clenched fists on her breast, and her face averted, she advanced without appearing to move her feet, eager to see, yet trembling to, and reached the row of lights which burned beside the bier. Slowly, very slowly,

raising her arm as if to hide under it, she turned her head on her shoulder and sank in a heap on a chair, as limp as her garments.

By the light of the candles, I could see her staring eyes, framed by lids that looked as if they had been scalded, so red were they; her idiotic and contracted mouth, trembling with despair, and her whole pitiful face, which was drenched with tears.

The corpse was that of her husband, who had been lost at sea; he had been washed ashore and was now being laid to rest.

The cemetery adjoined the church. The mourners passed into it through a side-door, while the corpse was being nailed in its coffin, in the vestry. A fine rain moistened the atmosphere; we felt cold; the earth was slippery and the gravediggers who had not completed their task, found it hard to raise the heavy soil, for it stuck to their shovels. In the background, the women kneeling in the grass, throwing back their hoods and their big white caps, the starched wings of which fluttered in the wind, appeared at a distance like an immense winding-sheet hovering over the earth.

When the corpse reappeared, the prayers began again, and the sobs broke out anew, and could be heard through the dropping rain.

Not far from us issued at regular intervals a sort of subdued gurgle that sounded like laughter. In any other place, a person hearing it would have thought it the repressed explosion of some overwhelming joy or the paroxysm of a delirious happiness. It was the widow weeping. Then she walked to the edge of the grave, with the rest of the mourners, and little

by little the soil assumed its usual level and everyone went home.

As we walked down the cemetery steps, a young fellow passed us and said in French to a companion: "Heavens! didn't the fellow stink! He is almost completely mortified! It isn't surprising, though, after being in the water three weeks!"

One morning we started as on other mornings; we chose the same road, and passed the hedge of young elms and the sloping meadow where the day before we had seen a little girl chasing cattle to the drinking-trough; but it was the last day, and the last time that we should pass there.

A muddy stretch of land, into which we sank up to our ankles, extends from Carnac to the village of P^o. A boat was waiting for us; we entered it, and they hoisted the sail and pushed off. Our sailor, an old man with a cheerful face, sat aft; he fastened a line to the gunwale and let his peaceful boat go its own way. There was hardly any wind; the blue sea was calm and the narrow track the rudder ploughed in the waters could be seen for a long time. The old fellow was talkative; he spoke of the priests whom he disliked, of meat, which he thought was a good thing to eat even on fast days, of the work he had had when he was in the navy, and of the shots he had received when he was a customs officer. ... The boat glided along slowly, the line followed us and the end of the tape-cul hung in the water.

The mile we had to walk in order to go from Saint-Pierre to Quiberon was quickly covered, in spite of a hilly and sandy

road, and the sun, which made our shoulders smart beneath the straps of our bags, and a number of "men-hirs" that were scattered along the route.

translated by R. M. Dunne.

Aram Saroyan

dinner

dinner

--Continued from Page 34--
 nds folded before you -- I t
 ell that -- and I repeat, yo
 u are preying on another, an
 d another, and here's anothe
 r thing on my mind, that I p
 ut into words here, here you
 are, displaying everything y
 ou have spread out, and I ha
 ve the words for it here, an
 d there, where you are said
 to waylay him -- will I say
 "her," too? who can talk abo
 ut them? -- before you slay
 them all, that's all I can s
 ay, raising my voice now, an
 d now going into a stage-whi
 sper, now trilling, astray,
 now humming, but that's okay
 , and now, finally, blurting
 it out just as you overplay
 your part by dividing, and t
 aking your part of, the mone
 y and paying as you go, as t
 he saying goes, that is to s
 ay, you spray it out, but yo
 u went back in before you be
 gan to stray -- I can't forg
 --Continued on Page 56--

--Continued--
 tell John
 you
 and The
 there is
 put (53.9
 Thomas
 you Superspade
 have stuffed
 ant at
 A
 about Model
 say in
 ann and
 whisker of
 The
 polished
 and
 intake
 taking Webco
 money retainers
 the I
 see heard
 you
 begin
 forge
 --Continued--

The engine
is of stock
displacement
(53.9 cu. in.)

Thomas,
also called
Superspade,
was found
stuffed
in a sleeping bag
at the bottom
of a cliff

A model
A pattern,
A model plane,
Model of a warship

He had been
stabbed
in the heart
and shot
in the back
of the head.

The heads
have been ported,
polished
and relieved
and fitted
with XLR-TT
intake
and exhaust
valves,
Webco springs,
retainers,
and keepers.

I have not
heard from him
for a long time

Carter's body
was found
last week
in his apartment.

The pushrods
are also Webco.

He had been
stabbed
a dozen times
and his right arm
had been cut off.

Please
let me know
when he comes

Three ounces
have been taken off
each rocker arm
and they have been
polished.

Isn't it time
you rewarded
your man
with something
you know
is important
to him?

Seven
Seven years of age
A set of seven

I am running
Harley "P" cams
and a bored out
carburetor
(1 9/16").

A treasure
of minerals,
said to be
the richest
concentration
of underwater ores
ever found,
has been discovered
on the bottom
of the Red Sea.

Guard
the gate,
Keep guard
around the monarch

Castrol Racing
(castor oil)
is used
in the engine.

In the Carter case,
Eric F. Dahlstrom, 23,
a motorcycle racer,
was arraigned today
on a murder charge.

Redeem
this coupon
for nationally
advertised
merchandise
as stated
on reverse side.

The paint
is light gold
metal-flake
of the coarse
variety.

Dahlstrom said
he killed Carter
in self defense
in an argument
over an LSD sale
which occurred
during a bad
LSD trip,
"the worst
I've ever had."

Rustling
Whistling
Murmuring

A gallon
and a half
of clear acrylic
lacquer
has been applied
to the surface.

A Maori custom
requires
that two tribal
chiefs
who esteem
and honor
each other
exchange names.

Right opposite
Just in front of
Face to face

The ridge
on the tank
was formed
by first spotting
a brass welding rod
in position
and then lead.
filled in
around it.

Police found
\$2,657 in cash
and Carter's arm,
neatly wrapped
in a piece
of suede
in Dahlstrom's car.

Reside
Dwell
Live

24 carat
gold plating
can be seen
on the head
and tail light doors,
the shock spacer
and tachometer rim.

A 14-year-old boy,
attending
a beach party
at Setauket Harbor
off Shore Road,
was drowned
late last night
while swimming.

Developed land
Land brought under cultivation
Reclaimed land

The saddle
is a Bates
competition,
upholstered
with white
and gold
leather.

Aram Saroyan

Police found
the body in a car
and Officer's name
was nearly written
in a place
of which
in a letter to her

He said
that
the

It was
gold plating
can be seen
on the hand
and left light brown
the cheek
and forehead

A 14-year-old boy
standing

at a harbor
off Shore Road
was drowned
last night
while swimming

The body was
found in a car
and the name
was nearly written

The body
in a place
of which
in a letter to her

--Continued from Page 48--
 et to mention that -- during
 which time, relaying one thi
 ng after another, then anoth
 er, you reach the tray that
 I was getting at all the whi
 le, I will say that for it,
 I've said it, I say so, I sa
 y that((That you have gone b
 eyond and are going still go
 es without saying, you speak
 for yourself now that you go
 me one better)).

What do you say? -- Do you
 see? -- You see -- You see a
 bout it -- You see into it -
 - You see through it -- I sk
 i through it, you see, as fo
 r a moment you are seeing do
 uble as I am skiing through
 the snow that is packed doub
 ly thick, until, out of the
 corner of your eye, you watc
 h me slide a little to the l
 eft before I can come into v
 iew gliding, as your view gl
 ides, back into the middle,
 and then you steal a glance

--Continued on Page 63--

--Continued--
 thing William
 another
 The
 while 'Twas
 Resolved
 say so
 be Until
 And
 Some
 We
 Then
 So
 about While
 To
 ski With
 for Then
 doubt Which
 But
 doubly While
 Armed
 watch And
 left While
 view Which
 glides Because
 And
 Because
 --Continued--

The Famous Tay Whale

'Twas in the month of December, and in the year 1883,
That a monster whale came to Dundee,
Resolved for a few days to sport and play,
And devour the small fishes in the silvery Tay.

So the monster whale did sport and play
Among the innocent little fishes in the beautiful Tay,
Until he was seen by some men one day,
And they resolved to catch him without delay.

When it came to be known a whale was seen in the Tay,
Some men began to talk and to say,
We must try and catch this monster of a whale,
So come on, brave boys, and never say fail.

Then the people together in crowds did run,
Resolved to capture the whale and to have some fun!
So small boats were launched on the silvery Tay,
While the monster of the deep did sport and play.

Oh! it was a most fearful and beautiful sight,
To see it lashing the water with its tail all its might,
And making the water ascend like a shower of hail,
With one lash of its ugly and mighty tail.

Then the water did descend on the men in the boats,
Which wet their trousers and also their coats;
But it only made them the more determined to catch the whale,
But the whale shook at them his tail.

Then the whale began to puff and to blow,
While the men and the boats after him did go,
Armed well with harpoons for the fray,
Which they fired at him without dismay.

And they laughed and grinned just like wild baboons,
While they fired at him their sharp harpoons:
But when struck with the harpoons he dived below,
Which filled his pursuers' hearts with woe:

Because they guessed they had lost a prize,
Which caused the tears to well up in their eyes;
And in that their anticipations were only right,
Because he sped on to Stonehaven with all his might:

And was first seen by the crew of a Gourdon fishing boat,
Which they thought was a big coble upturned afloat;
But when they drew near they saw it was a whale,
So they resolved to tow it ashore without fail.

So they got a rope from each boat tied round his tail,
And landed their burden at Stonehaven without fail;
And when the people saw it their voices they did raise,
Declaring that the brave fishermen deserved great praise.

And my opinion is that God sent the whale in time of need,
No matter what other people may think or what is their creed;
I know fishermen in general are often very poor,
And God in His goodness sent it to drive poverty from their door.

So Mr. John Wood has bought it for two hundred and twenty-
six pound,
And has brought it to Dundee all safe and all sound;
Which measures 40 feet in length from the snout to the tail,
So I advise the people far and near to see it without fail.

Then hurrah! for the mighty monster whale,
Which has got 17 feet 4 inches from tip to tip of a tail!
Which can be seen for a sixpence or a shilling,
That is to say, if the people all are willing.

The Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay!
With your numerous arches and pillars in so grand array,
And your central girders, which seem to the eye
To be almost towering to the sky.
The greatest wonder of the day,
And a great beautification to the River Tay,
Most beautiful to be seen,
Near by Dundee and the Magdalen Green.

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay!
That has caused the Emperor of Brazil to leave
His home far away, incognito in his dress,
And view thee ere he passed along en route to Inverness.

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay!
The longest of the present day
That has ever crossed o'er a tidal river stream,
Most gigantic to be seen,
Near by Dundee and the Magdalen Green.

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay!
Which will cause great rejoicing on the opening day,
And hundreds of people will come from far away,
Also the Queen, most gorgeous to be seen,
Near by Dundee and the Magdalen Green.

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay!
And prosperity to Provost Cox, who has given
Thirty thousand pounds and upwards away
In helping to erect the Bridge of the Tay,
Most handsome to be seen,
Near by Dundee and the Magdalen Green.

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay!
I hope that God will protect all passengers
By night and by day,
And that no accident will befall them while crossing
The Bridge of the Silvery Tay,
For that would be most awful to be seen
Near by Dundee and the Magdalen Green.

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay!
And prosperity to Messrs. Bouche and Grothe,
The famous engineers of the present day,
Who have succeeded in erecting the Railway
Bridge of the Silvery Tay,
Which stands unequalld to be seen
Near by Dundee and the Magdalen Green.

An Address to the New Tay Bridge

Beautiful new railway bridge of the Silvery Tay,
With your strong brick piers and buttresses in so grand array,
And your thirteen central girders, which seem to my eye
Strong enough all windy storms to defy.
And as I gaze upon thee my heart feels gay,
Because thou are the greatest railway bridge of the present
day,
And can be seen for miles away
From north, south, east, or west of the Tay
On a beautiful and clear sunshiny day,
And ought to make the hearts of the "Mars" boys feel gay,
Because thine equal nowhere can be seen,
Only near by Dundee and the bonnie Magdalen Green.

Beautiful new railway bridge of the Silvery Tay,
With thy beautiful side-screens along your railway,
Which will be a great protection on a windy day,
So as the railway carriages won't be blown away,
And ought to cheer the hearts of the passengers night and day
As they are conveyed along thy beautiful railway,
And towering above the silvery Tay,
Spanning the beautiful river shore to shore

Upwards of two miles and more,
Which is most wonderful to be seen
Near by Dundee and the bonnie Magdalen Green.

Thy structure to my eye seems strong and grand,
And the workmanship most skilfully planned;
And I hope the designers, Messrs. Barlow & Arrol, will
prosper for many a day
For erecting thee across the beautiful Tay.
And I think nobody need have the least dismay
To cross o'er thee by night or by day,
Because thy strength is visible to be seen
Near by Dundee and the bonnie Magdalen Green.

Beautiful new railway bridge of the Silvery Tay,
I wish you success for many a year and a day,
And I hope thousands of people will come from far away,
Both high and low without delay,
From the north, south, east, and the west,
Because as a railway bridge thou art the best;
Thou standest unequalled to be seen
Near by Dundee and the bonnie Magdalen Green.

And for beauty thou art most lovely to be seen
As the train crosses o'er thee with her cloud of steam;
And you look well, painted the colour of marone,
And to find thy equal there is none,
Which, without fear of contradiction, I venture to say,
Because you are the longest railway bridge of the present day
That now crosses o'er a tidal river stream,
And the most handsome to be seen
Near by Dundee and the bonnie Magdalen Green.

The New Yorkers boast about their Brooklyn Bridge,
But in comparison to thee it seems like a midge,
Because thou spannest the silvery Tay
A mile and more longer I venture to say;
Besides the railway carriages are pulled across by a rope,
Therefore Brooklyn Bridge cannot with thee cope;
And as you have been opened on the 20th day of June,
I hope her Majesty Queen Victoria will visit thee very soon,
Because thou art worthy of a visit from Duke, Lord, or Queen,
And strong and securely built, which is most worthy to be seen
Near by Dundee and the bonnie Magdalen Green.

The Tay Bridge Disaster

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silv'ry Tay!
Alas! I am very sorry to say
That ninety lives have been taken away
On the last Sabbath day of 1879,
Which will be remember'd for a very long time.

'Twas about seven o'clock at night,
And the wind it blew with all its might,
And the rain came pouring down,
And the dark clouds seem'd to frown,
And the Demon of the air seem'd to say --
"I'll blow down the Bridge of Tay."

When the train left Edinburgh
The passengers' hearts were light and felt no sorrow,
But Boreas blew a terrific gale,
Which made their hearts for to quail,
And many of the passengers with fear did say --
"I hope God will send us safe across the Bridge of Tay."

But when the train came near to Wormit Bay,
Boreas he did loud and angry bray,
And shook the central girders of the Bridge of Tay
On the last Sabbath day of 1879,
Which will be remember'd for a very long time.

So the train sped on with all its might,
And Bonnie Dundee soon hove in sight,
And the passengers' hearts felt light,
Thinking they would enjoy themselves on the New Year,
With their friends at home they lov'd most dear,
And wish them all a happy New Year.

So the train mov'd slowly along the Bridge of Tay,
Until it was about midway,
Then the central girders with a crash gave way,
And down went the train and passengers into the Tay!
The Storm Fiend did loudly bray,
Because ninety lives had been taken away,
On the last Sabbath day of 1879,
Which will be remember'd for a very long time.

As soon as the catastrophe came to be known
The alarm from mouth to mouth was blown,
And the cry rang out all o'er the town,
Good Heavens! the Tay Bridge is blown down,
And a passenger train from Edinburgh,
Which fill'd all the people's hearts with sorrow,
And made them for to turn pale,
Because none of the passengers were sav'd to tell the tale
How the disaster happen'd on the last Sabbath day of 1879,
Which will be remember'd for a very long time.

It must have been an awful sight,
To witness in the dusky moonlight,
While the Storm Fiend did laugh, and angry did bray,
Along the Railway Bridge of the Silv'ry Tay.
Oh! ill-fated Bridge of the Silv'ry Tay,
I must now conclude my lay
By telling the world fearlessly without the least dismay,
That your central girders would not have given way,
At least many sensible men do say,
Had they been supported on each side with buttresses,
At least many sensible men confesses,
For the stronger we our houses do build,
The less chance we have of being killed.

1890.

--Continued--
It
To
Along
I
That
Had
For your
The and
here
lock

stop
stopped

king
head
looking

you
how

shed
post
--Continued--

--Continued from Page 56--
at me stealing away from my
pursuers; you stop looking -
- I stop; when you turn your
eyes toward me, I am turning
, and while I direct myself
to the north, you direct you
r gaze where I have been, an
d while I am going, and ther
e, where I am now, and you c
ock your eye at me as I cock
myself on my skis; I will st
op -- you have already stopp
ed looking; and now, this is
present, and, at present, it
is now or never, and as you
are looking down I am lookin
g down as well as lobking ah
ead, just as you have been l
ooking around long enough to
notice me lifting up my eyes
to look before and after, yo
u having seen -- before -- h
ow I started at the starting
post, you having seen, also
--afterwards -- how I finis
hed at the same starting pos
t, which is apparent, eviden
--Continued on Page 66--

Aram Saroyan

tick

tick

-Continued from Page 63--
 t, noticeable, unmistakable((
 You having a look for yoursel
 f, apparently, just as you st
 rained your eyes, evidently,
 as much as you craned your ne
 ck, noticeably, at least to m
 e)).

They rush on. It is an onr~~us~~
 sh.

It shot up. They are the up
 shot of it all.

They fall down. It is their
 downfall.

They come in. It is their i
 ncome, for performing the tas
 ks above well, and well under
 the limits.

That was in another place,
 and, besides, time has passed
 , and, besides, he is changed
 , and, besides, she is change
 d for the better, and, beside
 s, he, not the other, is chan
 ged for the worse, and, besid
 es, there is one, and, beside
 s, there is two, and, besides
 that, there is three, and bes
 --Continued on Page 68--

--Continued--

self
 strained

neck
 Tom

rush

ups

all

in
 tasks

changed
 sides
 changes
 sided
 sider

best

--Continued--

all all

all all

--Continued from Page 66--
 ide the left half of the hum
 an body, which has turned, t
 here is the left half of the
 animal body, which has turne
 d up, and remained then, and
 now, as for the remaining.

And then? Well, now and th
 en. As a preface((I say it w
 ell)), on and off. To resume
 ((I am from the well)), it c
 ame off. But he moves on. Bu
 t it was on his move. But he
 looks on.

But it was on his look. Go
 on go on no go no go.

But he sings on. But for t
 his, it is on his song that
 he puts his shoe on. But wha
 t's that on his shoe?

The light is on. This((you
 have it now))is on the light
 ((it has it then)). But the
 light is still on the table.
 Come on come on no comb no c
 omb.

Now come. Now stop. I said
 , hold it. Now you have the
 --Continued on Page 76--

--Continued--
 human
 then
 turned
 there
 well
 came
 But
 Six
 Clark
 this
 what's
 come
 --Continued--

Six Works by
Clark Coolidge

to
cally
two

is
an
ly

listeners
secting a
erences

just
0
that

gardens,
ness.

and ec-
cross, a

--Continued from Page 68--
 plug in your hands, as well
 as I can say. Now hold your
 tongue; after you've found i
 t, in the corner. Do not ben
 d too far; into the corner.
 Do not drop your eyes; in a
 word, hold them. Now keep yo
 ur eyes open; in other words
 , hold them; with other fing
 ers. The forefinger. On one.
 On two. On three. I am holdi
 ng you at your word. At that
 , keep your eye on this. Thi
 s is it. That's that. Keep y
 our mind on that. Now take m
 y word; one more thing you h
 ave to keep. One more thing
 -- now take me at my word. J
 ust now, you have taken me t
 o heart. Just then, you have
 taken me to the hearth. Forw
 ard. Do not take the words o
 ut of my mouth. You cannot h
 old them, there is no can, y
 ou do not have them. Do noth
 ing. You do that. You do not
 have the words for this. Thi
 --Continued on Page 78--

--Continued--
 welling Bruce

 it There
 bend have
 First
 away of
 your of
 Figures
 fingers doubting
 are
 holding and
 Other
 this of
 yore Public
 my below
 have stand
 I
 just broadcast
 to sound
 are
 ward are
 out The
 halt dividing
 you "The
 things &
 "return
 Thistle in
 --Continued--

There is a changling that can't
have thoughts of sex after his
shrewd growth is full.

First style
of his thought is work to cause
action that is painted, work
of patience is a harp-physics
with him.

Figures
doubting any structure or
correction of the depth
are limned upon chance cells
and make his ermite-mask
a caper-sheet of my concerns.

Other styles
of his thought control the flight
of neutral flesh. Inside the charted
place he makes no touch.

Public hollows of the flesh,
below the jaws above the neck,
inside the thumb, behind the ears,
stand like Niles to caresses, damn
safety pitched by other lips.
I don't doubt the strains he says
they tell in age. His
broadcast morals structured so
the pictured turn of things is
sound.

In public hollow standards of intentions
are sane.

In public hollow the standards of intentions
are propensities, are dense.

The sybilline possibility is his
unit of physical pulse. Now he
does alone what we will do. Chilling purpose
dividing sexual publicness.

"The no description
& production helps"

he says

"return senses coined
in youth, ages script,

so buys the tried sex
in the thought."

-Continued from Page 76--

s means you. I mean that. I
am mean to you. So take this
. That's well taken. You tak
e to it; take this on; you c
an put this on it. Take it u
p; it flies away. That way.
Right here. In that space. H
ereafter. Take your time. Th
is time. Therefore, time aft
er time. Make time: a tea he
re, an eye there, thereupon
me. It can make off. Time fl
ies. On air. Over there. Han
g on. Hang on my words. Hang
a door. Ditto, a picture. Di
tto, a jury. Ditto, the room
-- with wallboard. Do it to
him. Board it. Hang it. They
hang together. You are at th
e end of your rope. It hangs
straight. Now hold that line
. But now it moves. Now come
into line. But now it is mov
ed. Now draw the line. The sh
ortest distance between two
points. Cut it short. Make a
point of it. . That's it. Yo
--Continued on Page 82--

--Continued--

take Why
can And
up I
Then
Hereafter East
This He
after Trying
he's Her
Of
flies Is
Hand know
anyway
Did Exactly
Surround
John
To
there His
Had
And
Each
moving soon
shortest To
Taking
Of
You

--Continued--

Why don't you tell everyone about it, he said to her,
I mean, you know, about all those terrible things, dogs
And all, and death, the terrible dying, I mean, like
In talking about it. Everyone would like it, I think,
I mean, it would be inspiring, you know, and everything.

Then John turned back to his grasshopper and sipped it quietly.
Under these harsh conditions conversation was, to put it mildly,
East. Here he was, alone with Edna now, who had recently fallen
Victim to polio in their rouge hut in the Arctic wastes.
He had found her helpless, drivelling on a soft bank of snow,
Being licked by dogs and the fidgety image of death.
Trying to persuade her to make use of her new-found talents
Was difficult since her jaw was immobile and hence
Her vocal abilities at their worst. "I have an idea," said John
In a queer tone of voice. "You know of course that the amount
Of space occupied by an electron as it spins around in its Atomic
Orbit

Is equivalent to the space taken by a bee flying around inside
Madison Square Garden." "Gee," said Phoebe Apollo, "I didn't
know that."

"Oh," said John, in a rather embarrassed tone of voice. "Well,
anyway,

I suggest that we organize a night patrol in order to determine
Exactly what is going on here. The three of us will spread out
and

Surround everything, and you, since I am the oldest, will seize
the Bee."

John demurred at this, and suggested exactly the opposite,
To which all concurred.

Years later, deep in enemy territory, John often thought about
His decision that night, and how everything might have been
different

Had he acted differently. But no time to think of that now. He
turned to his desk

And wrote in his tiny notebook,

"Should a drop of water be enlarged to the size of THE EARTH
each molecule would be the size of a plum." John

Marvelled for a moment, and then swallowed a memory pill, which
soon

Took effect, shrinking the memory molecules in his mind
To plum size, causing him to plumb forgot everythin' he ever knew.
The only thing that he could remember was the word "plum."
Taking this as a clue to his past and the identity of his person,
He began to investigate the ramifications
Of the plumbing of his igloo, a dwelling.

His attention was disturbed by the sudden lodging of a beebee
In his aorta. What memories suddenly sprang to mind! "John!"
He said, running over to Edna and Kiki, hugging them both. Then
He made a million dollars. Then he ran into Jesse James,
A member of the B-Bar-B boys. Bullets were emitted from his gun.
The bullets had been fashioned from the rotten carcasses
Of bees. One of these fateful missiles was destined for Bea,
Jesse's aged ma. "Ma!" cried Jesse, covered with whelps and wops.
"That sounded like a host of bees traversing the Autobahn," said
Pop,

But outside in the bee-infested darkness the patrol silently
crouched.

John wrote it all down. Then he carefully sealed it up in an
envelope

Shaped like the love in his heart and tied it to the back of Edna
His faithful bee. "Now take this note to Tulsa," he said, "and
deliver

It to me." With that off she buzzed and then we left. "Goodbye,"
we said

And then we left. "Goodbye!" Slowly the answer buzzed into our
ears:

"Goodbye, and fare thee well, from your little friend, The Bee."

2.

"In the old days it was never like this," he said. "Why when I
was a bee,

A bee was a bee you could call a bee! None of this buzzing around
For us! Why, when I see these young bees buzzing around, I get
so mad

I could spit!" So saying, he resumed his seat. Then mighty Edna,
Strongest of all the bees, begged permission to speak. Apollo
passed

Him the baton, and Mighty Edna stood and spoke thusly: "Breathes
There a man with soul so dead, who never to himself has buzzed,
This is my own, my native hive?" He sat down to thunderous
applause.

Years later this was forgotten.

3.

John stood in front of the Polar gates, back to the bee,
And waved his stinger at the approaching seals. "Areté!" he
muttered

Defiantly. "Breakthrough!" they barked. Then they gently spitted
him,

Turned him over thrice, roasted him up and up, and tasted his
weeping

Beeflesh. Up in the interesting hive his wife and baby bees
Wept. "Honey," cried his wife, "I'll miss you." Then, in the
misty moonlight,
She dropped the honey on the heads of the footmen in the fore-
front of the seal force,
Forcing the seal wave to slip and fall. They slipped, and then
They fell. They got up. It got them down. They turned tail.
Their pride was stung. They made a bee-line for home, underneath
The ice, far away, near where their mommies and daddies waited
In the pages of Encyclopedias, beneath the dim watery eyes of
Henri Fabre, the last being on earth to take an interest
in "The Plight of the Bumblebee." "Honey," said Henri, "I have
A confession to make. I was never really in love with Bea."
At this Henri embraced Kiki (both in rapture).
Standing in the doorway of the conical blubber hut
They stared far out into the oatmeal which by now was beginning
to boil.

--Continued from Page 78--
u point away. Come to the po
int. Keep to the point. You
can stretch a point.....
Take it in; do not go to pot
. That's beside the point. E
nough for that. You are in f
or it. Now you are in)

--Continued--
point

dot

F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N
for

of things just pass things pure up cize pass think it here/on(to
this, that is, to the s/In the first days of the year 1911, a badly d
ressed young man/teeth and fists, he smashed eternity to smithereens.
Then/women were remembered in the icy fog./Lute/He died like the sun/
studio last year while eating lemons./There, then, they did it ov/iii
ii/iiii/I am putting on the topsoil i/In Wiltshire there dwelt a Far
mar of indifferent wealth,/him for a garment or two, and so tooke him
into service:/eously: wel appparelled he was, and well monied, & might
/heard that hee had married a wife in Wilshire, not farre/the coming
of hir trecherous husband, who returned within a/him with looks ful
of death, made him this answer: I villaine,/cast them in his face, &
said, Now lustful whoremaister, go/22/23/first and then fold and even
/1, 2, 3, 4, 5,/face them, they are cheek by/steps, shops noses, ear
s, eyes/A surface of/an apple/As there were four where anyone seldom/
s it, and he is it. And ther/ / /ad made it. Whether he had
m/The field of Carnac is a large, open space where eleven/buried. Th
e fact of the duel required that the stones be/representation of the
python, because, according to Pausanias,/been. "Let us look for the
reason, a thing no one has thought/l'Ecole Polytechnique, an engineer
, a M. de la Sauvagere./as ever were Pelloutier, Deric, Latour d'Auve
rgne, Penhoet/them), if anyone should, after all these opinions, ask
me mine,/sharp, clear tones swelled louder as they came nearer and/ra
ising her arm as if to hide under it, she turned her head/by little t
he soil assumed its usual level and everyone went/road, and the sun,
which made our shoulders smart beneath/dinner/dinner/nds folded befor
e you -- I t/The engine/Carter's body/A treasure/Dahlstrom said/Polic
e found/-----/-----et to mention that -- during/'Twas in the month of
December, and in the year 1883,/And was first seen by the crew of a G
ourdon fishing boat,/Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay!/Upw
ards of two miles and more,/Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silv'ry T
ay!/It must have been an awful sight,/at me stealing away from my/tic
k/tick/t, noticeable, unmistakable((all all/ide the left half of
the hum/Six Works by/to/is/listeners/just/gardens,/and ec-/plug in yo
ur hands, as well/There is a changling that can't/s means you. I mea
n that. I/Why don't you tell every one about it, he said to her/His
attention was disturbed by the sudden lodging of a beebee/Beeflesh. U
p in the interesting hive his wife and baby bees/u point away. Come
to the po/of things just pass things pure up cize pass think it
here/on(to this, that is, to the s/In the first days of the year 1911
, a badly dressed young man/teeth and fists, he smashed eternity to s
mithereens. Then/women were remembered in the icy fog./Lute/He died
like the sun/studio last year while eating lemons./There, then, they
did it ov/iiii/iiii/I am putting on the topsoil i/In Wiltshire ther
e dwelt a Farmar of indifferent wealth,/him for a garment or two, and
so tooke him into service:/eously: wel appparelled he was, and well mo
nied, & might/heard that hee had married a wife in Wilshire, not farr
e/the coming of hir trecherous husband, who returned within a/him wi
th looks ful of death, made him this answer: I villaine,/cast them i
n his face, & said, Now lustful whoremaister, go/22/23/first and then
fold and even/1,2,3,4,5,/face them, they are c cheek by/steps, shops
noses, ears, eyes/A surface of/an apple/As there were four where anyo
ne seldom/s it, and he is it. And ther/ / /ad made it. Whet
her he had m/The field of Carnac is a large, open space where eleven/
buried. The fact of the duel required that the stones be/representat
ion of the python, because, according to Pausanias,/been. "Let us lo
ok for the reason, a thing no one has thought/l'Ecole Polytechnique,a
n engineer, a M. de la Sauvagere./as ever were Pelloutier, Deric, Lat
our d'Auvergne, Penhoet/them), if anyone should, after all these opin
ions, ask me mine,/sharp, clear tones swelled louder as they came nea
rer and/raising her arm as if to hide under it, sheturned her head/by
little the soil assumed its usual level and everyone went/road, and t