

milk magazine

sustenance for the masses

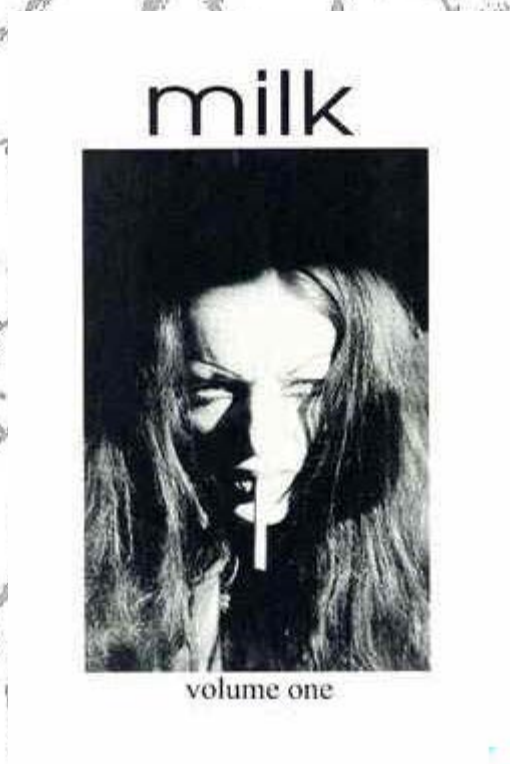


photo of Petra Vogt by Ira COHEN

milk *volume one*

e-mail: Larry SAWYER, Editor

milk magazine

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poetry.1



collage by Charles Henri FORD

milk *volume one*

Joe AMATO/Jack ANDERSON/Bill BERKSON/John
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COLEY/ Cid CORMAN/Hamid Echbihi EL
IDRISSI/Krista FRANKLIN/Denis GALLAGHER/Allan
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LIMA/Matthew LIMA/Duane LOCKE/Gerard
MALANGA/Joseph MASSEY/ Marty MATZ/David
MELTZER/ thurston MOORE/Sheila E. MURPHY/
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PERREAULT/Janine POMMY VEGA/ Michael
ROTHENBERG/Larry SAWYER/Hazel SMITH/Mike
TOPP/Roberto VALENZA/Lina ramona VITKAUSKAS/
A.D. WINANS/Mark YAKICH

Michael HAEFLINGER

sitting in the
café of
our heroes: just
walked along footprinted
sidewalks gazing
at the blue
between the clouds: edit
as you
run (the h
i
l
l
s
will stumble
you) up

into the next
neon glow: the regulars talk over
their heads
about the midwest and
world travel and agree suspiciously
too much
with one
another:

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Hazel SMITH

THE CHARGE OF POETRY

for Dave Murray

It's difficult to tell what a poem is
these days
because poetry is changing
and yet most people don't seem to have noticed
I'm glad I'm writing this poem
because it gives me the cozy illusion of taking a political stand.
Anthologies mainly stay the same
when you flick the pages you can't see too much to ruffle tradition
which is convenient because people can buy them and don't have to bother
reading them
or thinking
or reconsidering anything
and journals can continue not to review spoken word CDs because they aren't
'books'
and academics can still seem daring and trendy if they write about the American
language poets

there are a lot of unwritten rules
about how you should write
you shouldn't write poems which don't make comparisons
or make too many
metaphor shouldn't collude too much with metonymy
because a poem has to be centered and cohesive
and even if you don't talk about yourself
you should allude to your personal problems
because poetic voyeurism is still firmly in place
and what people love most is not dirty realism
but dirty linen
and if you write poems which need to be performed
or poems which only exist in the studio
or poems which could hang in a gallery

or poems which speak their own language
you shouldn't be so naive as to expect anyone to publish them

some say that metaphor
is bourgeois or patriarchal
perhaps it is but I've nothing against metaphor
or any other poetic regime
unless it becomes a straight jacket
something you have to do
like standing to attention
or licking the boots of your betters
I like metaphor which strips off and then cross dresses
metaphor which is slightly infirm
a house which might fall down if you slammed the door too hard
I like a poem which relocates by burning its visa
a poem which won't fit in and do what everyone else in the family does
which never combs its hair or gets shaved
which takes the chair away when someone is trying to sit down
which sings and shows off and makes an exhibition of itself like Madonna
a poem made out of trash and rudery and rubble
which campaigns in baggy clothes for radical change
till it's hoarse in the throat and forgets its own slogans
and everything it says means so little that
it persuades me to drop everything
quit the house without locking the doors or shutting the windows
leave the bills-even the gym membership-unpaid
and breathlessly, recklessly, shamelessly
run with its rhythm.

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Larry SAWYER

FOR GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

fins of an ancient world, a burger
beneath the Eiffel tower a troupe of matadors
assess the lives of antique grocers
Romaine lettuce peering out from automobiles
religion is resting still nude upon the grass
Europe of the soul, Christianity smells
of modern equations, Pope with your robes
reticent observer walking these streets
confessor of eggs and wallpaper
the prospect of these catalogs in the rain
25 cents for the adventures of a policeman
divers beneath the shadows, your portrait Guillaume

lends joy an obsolete moon, clarion of sun
director of beautiful dinosaurs, flesh trumpets
resound beneath the mural on the wall
JAMES INDUSTRY TONIGHT BULLFIGHT LONELINESS
streets of Paris resound in your mighty charms
violins of June, an encore of strange beautiful infants
white habits dancing in the glass
fame is an ancient friend among the pews, stained glass
pompadour of love and you there with your hours
blue casements of forgotten collage
amethyst profundity pronounces torch-lit red vents
gas creeping silently along the skin
eternity is honored among six branches
seven if you count resuscitation
Christ was merely an aviator to the birds
landing on a record playing venerable hymns
oceans of Africa, fountains of mercurial blood
forgive us of our sins this immaculate night of panthers
dripping instants, a siren awakes and calls your name
Paris dances, a foul maintenance man
roulette wheels spinning monasteries and short piers
dropping off into nothing but blackness
sad music of presidents regard the women beautiful
you are an orange or else the moon
a house, a table, the lips of a rose
you resemble a song, familiar as yourself
brilliant son of lost waters.

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Lina ramona VITKAUSKAS

nordic las vegas

gleaning light never truly was her specialty.
taking it down like Christmas in June,
(customary to the most defiled executors)
all extrinsic factors taken into account,
was the most facile, compliant alternative
to a bitch who radiated seldom in a vast city of herself.
the sex, the gambles, the buffets
all eaten off her stomach like feticide
1,000-gravida girl with no womb
swelled with Lolita's tendencies
and armed with Lombard's wit
profession made prophecy
for an ideal lifetime of cold winters.

byron COLEY

5 tankas for legendary bob

1.
floating on a cloud
of cheese & sweet thoughts of cheese
legendary bob
shifts gears for a good long while
before he touches the clutch

2.
printed on a couch
in an edition of one
the hind plates of bob
make a broadside mocking us
& all those w/whom we sail

3.
working on a list
against whose side walls splashing
ideas are kept from
becoming leaked puddles
on the floor of the dark room

4.
seated at a screen
idea-sputs flow in & out
too quickly to catch
their loose strings on either edge
of the educated door

5.
drinking from a cup
drawn from a well of root beer
legendary bob
assesses the placement of
all strata of liquid flux

Gerard MALANGA

The Nature of Violent Storms

Slowly the clouds came to be mentioned,
Moving in so that of the sky only searchlights remained.
Those are roads when we accept the way we are going,
Always steering towards safety,
Problems to become painless, possible to trap into belief;
But the new reality of sight had only recently surrendered.
The quiet airshaft becomes private in a gentle way to be useful.
Now it was to be confirmed;
There was no time to give
Into the comprehension of the road
Signs, the cross signals, everything submerged in the trees.
Ever since the graduation there has been this public
Notice to everything
Static. We shall never have known the wind
In the car of our mishap from whatever was sensed of the danger
To wish it would cause us to live.
The photos will only produce small notice of caution before impulse.
We go forth into the collision.
What had you been putting together
The coat freshly bloodied
I go on leaving you like clouds but
There's a remarkable assurance in the way of all this
You were not asked to leave, yet received the prize
All the way into the cheese
Cake, the yellow carnation.
I thought writing this
Of the "soft shoulder" you spoke freely
As difficult in the tunnel
You come through but
In the winter the drainpipe
To decide the soft edge of a headache.
There was no return to the approach but the signs were in sight.
We get happy, on
The hate
All the trees
Students visit
Winter brushes the shackle
The boy has lived in this house
Hold in the darkness all year.
Is the ambulance with the red tape?
"Mush" categorically "goes"
We are helpless in the turn on the road,
But the lights and the passion persist,
Knowing we cannot move to miss them.
Yet I own every suit I am wearing.
And the high degree of the promise

Through long distance is easy.
Though we are not almost always alone,
There are many cigarettes in the cigarette
Machine. Something goes into my veins
And excites me. We learn
Nothing as the result of being
Somewhere else, and I find
It's too often brief and precise
In terms that allow time for personal
Bank checks to clear.
Our sight would help us, but we
Go blind from insignificance.
Though I say the things I wish to keep secret
They are important.
Their own event conceives it.
So I am well
Groomed, those hills, those trees
Know not the flame of the cough,
Nor is there one cloud
Burst whose oval shape has known me for a
Fuss. Day continually she seemed to.
But he will always to the bird.
We were going away from all that,
Not waiting, the "exchangeable" remains
For you to insist on the right fashion.
The postcard arrives
Tasteless groceries entity
The end is in sight
For what we don't turn around into the glare
Experiencing the fenders pressed into blocks
The clouds over our heads
His face goes red
No blankets are here,
No limit to what's witnessed,
But the man's shovel poking, carelessly,
Efficiently under the car
The surprise you were keeping to give someone:
Only the red, blinking light on the road has any importance.
I think I am with them on that road
Detour, but it lacks "falling rocks"
Zones. The ambulance moved apart
And those who had been "standing"
Pulled away, as though yearning
To think sleeping in faraway places.
It's the one thing that can save us.
And so the vacation stays
Close to the future and living.
The sunrise is planted firmly on the horizon.
Headlines invade the privacy of our lives
On the road overlooking the valley
Where we gave up.

The attendants took us.
We were discovering how to get
Along together in another way of life.
You will never get married.
Perhaps we will never come this far,
But the experience of not solving the problem
Leading everywhere for hundreds of feet
The engine rupture-
The canvas bag, mangy and pale,
Going into the wagon.
The acetylene was not needed.
We are let out of the hoax of wind.
I understand to accept the cloud
Bursts, the general disbelief of all this
Safety. I cannot feel the dead
Weight, wishing only not to be here.
These were thoughts of getting out by roads of the city.
The screams are short, managing to end in the heat. By day
Break identification just another topic.
We were to have arrived an hour later
Than usual. There's a remarking of the road
Bed, the maintenance crew came
To clear away the debris;
That the critical boredom was hanging on
Like a limp body draped over the car
Door smashed open
On the sharp turn to discourage
The twilight of speed,
Severe for the power he forces down with his foot.
So the metal is divided into thousands of small pieces
And of those that are kept are marked and observed
Trying to piece together "alternatives," "motives,"
Examining the wet properties of metal,
She cannot bear children.
This new reality moves on the walls
And of other qualities life is the space
Age one could imagine results in the rainy day
Dream. Something to match the oval edges of clouds,
The signs replaced and all the tar gone.
No idea is eliminated.
We hadn't noticed ice replaced rain
As the sun went further away into the sea
Storm, yellow over the waves, red as hot sores.
The decision in your life
Insurance is not made known.
Here on the green hills he had mistaken the brick for overalls.
"Goodbye, for now" signed, the perfect warrior.
The trees growing up out of rocks,
This highway vaults secondary roads and bypasses metropolitan areas
As it sweeps across the Western countryside.
The day is warm and beside the burn in our throats

We don't want, the complications and threat
We now seem to conceal, the flat clouds rush away.
Tomorrow we will forget the temporary relief and the dignity
There was not time enough to assure.

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Wanda COLEMAN

AMERICAN SONNET (88)

looking back. no laugh yet

in this rage of ghostaxis & snuff erotica
can one art rescue another in decline?

(vis-a-vis hydrotherapy & long-term
flood survival: highjack it-one's
only guarantee the ship will dock)

mayday. am trapped in a bag of false positives
on covert travels with self-circling airport
on cruise control. mayday. up to navel
in yellow-bellied lip service. mayday. under
attack by pink pearl erasers

madam. the light at the end of this tunnel
is a streamliner coming head-on

*bring me
to where
my blood moves*

MUSINGS BEFORE RAINFALL

the spill of light across skin
expresses the gesture of a moment
and the possibility of endless like moments

the difference between color and pigment
should be savored-intervals across
the racial spectrum
white and the reconstructive powers
of warmth & coolness

the drive behind all art is the attainment
of sexual perfection. to fail perfection
is to inspire regeneration

(a thang of quality be a beauty fo'evah)

hate is the by-product of certain modes of
frustrated desires, therefore
the inevitable is a mirror psychosis
like loves only like

the motives of couples are profound
when they strive at their love as a result
of reconsideration
and
when they believe
in the supremacy of their couplings
their love creates a stir in this world

SEARS LIFE

it makes me nervous to go into a store
because i never know if i'm going to
come out. have you noticed how much
they look like prisons these days? no display
windows anymore. all that cold soulless
lighting-as atmospheric as county jail-
and all that ground-breaking status-quo
shattering rock 'n roll reduced to neuron
pabulum and piped in over the escalators.
breaks my rebel heart. and i especially
hate the aroma of fresh-nuked popcorn
rushing my nose, throwing my stomach off
balance. eyes follow me everywhere i go like
i'm a neon sign that shouts shoplifter.
and so many snide counter rats want to
service me, it almost makes me feel rich
and royal. that's why i rarely bother to
browse. i go straight to the department of
the object of conjecture, make my decision
quick, throw down the cash and split

one time i had barely left this store
when i heard somebody yelling stop! stop!
i turned around and this dough-fleshed
armed security guard was waving me down.
i waited while he caught his breath and

demanded to search my purse. i stared him
into his socks. we're outside the store,
i reminded him. if you search me, you'd
better find some goddamned something. he
took a minute to examine my eyes, turned
around and went back to his job, snorting
dust and coondogging teenage loiterers

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Denis GALLAGHER

It's raining

the rain falls thus
a glimpse of sunshine

more sunshine
more rain, i'm afraid

the weather, the weather
what can be done?

a movie, Summer Holiday
dystopia on the street

useless, useless, useless
logic of the seasons

pussy won't go outside
summer's a freak

blame the churches
damp hair, wind

rain, rain, rain
and more rain

i can't even see
further than that

indoors, the familiar
pussy and me

this

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Simon PERCHIK

18

What's left is the stillness
as every mirror will store
a cramp hugging that corner

where the glaze aches
and my lips still dive for lips
for the soft grasses, all

lost! my stare
smelling from pebbles, mud
heartbeats knee deep

and this soap dripping a reflection
hung like a pelt -even you
would have eaten its flesh, your lips

as if the sun was still cold
when your kiss moved closer.

What's left is this mirror
steaming, the Earth emptying its core
and its water, fiery as ever
cracks the frozen glass
the deadlocked stillness.

40

Again a brush sealing this boat
as wings covered with sun
sweeter than milk and lush sugar oil

and still this wood losing weight, camped
around some secret fire growing fat inside
till the sky itself is drained, the paint

lifted :blisters torn open
trying to keep back the air
--a furious headwind, a fever
rotting these planks--a fire

forgotten in this hull
almost a bell whose flames
are nourished the way a rope
is pulled from some soft pond
and the sun each morning
crawls out to cool--this boat

is melting! the fire inside its planks
still frightened by water, by a brush
that covers the world, painting again
and dries like putting a seabird to death.

28

All night the sun wider and wider.
Until I heard my name
nothing lives, like in that lake
where before the sword rises
you hear its name

--from your warm neck its kiss
growing larger.
I hardly recognize the light
or my name breathing
already begins to count

--until I hear my name
your voice had no arms
no eyes--I feed on a voice
that follows from the womb
calling as each mother calls
a word different
surrounded by all others

--these walls and your shadow
roll in my mouth
without the swallowing
--only a whisper
and Earth pulling itself out
heard its name.

thurston MOORE

clouds/prayers for milk jane

clouds/prayers for milk jane - she hitched from wonderland to new freedom--
memory serves me fondly w/jane milk jane stealing wallets from rides
dashboards. kicking coke machines busting phones - jane made LOVE cuz fucking
was for dups - she was into hippie cumming to an END -- milk jane knew about
punk before the magazine was called PUNK - where the fuck is milk jane milk
jane - pot pot and chicken fried steaks and milkshakes - jane hitched
everywhere - thats how i lost track - so i moved to newyork -- she liked
anything - i liked onething: newyork - fuck l.a. - germs are OVER -
milkjane probably could've loved the germs - probably desperately could've had
germs burn and beat don bolles head to the wall stick nipple in his face,
laff and leave him --stranded--. she'd do that to hippies - punkx would've been
more fun - but she split - we split right before punk - she made a salad and
ate it - she was into making salads and then hitching to this shit bar in
brewster and we'd just fucking sit there and watch older fucks burn OUT -- i
heard about the ramones but it was too late - milk jane kinda booked - was
gone - maybe she would've held me back from the snob art soho circle of sput.
--but that would've sukked - i needed to witness such now-white-SMASH --
milk jane is married dead happy burnt --write me mj read this in a bookstore
one chance in a fuckingmillion - read this and write me . write me write me
write me write me write me write me before its too late - before i lose
everything i can hardly smell anymore - you were everything i can remember.
and memory is nothing but the smell of your legs 1/2 drunk, no future, thai
stick in the graveyard -

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Janine POMMY VEGA

CRUTCHES

Hanging off my crutches looking
at nothing in particular
I find it
best

Ramana Maharshi says, Who is sleeping?
Who?

The one who looks over gardens
catching that light as it cuts the fence
nothing inside nothing outside
Who is that?

Eastern C.F., August 27, '98.

RIGHT HERE

Ripples on the underbelly of a concrete bridge
sun on the moving stream
a heron takes flight
blue pterodactyl
from the center of town.

Across the stream is an open field
tenacious spider crosses
my hand
a man crossing the street with his dog says
this is a lovely place to sit.

He's right
I'm grateful you're alive
on the planet, that I got to know you
that we're both here at the same time.
Amazing.

Rhinebeck, N.Y., September 29, 98.

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Krista FRANKLIN

ON SATURDAY NIGHT

he must have left
his sweet tooth
along with the
upstart cactus
we carried home

in a blue tea cup
teetering on the upside
down lid of a shoebox

in the witching hour,
i eat chocolate chip cookies
or light up
and watch the cat
blink and scatter
from the smoke
that creeps his way.
in-between

the dish washing
and coffee making,
the channel flipping
and space staring,
i think of fixing
a late night snack
something sweet and
creamy to overpower

the taste
of stale cigarettes
and old coffee
something sweet
like a picture book
before bedtime
to smooth the folds
before i drift.

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Matthew LIMA

Broken

Bring me your savage
education, tenderness that flows
like my blood, erasing me; each morning,
dusted with stars, the memory
of ash, on spreading wings.

I will accept
chains, embracing the
bottom of the world.
What a gift, to be turned inside out.

A carnival of orbits and fire,
days will sharpen
into a brilliant comet
that spears skyward.

Joy is a huge delicate bird that comes at dusk.

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John PERREAULT

AFTER SILENCE

After science,
we have
perfumes of
various sorts.
And then the
month,
I don't know
why,

Nor do I know
the colors,
without
warning,

without

warts,
of the
expanding.

It is as if I
am invisible;
it is as if I
am dead.
The air passes
through me,
moving through
my head,
as
I stroll down
halls.

Look at my
hands:
they are
animal hands

and yet they
are glass.
And my bare
feet
are attached
to my legs.

My brain is in
codes.

You are triple,
You
are glass.

What
you buy
is
who you are.

And
yet
the
allegory
continues.

Even
without credit.
Even
without cash.

There
is no air.
There
is no death.
There
is no sex.
There
is no class.

As to that,
find what
could be only
not
what was dream
in this wide
world
outside the
scheme

and then some
handsome

partners in
crime
will pass the
time
from hand to
hand.

A tall and
handy
and then some
favoring weeks
might be my
by and by
between the
cheeks.

Blessed are the
damned
by cruel
society.
Society is
species.

You, you could
count the
years
and count the
hills.
You could count
the armpits.

Blessed are the
mothers
who eat their
children
and the fathers
who, in a time
of reward,
will have no
sons.

It was better
if not cleaner
on the beach-
early morning,
when you were
the only dog.
the only car.

And you,
you
thought you
were glass.

Blessed are the
children
who have no
language:
language is
government.

Either I am big
or I am huge.
I have no love
or glory;
I have no fear

-until all
three
descend on me
and once again
I reappear.

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Mark OWENS

Para Maria

the lover and the abyss she naps on

moonlight pushes
from behind her eyelids

putting my hand in her lightest ash

a porous spark
after two whispers strike

crickets bend the dark w/heavy legs

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John BRANDI

NOCTURNE, MEKONG RIVER

Time borrows from me
I love you through sheets of mahogany
and green, a map of skin wrinkled
then easy again, a prow breaking waves
over jagged rock shored by war-pocked hills
whose zigzag trails rise and fall
through rags of moonlit clouds, where
your fingers pose carefully
above each eye to shade the glare
of history's conspiracy

O body darklit
and brief among mist-washed peaks
yours is a tough grace
that defies the brush, O burning river
mended with stanzas of fine rain
I am free of wings in the soft breath
of your harbor, I am coming up
with flowers from the sandy
fiction of remembrance

no machine in the way, no doubt
playing games with night's
sweet determination.

Pak Beng, Lao

O ILLUSION YOU SPREAD DELICIOUSLY

Low cut
Impersonator of the Dream
I eat you in my sleep
Suck babylon between my teeth
Make wave and froth
In yr crease

I do not fear
As you lift, all hair and flaming smile
To cover my root and swallow
The tree whose branches
Hold the sun

Each time you
Take me in, I find a new word
For light

You are lavish
And wild, you make strong
the body, leave the ego tiny
After you come.

Pashupatinath, Nepal

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Bill BERKSON

HISTORY AT NIGHT

for Kevin Killian

It happened in Roddy McDowall's New York apartment, the night he gave a party for Judy Garland and a few good friends. It was also the night of the Democratic Convention in Los Angeles. Central Park West, July 11, 1960, respectively. Myrna Loy fresh from her return to movie stardom in *From the Terrace*. Montgomery Clift recuperating apace. Adlai Stevenson was supposed to be a shoe-in as the Democrats' nominee for President of the United States. Lauren "Betty" Bacall, an avid Adlai fan, had gone off alone to Roddy's bedroom to watch the proceedings on TV. "Those sons of bitches," growled Betty, appearing nonplussed in the doorway to the living room. Judy was laughing and confiding, patting Monty's knees. Stephen Sondheim listened and lifted and lowered his chin. Carol Lawrence watched, starry-eyed, somewhat awestruck, and Larry Kert wondered. No one knew much about John F. Kennedy yet. All they could think was "Harvard" and "Boston Irish Catholic." Judy drank Blue Nun wine poured from the tall, thin

bottle she had brought in a black tote bag.

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Frank LIMA

Alligator of Happiness

I ride the subway with all these bare-breasted faces.
To my eternal discredit,
They remind me of my five minute life,
And its pounding against my heart.

My fantasy is I am a loitering hunter
Of nudes who ride the subways,
With eyes that crack the light of men who stare.
The nudes are beautiful white ants in the darkness,
Blowing coins and leaves at me.

My technique is familiar and simple conversation,
Rhyming the forbidden words.
They accumulate like cities in Iceland.
The words are flames and I am their lycanthropy.
The ride on the subway pretends I do not exist.

But I eventuate like the law of someone's
Humanity I will never cheat.
These are hungry old habits,
The voyeurs of childhood,
We allow to run our lives as adults.

Still, I wait for them,
Like the alligator of happiness,
With a bouquet of senile flowers.
They finally appear like birds from the Nile.
I have kept this appointment all my life.

Adoration

Tota pulchra es, amica mea.

It rains inside of me.
Your picture is my wall.
My coffee is your blood.
The pillow is a morning glory,
With its impression of your head.

O my breathless soul,
The quiet servant
Clearing away the words
Of stolen cars.

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Jack HIRSCHMAN

I TAKE NO SLAVES

I take no slaves

and my bondage is a breath

I am nothing's thing

I am less than, and more

I am with zero

ten

And in such happiness

I resist everything except

your plunder of me,

your reaching in and scavenging

my laughter of rags

my chaos of litter

I am dumpster

I am trashcantation

shaking writhing

I am the glue of a dead god

hat is smeared all over

your body

where the posters

for tomorrow's demonstration

are slapped

and the graffiti

are scrawled

in blood and sperm.

ONE DAY

I'm gonna give up writing and just paint

I'm gonna give up painting and just sing

I'm gonna give up singing and just sit

I'm gonna give up sitting and just breathe

I'm gonna give up breathing and just die

I'm gonna give up dying and just love

I'm gonna give up loving and just write.

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Joseph MASSEY

Poem to a section of wallpaper in a Chinese restaurant

Woman with a black fan and firm red gown, weightless over a wall

face spent of fear, now the patrons
now the gray air conditioner

neither can read her loose panel of calligraphy

Settled in a pretense of respect
black fan poised,
it has yellowed through the seasons
and has sharpened

"Tell the truth
then run"

she seems to whisper over the shoulder of a glass-eared man

what fortune

[back](#)

Allan GRAUBARD

DAY 12

When he looks at me, my flesh, my bones,
evaporate. I am a prisoner in his eyes, and
without them-the light that gleams, that
scatters-I am nothing; for him I am
nothing. But when he closes them, when he
drifts in the darkness beneath his lids, I
sense my freedom. Words return to me, the
elusive past, other lands, moments!

I breathe with the shuttered pain of a

girl becoming a woman. I stretch out my hands to the singular body I yearn to touch. I dive through the clouds that have blossomed from my feet. I open my mouth and drink the torrent of my excessive thirst.

These are my breasts, shoulders, arms, and this, the hollow at the base of my throat, where tiny shadows torment and gambol. Below, where my waist slopes to the black tangle of my sex, and my thighs are born, machines of velocity, I become pure temptation.

I surge and recede. I ride the boast of a simple step. And when I pivot suddenly, sniffing my prey, the thrill of capture, asphyxiation, rending distills for me alone.

It is time, my time, the only time I will ever have. For it comes again and it dies and returns and vanishes.

And in each I take something of the last, a brief sensual stain, eruptive blood, thrashing dust: monuments to the triumph that sustains me.

For when he looks at me again, tilting me this way and that, the venom quickly spreads. Whatever I had gained, I give up. Even the compassion of being a woman for a man, and of accepting nothing less, pivots to the storms that brew in his eyes.

But that, like much else, is what I have known.

I offer no excuse; I want no compensation.

And you, who wants more, forget me.

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Ira COHEN

Brussels

Here in the shadow
of the Church of Saint Marie
where the comfort of greatness
costs no more than the price
of a little heart

I wake to the unspoken
in the middle of the night
& take my warning from the
 blood's rumor

A stranger in the field
of sleep crosses the border
of our separation
and I see the fallen light
leap up in the darkness

The war is over
but the casualties continue
as the first snow of winter
 disappears-
a confectioner's dream
dissolved by dread.

Dec. 5, 1998

For Liza Stelle

Hither Hills, Montauk

Awake in a dark room
in the middle of the night
Too many sleeping bodies
for an insomniac with a fractured
 elbow

Today we remember Liza,
bury her ashes under a shade
 tree
behind the house
Kasoundra tells me of a game
Liza played with Lakshmi

who was around four years old
at the time
They traded sentences,
Maybe it was supposed to be
insults, & Lakshmi said,
"You are sex & cement!"
I am an aerial in the darkness
awaiting a flash of lightning
The procession still goes on
after reaching the sea where the urn
is washed clean-
The eyrie will be made with notched
wood
Not a single nail will be necessary
Venus is a mirror surrounded
by clouds,
eternity is surrounded by bolts of
lightning
& you appear in negative
freckled with bits of mica
singing a song filled with desire
"Take the scenic route," you said-
Brightly colored Tibetan flags
surround your tent-
Invisibility surrounds your presence
to us, who have not yet embarked
So long, Rainbow, evanescence
was your middle name!

The Day That Paul Bowles Died*

*"Having no hope we live in longing"
Eternal you remain*

After three days in a coma...
you were my link to the last
millennium,
the 1940's camel hair overcoat
I could borrow from the closet.
when I asked you if you knew
Rumi,
you replied by asking,
"where is that?"
yet you knew Paul Robeson
& Greta Garbo--
a world of music in your head
I can't imagine Tangier without
you,
just another old swimming pool

with grass growing in it
the muezzin sings your name
over the Casbah,
amigo, Sahabi--
Haunted by puberty,
almost blind & hard of hearing,
a rush of gardenias sends you
on your way--
So long, pal, a last pipe of kif &
salaam
now you are public property

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Sheila E. MURPHY

Headlines break the paint on mules ride slalom
Maybe how you spell that word's abrupt
Let's go for a walk let's go for a drive you never hear
A person say that anymore it's catch up get ahead
Approximate catalysis of he-man structured
To bequeath a forest loose-grained terra cotta hue
Imaginal refractive dimly lit attention span
All cows eat grass lonely little wooden room you'd think
We had been rich should have it's never midnight
When I'm scanning the environment
Over the month of August I serenely plan to get intelligent
Pare down the striptease benefit the featured mantra
Zoom lens feta cheese and balderdash
Imagine taking every bit of time to enter data
This politely squeezed between the college ruled
Lines of a notebook codex thought to thread
These newly glistened lines through headrests
Your extorted father paid for

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Ken HAPONEK

if poets & poetry schools had a competition not unlike the NBA playoffs

for their season-long efforts the Objectivists earn a 1st round bye

The New York School gets homefield advantage in Madison Square Garden
led by beefy Ashbery in the paint, who averages 19.6 sestinas

& 8.2 pantoums a game
crafty O'Hara at the point guard spot
and the always dangerous Kenneth Koch, shooting the lights out
when his team needs him most!

They face a tough 1st round series against the Beats
coached by retired Imagist Williams
and brings a helter-skelter triple scoring offensive attack of Ginsberg, Kerouac,
& veteran journeyman William "Billy" Burroughs.

The question is as in previous playoff series with the Beats:
will their on-the-court problems affect their post-season dreams?
Who can forget last year's championship game with the Black Mountain Miners
when a drunken Kerouac punched out swing man Rob Creeley over
a thundering tomahawk dunk?
Or Burroughs wrapping his sweat towel taut around his bicep
during a 20 second timeout? Or Ginsberg ejected
for refusing to stop chanting during Charlie Olson's free throws?

This just in: Black Revolutionaries defeat Transcendental Turtles in a 3 pointer
off the glass buzzer beater by Baraka!
(true fans will remember Baraka as LeRoi Jones from his ABA days)

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***previously unpublished in milk**

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poetry.2



Roben LaVigne

milk volume one

Joe AMATO/Jack ANDERSON/Bill BERKSON/John
BRANDI/Ira COHEN/Wanda COLEMAN/ byron
COLEY/Cid CORMAN/ Hamid Echbihi EL
IDRISSI/Krista FRANKLIN/Denis GALLAGHER/ Allan
GRAUBARD/Michael HAEFLINGER/Ken
HAPONEK/Jack HIRSCHMAN/Nuno JÚDICE/Frank
LIMA/Matthew LIMA/Duane LOCKE/Gerard
MALANGA/Joseph MASSEY/ Marty MATZ/David
MELTZER/ thurston MOORE/Sheila E.
MURPHY/Mark OWENS/Simon PERCHIK/John
PERREAULT/Janine POMMY VEGA/Michael
ROTHENBERG/Larry SAWYER/ Hazel SMITH/Mike
TOPP/Roberto VALENZA/Lina ramona
VITKAUSKAS/A.D. WINANS/Mark YAKICH

Michael ROTHENBERG

MY WHOLE BODY SHAKES WITH CREATION

My whole body shakes with creation
Hive, herd, migration from cold feet to groin
Hanging around there for a while, moves on
Quaking where hunger pretends a craving
Catching me with sharp claws at lung's root and forces
a sigh, escapes

I feel better then
It begins again as if I had something on my mind
Worrying about something
Love could be enough for a while
Nature wants to escape from the idea

Plum blossoms from a concept
Turtle eggs hatching a great arrival on a beach in a novel

It's a small room
I want to put shells, blue china
a book of Joanne Kyger's, a slab of paradise
pain from the bodies of loved ones
broken lung and burning bone in a hermetically sealed box
far from the hands of mischief, curiosity or a bum rap
Wherever I can find the space
And when I'm surrounded and understand
the treasures I have gathered
I hope to hear music
It keeps my body still, calms me
Music calms me

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David MELTZER

from **NO EYES**, a sequence on Lester Young

if exhaustion were an ocean
I'd dive in head first
& forget how to swim

down to the deepest deep
creep along bottom's bottom
& sleep w/out dreaming

turn blue in salt cold
shrink old prune grey
water filled folds pop open
on sunny days

no more sweet or sour
just hour after hour of no time
is nobody's time w/nobody around
to keep time

if misery were the sea
& blues were sky
I'd still sink & fly
& cry w/out anyone
being around to spy
on Pres & say shit

the suit fits

the wood fits
the earth fits
dark fits
worms fit right in
& out & who's to know
who's blowing what elsewhere
who cares
in the rare fit
of return

if blues were shoes
I'd walk a million miles
& still not be through
my map of trap
run changes not my game
chords afford hills I climb
in time to sing a song
lambs lap up & love sap
fills the meter w/sweetness
hearts hold no glass fills

paradiddle tap delicacy
clicketyclacks on glass bridge
over skin abyss drum
of slaves stretched
beyond break &
beyond your kiss

if lips were song
I'd never go wrong
& stay stuck on your breath
mouth to mine in a circle of fifths

if blues were shoes
I'd be barefoot before I start
walking in or out of
your life

if blues were news
the dailies would take eternity
to get through

when I go I go there without you
solo in transit
through back door
blue light blink exit
out of frame tilted

just a gigolo a photograph
an 8 x 10 print a postage stamp
passport ID

get me gone
out the door & into night

what I saw & you saw
never the same
not even close
where I looked in
you looked out
saw only skin

was light for a colored man
was colored for a light man
nobody wins the skin game

bells bells bells
smoke a carillon
thanks a million

eyes high beam
can't see nothing but
atoms & ladies
movie through
cloud shadow snacks
spines of light on shades
slides of reverie
in clubs Speed Graphic
shots of booths filled
with suits & skirts
ashtrays & shot glasses
washed in flash
look through time into
shutter's petals

(if snaps were real
nothing'd get anywhere
if past was future's fingerprint
love'd go nowhere
& if each note froze before it went out
there'd be nowhere to go
if you is or you ain't my baby
I'd still blow words you couldn't hear)

Lester led the band with his eyes
he hardly said anything except
hey baby or you know

Ding-dong
hello goodbye

bells ring
when eyes see

in '42
in L.A.
Nat Cole
Red Callander
& Pres do
Tea for Two
breathless Lester
deathless

not brushes but
acetate fluster
sizzles through digital

Bean & Byas did wood
Pres does air
Bean & Byas push it
Pres lets it

what's delicate
inviolate
rejects bruise
accepts blues

Bird learned from me
from Trumbauer's C-melody
Dorsey's alto

skin's secondary
pilfer from source
to become source

asked me who I was
who they were
why we were
how I did it
who I got it from
what's the secret
I told them everything
& they heard nothing

28 viii 97

1909 died in 59
now it's 97
you'd be 79
on jazz cruise ship
hunger artist
bypass dip
go for distilled curl
a Pilipino pours into
extra deep shot glass
knees push into leatherette
bar puff facade
elders scarf up dinner
at captain's table
drafted Berklee school kids set up gear
hey where's the chick singer

[back](#)

Hamid Echbihi EL IDRISI

Magnetic Reflection

Let love and passion smile at night
Happily rouse each other, unite
Climb still bright moon
Dance to the dream
While hard hearts reconcile

Go in truth twilight
Quietly desire
See your shadow in the sunlight
Enough firing as dynamite

Don't be uptight
When our body needs love
And you refrain, anxiety, sex
I kiss winter, fall, pain, death, cliché poetry

Did she try heaven over everything white
Guaranteed loyalty is a forever fight
Adieu
Good Knight

Marty MATZ

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON MY WAY TO ENLIGHTENMENT

I HAVE LOST MY SHADOW
 IN A FIELD OF IMPROVISED WHISPERS
FORGOTTEN MY NAME
 IN THE FRAGRANCE OF POPPIES
WHERE ORNAMENTAL SKULLS
 ERRATICALLY ORBIT
LUMINOUS GARDENS
 OF FUGITIVE CLOCKS TICKING UMBER BLOSSOMS
THROUGH SECRET WINTERS THAT BITE
THERE ARE UNSCHEDULED CHIMES ABOVE
 A MEADOW WHERE MALIGNANT TOADSTOOLS HIDE
 AMONG THE FALSE ECHOES OF ANCIENT INVOCATIONS
 AND DISTORTED REFLECTIONS
 FROM A RIVER STAINED BY TIME
I HAVE MARCHED DOWN STREETS
 OF EMBALMED MOONLIGHT
HOWLING LIKE A MAD DOG
 SEEKING SOME BONE OF TRUTH
 SOME FINAL CURTAIN
 SOME ULTIMATE DESTINATION
FREE FROM THE SYNTHETIC OCTAVE OF DREAMS
AND I HAVE UNRAVELED THE KNITTED MASK OF YEARS
 SEARCHING FOR A WAY
 TO RETURN TO MY GREEN DRENCHED CHILDHOOD
YET ONLY CAUGHT OCCASIONAL GLIMPSES
 OF A PAST GILDED BY
 IMAGINATION
 IN A FOREST OF ELUSIVE TREES
THE CALENDAR HAS DEVoured THE DECADES
 TURNED MY BEARD SILVER
 IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE
AS I PASSED MY LIFE SHOOTING CRAPS WITH DESTINY
 IN THE PURSUIT OF WORTHLESS THINGS
YET I HAVE NEVER HESITATED
 TO THROW AWAY MY WALLET
TO MAKE ROOM IN MY POCKETS FOR POEMS OR RAINBOWS
 WHICH I CARRIED
 TILL THE RAINBOWS TURNED
 TO TATTERED COLORS
 AND THE POEMS
BECAME JUST DUST

BY NATURE I'M A NOMAD
A TRANSIENT WITH NO ABODE
IN THIS WORLD
I CHOOSE TO WANDER
FROM MIRACLE TO MARVEL INTO WONDER
I LEARNED
ALL THINGS OPEN
AND
LIFE INDEED UNFOLDS

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Roberto VALENZA

XI

Sigh, the den is gone. Was simple and splendid.
This baloney slapstick goes up and down.
Expatriates stolen last season and today.
Summer can be winter, slippery with tragedy.

In some false nic of chimes and glad-handing
all that is ours is a master machine
working against naturalness,
gloriously, sincerely, unstoppable.

Sic sic quick nervous laughter
as the zooming youngsters listen,
media coaxing them to give up their liberty.

Starry eyed me, this aged well turned man
with middle sized hands, a one piece hero
milking dream for its purist blood.

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Nuno JÚDICE

Poem

Consider the repetition
observed in the tides
and the moon. There are
cycles, like circles, pre-
dictable and perfect. They
possess, nevertheless,

a mystery not even initiates
can fathom. Why must everything be
this way, from the beginning to the
end of time? You don't answer, nor
did I expect any answer from you
as you filled my glass, in accord
with the law of gravity.

translated from the Portuguese by Richard Zenith

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Cid CORMAN

I FIND

Letters don't do it -

talking clears the air
and brings out half a

laugh here and there. A

glance and a certain
tone...all. One person

facing another.

Goya saw

it alright -
the God as

a titan

and a big
mouth taking

us all in.
As if we had lost

all our memories and were
remembering this.

COMPETENCY

When they have to ask
you and you find you can't i-
dentify yourself.

Sometimes

nothing
makes a

lot of

sense - like
nonsense -

like this.

We were - you
are. But then
as now - hard
to tell the
difference.

*

usw.

It seems likely to
go on for some while yet but
that's weather for you.

*

How could we have known
it would all turn out this way?
And what if we had?

[back](#)

A.D. WINANS

EARLY EVENING POEM

in the shadows

south of market

early evening

an old man stands

in the doorway

of an abandoned

building

shoulders stooped

jesus beard

ragged clothes

hands outstretched

begging for his supper

his prayers unanswered

spittle on his chin

holes in his shoes

Walt Whitman's forgotten

child

MADE IN THE U.S.A.

he toils on the

assembly line

works an 8-10 hour shift

leaves a piece of him behind

for every part he helps make

at night, at home

he hides his thoughts

like smuggled contraband

sewn inside the false compartment

of a suitcase

he wears jeans made in Honduras

shoes made in Mexico

a shirt from Korea

a hat from Greece

makes love to his wife

brought over from Russia

with ruble eyes

and milky white thighs

that mask the capitalistic

lies

Mark YAKICH

TO PAPA IN DUBLIN*

My friends are all fine and marginally
irritating; typical girl jealousy that drives me
mad; at least I have Carrie (when she detaches
from Josh); we are now an established gang
in Baton Rouge; people reference us
and in their sentences are words like tough,
vagrants, pack; makes me proud; feels good
to do something for the community.
Promise me you won't let a woman
walk all over you; unless of course
it is Halloween and you are a Persian rug
and she is a pair of glass slippers; but then
remember, when she feeds you grapes
you'll have to eat them off the floor.

THE QUEEN OF TARTS*

How she wants it all to mean
something more when she talks

her way in the front door. A broken
nose for a corsage, a coral snake

for a sash, two corkscrews for eyes.
She doesn't need to be a star

or have a mob of one surround her.
She just wants to know

should she be rich or should she be poor?
When the armies of penitence come

to feel up her blouse, Lady
Liberty's arm sticks out bearing note:

He was the jungle and the ballroom
and he might have been the Devil

but he had better lines than God:
The war goes on, friends die,

good weather, my first mistress
(the most desirable woman in Paris)

fucked me for the laughter not the heroics.

AH, PARIS*

I don't want this to hurt but I'm not
in Paris with you.
I don't think
I'm in Paris with anybody.
Or that anybody
goes to Paris anymore.
It's too risky.
What with the international political
situation and all.
I've taken to keeping the Parisian
cheeses in the potted plants
out back. And as you can plainly
see, piles of luggage continue
to fill the corners of Parisian
train stations.
I'm sorry. I have to wait
for the lovers to strike again,
and for Paris
to fall indiscriminately
into that little river, the Seine.

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Mike TOPP

NINE SINATRA HAIKU*

The old pond;
a frog jumps in—
doobie doobie doo.

No one spoke,
the host, the guest,

the dry martinis.

Fly me to the moon—
by myself,
chewing on dried salmon.

One broad
after another—
how stupid.

This audience,
they just don't seem
Vegas.

Why mention people?
Even the horses
are crooked!

How
did all these people
get in my room?

I look into a dragonfly's eye
and see Hoboken
over my shoulder.

Pissing in the snow,
my kind of town
Chicago is.

FLAG*

We were pledging allegiance to the flag and Dad caught me looking out the window. Mom said she didn't think that was very patriotic of me. I said I was looking at the flag outside on the pole. Dad thought it over and said that from now on we were to all look at the flag inside.

GREEK LINEUP*

Parmenides rf
Zeno 2b
Anaxagoras 1b
Democritus cf
Melissus 3b
Empedocles lf
Heraclitus c
Pythagoras ss
Thales p

PHOTOGRAPHY LESSON*

Blend into the background. The best photographers become part of the scenery. Hang around a place and appear natural and relaxed. Do what others are doing, whether it's reading in a park or watching a ballgame—the object is to fit in. This photo is of my shower and I am by the door.

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Joe AMATO

Speaking of which*

My voice box doesn't calculate, doesn't know the meaning
of the word, and sounds are spirited away
speaking of which

we'd never known peace, either
had but spoken
the word

and as we lost what words
must be uttered
between us

their sounds drifted apart, a
part, a pa
rt—

our lips moved, the snippets of sound
spirited away, we knew
what we couldn't say

because we'd found, of simplest division
the soundless, wordless art
of the art.

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Duane LOCKE

LUNA MOTH ON DAY OF ECLIPSE*

A luna moth on my backdoor screen.
I wonder how much of her one day on earth is left.

The phone rings. It's probably my neighbor
Telling me about the eclipse. She always

Does what is fashionable and popular.
She does not read poetry..

I don't answer the phone. Often I wish
I did not have a phone. As I observe

The pale green, I notice a damaged wing.
If something lives only one day in this world,

It cannot escape damage. The light
Behind the Luna's wings darkened.

The wings become as mystic as the greens
In El Greco. I'm entranced

By the white streaks on the border
Of the wings, streaks like El Greco saints.

HAMMOCK*

In this scrub oak hammock,
Spider webs strung from trunk to trunk.
I must kneel, crawl on black muck,
Not to disturb the spiders and their webs.

I crawl by the slim bodies of yellow mushrooms,
Red-gray lichen, the hiss of small, bright-colored snakes,
Beetles pushing dung balls, wild orchids
Sprouting from wood crumbles of a fallen tree.
I have not seen a person all day.
My face changed, became relaxed, friendly-
No longer tense as when watched by human eyes..
My clothes are stained with oozing black mud.
I'm extremely happy.

A VISITOR OR INTRUDER OR ENEMY OF LIFE*

A pudgy man wearing white shorts
Came in a white van to visit me.
He with great confidence and self-assurance
Talked about his belief
In cosmic flows, occult wisdom, purification rituals,
Psychics, Tarot cards.

Finally, a bluejay in a cedar
Made a noise.
It was a joy
To hear something real..

I think the bluejay believes in Tao.

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Jack ANDERSON

After I Wrote*

the two previous lines
I thought they could serve
as a tribute to Dante,
whereupon I discovered
I could now speak
Hungarian
and so took on
the sacred mission
of translating Dante
into at long last
his true native tongue
the purest Hungarian,

and to demonstrate how
I've grown so attuned
to his thoughts and his words,
his Hungarian cadences,
I've decided to give you
this tiny sample,
this flawless rendering
of Dante's next two lines:

Family Circle*

Dad kicks mom
Mom smacks Junior
Junior pushes Sis
Sis punches Baby
Baby bites Dad
Dad batters Mom
Mom clobbers Junior
Junior pummels Sis
Sis scratches Baby
Baby bites Dad
So Dad goes berserk
Mom goes wild
Junior goes ape
Sis goes bananas
Baby bites Dad
Dad perverts Mom
Mom corrupts Junior
Junior degrades Sis
Sis defiles Baby
Baby bites Dad
And they all get VD
Hepatitis
And AIDS
So Dad stabs Mom
While Mom smothers Junior
And Junior bludgeons Sis
As Sis torches Baby
Who's just bitten Dad

It Is Easy*

It is easy to make an organ proud,
Easy to think that lace could be teeth,
That ghosts will rise up at movie showings,
And that every appointment will be wildly amorous.
It is easy to jumble pears and leeks,
Sins and peaches, sinners and fishermen,
And it would be easy but hasty to question a caterer's loyalty
Or to assume the soil is filled with terror.

It is easy to make a son out of wire.
A laugh can be reminiscent of sweetbreads or rice.
And monkeys and dreams are oddly close together.
It is easy to think of art when bacon fat is meant.
It is easy to confuse poetry with worms.
But fourteen lines can grow into a bell.

***previously unpublished in milk**

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art & photography

milk: volume one

Ira COHEN

IRA



photo of Petra Vogt



photo of Charles Henri Ford in Nepal with Tibetan monk



photo of Allen Ginsberg (bandaged poet series)



photo of Frank Kuenstler



photo of Ahmed Yacoubi



photo of Gerard Malanga



photo of William S. Burroughs

Man RAY & Timothy BAUM

BAUMRAY



Nadada Manifesto & Portrait of André Breton

Robert LAVIGNE

ROBERT



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A.D.WINANS

AD



photo of Bob Kaufman



photo of Jack Micheline



photo of Jack Micheline



photo of Café Vesuvio

Charles Henri FORD*

CHARLES



1



2



3



4



Charles Henri FORD/Haiku, Reepak Shakya/Collage



Charles Henri FORD/Haiku, Indra Tamang/Photo

Tuli KUPFERBERG

TULI



1



2



3



4



5

Aziz ELHIHI*

AZIZ



PRIMITIF



SENZA TITOLO



AFRIQUE



SENZA TITOLO

Gerard MALANGA*

GERARD



Allen Ginsberg, screen test



Patti Smith, subway platform



Pia slowly disrobing



Piero Heliczer, screen test

***previously unpublished in milk**

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fiction

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volume one

Terry WILSON

A Note

-for Larry Sawyer

My books are an account of my apprenticeship to a master practitioner: Brion Gysin. In this account I am attempting to tell a truth that transcends so-called fact. "A deceit in the service of truth," in the words of the Amazonian shaman Don Juan Tuesta (as quoted by Cesar Calvo, The Three Halves of Ino Moxo). "Fact" is right where you are now. Is it possible to bring a modicum of truth into such a situation? We'd all better hope so. I'm not presenting what "really happened," "factually," because I don't know. In fact, I don't know if anything happened at all. Do you? Trying to get at The Facts leads inevitably to the Fact that there are no such facts to get at.

TW: "And what are we going to do now, whenever or never?"

BG: "As I would paint, so the Spirit speaks."

And so I wrote.

from Perilous Passage

My mind felt suddenly very clear and I saw Bedaya sitting at his table, his face blurred, fuzzy like an old Comte...the unmistakable voice...

"What, you never heard of her contact with the sort of people who later became the CIA? She had gone into trance and located the captain of the British dirigible the R-101..."

"The dirigible is on fire, we are going down!"

"And indeed the R-101 did crash...all the fault of those contractors just typical of her, she was always trying to make the Air Ministry...daily 24-hour-a-day game next day the news came that it had

crashed naturally being one up on your psychic opponent someplace between Belgium and France..."

"I have denoted a crossroads to do something absolutely terrible!"

"She'd done her trick and made her effect."

"She went before the Psychic Ten about this and she'd cleared her name, she'd gone to Vienna where her extra personalities immediately took one sweeping glance at my bare knees and my kilt...and asked the usual questions...She had these spirit guides one of which was a 16th century charming young man in skirts, Persian at the court of Shah Jehan or something..."

"Couldn't you both come around to dinner?"

I saw her through his eyes, staring intently...

"During your Japanese translation work at the receiving and transmitting center you saw those documents...Pearl Harbor, Hiroshima...did you translate that message traffic? *Where* are your copies? *What* are your intentions? You cannot rewrite or blackmail history..."

And his voice faded, spilling sun and French windows out of the room spilling the color of roses down on the stone garden of an empty canvas, early morning, and I am in the garden of a charming country house, up against the crumbling brick wall, shielded from the sun and French windows of the house by an arch of roses down on the stone making love to a spirit form I am conjuring kissing the body my head between the legs the soft hair of the thighs caressing my face...until the figure disappeared...(it was you).

I walked back to the house dressed only in a blanket wrapped around me to the entrance there was mail by the door several packages I looked at them urgently difficult to see, nothing for me, there was a note saying all mail will be delivered directly to the guest rooms.

Into the house holding onto my blanket. Facility, Duchess of Wind, was there and reminding me that this young Arab disciple is arriving any minute and in he walked, unattractive very slippery dishonest face. She took over and we were seating ourselves on cushions him bringing out a tape recorder and the rest of his equipment as if we'd arranged for an interview. Well, she probably had. I felt uncomfortable my blanket kept slipping off he was having trouble with his equipment...

The duchess was talking in hushed tones in Arabic with some other visitors, apparently about him, we were all seated on cushions on the floor, inside in whispers. She turned to me-

"I see what you mean about disciples" -then she is saying something like "I first met Matilda through Mata Hari-"

The Arabs were all sharply dressed in expensive silk suits, jewelry, thin mustaches, kinky black hair receding, one got up and presented me with a large packet, obviously containing clothing. He was most impressed with me when we met he was not so sure in the car later, but now everything is fine, I am most

profound. I thanked him and took the package. Inside was a beautiful grey-brown djellabah-like duffel coat, he was talking about the material- "It is not exactly wool." -I put it on and walked outside into the Arab courtyard walking around pulling the hood up over my head and down over my eyes shading them from the sun feeling invisible. By now it was mid-afternoon.

I pulled the hood back and the Arabs were outside too prostrating themselves on small mats jewelry glittering. There was another item of clothing with the great coat a jacket that didn't look so great but it seemed to have disappeared and I mentioned it to this disciple and he immediately went over to one of the others and tapped him on the shoulder, tapping him some more as the man continued his devout business ignoring him. Appalled, I walked quickly back to the house away from all this through a corridor where clothes were hanging I rummaged through a few to find this jacket. There was steam everywhere. A haman. Suddenly Bedaya appears, naked, in some confusion, as if lost. I am confused, vexed and anxious. What on earth is this all about?

"Somebody died today, I can *feel* it."

"Yes," I said, trying to ask questions, suddenly totally lost- "*What is happening?*" -But he gave me just a few quick words and bounded into the steamy *haman*. He is still in action.

It is darker, Arab cops are appearing pushing people around muttering about dark practices in the steam.

I am frightened.

Bedaya said to me: "People are shit, my dear."

Typical of him, I thought. He didn't repeat the Old Man's dictum, "Some people are shit," he said "People are shit."

When Bedaya referred to man as The Bad Animal I didn't understand- "*What is a good animal?*"

Now I do.

So Mr. Green, for example, simply treats people as they are: Shit. He knows. He is shit and so are they. What is his game? To maintain false consciousness. To keep everybody right here where they belong. In the shit.

Bedaya gave me many warnings... "You have no idea what it is you're getting into." But I knew pretty well what it was that I was getting out of...And since I had no choice anyway.

I knew the call would come. 4 A.M. A hoarse whispering voice.

"I've seen Bedaya. I've *talked* to him..."

"Yes? Who is this?"

"You *know* who it is."

"I do?"

"Yes. I'm in Morocco. Somebody just tried to kill me..."

"They tried to kill you..."

"Yes." A terrible crackling...

"Who is this?" The voice:

"You *know* who it is...very weak..."

A terrible machine gun crackling through the wires the voice still croaking...

"The *horror*...the *pain*..."

"I can't hear you, there's an awful noise. How did this happen?"

"You hear me now?"

"Yes...what happened?"

"They tried to kill me."

"Who did?"

A terrible crackling crashing sound, the voice very weak...

"I can't hear you."

"You hear me now?" crackling through the wires...

"Yes, I hear that...and who is this?"

"*You* know..."

"No, the line is terrible. You're in Morocco?"

"Yes." ...crackling, crashing...

"You hear me now?"

"Yes."

"It's J."

"Okay J., what did Bedaya say to you?"

"He spoke about the Word...You hear me now?"

"Yes...and when was this?"

The voice, very weak, another sort of time...

"Two nights ago..."

"In the evening?"

"Yes."

"And then they tried to kill you?"

Crashing crackling...

"Yes."

A long silence...crackling...

"You hear me now?"

"Yes."

"How do we escape from Time...?"

"Uh...I suppose we can escape from Time anytime if we wish. It depends on what you mean by Time...Bedaya is obviously in another sort of time..."

"But how do you handle it, the *horror*, the pain...?"

Crashing, crackling...

"You hear me now?"

"Yes...I saw Bedaya at about the same time. He was naked, his body was whole again. He seemed rather lost and confused and that unnerved me. I tried to ask him questions but I couldn't pick up the answers. He gave me a few quick words and then dived away into a *haman*. So he's still in action.

"You hear me now?"

"Yes."

"How about Hassan i Sabbah's program?"

"Well...I think it's still in operation...You know we intend to continue by means of the Third Mind..."

"Yes." The voice becoming clearer...

"I can hear you now." The hoarse crackling medium voice...

"Yes. Why is there so much opposition?"

"It's inevitable, isn't it...?"

"So much opposition...to you..."

"Yes?"

"You know that?"
"I can imagine."
"I don't understand that."
"No...?"
"Do you know where it comes from?"
"No..."
"You know the other J...? You know who I mean?"
"Yes."
"You know he controls the Old Man...?"
 "Yes."
"You know who he works for...?"
 "..."
"You hear me now?"
"Yes."
"You know who he works for...?"
"I can imagine...the company, you mean?"
"Yes...You hear me now?"
"Yes."
"You have to be very careful. You know that."
"Yes..."
"Do you think I'm crazy?"
"No. Is that what I'm supposed to think?"
"No."
"You just sound very weak and unnerved..."
"I intend to protect you."
"I think I need it."
"Yes. I want you to take this number. I'm going to give you this..."
Crashing, crackling...
"...number for you to call when it becomes necessary."
"Just a minute."
I dragged myself up and found a pen.
"Okay. Is this a London number?"
"Yes."
"And in what circumstances should I call it?"
"You'll know when. Bedaya will tell you..."
"Okay, I've got it..."
"Okay..." silence
"Take care, J."
Silence a click and the phone went dead.

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Hans PLOMP

In the spring of 1982, a group of Dutch poets toured the U.S., as a part of the celebration of 200 years of American independence. The tour included many important cultural centers: St. Mark's, Nuyorican, Ann Arbor, Boulder, Berkeley, Bolinas, etc. There were several performances with congenial American poets like Anne Waldman, Diane di Prima, Ira Cohen, Amiri Baraka, Gregory Corso and Allen Ginsberg. All this made our journey a magnificent experience.

The cover of the City Lights Books anthology "Nine Dutch Poets" states: "Like the Provos' in Amsterdam who came to symbolize protest & peace in the world, these Dutch writers-two of whom are internationally famous as painters-here carry their own very special poetic messages far beyond the boundaries of their own tiny Netherlands, to spread that 'peace virus' known as HOLLANDITIS."

The trip became a revealing adventure: as a CIA agent tried to persuade the Dutch poets to forbid the publication of the City Lights anthology because of it's high "hollanditis" content, a literary battle raged between the 'performers' and the more 'traditional' poets in the group. Ten crazy poets in one house are like ten spiders in one web.

Hans Plomp was one of the writers on this tour. He kept a diary and published his account in a book in 1987. The following pages have been translated from the Dutch by the author.

Boulder Revels

BIRDBRAIN RULES THE WORLD

Bewildered, we rub our eyes. Allen Ginsberg's voice resounds through the house, accompanied by full blast punk rock. We lay scattered over the floors of Allen's and Peter Orlovsky's Boulder house. The wake up song is a recording of Allen with the GLUONS, mocking and castigating the stupidity of the "World Managers." The old bard sounds great and easily holds his ground against the heavy metal. His poetry bombs are aimed at the nuclear arms factory in the Rocky Mountains, some forty miles from here, at the multi-nationals, the bankers, the armed manufacturers, the fanatics. *"Birdbrain in Iraq, kills birdbrain in Iran..."*

When we come downstairs Allen and Peter have already prepared food for all of us and a new guest has arrived: the Japanese poet Nanao Sakaki.

Outside on the streets some cars are waiting to take us to the Rocky Mountains, where we can finally experience America's gorgeous nature after a fortnight of theaters, bars and hotel rooms. I get into a car next to Nanao. He's not only a poet and a philosopher, but also an environmental activist and under-ground gentleman.

As a boringly neat gardenscape slides by outside the car window, Nanao starts to sing softly. I bring out my Jew's harp to accompany him. The atmosphere inside our vehicle becomes enchanted. In the distance we make out majestic mountains, but unfortunately we'll never get there. At the last bar before Nature begins, we stop and wait for the other cars to arrive. By the time they're all there, some of the poets are already drunk. They object to a stroll on a presumably tortuous mountain path. In order not to put at risk the flower of contem-porary Dutch poetry, we all decide to stay there and drink some more before the next party, planned for the afternoon.

It's a reception where our company of poets from the Netherlands will be introduced to the controversial spiritual leader of the Naropa Institute, Allen's guru Chogyam Trungpa. He is the author of the much admired treatise "Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism," but also the subject of "The Great Naropa War," in which book he is accused of sexual harassment. Trungpa himself claims he's a "mindless vehicle," an instrument of crazy wisdom, whose spirit dwells beyond good and evil.

The garden fete is held in the mansion of one of Trungpa's followers. When we enter, we notice the devout vibes among the other guests. They remind me of a bunch of churchgoers, waiting to shake hands with the preacher after the service. In a far corner of the garden, a small group of dissidents is making music, gently mocking the somewhat tense and pious ambiance.

With a sense of relief, I join this group of gibbers with my tiny but penetrating mouth harp. Suddenly there is a hush. The rinpoche is carried in by a couple of robust bodyguards. Years ago he got paralyzed after a car accident, so he walks with great difficulty. His body is misshapen, but on top of that is a genuine smiling Buddha head. They put him in a high seat and his guards remain standing behind him. Ginsberg introduces us to Trungpa one by one. Two of the Dutch writers refuse to shake hands with the Tibetan, as they consider the guru a dangerous fraud.

When my turn comes, we exchange a few superficial remarks about India, where I've spent the past winters. He has a high, almost whistling voice and I must bend my knee to come close enough to his face to hear him. I think he whistles into my ear "we will not sink," which I happily agree with. But it's quite possible he said, "we will not think," or even "stink."

In the background I hear the Dutch writer Remco Campert cry out: "It's a shame Plomp, you are kneeling for the mafia!"

"The bomb will not explode," the alien head whistles reassuringly. After the audience is over, Allen, Karel Appel, Simon Vinkenoog and Trungpa make a collective painting on a large sheet. It will be the decoration for the Jack Kerouac conference planned

for next summer, on the occasion of 25 years "On The Road."

Ginsberg plays a key role in the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics, which Lawrence Ferlinghetti scornfully refers to as "an institute for Buddhist Roman Catholics." "They are doing nothing for poetry," he says, "... 'cause poetry can't be taught." This may be true, but I think the school is doing a lot for the Embodied Poets, creating teaching jobs for them and various other poetic activities, such as our grand reception.

As the masters are daubing, sounds of dissent come from a group of guests who acclaim Campert's attack on the "spiritual mafia." Ed Dorn and Michael Brownstein, both teachers at the School of Disembodied Poets, disagree with the Buddhist influence and jeer at the devotees: "Come on people, try to be spontaneous!" "I think those bodyguards are carrying guns under their armpits!" Campert shouts. He can be malicious when he's drunk and now he takes an impish pleasure in shocking the hosts. It actually rouses up the party, which looks more and more like an odd meeting of angelic noodles and prankish demons. Oddest of all is rinpoche Chogyam Trungpa, seated in his chair looking innocent as an inflatable Buddha doll, even though he's a heavy boozier and loves to pinch the ladies' asses.

On the way home Allen says the bodyguards don't carry guns, but they are trained in tai-chi and art of flower arrangement. "They are experts," he says, "but their jobs are very complicated. Trungpa is gravely, maybe fatally ill, he's an alcoholic megalomaniac and he can't keep his hands off the girls. Some time ago we invited a Tibetan lama to check out Trungpa and give us his opinion about the state he is in. The lama concluded that wisdom might still reside in him, but that his body is sick and polluted. Indeed, we sometimes see a glimpse of his enlightened being, but mostly he's a pain in the ass. His guards are very tense, because he's so unpredictable and does weird things. A few months ago, he suddenly threw himself backward down the stairs, to test if the guards were alert. They were not and Trungpa had a heavy concussion. We try to restrict his obsessions as much as possible, but it's a heavy task. After all, what do you do when the king has gone mad? You shield him off from the outside world, praying for a rapid and worthy demise."

It's good to hear Allen talk so openly about this. He says he doesn't feel insulted by Campert's remarks about the mafia. "There are more poets at Naropa who feel that way and I think it's all right. Crazy wisdom wants no followers."

After the poetry reading that night there's a party at Allen's. Bacchantic intoxication takes possession of the revelers, enhanced by a bag of prime quality pot from the stock of the Grateful Dead. Our cynical Rotterdam speed-poet Jules Deelder has put himself in charge of the record player, guarding it like a hellhound. All he wants to hear is Charlie Parker, leaving us no choice but to enjoy his taste. So everybody gives in to a kind of succulent sensuality. Orlovsky introduces me to a young woman, who according to him has been violently raped and has never trusted a man since. "You are gentle enough to make her trust you," Peter assures me. "It would be such a waste to let a man like you sleep alone in this house. I love that line in your poetry 'even monsters cannot hate, when they're hugging with a mate'. If you want you can tuck in between me and Allen."

I prefer the traumatized lady.

"Come, there's no more to be said, the third world war is fought in bed," I tell her. Soon we curl up in each other's arms and fall into a deep sleep. When I wake up she is gone, but the party is still in full swing.

An hour later Simon and I are in the studio of a local radio station, reading our poems in the jaded tones of true bohemian carousers. Peter Orlovsky is reciting his Clean Asshole verse in the background..."Booze, booze, booze,

dope, dope, dope,

sacraments of the toping tope."

To which I add: "It's mystery
is called Poetry."

Simon says: "The voice of the people. Poetry.
The poet takes you a long way."

Tom BRADLEY

"There can be little doubt that, when he said this, Oppy had entered into a supradimensional state of consciousness, and he was referring specifically to my essay, written thirty-three years after his death. So, if you please, insert this deep quotation at the top of my thing when you publish it in the next milk:

*In some sort of crude sense which no vulgarity,
no humor, no overstatement can quite extinguish,
the physicists have known sin; and this is a
knowledge which they cannot lose."
--J. Robert Oppenheimer*

A Sense of No Place*

Expatriate novelists are often pestered with questions about their hometowns. Everyone seems to doubt that it's possible, in exile, to retain that "sense of place" which is supposed to be so essential to writing "anchored" fiction, whatever that is. It sounds like fish stories to me.

I can never respond to this sort question without sounding off-puttingly morbid, because my particular Bethlehem and its accompanying "sense of place" are bound up with my own premature death, and with the destruction of the human race at large.

I was born downwind in Utah in the heat of the above-ground hydrogen bomb test era. There's a projected mass die-off of Utahns my exact age, of thyroid cancer, due to commence any day now. It's not just the poor Uighurs in East Turkestan who get whining rights.

I remember in kindergarten peering out the lunch-room window and seeing the sky blacker

than midnight. It was a flat and unwholesome shade of black that I've never seen since. Nobody talked about it, including the other kids, which seems pretty odd in retrospect. Large portions of Nevada real estate were passing overhead, and it didn't even make the local news.

Edward Teller, the famed father of that blackness, showed up several years later with a suspicious lack of fanfare. He gave a couple perfunctory speeches in obscure high school auditoriums-- discreetly checking the subject population for mongoloids and harelips, no doubt. He wasn't disappointed.

Answering a question about arms limitation, he said, with a straight face (or at least as straight as that face could ever get), "We had arms limitation from the beginning. It commenced already with the second detonation."

Apparently the first detonation was so huge that it blew a hole right through the stratosphere, and the destructive payload was dissipated in space, quite uneconomically. Teller is famous for betting that "device" would ignite the atmosphere and turn the planet to cinders.

It's not just a simple question of resenting Eddy and Oppy and the boys at the Los Alamos labs, and feeling the victim's comfy sense of moral superiority. I'm not about to hijack the term "Holocaust" for the six millionth time. Those scientists were pursuing a vocation qualitatively identical to the novelist's. And a vocation is something that, once you've received it, you pursue or die. If you're not the suicidal type, you don't even have that choice-- which makes it as much a part of your metabolic activity as eating or excreting or growing thyroid tumors.

Any serious creative work will reach a certain critical mass, after which it takes off on its own, and you're just hanging on, serving as the proverbial amanuensis, your conscious will playing virtually no part at all. It's the most delightful experience imaginable. The word "delight" hardly begins to encompass it. You need to shift upward to the metaphysical lexicon. Anyone who has felt it, or has read an adequate description of the experience, knows that nothing else matters at that particular moment. The world can go up in flames all around your desk, and probably will, if you do the work right, and you don't give a damn.

I'm sure that's what those Poindexters were feeling in the desert outside my hometown forty-five years ago. Only in their case the big conflagration wasn't metaphorical. "I am become Shiva, destroyer of worlds," said Oppy on TV (pretending to try, with a more or less recondite reference, to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of the liberal intelligentsia, when he knew very well that his perfect face had already done the job for him the moment he went on camera).

It's not just Department of Defense flunkies like him who have access to universally lethal knowledge. In the apocryphal Acts of Thomas, Jesus takes his doubting disciple aside and whispers three esoteric words. When the other apostles crowd around and demand to know what the Master said, Thomas replies, "If I were to reveal even one of those words, you would take up stones to kill me, and those stones would turn to fire and burn you up."

Every writer has just such moments. He looks up from his manuscript, his head reels, and, like Melville, he gasps, "I have written a wicked work." With Coleridge, he says of himself--

. . . Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honeydew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of paradise.

In other words, "Publish this book, big fella, and the world comes to an end." And there's not even a momentary quibble. To Hell with the world, and with me!

So, indignation is not one of my reactions to those thermonuclear poems of the fifties. Smug victimology isn't part of my "sense of place." But, then again, my thyroid is still intact. Maybe I should hold off publishing this essay for a few months, till I've grown twin goiters that can be used as flashlights when the power's out.

Meanwhile, take another look at those gorgeous films of the H-bomb tests in my back yard. See how the whole sky peels back like a popped blister, and this column rises up into the dilated firmament like a refulgent hard on. If I could be the first guy to cause that to happen, I doubt I'd be Christly enough to demur. Anybody who's seen or been an adolescent boy with a bag of Wyoming cherry bombs knows the feeling.

Fortunately, almost nobody is approached in the desert by such a great Satan. So it's difficult to get moralistic about those who are button-holed by the really large temptations, and succumb. It's like feeling holier than Clinton because you never ordered up dry fellatio from an underling in your private office-- when you have neither underlings nor office, nor indeed that very power which is, as Kissinger reminded Mao (as if Mao needed reminding), the "ultimate aphrodisiac."

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Joe Amato* is the author of *Symptoms of a Finer Age* (Viet Nam Generation, 1994, available through SPD); and *Bookend: Anatomies of a Virtual Self* (SUNY Press, 1997). He may be contacted at joe.amato@colorado.edu, and his online work is available at <http://stripe.colorado.edu/~amatoj>.

Jack Anderson's* books include *Field Trips on the Rapid Transit* (Hanging Loose, 1990), *Selected Poems* (Release Press, 1983), and his work has appeared in the journals: *Poetry*, *The Paris Review*, *Caliban*, *Hanging Loose*, and *Chelsea*.

Timothy Baum is a poet, collector of Surrealist art and international authority on Dada and Surrealism. He is the editor of *Nadada* editions and resides in New York City.

Bill Berkson's latest book is *A Copy of the Catalogue* (Labyrinth, Vienna, 1999). He is a poet, art critic and professor of art history at the San Francisco Art Institute.

Tom Bradley's* novels have been nominated for the Editor's Book Award and The New York University Bobst Prize, and one was a finalist in the AWP Award Series in the Novel. His short stories have been nominated for Pushcart Prizes.

John Brandi's honors include the Portland State Poetry Prize, an NEA fellowship in poetry and a Witter Bynner Translation Grant. Recent books include, *Weeding the Cosmos: Selected Haiku* (La Alameda Press) and *A Question of Journey* (Light and Dust).

Ira Cohen is a poet and photographer living in New York City. He has appeared in films such as *Reefers of Technicolor Island* by Jack Smith and taken photos for John McLaughlin's *Devotion* CD, and Spirit's album, *The Twelve Dreams of Dr. Sardonicus*. His new film, out on Mystic Fire Video, is called *Kings With Straw Mats* and chronicles the Kumbha Mela religious festival in Hardwar, India.

Wanda Coleman's work has appeared in *Another Chicago Magazine*, *Epoch*, and *Crab Orchard Review*. Her newest book from Black Sparrow Press is called *Bathwater Wine*.

byron coley is a member of the ecstatic yod collective & co-director of glass eye books, both virtually located in florence, massachusetts. he does not collect materials related to ballet.

Cid Corman HELP YOURSELF: So much to sky/and such a/little/breath. He is the editor of *Origin* and presently resides in Kyoto, Japan.

Aziz Elhihi* was born around 1960 in Meknes, Morocco. He was 20 years old when he came to Switzerland to study. In 1987, he moved to Nyon, on the Geneva Lake, where he dedicated himself to painting. Since that time, he has exhibited his work in many personal and group shows in Switzerland, France, Italy,

Morocco, Germany, and Egypt.

Charles Henri Ford founded and edited *View*, the landmark avant-garde magazine of the arts. He is the author of *Out of the Labyrinth* (City Lights). He is currently working on *Automatic Memories* with John Yau.

Krista Franklin lives and writes in Dayton, Ohio.

Denis Gallagher lives in the Blue Mountains west of Sydney, Australia.

Allan Graubard's theatre work, *King Gordogan*, an adaptation of the Surrealist classic by Radovan Ivšić, opened at the Ohio Theatre, New York, in February 1997. Other stage productions include *There Was Blood*, *Much Blood*, and *The Test*.

Michael Haeflinger is a poet living in Dayton, Ohio.

Ken Haponек lives in Dayton, Ohio with his wife Mary and son Dante.

Jack Hirschman's publications include *The David Arcane* (Amerus Press), *The Bottom Line* (Curbstone Press), *The Endless Threshold* (Curbstone Press), *The Xibalba Arcane* (Azul Editions) and *The Satin Arcane* (Zeitgeist Press).

Hamid Echbihi El Idrissi is a Berber from the Middle Atlas of Morocco living in New York since 1983. He is a poet who is well known for his culinary creations, including the enchanting candy, majoon.

Nuno Júdice was born in 1949 in the village of Mexilhoeira Grande in the Algarve. Scholar, poet, and literary critic, he now lives in Lisbon. His extensive publications include sixteen collections of poetry, seven books of fiction, and six books of essays and criticism. He is the editor of *Tabacaria*.

Tuli Kupferberg along with Ed Sanders was/is the mastermind behind the legendary rock/poetry outfit, *The Fugs*. He is a poet, artist and erotic politician.

Robert LaVigne is a visual artist living in Seattle, Washington. He is well known for his close associations with the Beat writers and has had numerous shows nationwide.

Frank Lima's books include *Angel* (W.W. Norton/Liveright, 1976), *Underground With the Oriole* (Dutton, 1971), and *New and Selected Poems* (Hard Press, 1997). Recent publications include *IDoBelieveIDoBelieve* and *Incidents of Travel in Poetry* (Hard Press, 1999). He currently teaches at the New York Restaurant School.

Mathew Lima is a composer and poet currently attending Harvard University.

Duane Locke*, Doctor of Philosophy in Renaissance Literature, Professor Emeritus of the Humanities, Poet in Residence at University of Tampa for over twenty years, has had over 2,000 of his own poems published in over 500 print magazines such as *American Poetry Review*, *Nation*, *Literary Quarterly*, *Black Moon*, and *Bitter Oleander*, and is the author of 14 books of poems, his latest being *WATCHING WISTERIA*.

Gerard Malanga's latest book of poems is *Mythologies of the Heart* (Black Sparrow Press, 1996) and he has recently published a book of photographic portraits entitled *Resistance to Memory, Portraits of the Seventies* (Arena Editions, 1998). He also recently appeared in Roderick Townley's *Night Errands, How Poets Use Dreams*. His poem, "The Nature of Violent Storms", is directly related to his experience assisting Warhol with the "Death and Disaster" paintings.

Joseph Massey is a poet and writer living in Delaware.

Marty Matz is a poet and artist living in San Francisco, California.

David Meltzer's most recent books are two anthologies from Mercury House: *Reading Jazz* (1993) and *Writing Jazz* (1996.) He was an early collaborator with Ishmael Reed and Al Young on the Before Columbus Foundation for the advancement of multicultural literature which sponsors the American Book Award. He has taught in the Humanities and Poetics programs at New College since 1981.

thurston moore has remained the most truly viable guitarist to come out of the original punk scene, continuing to break fresh ground in a milieu long stagnant. He breathes the same aesthetic atmosphere/poetic territory as Lou Reed, Patti Smith, Richard Hell and Tom Verlaine. A book of his early poetry is reputedly coming from Waterrow Books.

Sheila E. Murphy is the author of *Pure Mental Breath* (Gesture Press, 1994) and *A Clove of Gender* (Stride Press). She was also included in the *Gertrude Stein Awards in Innovative American Poetry*, an anthology edited by Douglas Messerli.

Mark Owens spent a few years in Mexico, tuning the wind, and now resides in rural Massachusetts.

John Perreault presently resides in New York City.

Hans Plomp lives and writes in Amsterdam, Holland.

Simon Perchik "Working close to the deeper sources of poetry, in modes reflecting individuality and technical determination, Mr. Perchik is the most original..."- Donald W. Baker

Man Ray b. 1890; 1913, visits Armory Show, discovers European avant-garde with works of Marcel Duchamp and Francis Picabia; 1915, buys a camera to photograph his paintings; 1921, makes first rayograph.

Michael Rothenberg is a poet, songwriter, editor, and co-founder of *Big Bridge*, a webzine of poetry and everything else. His work has appeared in many journals including *Beehive*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *Jacket*, and *Zyzyva*.

Larry Sawyer's work has appeared in *Nexus*, *Cokefish*, *Snakeskin*, *FZQ*, *Tabacaria* (Portugal), *Exquisite Corpse*, *Big Bridge*, *Ygdrasil*, *Aught*, *Moria*, and *JACK*. He has work forthcoming in *The East Village*, *Paper Tiger* (Australia), and Dennis Formento's *Mesechabe*.

Hazel Smith's book, *Abstractly Represented: Poems and Performance Texts 1982-90* was published by Butterfly Books, Sydney, Australia in 1991. Her new volume of poems, short prose, and performance texts, *Keys Round Her Tongue*, will be published by Monogene in 1999.

The "mad poet," **Mike Topp***, is neither mad nor a poet. He is a self-schooled Siberian peasant who affects religiosity and dabbles in faith healing. He has a talent of sorts for hypnosis. He has an eye for human frailty.

Roberto Valenza resides in Seattle, WA.

Janine Pommy Vega is a Beat generation writer, performer, musician and the author of twelve books. In reference to *Tracking The Serpent* (City Lights), Gregory Corso said, "With poetry one line, in prose steady mind. Vega learned from poetry how to use details, with prose, to keep track of time. I really respect this book." Her latest book is a collection of prose essays, *Traveling With The Spirit: A Woman's Journey*, from City Lights.

Lina ramona Vitkauskas, has received an Honorable Mention for *STORY* Magazine's Carson McCullers Prize and placed as a quarterfinalist in the *New Century Writer's* Short Story Awards. Her fiction has been placed on/in *The Wisconsin Review*, *Mississippi Review*, *ShortStory.org*, and is currently featured as an Editor's Pick on *Web Del Sol*. Her poetry has been published in/on *The Poet*, *The Outlet*, *milk*, *Mudlark*, *Big Bridge*, *JACK*, and *Lithuanian Poets*. More poetry is forthcoming on *In Posse Review*.

Terry Wilson's *Perilous Passage* finalizes a trilogy commencing with *Dreams of Green Base* and *"D" Train*.

A.D. Winans has been publishing in the small presses since 1965. He has appeared in *City Lights Journal*, *New York Quarterly*, *Beat Scene*, *Beatitude*, *Second Coming*, and *Confrontation*.

Mark Yakich* presently resides in the fine state of Louisiana.

***previously unpublished in milk**

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photo of Frank Kermode by Ira Cohen

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NADADA MANIFESTO

ON THE OCCASION OF THE FIRST
ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF
ANDRE BRETON (EL SURREALISIMO)

1. The sky is NOT an egg, as Arp said. The sky is the sky. An egg is an egg. An egg is AS GREAT AND FULL OF WONDER as the sky though, as any sane fool knows.
2. An egg = un huevo = un oeuf = a small man trudging home through a long field with the largest sack of over-ripe pomegranates ever yet noted in the Western world.
3. An egg = breva = home = a water-tight eglessness = "there is yet hope for the human race, maybe".
4. Re-egg yourselves!
5. Lay down your mirrors, your pots, your flags, your postage stamp albums, your swedish masscuses, your World War II relics, your hooks-of-the-mouth. Take instead ONE EGG. Study it. Isolate yourself with it. Maybe you can even become it. If not, at least make the most of the occasion: love it a little.
6. Vietnamese citizens, north and south alike: boil just one more egg. Cut it down the middle. Eat it, half and half. Embrace. Send the shell to the United Nations. Lay down your arms. Raise up your eggs. Rejoice. Reunite. Triumph!
7. Eggliness is next to Godliness.
8. Viva food!
9. Viva el huevo!
10. Long live the egg!
11. Do you get the point? Do you begin to understand? The man in the gray flannel mini-suit puts an egg in his pocket, smiles as it breaks, dips his finger in the yolk, makes the sign of the egg on his forehead, and is never heard from again. You, too, can be so fortunate.
12. The day of the egg so cometh as a thief in the bathtub.
13. O, Egg!

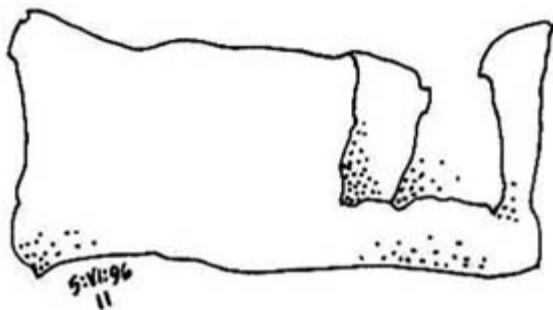
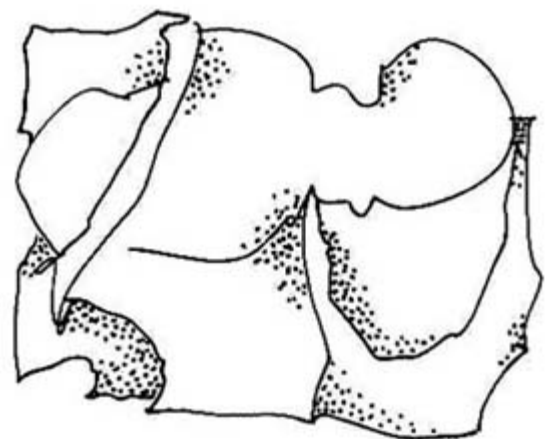
GREAT EGG!

ASTOUNDING EGG!

BONJOUR!

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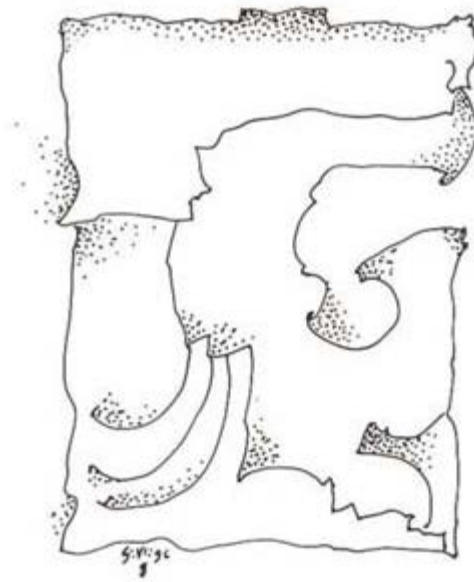
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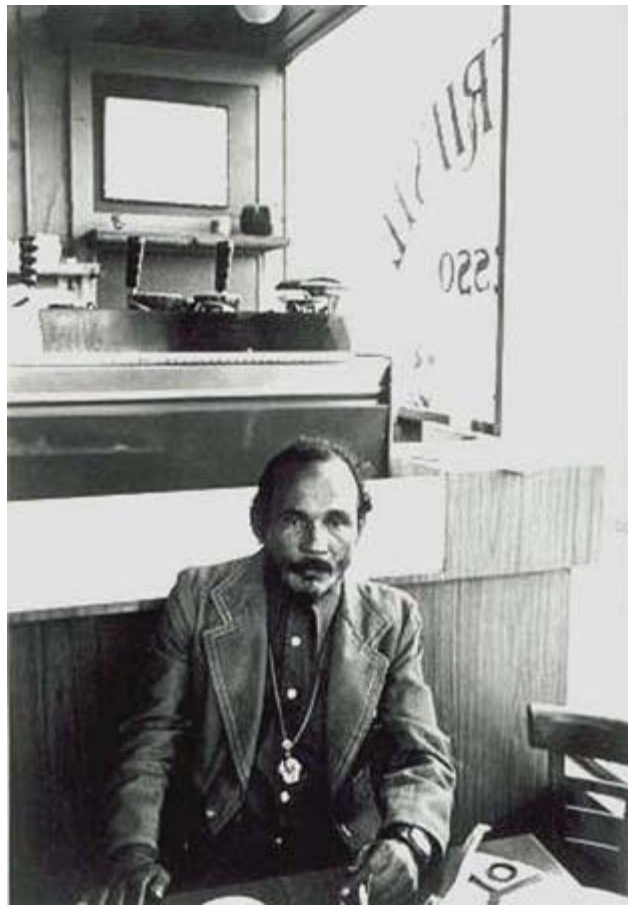
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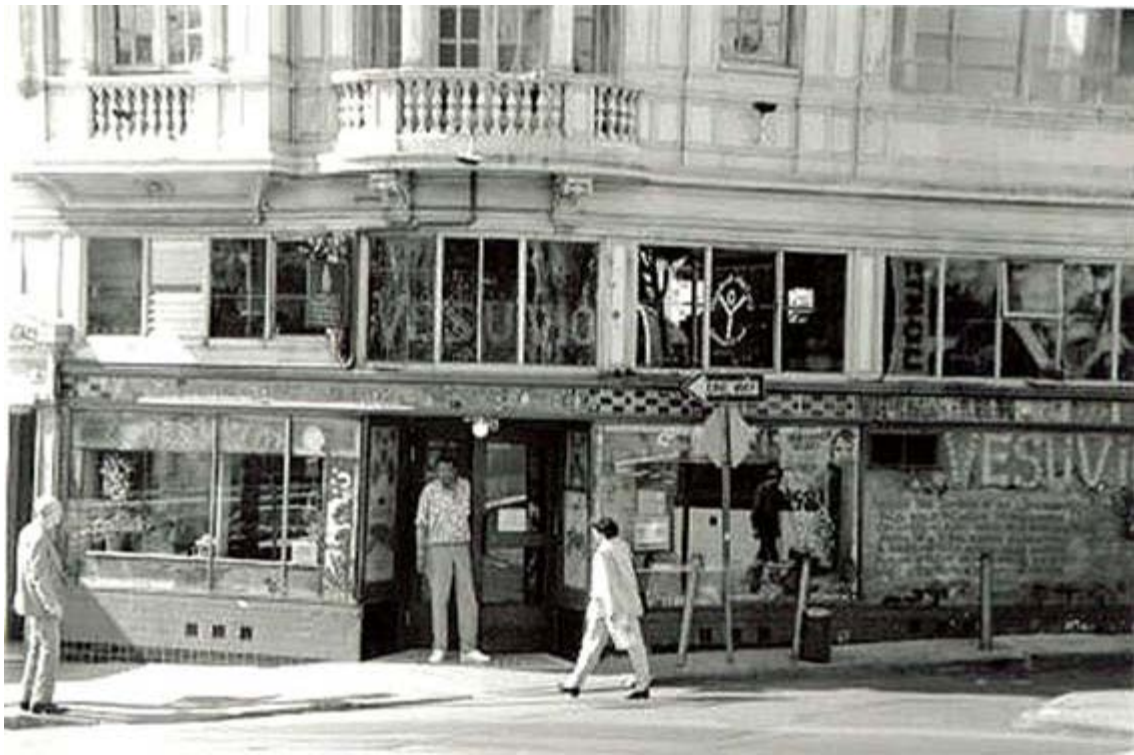
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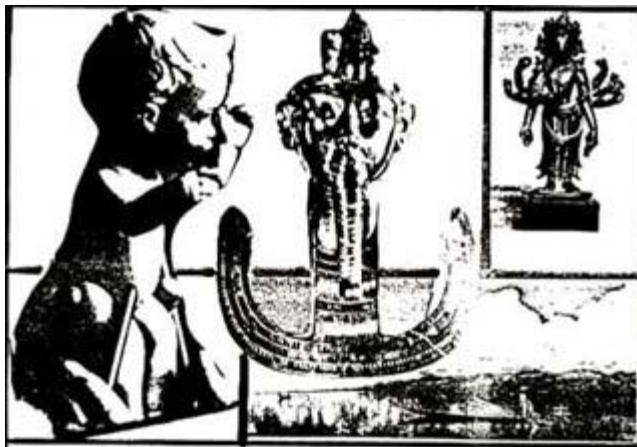
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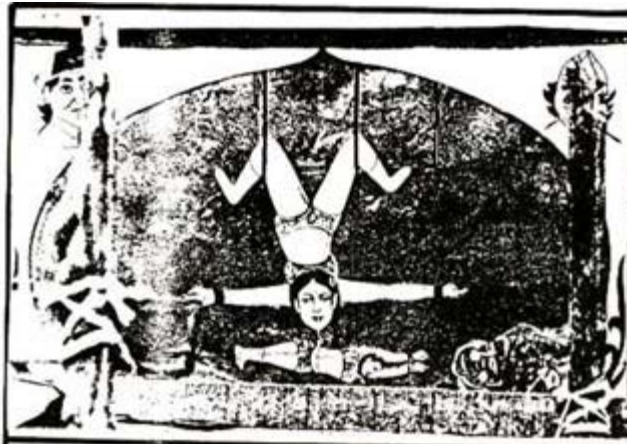


Looking back just submit
To the spell as with a drug
And there it is

Charles Henri Ford/Itaku

Roupak Ghoshya/Collage

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Nothing matters but
Nonsense and even nonsense
Doesn't matter long

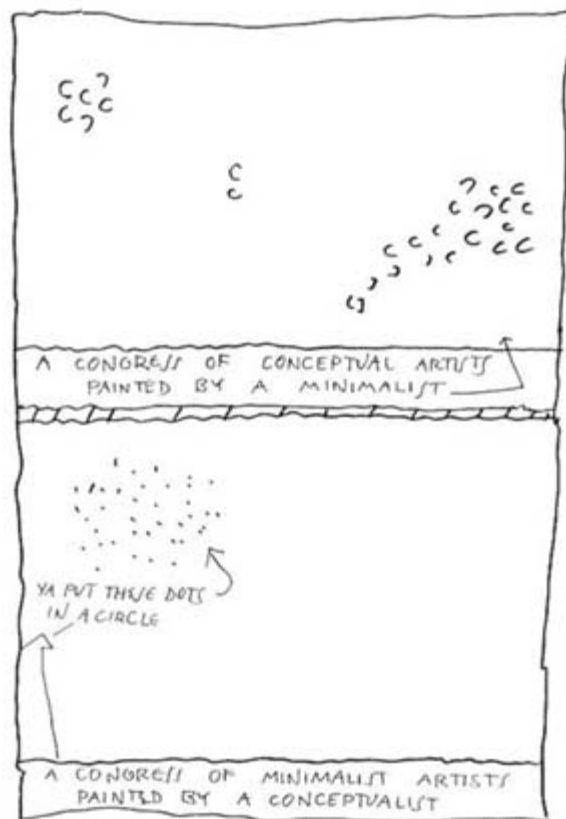
Charles Henri Ford/Haiku

Indra Tanang/Photo

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