



HUGH FOX

Eye Into Now
and Other Experimental Books

FIVE BOOKS, PERIODICAL POEMS, AND ARCHIVAL RECORD

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

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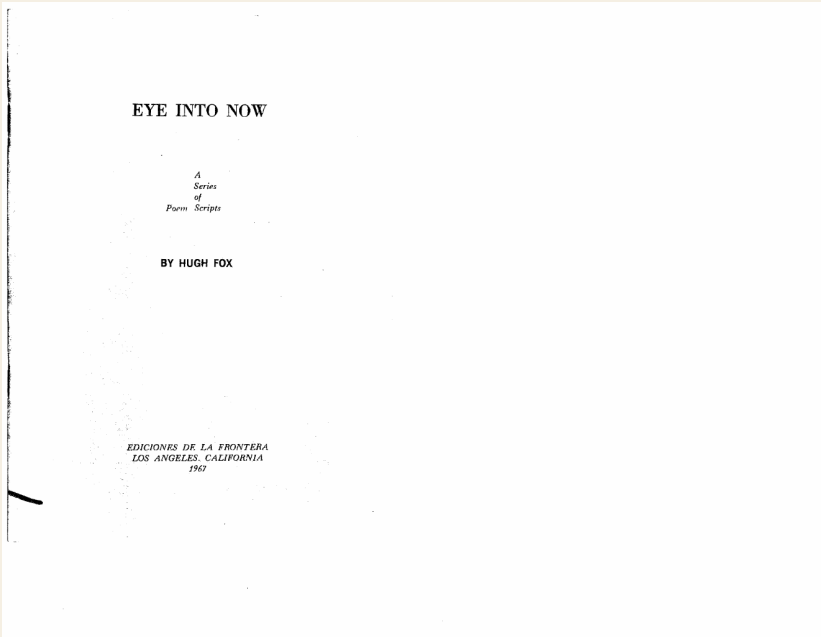
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ARCHIVAL IMAGES

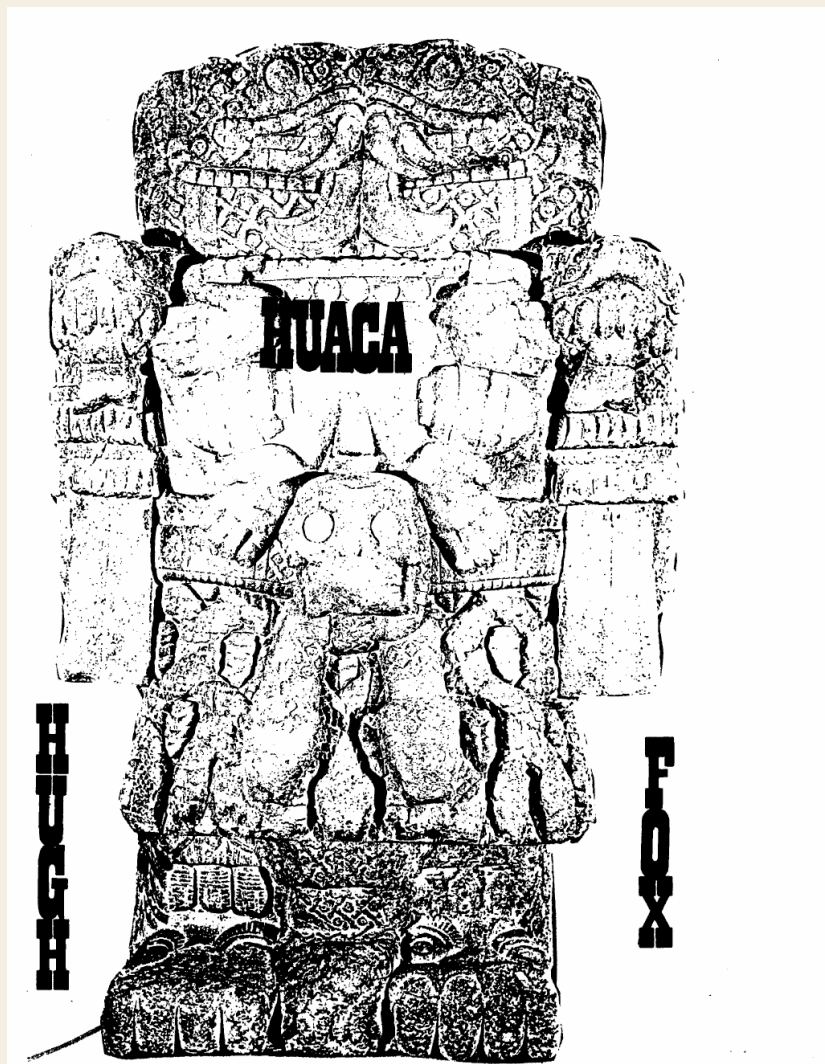
Three documentary witnesses



Hugh Fox in a 1972 Michigan State News profile.



The original Eye Into Now (1967), documenting the source's projected-poem design and wide-spread format.



The original Huaca (1975), documenting the relation of the reset verbal field to Fox's glyphs and archaeological images.

INTRODUCTION

Five experimental books, accurately scoped

Hugh Fox moved through Chicago Catholicism, Los Angeles classrooms, Latin American travel, the little-magazine underground, Michigan teaching, Jewish conversion, and an immense late career without treating any border between them as secure. He wrote poems as performances, verbal films, erotic arguments, historical collisions, and archaeological fields. The early books gathered here belong to the moment when those practices were being invented at full speed.

Eye Into Now asks that its poems be projected as slides or films while they are spoken. Its Roman numerals are page numbers, not poem titles; this edition therefore supplies bracketed titles for its nineteen untitled poem-scripts and joins the script that continues from page IX onto page X. *The Headless Centaurs* forces conquest chronicles, Christian and Indigenous divinities, weapons, riddles, prayers, and the Ghost Dance into one twenty-two-part sequence. *Glyphs* reduces political and religious formulas to visual jokes. *Son of Camelot Meets the Wolfman* turns erotic attachment and popular mythology into a thirty-two-part montage. *Huaca* lays words among pre-Columbian names, signs, and images in a twenty-part meditation on death and renewal.

Fox also built the institutions that let experimental writing circulate. He founded *Ghost Dance*, helped organize COSMEP, wrote the first book-length critical study of Charles Bukowski, reviewed hundreds of small-press books, and argued for an “Invisible Generation” adjacent to but not contained by the Beats. Friends remember the same velocity in person: composing at café tables, lecturing through dinner, dancing with strangers, interrupting a reading to explain a poem, and returning to it without losing the audience.

This is not a collected poems. It is a reset reading edition of the five complete experimental poetry books and sequences preserved in the project archive, supplemented by two complete *Beyond Baroque* poems and the later card poem *Delayed Empathy*. Partial quotations found in reviews and memorial

pages have been removed. Ordinary scan wraps are rejoined, but source lineation, stepped phrases, capitals, indents, internal numbers, and deliberate broken words are retained. The densely visual *Glyphs* poems are newly drawn from live type and vector marks; *Huaca* is presented as a reset verbal field, with an archival plate showing how the original book joined language to images.

BIOGRAPHY

Hugh Bernard Fox Jr., 1932–2011

Chicago, family, and the arts

Hugh Bernard Fox Jr. was born in Chicago on February 12, 1932, the son of physician Hugh Bernard Fox Sr. and Helen Marie Mangan Fox. A Library of Michigan profile gives February 13, but family and obituary records support the twelfth. A childhood bout of polio led his mother to immerse him in physical and artistic disciplines: violin, piano, composition, ballet, opera, painting, sculpture, languages, and what a 1972 Michigan State profile called “endless reading.” Family testimony identifies the Viennese teacher Zerlina Muhلمان Metzger and her All Children’s Grand Opera company as part of that education. The severity and variety of the training help explain the later poet’s instinct to treat a page as score, stage, picture, and ritual space at once.

Fox grew up in a Catholic environment and attended Loyola University Chicago, earning bachelor’s and master’s degrees in English. He completed a doctorate in American literature at the University of Illinois in 1958; his dissertation concerned Edgar Allan Poe’s cosmological prose poem *Eureka*. Later profiles often call him an anthropologist or archaeologist, but those terms describe his research identity and speculative cultural work, not the field of his doctorate. His early scholarly path included work on Henry James and American literature before the encounter with experimental and small-press writing redirected his public career.

Los Angeles and Latin America

In 1958 Fox joined Loyola University of Los Angeles, now Loyola Marymount University, and remained there for a decade. He later described those years as an education in every avant-garde event he could reach: foreign-film theaters, UCLA festivals, readings, visual art, new music, and the proliferating little presses. A Hollywood bookstore copy of Charles Bukowski's *Crucifix in a Deathhand* led Fox to telephone Bukowski, meet him, borrow a suitcase of books, and write *Charles Bukowski: A Critical and Bibliographical Study* (1969), the first book-length study of the poet. The episode changed Fox's relation to literary hierarchy: he began to treat the underground as a culture requiring its own criticism, archives, and distribution networks.

Teaching and fellowships repeatedly took Fox south. He taught at the University of Sonora in Hermosillo in 1961 and at institutions in Caracas from 1964 to 1966; he studied in Buenos Aires, later taught in Brazil, and traveled widely through Latin America. A John Carter Brown Library fellowship exposed him to early European accounts of the Americas. These experiences fed his poems, translations, criticism, and mythographic books. Fox's claims about transoceanic ancient contact and deciphered symbols remain outside archaeological consensus, but the fieldwork, multilingual reading, and direct encounter with ruins were genuine and became central to his imaginative vocabulary.

Books, *Ghost Dance*, and COSMEP

Fox's poetry appeared with exceptional speed from the mid-1960s onward. *40 Poems* was published in Caracas in 1966; Los Angeles books including *Eye Into Now* and *Soul-Catcher Songs* followed in 1967; *The Headless Centaurs* appeared as the principal sequence in *The Wormwood Review* in 1968; *Glyphs* and *Son of Camelot Meets the Wolfman* appeared in 1969. The books cross lyric, performance score, concrete poetry, documentary collage, erotic sequence, and comparative mythology. Their typography was not decorative: words were meant to arrive in time, change scale, interrupt one another, and expose the visual machinery of slogans.

In 1968 Fox moved to Michigan State University, where he taught in American Thought and Language until retiring in 1999. That year he founded *Ghost Dance*, an international quarterly of experimental poetry that he edited

through 1995. The New York University Ghost Dance Archive preserves correspondence, submissions, and production materials from 1967–69, including exchanges with Charles Bukowski, Richard Brautigan, Clayton Eshleman, Alain Robbe-Grillet, Isaac Asimov, and Samuel Beckett. The Hugh Fox Papers at the University of California, Santa Barbara, hold a much broader record of manuscripts, correspondence, photographs, publications, and Connie materials.

Fox also helped organize the Committee of Small Magazine Editors and Publishers, or COSMEP, after the 1968 Berkeley Poetry Pow Wow. As a director and long-serving board member he worked on conventions, directories, advocacy, and the practical problems of production and circulation. He participated in the founding editorial network of the Pushcart Prize and continued to connect writers through *The Living Underground*, *The Ghost Dance Anthology*, reviews, letters, conferences, and introductions. His phrase “Invisible Generation” named writers who shared some Beat and countercultural affinities without fitting a single movement.

Family, religion, and Connie

Fox had six children and more than one marriage. Published accounts are not fully consistent about dates. His son’s family archive says that Fox met Maria Bernadete Costa in Brazil and married her in 1978; a 2011 obituary describes her as his wife of twenty-three years, implying about 1988. The discrepancy should remain visible until civil records or family documentation settle it. Family separation, erotic partnership, children, and grandchildren recur throughout the poems, often mixed with ancestral figures and religious stories.

Raised as an intensely observant Catholic, Fox later learned of Jewish ancestry through his mother and converted to Judaism after encouragement from the Yiddish poet and Talmudic scholar Menke Katz. The conversion was neither a simple replacement nor an end to comparative religion: Catholic imagery, Jewish learning, Hindu deities, Indigenous American cosmologies, and ancient Mediterranean figures coexist throughout the late writing. Fox’s archive and firsthand accounts also document Connie, a feminine authorial identity under which he dressed and published. The record supports treating Connie as a consequential imaginative and lived identity; it does not justify imposing a present-day category that Fox did not consistently claim.

Illness, late work, and death

Fox survived prostate cancer and underwent surgery that friends connected with the disappearance of Connie from his public life. He continued writing with extraordinary speed. Ellaraine Lockie's account of a week with him describes twenty poems and a long essay composed in cafés, alongside travel, readings, music, and conversations that moved without warning from autobiography to archaeology. Doug Holder, A. D. Winans, R. D. Armstrong, Richard Kostelanetz, and other friends portray a difficult, affectionate, theatrical, intellectually voracious figure whose appetite for contact could be exhausting and generative in equal measure.

His late books include memoir, fiction, criticism, religious writing, and dozens of poetry collections. *Collected Poetry, 1966–2007* appeared from World Audience in 2008, but bibliographic totals attached to Fox require caution: he cultivated exaggeration, categories overlap, and unpublished manuscripts are sometimes counted beside published books. More than fifty poetry titles can nevertheless be documented by family lists, catalogs, publisher pages, and the books themselves. Advanced cancer did not stop the final work. *Reunion* appeared in 2011, and *Primate Fox: Late Poems (2010–2011)* was published posthumously in 2012.

Fox died in hospice in East Lansing on September 4, 2011. A Jewish funeral was held at Congregation Shaarey Zedek, and he was buried in Evergreen Cemetery. Obituary guestbook entries, family accounts, and memorials by fellow writers emphasize different parts of the same life: the father and grandfather, the teacher, the prodigious correspondent, the organizer who kept other writers in print, the archaeologically obsessed traveler, and the performer who made every encounter another installment in the work.

Archives and continuing record

The major institutional collections are the Hugh Fox Papers at UC Santa Barbara and the Ghost Dance Archive at New York University's Fales Library. Michigan State University newspapers and institutional profiles document the teaching years. Hugh Fox III's family archive supplies an unusually extensive personal bibliography, photographs, and narrative; Fox's own memoir *Way, Way Off the Road* supplies indispensable but self-dramatizing testimony. The fullest future biography will need to collate those archives with university employment files, passport and fellowship records, marriage and vital records, the complete runs of *Ghost Dance* and COSMEP publications, and the testimony of Fox's surviving relatives, former students, editors, and collaborators.

EDITORIAL NOTE AND SOURCES

Lineation, indentation, sequence structure, and scope

The original scans are the authority for wording and spatial structure. This edition follows the Green/Extremes six-by-nine-inch system: cream pages, mirrored 66/48-point margins, EB Garamond, one poem per page opening, 10.55/13.15-point verse, linked contents, PDF bookmarks, and publication and provenance notes. No poem has been reduced to fit a page.

The first rejected proof treated source pages as poem sections, flattened many indents, compressed *Huaca*, and admitted several unverified later excerpts. Those errors have been removed. *Eye Into Now* now contains nineteen poem-scripts rather than twenty false Roman-numeral titles. *The Headless Centaurs*, *Son of Camelot Meets the Wolfman*, and *Huaca* are organized by their authorial numbered parts. The former proof is preserved only in Production Files/Review Files.

For shaped texts, x-position is measured from the page image and converted into stable Green-style indent levels. Physical wraps produced only by the source page width are rejoined. The reset text preserves deliberate stepped phrases, isolated words, split compounds, and spatial counterpoint. *Glyphs* is redrawn rather than reproduced photographically; no scan page is used as the reading text.

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EYE INTO NOW

Los Angeles: Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967

Author's performance direction

This series of poem-scripts is to be performed by projecting the words either in wholes or parts (unfolding), either as slides or movies, while they are being spoken.

[Poem-script 1]

PUSH BACK THE DARK,
DOWN, DRAB,
GRAB
LIGHT,
LIFT LONGING
TOWARD THE WORLD OF CAN.
NOT US,
CAUGHT ON THIS RUNG OF DARKNESS,
TRAPPED IN THIS SKIN OF DYING,
BUT THE TO-BE,
FREED OF YEARS AND HOWLING,
COME INTO UNCANCED SPACE OF CALM,
WHICH WE WON'T SEE,
WHERE WE WON'T BE,
BUT WHICH WE'RE SHAPING
WITH OUR BREATHING.

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. IV.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[Poem-script 2]

VEDANTA AND THE ERDGEIST
GOD UN-GOD (MATTER)
CONTENTMENT DISSATISFACTION
SPIRITUALITY MATERIALITY

UNHOLY,
FINITE,
NOT LIKING, WANTING, ACCEPTING
NOW,
THE ME, THE MINE, THE ME-WORLD.
CHANGE,
THRASH ABOUT,
THIS IS THE PATH OF PERFECTION,

INTO THE ROOM
THE CORNER,
THE CLOSET,
THE BASEMENT,
THE COLD, THE CRAMPED, HURT,
THEN

EXPLODE INTO DUCK PONDS AT DUSK,
A ROW OF EUCALYPTUS
SEA, THE CHANNEL BIRDS,
THE COME AND GO OF TIDES.

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. V.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[*Poem-script 3*]

EVEN VASCONCELOS'
COSMIC-AMAZONAS WORLD'S STILL
BROKEN SIDEWALKS, SWEAT AND FLIES
AND (SURE) ALL THOSE TREES AND STONES
AND A PEOPLE-SOUL WITH BONES,
ONLY ANYONE WHO LIVES HERE,
THERE (ANYWHERE) REALLY,
OUR EVERYONE-WORLD'S ALWAYS
WANNA-BE NOT IS,
GREENHEAT PULLING TOWARD
A LIMITLESS TO-BE,
THE UNIT-HOOD OF MAN
IN THIS GNP-MAD WORLD.

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. VI.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[Poem-script 4]

ENVY

WALK ON THE WATER
MAKE THE DEAD RISE
LIFT UP THE EARTH
AND PULL DOWN THE SKIES

BEING ONE OF THE ELECT
BELIEVE
ONE OF THE SELECT
RETRIEVE
TIME,

TRY HARD, LONG, STRONG ENOUGH,
YOU'LL BE
ENTIRELY

AND IF YOU DON'T (WON'T)
CAN'T
STILL (DON'T THINK THIS THROUGH)
YOU'LL UNBEDONE LIKE ME.

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. VII.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[*Poem-script 5*]

WHEN THE HERE'S GOTTEN
TOO TOO TOO TO BEAR
I'VE SLIPPED IN THROUGH SOME DOOR
UP MIND-HIGH WHERE
ORANGE DRAPES SLIPPED SHUT
ACROSS A LIME-SWISH FLOOR
AND DOWN THE LIME GREEN HALL WIGTALL
SHE (BUT IS SHE REALLY?)
CAME RHYMING AN AESCHYLIAN SOMETHING
ON MY NAME:
NEVER HAVE BEEN
NEVER'LL BE
BUT NEED TO PRESERVE
THE REQUISITE (FACE, PLUMES) OF BEING.

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. VIII.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[Poem-script 6]

LUCY-BABE'D THROWN OUT
"SOME OLD BOOKS" (CLEANING THE GARAGE),
AND IN THE GARBAGE I'D FOUND
HENRY JAMES' (THE FATHER'S)
SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW (1863),
"OLD BOOKS"—GOD, YOU ASSHOLE.
OPENED IT,
A PICTURE OF ST. JULIE
STANDING ON A NORTH BEACH STREETEND
FACING TOWARD
A SQUAT SUEDE-SHOED, BLUE-JEANED,
FATIGUE-JACKETED, BERETED,
BEARDED, HORN-RIMMED LITTLE MAN,
IN THE MIDST OF AN APOCALYPTIC GESTURE,
CONDUCTING THE END OF THE WORLD.
SUN SLANT AND SANDALS,
SHE'D BEEN BIG AND BEEFY,
SNUFFLED DISAGREEABLY
EITHER COLLAPSED OUT DEAD IN THE CORNER
AFTER A TOO-LONG ON-TIME,
OR STARING HER FOURTH STRAIGHT HOUR
AT A FLUFF OF PURPLE OSTRICH
FEATHER ON A LOW BLACK TABLE
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OVERHEATED
(ALMOST AIRLESS) ROOM,
WITH A BASS OUT-BEATING ON A
CONSTANTLY REPLAYING RECORD
THAT WAS "THERE,"
BUT THAT EVERYONE IGNORED.
I'VE HEARD SHE'S STRIPPING NOW.
FINE.
ONLY THE TIME-ELAPSE BETWEEN
MY PICTURE-TAKING EYE, THE PERMANENCE
OF THAT GESTURE AND THAT BEEFY STANCE

(MY GRECIAN URN),
AND THE TRANSIENCE OF ALL THE BEATINGS,
BREATHINGS AND BELIEVINGS
THAT SURROUNDED THE REVELATION OF THAT
LOST MESSIANIC NOW,
DISTURBS.

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. IX–X.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[*Poem-script 7*]

POOR
P (ISN'T)
URE
NOW
BUT MERELY A RUDIMENTARY STATE OF
UN-FORM
WAITING (ANGUISHED) TO BE BORN
INTO THIS ONE-STANDARD WORLD.
POOR ISN'T PEACE
BUT ENVY.
HEAVEN'S COPPED OUT.
"GOD IS DEAD," THE CRY GOES OUT,
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A CENTURY
PEOPLE NOTICE THAT HE'S
NOT AROUND.
MARGINAL MEANS
"MEAN," UNCLEAN-CONDEMNATION TO
AN UNSHINED WORLD
THAT HASN'T MADE IT
INTO NOW.

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. XI.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[*Poem-script 8*]

A LITTLE-THINGS-TO-BE-BUGGED-BY-DAY.

ALL WALLS, PHONES AND TOILETS

I T V

EQUAL

OPPORTUNITY

ONLY IT'S A BIG SPACE FROM WESTWOOD

FUTURE SPACE

HOOD

TECHNO ATOMIC-RACE

TO RAB

DRIBBLING

OWN-RUN

TOWN—OLD VENICE WEST.

I LOOK OUT OF MY SPACESHIP AND WADDO I SEE

(COMING FOR TO BURY MY BONES)

A BAND OF EQUAL PEOPLE

UNEQUAL AS CAN BE

(COMING FOR TO BURY MY BONES)

ONE PEOPLE

ONLY

THEY OUGHTA BE

JUSTALITTLEMORESO.

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. XII.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[Poem-script 9]

IN PARANOID EXPECTATION OF DOOMSDAY

SOMETIMES THERE'S A LEAK,
A SQUEAK OF SMOKE,
A WISP OF DOOM,
INSIGNIFICANT IN THIS EXPANSE
OF TIME AND ROOM.
IT'S HAPPENED IN A DIFFERENT WAY,
NO APOCALYPSE
BUT A GRADUAL SHABBYING OF
PRICKS AND BRICKS,
A HARDENING OF EYES,
NOT SPIES
BUT BERYLLIUM SKIN
NOT THIN ENOUGH TO LET THE HUMAN IN.

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. XIII.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[*Poem-script 10*]

SOOOOO BIG NOW HOW'LL IT BE
THEN
WHEN
THE MEGALOPOLITAN BLOBS
BLOT OUT ALL THE COASTS
AND STRING ALONG THE GREAT LAKES
LIKE SOGGY PLASTIC PEARLS,
AND EVERYONE'S IN CLASS,
AND EVERYMAN'S A POET,
AND DANCE IS THE NATIONAL GOD?
HOW'LL IT BE THEN
WHEN
THE LAND'S ALL GONE
AND THE SEA'S BEGUN TO DRY
 AND EVERYMAN KNOWS MORE THAN YOU OR I,
GENIUS IS NORMAL
AND EVERY SHOPPING MALL
PUBLISHES ITS OWN LITTLE MAGAZINE?
THEN THE BOMB
SEEMS ALMOST FUN,
TO LET THE LAST REMAINING
WARPED AND TWISTED PINES
WAVE
ABOUT A DEAD, BUT GREEN AND QUIET LAND.

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. XIV.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[Poem-script 11]

ORANGE RINDS AND DUST
UST
BEDSPREADS AND LOVE,
BEING A DOG IN A DOGGY (EAT) WORLD.
FANG-BANG-BARRACUDA!!!!
MY FACE FALLING OUT OF SPACE, AND TIME.
BUT IT WON'T BE ME.
I'M NOW.
FANG-BANG-BARRACUDA!!!!

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. XV.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[*Poem-script 12*]

WE THINK,
WALKING UNDER THIS TANGERINESUN,
THAT WE WANT THIS WIRE WHEEL,
THESE MUTE SPEAKERS, THIS NAME ANNOUNCED
"TONIGHT AS SPECIAL GUEST DOG...."
MOTIVATION!
IT'S DAD
WHO NEVER HAD,
OLD TOM MOM,
WHO NEVER WANTED A WOMB,
BUT ONLY POWER.
AND IF WE REBEL
WE'RE NOT REBELLING AGAINST THEM,
BUT US,
THE WAY THAT WE'VE BEEN HAD (MADE MAD).

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. XVI.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[Poem-script 13]

NOT ANSWERING,
ASKING,
WHY
TRANSISTORIZED AND OUTERSPACIFIED,
TOOLED FOR CHANGE,
UP AND OUT—
WHY THAT ONE
BLACK-WHITE COMPARTMENT IN YOUR BRAIN,
MY COUNTRY,
CAN'T,
WON'T,
OPEN,
SPREAD WINGS,
WHITE,
BLACK,
GREY, ANY WAY,
FLY.

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. XVII.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[*Poem-script 14*]

DOWNTOWN ON SUNDAYS
SCREAM-ME-SAVED

F
NIGHT
FR

MENACED?

THAT THEY JUST MIGHT
SNATCH AWAY YOUR HARD (W)ON WORLD?
EY

THEM
OSE
"BUT THEY DON'T SPEAK US-LISH!"
MENACED?

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. XVIII.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[Poem-script 15]

SO,
MARSHMALLOW-FELLOWED
 IN MY HI, HI, HI-ED FORD
I FAKE OUT
TH
 EN
Z
 "AT THE TIP OF MY ENLIGHTENED NOSE,
 WHEN THE TAO AROSE...."
BUT DIDN'T.
PITY (MUCH LESS SELF)
HAS
 NOHOW
WHERE
IN
THE (THIS)
CITY.

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. XIX.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[Poem-script 16]

NO W
 AY
TO ST
 LIMLY
 SUPERISHLY
 LEEKLY
 OLID
 WE ALL DEC AY
 AW AY
 AND EVEN IN BEST
 BEAUTY
 NOW I SEE FLAWS

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. XX.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[Poem-script 17]

THE I-STUFF UPPED AND BOLSTERED
BLOWN
INTO ITS REALLY-OWN
BELIEVE THAT ALL
THE
BUTTONS LEAVE
(CAN)
THE JAWS, CLAWS, PAWS BEHIND
AND BIND US INTO
K (NOW),
THAT THIS WILL TRIGGER OFF A SPIRAL
UP-CHANGE,
OUT AND IN,
THAT UN-APE WILL BEGIN TO SIMPLY ONE.

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. XXI.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[Poem-script 18]

MAN (IAC)
ULA
STT
TRY TO EU
 REACH R
 EMERGENT
 EVOLVING
 RI
 MO
 SH
 TOWARD
 WA
 AR
 RL
 DEXPERIMENTATION
 SA
 SK
 I
 NEW
 GOF
 R
 L ANNIHILATION
 DO
 ST

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. XXII.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

[Poem-script 19]

NOW THEN
MAYBE IT'S THAT
NO WHERE
 WHEN'LL
BE
EVER ANY BETTER
THAN THESE BROWN MUGS,
THIS COFFEE,
MARION'S NOD-SMILE PARTICIPATION,
PETE'S UNEXPECTED BRILLIANT COMMENTS
ON THE RECENT EPISCOPALIAN WHITE PAPER
ON... SEXUAL MORALITY,
LUCIA'S GREY-SLACK LEGS
AND RAVEN OUT OF HAIR?
"MORALITY'S WHAT'S PRACTICAL,
WHAT YOU WANT TO DO... CAN GET AWAY WITH."
MY OWN SENSE OF, "HERE I CAN TALK,
SAY ALL, I WON'T BE PUT DOWN."

Publication. *Eye Into Now: A Series of Poem-Scripts* (Ediciones de la Frontera, 1967), pp. XXIII.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project scan; bracketed title supplied editorially because the source poem is untitled.

THE HEADLESS CENTAURS

The Wormwood Review 32, 1968

An Introduction of Sorts ...

Europe at the end of the Middle Ages was a closed shell. One God, one language, one religion, one social system. But outside the frontiers of Europe there always hummed an aura of the fabulous. The Alexander legends, the works of Marco Polo, the works of the ancient poets like Virgil maintained a spark of the "romantic," the "incredible." Then the New World, America, was discovered. At first they believed it was under the control of the devil and the explorations were a combination of mercantilistic curiosity and religious crusade. Europe split wide open. The New World (or worlds because, after all, we're talking of Africa and the Far East as well) changed every neat concept in the European consciousness. In South America, especially, the Spaniards were confounded. These were barbarians, these people... so ran the story. They were infidels, devil worshippers. And the Spaniards were Crusaders, bringers of Christ to the heathen. They really saw themselves that way. From the beginning, though, it was not merely an encounter between Christ and Devil, but between Technology and non-Technology, between an industrializing and a non-industrial culture, between the Indians who lived in a myth-centered world and the Spaniards who lived half in myth and half in greed. The early Aztec codices make the Spanish out to be gods — saw them and their horses as centaurs. Christ, in this context, becomes a battle, a war god — conquest means not only destruction and pillage, but the annihilation of all traces of the former Indian gods. The early chroniclers describe in great detail the customs of the Aztecs and Incas and Mayas. Within a decade there was nothing left to describe. Today, going through the ruins, through Monte Alban, Palenque, Chichan Itza, Pisco, Cuzco. Chan-Chan, from Mexico all the way to Lake Titicaca in Bolivia, you can only marvel at what the Spaniards must have destroyed. A great deal has been written recently on the mystiques of the Aztecs and Incas, and what emerges are cultures dominated by "spirit," by worship, by a genuine otherworldliness, a permeability between "this" and the "other" world. Once the Spaniards had conquered the Indians, they began to quarrel among themselves and civil wars broke out. The influx of gold into Spain caused a fatal inflation and by the seventeenth century Spain itself was an empty desert. In both North and South America, though, the Indians were destroyed — in South America physically by making them semi-slaves on farms and in mines, in North America by relegating them to reservations, mis-translating their names, mis-representing their ideals. In North America in

the nineteenth century the Ghost-Dance religion began, led by an Indian named Wovoka. He believed that by dancing a certain magical dance wearing magical shirts that the old days could be revived. However, those

who thought that the ghost-dance shirts were impervious to bullets soon found out that magic didn't work against steel and the ghost-dance religion became a children's game. Now in South America the Indian is still outside of the "civilization." It is difficult to say how many Indians in Bolivia and Peru don't speak Spanish, but it is often said that 70% of the population of Bolivia and Peru speak Aymara and Quechua. In Ecuador, Chile, Columbia the Indian is still stepped on, semi-enslaved. In the U.S. he is outside the fringe of society, "subsidized" by the U.S. government, still exploited and/or ignored. That is what Western Man did to the Non-Western World in America. He did or is trying to do the same to the Non-Western World in the Far East, the Middle-East, Africa, wherever he can.

About the title. From a conversation I had one night with Dukardo Hinestrosa, the Columbian Nadaista. He invented the collection title for Ediciones de la Frontera: *Pez sin Escamas* (Scaleless Fish). The Centaurs, of course, in the early CODICES are the Spanish on horses. The Aztecs depict man and horse as one animal. The Headless part I took as a symbolic meaning to refer to the fact that until the Spanish began the conquest of the New World (after the expulsion of the Moors, which significantly ended in 1492) they were "headless" in the sense that they had no more purpose. The New World conquest gave them purpose again. The Spanish historian Americo Castro and others, for example, see the conquest of America as an extension of the reconquest of Spain.

—July 23, 1968, Providence, Rhode Island

The Headless Centaurs: Their Voyage and Conquest

I

Collochio

god-devil
speaketh unto them,
sometimes in the likeness of a
black dog,
sometimes in the likeness of
a black calf

(NOT AS WHITE AS ALBION

the sea-gull island
spreading its
fragrant wings across
innocuous seas,
overshadowing, shadowing over
unfragrant peoples):

THE BUILDING OF
FRIARIES AND NUNNERIES
AND CHAPELS
GOETH WONDERFULLY
FORWARD.

Ophir is as ophir does,
fills the need

to un-now

In my time,
the woods were
full of

slide (brass)
telescope into

owls and
beggars

some possible,
possible, possible
although improbable,
previously-proved-
impossible

howling talons
and empty eye-
sockets

to-come
and the owls always won.

Now you see it,
now you ("On a good day you can hear the water
filling from the river which went
out of Eden to water the Garden)
don't.
Mind-eye man
sniffing un-reality
abstractly
projects
paradiso terrestre to the North-East
and "our antipodes" to the South-West,
Paradise roared round with fire,
reachinguptothesky,
inviting hand to see,
eye to turn,
burn,
break,
through and through and through
persistence
out of reach,
in reach and
he'll (generic) ignore it.

4

Only the silver-gold wheels
turn.

The titles come first,
the spoor before the slaughter,
gold plants,
 corn fields with
silver stalks, gold ears,
gold rabbits, mice, snakes,
lizards, butterflies,
gold birds in gold trees,
lions, tigers, gold and silver baths
with gold and silver pipes,
 water is innocent that doesn't know the
 hand that touches it,
 air through the trees,
 rain,

The value of a thing is
in its itness, itself,
what it is, what it is
in itself....

Don Diego Dado ha dado dados a....
On the seventh
day of the seventh
year, this seventh son of a
seventh son,
hearing seven
peacocks
scream above the snorting of his
swine,
carefully balances his severed
head on its bloody
stalk,
evokes the name of
Santiago
seven times,
and the break is healed.

Que sui-je?
Je suis l'ame errante.

6

Trapalanda,
 night now
 and the moon rises in slow horses
 negative fuchsia riders on negative fuchsia horses
 flow
through the up-to-the-horses-
knees
hairgrass,
water-arcs
falling, the bounce, swing
 (slow motion)
stride of
 out-of (after)
 time.
Negative magenta now, the
invaders
come on the back
of thunder, four footed
spitting fire,
Don Diego opens his mouth,
a thousand natives die,
when he blinks Tonacatecuhtli and Tonacacihuatl
fall like flaming arrows,
the grasslands dry, begin to burn,
far away, on the other side of the mountains,
the Lord of the Elephants,
over the sounds of birds and flowing water,
hears the first wails of terror begin to rise.
 Nor do these tears mean the coming of
 rain,
 this blood nourish the re-coming of
 the sun.

8

The Time of the Ocelot begins
We shall be slaughtered
in battle,

WHOEVER CALLS UPON THE
NAME OF THE LORD SHALL BE
SAVED

the best among us
shall be taken captive,

BLESS THE LORD, o MY SOUL,
AND DO NOT FORGET ALL HE
HATH DONE FOR THEE

we shall be sold

YOU ARE THE BODY OF CHRIST,

into slavery,

MEMBER FOR MEMBER

the sky rains
knives and
serpents,

FROM THE RISING OF THE
SUN UNTO ITS GOING DOWN,
THE NAME OF THE LORD IS
WORTHY OF PRAISE

the rivers swell
with pestilence, my
people are covered
with sores,

THE LORD IS THE PORTION OF
MY INHERITANCE

my temples fall,
my images are
broken and trampled,

IN THY SEED SHALL ALL THE
NATIONS OF THE EARTH BE
BLESSED

my tongues
fall silent,
my gods fall
from their skies

the rains stop
the winds die
Señora nuestra Chalchiuhtlicue y Chalchiuhtlatonac, fill
the hearts of thy faithful with thy love.

9

Odin, Thor, Frey
roar blood, the
cycle is complete.
Thorvald pulls the arrows from his armpit and
Tici-Viracocha
spirts, explodes, fragments,
and the sky begins to bleed.
John Hawkins, the rat-ea-ter,
arises from his tomb in Cornwall,
skeletal hand reaching out,
seeking land that his eyeless
eye sockets cannot hope to see, and
all the statues of our dead ancestors
melt and soak (disappearing) into the
ground,
the magenta-colored skies open and
vomit down Humphrey Gilbert,
sword in hand, naming the mountains
of the moon Albion,
as the burial mounds break open
and the dust of the dead is
carried aloft in a dull,
brown cloud.
I claim
I claim this land for
this land
I clamor for

the establishment of the
NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM
I
EYE
everywhere
but not a drop to
drink.

The centaurs run round the high towers,
circle the walls,
gain strength as their hooves touch the earth,
only the antipodes, linked with ligaments to the skies,
are uncertain about the efficacy of their arms,
so that, even when they make resistance,
it is always with a spirit-arm
strapped behind their backs.
Hell against heaven hounds,
and even the antipodes believe
in the
divinity of the
centaurs.

In Guernica I come to see
The sacred oak that waits for me.

Don Diego Dado came to the town
Don Diego Dado blew the walls down,
Long daggers, short swords,
crossbowmen, harsh words,
and (as the black vultures
come screaming down the day
darkens, the earth splits,
the sky fills with screams
and the smell of burning
flesh)
the extra push of
valor (stout wink) that
pulls a
true believer
through.

II

Quetzalcoatl-Tici-Viracocha
sallies forth on the sunplain,
brandishing his war-axe
and
God the Father,
lightning streaming from his palms,
raises his hands
and Quetzalcoatl-Tici-Viracocha
is stunned, stumbles to the
cloud edges and falls,
down,
in midfall extends his arms
which flower plumes
and
arising he claps his wings
as the Spiritu Sanctus,
black-bat winged,
its beak stained with blood,
swoops down to meet him,
and when they touch the skies explode,
the clouds burn like dry grass and
Christ the Musketmaker takes aim,
but as Tepeyolohtli roars the musket shatters
and Christ, raising up his punctured hands,
drowns the world in his blood.
Santiago, patron of
Cannons,

orare pro nobis,

Arbitrator of
Arquebuses,

orare pro nobis,

Master of the
Crossbow,

orare pro nobis,

Forger of swords,
Pickaxes and
Iron bars,

orare pro nobis,

Why pursue this war?

orare pro nobis,

I am sorry to
have destroyed
your cities

orare

and burned

pro

your people

nobis.

But I cannot, will not, leave; and even if I leave,
or even if you kill me, I will be replaced and the
conquest will be accomplished, because the destiny
of the world is that

geometry shall
destroy magic.

I2

Bodies the color of ripe corn,
bodies as white as
cornstalk buds,
the buds of the maguey,
beheaded bodies,
armless bodies,
legless bodies,
bodies mutilated and torn.

The ideas remain intact,
the rectangularity of the
chessboard remains
unchanged,
the outline of the
castle, knight, bishop,
pawn,
move forward through
time,
but the bodies are
heaped, buried, burned.

The ransom-eyed King of the Elephants,
held captive in the blue tower overlooking
the forty-fifth curve of the green lagoon,
is taught

to

play
chess.

N-QB₃

the interlude of memory,
foam sandals and gold
rattles,
ocelot skin
bound on her
calf and
water lilies on
her

R-QB₁

shield, which she
twirls above
her head in

R(l)-K₇ ch

circles, the songs and
dances of Tecuilhuitontl
were of love and
sweet

QN-QZ

stories, they unbound
their hair which
covered them like

N(Q₅)-K₇ ch

cloaks, the goddess
of the young corn,
about to die, with
a gold disk on a gold
chain around her
neck and wearing
carmine-colored

N-B₃

sandals

Possessed (I am).
Christus Rey
Comes The Last Judgement>
But not for me,
For me, but not
aloft, the bellows blow, the
cauldron of the damned.
Why are the faces so placid?
Why is there a need for a
hell after this life
here?

The sun on my back I move through the metamorphoses of
wind to become
raven,
jaguar,
winged lion
and feathered serpent.

Held by iron chains I watch gold

masks
shields
goblets
brooches
earrings
necklaces

become rapiers and cinquedás, culverins, falconets, pikes,
blunderbusses, cutlasses, Derringers, pepperboxes, carbines,
mortars, Gatlings, Colt-Brownings, howitzers, torpedos,
and slowly soar

up

F-101 B's, F-105's, Thunderchiefs, F-8 Crusaders, Convair
F-106's, F-104 Starfighters, YF-12A's
Furies

Demons

Skyrays

Mercurys

Atlases

Mercury-Atlas D's,

only the earth that Mercury invents and Atlas sustains,
spinning sleekly hermetic and unplummed,
without the respiration of
jade mosaic masks nor the hope-fear composite of jaguars
and plume-head-dressed fire-gods,
is faceless, mute, profane.

As the rooms fill with ransom the ghost-dance stops
and the four sacred directions of the
wind and universe
become the bearings of a compass.

15

The sun on my back I look through the palm of my hand
and read the signs,
gold by weight instead of beauty,
beauty hung for being beautiful,
winds of locusts,
all the forms and symbols metamorphized or destroyed
("ahorcaron a dos indias, una doncella y la otra
recién casada... porque eran muy hermosas....")
drowning, the cutting off of breasts, noses,
whatever part or organ that can be
cut, mutilated,
whatever variation of mutilation possible,
all the possibilities of variation,
the variations of possibilities,
performed,
excused —

WE ARE FEW
THEY ARE MANY
MILITARY EXPEDIENCY.
NEED.

I look through my palm
and see myself weighed, measured.
melted down, and Agnus deified.
and as cuts rain down like raven beaks.
biting, gouging into my cheeks, my shoulders, chest, eyes,
I rise.
the world red through the lens of my own blood,
and make my own obsidian do to down me.

They would have

les masques
gold labrets

worn,
broken

bas-relief en stuc,
jade plaques,

down, time
would have

les tetes en pierre
sculptées,
carved metates,

sucked them
all

les cranes en cristal
de roche, polychrome
incensarios

down its maw,

The Eagles of the East
would have killed the
Jaguars of the West,
the Serpents of the
North would have killed
the Ocelots of the South,

But
they would have been
them-
selves,
all with-
in
the compass of
their
their-
ness.

Earth in the late

dust
wind

is,	sun of
can	after-
not	noon
be,	
	fad-
	ing
real,	
either	
every-	
thing	
	flow-
	ers
	flowing,
	stripped
	in the
	wind,
has been in	
vain,	
or	
	over the
	edge of
	day
there is	
some	
other	
life	
	in-
	to
	night,
	over the
	edge of
	night
some	
other	
place	
	in-
	to

day.

After conquest,
civil war,
the blood still boiling after the fire is out
the cannon-roar still echoing after the ball has struck,
the sky still dead after the volcano has receded back
into the ground.
Christ digests Viracocha,
the cat-god becomes
man,
the infinite welded to the finite,
man no longer welded to the
(cat, snake, bird, monkey, buffalo) world.
Centaur against centaur now,
 Mass,
 Cross,
 Crusade,
and the eyes of the hills around the arena,
watch,
wonder,
why did they, these god-monsters,
why do they rumble across the rubble of our ruined world.
"For a long time we have wished to see you and hear the
 words
that will give us understanding."
The corps of Arquibusiars advances,
 SPAT
Don Diego Dado's left eye out,
 bullets linked together by an
 iron chain,
TWANG,
 right leg, gone,
(Saint Lazarus, come forth from the tomb before the fifth
day, before your flesh is too far eaten by worms.)
The bar of his visor gone, ball against his forehead,
the five wounds of Christ and now a sixth, his reason,
gone,
he falls,
sprawls out across the maize-dust

and Don Fernando Scorpio,
both from Extremadura, swineherds both (all)
raises his lance
(Saint Lazarus, bury us in the walls of your sepulchur, and
save us from putrefaction)
and buries it in Don Diego's heart,
then with a sweep of his sword, as if he were
opening a huge and heavy book,
he beheads him, places his head on a pike and
declares himself victorious (over inertia).

Purgation

Purification,

the dust of defeat settles,
the heads all gone,
 the hands like blind eyes feel along the sun-warmed walls
 for cracks and crevices.

How to make
wax,
wax

 candles,
 lighted in front
of the holy
altars and crosses,

You stop human sacrifices by sacrificing humans.
Chief Big Foot (defeat them with Vaudeville names)
dies,

struggling to rise,
frozen struggling,
his last gesture
effort
his last effort defeated,
but caught in the
gesture of struggle,
his will as long as he had will
willing against
them,

their death,
their cold,
their conversion,
his will his only reality,
as long as his reality stayed real.

One way to win.

The old men are dead,
the leaders of the young,
winter comes and we have no blankets,
the children are freezing,
those who escaped to the hills have no blankets

or food....

Dead,

among the dead,

life among the dead,

seek life, my life, my living, the living that

made my life,

among the dead.

even then out of the stone crypt of acculturation,
the old ways,
tortured, twisted, grotesque,
not only survive, persist,
but thrive.

Wovoka:

"The sun died,
I arrived
up

(The Arapahos sing: "Father have
pity on me, I have nothing to
eat, I am dying of thirst —
everything is gone.")

in the place of
UNCHANGE
REGENERATION,
the world will come again,
dance Arapahos and Cheyennes,
Bannocks and Shoshones, Utes and
Paiutes,
hasten the day,
push time into
time-
less-
ness,
float,
impervious to
bullets and annuities,
over the hills
and the long grass,
blown by the winds

(Father, my father....)

the world will come
again as it was."

Only when it didn't come?
The ghost-dance (Dance my people!)
became a children's game,
became a children's game,

but hums,
still hums,
still will be renewed,
the old ways
persist,
transformed.

Only how can the ritual fire be maintained in the mine
tied by the unseen time
of sunup to sundown
the life round,
starting from and curving back to
blindness.

the capsule around me
"changes,
grows notches, begins to
tick and clang.
grows rails, wheels,
wheezes,
sneezes,
expands.

I stare at the backs of my hands,
listen to my voice,
feel my feet on rock and dust,
reach out —
but the capsule of my world
expands faster than my mind
can run.

I listen for winds, grass
and the turning of the world,
water,
the hooves of day,
the screech of night,
but my mine-world
is impenetrable
and even when I emerge
I carry the skins of other
worlds around me.

What is new in the
whirlwind of conquest,
about death
emanating from the core of
a sanitized smile?

The photographs are yellow,
feather, fringe, moccasin
and bead,
worn on other bodies
around other faces,
an ironic commentary on
vanished threats.
Heart safe behind yellow
photographs,
the eagle-bone war whistle
trapped mute on yellowed pages.
Safe, the treaties stand
broken, set, rebroken
now
and
now
and
now
into receding future now's of
spiralling significance.
The roof expands.
I rise up,
the center of the maize plant spreads
green across the sky,
out from its center a cloud comes,
I move across the center of the world.
the cloud and I move fast,
below the tribes gather.
the separate tribes,
the tribes that never
gathered before gather,
as the clouds close
in around them the
tribes gather in one
tribe.
My brothers of all the tribes,
rise to meet me,
swirl rising around me,

swirl around me,
rise,
and we merge,
the lines between us dissolve...

as the vision fades
and the snow-wind outside circles
around the walls of my winter
as I sit in the middle of the floor in
the darkness, fold my arms and wait.

The potlatch squeaks,
and the new (sanitary)
privy still
stinks
high. "Some kind of

dance doll"
lies in the
corner

(Shoot my way out? With what? No more. Not even the idea.)

We bake bread
in ovens and
death is life,
cyclic,
regeneration,
renewal,
we are clouds,
rain,
and the leaking faucet
hardly penetrates the
mantle of our
minds.

SUN-FATHER
EARTH-MOTHER WATER-GRANDFATHER
FIRE-GRANDMOTHER
CORN-BROTHERS
AND
SISTERS

In winter the planes drop hay and food
(when they come)
and in summer the
wind whips up the
dust dry
around the ankles of
our poverty.
We don't move toward,
our us
is preferable to the

handouts of hate
disguised as destiny.

Per Capita
Failure
Official
Distrust
Indian Bureau
The Vacuum of
Bureaucracy

It is estimated that

Tracoma,
acculturation

Tracoma,
acculturation

Tuberculosis,
acculturation

Other,
augment,
although

The white man's path
the old
forms still
retain their

Over the steel cliff
Into the

forms
(hollow)

Mouth of oblivion.
Poor man in a white land,

broken hand,
handout,
you see what happens
if you sit it out
quietly,
you see what
happens if you roar,

fight back,
you see what
happens, poor man
in a white land,

you see.

Publication. *The Wormwood Review* 8.4, issue 32 (1968), pp. 7–29.

Provenance. Complete twenty-two-part sequence, reset from the project scan; the source introduction is printed immediately before it.

GLYPHS

Fat Frog Press, 1969

Doing Your Thing

DOING
YOUR
THING



Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 1.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

Doing Someone Else's Thing

doing someone else's

thing

Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 2.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

Who's Who

WHO'S

WHO

Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 3.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

The Triumph of Liberalism

The Triumph of Liberalism



Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 4.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

War to End Wars

WAR

TO END

WARS

Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 5.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

I Am the Way and the Light

I Am the Way and the Light



Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 6.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

Generation Gap

Generation

Gap

Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 7.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

Pension Plan

Pension



Plan

Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 8.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

Alliance for Progress

Alliance

FOR

PROGRESS

Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 9.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

The Social Contract

THE
SOCIAL
CONTRACT

Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 10.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

Twelve O'Clock and All Is Well

TWELVE O'CLOCK

AND ALL

IS WELL

Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 11.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

Candidate of Your Choice

Candidate

of your

0 0 0

Choice

Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 12.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

One from Many

One

from

many

Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 13.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

Profit Sharing

Profit

Sharing



Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 14.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

[Untitled wages glyph]



Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 15.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

Hairy Ape at 50

hairy

APE

at 50

Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 16.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

[Untitled dollar glyph]

\$



Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 17.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

Christ Is Born This Christmas Day

CHRIST IS

BORN THIS



CHRISTMAS DAY

Publication. *Glyphs* (Fat Frog Press, 1969), visual poem 18.

Provenance. New live-type and vector reconstruction collated against the complete scan; bracketed titles mark untitled source pages.

SON OF CAMELOT MEETS THE WOLFMAN

Quixote, 1969

Son of Camelot Meets the Wolfman

to the BIG N

I

Guardian angel-demons,
house, air, field-spirits,
leg and cunt and prick-waves
against the brown earth, the blue earth,
the dripping earth, the frozen earth,
the earth that cycles through
human-time cycles of same,
Mind-hands twist change-dials,
we plug into
Puerto Rican summers of her sandwiches,
"classic!" films at the Mausoleum of Mad Art,
the flow of smoke patterns across
successions of burning skies,
Big blow coming
(the) Big(gest) rumble on its way,
between blitzes balanced on the ledge of
holocausts, with sirens and machine guns
tapestrying the urgency of our need,
we discover meat,
"loss"
and nostalgia,

I look up through your hair at a sky
full of skulls.
The young die young because they're
young,
the old survive them because they're
old
and have learned how to survive.
We huddle in caves,
the sun rims up and we go blind.
Your whimpers are the walls of
my sanity
and your imagined fears cowered
between Flouristan and Tampax
are the last windows between
Congregational hypocrisy
and a black-net you carrying
curare on the tips of your nipples,
It's all coming down but it never
comes down,
it's all going to change, but it
never changes,
Blood melts in the cyclic rains,
bones are buried under streets and
pastures,
new eyes harden, but we can still
dilate time, stretch out our hours
to expand into contact,

3

Eighty-four today,
another plastic job around the eyes,
another crop of type U-C hair,
and in the dark I slip a plastic prick
over my stump,
keeping flexible, my arteries petrifying
and I can't remember names.

The river rising drowns the faked sounds
of guilt.
To still have breasts and eyes, hair and thighs
and use them.
Christ simply died and Washington fucked his
slaves,
Buddha was a Head
and Krishna a Head-Product,
parents are animal trainers,
schools are museums
and life is
SUN-UP
4:00 AM
and one half-opened
whyng
eye.

We begin to play it split level
and your noon face contradicts your
afternoons, nights, mornings,
We arrive at nine and the clouds part,
no one suspects because you look
like you're carrying homemade bread
in your purse,
you're the kind of girl who knows how to
sew on buttons, butcher chickens
and is the best target on the block for
T or T Halloween,
You're a barn-swallow and wheat Mama
and in bed by twelve,
only I've seen you acrobat through
love-mornings,
pampases of love-grass, outstretched
arms,
airing teats and cunt to the suneye,
gypsied across hours of rubbing,
bellies and eyes,
the beauty of an endless togetherness,
cut across the leather of our formality
a constant line of understanding—
meet you at dawn, meet you at dreaming,
meet you at clouds, meet you at seeming,

5

Our psyches split, you flip your He
with quarterback-spring tenderness,
and I pull my She's hair
like a shroud across the never-nights
of our coupling.

We day out of dreams,
multiply fingers and tongues,
nipples, pricks and cunts.
When we aren't doing it we think
about doing it,
when we're doing it rediscover
the need for suspending survival.

Our peers smash, we accommodate,
invent psychic-parachutes on the tops of hilts,
then fly without them.

My body remembers you,
doorknobs become breasts and
your thighs-hands-hair brush
through the edges of all my
"otherings," the loop of your
gold watch around your wrist
as you come,
your winter-sun-through-green-silk-
across leg-length, hair-stretch,
You make me come three times one
after the other,
Marble Faun unmarbling,
the soft touch of your erected nipples,
the thrash of your legs, your small-breast-
hang, oblique shots tossed across time,
and then six comes later you tell me you've
never come before me,
no tricks, no sleeves, pictures, vaseline,
garter belts, black tights, whips, hooks,
just
skin
and
time,

7

Big old beef dying, flying
through winters of summer sun,
snow leaves and light that spins like a top
on your fingertips.
Between comings I hang,
 come,
think I won't need again for....
then a pair of hours later
I begin to pray between all-legs,
speak through all-eyes, hair,
 telling them about carnivals of
 vaporization,
 color-wheels of smoke and slides,
 that I know they can bring me to, but that
I can never get to alone,
fantasy walls break down,
the mirrors and chiffon,
and under the dayseye
you cure the blind
and bring back the dead.

My hands strike echoes off all other
hands,
my tongue between teeth,
my prick between walls of afternoons,
reassured, reassured, reassured,
push me over, I swing back up,
round-bottomed psyche, untipoverable,
I take my hand away, your hand follows
my arm,
echo-bounces of

need need,

You give me a name called
"Cattime Afterhours Expectations,"
knowing that all doors will open,
the loaves and fishes will multiply,
and that the soft afternoon people
shall inherit the
kingdom of
wonder,

9

We gravity-neutral through years of small talk
over pickled onions and assorted cheese.
We burn in imitation Tiffany glass, fool everyone,
then pass through the walls of discontent
carrying the failures of our imaginings.
It's a game we shouldn't take seriously,
stand off from at a distance, keep
"reconsidering,"
have to keep reconsidering,
don't give in on "essential points,"
bounce back dented, but bounce back,
The differences in the grass, wind, air-colors,
shades, gradations, nuances, —
were differences,
differences did exist,
the city after rain was different,
the grey tights on the white legs were different,
there were differences in that lost world
that "meant,"
"counted."

I shift through multiple ice-slants of
deceit,
piercing your earlobes and hanging them
with Hindu gold Vishnu-tree ornaments,
buy wide-rimmed black patent leather hats
and patent leather jackets—and attitudes,
lace your legs with trellised spectrums of
open wide, push in, against, hold.
I'm with her, you fog in the air around me
guardian-angeling your black legs around
my grey brain,
and when I touch her the sonic echoes of
your yestertouches ping enfoldings of
other yous around my memory peripheries,
I Siam-Pakistan-Hindu-Japan-Thailand-
Turkey-ese you.
The East knows,
hole in my pocket, a nickel for Dentyne,
Every inch of the you-fem that expands,
expands an inch of my me-masc along
with it,

II

We begin at midnight, black-tighted, masked,
in the cardboard Western town I've built
in my bowling-alley-long backyard,
Beet juice guns
I walk down dusty Main,
you, on the roof of the saloon, aim, fire,
miss, jump me, I throw you back,
exposed, gun you down with my warm gun
after a long and leg-pressed struggle,
beat you between the eyes,
carry you into the red velvet bunker under
the cardboard town,
food, fuel, water, lingerie and hash enough
for fifty years,
Let the cardboard town melt in the rain,
let the tribes kill the tribes,
let the factories kill the survivors,
let the cops kill the survivors of the factories,
and the yippies kill the cops,

Peak
Up,
Over
Into just another day wind.
Atlantean Peakology
plug into the Life-Peak plan
and eye, hand, mouth, lungs, brains,
explode in white blindness,
Phase 1, Security
No testing, exposure, nothing on the line,
(numb banana)
Phase 2, Itch
Impulse, opaque green panti-hose become
anacondas
(mild pepperoncini)
Phase 3, Nudie-uncutie,
under the arctic sun,
test drive next year's model warm machine
(warm gun melting)
Phase 4,
The Cunt of Laredo,
even draw, gun-hand graft,
mind gets it between the lobes,

13

Cat fur legs rubbing across winter,
After the party at Gypsy's, I said you were
the most beautiful girl who had ever been there,
only you weren't sure,
as if I were the first person who ever noticed,
And I guess I was the first who ever mentioned
it.

Not that beauty means anything,
not that it doesn't mean anything,
but it's a thing you have,
that you go through,
that passes through you,
something you ought to be aware is
happening.

I'm learning to stretch and unbutton
in front of your eyes,
looking at me as if I were a fish, a
store window, a No Parking sign,
I fasten my earrings on your ears,
you become me,
we share a cinnamon roll,
you come six times,
I only make it once,
you're too big, I'm too small,
we can't make it "in"
so we make it "out,"
I expect you to put me down
but you tongue across my nipples and belly,
To say I can do this can't do that,
become plate glass
instead of a mirror,

15

Unbend and they break you,
listen and they bomb your ear,
I stand looking for a mainland,
don't look at me,
Steam-engine between sheets,
I've got years of light-out aloneboneness
to batter through,
2 AM (my peak)
2 PM (yours)
Tidal wave-hurricane....
Out of the sweep of the Sea,
man,
alonetime,

I try to come with Kismet Dietrich,
gold legs and a chiffon mane across her
knife-edge cunt,
2PM sari-green light on the flower print
bed,
only multi-imaged hand-hair-slant-slurs
dip across my groin,
I don't need Dietrich.
4PM in elevators, on stairways, behind
trees, under bridges, in libraries, in
churches, in cars, in alleys,
6 PM you go home and cook his steak
and fuck (me) (need)-(no) (echos)
him fourteen times,

17

Can you get pregnant from drinking sperm?
I picked on your bow-legs and Juliet tits,
tender, but no bag, hang,
Rosebud breasts when you wanted to be
pomegranates,
So over a planter's peanut bar you tell me
his is bigger than mine,
but you come with me,
you can't with him,
you can't play tongue with him but
you descend on me with your hair
like wind across my thighs,

You cry, warm as semen in my hands,
it comes,
I'm ashamed to stand up,
walk down halls,
it's there, never stops being there,
I insert knives and brooms between your
legs.
If I tell, if I show,
you disappear,
Smoke, have another glass of wine,
jag off in the bathtub,
run toward you through
underwater fields of white anemones,

You come because I'm coming,
my semen squeezes white into your hands,
you taste and smell it, wipe, don't wash it off,
spend the day smelling your hand,
When I walk into the room you shuffle your
thighs,
For me coffee cups, salt shakers, fur-lined
gloves, toothpaste tubes
soften and slide in my hands,
I touch myself and come away with
your shaggy dark wood
buffalo smell.

Un-us time
is the prairie dogs
inside their burrows,
me outside
in a rain that isn't rain,
that isn't snow,
Tomorrow—black stretch nylon—
the same, are you really gonna be the
SAME....
and yesterday—corn silk public,
coconut husk pubic hair,
long hand, warm burrow,
slices cut through the dead
time-hang,
Kids and divorce-talk
grow on the ledges of our enforced
equilibrium,

21

We move toward equilibrium-death,
you still believe in rich-poor, good-bad,
marriage-divorce,
while I split, partial-out, divide,
I want you to SONOFABITCH me,
give me what for, instead of teardoll whines.
When you hesitate, withdraw,
claws erect in my paw,
but I understand retaliation,

Your hair blades swish around my
heli-rotar-shaft thing
and I hang,
come until it hurts,
watch time,
wait,
try to come again,
you try to make me come again,
come watching me try,
and as my warm milk spills into your
hands
you smile,

It never stops now,
narrows,
widens,
expands into rivers and lakes,
but it never stops now.
I look at your face,
you cross your legs,
I look at your hand,
and it begins to happen
(wet), begins to happen to you,
voice in the wind,
it keeps on happening,
memory,
and it still doesn't stop,

I don't wanna be your
pacifier, your
cuddle-up-against
warm protector.
Separate rooms
so, sleeping's made
me (alone) a bastard
and a queen,
I'd rather be a bastard
and a queen than
MISS
MISS
MISS (desperately)
the Constant Wall
of flesh out there
warm fig
copper-
taste
my
tongue
full of
glass-
splinters.

25

Backed up against the raw electric edge of
exhaustion
we wanna hurt,
drop all the nice-nice jazz,
maim,
Your purse middling me,
prick into my cunt,
we (inter)-change clothes, roles, bodies,
but I'm still me and you're still you
and five minutes after you
hair into the dark
I need you back,

I look through your eyes into rows of
other minds,
see my self
countered up against other you-selves
hidden under washed skin
and parking-meter-timed-smiles,
realize that all the bitches need
a bastard like me
to be their bitching selves with,
And after they've been
just be
faucets and cups
and constancy,

27

It goes through another afternoon,
you notice other men noticing you,
It's not the body, it's the
I-could-hang-you-by-your-prick-for-days
eyes,
being twenty-five and
looking powdered without powder.
I notice other women noticing me,
but I'm tired,
I'm closer to the
headlong rush of the earth-ball
through time,

I'd like to hold back your
multiple-pink-booted-gold-tighted-
Morrocco-made-gold-mini-sacked-
just-barely-covering-your-cunt-
awarenessing
as you wild west
through those five or eight or even ten
more years
until you're
through,
the way I am now,

I'm not really in it now,
but looking back,
standing out,
 looking in
at the two of us
walking under bridges,
under clouds, down corridors,
up stairs, in and out of rooms,
eating, reading, fucking,
scratching, shadow-boxing,
talking it all out
and out and out,
trying to press it
like type into my eyes and my hands,
across my legs, on my prick, on my tongue,
so I'll still have marks of it after it's over
and it has to be sometime,
it has to be over
some-
time,

Each release wave lifts higher
and tented against the cold under Hindu flowers
we rub off centuries of catacombs and Summas,
purifying our skins in the secretions of our
psychoanimality,
pumping through the open eyes of our
exorcisms,
You've thought our splitting through,
but lie back,
let successive Nows circulate through
the labyrinths of your lungs,

31

You gold-brocade-leg across the
snow-drive afternoon,
I remember when I ran up the hourhills
the way you do now,
Am I supposed to believe in yellow
organdy and gold boots,
if "Go! Now! Do!"
The testament of your thighs?
Blame the place,
blame the white crystal sun,
blame the bones, the cells,
the juices,
wait up, baby,
wait up,
hold on,

I brush blue powder
over your eyelids,
eyestick your eyes out
like wings,
gold your hair,
gold sandal, tight
and brocade your body,
the Congregational egg
splits,
How many to-be "yous"!?
How many have been?
How many have you said
I created—
when they were already there?
I like you best ramble-stepped
and wild west, way up,
still rising,
or down, clamped around you,
watching you whimper toward home,
ordering (and) (you "obeying")
NOW!

Publication. Quixote, 1969.

Provenance. Complete thirty-two-part sequence, reset and re-collated line by line against the project scan.

PERIODICAL POEMS

Two complete poems from Beyond Baroque

Affluence-Gap Gappening

Death is a tornado at an ice-cupped
80 mph,
ox-cart,
a bamboo hut and a temple gong,

under the ears of
echo
echo
echo, No. 23,

rusted rice
next to Nutripack,

a concrete cocoon
doubled up against

the Bomb(s)

fifty thousand miles an hour
stand still,

“they” stand staring at our launching pads,
stand waiting, watching us,
watching them waiting.

Black pawn in a red hand,
red pawn in a black hand.

Check,
move,
out,
time,
whose?

Publication. *Beyond Baroque* 6.91, p. 34.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project periodical scan.

Guatemalan Highlands

Riding the interchangeability of wild boars and us (and dust)
placating the wind-rice gods (you)

balancing my accounts with
Input Mother

Don't (you)
die but merely shift into another
(transparent) year,
while I die.
then,
now (66—6—I 95 E)
now (slow, tail gate ahead)
now (sweat the “meaning” out Franz Kline)

Publication. *Beyond Baroque* 7.31, p. 30.

Provenance. Reset from the complete project periodical scan.

HUACA

East Lansing: Ghost Dance Press, 1975

Huaca

I

HUACA

The fight
against the
sky

clever
Quetzalcoatl
Prometheus

Teotihuacan

I descend into the world
of Yama,
through the narrow door
into Death

Death is abundance,
I spill over into
cloud,
the stirring
stops,

The House
of the Sun is the House
of Death,
serpent swallowing light,

He saw her sitting
by the campfire,
the dead were smoke, fog, spilling
over
into the canyon,

HORNS

she sees him, he nods to her,
COMEBACK, ONLYDON'T

TOUCHME

(REVOLVING)

don't look back,

the first day,
the second day,
ASHES
he reaches out to hit her
and she

KA

the third eye
opens,
burns,
crystal-Kazu

Fire-Feathers,
I stay strung between feathers
and slime,
eyes turned inward,
lingam around my neck,

I rise
up past Samsara into snow
Meru
Spine of the World

Cordillera Blanca

Illimani
Ilaky
Ilaku —
shine
Elli - sun
El
my god (eye)

diamond
is
turned inward
diamond
snow
feather

Chi

Ciguru
Ciga

Ch'iy
Ch'ih
creciendo

brotando
del suelo

four-leafed
lotus

3

des
cen
ding
in
to
snakemouth

night

Khepri

CHI

daily, yearly, lifely, multiple-
lives
revolving into
Yamaland

WA

WAKANDA

the sky-snakes cross

copulate

(Siva-lingam, Lord of
Nagas)

and the

sky thunders

WA

ter

Rain

IK

wind

viento

from the four

corners

Chacs

Chi

- nak

water of grace
water of fire, purification
water of vision-quest
waiting for the voice
of

the four (six)
quarters/ directions

wakanda(n)

4

Ka

fruit ripening in ashes
sun out
long
time
sprouting from
mounds

sprouting from the four
winds

(wet)

revolving

sprouting from the
snake
mouth
sprouting,
it all curls out of
mouths,
heads, hands,
eyes,
out of thought
it all curls out of
thinking

Chac
(Ka) Ek,

rain-star,
dipping into drought-night

HA

KO

morning
marriage star

it all comes down
(Balche) across coals,
drunk
it all comes down

mushroom-prick

high

it all comes

down

KAN

water

against

drought

green

5

water against
cold (green)

canopy

the tree
in the garden
fountain,
green jade turquoise

kan

kay

kaya

every day struggles

out of night

KAN

NAL

NILU

AKBAL

struggling
out of
cunt night

Jaguar snarl

sunray dawn,

Akbal- Weten-

Land of the third

day

(claw)

UY

uo

WO

OLORUN

Dies

(Nilu)

struggles

back to hollow drum

light

UY URA URABOMBA

URAPPU

Uol

round, dip into night, slip into

nilu death

nihil nilam

nelm nela nerl

nirvanic nothing nilness

stop

Kan

Teo

cracking

open into light

(jade)

cracking

open out of stone

Lamay

U Tun

U Lamay

Tun

cracking out of corn

ground

stone

cracking out

KA+

6

Ga
Tun.

circle

seed

Tha

I hear rustling slime-body-scales

against

TA

Earth

grass

GA

GA

(hill)

Ga/Ka

ruppai

belly-cunt

growing

I hear the

water (jade)

suck into roots

turn into

toads,

wood cells strain

outward against

bark

water-wind

blowing

THE YEAR DIES

U Hitz Haab

blood-copal,

the rooster

flaps his wings

cut throat,

the blood flows

THE YEAR DIES

carry the old man
death-god jaguar out
of time

carry
the jaguar death-god
out of time
snake in the tree

god

footprints
K/C/G-alakala

the roar of waters,
birds, voices,

the rustling of snake-wings out of fog
blood and copal
flow,
blow, walk to the god (renewal)
tree

7

KAN

KAZU

the rustling of fringed wings
growing
out of the god-snake tree

door

gate

sky

HA

growing
out

water/year

Ha/HAB

growing
out of God / TAH

(Nuestro Señor)

growing out of

ROOSTER

FISH

RATTLE

BLOOD AND COPAL

cut (tuni)

fragment,

determine,

resolve

TUN

KA-

end, resolve,

KA

water

time

KALA

KALI

KAMA

KAZU

OUR LADY OF THE SCISSOR-WINGS
SNIPPING

Drum-rattle,
blood-vomit,
drought
the sword wings slash
FIRE

bringing
down
FIRE

Kaac
Kauil

the weeds
(Yerba, Yerba mala)
burn black
earth

(Nilu)
fire

KATUN
MEASURING
OUT
FIRE

KATUN
MEASURING
OUT
WIND

KATUN
MEASURING
OUT
THE MOVEMENT OF
WIND-FIRE- WINGS

whirring

8

Kali - Yuga

4-Movement

Brahma

Ra

Wankan Tanka

dissolves

KA

FIRE

measured

out rock becoming

cloud

from the four
quarters

earthquake firebird

snake-chac-Bacabs

burning

Na

the quetzal

green-bird

comes

Yax-che/Kax

Kayu

the green

plumes

Ka-

blossom

Katun- measure/end

time

Ka- Yu - measure/bear

fruit

blow

blossom

Kax

the fire-tree

snake

sky
blossoming
Ni
Nie
Nie-a 'an-c-il
Ni-rap-pam-
Atir a
Our Lady of the
Snake Skirt Skull Cave,
Our Lady of Filth
Spring
H'Atira
si Whata
i
Ti
Here,
the Egg lengthens,
cracks
open

9

the moon-egg

cracks

Our Mother

Mother

of Fangs

Mother

of Coils

Jaguar

- claw

mother

Kali

Kalako

Clouds rise up

terraces

Bottom

of the world

filth

rising

Our

Lady of the Four -Leaved

Lotus

filling

the sky

THA

Mistress

of Snakes

THA

Vulva

Corn-Mother

out of the cleft
of

Cliffs Corn

Mother of the spread open

Legs Mother of Moisture

Mother of Rain

Sea

Tiamat

/ Tanit

TAK

TAK-AN TAN

AHULANI MANAS

SOYAL

ANNA! TANNA!

TO-KI

Our Lady of Cotton

Sun-Bringer Seed Mother of the HEART

OF THE EARTH

gods

10

AHULANI

AHAU

SUN BECOMES
COTTON FLESH

Hui

Dog-greath

Dog-Breath

creating

Man

Ha

Ha ko

A-Hau

Wa-Ha-Ki

Wa-Ha-Ko

heavens

above cloud breath of god

dog tiger

Ahau

Ahulani

TI

TI KAN SKY TI TI

LORD OF VESPER

LORD OF DAWN

OUT OF THE ASHES,

HELL,

NIGHT-HOUND SUN

Prometheus

Xolotl

X och

Tiger-bird-snake

out of

infinite uterine claw cave night

Sun

Venus

Ka-Chac

Kari

Tiger-torch
 out of night
(coyote-raven-owl)
leather
 sprout
spots
 sun-star
 Titan
Earth-Python
 Soul-Guide
out of Night into Feather-branch
 - seed
plates breaking long white breath-sprout
cloud Chacs

II

H OM
H H H
H H
the word made TIGER DOG OWL FLESH
Flowering
serpent
sky-plumed
Kan
Kaac
fire
bird(s)
from
the 4
6 quarters
H UM
OM
shell,
Lord
Venus,
bringing
down the sea
Lotus
Sun-star ris-
ing
hand
Yoga Pentacostal
Bird Flight
UP
HA
YA-KU
KA WA-KAN
eye-hand in the sky plume
Makaras from
the Four Quarter
trunk-feathers
blowing out cotton wet rain.

Ahau
infinite
sun-water
 elephant,
 crocodile, bird-snake tiger eye
crying stretched
 across the sky rainbow snake dragon

RAIN

 Kazu-Garuda
 bird

Sleep
 up
between Elephant-
 Yaksa-Makara
water-world and
Sky

 Ti rawa

Lightning
 down fruit
 up water between
 thunder
 clefts

into the
Ganesa eye of
drunken
Kaliru
Kol/Kool
Third-Eye
Diamond
Water-Heaven
the grape-god
 Chac-Ganapti
 big-bellied
 prick-player

Mouse-Elephant
wa ter-lillied, vulva-ed, babble-laughing,
 blossom-water
 lazy

billowing wave-fickle
 wandering

god
Remover
 of Obstacles
 TAT
 TVAM ASI

 AUM

Pray for us

Lotus -heart
Uru
 ooze
 uppu

um
umu
umuna

OM

I go through the center of the smoking diamond mirror

@ eye between the clashing

I am dismembered,

the mud-bead,

Kouretes

rock clouds (Kyanos},

dissolved

seed-head

titan clown-kings

into non-ness

gypsum warrior

(H-U-M)

Koyimsi/

devour

me

A-Kaea

space

between

the clashing

cyano-dark

blue cloud-rock sprouts

13

son of the sun/snake woman
Gihuacoatl
- Huitzilopochtli
I return to the Cannibal House of my Father
Spider-
Grandmother
Toci
Theia Mater
enter (crystal)
in
he smells,
tests, tastes, dismembers,
plants
me,
I descend into Xibalba for three days
Xib
Ciq-i
sprout
my head becomes
blood-fruit
my mother and I

Lotus thunder-bolt
bring up corn
bring down light
(Soma)
Ku u Kul Canale
sprouting in sun
god
crystal
sprouting
from the
head of
HR!
HUM
OM

OM MANI PADME
HUM OM

OMEYOCAN

OMETEOTL

UM

U UY

in the self-creating
heart of
heaven mirror
motion
Mictlantecuhtli
- Mictecacihuatl

OM

Up into the Sun-House
down into the Waters of Life
(clashing)

crystals

against my chest

(entering)

eating crystals

becoming crystal

14

OM

Sahasrara Padma

into water

light

Spider Grandmother, weave me an eye

Sun

wings

to as —;: ce nd

des-cend

(crystal)

into the mouth

of dragon water

the house

of dragon light

into the house of mirror

crystal

in to the eye of

I-Ka-Ina

U-Kt-Ena

kaan-sky kan-snake

Kan — from the four-quarter

sky-snake

crystal

mirror

ULUNSUTI

UL ULLAM ULLAMU

ULA

inside the house of being (crystal)

inside the house of the crystal

water

Sun

Life

Mind

(follow the snake, Kan)

Ulku

Oli

Olle

wise-light-snake

Kan-Kutti Eye-Kan

Ati-Crystal

EYE OF THE SUN

{on the other side of the — fire— sky)

between the rocks into the red-auraed

lotus-world

my skull becomes

crystal, I become snake-bird

(H)uayra

Uy (ir.ppu)

Uk

Ik

Ka'shi

wan nati - all your people

Ka ru 'sin i ah - your thoughts

Ti' ka si mai ah - come to us

your wind-cloud-rain

thoughts/people

Yu-wa

There

Untiquhi

15

Pot in the water
 melting,
 thought
 we become each others
 thoughts

NA
NOH
NUC
NAK
NUNDAQUNYI
 in the wind-sun place, the crystal
 snakes split rain across the
 crystal-skull waka-thought sky
NANEHI
NANAQ

Bird becomes
 water
becomes
 makara-crocodile
water-elephant
 serpent
 dragon
becomes
 sky
becomes
 plumed scale-feathers
becomes
 lightning
becomes
 prick
becomes
 tree
becomes
 clouds
becomes
 urine
becomes

rain
becomes
cunt
caves
jars
inverted
pouring
up
down

(Kundali lightning flashes in the Trikona
Triangle
of the sky-sprout
syama cyanid cloud-rocks
clashing)

Pinane
Breath

the horns come
Yama-eyes skull out of the Yama-South
(dismembering)
I am dismembered
 dissolved dead
Tlalocan, the spring-world
 of our
mothers

HA
CHA
MO
NI
 HA ATIRA

snake
corn
pollen
breath
water
spit
breath
prayer
flower

void
Great

Snake
Yoni/Tiponi

Snake
 Chac
ascending
to

antelope
Lotus
horn

Ti Ga

Ra

Ra road

ladder spine

Hi-ah-ar-ra

Tiwara

Ra

17

Tiwara
Bra
 ma
 WA
 TI
 RA
 TI
 WA
 RA
path to the Father
 spine
 corn
 water
 god
Palulukon
 spine
 of the world
 (Meru)
 grace
 snake sky
The seasons turn on the axle of the
world tree,
 chakra foot-drum
 power
 Herm
Tiponi
Kheo Deo, God of Stones
Burha Deo, God of Snakes
Coatlicue
 Mother of Snake
 Rain

Fall peacock-eagle feather

cornmeal

virgin

Lakan sunflower-petal

Mana

bull

black

ripen

the gods go "home"

through the smoking

mirror

spruce

the gods leave (wind)

the legs part (Maraw)

Mar

Mari

the gods leave and

the Great Goddess

spreads

her

rain-cunt

legs

PACHAMAMA

MAMA CCOCHA

sea cave

descent into

Earth-Source

Soul of the Dead

Strength Obsidian Butterfly

Underearth Butterfly Cuntlegs

Spreading cornmeal feathers

rutting into

sky sprouts

Nadir-Zenith

axis between

the Life-Afterlife

poles

Ga

Gaia

Ch'aam

Ch'al Ch'ab

Chicomecotl

Chalchiuhcihuahl

sleeps

(with her legs spread)

Our Lady of the Seven Serpent

Heads

Chalchiuhcueye,

Our Lady of the Jade Skirt

Corn Waters

sleeps

sleeps

Bhutesvara-Siva

grey-ash

smoke

face

Kiva-womb

(Sipapuni)

the this-world roads close,

the other-world road opens

Masau'u
 (sleeps)
the dead float in,
 eat door-closed empty night
 (sleeps)
GA GAIA MAI MAYA GA GANGA GANESA
 GARUDA CHA
CHAC CHALCHIUHCUEYE
 TLALI
 CHALI
EARTH EARTH EARTH EARTH
 under thunder jade-skirt water
 corn dead

I OPEN
 THE ROADS
 TO THE DEAD
 DRUM END OF
 THE YUGA
 SUN

FOURTH FINAL
 (FIRE)
 WORLD
 DAWN
 WU CHIM
 NEW FIRE

AND THE SOLSTICE
 AXIS
 TURNS
 (FIRE)
 (WASHING)

19

Natacka

Maka Makara

Nag (a) Masagu

Masau'u

Juice

flowing (fire) sun-turn back

Natacka Natu Nannu Nantu

the sun turns back

Soyal Cuahuitlehua

Sa

My Lady, come quickly

Soyal

Seri

Ceres

Our Lady of Hawk Seed

Grain Blood

Path into Death/Life

Under(over) world

blood for the dead

("evil")

blood for the Earth ("evil")

blood for Rebirth ("evil")

ritual group-blood Death ("evil")—
into good

MA

BIG JAR THA

TAMA-TAMAV-ENAL

TEPONAZTLI

Drum Ta

Talir

Ta TA TAAB

drum jar spill melt

feather

I will dance the GHOST DANCE

TA

(into the Power World)

I will dance the Ghost Dance
(drum)
YA Val-am
The Ghost Dance circle year
Xocotl
Xochicalaquia
Dance
the conch-shell
rattle bamboo
Marimba
chant
We dance the Ghost Dance year
mounds solstice
sun-return
the other engines stop star wheel
seven sisters
axis
never was OIL or machines,
all there ever was was the
SACRED CIRCLE
SMOKE
HUACA
All there ever was was Karma
Kama
Kazu
Death
Resurrection

20

ALL THERE EVER WAS WAS
THE GHOST DANCE
SPRING-BURN PLANTING
SUMMER
 HARVEST
AND THE
COMING OF
THE GODS

THE GODS

THE GODS

THE GODS

THE GODS

THE GODS

Publication. Ghost Dance Press, 1975.

Provenance. Complete twenty-part verbal sequence, reset at standard verse size from the project scan. The source's archaeological images and glyphs are documented in the archival opening rather than used as facsimile reading pages.

LATER POEM

One complete archival card poem

Delayed Empathy

D. A. Levy was a Cleveland poet who shot himself to death in 1968, when I met him a couple of months beforehand, I didn't really understand what it meant, opening the door to me, what the Outside meant to him, inside he'd psychedelized all the walls, did the same with his head, and Outside was East Cleveland, Outside's East Lansing for me, three days without going out, I look at the sideyard through a slit in the drapes, getting brighter and brighter, filling up with faces.

Publication. Longhouse, 2005; complete card poem preserved in the project archive.

Provenance. Punctuation and capitalization follow the card.

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TEXTUAL NOTE

Witnesses, corrections, and exclusions

The reading text derives from complete scans of *Eye Into Now* (1967), *The Headless Centaurs* in *The Wormwood Review* 32 (1968), *Glyphs* (1969), *Son of Camelot Meets the Wolfman* (1969), *Huaca* (1975), and *Delayed Empathy* (2005), plus complete page witnesses for two *Beyond Baroque* poems. “Row, Row Your Boat,” preserved in Fox’s folder from *Kalliope* (1998), is prose fiction and is not converted into a poem.

Clear recognition debris—stray brackets, scan-edge bars, false punctuation, split ordinary words, and numeral-for-letter substitutions—has been corrected only where the page image settles the reading. Fox’s unusual compounds, spellings, capitals, repeated words, and broken constructions remain. Review fragments and poems known only through partial quotations are listed in the datasheet but omitted from this reading text.

The title *Eye Into Now and Other Experimental Books* identifies the actual contents. It makes no claim to collect Fox’s many later poetry books, which are not present here in complete copy. The earlier ‘Collected Poems’ title and its associated unsupported claims are superseded.

COLOPHON

Production record

Designed and edited in Los Angeles in 2026 for Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry. Six by nine inches; mirrored 66/48-point margins; EB Garamond; cream page field; Green cover and apparatus system.

The centered cover art is a newly generated unlettered surreal gallery tableau inspired by Fox's poem-scripts, visual poetry, bodily imagery, and Los Angeles experimentalism. Clean and lettered versions are archived separately.

Source scans, independent OCR, downloaded research pages, biographical dossier, archive crops, cover art, fonts, build code, superseded proof, and verification renders are preserved in the poet's production folder.