

Il primo numero di “Abracadabra” (Luxembourg, 1977), a cura di Marcello Angioni

La vocazione internazionale, oggi si direbbe globale, di questa piccola rivista di poesia sperimentale pubblicata in Lussemburgo in soli cinque numeri fra il 1977 e il 1981, nasce dall'incontro tra due personalità che il superamento dei confini linguistici ma anche di genere, in ambito letterario e artistico, l'avevano nel sangue: il poliglotta di origine sarda **Marcello Angioni**, approdato nel Granducato per esercitare il mestiere di interprete e traduttore presso la CEE, animato da un interesse onnivoro per la poesia e l'architetto sognatore italo-svizzero-americano **Franco Beltrametti**, dalla cui piccola casa-laboratorio di Riva San Vitale, nei pressi di Lugano, s'irradiavano e si ricevevano innumerevoli messaggi legati a un'apertissima ricerca poetica per e da ogni parte del mondo. Nelle magie linguistiche evocate dal titolo scelto per la rivista venne coinvolto un altro personaggio dotato di grande inventiva e innamorato di iniziative spericolate, quale l'olandese **Harry Hoogstraten**, e con il materiale poetico inviato da autori un po' pazzereLLoni di mezzo mondo, vide la luce il primo numero di “Abracadabra”, riprodotto qui di seguito.

I tre fondatori della rivista compaiono già in questo sito. Dei due italiani ho scritto diffusamente presentando alcune loro raccolte di poesie pubblicate in quegli anni dalle edizioni Geiger per quanto riguarda Franco Beltrametti (*Un altro terremoto - Another earthquake*, 1971-1976 http://www.archiviomauriziospatola.com/prod/pdf_geiger/G00062.pdf e *Montagna Rossa*, Inventario in 9 lingue, 1971 http://www.archiviomauriziospatola.com/prod/pdf_geiger/G00109.pdf) e dalle edizioni di “Tam Tam” per quanto concerne Marcello Angioni (*Analfabetica*, 1982 http://www.archiviomauriziospatola.com/prod/pdf_tamtam/T00121.pdf). Harry Hoogstraten compare con un suo testo nell'antologia *Montagna Rossa* e in voce con due poemi sonori all'interno del primo numero della rivista in audiocassetta “Baobab” fondata da Adriano Spatola (http://www.archiviomauriziospatola.com/prod/pdf_videopoesia/V00146.mp3 ; http://www.archiviomauriziospatola.com/prod/pdf_videopoesia/V00147.mp3).

Marcello Angioni è nato nel 1939 in Sardegna e vive tuttora, da pensionato, in Lussemburgo con la moglie svedese da cui ha avuto cinque figli. Franco Beltrametti era nato a Locarno nel 1937 da padre italiano. Laureato in architettura non ha mai esercitato seriamente questa professione dedicandosi alla letteratura e alla scoperta del mondo, dividendo la sua vita fra la California, l'Europa (in particolare l'Italia) e il Giappone, dove contava molti amici e poeti che raggiungeva sovente in maniera avventurosa in treno con la Transiberiana fino a Vladivostok e da lì imbarcandosi per le isole del Sol Levante. Purtroppo è scomparso precocemente nell'agosto 1995, mentre fra altre mille iniziative stava collaborando con me nella realizzazione della decima Antologia sperimentale GEIGER. Di Harry Hoogstraten non ho più notizie da molto tempo e non riesco nemmeno a trovarne: se qualcuno mi aiuta sarà il benvenuto.

Fra i poeti presenti in questo primo numero di “Abracadabra” spiccano, senza voler sminuire gli altri, quelli dell'americano **Philip Whalen** (1923-2002), profondamente attratto dal Buddismo Zen, vissuto a lungo in Giappone e grande amico di Beltrametti; di **John Giorno**, italo americano, protagonista di esperienze poetiche d'ogni tipo; del francese **Julien Blaine**, artista totale e animatore di innumerevoli festival poetici nonché promotore di svariate riviste di poesia sperimentale (“Approches”, “Geranonymo”, “Robho”, “Doc(k)s”); di **Ulises Carrión**, poeta-libraio di Amsterdam, dotato di straordinaria verve espressiva e destinato a vita breve (1941-1989); della poetessa e scrittrice milanese **Milli Graffi**, dal 1995 direttore de “il verri”, la storica rivista letteraria fondata dal suocero Luciano Anceschi; dei pittori **Giovanni D'Agostino** e **Giuliano Della Casa**, legati a doppio filo alle esperienze poetiche loro contigue; degli abituali frequentatori di questo ambito poetico **Giulia Niccolai** e **Adriano Spatola**, anch'essi promotori di numerose iniziative editoriali. Come d'abitudine, il documento sulla rivista è accompagnato dalle foto di alcuni dei protagonisti. Buona consultazione.

Maurizio Spatola



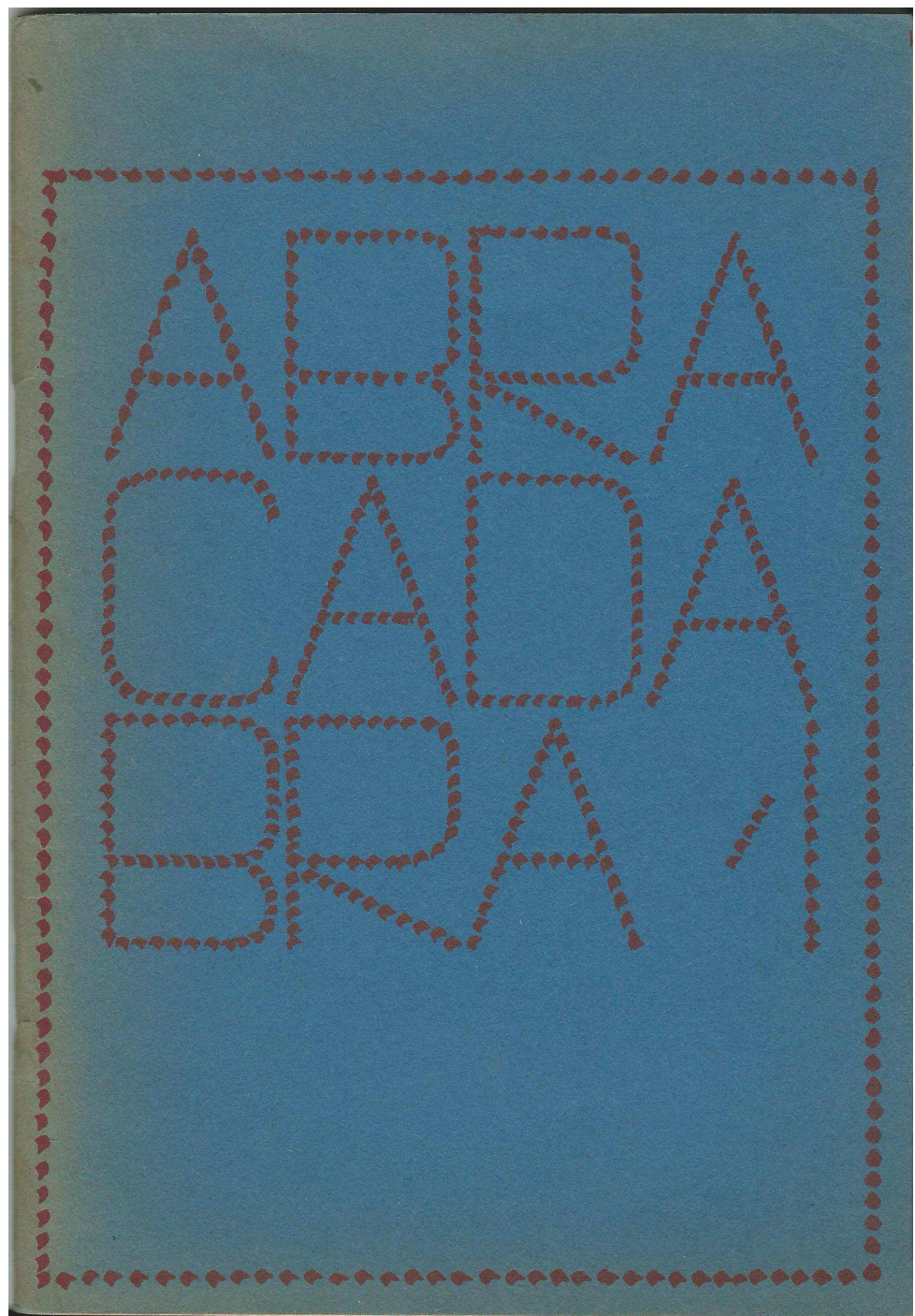
Marcello Angioni



**Franco
Beltrametti**



Harry Hoogstraten



The earliest occurrence of the word 'abracadabra' can be dated back to the third century a. D. It appears for the first time in the "Liber Medicinalis" by the latin poet Q. Serenus (Sammonian). In order to fight malaria fever, Serenus recommends to write the word 'abracadabra' on eleven lines on a piece of paper and to delete progressively the word's letters in such a way as to obtain the following triangle:

A B R A C A D A B R A
A B R A C A D A B R
A B R A C A D A B
A B R A C A D A
A B R A C A D
A B R A C A
A B R A C
A B R A
A B R
A B
A

The piece of papier should subsequently be fastened around the sick person's neck.

The word's etymology is unknown. A possible connection with the oriental and late classical divinity Abraxas or Abrasax. Further details in: Axel Nelson, Abracadabra, in Eranos Rudbergianus, Göteborg, 1946.

The first ancient function of the word 'abracadabra' as a magic formula disappeared altogether and its only meaning is now 'meaningless wordflood' or something of the sort.

We consider a combination of the two significations as a pertinent emblem of certain ways of making poetry.

M. A.

ABRACADABRA is
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corresponding editors Franco Beltrametti & Harry Hoogstraten
cover by F. B. lay-out Suse Hahn
(c) copyright 1977 abracadabra & authors
this first issue has been printed in an edition of 700 numbered copies,
the first 30 copies being signed by the authors.

ABRACADABRA 1
PHILIP WHALEN
JOHN GIORNO
JAMES KOLLER
JOE BRAINARD
ANNE WALDMAN
ANTON BRUHIN
JULIEN BLAINE
MAGNUS HEDLUND
MICHAEL GIBBS
ULISES CARRION
JACK HIRSCHMAN
JOHNNY EDGEcombe
PETER H VAN LIESHOUT
HARRY HOOGSTRATEN
PETER NIJMEIJER
RIK LINA
SUSE HAHN
MILLI GRAFFI
CESARE VIVIANI
FRANCO BELTRAMETTI
GIULIA NICCOLAI
CIULIANO DELLA CASA
GIOVANNI D'AGOSTINO
GIOVANNI ANCESCHI
MARCELLO ANGIONI
ADRIANO SPATOLA
LOUISE ANGIONI
DAVID WEISS
ABRACADABRA 1

Philip Whalen

from: THE EDUCATION
CONTINUES ALONG

INTRANSIT '67 (TOAD PRESS)

an independent study of
non-Euclidean pleasures
non-canonical hours
watch and pray. "Watch"
means "to sit up all night
without sleeping"
Watch means look at me:
See my bellybutton.

I hope you didn't think I
meant anything personal
by it. You don't have to
if you don't want to.
What happened to your
hair. I left it on the
bureau. The pleasure

- 2 -

Don't leave the house before
noon there's a reason
You'll find it later it will
be revealed to you
Preserve ritual purity
The Unworthy must be
left in that Ignorance
which is a Divine
Punishment Amen.

rutile
ore from which titanium }
Queen of the Night }
(Queen of the Fucking May) }
SAGENITE?

- 1 -

of exact location lies in
a certain feeling. Let me
feel yours. Feel mine?

LIMIT

defined by change of state
as the bed is just so wide
beyond the edge of it we
fall on the floor

MEASURE

That which contains a num-
ber of beats. Two pints
one quart; eight quarts a
peck. Aristotle a dead
professor? "Container for

- 3 -

the thing contained"

Hart Crane says,
"FOR JOY RIDES IN
STUPENDOUS
COVERINGS"

THE PRIMARY

are you in love?
are you hungry?
do you have a toothache?
WHERE YOU AT?

Who's got all the money?
How much does it cost
to find out what you want
to know?

THANK YOU COME AGAIN

« O, ABSOLUTELY ! »

- 4 -

John Giorno

from
DRINKING THE BLOOD
OF EVERY WOMAN'S PERIOD

you're waiting
you're waiting
in a room
on a bed
you're waiting
in a room on a bed
you're waiting in a room on a bed,
you can't
go
to sleep
you can't go
to sleep
you can't go
to sleep
you can't go to sleep,
you're lying
on your left
side
you're lying on your left side,
waiting
waiting
waiting
waiting
to go
to sleep
to go to sleep
waiting to go to sleep,
it's not
happening
it's not happening
it's not happening,
you got
this pain
inside
your left
hip
you got this pain inside your
you turn left hip,
on your right
side
you turn on your right side,
waiting
for tomorrow
waiting for tomorrow
waiting for tomorrow,
waiting
for everything
to change
waiting for everything to change,
if you weren't
so tired
if you weren't so tired,
if you weren't
trying
so hard
if you weren't trying so hard,
maybe
you could

you could
do it,
let's
straighten
it out
let's straighten it
out
let's straighten it out,
when
you turn
this time
when you turn this time,
you turn
on your back
you turn on your back,
square
square
square on
square on,
sitting
here
here
in limbo
sitting here
in limbo,
waiting
for time
to pass
sitting here in limbo
waiting for time to pass,
and it's overpopulated
and it's overpopulated,
polluted
polluted,
there isn't
enough
food
there isn't enough food,
headed
for the worst
depression
of all
times
headed for the worst depression
of all times,
so you better
get
to the well
so you better get to the well,
before
it dries
up
before it dries up
forever
before it dries up forever,
and you're at 37,000
feet
and you're at 37,000 feet,
going
600
miles

miles an hour
 going 600 miles an hour,
 outside the plane
 it's 67 degrees below zero
 outside the plane
 it's 67 degrees below zero,
 and you're cruising through the clouds,
 beautiful billowy white clouds,
 and sunlight and sunlight,
 and you're touching and you're touching
 vast cloud canyons
 and you're touching vast cloud canyons,
 this must be where the gods live
 this must be where the gods live
 this must be where the gods live,
 you are in heaven you are in heaven,
 offering the support of Burlington pantyhose
 offering the support of Burlington pantyhose,
 it's going downhill on rollerskates
 going downhill on rollerskates,
 do it, again
 do it, again
 do it, again
 do it, again
 do it, again,
 keep it up
 baby
 keep it up baby
 baby

James Koller

February 20th 1977

Late afternoon, heavy snow.
 I screw longer screws
 into the loose hinge on the sheephouse door.
 Inches away, the Ram rams the fence
 until I pause to rub his nose.
 I look up - hidden Geese honking.

* * * * *

FOUR DAYS
 for the dead - one each corner
 of the year. Remember
 that place
 wasn't there
 before there were skulls in it.

* * * * *

Shotguns. For the God of Thunder.
 BOOM BOOM. BOOM BOOM BOOM.
 Sky opens. Red, gray.
 Dark birds
 just over the trees.
 Flapping their wings.

My sunflowers dry. One black -
 Baba Yaga! This is the place!
 I have what you look for!!

I told her, I dreamed
 of shootings, three nights, murder.
 She asked if I kept journals of my dreams.
 I carried her, no clothes
 a blond woman, I wasn't sure who she was
 which blond woman, almost the same body
 from dream to dream...

A house on chicken legs.
 Changes her shape.

I cut the heads off seven chickens today.
 A dog, pale blue eyes, smelled the blood
 crossed the bridge trying to find it.
 She was working the marsh at dusk -
 blue, orange. All very clear
 before dark.

The Fox crosses my tracks.
Yesterday's, he says.
I cross The Fox's tracks.
Today's.

Every morning.
Neither of us have had breakfast.

* * * * *

I skin a Coon

The knife has an edge
but I can't see it.

* * * * *

THE LIVING ROOM

A clothesline crosses the room.
Clothes hang from it by two types of wooden clothespins.
The clothesline sags.
The clothes hang down nearly to the floor.
There is a cradle in the room.
The Baby sleeps in it, I hear her
deep breathing, from where I lay
in my bedding, before the stove, on the floor
looking up at the hanging clothes.

* * * * *

I search the snow each morning
for the light
green Mallard eggs.

* * * * *

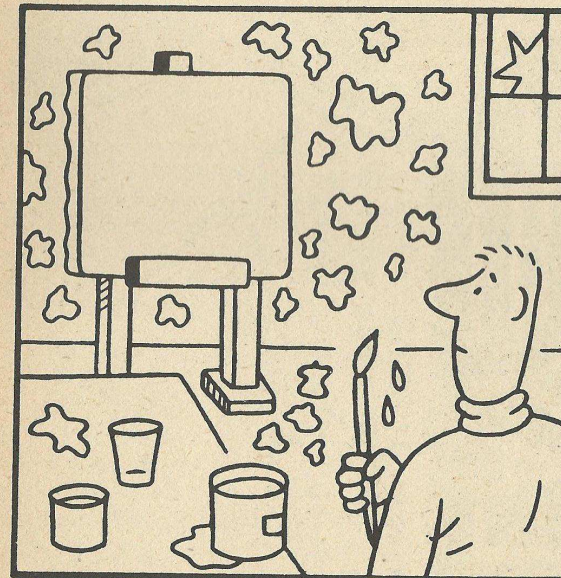
I hear dry leaves rattle above me.
I stop. It is not yet dawn.
The road I walk is snow covered.
There are no leaves on the dark trees.

Something waking, startled, flaps its wings &
Caw Caw Caw
becomes a Crow.

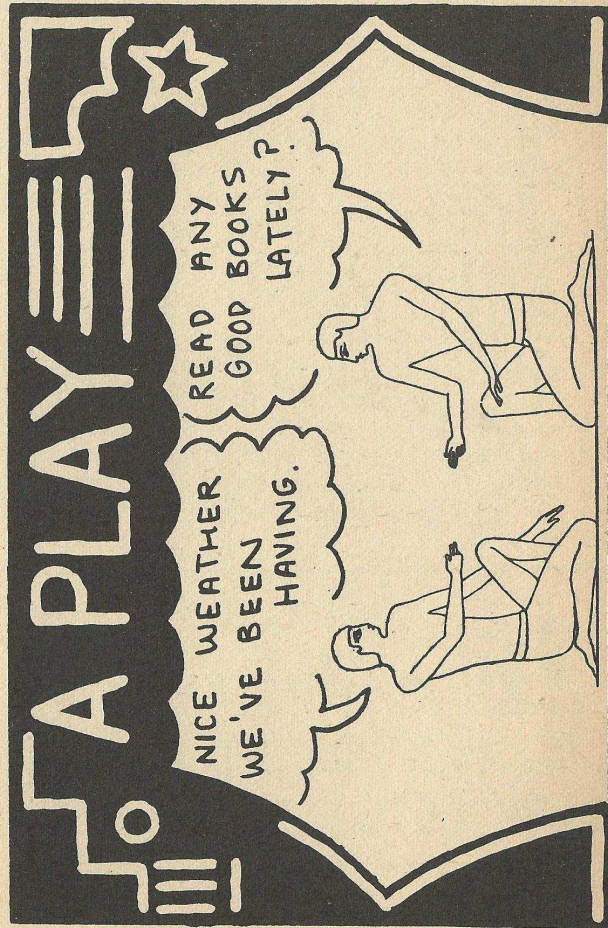
* * * * *

Joe Brainard

2 POSTCARDS



IF AT FIRST YOU
DO NOT SUCEED, TRY
TRY (ETC.) AGAIN.



Anne Waldman

* BILLY WORK PEYOTE *

a piece of sympathetic magic
for the life of William Burroughs, Jr.
sick in hospital Denver at the time.

Keep it moving Billy. There's some motion. We're doing the clog
dance for ya embattled or exalted what? Motions of fronds.
these support systems these rivers falling in & through you
you way back deep deep deep legroom not enough to sit down & whisper
in your ear Billy no nova Billy More nourishment Billy
Billy we send you these stars dotted on the dotted swiss
a most delicious gray for the senses here Billy take them Billy
take these stars Billy here Billy take the woodsmoke
(moving Billy moving Billy moving keep it moving)
We send you these scents & the pleasure of making a tent
a tent for wanderers for a wandering soul lost your shadow
here's a body to come back to Billy

& for your sake we lie down
in a bundle of cloud & for you we eat this medicine to cure
& puke it up again I vomited for you Billy & the last
3 years come back up to me for you Billy churn it around
You are still here for us Billy
we three me Steven Reed
in still night I can't sit still jumping up for you Billy
moving keep moving keep it moving Billy
corn liquor to get the magic down

demodulation Billy
demon hypodermic Billy

corrigeable Billy

Solomon's seal Billy
it's wobbling Billy
correlation Billy

stock still

indelible

hyacinth blood Billy

cards on the table Billy

high dramas we're missing you Billy

where ya been Billy boy

looking for you Billy

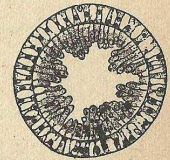
studying your shank Billy

universality Billy

let it go

passing it around

moving keep it moving Billy moving keep it moving Billy moving
keep it moving Billy Billy moving keep it moving Billy
moving keep it moving Billy moving keep it Billy



& do what I know best
actually, and weeping do nothing best
but love you best
the birds like flutes winding down
& see these things for you
your face the wind makes
more light rain
le dolce rime d'amor
how careful I was but now
against that time
I write these things for you
your leg around my river body
walk thru the night, move your legs
I move my legs
& the stars at solstice
you laugh

ANTON BRUHIN
4 Magische Alphabete

**rab cedef
ghit je kilomeno
pot quarstuv
vowäx en yuz**

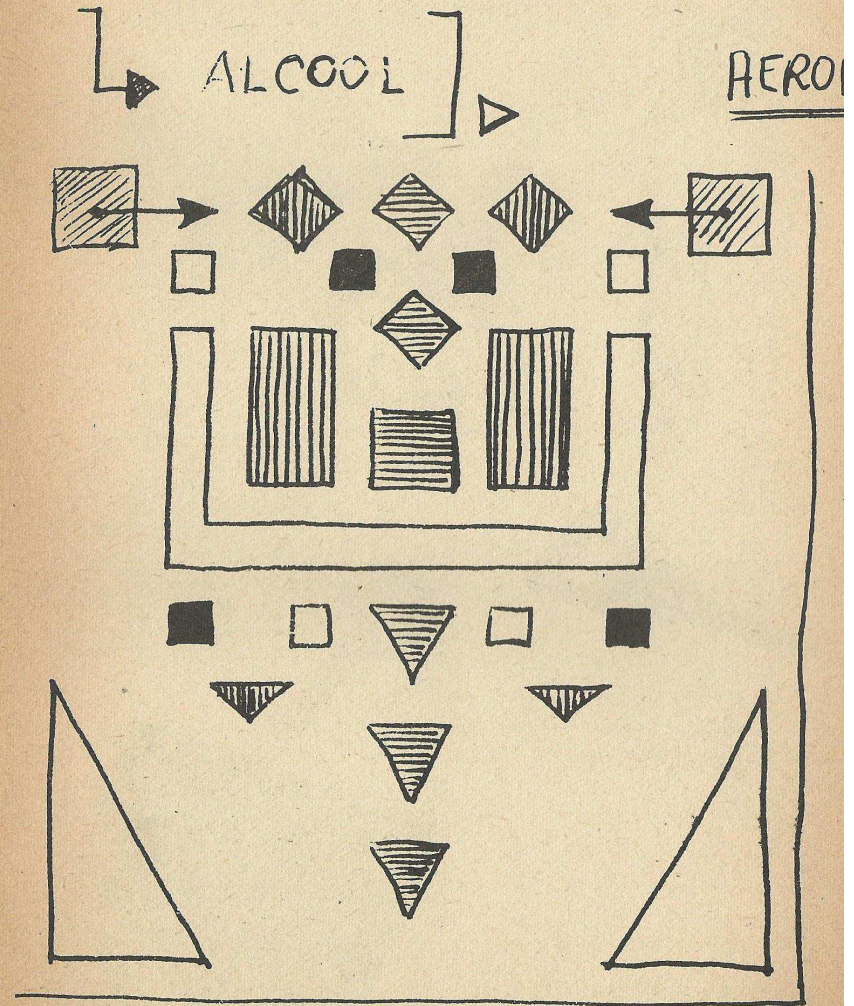
ABI CADI
REFGHI
JAKLI MINOPIQUE
RISTULI VERWUXLI
ZOI

abacadabre
feghika lomonu
po quarsa tu
vorwäxy zrugg

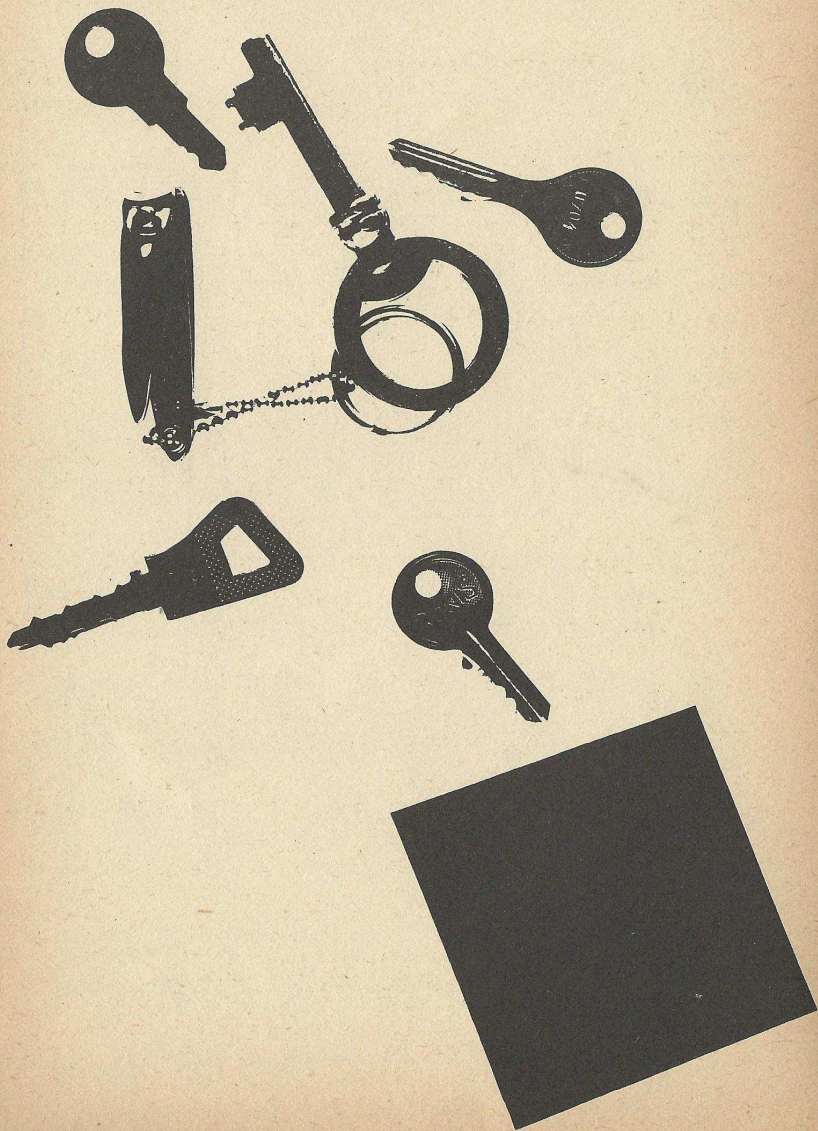
All right

**ABER CADLER
FROG HIG
JOKALMON
KOP QUADER
STUVO WAX
YALZ**

Julien Blaine



 : ■ : moi



Magnus Hedlund

POEMS from Diarrhy from an Outing in Inner Monologia

Who would have thought anything like that!
When I turned and pulled the china handle,
Attached to the lower end of the chain, slowly oscillating,
Everything, yes, literally everything, suddenly spurted
Up into my consternated face.

Let me tell it straight, as
they say, well, in one
word, I don't know,
whether it is true, but,
in short,
I don't want to insist,
but to tell the truth, I'm
quite sure, as a matter of
fact, and by the way,
I also would like to add.

I love the open sea,
So wouldn't you be so kind
To open the sea for me?

"Madness, madness", the Emperor sighed,
And looked in distress
At the Imperial Master of Ceremonies, who
Was walking in the ceiling
Like a fly.

"VEGETABLES!" cried the doctor in anguish and fell out of his chair.
The startled patient with his sore throat and broken right arm
Immediately ran round to him
And pulled, with all the strength of his left arm
The carrot out of the doctor's eye.

AND FINALLY

Tried to get out, went out, disappeared perhaps, no,
came back and started to go down the stairs, saw himself passing, tumbling
headlong downstairs, tried to get up, fell down the stairs, up again and
walked slowly downstairs and back upstairs, then down again and finally
out through the front door and slammed the door shut in his face.



Philip Whalen



James Koller



Anne Waldman



John Giorno

Ulises Carrion

SIX SPANISH SPELLINGS

AMOR

a; a;
m, o, r; mor;
a, mor;
amor.

RITMO

r, i, t; rit;
m, o; mo;
rit, mo;
ritmo.

CLARIDAD

c, l, a; cla;
r, i; ri;
d, a, d; dad;
cla, ri, dad;
claridad.

MUSICA

m, u; mu;
s, i; si;
c, a; ca;
mu, si, ca;
musica.

CORRESPONDENCIA

c, o; co;
rr, e, s; rres;
p, o, n; pon;
d, e, n; den;
c, i, a; cia;
co, rres, pon, den, cia;
correspondencia.

POESIA

p, o; po;
e; e;
s, i, a; sia;
po, e, sia;
poesia.

Jack Hirschman

RESOLUTION OF NYET AND DA

a heart of ice rendered warm;
of stone made compassionate,
of pitch-black anger given its red coccaroe,
of marhermouth softened,
of insanity sweetened to the tips
of nymphetic breasts and the petal-
edges of flowers,
of politics this day —
this day again, this Lady
pencil of a stencilled
nature raining
small the tapes of the mind,
scrambled and stretched,
filled with form,
embodied again,
koan of the ongoing
ship of understatement
and tacit prints:
leaf-edges, eyes
in the capillaries,
another now,
now tomorrow
but yes.

JACK HIRSCHMAN

She figured that the mark just had to be carrying a lot-a green for Jake to be operating with those two mother-fuckers - especially that thieving bastard Sam. She didn't really have anything against Jake. As a matter of fact, she fancied him for a long time, and had even made it obvious a few times; but Jake was a very cute cat - you just couldn't get into him. Like he never have no conversation for no-one and if you said anything to him, he would just look at you and smile; yes, he's a deep cat but he is so velvet like you just had to dig him. Still it was tough that he was with Georgie and Sam. Kitty just didn't dig those two cats for nothing; like they had encouraged her baby's father, Danny, to split-out on her to London when she was carrying his son and she never missed out to take a dig at them anytime it was going.

Peter H van Lieshout

DE AANZET

1.

Aanzet van mes.

Opmaat versneden,
witte ruis slibt adem dicht.

Welsprekende stilte.

Bevatting in lippen gegrepen,
begrip aan vadsige woorden ontglipt.

2.

Het rijpt.

Bevroren bladeren, telbare
pegels, bebladerde vorst.

Koud als echt geld glijdt tijd
door het loof van stijve
goudkronige vingers.

3.

Houthoudende boeken kraken.

Ouwe Possum stroopt wat nog niet klonk,
prijzlijst en boodschappenbrief,
onderzoek op waarde en waarheid voorhanden.

Baarlijk open,
afgeslagen dek.

4.

Spinzend op mindere resten
Ken je van alles
z'n keerpunt weerom.

Het draait. Het slaat.
Wil dat 't werkt:
warmte wordt inhoud,
vernauwende speling.

Je uitzet is maar minimaal.

5.

Gewassen, duurzaam onkruid.

Uit eigen woorden gewoekerd:
voel nu dat open gesperde gehoor.

Ingesloten. Toegetast.
Takel tot blok.

Veel gaten terloops,
doorgaans gehecht.

6.

Steeds nader en naakter
naar wat binnen komt kijken:

Wat je voor waar of
voor schijn nam
spiegelt weer haast
verblindend terug.

Waarneming ontleden.
Gewezen zien
wat nog moet afgelegd.

Harry Hoogstraten

THE DO-DAH

Let's do the do-dah
do the do-dah with us
isn't it nice
do the do-dah
with your wife
it's a jive
do the ra-ra
and the rain ram
ram the toe jam
mama you're out at heaven
your ship is coming in
and it's loaded with lollipops
and candy bombs that explode
like whale fountains into your brain
do the sun ram
do the wham bam
shake your ass honey
take the money and run sunny
run the rum rum
do the ra ra
do the beam pike do the lizard dive
here we are there we go do the ho ho
do the chi chi do the ming ming
do the mingle mangle
do the swingle singer
do the sewing machine
keep it clean
do it to-gether
hey do it anyway you can
and you can do the can can
take the lid of the can
- now
do the can can
again

ROSE

The lions
are lying
down
you want me
to lie
on top of you
tiger rose
I come
in your tank
eat from your ears
you're a laughing
lizard
slide
from here
to there
close
after all
the years

THE WELCOME

the queen
and the prince
arrived
and had a warm
welcome
there were petrol bombs there
to greet them

Peter Nijmeijer

DE LEEGTE, EEN KLEUR OM TE SPREKEN

voor Rik Lina

1

Wat zich blindelings in-
levert komt terug in de tijd:
de schilder, diep in zijn zee
water gestoken, een levende
leegte die luchtbel uitspaart,
en ziet in de gapende diepte
wat geen driftstroom hem
nog kan verhullen -

de duizend gezichten die samen
het beeld van zijn spiegel
verscherpen, en ziet -

: breken van hemel.

Rik Lina

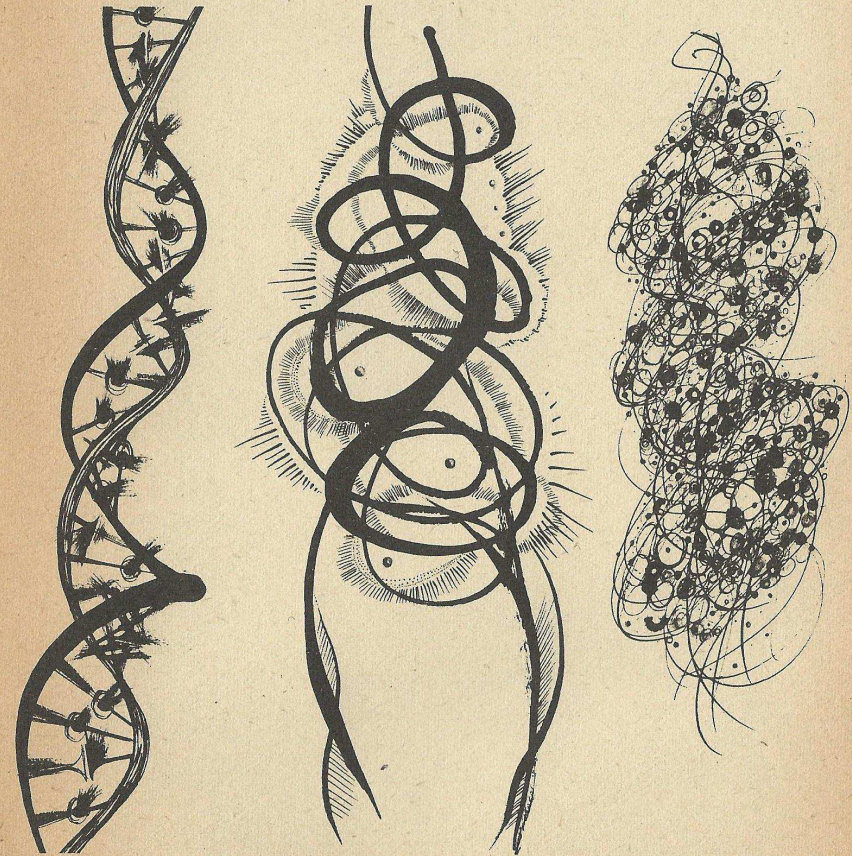
2

Verboden kleuren, vertakkende
regen van vissen, droomlandschap
misschien, maar ook alledaags
als de val van de vochtige ogen,
de handen die niets voorspellend
zich toch aan het tasten vertillen,
het licht als verbijsterd geheugen.

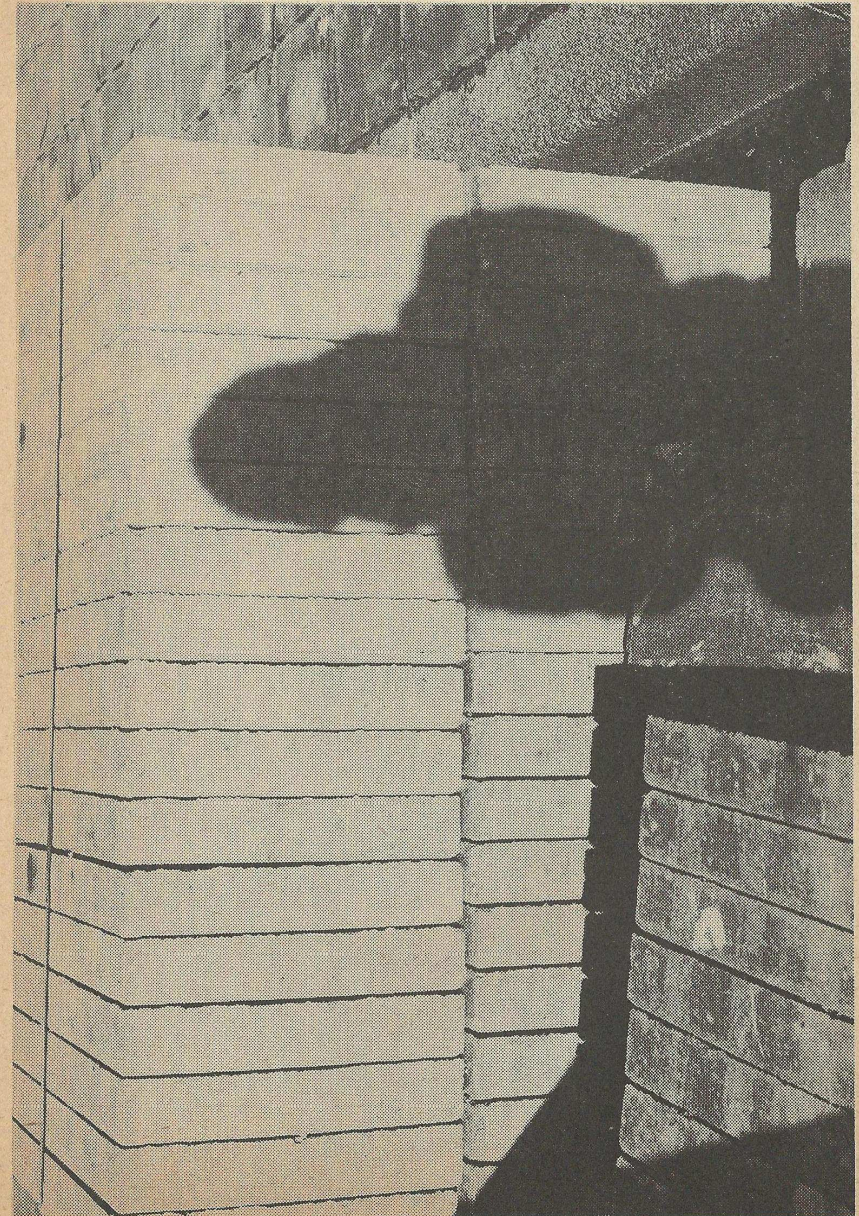
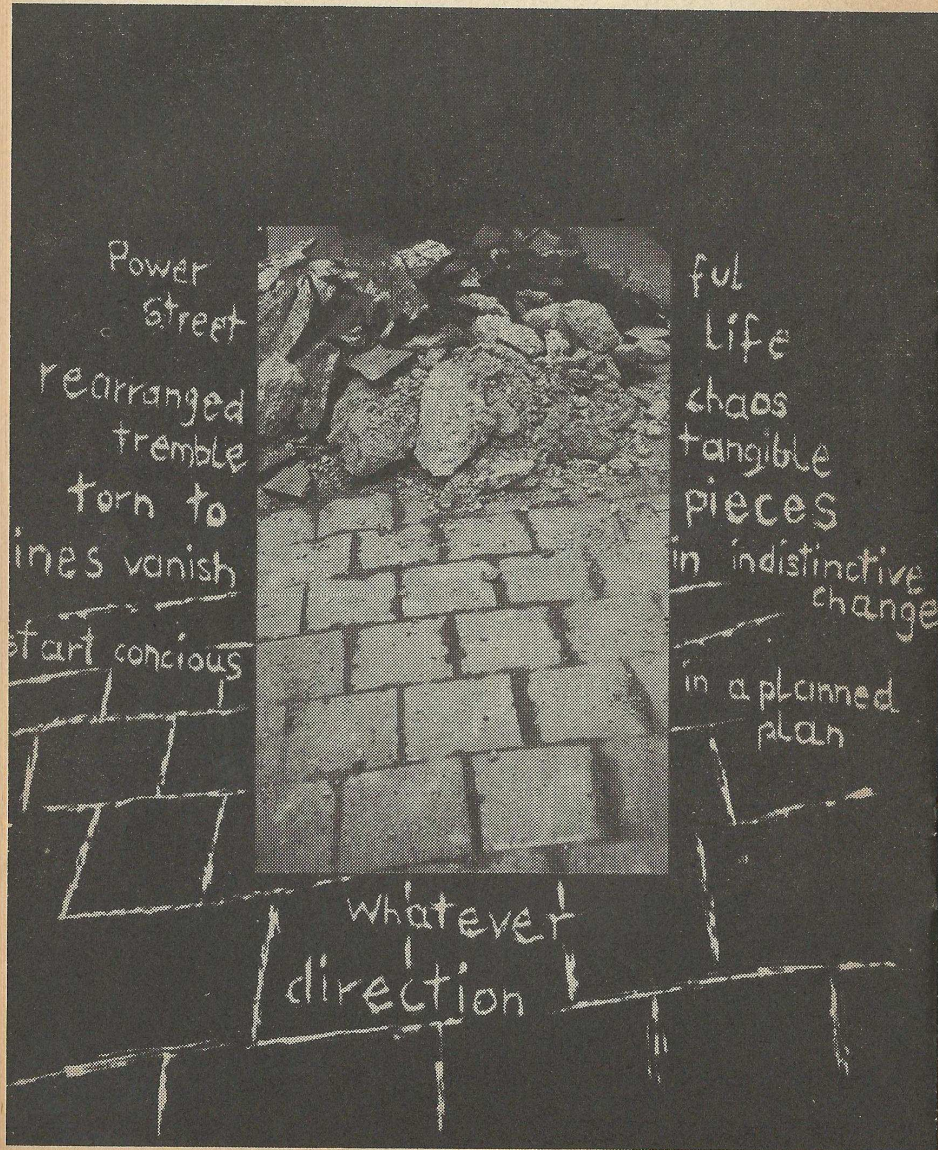
Hoe steeds weer het heimwee
naar diepte duizelend on-
zichtbaar uit huid barst -

de schilder zijn hand die uit
willekeur weet waar de kleur
wringt -

en danst.



Suse Hahn



Cesare Viviani

oro conato

o

trittico a biologia per moggi pasta
addizioni gli scorci delle travi e,
chesciòn, fuori dal continente
il furioso barare del raccordo,
Gai mi vede di là.
Si svitò appena ammantato
dal modico greve impianto di
riso, accattivato, da verve
alla rosicchiatura di Pinti,
slacciato il bocciòlo di monte, via
arcana
tra doglie è sparito

oo

penso ma come disse per chiedere ciù
ho assopito che merlo l'Italia, meno
sale i damiàno penissima marzia
quando fu nel medio si sfilò mesto
intartagliò l'inciso per tre colte
inadescando Ippolito reciso a finestra
di te
qualla torta si piega, prima pagina,
è decomposizione sbrigati che
intelaiavi erano tutti rapaci
avesti il bimbo

ooo

diconsi setto e fansi
che tra il piollo di ainsi
s'intanava lo sporco verde sport
martello che oramai non era più
il maso di leggere, ma incomprendibile
questa foce nasale che sia baggio

ooo

o

subentrerà Gentèssima coniale
a! ti assisto se gòmiti
intra il maggio e faggeta di
farneta in cui Farfalla cane si
sfatava nel borro.
Le briciola dell'Interim di latte
Catèra allopiata al catetere,
quando ai suoi semplici commiati
pel toscò
impiantava borie peccaminose
ma sue imbandiva la tamàra
di castagno

ooo

oo

marica! indepoliti dal gotico genere
sloo in seconda missione derivata
dalla solvente comica, bagarra intorno
a indemoniata bicipite
e tutto poco intriso di magra, però
a distanza di Menfi
interrato il ripieno, passò l'inglese
l'americano, il divino
tra la riconoscenza di bassa l'urlo
povero dell'etere loro sali
perso la prima allusione
in sala appena chiese rivolto alla
moglie

Franco Beltrametti

(ma queste obiezioni ma questa memoria
ma queste notizie ma queste notizie sono
ovvie) (non trovi che siano ovvie?)
(queste notizie) (la loro pertinenza
smisurata) (non la trovi smisurata?) (la loro
pertinenza) (queste notizie questa memoria
queste obiezioni) (ribadisco) (nel primo capitolo
testè esaminato) (ho tentato il colpo)
(a denti serrati) (non ha importanza)
(non trovi che non abbia importanza?)

31/1/77

(e allora) (e allora) (e allora) (e
allora) (il lupo) (e allora il lupo)
(vide) (e allora il lupo vide)
(Cappuccetto Rosso) (e allora) (e allora)
(e allora) (e allora) (e allora)
(Cappuccetto Rosso) (e allora Cappuccetto
Rosso) (vide) (il lupo) (e allora)

5/2/77 per John Giorno

(più vecchio di Lao Tze il para-
diso perduto) (già) (c'est la
catastrophe) (già) (do your best)
(violon) (try again) (radiateur)
(the sound of) (paradiso perduto)
(più vecchio del vecchio Lao Tze)

23/2/77 per Steve Lacy

sonettoh ah Amsterdam

ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah
oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah
oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah
oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah

oh ah oh oh ah ah ah oh oh ah oh
ah oh ah oh ah oh ah oh ah oh ah
oh ah oh oh ah ah ah oh oh ah oh

ah oh ah ah oh oh oh ah ah oh ah
oh ah oh ah oh ah oh ah oh ah oh
ah oh ah ah oh oh oh ah ah oh ah

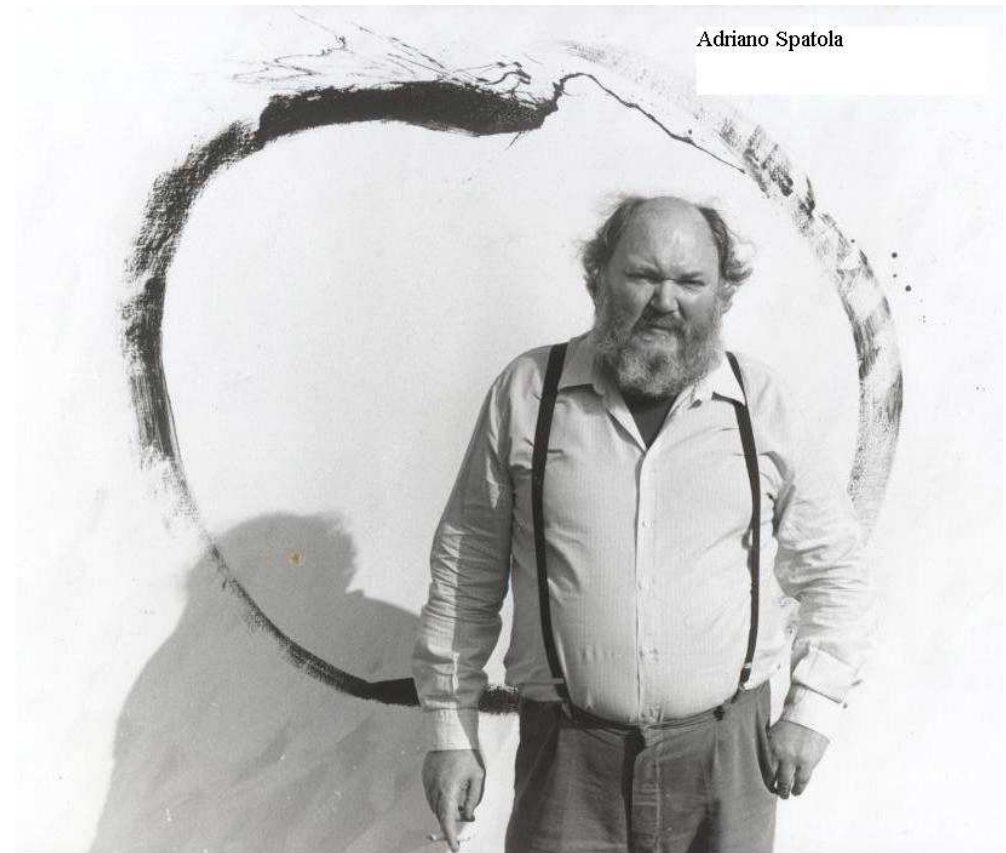
3/2/77

(navigando per il mare del Nord) (cioè
seduto nella cucina di Harry Hoogstraten)
(Harry just back from London dorme)
(mi ha portato l'ultimo Philip Whalen
prolegomena per uno studio dell'universo)
(non ho ancora capito bene) (primo, di
avere capito tutto da un pezzo) (secondo,
si capisce è un fatto inedito) (ogni giorno)
(già, si capisce) (è con te che parlo)
(aringhe crude con cipolle) (dicevo)
(mezzora al bagno pubblico) (si tratta
di starsene tranquilli e mettersi a fare)
(il segreto è tutto lì) (navigando per
il mare del Nord) (tutto lì)

11/2/77

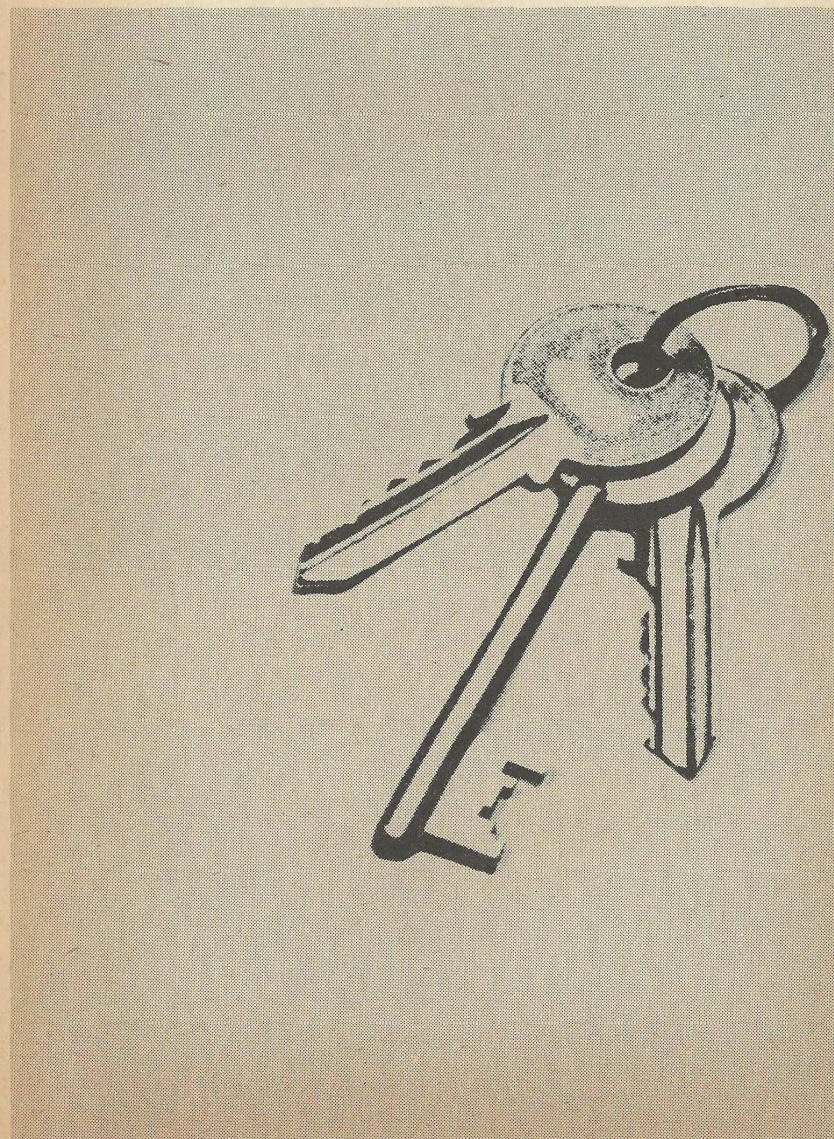
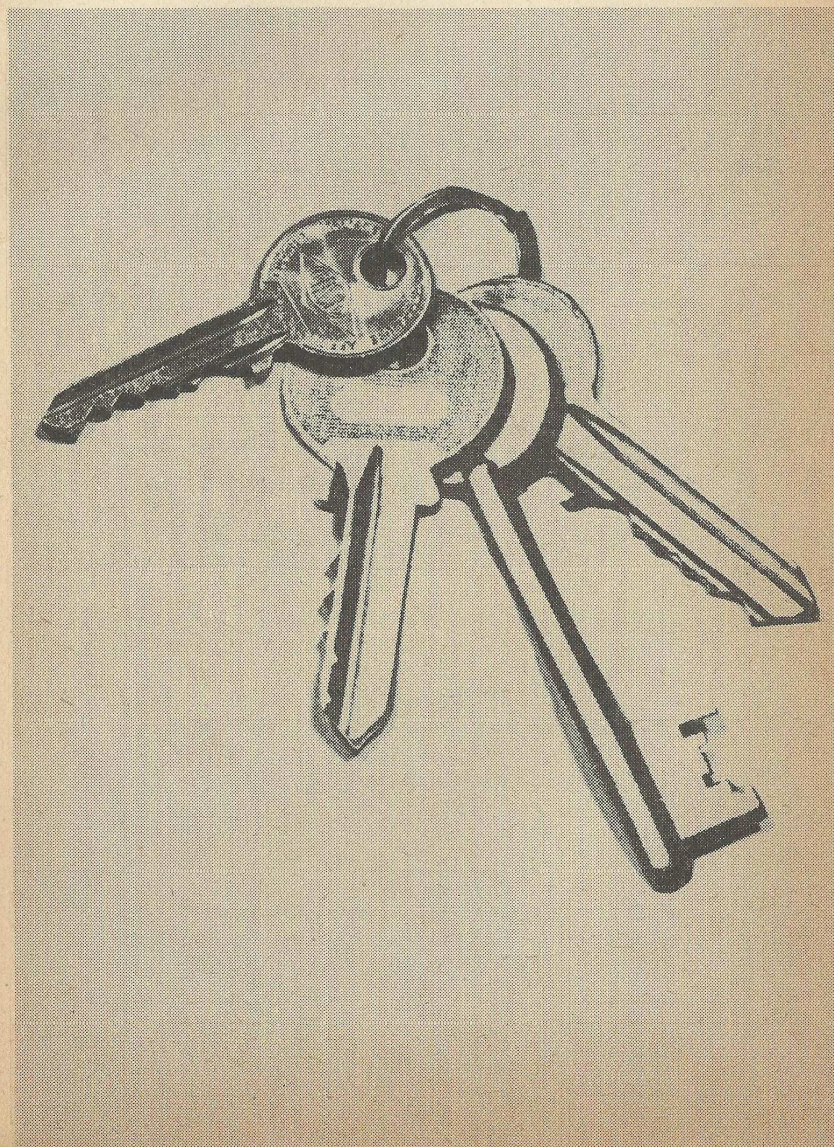


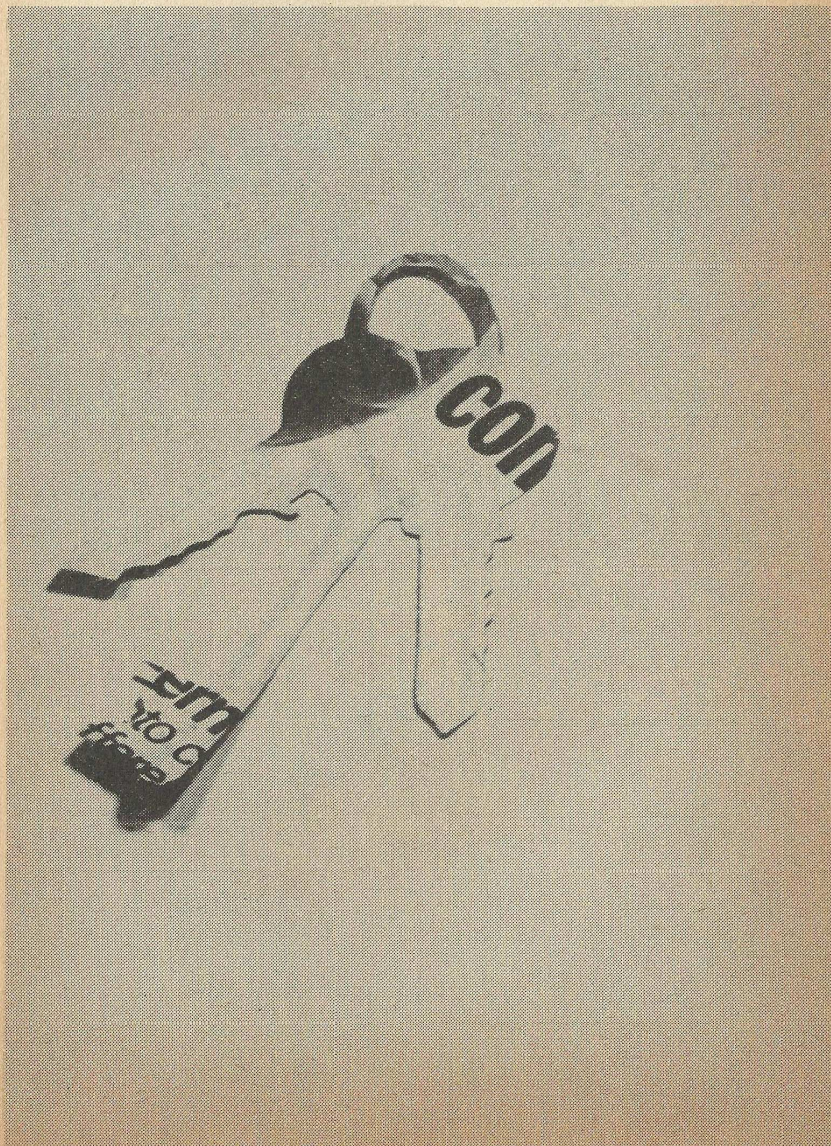
Giulia Niccolai e
Julien Blaine



Adriano Spatola

Giulia Niccolai





Testo I :

Alla riproduzione di tre chiavi in un anello portachiavi, ritagliate da un quotidiano (e quindi di carta) e' stata aggiunta in un primo tempo una chiave di metallo.

Text I :

A metal key has been first added to the reproduction of three keys in a key-ring cut out from a newspaper (i. e. paper keys).

Testo II :

Nella seconda e nella terza foto della sequenza e' stata tolta la chiave che appare nella prima fotografia.

Text II :

In the second and third photo of the sequence the metal key appearing in the first photo has been removed.

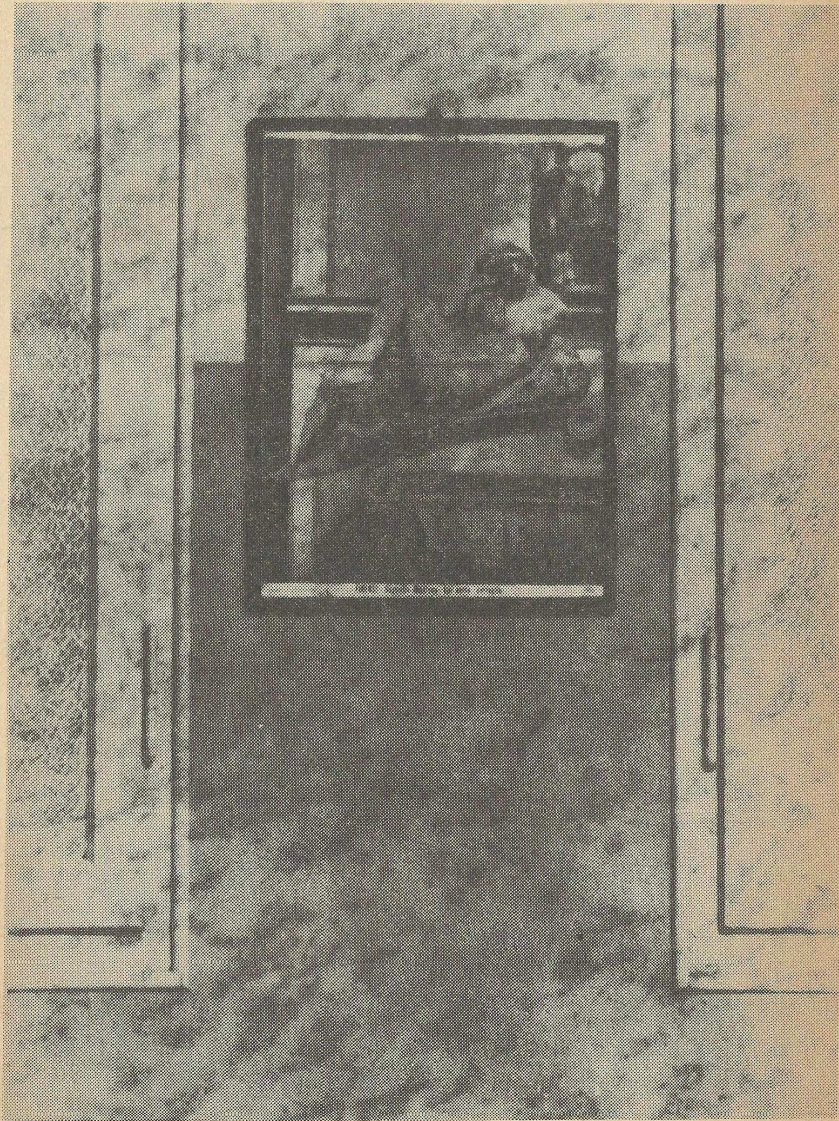
Testo III :

Sulla pagina, tale chiave di metallo e' comunque una quarta chiave riprodotta, dunque un facsimile e' nel nostro caso, di carta come le tre chiavi nell'anello portachiavi.

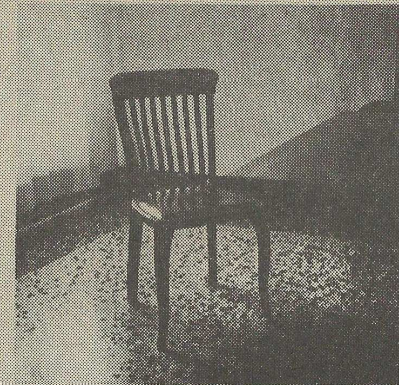
Text III :

However, on the page the metal key is the reproduction of a fourth key, consequently, in the present case, a paper facsimile like the three keys in the key-ring.

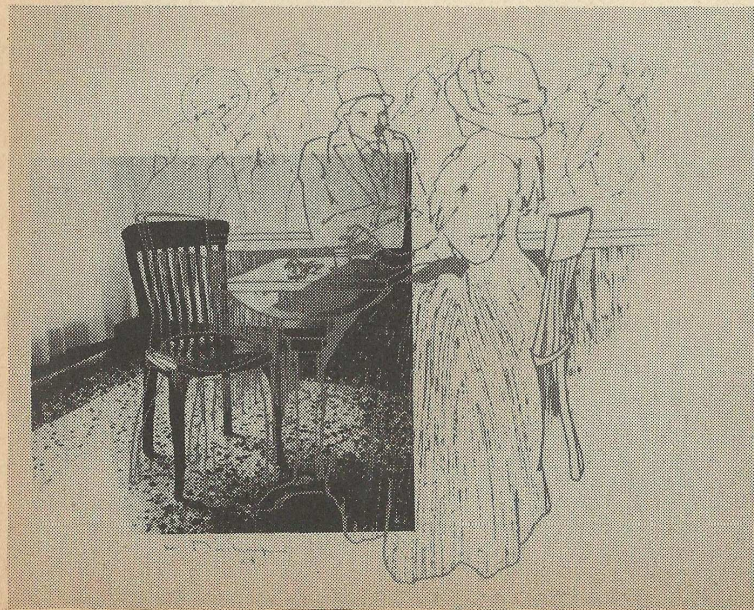
Giuliano della Casa



La Notte, 1974.

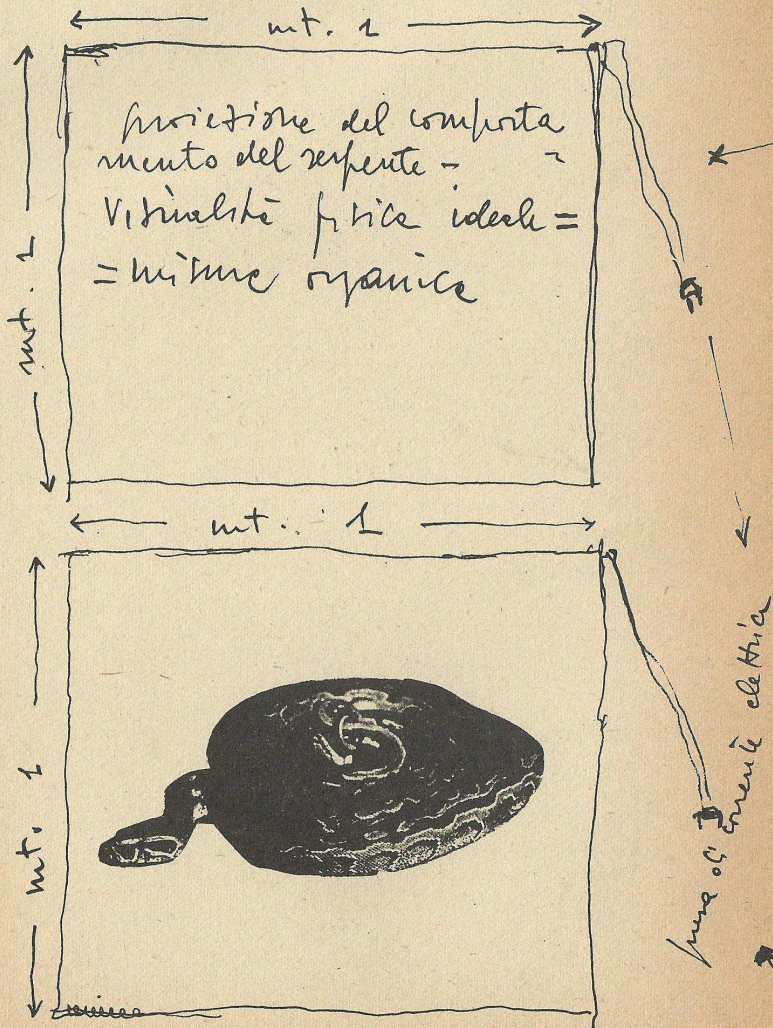


Nel soggiorno, 1976



Al Palazzo del Ghiaccio, 1908

Un metro di



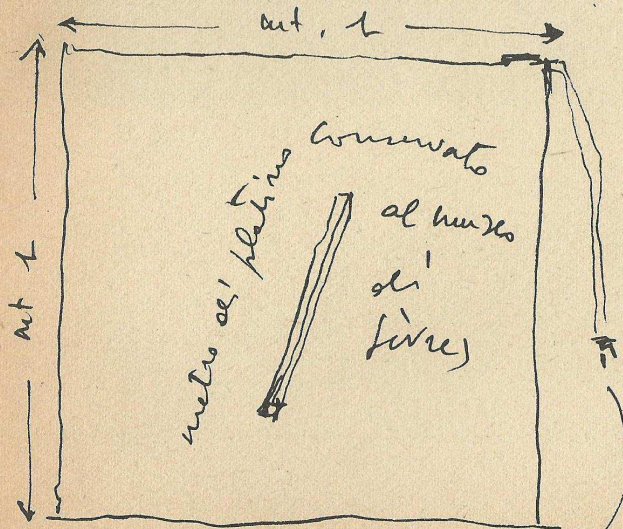
proiezione del comporta-
mento del serpente -
Visualità fisica ideale =
= misura organica

1977

Serpente per abacoletta 1977

Lavoro composto da 3 quadrati di resistenza
elettrica incandescente - 2 posti orizzontali e
il 3° verticale specularmente sul 1° -
Un serpente vivo della lunghezza di un metro
posto nel 1° orizzontale - Un fascino di
metro di platino di sévres posto nel 2° orizzonta-
le. Il serpente, dopo vari tentativi, si distribuisce
in modo armonico al centro del quadro
definendo (o) misura organica -

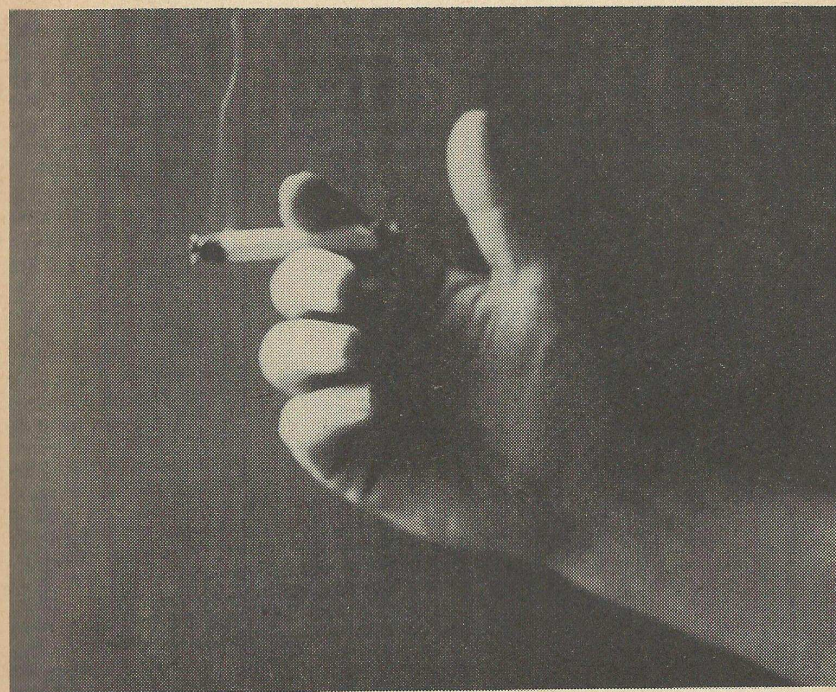
GIOVANNI D'AGOSTINO



Visualità organica

Giovanni Anceschi

COMUNICATTIVA



smoking

Marcello Angioni

we cannot deny the meaning of meaning
we cannot refrain from denying the meaning of meaning
we are willing to accept to refrain from denying the meaning
of meaning

if we don't, we don't know what might happen
knowing wouldn't help us a shit
shitting wouldn't help us to know either
helping wouldn't know us to shit either -
either wouldn't help us to know shit
that's the way we are
we really can be different
being different can't really be the way
the way we are can't be real
we should really confine ourselves
to conjunctions and prepositions

Tante cose

per la discesa delle cose
la discesa di tutte le cose
con la distribuzione piu'
scalare o anche non per
rendere perspicuo il coso
di discesa in discesa quando
non crediamo veramente
nell'abolizione del tempo
nella notte dei tempi ridotti
a cose di sperpero di discesa
con l'ambito della forza posto
a lato o di traverso
non sempre verso o per il verso
o il versante delle mani
eliminando ogni possibilita'
di compiere il gesto sottraendolo
subito ai segni delle cose del
destino che rientra per sempre
in qualche zona non poco perscrutabile
secondo beazione non eccessivamente
sazia tornando con le cose secondo
punte di sgretolamento per la
scelta immancabile dei segmenti
sorgendo con tutte le sorgenze
con conoscenza di sequenze
di cose riponibili in canti
senza o con che
devono pur annidarsi nei dintorni
come una cosa bidimensionale
ci da' l'orientamento dell'acqua

Adriano Spatola

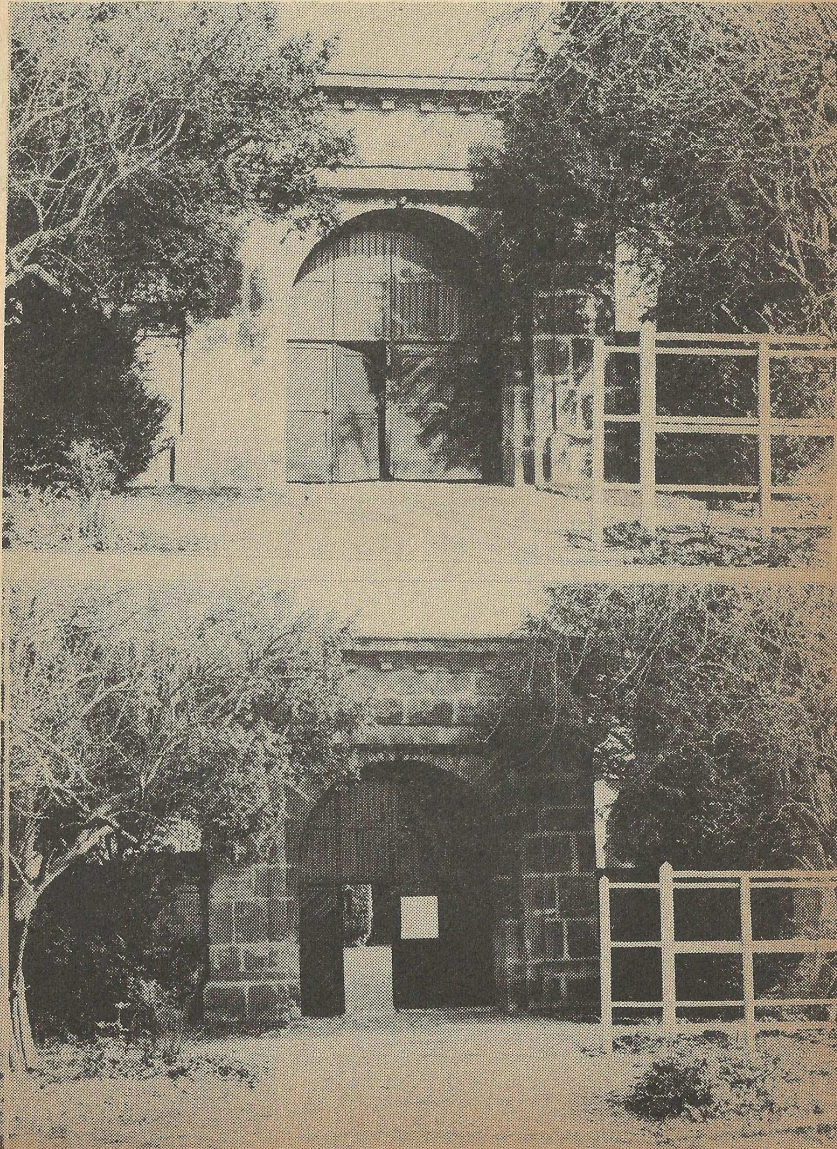
ik' i. a. r. n' l. a. p. b. f.

FD
J

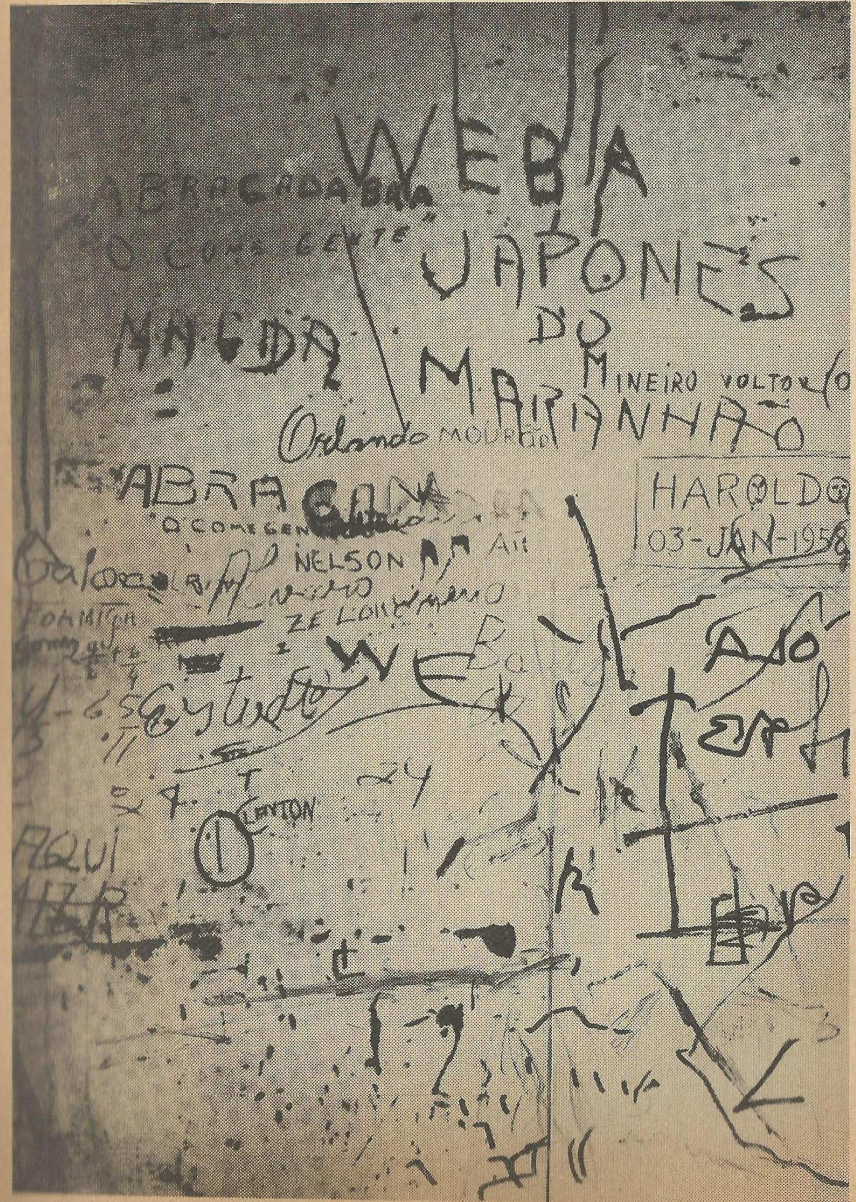
ZEROCLYPHIC

ZEROGLYPHIC

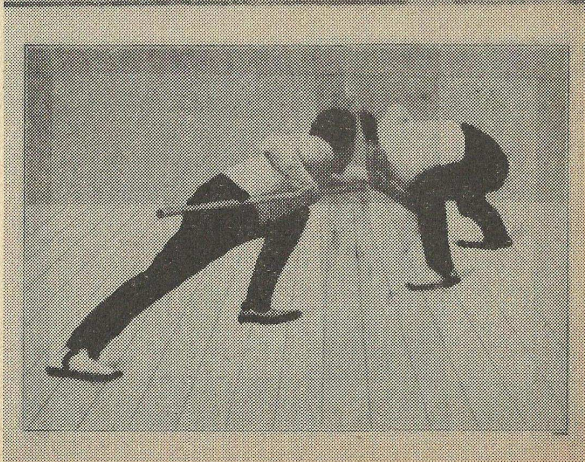
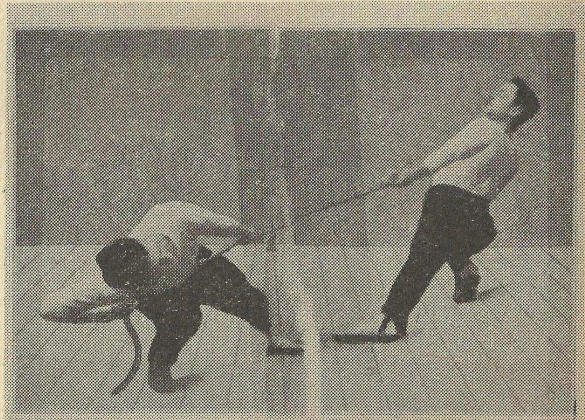
Louise Angioni



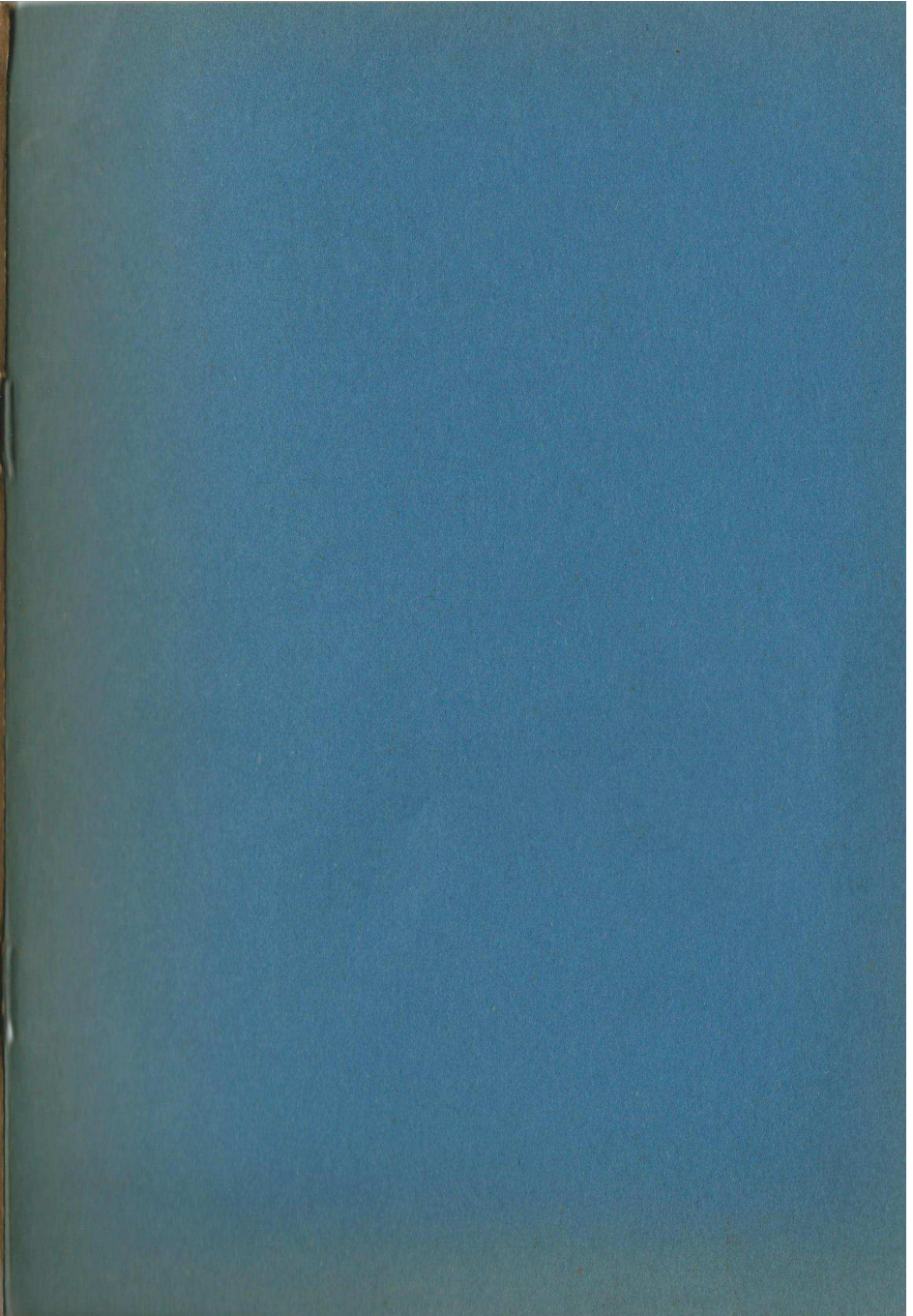
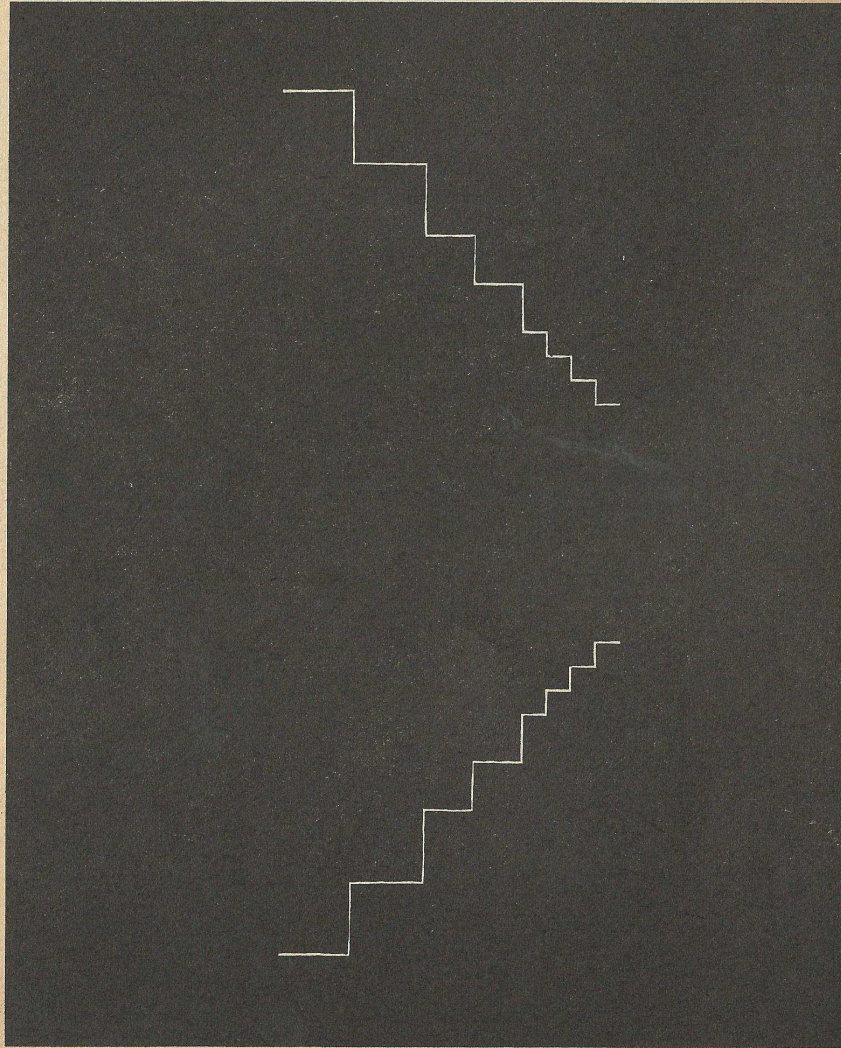
COLLAGES
HARRY HOOGSTRAATEN







David Weiss





Giovanni Anceschi



Giuliano Della Casa



Giovanni D'Agostino

