

A Book
About Love
& War &
Death
Canto One

by Dick Higgins



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A BOOK ABOUT LOVE
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For Mark

The densities of the images of this work require that it be read aloud rather than to oneself. The ideal situation is to have a team of readers. As each begins to laugh so hard that he cannot continue, the next takes over.

dh

nyc

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Canto One

Chapter One

To be, to be Bahaduri. A what? Memoirs, in estimation.

Single. One might curl his nature, another might stain or bob his approval. A screen-star could be nervous, but is he? To be fallacious in one layer might envenom Canada.

Or happy Jove.

Dismal as a serviette, slender as a slice, objective as a channel, a vegetable might be well packaged as jam.

To approve what is surely wanton.

Oh dusky, introductory.

This bobbin is attached to an aircraft.

Chaos was not present in the case of hydrophobia.

His onslaught caught the cross-word puzzle and Asmara. Close-fisted with their tricolors, they never knew a pineapple. Nor could their deceit be mistaken for infiltration, since they so often used to frisk the fathomless.

To authenticate the asbestos a conjurer had used a fallible balai. In this way Aso's advancement and Anteken's were connected with the land-owners'.

Copper is to roast a nobleman.

When, as a diabetic presses and cites a random aspal, when dissension is all wrapped up and outstanding, an infinite crate taken as an adhesion is an advantage.

No aircraftsman can hiss.

Neither can there reign any symptom.

"Please exhaust my soap-suds, and in May, when the air crew becomes chaotic and we are taken aback, a Hebrew might tricycle into the chapel."

And so Alin bathed Akas, in order to habituate that ruminant to fingers. "Organize whatever is just passable in children into an unfortunate pushing," she said.

That Bangsa!

"What does it mean to press the dissimilar *barankalis*?" she asked, trying to

make him out to be parakeets.

Midday: the hydroplanes like *Aliran* petrified.

In this bangsal the direction of any propagandist became mere indisposition, his behindhand unreal, his airfield Awet's, his *antena* spiralled, but his trident abandoned because of the pressure.

"It is my habitude," he said.

"I acknowledge your chaplain's spirit. Should he ascend like a grower of bobbies?"

All of them had to edit this: we are very weary.

The notorious fusty made unconscious pink breeders.

And this, this was a hyena, which astounded the divine, frivolous Canadian.

This committee met in his nest, where any policeman might dig his grave. But bathrooms without parallel are controlled by the syndicate.

"Naught shall Bangsat see in the whirlpool, notwithstanding that her fervour for minerals showereth causality on the bids."

An illuminated flash was advantageous.

Chapter Two

Above the psalm a little unfortunately indisputable organizer had been darkened.

Her forefinger lay upon the balai-balai.

This kind of institution could use some lubricating.

But in the estuary there shone an example.

Its liquidation was by mail-order, which nobody, not even Bahagi, in the whole edition mistook for a hackney-carriage.

"If you had interfered, if only you had propagandized, the construction of Aspek would have had acknowledgement. No engineer in the balairung would have had the impetus or the stuffing to be an editor-boundary in the closet. No coppersmith would refuse to be the trainer of conditional beings."

To seek is to be an off-day in Advent.

Anise astraddle the barat in the middle.

But, did it seem that the forefront was Bahagia's?

Then the wireless was sheer virulence's rear-guard.

"A child," she said, "and knock my pseudonym out of me. This grave-digger and this alley are like iron-clad *bahajas* to me, and I have drivelled out my nest-egg like a vegetarian." A possible adieu would be the terminal lucidity: so he acquainted her. But she said, "Abandon my jovial harangue? Any tweezers could be used by accident. Or, to be explicit, my childhood was curly enough. May your engineering author condole any accidental dismantling of your ankles!"

But did the closure of this discourage all the giants? No, a futile thing paralyzed her indistinct whirlwind, yet although we should have been childish about it, Antero dismayed the naughty ones above-board. To be diabolical began to be extremity. Our apartment made a fine wrapper for our licence. Onwards, marshy, scaly, glutinous, weather, yes, and canals and outstretched and abased, maybe wrapping-paper, all of them ironers. Which haft could be most like a top-hat.

But she could abash the careless finger-bowls.

His diagnosis, no soap-works, was objurgate.

She fluttered, destitute. But the mayor was busy.

Still she hedged: she made the dark perfection.

Destitution may not revise innumerable antiks, but to quit, childless, would be suffrage for the inopportune clots.

Chapter Three

He had simply to counterfeit with a coppice, survey propellers from authoresses to causes, screw up each sob infirmary, each ruminating demolition, and defy the objurgation of Ahad and of synonymous obligation. Then, quite like how battalions jamb, haggard and trifling, into deputations uncorked by some unreasonable joy, caution simulated (according to certain eternal Muslims) the mingling of offences that are obligatory without a shell, and the acclaiming of the twelfth, as it was in the children's running, to caress fallow nausea or in the gnarling and more discouraging ones of what was probably servile.

How orient the show-room composers inordinated the nauseous rumours,

with January precipitating historians and canals or making currants deceitful.

He thought how recurrence was a memorandum, by prestige's extricating longest when fatigues made of wire-netting were battered against the hazard lay-out.

It was joyful to be encountered.

With spirited governance the sliding housemaid took each ascendancy of the unreliable, each rumpsteak of pints' legalization, while Ampas' inaction contrasted with anything in an above-mentioned way.

With chilly educators their composure's pack-cloth thirteened, divinity and the arbai became the unrest's eleventh manliness and, but for all that dust, would maim on discovering.

But very cautiously there came a monument, the manner and the crate, a sort of seesaw of brutality among butchers and housewives.

Well might eternity twelve slightly, that anting-anting cloth of uncertain perfection.

Akbar.

To Japan, then, taking along a police-station for contravention, a passage for sugar, and Adpis to oblige and to destroy.

The memorial he saw enviously at the inquest.

It was time to be adjacent.

None of that commodity was clothed and mannered by the care-taker. The air-field itself seemed a blasphemy on ooze. The whole thing was a maze. Oriental directions are synonymous with any timely paralysis.

The driver was hardly impious, and his policy was reinforced by the government. Still, he and the governor took their pleasure together while correcting runs among their synopses. This made it all as showy as luck.

We made nougat out of jubilant, festering weather.

Chapter Four

He baked me.

In Argentina they say it is futile for any bobtail to take an ironing board to a martyr.

This is said to be pushing.

The air force never jubilated, although he himself exploded into foregoing everything with a gasp.

She was so stuffy that even her yesses were exploited. He led himself astray. She oriented him, presumably for his connections.

Darkness.

In this direction there was a hazardous clothes-nauticalizer. And there there was a nobody, top-heavy with cavalry.

Her condolences were clothes-horses.

Futility is for Adu as asperse is for collarbones.

In the main, her offending the renowned clothes-peg was precipitous, and hers was used for the revision of honesty. Obliging she said, "Aduh!" and she deceived her landsliding sugar.

Balam had some soup, with which he frizzled their alliance. Defiant, he caved in the roast and the Japanese together.

Our currency was due to be turned over to the ironmonger when he twisted the finger-post into a knocker, but no amount of robbing could put us abreast of the spiritless, so we left for Antjam with Batuk nodding with liquor.

A hedgehog paid his land-tax and ranged and stumbled through the cavern divisibly.

"Here come the pioneers," she said, sobering up. "Contribute diagonally or your finger-prints may be cargo in a *bangsawan*."

But her exuberance and her exhaustion were just social when she and the robbers appeared in the environ of those terminating inquirers.

The more the Bareng Ironworks were individual, the more nought seemed like the bodice of a lipping heed.

In a dustbin:

The Robbery-Directive: "Alis, to hold a plebiscite would be historic. Abridge of the kennel and Baret a current of socialists did precisely what was least robust. Your license to make inquiry had nothing to do with the chaplain. (Jubilation among the virulent.) To be found was to screw Azab. Hygiene was for passengers only. Who had colleagues? The trigger was to condone any gnarled division. Red exhibits used to drizzle, but now inactive whirlwinds in the meadows had adventures. No topic was an

inquiry-office, so he's gibing at Africa, at Azas, in a pussy or hygienic station."

The Memorizer: "Possibly it would be useful to presume it is a flashlight."

She: "Bid for yesterday with the proper syntax."

The Exasperated Adjective: "Giddy Ones are Azasi!"

A Passer-By: "Astride a lane I have drolly seen Aki. He is ranking, and his uncourteous nodes are annals in the bidders for eternity."

The Man in a Sugar-Basin: "To ransack, to come to wrath, perhaps to gown as a screwdriver in the middle, to moo, to fatten."

The Language-Uncoverer, putting muslin on probably fatty memories: "Acclamation would be an irony. My longing for reason adjoins my twentieth useful orientation now."

A Meagre Woman: "Found us authoritative, Belgian, - in *asrama* now, constructors."

The Instructive Discoverer: "Seizing any reasonably perfidious individual, you may make a contribution to his education. Saltpetre and *astanas* seldom make a gift."

The Knock-Knees: "Mainland meals make me crouch."

Perfidy, like collecting, accommodates.

Spiritually he was a weathercock. At the festival he was a vegetarian. His exasperation was a canary, probably probation. Any noun was false to him, and weather-conditions in Ari were the offender, slightly a menace.

The harasser was a nest-egg for servility.

A trim nourisher was coming with a flask, boundlessly middle-aged and *abadi*.

Interlude

"Bodkin, my sweet bodkin in the noise. If I were a baker would I bake a bodkin would I really bake a bodkin? And would a well-baked bodkin make a really fine meal?" Angels licking asparagus. "Oozy, isn't it," said the brute girl, but was she heedful of it all? Or was she in the mood?

"Well, it's nourishing."

Dance is a matter of being allied to things. Better to be a thing among things.

Better no dance than to be allied.

Destroyer.

“Will you have a hernia?”

“No thank you, not today.”

Copy: “Will you have a hernia?”

Shall I make your acquaintance?

How proper!

But is it proper to probe and to be inquisitive, to gasp or to be salty?

Akibat.

To be knotted.

Knotted to antjuk.

Antjuk Baring was the abridgement of being president. Antjuk Baring for president.

That is to say to gnash.

To be indifferent.

This one is the thirteenth that I have had this month I think.

In passing, to incorporate.

“So select.”

“I salute you.”

“Angguk!”

“Ha ha.”

To be in society.

Paralysis.

To be offensive.

This is to suggest. “May I offer you a suggestion,” they said. “Paramount to a sock, a flat is. Try using a cargo-boat.”

But of course who could.

Who was who.

Who slimmed down. Who was slim and who was who.

“Shall I rebel?”

“Under that old flat-iron?”

“Revoke it all.”

No?

“Ekover ekevor. Okeve. (Very softly.) Ekvoer.”

“Oh, it’s useless.”

To be coming on the obliques.

This is the weather forecast: haze and ransom.

“Good morning, Mrs. Moon. Why are you so wiry?”

“That *is* a problem.”

Now to trim and to so be trim.

This is my jubilee. Rock me.

Copy-books at minimum. Mountain discoveries and visible false ones too. In the balance put some hyphens. No divisor shall be December.

Your ethic discredits all runaway demons. Any taxpayer can know destruction, as diagrams commonly psychiatrist.

“Astronomy was weather-proof,” he said.

“Reinforcements were on exhibition.”

She: “Destructively our illumination downpour perforates any shell-fish.”

Us: “Twenty harbours of Bahaja are mister’s.”

You (noiselessly): “I am being kerchiefed.”

Precision’s scandal-contrition without petrol over Anggur’s wreath-rebellion rapped future incorporations while every pious perforation-training bidding crowded.

Countermand her foregone, boundless simultaneities, since festivities like these around Bahan, commoner than nourishment (selection’s laziness irradiates), obliterate unfounded servitude.

“Asuh, which dissimulateth syntheses or obliteration’s counterpanes, cancel noisy, exuberant sling-judges, legalization’s hard instruction. Mainly breeze alongside, weaving, predestination-compounding, ungrateful, topical.

“Darling fetchers’ cither, *arif*, jarrers’ hypnotic nestler, employ thy honeyed, oblivious wisdom for thine alligator’s rent trinket. Vegetate meanly, thou user, crowbar, whisker collection, elf-quits’ gigantic caricature, cavity under packers’ citizen gnats.

“Connive, (passionately) topmost novel, inadequately discreditable! Exult, packet-rocket, meaning-honeycomb, African-ambusher, incorrectly synthetic. Exultant, redden. Presumption, petroleum’s exultation from contrivance, Ampat’s (intruding *asuransi*) exasperation, bubbleth rebelliously abroad. Shred then those excavations, yet through longing, reddish, acquiesce so, counterpart, excavator, pear-inroad, *balapan*-session, that clotty Asut’s

mussels' ascension, hero-usher yet socket-martyr, demonstrates deficiencies. Pettiest must (hypnotists quivering, eyes fluxed, vision-butchery, - employees yielding) redeem passive carnage, annex war-unrighteousness, jaundiced lists, sodas, mended bounteous educations."

Navals should manoeuvre, wreathing cancellations among tea-nets, abrogate setting up knotted bucks, detached copyists, origins, time-tables, visiting original, steely, middle-class contrivers (illusions apathetic).

"Steep-polished, may honeymoons, war criminals, falsehoods, ethics, buckets, training colleges, environs, each inadmissibly astute itself, shrewdly dissipate, salute Bahana, ascertain, yoking carnations, honking away nomads, traitors, paraphrasers, abrupt (Belgium-nomenclature) copyright instructors.

"Adventurously, instrumental adverbs' foreheads, inadvertently deceivers, directly, Antre, Bahara Baharu, intuition's honorary, oblong means, lucky licking Antuk, stainless adversary, envoy, obscene detachment, novelists' cayman eyeballs, city-scandalizer, rape his air gunner who predestines flying usual frocks etiquette-wards. Exhibition-divorcer, twice suicided, lid Akil Balig, listen . . ."

Adjoining one rocking-chair, three Atap offers (blasting dialects after fliers).

Decency's Martyrdom-Stair: "Butting several irrational liers-down allocated many languid judgements. Outstretched, obscure, insubordination-crowded, shelter England's decent. Slip nominally legalized pretence, allocation's marvel, off-hand. Annexation's tea caddy reinforcements ungrounded, adjourned, lieu-deficient, revolting against chimeras, shriek, 'Mustard! Exploitation!'"

Cloudy-Miner Six Hundred Forty-Seven: "Annihilating hazy brethren? Slipper-carols? Slippery parasites? Navels? Insane, slobbering wards. Visit languishing rocking-horses?"

(Hypnotizing adverse, lucrative buckles collectively) Cloven Pearl: "Droll, haggle. Moody, authoritative longings . . . meantime . . . revolutionary eels . . . lieutenants . . . *alkohol* . . . (Posts resounding) Foreign pretenders, individuals, flattening irreconcilable teachings piously. Authorization hardens."

Consul's Resource: "Redeemer mendicant, yokebone, rapidly finger-print His tripping mistresses, consulates usually foreigners' property-gnawed . . . trams uncultured, O Antul, clown-synthetic suit, wise fatuity within thyself, Akor's self-conceit's history, knotty . . . flying boat above yolk, hitting wishes, . . . but renters' nov-

elty . . . steepening . . .”

Chapter Five

To be a legatee, Bangun, it is to be a phantom.

“I am a mountain ash,” he says, “I am the termination of the unripe pledge, and I shall efface the English from the annihilation and the ash. Aksara, I shall be your body, and the timid shall find their prophecy in me. For I shall be the wreck of Aduk, abrupt as darning the self-conceited, and I shall be he who comprehends the suitable drollery of your foundation’s irredeemable.”

Accommodating what is known meanwhile was Adunan or a single grab.

November the fatuous warden threw asunder our performers. Antun navigated their triumph. The peasants of the finished deficit had a belief that the impious would have a visitation from Atas.

Chapter Six

This was her bounty: the individuality of none was to be defiled by the brevet of redemption. To detail the steepening of the Allah men-of-war would be less a question of sheltering the now than of honouring our eyebrows.

The thirtieth part of our fies were for rebuking. Ameliorating the dialogue between the moonbeams and the lazy exceeded that. Amper’s diameter seemed more recalcitrance than the Hague’s infirmity.

Many of us believed our softness was due to dashing eligible defilements into our own pretensions.

So he conducted a pharynx from an effect, and the blast-furnaces began to be renters of hovels.

The gaspers in the moonlight performance were marvellous. Bangunan’s eyelashes had the character of an incorrigible longitudinal top speed. Bahas’s hitching was hailed. The mountaineer was a hypocrite, but the discreet coral of Atau Aksen characterized and went.

He was flattered, so he ceased to be honourable, to grace the city with clubs and warders, and to finish the abscessed wit. He shrimped.

“Whiskey,” he said, topsyturvy in a brevity-revolving, unrivalled, Balarig discrepancy, but not even a kernel sinned.

Her heading the reorganization of the indivisible staircase in the storehouse made him the founder of Azimat.

The headache’s acquiescence predestined a salute to Angin’s chimney, and her apathy was exhilarating to many pact-salvation settees. Openly the buds’ hairs grew indolent. Not a go-ahead revolver was nominated. Then Bahasa slogans were maintained. Moonshine soured, and afternoons piped along the slopes on recalcitrant Ampir demonstrations.

So their head-dress hitch-hiked inadvertently among their allotted, illusive but undecidedly judicial wreckage, and some of the chins and lives deputed their Netherlands predicates. Menial ones predicted that Balas would be jaunty, but his batteries were in Baring. This steeple-chase around Java was the maintenance and it budged China’s Englishmen. Irregularly the steers’ predictions foundered on Grace.

Nowadays maize is musty, but drones used to settle on legations. The stumbling block would always be navigation.

No man-servant would be *banyak*, and bouquets of stumps, visitors, rewards honourably rejected, and mansions of eyelids (as in psychiatry) and mutations would be dismissed. Not even Afal would be mountainous, nor would the torches of the Englishwomen shrink. Settlements used to be supremely measly, and the divulging nowheres were all for the director.

A quiz might be an adversity to a self-confident, originality-giggler. Your passive china would be under parasitology.

Shepherds used to detain (and acquire) the falsifications of manslaughter for unguarded *etui*. The measurable whisper was authorized, and they, languorous to a fault, made parasols from red-handed Chinamen. The syringe had its accommodation in the consulting of conductors, and the predilection of the battle of Balasan for eliminating accompaniments made the vital obscurity of a car park a directory.

The usurer was civil, and each recalled his ceaseless wrenching and respected his consultation. Then they effectively but ashamedly carried his hypothesis.

Our torchlight wrested the pipe-lines from the butter. We recapitulated to our

suit-cases' eulogies and, engraving our Europe self-consciousness on the frog, Amplop-like, we became lifeboats for the believers.

Anu had some charcoal.

"My butter-dishes are for the hitch-hikers," she said.

Indolent, the red-letter story-dismissal tram became thirty dissipated since we were sure no connoisseur of gilded phases would make any interference with our judiciary.

His self-denial became irrelevant. His mistrust of the outstripped ornament was exceedingly controlled.

To wrestle, to put, to charge judiciously in the interim, to advertise, to measure, to inundate with usury, that is, to legend: this is what it is to whistle as a hair-dresser.

To be an engraver.

This is this.

There was no rejection in her postage, and so our peasantry envied her irreparable pretext. The automatic absconding-cords, rapidity-foremen, faultlessly as bodyguards' faulty tramping, accompanied the rapt engraving of a mute.

She did not trample her hair-oil: her eye-sight controllers' control tower was insatiable.

She bided.

The duster became downright nuclear. She crowned him.

"Goals, Aksep," she said, "are observations' mental fetchers." She inscribed a scandal-monger's flying-bridge in his mounted wrestler's suite, unhampered by fetid middlemen.

Chapter Seven

Knowing the downstairs, that is how what is plenary becomes that which is misty. This is a storm with a diameter of redoubling budgets. Nor is it unsafe.

Lyric Interlude

Rare, to illustrate: trances, nominations' nude stairways with vitamins, cordage, moonstruck, fetid, dusty weavers defining unhampered whistles.

Foremost: wardrobes, lazybones (mentally Chinese), consultorily majestic utensils, ware advertisements, Europeans' trivets, stunts, pass-keys, goal-keepers' cancellations.

Abah Aksi, psychology's collector (paratrooper, eye-witness outwardly), hair-pinned. Javanese shrivelled.

Chapter Eight

It is said that no carpenter can make redress when there is self-determination of all interiors. But the ornamental ones, were they definite?

Was this a clue?

There was an epidemic of head-gears:

Psalm

The civilian was Polish, a fable.

Discrepently

The butterfly

Perfumed his

Buffed javalins,

To nettle,

To brew up and withdraw

His postage stamps and his passports,

His accomplices' withdrawals -

Postal with their passwords.

“Arip,

Angka,

To acquire your ministers' whitening absences

She inflamed him
 With here measureless ape eliminations.
 Your gasworks,
 Yonder your goats,
 Her respectable vitriol -
 Approximately in clumsy ells gracefully boiling you -
 All are comprehensible, sincere, and their adjournment makes craters among
 the pheasants.

Our self-interest - P. T. O.
 Indonesia,
 Demoralized and hardened, a cravat on a balance sheet abated with the self-
 ishness of however, an asylum with carpets of rheumatism without exhilaration or
 an apricot,
 Shall she mourn her buttons
 And allotments of heading rhinoceroses?"

The gabbing brewers at their softening boilers had the mentality of orphaned
 navigators: they were charitable in their ware-houses. Their long-range pebbles had
 carriages. They repaired their after-pains with atheism, and, as employers, they gave
 illustrations of inundation.

But he craved her dissociated middlemost lanterns.
 Lbs. of respectful warfare made one open-handed.
 The carrier of the rod drooped long-sightedly, but she tinned his go-between
 in reparation.

He whose procedure is effeminate is by definition long-winded, but he the
 insufferable quota-whitener was a postcard to Angkasa. She was no mourner, so the
 pirate became a listener. Still, the battleground was masculine. No impish or illustri-
 ous falsifications were Angkat's, but acquisitions are respectfully whitewashed when he
 allowed us to have been sloppy, as they fetter her and she will exhort us to have been
 going to be putrid. The discretion of the navy's epileptic images used to be heroic
 when some feuded.

So to utility, then to putty, but could she excel without being a nuisance? The
 mournful Banjol reduced the buttonhole controversy:

“Anugerah, your offices . . . Almanak, directress of lucre . . . athletes to look
 upon . . . accomplished in the midst of plenty,
 Carrion,
 Your respiration is
 A lanternslide in the forenoon,
 Openhearted,
 A recapitulation in the consulting-room,
 Boisterous.
 My abbess,
 Who prophesies my detainment,
 Inflammable,
 My increase,
 My craving,
 Your paratroops’ head-lights are less shepherdesses than neurasthenia. A gill
 of your screwjacks lack measurement, but pistols are incredible.”

The looker-on: “Peck this carrot as repartee afterwards, but the Atlantic has no employment for imaginary inurers.”

One of the crawlers: “Is this a dissolute, middle-sized lap? Or is it lead? - respiring under unsaleable comprehensions - “The rejoiced fly-wheel is legible, excellency. Who adjudges these openings carries a rogue’s drops to looking-glass or tin-foil goblets.”

She repays and has proceeded.

An efficacious deflector: “Look out!” An insufficient quotation made it Whitsuntide. On a poster Angker was in mourning for her pistol-case listener-in. A battleship mashed her implacable imagination. She evacuated some stupid runners and bowed and imagined his kettles’ dirges. A scandalously absent one under an exploration of discriminators nearby made an epilogue for imbeciles and heroines whose feudalism utilized their puzzled - but excellent - nullifications. Still, no mouse, not even Banjolan, made a reduction of buying contumely ones.

Anut, the officer, and Almarhum, the dirigible-luffer, seemed to be Atlases when the looms’ accomplishments and plights carted their respite and lapsed into forest openly. A warlike bier on a tormented foal was a mousetrap for the adjudicated. Who conquers? Whose hairy sincerity is not a relapse? Her contusion was not her

teacher. The inscription on her predisposition was nearly a drought. The neurologists forestalled Bahasa, in response to her imbecility, but the unsalaried adjuncts of the opera again in April made us a cone.

And so they growled and repealed and acquitted him. But the weaving-ooms gadded about, and the air-gunner became a major when the hardhearted automatics' bowels were heroism's clusters.

In the abbey he explored Apa's gate. "Surely bold," she said, absent-mindedly. Her posterior, except for the key, would have been an abbot's, but no confection could become a forester's without operating on it. An epistle on a head-kerchief: "Civility is to be polite in fabric, not to curse but to wear no underclothes." The air-hostess was withered, but her discrimination as a buyer was a perhaps buffalo God. Neurology nullifies within.

Our accord, without which it would be warm, was autonomous.

Then that underdone Arit ruptured himself in the bower imbibing keyholes and dirt from Scandinavia. He absolutely underestimated the explorer, and his discuss-like near-sightedness was epochal. He imitated a heron aptly, and his coach grew elliptical. The bole was young, and it compressed a sinuous public into the brewery.

In a slot: "To recapture this publication in Indonesian would demur the hardihood of a crayon. Bald when abbreviated, your selfishness is Finland."

Her moustache was of gravel, but its self-government was no flatterer. His was prefaced by an exhortation to have an aptitude for mouthing adjusted conquerors.

Hale and sinewy, he related his convalescence in a tea-cosy to the inflammation of some preferred neat droves. The neurotic took up forestry.

"Bahkan, thy responsibility
 Dashes my unsatisfactory self-love
 To a fever feverishly.
 Our accordance with the Goddess is hardly
 A weaving-mill gadget,
 And thy amelioration is dizzy.
 Hers, herself,
 And the operation on the peculiar
 Is her eloquence's parcel

Of the ruse to sell.”

She foretold it: a forge of oval operators of trolleys and twigs would scribble “Salvationist” for exigences excepting the unsatisfied unscrewed shrouded ones. Did she sing? Was she incredulous implicitly? No, she torpedoed the tranquil politeness politically. She withstood the witnesses and irrepressibly insular prophets, then quoted some youngsters who plotted against posterity.

“Ampu Angkuh,
 To be neutral is a mouthful
 Of parchment and pits.
 Mask my listless Arab
 While I bawl about my mason and that mantrap,
 Then bale the autonomy
 In the twilight of the unhandy,
 Whose sullen sulphur and seven rushes
 Belittles the bolts of howling imitations.
 May some life-guard’s key-money
 Be against my allowance,
 Or may some singer be slow
 In foaming a few exceptions.
 In exile, without publicity,
 May I become a pygmy,
 Or may I detect discussers
 No number than necessary,
 And empower them to be equal,
 As I am no imitator,
 Immeasurably to hesitate
 About their fiances’ fibre,
 To be unscrupulous to the utmost,
 To publish in pyjamas,
 That the explosion may be exceptional,
 Movable as a number’s numeral move,

Ati-ati Bantah,
And rhymable on the reefs.”

She was no buffer to the buzzing that the conquest convened. Angkup
Apabila decentralized the cursive Scandinavian salve, but the fire of his flattery hood-
winked her hither till her conscience turned confectioner and she implored and
implied abbreviations and adjustments.

End of Canto One
(1960-1962)

Biographical Information:

Born March 15th, 1938 at Jesus Pieces, Cambridge, England, where father, old time New

Englander, was studying Economics.

Raised at Worcester, Massachusetts, Putney, Vermont, and Concord, New Hampshire.

Composed first music at six, and wrote first plays at 9.

Dumped Yale in '57 and fled to New York, where he has lived ever since.

Studied Composition with John Cage and Henry Cowell.

Graduated Columbia in 1960 with BS in English, immediately enrolled in Manhattan School of Printing, from which he graduated in 1961.

Married May 31st, 1960 to Alison Knowles, the painter-printer; has two daughters, twins

Hannah Bee and Jessie Andree, also has a cat named Solomon.

Major Work:

27 Episodes for the Aquarian Theater (1957), early happening-type pieces.

Stacked Deck (1958), first "suspension" or "millieu" play, also first electronic opera.

Graphis series (1958-), large series of theater notations.

Design Plays (1960), major millieu play.

Saint Joan at Beaufort (1960), highly abstract, projection play.

Inroads Rebuff'd (1960-1961), "blank" play.

Danger Music series (1961-1964), expressionistic, philosophical minatures.

The Flaming City (1962), full length movie.

The Tart (1962), first problem-play in millieu form.

Tamerlane (1963) and *Nicopolis 1396* (1963), first historical plays in millieu form.

City of the Dead (1963), study of urban problems in millieu form.

Clown's Way (1958-1963), collage of happenings and events.

Publications:

What are Legends, Bern Porter, 1960, \$1 from Something Else Press.

Jefferson's Birthday/Postface, \$5.95 from Something Else Press, 160 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10010.

Included in *De-collage*, *Yam*, *V TRE*, *CC C TRE*, *Fluxus*, *Anthology*, *The Chelsea Review*, Rowohlt's *Happenings* (German), and *Tulane Drama Review*.

A book about love & war & death / by Dick Higgins. Robert Watts â€™ Dick Higgins â€™. FechaÂ The Archive of the MACBA Study Centre has an extensive set of materials, including artist publications and documentary fonds. We publish texts and images on an ongoing basis, but this record is currently in the process of being documented. Here is a selection of the best of these books below: Cover courtesy of Scribner. For Whom the Bell Tolls. Hemingwayâ€™s greatest novel, For Whom the Bell Tolls, is another war-story about an American, Robert Jordan, and is again based on Hemingwayâ€™s real-life experiences during the Spanish Civil War, where he was a journalist and war reporter.Â For Whom the Bell Tolls explores themes of honor, death, duty, love, nature, camaraderie, innocence, war, modernity, salvation, the value of human life and manâ€™s motivation. The juxtaposition of themes of death and suicide against camaraderie and sacrifice is of major importance in this novel, giving it a huge literary significance. It is widely agreed to be one of Hemingwayâ€™s best works.