

1450-1950

## **Praise for 1959 edition of *1450-1950*:**

“I have enjoyed myself enormously, in every way enormously.”

~Gertrude Stein

“And I like it immensely.”

~Marcel Duchamp

“I hear that that compendium of insanely sensible ‘painfully hand-lettered’ poems (or is it a delightfully impressive mad drawing, conceived during a masculine pregnancy?) yclept *1450-1950* is about to be republished. Thank God, and GOODY, GOODY; believe it or not!”

~Carl Van Vechten

“You rise like a ghost come to life from the legion of the vanished . . . I am one of the few who is sure you are not more bughouse than Rabelais or William Blake. I have read the book silently and then out loud in a family circle. There is life in the old hoss yet . . .”

~Carl Sandburg

“Bookshelves are deficient in laughs. Everyone is so busy being a Brain they are content mostly to leave Aristophanes in the hands of anybody who has nothing better to do than smile. So when you just burst out laughing and can’t get the sound of it down on the typewriter or find it in any other book read *THE FROGS* or Bob Brown’s *1450-1950* with pictures, hand-hewn by the author himself.”

~Walter Lowenfels

“How many?  
Why not? You should.  
‘—intelligent et jeune  
Comme l’avenir,  
Comme le rire!”

~James Johnson Sweeney

"It is the most original book I have read except *The Life and Romance of an Algebraist*."

~Gelett Burgess

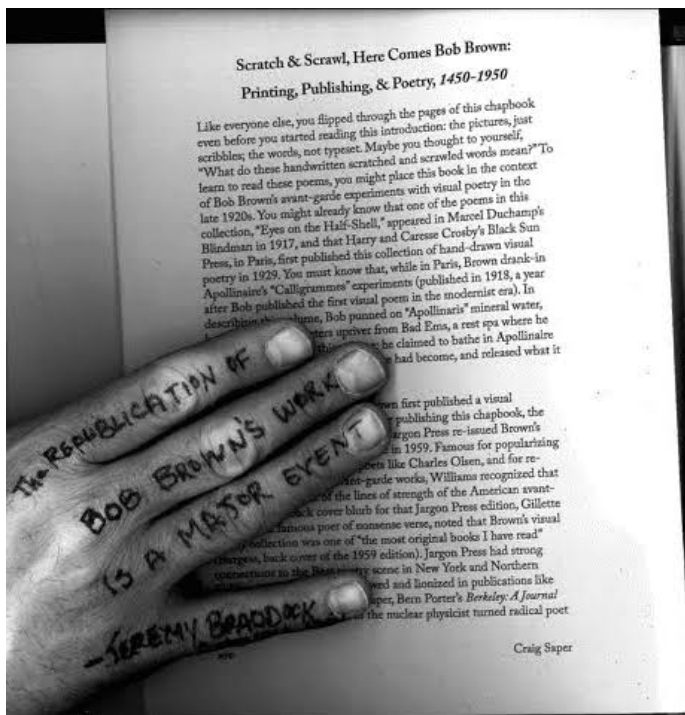
"The years 1928-29 in Paris were a great time for me. One of the contributing factors was my close friendship with Bob Brown while he was getting 1450-1950 into shape. He achieved a classic architecture for the transference of casual good will in this process. I look forward to the republication of his unique and true book to serve a like function in my current euphoric method."

~Stuart Davis

"We show your book to everyone who comes to the house and they always find some page that so especially delights them that soon we will have to chain it down like an ancient missal."

~Caresse Crosby

### Praise for 2015 edition:







1450-1950

## **Other titles by Roving Eye Press**

The Readies

Words

Gems: A Censored Anthology

*\*These works are available for free download on the Roving Eye Press website.*

## **Other titles by Bob Brown**

The Remarkable Adventures of Christopher Poe

What Happened to Mary

Tahiti : 10 Rhythms

My Marjonary

Globe-Gliding

Demonics

Nomadness

Readies for Bob Brown's Machine

Let There Be Beer!

Houdini

Homemade Hilarity

Can We Co-Operate?

The Complete Book of Cheese

14 Poets, 1 Artist

(with Rose & Cora Brown)

The European Cookbook for American Homes

10,000 Snacks

The Country Cookbook

Salads and Herbs

The Vegetable Cook Book

Most for Your Money Cookbook

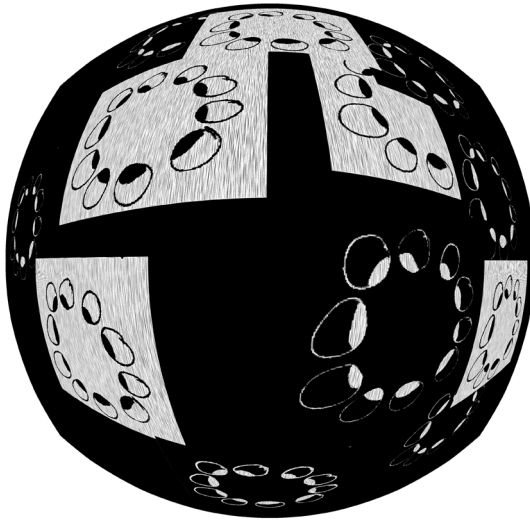
Outdoor Cooking

The South American Cook Book

# 1450-1950

by Bob Brown

*Edited with and Introduction by Craig Saper*



“Eyes of Globe,” Courtesy of Charles Bernstein.





[www.rovingeyepress.com](http://www.rovingeyepress.com)

First published by Roving Eye Press, 2015

Introduction © by Craig Saper

Eyes of Globe © Charles Bernstein

A Healthy Hieroglyphic © Amaranth Borsuk

Monad (for Bob Brown) © Jonathan Eburne

Roving Hand & Hommage to Bob Brown © Anna Banana

Look Before You Cook © Kaja Marczevska

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ISBN 13:

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Cover Design: Bob Brown, Lynn Tomlinson, & K. A. Wisniewski

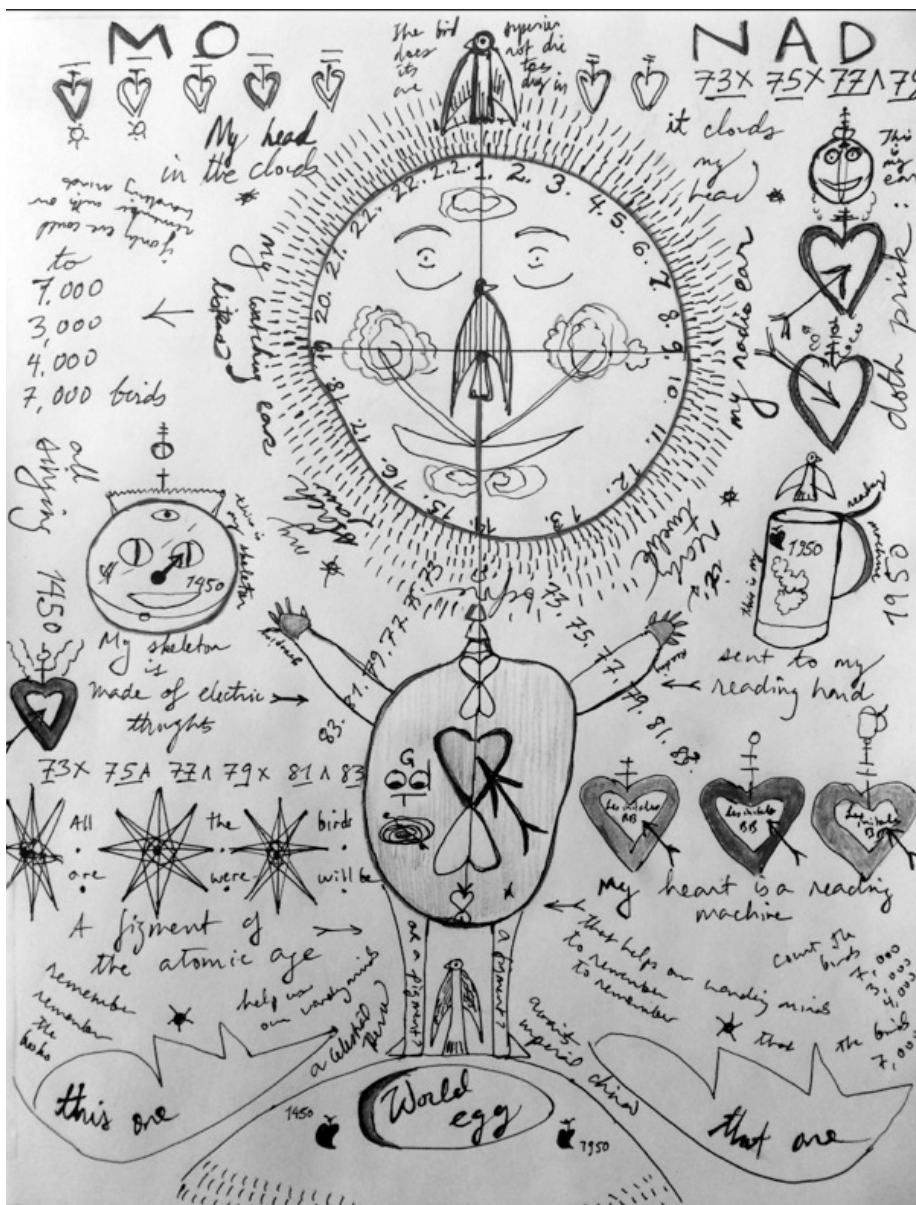
Book Layout and Typesetting: K. A. Wisniewski

Special thanks to Jonathan Williams (1929-2008) for his permissions to  
reprint the Jargon Press edition and his efforts to keep this title in print.

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"Monad (for Bob Brown)," Courtesy of Jonathan Eburne.

## Scratch & Scrawl, Here Comes Bob Brown:

### Printing, Publishing, & Poetry, 1450–1950

Like everyone else, you flipped through the pages of this chapbook even before you started reading this introduction: the pictures, just scribbles; the words, not typeset. Maybe you thought to yourself, “What do these handwritten scratched and scrawled words mean?” To learn to read these poems, you might place this book in the context of Bob Brown’s avant-garde experiments with visual poetry in the late 1920s. You might already know that one of the poems in this collection, “Eyes on the Half-Shell,” appeared in Marcel Duchamp’s *Blindman* in 1917, and that Harry and Caresse Crosby’s *Black Sun Press*, in Paris, first published this collection of hand-drawn visual poetry in 1929. You must know that, while in Paris, Brown drank-in Apollinaire’s “*Calligrammes*” experiments (published in 1918, a year after Bob published the first visual poem in the modernist era). In describing this volume, Bob punned on “*Apollinaris*” mineral water, bottled eighty kilometers upriver from Bad Ems, a rest spa where he went after publishing this volume: he claimed to bathe in Apollinaire as part of the cure for what literature had become, and released what it could become.

More than half a century after Brown first published a visual poem, and nearly three decades after publishing this chapbook, the publisher-poet, Jonathan Williams’ *Jargon Press* re-issued Brown’s collection to an American audience in 1959. Famous for popularizing the Black Mountain College poets like Charles Olson, and for re-issuing less well-known avant-garde works, Williams recognized that Bob Brown “was one of the lines of strength of the American avant-garde.” On the back cover blurb for that *Jargon Press* edition, Gillette Burgess, the famous poet of nonsense verse, noted that Brown’s visual poetry collection was one of “the most original books I have read” (Burgess, back cover of the 1959 edition). *Jargon Press* had strong connections to the Beat poetry scene in New York and Northern California. Brown was interviewed and lionized in publications like the tabloid-style culture newspaper, Bern Porter’s *Berkeley: A Journal of Modern Culture*. Porter was the nuclear physicist turned radical poet



that embodied politics of resistance and the reemergence of a counter-cultural poetry. These poets and artists looked to the then little known expatriate avant-garde of the 1920s as lineage and models. These various groups started to reissue and publish reports on leaders of the expatriate avant-garde, like the report Bob Brown wrote on Gertrude Stein and her circle. And new editions of these alternative poetries were published. In Brazil, Augusto de Campos published an edition of *1450–1950* in the early 1960s. Dick Higgins' Something Else Press and the Fluxus group began publishing their own poetry experiments alongside these expatriate works especially works of “concrete” and visual poetry. After another more than half a century hiatus, Brown's works have now begun to reappear as his works speak to our contemporary concerns about new forms of poetry (LANGUAGE poetry, Conceptual Poetry, etc.). Also, the interest in the ways that electronic machines impact reading have drawn considerable scholarly interest to Brown's work in areas like “digital modernism,” and from those looking for analogies to electronic literature. Brown includes a readie as the first poem in this collection. The newly re-started Roving Eye Press has also published Brown's *Words*, *The Readies*, and *Gems*.

One of the poems in this collection offers in a *mise-en-abyme* another context to read this entire collection of poems and all of Brown's life and career; Bob Brown's own self-portrait as visual poem functions as a schematic map to reading this volume. The handwritten captions on different parts of his stick-figure include references to poems in this volume, like “My Skeleton Both Articulates and Gesticulates,” and, again, in *mise-en-abyme* fashion, half of this book's title appears in the upper left hand corner, “1450,” and the other half appears in the lower right corner, “1950.” One handwritten tag, “my art,” is scribbled over his heart; and that heart is a dingbat-like visual design that he used as the logo for this collection of visual poetry. Next to the logo-heart is “My Rose Rib,” an allusion to Adam's rib and to Brown's partner and wife, Rose. In this same self-poem, or what we now might call a conceptual poem selfie, he includes a miniature of his entire “Eyes On The Half Shell,” that shows the influence of Marcel Duchamp, a friend and mentor of Bob's before and during the years in France with the expatriate avant-garde. Brown turns his autobiographical sketch into a one of his characteristic comic visual poems that makes the abstracted shape an essential element of the meaning and self-

conception. The optical aspect of these poems is of course crucial.

When you talk about modernist visual poetry, you start with Apollinaire's calligrams and cummings' manupictograms and typograms where the poet imbricates writing and illustration inextricably together. Of 1450-1950 Brown explains,

I try to express myself through optical poems, as Apollinaire and cummings try, as I already tried in "Eyes on the Half Shell" in 1917, excited by the first 'Armory Show' and by the Tender Buttons of Gertrude Stein, excited by the combining of drawings and words. I don't believe that words by themselves are worth anything anymore, except when manipulated by artists (cummings and Boyle for example). I think that Coolidge (today: add Eisenhower) and Will Rogers exhausted them to the point that they were left without meaning, so pale and dirty as the cents that Rockefeller and Woolworth rub among themselves. I think we need words in motion, to be read by the reading machine, I think we need to recapture something of the healthy hieroglyphic writing, now that oratory is dead and that what rests of poetry that is still read aloud is vociferate to us by electronicsniks.

The book is handwritten through most of the book including its dedication:



1450

DEDICATED TO

ALL MONKS WHO ILLUMINATED  
MANUSCRIPTS - ALL EARLY  
ORIENTAL ARTISTS - OMAR  
GUTENBERG - CAXTON -  
JIMMY-THINK - BOCCA GIO-  
RABELAIS - SHAKESPEARE -  
DEFOE - GOYA - BLAKE -  
STERNE - WHITMAN - CRANE -  
STEIN - JOYCE - PAGLIACCI -

AND

MYSELF

1950



Among this eccentric list of writers, artists, printers, whole categories of artists and artisans, and even a fictional murderous clown from the opera Pagliacci, Brown includes “MYSELF,” and stresses in the visual form of the all-caps-handwritten list and in the whacky allusions, his own mix of visual and clowning elements that this collection embodies: Brown invents a type of slap-stick poetic burlesque. Calling it visual poetry is too staid and decorous; call it scratch & scrawl. If sonnets have a singular form and unvarying constraints for each and every instantiation, then scratch & scrawl depends on the absolutely particular trace, passions, and imperfection of the handwriting. The play between words and images shifts from a poetic tension to a conceptual game in which hand-drawn scribbles and pictures—blurring the boundaries between literal scribbles and conceptual poetry, it is difficult to describe them as one would a single medium like painting or film. Instead, the process of reading *1450–1950* follows an intimate discovery of a literally marginalized poetry (since the invention of the printing press). This collection is an extension of Gutenberg’s creative legacy, a resistance to the standardized lines of type set, and the hilarious enervation of poetry’s secret life usually under erasure by setting it in type – ALL OF THOSE CONFLICTING GOALS AT ONCE. It is scratch & scrawl: a next great poetry always already on the read page, but here it’s a message in a bottle-booked-bound from a book-legger bobbed browned.

For this new 2015 edition, we invited a very few poets, artists, and scholars to riff on Brown’s poetry, and they have in their own poetic ways answered that call. We could read these new contributions as homage, as specific riffs from contemporary branches in the conceptual-visual-poetry that Brown was working on about a hundred years before, or as speculative poetry on the future of what Bob Brown might call “readies,” or simply the future of reading. Anna Banana, a founder and leader of the mail-art and stamp-art movement and a “conceptualist,” contributed two works, “Homage to Bob Brown” AND “Roving Hand,” that reference both her own roving hands and banana logic, and Brown’s roving eye. Charles Bernstein, one of the founders and leaders of the LANGUAGE poetry movement as well as an important contemporary visual poet, contributed two poems as well, one of which, “Eyes on Globe,” included here, and the other piece a GIF poem is available online at the Roving Eye Press website:

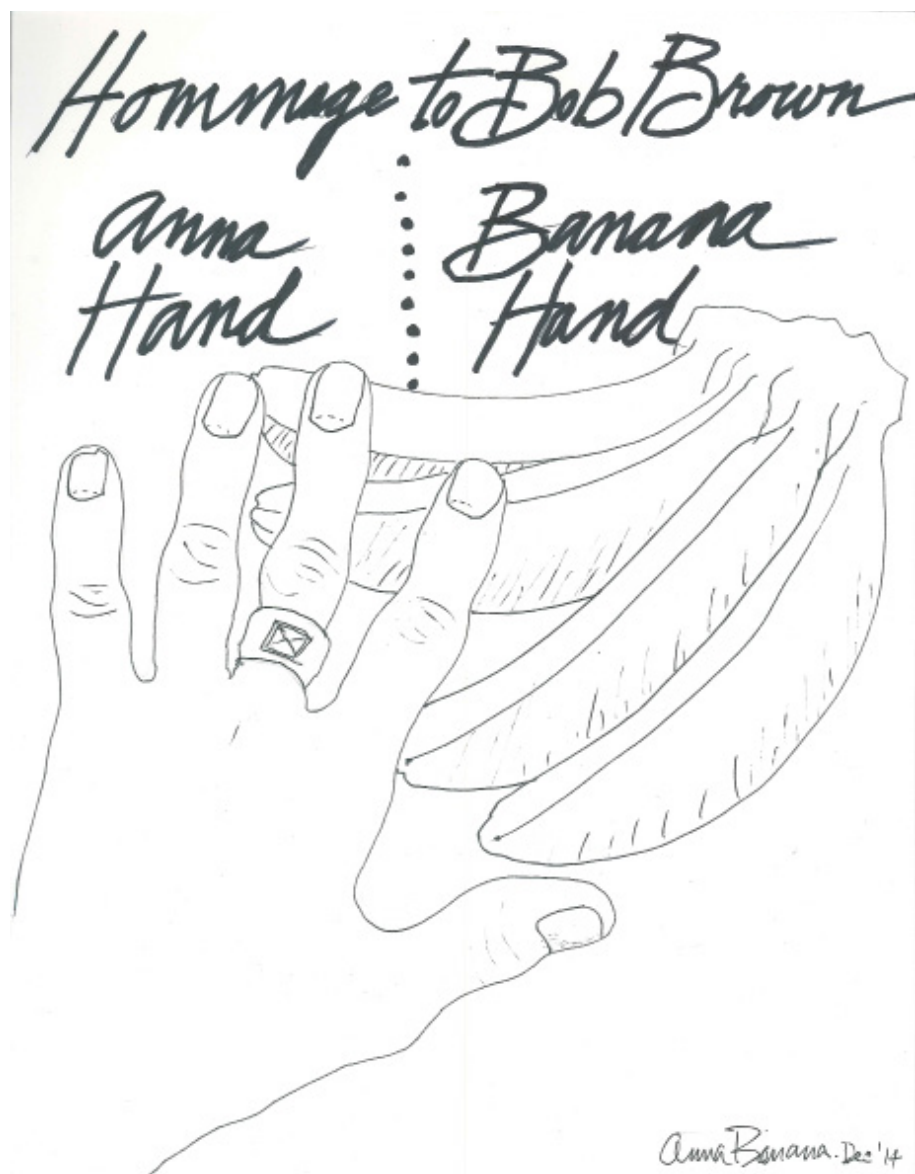
www.rovingeyepress.com. Amaranth Borsuk, one of the innovators in the contemporary e-poetry movement with her works that explore the ephemeral space between page and screen, contributed “A Healthy Hieroglyphic,” a reference to Brown’s phrase of what’s needed to resuscitate writing, which is the QR-like-code-as-striking-image on the last page of this introduction (and when holding the book up to the screen at the poet’s URL, a three-dimensional jumble of Brownian words dances off the page). Jonathan Eburne, a major scholar of surrealist and avant-garde writing, contributed “Monad (for Bob Brown),” which is the frontispiece before this introduction. Kaja Marczevska, a doctoral candidate writing about conceptual poetry and “uncreative writing,” sent “Look Before You Cook,” which closes this introductory chapter.

Although these biographical, literary, and cultural contexts help make the reading more robust, there is something about this particular collection that separates it even from those contexts: the handwriting itself. The handwriting reinforces these poems improvisatory mood. The short poems, never exceeding one page, and sometimes seemingly two or three in one, also add to the immediacy and intimacy of these poems. The readers feel like Bob is sitting next to them at the bar, while drinking beers, as Bob draws these poems on a napkin as he did in a bar with Marcel Duchamp. There is a sub-field of poetics focused on visual poetry, but little of it studies the literary meaning of handwriting. It is difficult to talk in general terms about something so specific, something literally (and figuratively) not of “type,” and something that is rarely reproduced outside of the documentation of an author’s original notes. Of course, we knew it was crucial to publish a facsimile edition of the poems because if one pours handwritten poems into typography, the figures and figurative are lost, the oeuvre and meaning erased. Although there is a rich semantic play in these poems, there is no versifying formalism, no sign of any verse, not even free or Imagist verse, which Brown had, many years earlier (in the 19-teens), parodied. *1450-1950* goes beyond parody, and calls for a new poetics of scratch & scrawl.

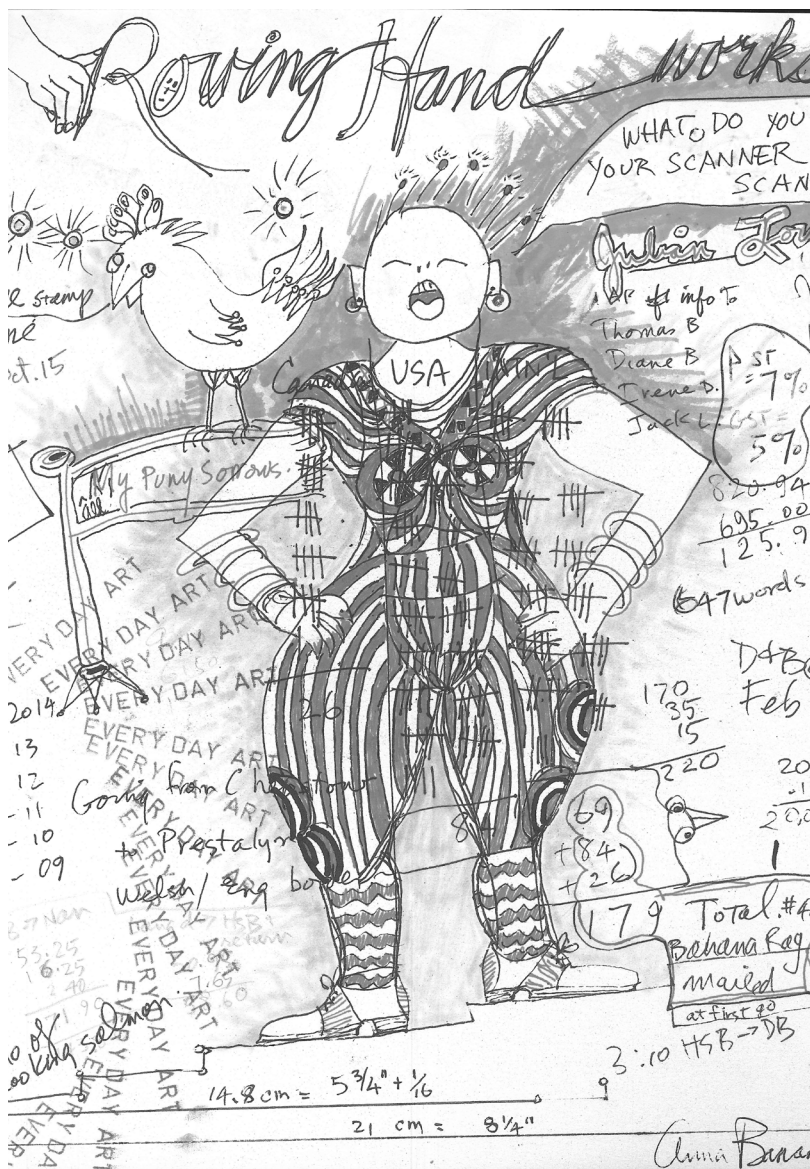
Where do we begin to formulate a poetics of handwriting? For Martin Heidegger, the hand, together with the word, distinguishes human from animal, and the hand’s script is handwriting. In that

The discussion is beyond the scope of this introduction, but mentioning the importance of handwriting in philosophical and theoretical debates, helps highlight how Brown's poems in this volume turn-up "character" in the scratch and scrawl of Brown's intimate hand-written, and –drawn, visual poetry. You can see the handprints of the poet's character, moving poetry itself from the symbolic to the indexical sign. This modest collection of poems, forgotten in all histories and anthologies of important gems of poetry, pushes meaning into a direct connection to the author's hand: a knee-slapping heretical poet's hand. With this squib of an introduction, a mere scribble, that introduces scratch & scrawl, I leave your fingers to trace the flourishing lines that Bob wrote.

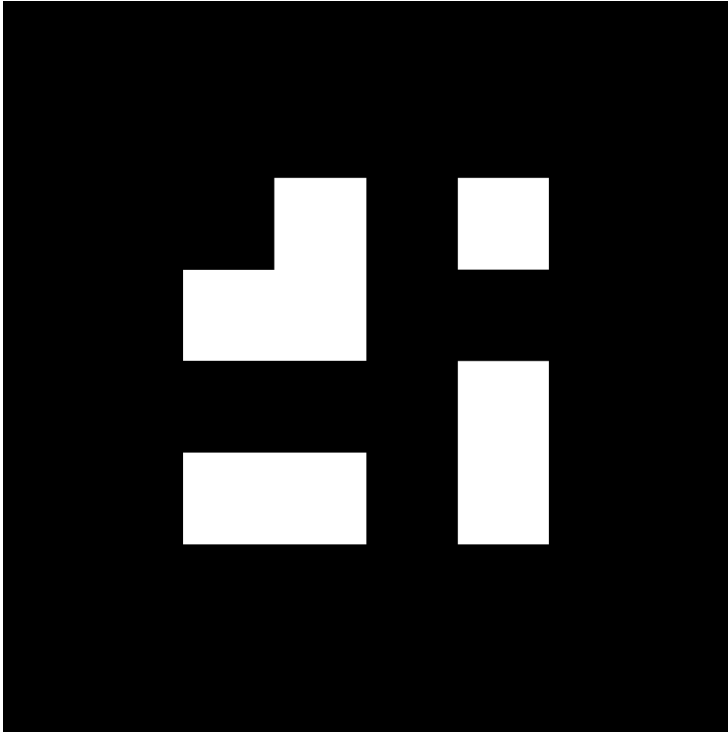




“Hommage to Bob Brown,” Courtesy of Anna Banana.



"Roving Hand," Courtesy of Anna Banana.



“A Healthy Hieroglyphic,” Courtesy of Amaranth Borsuk.

*\*To unlock this hieroglyph, visit the following page and follow the posted instructions: [www.betweenpageandscreen.com/bobbrown](http://www.betweenpageandscreen.com/bobbrown)*



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Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library.





U  
1450

ROB BROWN

1150  
U



  
1450 - 1950  


BOB BROWN







1450

DEDICATED TO

ALL MONKS WHO ILLUMINATED  
MANUSCRIPTS - ALL EARLY  
ORIENTAL ARTISTS - OMAR  
GUTENBERG - CAXTON -  
JIMMY-THE-INK - BOCCACCIO -  
RABELAIS - SHAKESPEARE -  
DEFOE - GOYA - BLAKE -  
STERNE - WHITMAN - CRANE -  
STEIN - JOYCE - PAGLIACCI -

AND

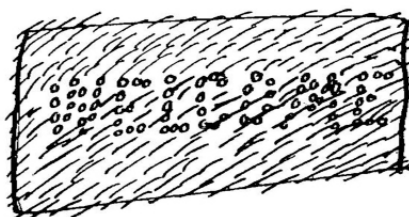
MYSELF

1950

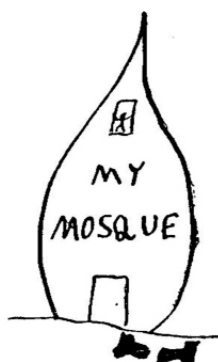


Without any whirr or splutter writing will be reasonable at the speed of the day - 1929 - not 1450, it will run on forever before the eye without having to be chopped up into columns, para & etc. ( not risking the setting of a single finger to turn a clumsy page - on forever in a single line - I see 1000-invisible movable-type - Gutenberg - Wynkyn - de - Worde - Jimmy - the-lak - Caxton - though Chinese - centuries before - printed - thousand-page-books-on-silk-leaves-furnished-by-local-silk-worms-on-8-leaves-titled-often - printing-from-china - porcelain-type-same-stuff-that-makes-teacups-and-dreams - Shakespeare-bending-over-to-work-durch-making-my-language-laboriously-like-a-bellowing-blacksmith-and-turning-out-little-grotesqueries-at-the-forge-all-on-his-own-to-keep-up-his-interest-in-the-job - Stream-of-lusty-sleazy-big-boned-muscle-of-words - like-by - - - - - Rebelais - Ben - Jonson - Dan - Defoe - Sterne-Walt-Whitman-Gert-Stein-James-Joyce - - - - - Stephen-Cran's-Black-Buffers-Death-by-bull-horn-for-leather-upper-case-and-LOVE-CH-Case-together-chanting-ecumenicity-dont-give-a-damn-I-I-do-die-die-die - - - - - Print-in-section-at-last-invisible-type-at-full-gallop - - - - - Carl-Sandburg-steps-through-like-a-thro-dervil-commadens-Cossack-astride-his-mustang-brones-vocabulary-leaping-far-out-into-the-night-to-pick-up-carefully-placed-phrases-with-his-bushing-teeth - - - - - By-ge-it-I-see-as-mother-father-to-a-new-stage-for-all-writers-to-come-rhythmical-writers-in-the-eye - - - - - typewriters - - - - - writing-in-an-entire-line-for-my-reading-machine - - - - - simple-folproof-machine-with-printed-type-like-typewriter-ribbon-coming-on-before-readers-eyes-giving-reader-chance-of-his-life-to-say-something-hear-something-feel-something-get-a-mental-bellyful-of-writer-right-before-him-bringing-them-closer-together-now-that-there-is-more-reading-and-writing-going-on-more-moving-reading-and-more-moving-writing - - - - -

# MY MOSQUE



PLEASE WIPE  
YOUR MUDDY MIND  
BEFORE ENTERING



AND LEAVE YOUR  
THICK  
CEREBRAL SHOES  
OUTSIDE

I LIKE LOOKING BACK  
AT THE  
ILLUMINATED MSS. OF



1450

AND FORWARD  
TO THE  
MORE ILLUMINATING  
MOVIE SCRIPTS OF  
1950



I LIKE TO SEE  
FLY SPECKS  
ON YELLOWED PAGES  
I LIKE TOO  
LEAVING MY OWN ON  
NEW ONES



MY FLY SPECK



EYES



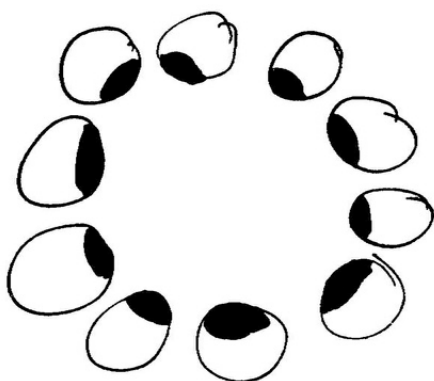
EYES



MY GODT



WHAT EYES !



EYES ON THE HALF-SHELL

Tongues  
Of Flame  
Of French  
Of Fire



A Tower of Tongues

VIGNETTE

MEN, I LIKE



STANDING UP

WOMEN, TOO

LYING DOWN

## DECORATION



*Stars in the heavens*



*Millefleur'd tapestries*



*The Hundred Boys of China*

"WILL YOU BE THE APE?"

Lines are simple  
Plain + straightforward  
Why do they always  
Net + fret themselves  
into Triangles



"WILL YOU BE THE APE?  
OH, WILL YOU BE THE APEX  
OF MY TRIANGLE?"

THE HES HAVE IT

HE  
SHE  
HER

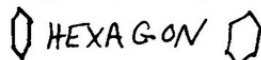
THE TRIANGLE



HE! HE! HE!

ROMP WITH THE  
RHOMBOIDS

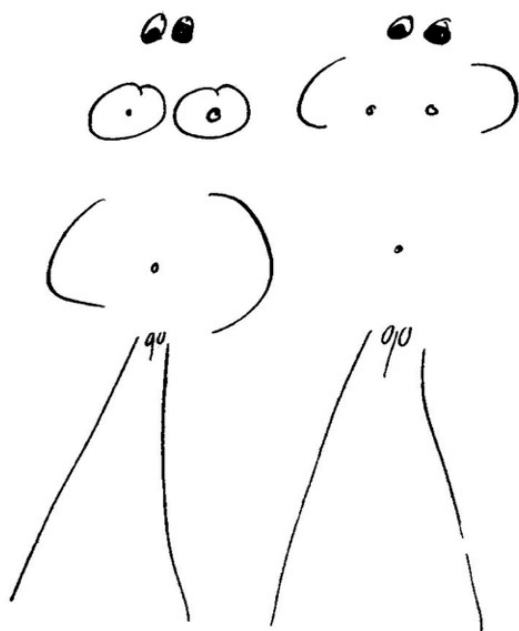
TAKE HOME A



TO SURPRISE YOUR  
HETAERA



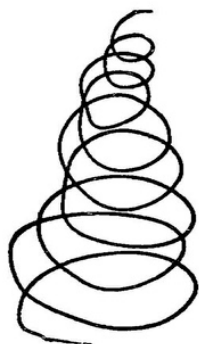
HERE THEY COME  
THE BIPEDS



EVERYTHING EQUAL  
ALL OVER  
ALL EVEN  
BALANCED  
EQUALLY, INTERNALLY, EXTERNALLY  
ETERNALLY  
MATED

♂ THERE THEY GO  
THE GONADS

V P  
E E  
N N  
S S



GODT  
GOD BLESS YOU  
FOR YOUR SPIRALS



NARROW  
GOLDEN LADDERS  
WOULD HAVE CARRIED  
ALL THE  
FOOLS  
TO YOU

#### VIGNETTE

POETS  
THEY WRITE, TOO  
THE SOFT POEMS  
ALWAYS ON THE BED  
DIFFERENT FROM THE  
WILD ONES.  
WHILE STANDING  
ON THE HEAD



Japanese print Rain Storm



Rice growing in a Swamp



The Hairs on Esau



Sanitary tooth brush

And

The whiskers on a Goat

HAIR-NET



WHISKERS



POMPADOURS

EYE BROWS



TAPETTES

Men and women chase  
Each other  
Day + night

Monkeys hold  
Each other  
Externally  
By the tails

---

INTERLUDE

COLD HEART ♡ HOT POTATO ●  
HOT HEART ♡ COLD POTATO ○

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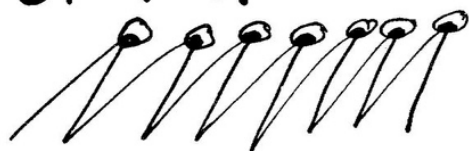
PARIS IN PAIRS

||||| ||||| ||||| ||||| ||||| |||||

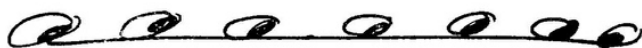
They walk the boulevards all day  
Only lying down at night

=====

THE WORLD IS MY  
OYSTER



MOUNTAIN OYSTER



PRAIRIE OYSTER



OYSTER OF THE SEA

VIVAGRETTE

YOU  
WHO ARE REPUTED  
TO MAKE  
MOUNTAINS OUT OF  
MOLE-HILLS  
WHERE ARE YOUR MOUNTAINS?  
I CAN'T SEE THEM  
OVER YOUR  
MOLE-HILLS



iron molds  
For men



Tin cookie cutters  
For the ladies

### VIGNETTE

BACK IN THE ARENA  
BULL-GORED AND  
TOUSLED  
BACK IN THE  
FREE-FOR-ALL ARENA  
BY GOD † NOW  
BRING OUT  
YOUR PINK POETS

TO MY SON



CRAWL, YOUNG ANT, CRAWL

Yes, young ant  
I know the world.

Both hemispheres  
I have crawled over,  
leaving tracks  
like this behind



And some crumbs of sugar  
To mark the way  
CRAWL, YOUNG ANT, CRAWL

OOOOO  
only round things  
give milk  
OO  
Breasts  
OOOO  
Coconuts  
OOOOO  
Human heads.

LIFE PROFESSOR COMEDY IT  
JAZZ IT WITH YOUR WRIGGLING  
MICROSCOPIC MICROBES  
PROFESSOR YOUR OVERSHOES  
PROFESSOR LIFE PROFESSOR  
YOUR JUMPING GERM PLASMS  
PROFESSOR YOUR NEAR-SIGHTED  
GLASSES LIFE PROFESSOR  
ON YOUR GELATINOUS SLIDES  
LIFE PROFESSOR STUDYING IT  
AT YOUR LEISURE PROFESSOR  
YOUR EARMUFFS LIFE PROFESSOR  
ALL YOUR GERMS ARE BLOWN  
AWAY THROUGH SOFT SAXAPHONE  
STRAINS INTO A FANTASTIC  
FLOWER GARDEN OF FOAMY  
SUDS NEAR-LIFE PROFESSOR





WHIRLING

WHIRLING IN CONSTANTINOPLE

WITH THE DUST AND THE

DERVISHES

ROAST MEAT SPITS &

DRUNKEN SAILORS

IS IT A CARDINAL SIN?  
BLUE-NOSED CARDINALS IN  
CUP-LIKE RED CAPS FROM WHICH  
PINK-DIMPLED, ANGEL-BOTTOMED  
CHORUS GIRLS  
DRINK SOAP-SUDSY CHAMPAGNE  
FROM BLACK SATURDAY NIGHT.  
TIL ROSY-DAWNED EARLY MASS  
TO SAVE THE SOLES OF THEIR  
CARDINAL-THROATED SATIN SLIPPERS

A GIRL  
GATHERING ANEMONES  
BY A WOOD SIDE BROOK

A POET  
HAVING HIS POEM READ

A BRIDE  
DAINTILY LIFTING THE  
BRIDAL SHEET  
WITH HER  
BIG TOE

A POET  
HAVING HIS POEM READ

# LADY FINGERS

FINGERS

MM MM

FINGER LADIES

MM MM

YOUR LOVELY

LADYLIKE

LADY FINGERS

MM

WHAT WOULD THEY BE

WITHOUT A THUMB

AND A NOSE

TO PUT IT TO



I AM WHIPPED  
AROUND THE  
WORLD



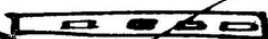
LIKE A TOP-

# PARIS VOCAL

1929

Allo

Pneumatique



Allons

Henri brune blonde

Voilà { Monsieur Madame  
cinq à sept

Allons

Allo

Finish.

I SPREAD WITH MY JACKKNIFE  
GREAT GOBS OF  
SUBTLETY ● ● ●  
ON THICK SLABS OF  
WHOLE WHEAT BREAD ● ● ●  
AND SIT ALL DAY  
ON COLD DOOR-SILLS  
BEGGING FOR  
HUNGRY PASSERSBY



|

HIS MUDDY SHOES  
●  
HER CRYSTAL MIND  
●  
SHE COULD NEVER  
THINK PAST THEM

● BULLET ● HEAD  
● - ● ●  
● DUMB ● BELL  
● - ● ● ● ●

I MUST TELL YOU  
DEAR  
THAT YOU  
THRILL ME

LIKE

LIGHTNING, *dear*

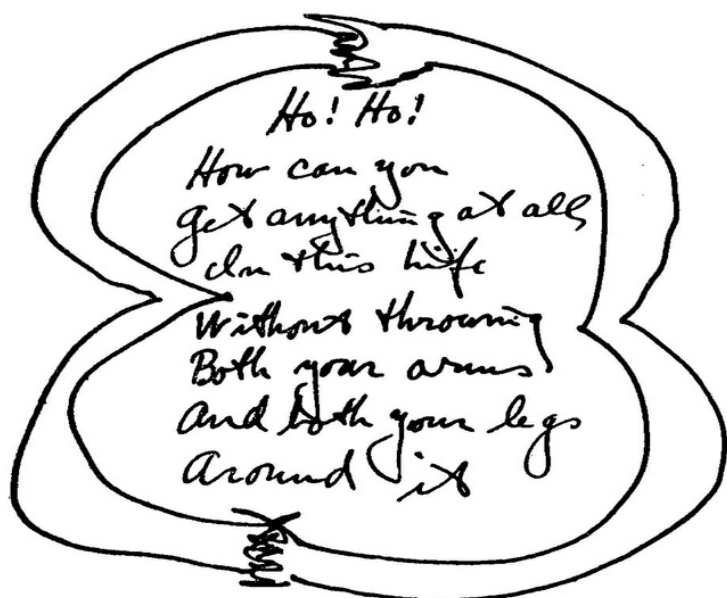
AND THAT MOST OF MY FUN  
HAS BEEN IN FOLLOWING  
FLASHES

WITH YOU, DEAR

YOU

Blossoms & rain  
Trickles & petals.  
You ring in my ears

LUFF, LUFF,  
THAT'S THE **S**TUFF!



Keep away  
you honey-bears  
Keep away  
you moon-struck boys



THIS HONEYMOON IS OURS

AN INARTICULATE  
UNHUNG POET  
SINGS UP  
BOTH SLEEVES  
AT YOU

AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
LIFE'S A FUNNY PLACE  
TO BE



I AM THE LITTLE  
WOODEN-FACED PUPPET  
WHO SAYS  
YES SIR  
TO MY PAPA THE VENTRILOQUIST  
WHO <sup>ONLY</sup> HOLDS ME ON HIS KNEE  
TO MAKE HIS LIVING

YOU MADE A MISTAKE  
MA'AM  
I AM NOT THE WHITE-WASHER  
I'M THE BOY  
WHAT ANSWERS THE BELL  
WHEN YOU WANT THE  
COLOR  
TURNED ON





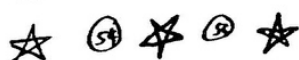
THROW ME ANOTHER NICKLE



I'LL LEAP FOR IT  
SHOOT ME STARS

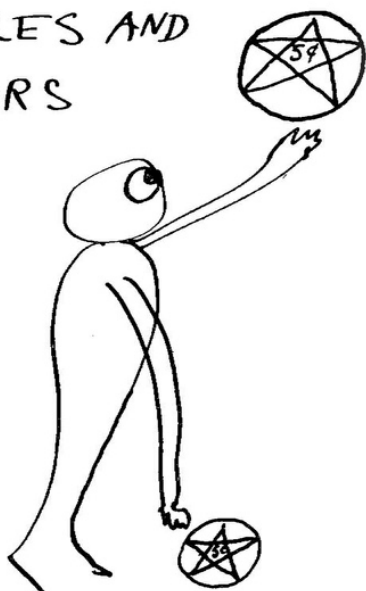


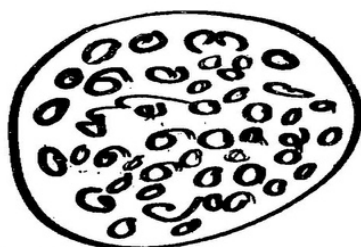
NO MATTER HOW FAST THEY COME  
I'LL STOOP FOR 'EM



THERE IS EXULTATION & EXERCISE  
EVEN EXHILARATION  
IN STOOPING AND  
LEAPING FOR  
STARRY NICKLES AND  
NICKELED STARS

BUSINESS MEN  
GREAT GOOFY GOLFERS  
COMMERCE  
BIG BASEBALL  
LIFE  
YOU TRY IT &  
ALWAYS KEEP A  
NICKEL IN YOUR POCKET &  
A STIFF UPPER LIP





MY MOUTH  
FULL OF KISSES  
BURSTS LIKE A  
POMEGRANATE  
TO YOUR FULLRED  
BLOSSOMING

oo POLLEN oo

oo + oo  
oo PETALS oo  
oo 2G

G oo KISSES oo

oo TO oo

4 oo ALL oo

oo oo oo oo oo

oo oo oo oo oo

oo oo oo oo oo

oo oo

oo

OFF SET

WORMS ~ ~ ~ ~  
DON'T YOU  
WORMS ~ ~ ~ ~  
KNOW

THAT BOOKS  
AFTER BEING EATEN

MUST BE  
DIGESTED ~ ~ ~

HIRSUITE  
OR  
WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

I WILL HIDE IN MY HAIR  
AND YOU COME FIND ME  
FIND ME IN MY FURRY COAT  
SEEK ME THROUGH MY  
PLUCKED EYEBROWS  
TROT AFTER ME  
THROUGH MY TOSSENG TRESSES  
TICKLE THE FUZZ ON MY TUMMY  
COME FIND ME  
HIDDEN ALLURINGLY  
IN HAIR

POLLINAIRE

I	I	I	I	N
L	L	L	L	
P	P	P	P	T
L	L	L	L	H
E	E	E	E	E
V	V	V	V	H
A	A	A	A	A
T	T	T	T	R

|||||  
EYES


|||||  
LASHES

MY DEAR


|||||  
I PEEP THROUGH YOUR FENCE  
|||||




I preen  
My quills



I always preen my  
Pen quills  
like a peacock



Before I start to  
  
goose-step with them

WITH A SHAKE &  
WITH A SHIVER  
I SHED THE LEAVES  
MY POET-TREE





CUPIDS  
 HAVE MADE PUBLIC  
 TOO LONG  
 THEIR PRIVATE PARTS



THEY HAVE THRUST  
 THEIR DIMPLED DELIGHTS  
 TOO PUBLICLY INTO  
 MY PRIVATE FACE



# VIGNETTE

## PINK CHEEKS

WOMEN, READING + WEeping  
 LONG TEAR TRICKLES  
 DOWN PALE  
 MADONNA CHEEKS  
 A DOWN ARISTOCRATIC  
 BLUE NOSES  
 O RABELAIS  
 SLAP FOR ME  
 THEIR FLABBY FAT  
 PINK CHEEKS

# THE PEASANT POET'S EARNEST PRAYER TO GOD

GOAT-BEARDED GOD

I PRAY YOU

THAT I MAY BE A  
REALLY GREAT WRITER

(NONE OF YOUR GALSWORTHYS, CONRADS  
OR WHARTONS)

OH, MY GOD

I WILL NOT MUMBLE AMONG MY WHISKERS

AND THAT I MAY CONTRIBUTE  
SOMETHING OF LASTING  
VALUE TO LITERATURE

(NOT LIKE BYRON OR BROWNING OR  
SHELLEY  
YOU UNDERSTAND)

OH, MY GOD

OH, MY GOAT-BEARDED GOD

(MORE LIKE STERNE, STEIN OR WHITMAN  
YOU KNOW)

✂ SOMETHING SMART + LIVELY

MORE LIKE A FRENCH MUSTACHE  
(MALE OR FEMALE)

WITH A FAINT GOATEE

OH, BEARDED GOD

STEPHEN

lllllll...

BLACK RIDERS

STEPHEN CRANE

BLACK, BLACK RIDERS

STEPHEN!

.....lllllll

AND YOU  
WITH ONLY  
GOLD TEETH

llllllllll  
llllllllll

IN YOUR  
WARBLING MOUTH

THE RACE OF ARTISTS

PAINTER, DIG YOUR FINGERS  
INTO THE WHISKERS OF YOUR PARS  
WRITER, CLIP YOUR WOBBLY KNEES  
TOGETHER  
OVER YOUR FOUNTAIN PEN SLINGS  
DRIVE 'EM  
PUSH 'EM  
DOG 'EM  
ANYTHING BUT KILL 'EM  
GET UNDER THE WIRE  
TO-DAY  
FOR ARTS UNBEATEN <sup>GLORY</sup>

WONDER  
OPENED TWO EYES  
ON MY LIFE

(BIG) & (ROUND)

WONDER  
WILL PUT TWO PENNIES  
ON MY LIDS

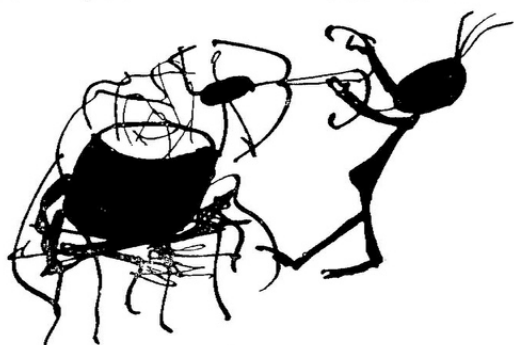
(TIGHT) & (SHUT)

"AMERICA I LUFFU"  
BIG NICKEL BIZ  
COCA COLA  
WRIGLEY  
OWL CIGAR  
LIFE SAVERS  
GULDEN'S MUSTARD  
HIRES  
OH, HENRY!

WHEN TRYING TO CATCH THE  
WAITER'S EYE  
TO GET A  
FRESH GLASS OF BEER  
I OFTEN THINK OF THE  
COY GLANCES  
KITTENS CAST AT  
MILK MEN



MISSIONARIES  
I HAVE THOUGHT  
A LOT  
ABOUT MISSIONARIES



BEING BOILED IN  
BLACK POTS  
BY BLACK MEN  
AND I HAVE ALWAYS  
COME TO THIS CONCLUSION  
WHY NOT?

THE AMERICAN EAGLE

10 MILLS - 1 CENT  
10 CENTS - 1 DIME  
10 DIMES - 1 DOLLAR  
10 DOLLARS - 1 EAGLE  
10 EAGLES - 1 SCREAM

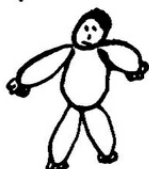
THE SUM OF RELIGION

1 DEVIL  
7 SINS  
10 COMMANDMENTS  
1 GOD  
12 APOSTLES  
3 WISE MEN  
1 BUTTON  

---

35 COLLECTION

MAN



MOULDED OF  
COMMON CLAY BY ANY  
RECOGNIZED MAKER  
LOOKS BETTER THAN THE  
MUD-MOLDED  
FAT-BELLIED FORMS OF



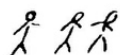
SELF-MADE  
MEN

DAMN THE DENTISTS

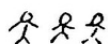
UUUUUUUUUUUU  
FALSE SPEECH  
THROUGH FALSE TEETH  
TTTTTTTTTTTTTT  
UUUUUUUUUUUU  
GOLDEN WORDS  
FROM GOLD-FILLED CROWNS  
AAAAAAA



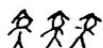
PUTTY FACES  
PLUMBERS' HELPERS  
PEOPLE!  
GOD†  
HE U LP  
M



SKELETONS



SCARE-CROWS



JAPANESE SCARE-CROWS

WITH ALL YOUR  
ARTICULATION

YOU CAN ONLY



DANCE

FOR EXPRESSION



DANCE IN SANSKRIT



DANCE IN HEBREW



DANCE IN ETHIOPIAN

STATELY

I WANT! I WANT!"

SHAKE,  
BILL BLAKE!

I WANT,  
TOO!

WRITE IT RIGHT OFF THE PAGE  
AND  
WRITE

IT  
RIGHT  
UNTIL  
THE  
PAGE AGAIN

THERE IS STILL LIFE

An apple o

a pear o

a peach o

And a plum o

On a hand painted

Peasant's plate



Beside a dead fish 

And a wicker basket 



More Still than life  
Stillier than Death

PAGLIACCI

PAGLIACCI

I HAVE HEARD YOU SING

WITH SPAGHETTI

IN YOUR THROAT

PAGLIACCI

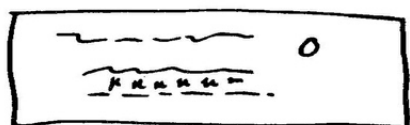
ITS SINGING

AND SPAGHETTI

MOSTLY

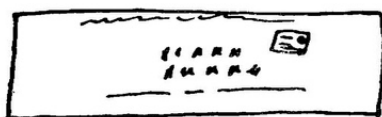
ISN'T IT?

SALON-1929



LANDSCAPE

SHEEP ON THE  
SIDE OF A HILL  
LOST IN A  
SCOTCH MIST



OTHER SHEEP  
SALON SHEEP  
GAZING IN ANE AT THE  
LANDSCAPE  
LOST IN A  
MENTAL MIST

DIMINUTTE

O  
OSTRICH EGG  
REGULAR EGG  
CAVIAR

□ □ " M S M O

Ears

S M W

Ears of elephants  
And mice

Howkeys ears

The bird you can  
Take off and

Put on again

?? ?? !?

Interrogation points

MIDINETTE

SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT

~~XXXXXXXX~~  
AND A GIRL'S SOFT GIVING

~~XXXXXXXX~~  
YELLS IN THE EAR

AND THE LOSS OF HEARING

C L O J J

NOSES

J J J J J

MOSES! WHAT NOSES!

J J J J J

SMELLY NOSES

ROMAN, GREEK AND  
GRECO-ROMAN

GAY NOSES  
A NOSE GAY  
OF NOSES

LIPS



LIPS CARMINE  
CAVERNOUS  
CARESSING



LOOPED LIPS



LIPS LOOPED  
IN LUPUNARES

.....  
THE SEVEN SEAS  
ARE MY SEVEN SENSES  
.....

THE SEVEN ARTS  
MY SEVEN SEAS

☑ ☑  
COME!  
SEVEN!

NICE  
VICE  
DICE!

## ORCHIDS

PERVERSE

PERFUME DRUNKARDS

BREATHS OF AIR

FRINGED AND FRILLED

PANTING

WITH PAMPERED PASSION

FLUSHED AND FULL

WITH GNOMISH GRACE

O GOD †

TAKE AWAY YOUR

PALLID PANSIES!

LEAD IN

YOUR PALPITATING LAVENDAR

SEX SYMBOLS

HONEY-DRIPPING

FLY-CATCHERS

ENSNARING SIRENS

LET THEM WAVE

THEIR WILD PETALS!

TEAR THEIR RAVISHING HAIR

O GOD †

Watch over your

Blushing roses.





Orchids  
With your  
Originality




Orchids  
With your  
Swift, light  
Sexual



ADAM  
JOYCE




EVE  
STEIN



I AM  
DO  
WILL  
MUST  
SHAM  
WAS  
HAM  
BE  
SHALL  
HAVE  
HATE  
WON'T  
DON'T  
LOVE  
GOD  
IIII

PARIS 1932 AND THE  
GOLDEN APPLE OF THE I

---

ECHO  
APPLE LEAVES, EVE  
EAVES-DROPPING-S  
APPLE SAUCE, LITTLEVA! 

---

I! I! I!  
THE HOLY TRINITY



I HATE  
PRIZE FIGHTS



A QUICK SILENT BLOW IN THE  
STOCK YARDS IS SO  
MUCH MORE  
DEADLY +  
SCIENTIFIC

I HAVE JUST COME BACK  
FROM A BEAUTIFUL MORNING  
PERFUMING THE FLOWERS  
I'VE ONLY TIME FOR A BITE OF LUNCH  
BEFORE MY AFTERNOON ROUND  
WITH THE BEES  
JUST THINK WHAT IT MEANS  
TO THEM, MY DEAR  
I'M TEACHING THEM THE TRUE ART  
OF MAKING HONEY

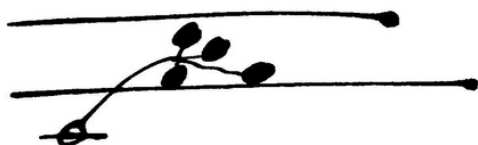
MUSIC & MASONS



MUSIC  
THEY WRITE  
THIS WAY



NOBODY KNOWS WHY



MASONS  
THEY SHAKE HANDS  
ABOUT THE SAME



AND NEVER KNOW WHY

# SPAWN



I have seen  
Man seed.

Through microscopes



Jumping around  
like musical notes



Or the Ku Klux Klan  
At Karmival



Happier, livelier far  
Before birth

Than after



Even more playful than children

# DRAWING



DRAWING  
BEING OLDEST OF THE  
ARTS  
IS THE  
MOST EXPRESSIVE



YET  
WRITING  
NEED NOT STAY  
SO FAR  
BEHIND



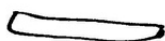
THE TAIL OF A RAT  
AND A GLITTERING EYE

A WOMAN'S TAIL  
AND A PILE OF MONEY



# ART

PICTURES ON  
TOILET WALLS



BED-BUGS + ANGLE-WORMS  
DRAWINGS OF CHILDREN



INNOCENT INCEST GUNS  
AN EXHIBITION IN AN  
INSANE ASYLUM



DECORATE



YOUR PAGES

OLD EGG



○ ○

Autos roll round  
On their big  
Black  
Balloon tires

○ ○

Just as auto salesmen  
Roll round  
On their big

○ ○

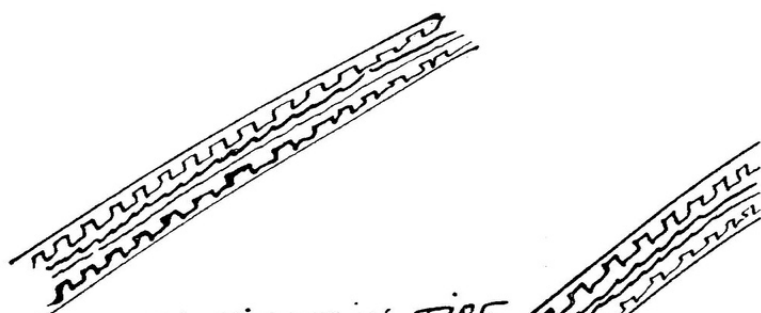
Red  
Baboon lips

○ ○

VIGNETTE

I CAN WRITE ONLY  
FOR THE HIGH-BROWS<sup>7</sup>  
AND THE LOW-BROWS  
THE GROWN-TOGETHER  
BROWS  
SEEM TO FROWN AT ME





MUDDY MICHELIN TIRE  
TRACK BEFORE THAT  
SEA FOOD STORE IN ST. GERMAIN

WIPE IT OFF  
IF THOSE FAT SNAILS SEE IT  
THEY WILL FLOP RIGHT ON +  
RIDE FREE

ARRIVING IN PASSEY  
BEFORE THE CITROËN




POUSSE-CAFE  
ARING AT A TIME



LIKE THE TAIL OF A  
MARMOSET

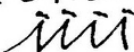
I accept transitions' verdict  
That words should be  
Broken <sup>up</sup>  
.....

I only hope the slippery slimy  
GLASS-SNAKE ONES  
DONT  
CRAWL AWL TOGETHER AGAIN  


MERCURY, I'LL CONTINUE  
DUSTING THE



MOUNTAIN TOPS FOR YOU AND  
PEGASUS



WITH MY FEATHERED  
ACHILLIAN HEELS

MICE TRACKS

ARTISTS  
AND I  
AND MICE

MAKE TRACKS  
ON CANVAS  
AND PAPER  
AND SAUCERS



WE LEAVE OUR  
SIGNATURES

AS DECORATIVELY  
AS WE MAY

THE STAFF OF LIFE



LOAF OF BREAD  
CROISSANT  
VERMICELLI

TAKING ART  
IS NOT PAINFUL  
IT NEEDS NO  
SUGAR-PAINTING

GRAPES



BEARDS



GRAPES + BEARDS



PAN + BACCHUS  
WITH MUCH  
WIPING OFF OF  
MOUSTACHES

LE QUARTIER  
THE QUARTER  
THE POOR LITTLE  
HALF-BAKED  
HIND QUARTER  
25¢

# PROHIBITION

  
TEARS

TEARS

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF TEARS  
CUPS



CUPS OF COPIOUS  
TEARS



BEERS

BEERS

COPIOUS CUPS OF BEERS



I have written

Out of my heart  
I have written

My heart out  
It looks now as though  
I wear it on my sleeve

That means nothing  
It is only a saying  
An expression

---

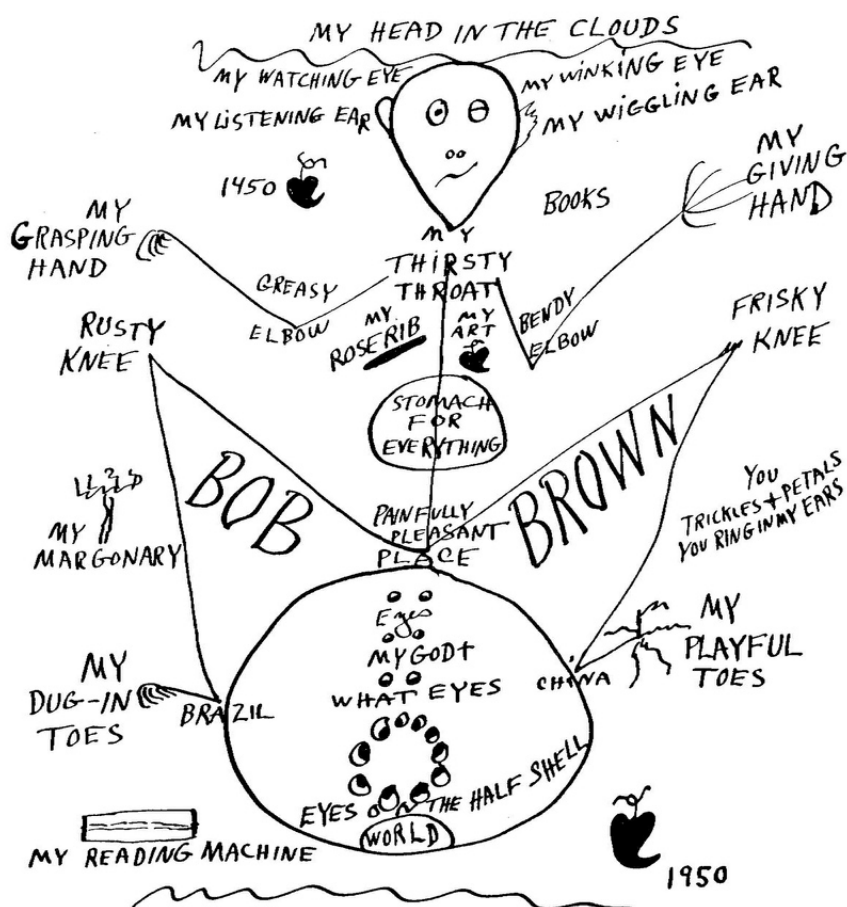
And there have been  
Doubting days

When I thought  
I couldn't write a  
Single line

But those all out now

I have written lines + lines  
and lines

I DON'T DIE!  
NO FLIES ON ME!



MY SKELETON  
BOTH  
ARTICULATES AND GESTICULATES  
THESE POMES SHALL  
RISE AGAIN





BOOKS & I ARE BOUND  
bound together

B  
BOB  
BROWN  
K  
S

our family escutcheon is  
intertwined — interwoven  
bomb-proof — worm-proof  
E T E R N A L

Bob Brown's *Books for  
Cooks* supplies his famous  
catalogs of *Culinaria* &  
*Viniana* from 37 West  
Eighth Street, New York  
11, New York.

• •





