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# ICONOGRAPH



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rushed from us, losing its opaqueness  
 and rushing seaward again,  
 clung to them still, though risen from them  
 having gained the bright bouldered beach  
 clinging only to their presence  
 your presence being lost, the high cliff  
 prisoning us each from the other.  
 I looked to the sea once, the water towering  
 upward to the horizon, to the great crags  
 to the small black birds, kelp mingled  
 I looked to a stone at my feet  
 lifted it from its water home  
 traced the slow liquid journey  
 of a ghost-like fluke about its rim;  
 I shouted to you, not seeing you  
 the sound wrenched from my teeth  
 by the sea sound in the teeth of the sea  
 And I started upward  
 balancing myself from rock to rock  
 each a little higher than the last  
 until the walls engulfed me  
 and the roar cascaded about me  
 and I stood thigh deep in chill rushing water  
 and looked up the silver narrow spicket  
 jetting endlessly over the irregular  
 green bed of its ancient course  
 The air was chill,  
 it was sunless,  
 a giant fissure gaped the great wall to my left  
 I stepped toward its opening, peering  
 but was met by a wall stronger than water or stone,  
 a wall rising from the ancient depths within me  
 impenetrable, invisible,  
 the scrotum tightened about my testicles

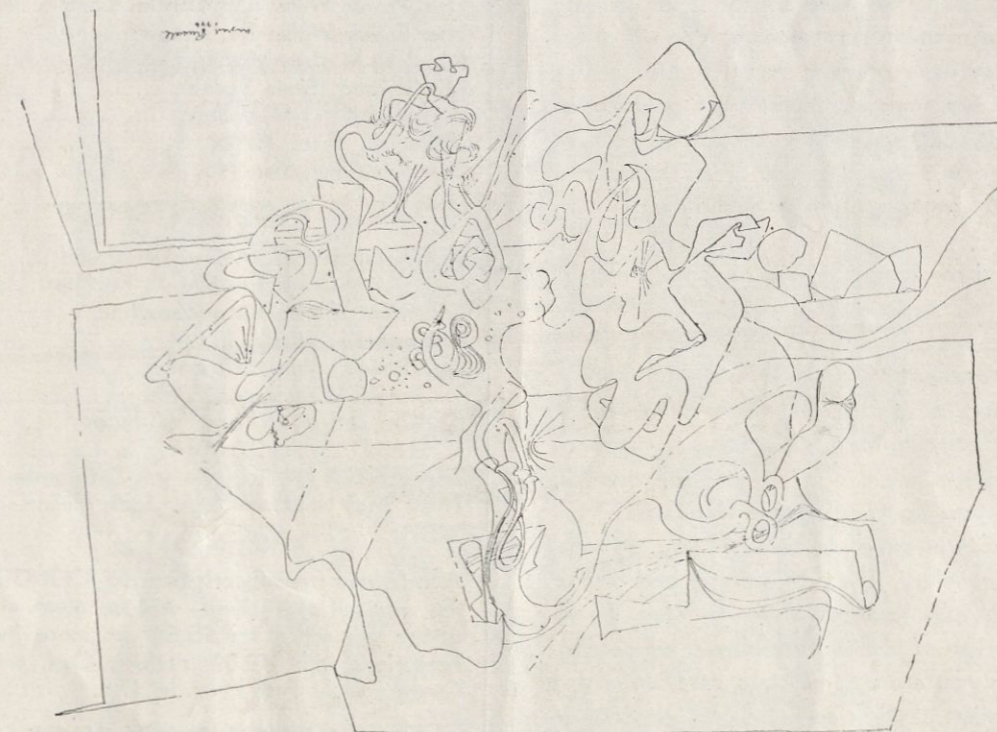
and I turned quickly again to the sun  
 to a placid pool rock-wombed to my right  
 it was shallow and clear and less chill to my touch  
 And here the wall upward, mossed and damp  
 and I clung to it bat-fashion, inching myself upward  
 clung to it, my brown body against its green body  
 clung to it, as I would cling to you,  
 Thus upward to where the fall began  
 to where I am in sunlight again  
 where the damp and the roar are behind me  
 where I could see the white dot of your motionless  
 body  
 and I worshipped you, stretching upward to you  
 as one worshipping the sun.  
 The water was crystal and murmured  
 and reflected the green, cool, dream twilight  
 I wondered, drugged or dreaming, or ensorcelled  
 until the sunlight clasped me and embraced me  
 and I was in light again and sane  
 again  
 and I saw you again  
 I sang to you voiceless and danced for you  
 almost motionless,  
 I plunged into a bright pool crisp and chill  
 I came up breathless but my blood singing  
 I danced on wild limbs up the steep incline  
 and gained your side  
 ivy body ached with aliveness in the sunlight  
 the sun's warmth singing upon me  
 and sun glistening the dampness against my brownness  
 the sunlight jewel-bedecking me  
 "Don't go," you whispered  
 And at last I surrendered  
 at last content to remain by your side.

## The Twittering Machine OF THE FUTURE

BY ALFRED RUSSELL

Paul Klee's twitter was heard around the world  
 twenty years ago and its reverberations have at last  
 begun to fade away. The odds were against Klee  
 when he invented star dust boxes, little cosmic clocks,  
 and tinkering man. Something stronger was needed  
 to combat tyranny of vacuity, of death, of democracy,  
 of the mob, of common sense, the voting machine,  
 the average man, cellophane. Paul Klee lost because  
 he ran away to St. Helena and his exquisite private  
 experimental world has become the common property  
 of the drone, the harpy, the amazon. But there is still  
 Joan Miro and Andre Masson to check the shrinking  
 orbit of human experience at least until new blitzkrieg  
 tactics have been devised. If we are not allowed to  
 create we will defy the "mob" and create into its  
 very face. The mob will die of consternation. Crea-  
 tion, creation, creation is the only answer to the ever  
 present rigor mortis, the ever encouraged, ever sub-  
 sidized rigor mortis. We will create our own life,

synthesize realities and experiences in paint, in ink,  
 in defiant scrawls.  
 And here is the synthetic world of experience, the  
 improvised life to take the place of the one atrophied  
 by the amoebic mob. Language has died and conse-  
 quently the written word, especially the verb; hence  
 we explore and invent experiences on the laboratory,  
 the field of canvas, the vast void of paper, or shapeless  
 masses of matter. Each canvass is a universe of its  
 own with its own gravities, magnetisms, cosmic rays,  
 sentiments, thought trajectories, intuited mathematics.  
 Each canvass has had its own legendary past, its  
 archaicisms, its classical, its baroque.  
 Here is any canvass, any sheet of paper on which the  
 post-Klee man improvised a new gamut of experience,  
 eliminates the tyrannical machine age from the twit-  
 tering machine once and for all.  
 The line is life, is its own duration, and creates its  
 own personality of forms. This line darts across this



ALFRED RUSSELL

## The Raven Anthology

A MAGAZINE OF VERSE

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FRANK McCRUDDEN, EDITOR

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canvass, juts, jags, and creates a grating music beyond human experience. There is action, visual verbs, as line passes from form to form, as a line explodes or contracts or vanishes. There is abstract metamorphoses as a line passes over a black smudge. Each touching, departing, concentrating, expansion is a unique experience to sharpen our awareness of existence. In a drawing will occur an abrupt environment in which there is a flux, a collision, and disintegration of forms. We have never seen these forms in life before, but from this point on we will be poignantly aware of these improvised forms. Add to them the new ballistics of splattering ink and pigment. Our senses will be acutely awakened by the hair gashes of lines across the flesh, plane of the canvass. The vertiginous swirl of a pen line over a plane and back to a smudge is a verb in itself, inexpressible and meaningless, but nevertheless an experience to which we will respond. This is the touch, this is the total awareness, the essence of communication we find in sixth century Kouroi, in geometric Greek vases, in Coptic textiles, in Klee's **Twittering Machine**. Sometimes it's only the eyes which speak to us in an intimate little language, the eyes of the Etruscan Warrior in the Metropolitan Museum, the eyes of Klee's "Holy One," or the eyes of a dozen Congo masks. We will forget the occasions over a period of millenniums during which we have spoken that intimate language and remember the language. We will at last recognize it, write a grammar for it, conjugate its verbs. With it we improvise realities of never-to-be-realized experiences, unknowable unknowns, essences of numbers. We will isolate the look from the eye, the action from the verb, and extricate the twitter from the machine.

But how cold, how distant, mirage-like and unattainable, will be this experiential world as long as it is born, acts, and transpires on a canvass, outside of the artist's understanding! What can a metamorphosis of a line, a grating of a form, the music of attraction, repulsion, and concentration, the exquisite touchings of paint fragments, mean to us? If you are decrepit, if you vote, if you would rather ride than walk, if you are patriotic, if you are communistic, if you are social workers, earn a salary, if your hearing is bad or your sense of touch and taste not acute — then the experiential creation of pigment and ink will be meaningless to you. If you are a surrealist, a neo-surrealist, a refugee surrealist, there is no hope for you. But we who are strong will fight off your clinging atrophy and step into our new experiential improvisations claim our own universal personalities of eloquent forms, live our synthesized realities.

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*Whoever Has Anything  
to Say with Malice*

BY CAROL BUNDY

Whoever has anything to say with malice  
However directed, I will intercept.  
I am the great dumb dart-block.  
I see that — ha ha ha — I get between  
Message and target.  
That is because I am disembodied.  
These accidents of the incorporeal  
Astound me, whose firmament  
Formerly contained galaxies  
Strictly rigid.



WAR GODS—III — OSCAR COLLIER