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 cliffing 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, help mingled.

I looked to a stone at my feet lifted it from its water homed the slow liquid journey of a ghost-like lake 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 anguished me and the roar cascaded about me and I stood thigh deep in chill rushing water and looked up the silver narrow spiclet jetting endlessly over the irregular green bed of its ancient course.

The air was chill, it was sunless, a giant figure gaped the great wall to my left I stepped toward its opening, peering but was met by a wall sterner than water or stone, a wall rising from the ancient depths within me impenetrable, invisible.

The cadence 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, missed 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 worshiping the sun. The water was crystal and murmured and reflected the green, cool, dream twilight

I wondered, drugged or dreaming, or encorcelled until the sunlight clasped me and embraced me and I was in light again and saw again and I saw you again I sang to you voiceless and danced for you almost wantless. I plunged into a bright pool crisp and chill I came up breathless but my blood singed I danced on wild limbs up the steep incline and gained your side.

My body acted with fullness in the sunlight the sun's warmth singing upon me and sun glistering the dampness against my browness the sunlight jew-bedecking me

"Don't go," you whispered

And at last I surrendered at last content to remain by your side.

The Twittering Machine

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 the dust machine, little cosmic clocks, and twittering man. Something stronger was needed to combat tyranny of vanity, of death, of democracy, of the mob, of common sense, the voting machine, the average man, cellophone. 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 man's experience at least until new blistering 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 contemation. Creation, creation is the only answer to the ever present rigor mortis, the ever encouraged, ever subsisted rigor mortis. We will create our own life.

synthetic realities and experiences in paint, in ink, in defiance of scars.

And here in the synthetic world of experience, the improvised life to take the place of the one atrophied by the amoebic mob. Language has died and consequently the written word; especially the verb; hence we explore and invent experiences on the laboratory's field of canvas, the vast void of paper, or shapeless masses of matter. Each canvas is a universe of its own. With its own gravities, magnetisms, cosmic rays, sentiments, thought trajectories, infiltrated mathematics. Each canvas has its own legendary past, its archetypal, its classical, itsokane. Here is any canvas, any sheet of paper on which the post-Klee man improved a new gemut of experience. eliminates the tyrannical machine age from the twittering machine once and for all.

The line is life, is its own duration, and creates its own personality of forms. This line charts across this
BOOKS BY HENRY MILLER

The Cosmological Eye ........................................ $3.00
The Wisdom of the Heart .................................... 3.00
Sunday After the War ........................................ 3.00
The Air-Conditioned Nightmare .................................. 3.50
The World of Sex .............................................. 7.50
Semblance of a Devoted Past (wrappers) .................. 7.50
Why Abstract? (with Hiller & Sanyan) ....................... 2.50
Murder the Murderer (wrappers) .................................. 1.25
The Happy Rain — a book about Henry Miller, Edited by B ern Porter ........................................ $5.00
Henry Miller, Nicholas Moore ................................ 45
A Henry Miller Bibliography (wrappers) ................. 1.50

OTHER BOOKS OF IMPORTANCE

Death Is Not Enough, Michael Frankel ...................... $7.75
This Hunger, Anais Nin ....................................... 3.00
The Journal of Albion Moonlight, Kenneth Patchen .... 3.00
Collected Poems, E. E. Cummings ........................... 3.00
Parts of a World, Wallace Stevies ....................... 2.00
Collected Poems of T. S. Eliot ............................ 2.50
Firehead, Lola Ridge ........................................ 2.50
The Complete Collected Poems, William Carlos Williams ..... 3.00
The Complete Etchings of Goya ................................ 3.50
The Phoenix and the Tortoise, Kenneth Rexroth .......... 2.50
The Remembered Land, Alan Swallow ...................... 2.00
James Joyce, Henry Levin .................................. 1.50
Three Lives, Gertrude Stein ................................ 1.00
The Power Within Us, Daniel Lugo ........................ 1.50
The Power Within Us, Haniel Long .......................... 1.50
Modern Masters, Museum of Modern Art .................. 3.50
Nightwood, Nune Barnes .................................... 1.00
A Franz Kafka Miscellany .................................. 2.00
Amerlos, Franz Kafka ......................................... 1.00
Dyn — Americano, No. 4-5 ................................ 1.50

BARGAIN SHELF

A Season in Hell, Arthur Rimbaud ......................... .85
Life After Death, Gustav T. Fechner ....................... 1.25
Memories of a Spy Pornographer, Kenneth Patchen (3.00) .... 2.25
Kerouac's Third Existence, Jacob W eisman (3.00) ........ 1.50
Sadism and Masochism, Wilhelm Stekel, 2 Vols. (10.00) .... 4.50
Threshold & Hearth, Marya Zaturenska .................... .65
They Shall Not Have Me, Jean Hellow ...................... 1.25

FREE OFFER

A one year free subscription to ICONOGRAPH, for youself or a friend, will be given with each order amounting to $5.00 or more (two subscriptions with $10.00 orders). Cash or Money Orders Only. Post Paid in U.S.

MOTIVE BOOK SHOP
ROUTE 7, BOX 613-A
WACO, TEXAS