

Everything Max Has

Under exploding satellites
there is nothing
between Max and the Chinese gong
but the buttoned up overcoat,
a rubber ball on a string
may not hit the gong
and then it will be gone
with cowbells
in a pastoral landscape of local stop
Avenue C:
blue apron sells potatoes
on Sunday.

A place to live
in Minneapolis.

"You are inside your time" said Picasso
"Paris is not what it was in the old studio"
car and darkness he said
bicycle and light.

"A throw of the dice"
"place a sheet with points
over a drawing with curves"
"jamais..."

Lady, twirl your dress Flamenco fashion
the brown streetcar approaches under the subway
elevated sign: theatre; midnite follies, the taxi
advances. Slowly the dancing man in the spotlight
toward the small plane

I can fly myself
but have difficulty landing
on the short runway.

Someone put up the red flag!
New painting jump inside the frame
while the white wooden rose grows out.
It is cold - with a glove on my hand
climbing the ladder of the Southern Pacific
I discovered blue!

A subway pillar named Odysseus.
Hurry up, yesterday!

At the Beach: Strider

The shadow is under the umbrella
the red umbrella
the green chair faces the left hand corner.

The shadow is on the right
the red and green umbrella
the yellow sand
the green chair faces three-quarter.

Under the red umbrella
by the blue sea
the green chair faces full
the shadow is round.

The shadow is under the umbrella
the red umbrella
the white sky
the green chair faces the left hand corner.

Hannah Weiner

At the Beach: Strider

1

The shadow is under the umbrella
the red umbrella
the green chair faces the left hand corner.

the shadow moves to the right
the red and green umbrella
the yellow sand
the green chair faces three-quarter.

Under the red umbrella
by the blue sea
the green chair faces full
the shadow is round.

The shadow is under the umbrella
the red umbrella
the white sky
the green chair faces the left hand corner.

2

the ferry is at the dock
hurry, we can meet...
take the wagon...
the wagon is at the dock.

did you order?...?
...sleep in my room
no, the red wagon...
...cooking tonight?

it is a bright sunny day
it is cloudy
...the last ferry
the red wagon...

...slept in the living room
...your sweater?
no, the red wagon...
take the wagon to the dock.

Hannah Weiner
3/65

April 11th

Green car of the New York Central
smoking red white black stack
floats up
the river.
Blue, red, white
tall crane
erector set
optical effect
subway, Manhattan
Bridge, window
ten years ago.

Sunset behind Domino Sugar sign:
looked pink at sunrise.
Played tennis every Sunday,
Pratt, in the park, backboard,
Botanic Garden.

Strip of water
separate me from
National Licorice Co.
Orange cranes come,
four tipped with black, aft
on M freighter,
starship of Hellenic lines.

U shaped horseshoe,
take a boat through,
car overhead,
driving,
so exciting
that river.

Aragon! France! Cyprus in summer.
Stole towels for tablecloth,
ate sausage, cheese,
when rich, tomatoes.

Paragon! Virtue! Oh, I am good,
was faithful to you.
A nice girl from New York
in cashmere sweater
telling old men in green eye shades,
arm garters
how to sell beer.

Hannah Weiner
4/65

It Walks

It walks.
That is,
it puts one foot in front of another
and moves in the direction of its face,
which is in the front of it,
and in the direction its eyes are looking,
if its eyes are in its face.

While it walks
it can look at scenery,
or think, if it thinks,
or just move closer to an ant
or a new job
or a piece of log to sit on
in between the walking.

Then it sits:
it lowers its ass, which is the hind part,
onto the log,
if it has an ass.
Because if it doesn't
it lies.

That is,
its entire body rests upon the log
and all its legs fold under
or spread out
or go in the air
depending on how its legs are attached,
and where.

And arms,
if it has arms,
which are legs
that are not needed to walk on.

If it has arms
and legs
and an ass
it can ride a bicycle!

Then the scenery goes b_y much faster
if it is looking at scenery,
and it gets where it is going faster
if it is going somewhere.

Faster:
it can do it more often
between sunrise and sunset
or between sunset and sunrise,
if it does it at night.
That is,
if it can do what it is doing
on a bicycle.

Standard

In rich magnificent days
learned to drive
four gears
determining that at every speed
I should determine
remembering old dreams
when the river flooded.

Hurricane!
Father's away!
Trees down,
wires
yellow light
and the road, how shall we get back?
Helpless in the back seat
looking at polka dot dresses
piled high.
Why did you leave to get glasses
while the house burned gray on the other side?

Parked car I could not drive
at four, four gears
now downshift, brake, clutch
follow the engine,
plunge,
screaming at corners
wailing
drawn
sucked
into the
like a moth into the
fire
firefighters
path.

Hannah Weiner
4/65

there
is a rock with hair .
here -
that's weird!
is a rock with a beard!

i keep my feet on the ground
soles down
and walk around
that way.
especially during the day.
When I'm on my way
from point A to point B
which is a distance equal
to any sequel.

~~I don't believe in chance
(does chance believe in me?)
when I ask these questions
I just dance
and I'm free~~

~~apropos
of nothing
at night
when no one knows
i dance
on my toes.~~

sometimes
i have no legs
just feet
and a large space
reaching up to
~~well, up to~~
~~you know,~~
where all the parts of me
i still remember
meet.

the rock and me
and you
the grass
and water
see,
are all the same
except
we know the game.

*this just a shade
readily
from my feet
to*

Light

Can we turn on the light, he asked,
as the afternoon light grew dim,
and keep the conversation light?

It's nice to see that light shining
on Fifth Avenue. Look!

In Sienna when the light fades
in early evening I am so happy
to see the light blue sky
turn pink over the olive trees.

Hannah Weiner

Beach

Let's clink sunglasses
in the sunny Mediteranean!
Let's grope for one another
underwater
and float out of reach.
Let's race along the sand
to the Pepsi Cola bottle
and jump into a hammock in the sun.
Let's eat melon while the Beatles sing! .

Hannah Weiner

Poem

Hello beautiful...

heels worn

on the floor

how are you?

leaning out

in Sheridan Square

laces tied

drinking beer

two green

shall I see you tonight?

Keds.

Hannah Weiner

4/64

Flowers: Marjorie Strider

Connecticut:
hills
and shadows
winding
over the
you can't see
roads
what is
behind
and leaves
many colored.

I move back
to Iowa.
It is flat
there is yellow
sunlight
and un-
interrupted
shadows
over corn
or is it
wheat
fields
where you come from.

Your flowers grow
there
almost
and
out.

Hannah Weiner 2/65

From the Book of Chilam Balam of Tizimin

This is the day of 3 Cauac
they feed upon trees
they feed upon stones
in the safety of the road
even by night
ask alms.
The books of wood
the writings on stone
burned at the well
at noon.

On 4 Kan
we lament.

They haggle at the well of the cavern
over offering of cooked food.
Too many mouths in our houses
too many mouths for the number of calabashes.
The strength of the warrior ebbs.
The generations of the Itza!
Once they came from the north
once they came from the west
in great distress
we were scattered
among the forests
in the mountains.
Ants descended upon us
causing great damage to the beehives.

5 Muluc
Our cotton
our garments
are white.
Gizzards of birds
and virgin honey
offered to the god of the Itza.
They reside in the north
they reside in the west
they study the heavens.
It will rain
when
Ahaucan the rattlesnake
is
lifted above trees
above rocks
on account of
Ah Vuc Yol Sip
on account of
his seven skins.

When it is dawn the sun rises
Or, when the sun rises, it is dawn.

~~The windows of the~~

The sky is very pink at this time
and the windows of houses facing east.
There are very few cars
and many birds.

The sea comes in and out according to plan.

When the sun sets it is sunset,
Or, when it is sunset, the sun sets.
The sky is very pink at this time
and the windows of houses facing west.
There are very few birds
and many cars.

When it is dawn the sun rises
Or, when the sun rises, it is dawn.
The sky is very pink at this time
and the windows of houses facing east.
There are very few cars
and many birds.
The sea comes in and out according to plan.

When the sun sets it is sunset,
Or, when it is sunset, the sun sets.
The sky is very pink at this time
and the windows of houses facing west.
There are very few birds
and many cars.

Jayhwal

901 ML

Box 2275

Jalal

Jamal

Amal

When it is dawn the sun rises
Or, when the sun rises, it is dawn.
The sky is very pink at that time
and the windows of houses facing east.
It is very quiet.

There are very few cars
and many birds.

The sea comes in and out according to its own plan.

When ~~it is~~ the sun sets it is sunset

~~The~~ Or, when it is sunset, the sun sets.

The sky is very pink at this time
and the windows of the houses facing west.

It is very noisy.

There are very many cars
and few birds.

~~There are few birds
and many cars.~~

Pledge

Officer,

I no longer smoke,

drop acid

or take dope.

Last year I meditated

but today

I'm just a blue color worker

on my way.

There
is a rock with hair.
Here,
that's weird,
is a rock with a beard.

The other day
while sitting ~~h~~te there
a thought came floating
through the air.
I grabbed it, then
a cup and saucer colored red
appeared. I put them, too,
inside my head.
But when I poured the tea, alas,
I had to use my toothbrush glass.

Take heed!
Meditate upon a weed.
Beware of those
who metaphor upon a rose.

I have a friend
He's not free
Neither is me

The permanent memory dwells
in a permanent memory bank
with other memory swells
of exceeding age and rank.
So if you want a memory
don't have one of your own
Go right down to the memory bank
and take one out on loan.

~~Fledge~~

This page for Bernadette's book

Today is the 49th day since the Monday it all began and the last day, according to the Tibetan Book of the Dead that I may choose a womb. With this in mind I drank a lot of coffee this morning in order to be in a cheerful mood before washing my socks and burning my undershirt. Sometimes I burn my socks in the oven and today I burned my shirt on the floor grate pause I unbutton my blue shirt pause the undershirt is very warm and soft it has 3 buttons long sleeves cost \$2.59 in a mens shop the left elbow is damp and chilly. E and B are at the beach I am at the kitchen table choosing a womb. I think I shall choose to reenter my own body sitting here writing waiting for me in a nice warm undershirt blue shirt camel pants green suede shoes. A ~~mp~~ pale blue flame is on the stove toward which my body points its left elbow. From my fingertips come many colored flowers. Think of your fingers as picket fences on which to grow flowers. Why have fences when you can have benches? Invite a stranger to sit in your sun spot. Tear down all your fences for firewood. Dream in front of your fire. Pop corn. Corn is good food. Invite a stranger to sleep in your house. Invite the person with the longest hair you see ~~today~~ to come home with you and stay for a week. Invite the youngest dropout to spend a month in your spare room in your spare bed in your own room in your own bed. Leave your old clothes and pots and pans in the street. Someone else will need and love them. Give away everything you don't need. What do you really need? You really need the please force. Let us join the please force, which, if we join, will insure tickets only for rudeness and we will love even you, if you are kind and loving too.

THIS IS C BLUE (Printed in blue)

THERE IS ANOTHER

C BLUE TOO (printed in blue too)

This is one of Charlie's songs:

We're doing the best that we can
to cheer up the spirit of man
we're doing the best
we hope you'll do the rest
to cheer up the spirit of man!

~~This is not~~

This/////////is not Charlie. This/////////is a tiger.

Day 52

Driving to NY with Anne and Michael and Ted while Bernadette goes East in a blue car and Ed is still sleeping in bed.

Do not be relevant said Ted.

We bought 3 hamburgers

1 BLT

3 coffees

2 cakes

3 carvel sundaes

4 sparkplugs

4 gallons of gas

1 toll

made 3 ecological violations (3 carvel containers dumped on road)

had 1 turquoise scarf (Ted)

1 red hat (Anne)

1 grey sweater (Michael)

1 pr. blue boots (me)

Another World will appear soon edited by Anne. Anne gets out at St. Marks. Ted gets out with Anne thinking of dinner with George and money for his mother from Steve. I get out at Bernadettes. Michael drives off in the car.

The front door is open.

The loft door is open.

2 cats are there

I turn on 2 gas flames and make 2 phone calls.

I talk to Tina who comes home from work.

We eat cereal and fruit cake.

Tina wears my coat

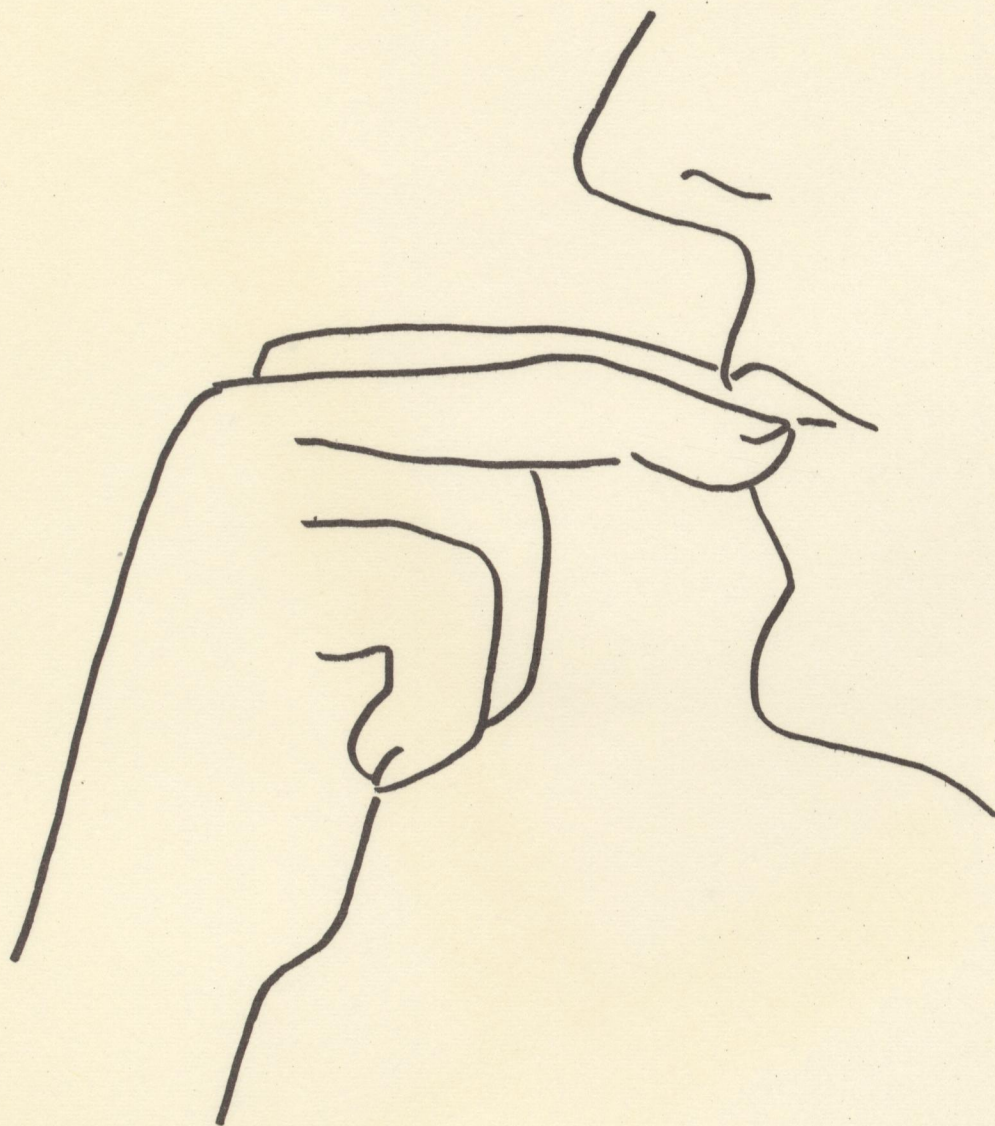
I wear Tina's pants

I go to sleep in B & E's bed

Do not make lists, said Ted.

hell day 7 someone told me long ago theres a calm before the storm
it'll rain. Charlie is rain, Charlie is sheets of energy that
look like rain. Charlie, do you wear a hat in the rain, a rain
hat or do you just come out of the socket to advise me, guide
and confuse me. To be master of my mind, yes, that would be
what ~~the~~ the dialogues with my mind will i hope some day add up
to. ~~Barry is stronger than I am~~. Spoke to Dennis who did not
come home last night. He was at Stanleys when I was goin to call
but I still don't know why I shouldn't have called. Maybe it
would have interfered with his evening, his freedom, ~~imagination~~
The negative now is a flash of red print like the red print on
the early american rocker in the kitchen at the big oak square
table. I am going out now to buy Barry a radio. Everytime I
write about him a great lassitude comes over my arms and hands
grow heavy. Is this a sign that I should not write about him,
or a test to see if I will overcome this particular "old age."
Barry says I'm supposed to write about him, thats what he said
last week. last year he didn't want me to make the tapes and
neither did charlie & co. But I made them. And then I threw
them away. At the direction of Charlie and Co. I was paranoid.
I was crazy. I should have put them somewhere safe for a year
or 2 or 3. Now I have to live with that, my greatest error.
Throwing out my own stuff is nothing in comparison. But that
all comes later, when I get to write about the summer. Over
the desk is a picture of Michael looking in a mirror. The wall
~~in the picture~~ in the picture is half strawberry pink and
half milky green the color of pistaccio ice cream without the
nuts. in the mirror the background is pagle blue and michales
sweater has a faint reddish purple glow, like the color of the
sweater I borrowed from Tina and am wearing all winter. A color
that both Barry and I agree is different from and better than purple,
though id still rather see a golden camel. ~~but~~ but I dont look good
in camel ~~is~~ its a mans or boys color. i keep getting a flash
from michaels eye in michaels picture. the picture is by joe brainard.
hell day 7 is day 97.

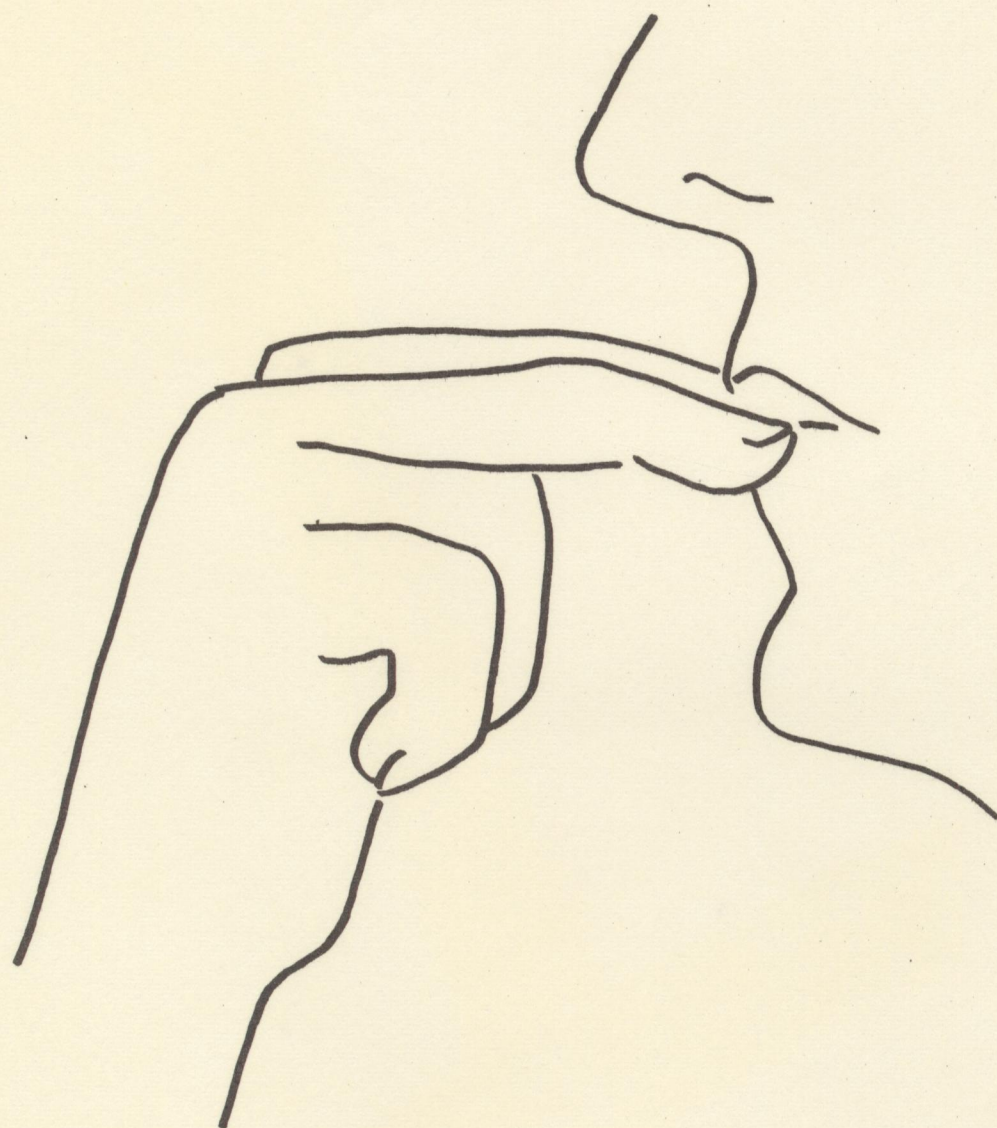
SIGN LANGUAGE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN



BROTHER. Touch first and second fingers of right hand to lips. Then make sign for MAN.

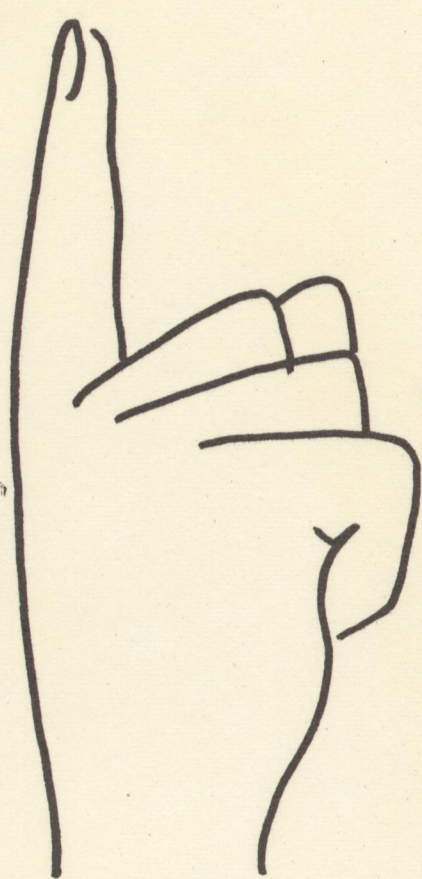
Breathed from the Great Spirit,

SIGN LANGUAGE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN



BROTHER. Touch first and second fingers of right hand to lips. Then make sign for MAN.

Breathed from the Great Spirit,

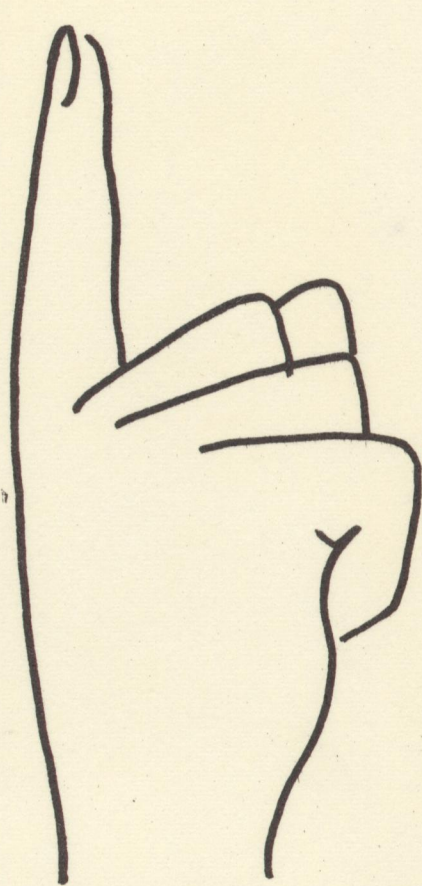


R.



MAN. Hold up right index finger in front of face.

one, an example, I,

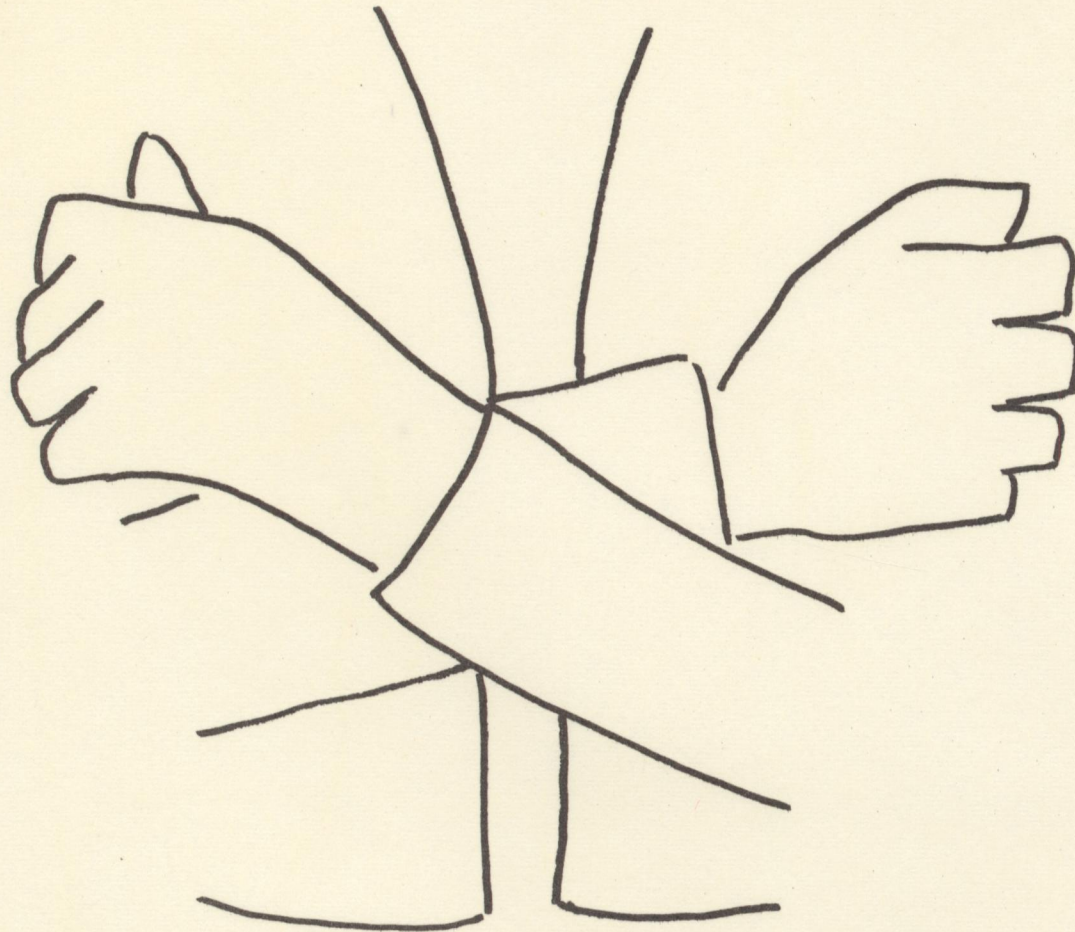


R.



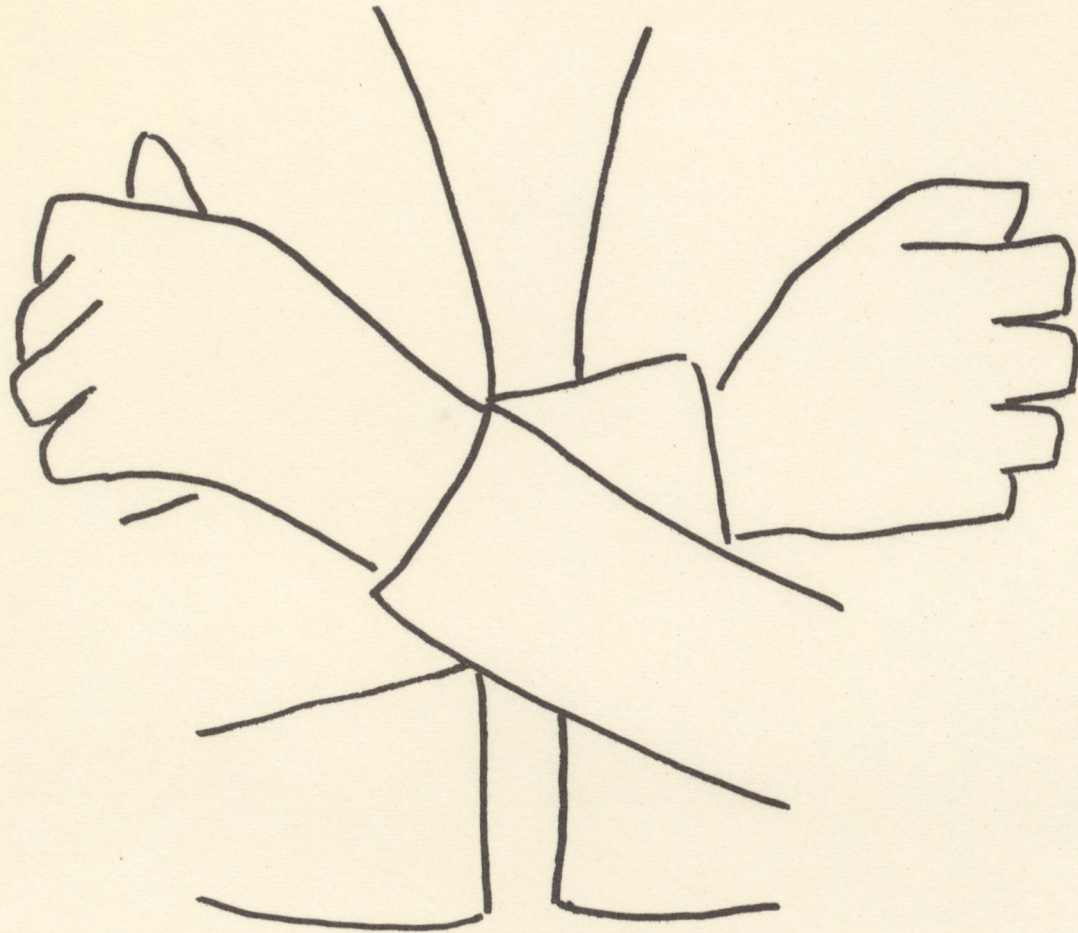
MAN. Hold up right index finger in front of face.

one, an example, I,



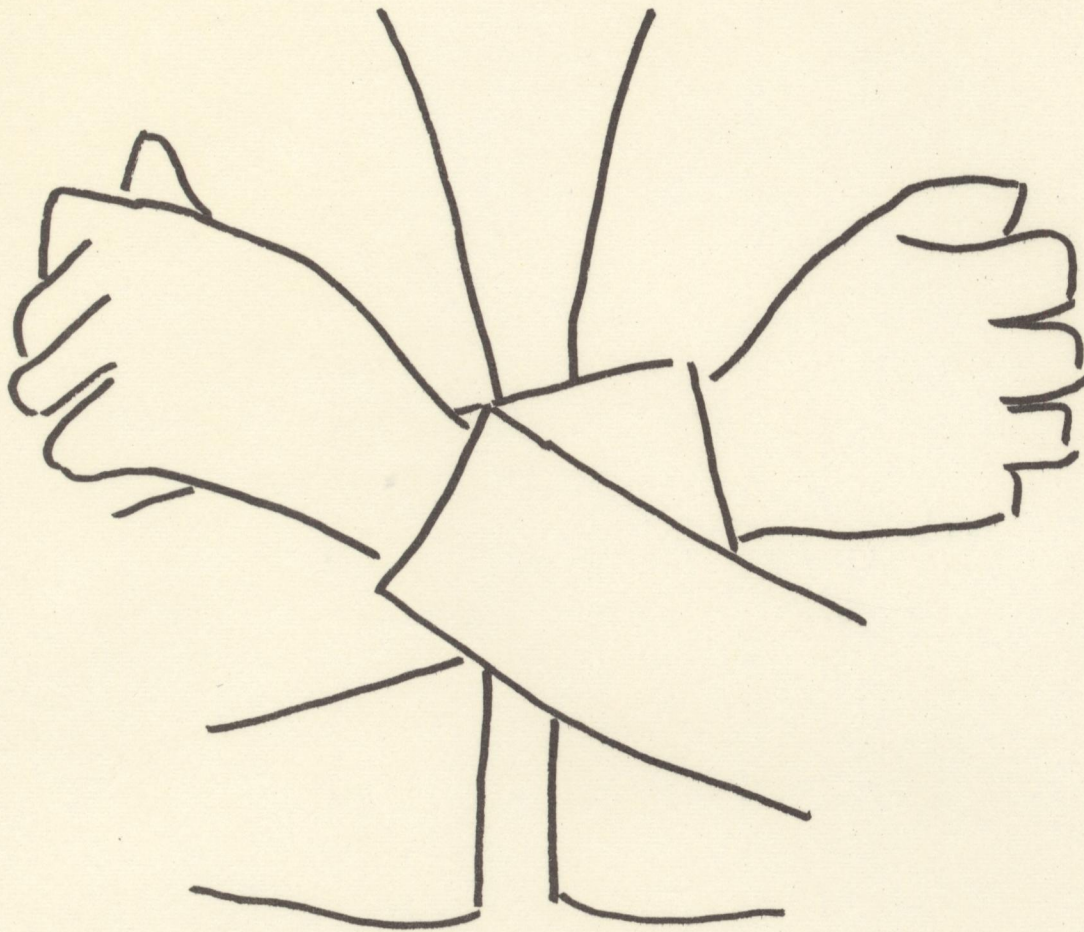
FOND (meaning: pressed to the heart). Cross wrists, in front and above the heart, right near body. Press.

cross my heart,



FOND (meaning: pressed to the heart). Cross wrists, in front and above the heart, right near body. Press.

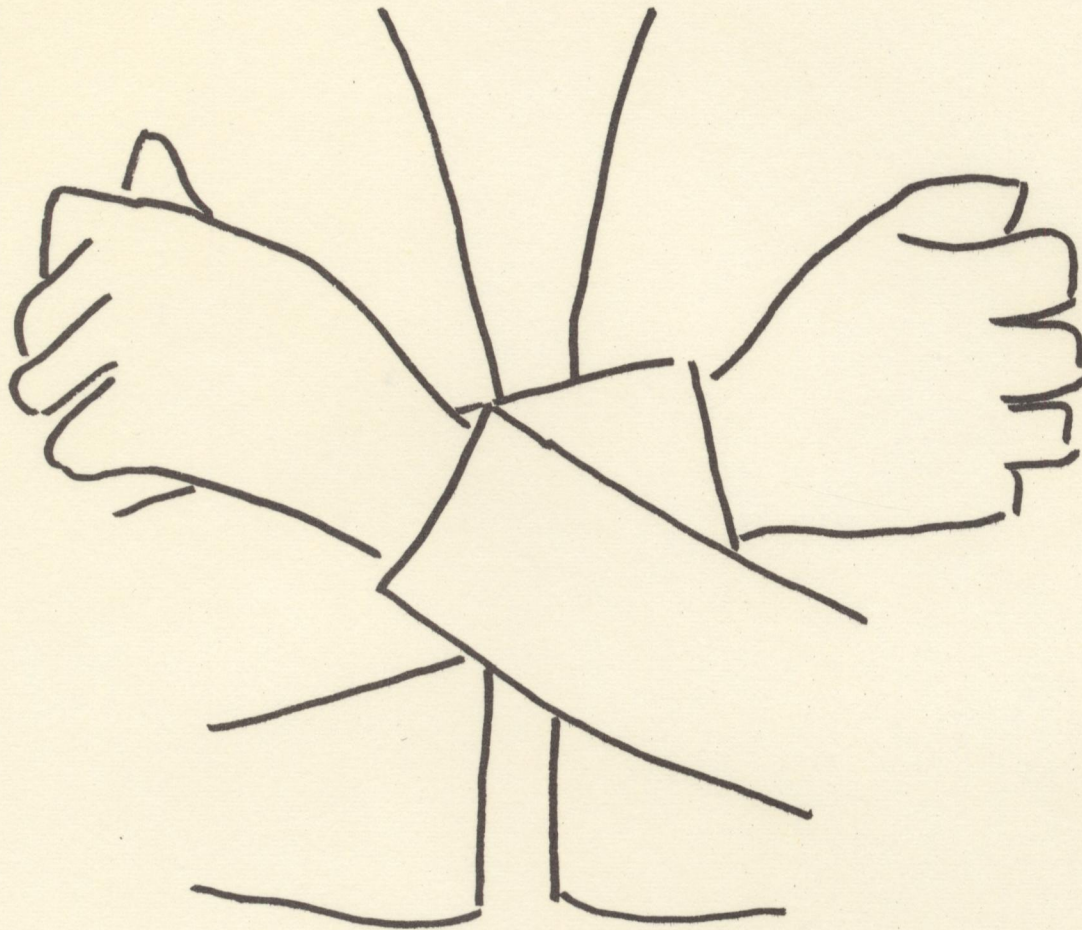
cross my heart,



LOVE. Make the sign for FOND, press harder.

love, you.

Hannah Weiner



LOVE. Make the sign for FOND, press harder.

love, you.

Hannah Weiner

STREET WORKS I, II, III, IV, V

- I. March 15, 1969. In mid-town Manhattan, I pasted blank labels on signs, doors, walls, posts, etc. in order to draw attention to the environment.
- II. April 18, 1969. I met the other Hannah Weiner. She is tall and blonde. I am short and dark. She does Psychodrama.
- III. May 25, 1969. I tied up half a city block (I didn't have enough tape to tie up a whole one) with tape printed from the International Code of Signals. Decoded, the flags read: MZWT, "Secured, has, have, ing. Do not pass ahead of me." The police came $\frac{1}{2}$ hour later and ripped down the tape.
- IV. October, 1969, sponsored by the Architectural League. For the opening, Oct. 2, I hired a frankfurter wagon to give away free "wieners". This was a pun on my name. Anything or anybody can have anything or anybody's name. Hot dog wagons are everywhere part of the street environment. Unfortunately wieners (and pastrami, bologna, preserved meats) contain sodium nitrite and sodium nitrate; one a coloring agent for otherwise gray meat, one an embalming fluid. Both have a depressing effect on the mind.
- During the month of October, for IV, I did OPEN HOUSE. I invited the public into the homes of participating artists. From 3 to 26 people showed up at different places. We sat around kitchen tables, or on the floor and talked and smoked or had a party. I met knew friends.
- V. Dec. 21, 1969. I stood on a street corner, or in a doorway, as if I were soliciting. Women do that in that neighborhood (3rd Ave & 13 St. to 3rd Ave. & 14 St). It is not a nice feeling at all. I ALSO SPRINKLED STARS ON THE STREET

WORLD WORKS

March 21, 1970 Noon

1. I wrote the word THE over WORLD WORKS
2. I vacuummed the street. The world works with a little help from us all.

I wanted to do World Works because I wanted to create the feeling that people all over the world were doing a related thing at a related time, although they would be doing it individually, without an audience and without knowledge of what others were doing. It is an act of faith. We have unknown collaborators.

GAIN GROUND PRESENTS

HANNAH WEINER AT HER JOB

A. H. Schreiber Co., Inc. 10 West 33 St., N.Y.C. Room 1200
Wednesdays, March 11, 18, 25 5:30 - 8 P.M.

Miss Weiner explains her show as follows:

"My life is my art. I am my object, a product of the process of self-awareness. I work part-time as a designer of ladies underwear to help support myself. I like my job, and the firm I work for. They make and sell a product without unnecessary competition. The people in the firm are friendly and fun to work with. The bikini pants I make sell for 49¢ and \$1.00. If things can't be free, they should be as cheap as possible.. Why waste time and energy to make expensive products that you waste time and energy to afford?

Art is live people. Self respect is a job if you need it. On 3 Wednesday evenings I will be at my studio, where I work. My boss, Simeon Schreiber, will be with me. There will be bikini underpants for sale, at the usual prices, and one made especially for this show by August Fabrics and A. H. Schreiber, to whom I am grateful."

Hannah Weiner is one of the co-ordinators of Street Works and World Works with John Perreault and Marjorie Strider. Her Code Poem Events were given at Spring Gallery '68 and Central Park. She co-authored the Fashion Show Poetry Event with Eduardo Costa and John Perreault, and the International Event, Summer 1969. Her performances include Theater Works at Hunter College, Spring Gallery '69 at Paula Cooper Gallery, Performance, 1970 at the Midtown Y. Her work has been shown at Dwan Gallery (Word Show II, III), The School of Visual Arts, and Gain Ground. She will participate in the "Art in the Mind" show at Oberlin College this spring. This is her first one man show.

For further information call
242-0232

SECOND TIME

April 20, 1970. Gramercy Arts Theater, New York. Proscenium stage. 10 minutes.

I decided to do this, because I did it once before and it didn't work. Besides, the coming fashion is to do things twice. I do things twice, anyways, because I'm a double Scorpio. Two talks and two haircuts, two sashes, two sweaters, things like that. I didn't do what I wanted to do the first time, which is to come up and talk completely unrehearsed and spontaneous, just to see if I could do it. The first time I rehearsed and wrote things down and it didn't work so tonight I just came up and, uh, here I am. Scott says, don't let it last longer than five minutes.

The difference between, you know, being serious and being funny is a matter of attitude because a lot of times what happens, happens. It's information or incident or event, and whether you laugh at it or whether you don't is what you bring to it.

The first time I talked about fear and anger and memory. Don McDonough gave me a very apt review in the Times - said that anxiety was a waste of time, it is - that's what got across to him, not any real fear, but just the watered down version which is anxiety. And I think I want to talk a little bit still on it, but first I want to talk about something that happened to me when I was home with my parents. (Sigh) This is about anger. Um, my father is 66 years old and I've, ever since my childhood had a problem communicating with him, which is - I mean just difficulty talking face to face. I get very angry at this - I've been angry all my life about it, about not being able to talk straight to someone and get a straight response. There was always something in the way, not necessarily a lack of interest, -he's a negative person. He's a negative Leo, if you want to deal in astrological signs and he's pervers and sado-masochistic and those qualities. So that things come out, well, not very pleasantly.

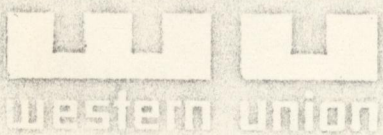
He'll put a newspaper in front of his face or he'll turn away or he won't look at you, things to keep himself shut off, instead of opening himself out, even by just being there. So I got angry and I wanted all my life to go up and choke him but (laugh) this time I didn't choke him but after knocking about 800 books off the bookshelf one night the next day I went down and - I was in control of myself because I wasn't acting, at that point, in anger. I had decided that I had to express the emotion directly to him and I went up and I slapped his face, and tol him, you know, what a fuck he was and I explained why. He started to get all purple and like he's had one heart attack and I got a little scared, because he gets very rigid and he won't listen (audience laughs). Is that Ira? No it's Steve. Then uh, that didn't really work. Oh, also, he doesn't wear a hearing aid, and he's deaf. (audience laughs) A couple of days later I decided to try again because I do things twice and this time I'm sitting there trying to be intelligent and cool and acting rationally and in control of myself and up to a certain point I can, but then he starts pulling out stops and at a certain point I just have to react physically, and I started to move to slap his face again but this time he knew how to avoid me and turned around and left and I kicked him. (audience laughs) Not very hard cause I was wearing soft shoes, but nevertheless I did it. One of the things that gave me the confidence to do this was - this is a hard thing to explain - is that even though I wanted to express my anger and my frustration and rage and all the things that I'd been holding in since my childhood, my basic feeling for my father is love, because he's my father and I love him. So, I was emotionally sending him love with my body and my emotions and thinking it as I was talking about the things I disapproved and the things I had been disappointed in and as I was acting physically in an aggressive manner I was underlying it, backing it up with feelings of love. This is something that allowed me to express the negative feelings because I felt confident of love far outweighed

nothing in me that it could respond to because I had no fear and I had no anger and no jealousy and no envy and no hate and there was nothing in me that could respond to any of those negative forces.

I really believe in love. I've even gotten it written on my underpants. Because I find that it really works. I mean it worked at home, and it worked in my little imaginary trip in the mirror and I know some people think the word is used too much so you can use others if you want; cooperation also works, so does self-respect, but love is a very basic element of the human being. Fear, and the lack of love is the thing that's keeping us all from moving on, in a certain way. We all want to move on in our development one way or another. The way life exists today it makes it very hard to do that because we spend a lot of time on unnecessary hassles that have to do with, you know, war, hate, competition, jealousy, envy, pride, anger, lust, all those negative sins so called (all those subjective emotions). So I guess I just wanted to tell you how love worked for me, that's all, it worked.

Hannah Weiner

~~Excerpt from "Hannah Weiner"~~



Telegram

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I ASK THE STUDENTS FACULTY AND STAFF OF OBERLIN

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