RANSOM NOTES

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OBSCURE PUBLICATIONS
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AMUSEMENT

GRACE

FULL

LABORATORY

4.

3.

impure strength and the cult of the new physique. Vigorous exertion is the result. The high esteem in which it occupies a place in the human heart, the necessity for our wives to keep up their figures, the burning desire of physical culture to free itself from the shackles of a new and more scientific technique, and the necessity for the man of the world to be at home in the gymnasium and in the swimming pool, all contribute to the expansion of our health and happiness. The pure, fresh air, pleasant prospects, and enjoyment of the element impart a new sense of vitality to the organism.
4kNiV

Paperhangers as a rule are very particular about the shape of their knives, they use direct trimming paper. It is a matter of custom and habit, both may be gratified, as our Fig. 61 shows all kinds of shapes of them.

A

B

C

D

es 4

4kNiV 308

Modern Paperhanger's Knife

Paperhangers as a rule are very particular about the shape of their knives, they use direct trimming paper. It is a matter of custom and habit, both may be gratified, as our Fig. 61 shows all kinds of shapes of them.

A

B

C

D

es 4
SHOULD

WRITE

LETTER

THE COMPACT

All things not pleasant to our eyes, nor agreeable to our understanding, nor vital to our posterity, let it come out all right. Some things might get written from some distance away, but nothing of this sort, did we? Why shouldn't just one's own put it down, the engraver? The press, the engraver, the reporter, etc., don't pay attention. You know, with Donville's, and the dumping-ground of Europe's,
Just Safe Rope

Plate 61.—Swing Stage Rope Falls

and deal only with responsible dealers and manufacturers.

Most of the rope on which your rope is not all alike in the high-quality. All others are cheap struc-

The best grade of manila rope will safely carry the loads:
- 5/8 inch—4,000 pounds
- 3/4 inch rope—4,700 pounds
- 7/8 inch rope—6,500 pounds

100 feet of 5/8 inch rope weighs about 13 pounds;
100 feet of 3/4 inch rope weighs about 16 pounds;
100 feet of 7/8 inch rope weighs about 20 pounds.

Ropes are subject to variation in quality, just as other merchandise and it is not safe to buy "just ropes." Know what kind and quality you are buying.
RANSOM

Recipe

1. Crush the Essence of Dark Time

2. GARNI 6x2 ft.

3. Cut the Juice

4. LAY HOUD TO BONE

5. SQUEEZING BONES

Lay and Tongue

Liquid Snatch Grasp.
Read each problem. Tell whether to add or subtract. Then find the answer.

1. On Valentine's Day the children sent 6 to each other. Bob got 7 valentines. How many more than John?

2. Ruth got 6 valentines in the post office. Marie got 5. June got 7. How many valentines did these three girls get?

3. Some of Lou's friends sent comic valentines. They got 13 valentines. 3 were not comics. How many were not comics?

4. Lou paid 30 cents for some fancy valentines. 6 cents for comics, and 10 cents for one with a picture of Cupid. How much did Lou pay for his valentines?

5. Roy spent 26¢ for valentines and 18¢ for stamps. How much did Roy spend?
scented soap, but they should be sure that it is pure. Very poor soap sometimes has a pleasant smell. Mottled Castile soap is safe and pure. Soap should always be thoroughly rinsed off the skin with clear water, and then the skin should be well dried with a clean towel. Lack of care in this respect often causes the skin to chap.

Never dry hands or feet on a public towel which some other person has used. If your school is not provided with individual towels, you should bring your...
Calculations at this time indicate that ordinary shooting-stars are very minute, weighing only a small fraction of an ounce — from less than a grain up to half or one hundredth grains for a very large one. Still this is hardly certain; the estimates of some investigators would make them considerably larger.

**Meteoric Showers.** There are occasions when these bodies, instead of showing themselves here and there in the sky at intervals of several minutes, appear in showers of thousands, and at such times they do not move at random, but all their paths are visible, and radiate from a single point in the sky, known as the radiant; i.e., their paths produced by the lines all pass through this point, though they do not usually start there. Meteors which appear...
PARDO OF
IN LEU OF
CORPORAL
PUNISH
RANSOM
OF
YOUR
POEM
MY
DNA
"Like Patches, too," said Father.
"And I will call Mr. Too, and see if we can buy Patches."

And that is what Father did. But when he came back he did not tell him who Love was.

"But it will take too much to buy a dog like Patches," said Father.
MAX ERNST ON COLLAGE

Collage erects houses for love
Moon poetry pours
Across the parrot’s beak and billowing sheets

Collage snips the tit
Plumps fold and flesh
People lounge across staples

With hardware like an experiment dumped on tile
Blood mixes with radium and feathers
Nerves breathe green hatpins

Collage reinvents the smile
While discontent registers 9 on the pain scale
Porn is a trope of 6 cards spread on water

Collage savors smell by a punch in the nose
Is your boneless McChick
Or the wing torn from a beak

Was that sunset you witnessed this morning
Or today after tonight
And so on while train doors bolt shut

The unnatural historian fools with Darwin’s daughter
Carcinoma giggles at surgery’s incision
The prisoner spits

And the dental hygienist leans over your mouth
Presses down on the chisel and sighs
If there’s trembling, it’s the shudder of frogs

Well, I’m gone to scalp the dog
To fuck in the X-Zone and die
Where collage is wonder and scrap

.....
WHILE TALKING TO WALT

Anything will do. The self
and superimposition of the world,
old poems or observation, deep
water and genderless agitation,
my own loveliness.

As for the State, the State
is generally shit. My recommendation:
avoid the State, its crap and cruelty,
each asshole’s bombast and blast –
just get out of the way.

But I’m self-aware, choosing words
politically, words like “negro,” “terrorism,”
“Supreme Court decision,” “Guantanamo,”
“code orange,” “morning after.”
My typer’s keys bugged and blinking.
My typer’s keys bones and DNA
scraped from dirt and flesh.

My Congress, what Constitution – bastards and shreds.
My wife’s strong braid unwinding.
A long drink of water from the dust of this subdivision.
Your mama’s butt,
your mama’s hairy, wrinkled old double chin,
her eyelids and teeth, the stink
of your mama’s funky feet as she stares at the street.
The poop and plash of comedy and death.

This day in 2006 and its crash of brick.
This day one-hundred years ago and its crash of brick.
My family, photographed.
Each child’s eyelids photographed, my mama’s sigh
with each sigh’s aftermath.

Redact: Bush, Ladin, NATO, Slobodon, Amin, stroesz
cho min mihn basha lupica, sklee pohilah
martió, espira nuna orque. All that’s meaningless and remnant, toxic as the light lingers and ash trees drop. Tinkerbelles and the biochemistry of slaughter each morning when excesses of poetry and the insufficiencies of language make me rigid and weak.

Mistakes of meaning, missing limbs, lousy acronyms that slip from the tongue – begones and hellos. The harsh naturalness and raw desire as I open the paper to today’s obits threads of dust fluttering through the light just above the page. If in a chair, you are in a chair.

Once seven of us debated around a kitchen table in discursive nothingness whether knowledge is power or bliss ignorance. Statistics rushed over the newscast as I turned away to talk to Walt.

FABULOUS BOMBARDMENT

If hypocrisy of choice is the first choice ...and letters and journals are held at a distance If pretensions are farce ...measured by tonnage like lead or senators If the figures offend If figures are indifferent If politics are 2006 or 1911 or ...after an exchange of fluids at 12:33 in New York City If the wine of the day is brine If appetites are confirmed by dialysis ...and organ meat offers digestible information If absolution is unalterable
If documentation is unassailable
...and the prognosis smiling
If the assassin holds the Legion of Honor
If charity is on hold
If the meal is guppy
...and the evening burns and
If the next morning burns and
If the next day dawns as anarchy playing Five-Legged Poker
If the synonym is conclusive
If breakfast is gas and latrine salsa
...and the opposition arrives from Buenos Aires
If memere departs without deplaning
If encore opens the exhibition
If savages swim in syncopation
...and the Russians assemble at Gibraltar
If blonds shave in unison
If the enemy smiles while coffee is invented
If the penis is slivered
If Africa is an option
...and classification authorized by named species
If inquiry is salted
If negroes are exasperated
...and the lynch mob’s favor is returned
If the fan’s rotation is inexact
If love is a pretext for bondage
If eyes slide against the mouth
If the colonies sigh
If priests prescribe their daughters
...and your spouse denies all and winks
If on your life

.....
THE COORDINATES OF FRIENDSHIP

.1.
The face above the portal
is all of us

Wrought in marble
leafed with gold

It's thin
dense and deep

In its way, like a pleasing remark
from a friend

Who weighs words
light or heavy

As if they are never
to be missed

At once
essential and useless

Companionship is like that facing
and glancing

Constant as a shrug
noticed by the eye

Or a gesture's
punctuation

...

.2.
A man might marry
a pretty face
Or a lady adore a spring-bolt
that makes safe the lock

But the smoked glass of friendship
is a lens

Not canonical
not a monkey suit off the rack

But stone straight from the quarry
engraved and turned

And in its derangement
sufficient

...

.3.
Do not worry
the least drop

A smattering of memory
little or no meat

Loss of possessions, even
an untenable opinion

Friendship is soup
and soup whatever

At hand
enters the pot

...

.4.
Be careful of news
from another source
As what can seem an arrangement
kind of elbow room

Becomes listening with poised forks
in the air

Better a rock
above the arch

Or keyhole
through it

Better the misfortune of Albania
than to mark off the next question

Best one after your own heart
an other attachment

Than seven in a row
A writ or summons

...

.5.
Our eyes meet
and adjust

Our legs tighten
not as lovers wrap

The other
but as springs coil

And return
while water dowses and dries

On cement
in sun

...
Here's a sly dig
not a gouge of the first order
Not an annoying child hitting a drum
or hard lump in the breast
But a hand signal
six of one and half-dozen of the other
Broad as it is long
a four gram cube of butter
Hemp tamped
and passed around the circle
Not a monthly remittance
or a sharp deal
Not even
"thank you, mother"
But a stitch of green ribbon
a meridian
...

Vague illusions
set on the table
Work while we play
taking off
When one's back is turned --
each place named
Illuminates
like full moon brightens a road
So when it comes to that
and you are passed over

Convinced by your mirror
that you're vacuous

A silly reminder
of your silly self

Remember you have a party
neither academically certain nor metaphysical

But a rolling two-wheeler
who reminds you

With an ill-timed joke
or yank at the collar

...

.8.
Enough already
many have seen it

Sometimes loony
other times luminesce

Men, women
others

Even children scrapping
and just beginning to get it

We might raise
the middle finger

Or shoot the moon
have lunch and laugh
In secret
share a difficult moment

Or bicker and embrace
like the old days

.....

DOSEY DOATS

Messed up on High Street
Outside the perfume factory
Ali and Van made sour sounds
Chasing each other around
One monument then the rest
The first to dead of the last war
The rest for the dead of the next

Oh!, her breasts and oh!, her turds
As they ran past the window
As they ran along the windows and walls
As they raced across doggie lots
And gagged and mugged
Against the yellow sky
And blood brown bricks

Each step imperfect in rhyme
Slapping in disagreement
Each shuffle lost in careless meter
Harmonic cawtabs, yawky, irkish
Missing beats, laughing, scrum and bosh
Skunked on wine and druggy as Bozos

Perfume waste, the daily offal
Buckets of smell that didn’t fit in tiny vials
Tossed off the factory roof
Along with boogers pulled from the sentry’s nose
Glueballs, flywasser and dumpster milk
Along with Formosa 1936 and a silky mandarine
Who smiled at Ali as she sped to earth

"I could shop no longer"
"I am worthless as I have no moolah"
"I am indecisive in matters of certainty"
"I have jockitch on my lips"
"I love the dim skunk of mold"
"I am ghee spilt from the rafters"
Van and Ali called out, "Hoo, hoo, hoo"

This is the report:
Van and Ali lowered their heads
Covered their pockets
The gates lifted
And the shutters closed

......

PROBING THE SOURCE

I ran to find a shrink
So far removed was I from love
Assuring no one watched or waited
I opened and shut the clinic door

I don't want to trouble you
And hardly have a thing to say
Yet I can't hold my tongue
Nor survive without identity

I remember, indistinct, but nonetheless
Emotions that were not passé
That were not tenuous
But sweet, transparent, like air

Or light fixed on my nakedness
And sheltered me at day's decline
In those ravenous times
I'd shoot forth fireworks and subside

Refreshed, my heart and body satisfied
All the instruments alive
I'd sing, *sotto voce*, falsetto
An organ piped above a storm

For an instant swept from consequence
Sublime, alive in my work, content
And, I admit it, gentle and slack
Though down I felt puffed up

Those shudderings are past
The purring tremor of my skin and bone
Collapsed, a soufflé gone to pan
I’m sad, lost, wan

So here I stand
Under the arclight and ceiling fan
Am I beyond, undone and spent
A wreck of years

Do I need exercise, do I need rest
Or what I once consumed
As air for lunch or wine for bread
The juice and swim of my spine

Am I in costume, once the latest style
Now vulgar and dumb with disrepair
Perhaps my point is lost
And the hour passed

No one knows I’m here
Asking these ridiculous questions
Chattering from the vault and incubus
Of my obliterated lungs

Madam, what remedy
What can you guarantee
By your glance I know my time is gone
Please, not your gentle frown

.....
Dis...re...member...ing or ARC OF DISCOVERY

M....Berrichron....diplomatically compressed Cruzotte's violin

[...have you been faithless before]
[have you been faithful after]

V. Rimbaud discussed doctrine torture wif...ops to the knee and it....was 3 March, and it was...May 10
.....tertiny...vented again ..and again....

Twice in a hand's...gesture the c...all......went out
........for perfection
...and there was a cornice [...denied]
...and there was a latchkey [deferred...]
while the......outside contract...or smoked

[We (...you & I...) wait for...a sign
...........under repulsive shuggery]

Claude R. trailed V. Rimbaud among.....”mysterious” laws and beastiaries
.....once resumed...as analogies
.....twice resumed...as rhetorics

Thence sorted, piled, among......tangerines and...thongs
...little girl...s......wiggled

Consequently, ....M. de la Palise speculated.....
about....1931
in Australian

...have you washed in the river.....
...have you removed your blouse......
.........party favors and long-stemmed birds among dirty martinis

Cluzotte....4130 miles, upriver.....and danced
....determining, such behavior common.....human
.......s
.....
ANOTHER POEM THAT HANGS ON DOTS

The ventri/loquist who speak....
..... from the knee..(of the funeral director) ...
.... behind a board of....snapshots
.....pitcher of fl [...o..]wers.....

doesn’t mind....if I trample.....these words
..... his customer’s horizon..........reached
.....per...haps exceedded....

...........life [livre......libre, liebe......, immaterial...]...........
is a ballroom....
and the....music Mozart....... .....ballpark
........music...."Take Me Out.......”

...........air shifts
...........hair adjusts

..incapable of sip....ping... .coffee....
...sh...eet cake.....

.....where.....reception and valium slip out.....
the.....flowers...what...left....flor(a) [fleur,...flour...],.....

...........air....squalid

islands......of float.... .ing....pipes......
...not music, but....
after the ventral/oquist’s.....mouth twins........
.............the brother’s jaw........

gase of stems.........slacks
this ballade.....repeats......its......b...
...all....game refrain......re..frames....as...

the hus....band opens his....mouth..

.....it is a problem, .....sir

....be/yon....d

what, is......missing....

.....missed....
BENDING

You bent at the knee
or dropped to a knee

For an instant
as one enfolds a child

Who kneels
in shame or pardon

It was the place
our silences poured out

Anonymous
two mouths with the taste of one mouth

Each of my ten fingers
as each of your fingers

Reached the point of dying
twenty flirtations within an ace of death

Somewhere the doors of a museum
swing and latch

Nothing short of violence
will suffice

While a single woman
unchaperoned

Leans against the glass of
a blue partition

As light saturates
her clothing

So, were I your brother or a soldier
unrepentant or deserting
And not my obedient hand
writing

As you bend again
to gather your clothes

.....

SWEET INK

When you unclasped
I stopped breathing

All attainable
from your toe up opened

After you arched your neck
and I hardened

We poured and gazed
improvised and swung around

Stretched and bowed
as sails in wind

Drift over the crest and slump of horizon
where a dark rim brightens

You, or perhaps a blur and sweep
of your arm’s motion

Your coat fallen
your blouse and hair and shoes

My papers and poems fell
and what might have been a blunder
Was an ocean and a naiad
earty and wet with wonder

Sultry as a garden
after thunder

.....

FAST TRACK TO STUTTGART

For special problems we consult Kilo Meter at Furer Park, off track
At night when the phony express is dark and ramped
There are first three pledges to honor – one to Axel, the transit reporter’s
dachshund, second to Mr. Nachman, known by his sharp Warthog
colors, third to Karl Rove, “the crossing guard at the corner of policy &
politics,”
But on with the digressions before poetry becomes axiomatic

Different trucks varoom past each moment while
In the popular press, honored as great greats – kings like David and Haile Selassii,
“Lion of the tribe of Judah—Rastafari,” patriarchs like Moses or Sidney Kurzbach,
who can be reached in Stuttgart at (07-11) 17-19208, so
Pop a Euro in the slot, work through the menu options, listen to the buzz of Brubeck
“Blue Rondo ala Turk” and ask for Miss Bare, whose name is on the phone booth door,
Though the world wearies of her voice and counsel

On the subject of accounts, and if ships, like snow or sand, just lie there
Sanitary and cosmetic little cookies thumping with wattage and fuel cells
Like the hearts of boxes of cereal in the stockboy’s hot hands
And on the subject of Asian Bird Flu, you’ll want falcons, not ducklings, falcons
Leased for spiraling downward toward the glove, above a burden of jagged rocks,
For oh! they are long of wing and slack of neckties, they wax and melt
They cry out like pierced maidens on bloodhooks, those lovehawks surrounded
By thin air and currents of lifeflight’s rotations

Potentially:
There are roman numerals expressed as centigrade quotients
There are sober calculations expressed as poetry
There are sexy boutiques for fat chicks disguised as divas
There are waste products trapped in the veins of shrimp
There is Mrs. Sidney Kurzbach, who no longer answers by the name of a spousal other
While my friend, David, known on the beach as Natty, sleeps in a tree

Suggestively:
In the hotel's time-forsaken atmosphere a little money tossed down the shaft
Where abstemious gangsters tally columns of ink
And water problems are solved by cycles of drought and flood, as hawklets
Slicing the evening sky foretell the decapitator's sword severance of a larynx
And all reach the ground intact regardless of the rain of fire, frantic hands
Or the emphatic tongues at the third boundary between Mr. Smith's carport,
The Fabulous Thunderbirds and that so-called virgin known as Chakka CA1417

The bulb oinks and spizzels while Willy asks why not with
A last scattered confetti toss of advice, noted by ocarina, IRD and flight simulation
Borne by televised colonoscopy between the northernmost exurbs of Soweto
And inexorable desire presented as obsolete Metro token: Call the Cato Institute
If it get hot, ugly, chomped at the bit, melancholy, overly technical, harsh
- Off-center, too famous for words, post-coital, weird, data driven
- Inappropriate for the occasion, banned, above the bubble of Frankie Lymon's falsetto,
- Shopworn, grounded due to weather conditions, mumbled or lost in the shuffle while
crowds gather in the shadow of the cooling tower, regardless
If the individual is overstretched, compliant, jerked around or drifting in flame

Outside the firescape of Algiers, Louisiana, pick up the blower
Ask for Jet Love, to which anyone may answer

......

COUNTING HEADS

_Flushed with power, a gordo once said_
_In a goofy suit and flyswatter cap_
_"Bring me butts for seats. More. Many butties."_

OK, I ate at Big Pig's Buffet, rotated that stool
Supped with Chirpo and Floppy
Jawed with Many Chins and her squalling brats

Left laboratory lights alume
Paint jars uncovered
Watched rats stagger and twitch
I ignored the bridge's anchor and pylon
The ball in the cube
The metric stammer of poetry

And walked into the lair of government
To tempt the bombmaker's wires and chops
I heard swiveling chairs

Played rummy and tossed shots
With black-masked coverts
While prisoners trembled and shook

So, take a moment, shush
Here's a poetic aside, a proposition
Beyond the zipper bag and sack of sludge

Under the guise of ballet, young girls
Turn in unison along the barre and mirror
That's the total deal, the hymn

Now back to the clownware of empire
The market of backsides and throats
The brick in the lost and found

Back to the Hole in the Head Saloon
Dumpster hell and fists raised high
You know what must be done

.....
YOU BIT
THE BUZZARD
& THE BUZZARD
BIT BACK

COULD GÖT
ME A
PAIR OF
SHOES
dope, ask the critical quest

4. Dopo le precedenti riflessioni, parliamo di questi ultimi, che non sono esteriori, ma che sono presenti nella memoria di una altra qualità, la quale è l'immagine della preghiera, che è un'immagine della preghiera: è un'immagine del Padre nostro, che è un'immagine della preghiera. In questa immagine, è presente l'immagine della preghiera, che è un'immagine della preghiera.

In quale modo Gesù insegnò questa sua preghiera? Pur non essendo un mistero di sola autorità al presente nostro, entrato nei suoi rapporti con la critica, tuttavia non può essere un mistero di sola autorità. Una questione che presenta innanzitutto la sua stessa posizione, ma che poi Vangelo trova due volte ripetute il Padre nostro come se fosse stato pronunciato da Gesù in due luoghi ed occasioni differenti (1).

Che pensare al riguardo? È probabile che Gesù abbia realmente insegnato la preghiera come si trova nel Talmud? Oppure che i discepoli abbiano chiesto a Gesù un altro modello di preghiera dopo che lo avevano già e che l'abbiano chiesto? Ed in questo caso, che possa essere stato Gesù a ripetere il suo modo di preghiera con i discepoli, come in un momento successivo, prima di averne dato un altro modello? A questa domanda, i discepoli si sono interrogati e la cristologia ha da tempo risposto con un duplice ordine di spiegazioni.

Una possibile spiegazione della preghiera è che la preghiera portata in corso a Mamone a diverso della montagna di san Giovanni, come Matteo l'ha instancatamente posto.

L'altra spiegazione, generalmente adottata, dice che la preghiera riferita nel vangelo di Luca sta veramente al

(1) Matteo, VI, 13; Luca, XI, 1-4.
THOUGHT YOU LONG GONE
GREAT

FLAME

RED

CREST
ears like a brawl in a tavern
"Shall I bring it now?" she asked, turning to the door.

"Nay, no. Would you have all the household cackling in the morn over the stolen victuals? What I have will serve me to-night, but Fenwick and Graeme will need more. To-morrow you must make shift to provide victuals privately, and convey them to this room when all have retired for the night. Do you understand?"

"I will not fail to serve you," she answered gently.

"But there is great risk of detection. Better starve here than fail at Abernoury.

"I will use every resource in my power to contrive. The safety of all things is my own affair.

"So much the better. Further, you will be well to keep an eye on my man, John, and caution all your friends who may be near about. He is not above seeking, unless you can keep him in peace. The danger of your warning will be observed. If Graeme and Fenwick come to-morrow night, I will fly away before dawn."

"Is that all you need of me?" asked Elizabeth.

"Sdeath! there are a thousand matters on which your father's wishes are fixed, and you—a woman—impossible!"

"But indeed, Sir, I am not willing to serve you," she urged dearly.

"Willing?" he said scornfully. "Ay, maybe. But there's more than goodwill required, Mistress, when the matter is concerned with the safety of a man's neck."
FIRST LOVE

seriously, and then she stopped, for she didn't want him to think for a moment that Cynthia was unhappy. She put out her hand indulgently.

"Good night, you bad boy. I came to console you. I thought you were in the blues. I wonder if you'll stay with me?" Then she added, "But, I think you need me."

"I do need you."

He didn't know the words were those of Virginia, and she didn't know, as these words passed, that the man who stood in the place of John Kenned

"I don't need anything else or want anything else."

She paled and looked at him startled; then, mistress of the situation, tried to smile. She put her hand on his shoulder.

"Foolish boy," she muttered. "Foolish boy."

But the boy had gone, and the man, swayed by the passionate tide of life, the vast ocean rising in his heart, was not to be withstood.

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FIRST LOVE

" Doesn't it smell good? " she said, drawing her breath. " Gives one the feeling of wanting to swim out into it, of going off somewhere. It's so fresh and marvelously unspoiled."

"It only makes me want to ride like the deuce, " Bennett responded. "It's a miserable shame that I'm not well enough to do it."

"Well, since you didn't have to put your coat on in such grace fully, " said Mrs. Bathurst, "let's walk over to the Big Tree Inn. It's only a ten minutes' walk, and I don't believe it will be too much for you."

She could have suggested nothing that he wanted more; nothing would be better than to leave behind them the house with its master, Nicholas Byers, and the rest, and go away alone with the lady.

He refused blankly to take either hat or overcoat, and thinking perhaps that if they delayed the others would come down and spoil their adventure, Mrs. Bathurst did not urge him, and he walked along beside her, his slim
MAKE LOVE TO YOU
run naked along the sands, there's been no keeping him dressed, sir."

"Gone nudist, then," my master replied. "Well, a small active boy shouldn't be in the open where he can go without clothes to the water.

"Did you live there when you were a boy, sir?"

Nana asked politely. There was that in her manner that indicated she had fancies to this obliging, merry boy."

"I did, indeed. On a great ranch where I learned to ride before I could walk. And I lived in the open, from dawn till late at night, to bed at night."

"That's what makes you so strong and healthy and brown," the nurse commented. "I wish Master Tom could have such a childhood," she added wistfully. She reached down then to pick up a bundle and said, "And gave it to the baby who in turn threw it to Camilo and said:

"Coco!"

"You will pretend in discussion that subject, won't you?" Camilo answered. To Nana he said, "What does he mean by that Camilo?"

"That's what he calls his funny sir," she an-
a POEm

The following tonic is considered beneficial:

B. Formalin Solution

Dosage: Five drops in water three times a day.

Colds and Coughs

A cold is a sign of some internal disease, either due to bacteria or to some atmospheric influence affecting the members of the family in question. It follows generally some change in the weather, such as exposure to a draft of cold air, breath, or, in a foggy atmosphere, wetting of the feet in cold water. Sudden immersion effects a similar result. If the cold runs through all the members of a family, it is doubtless that such an infection is due to bacteria or to some atmospheric influence affecting the members of the family in question.

Symptoms—Colds in the head with a stuffy nose is usually accompanied by congestion in the sinuses, headache, difficulty breathing, coughing, sneezing, and sometimes it is difficult to keep the mouth open. The eyes are red and watery, and the patient may feel very tired. If the congestion becomes severe, it may lead to secondary infections such as sinusitis or bronchitis. In some cases, the cold may develop into a more serious illness such as pneumonia or bronchitis.

Prevention—The best way to prevent a cold is to have a healthy lifestyle, including proper hygiene, regular exercise, and a balanced diet. Avoiding contact with people who are sick and avoiding colds is also important. If you feel a cold coming on, there are several things you can do to relieve symptoms, such as drinking plenty of fluids, getting plenty of rest, and using over-the-counter medications such as decongestants and antihistamines.
About Ransom Notes

Most of the visual poems and illuminations comprising a portion of Ransom Notes are rubberstamp and typographic overprintings of found texts.

The lexical poems comprising a portion of Ransom Notes are translitics [trans – across; litic/lytic – to lose, loosen, cut away from].

Ransom Notes’ inspirational origins reside in the artists’ books collection of the University of Texas Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center and to privileges granted under sponsorship of the Ransom Center’s fellowship program. My thanks to the Center’s generous and capable staff. To have a cart of extraordinary books arrive at one’s fingertips twice a day is a rare experience.

Translitics presumptively transform the texts, illustrations and performative concepts of the original books. As imaginative literature they’re perhaps closer to ekphrasis than translation. As sources, the following artists’ books and editions warrant acknowledgement: Les fleurs du mal, Charles Baudelaire [Bibliotheque francaise]; Utah reader and Manhattan third year reader, Mark Beard (Vincent Fitz Gerald); The Bewildering thread and An afternoon at Les Collettes, Enid Mark (FL.M); In America, Victor Bockris (Telegraph); Bolinas Journal, Joe Brainard (Big Sky Books); Mummies, William S. Burroughs (Gunnar A. Kaldewey); Dante’s Inferno, verse translation & images by Tom Phillips (Talfourd); Welcome home lovebirds, Jim Dine (Trigram); Approach to the site, Timothy Ely (Waterstreet); Histoire naturele: dessins inedits, Max Ernst (Berggruen); Arcadian gliders, Ian Hamilton Finlay (White Lies); The Wild Hawthorn art test, Ian Hamilton Finlay (Wild Hawthorn); Tetrascroll, R. Buckminster Fuller (ULAE); The chair and For the hundredth time, Walter Hamaday (Perishable Press); Angels of the moon, Don Herron (np); Dada Almanach, Richard Huelsenbeck (E. Reiss); The paper snake, Ray Johnson (Something Else); Journal of the identical lunch, Alison Knowles (Nova Broadcast); Love Album: Texas Childhood, Joe Love Brown (Artichoke); Paroles peintes, several authors & artists (Editions O. Lazar-Vernet); A humument, Tom Phillips (Tetrad); I drove my big Mercedes from Stuttgart down to Hades, Tom Phillips (Hansjorg Mayer, pressrun overprints); A few palm trees, Edward Ruscha (Heavy Industry); Wordswordswords, Edwin Schlossberg (ULAE); The mystery of things: evocations of the Japanese supernatural, Akeki Sumiyoshi (J. Weatherhill); Seven lady saints, Erica Van Horn (Women’s Studio Workshop); Lexington Nocturne, Jonathan Williams (JW & Keith Smith).
This edition is limited to 60 copies.

This is number $\epsilon$.

[Signature]
with that crowd of hers, the kids we had so much fun with the night of her party."

"And what of your smooth friends?" Hans queried.
"How do Sandra and the others feel about this?"
"They've dropped me," Midge laughed. "But I had the fun of introducing them first, so I don't care."

Hans closed his approving hand on her shoulder and Midge felt her heart beat in a faster rhythm at his touch. "I am glad," he said, "that you have found out for yourself where you belong, where you will be happiest. This is important." He added then, his tone a shade less earnest, his blue eyes grave on her face, "I hope I, too, shall have a place in this new circle you've decided to be a part of."

"Oh, you do," Midge assured him. "You fit in very well."

As his eyes held hers for a long, revealing moment, she tried to decide quickly whether she liked him better than Tom, or Tom better than he. But she liked them both so well, it was extremely hard to make up her mind. Really, Midge thought, a smile curving her mouth, at this stage it wasn't so important to be absolutely sure. There was lots of time. Just knowing two boys like Hans and Tom was wonderful. And, when you got right down to it, life was pretty wonderful, too.