Modern Colours

they’re up

like harlequin

like Boom!

in the afternoon

Mondrian’s Composition (1920), as it would look using Delbo’s unsensitized film
PREPARATIONS FOR
AN ECLIPSE

walls are white
while yellow

yellow hangings
yellow on down

sallow mattingssallow mats lie

serge saffron sofas
sallow sofas saffron

cane chairs share
ochres arcane share

yellow lilies in vases
white and yellow lines

liveried functionaries
grate diggers and red guards

standing in lines waiting
on flanking on black Blank

flanks of the Nothing
red guards delineating

the grave waiting beside
the empty zero Nothing

ladders lying along side
flanks of the black Hole

Nothing the yellow back
of the white back of the
recently uncovered
wet clay pale yellow clay

on their boots in lines
the guards waiting for them

black trousered black
white and red blouses

the suspension of being
for its/their release waiting

when they come the People
of a sudden come in

then in come the People
as a throng, holding

aloft a yellow high
Sphere so bright

they’ve bandaged eyes
and are crying as one

Black world, Zaum sun
(Dada is the word)

Zaum sun, the black world
has come!
During this month
I shall really be in need of:
8 tubes of flake white
6 tubes of malachite green
2 tubes of yellow ochre
1 tube of red ochre
2 tubes of ultramarine
2 tubes of cobalt
1 tube of raw siena
1 tube of ivory black

Reds lamp tresses

gyratory pianistic updrafts

of reading matters and socialite getups

by Arp’s four cousins’ famous

forte celibacy and so forth

from a long line of vanishing points

bundling off big settees

well into the wee small hours
almost to his monocle. Erik’s impeccable spotless against him her hand now pulled down his standup balcony collar railings downpipe her small chin silk black dress the short and shoulder blade tip of chin the photograph taken is goatee shade pulled down almost to his monocle “her long graceful neck” of the broad flat brimmed over Valentine’s dark blade tip of cape (Kluver’s mistake) its stand-away tortoise shell spectacles from Germany mother’s fourth floor apartment standup collar and show some shoulder out of the shade overcoat by plaster masks of lines “her long graceful neck” the shutters shut (Gertrude) shutter his goateed shadow broad brimmed flat hat slightly aslant she shutters leaning lightly against him her hand now resting on Erik’s left shoulder “her long graceful neck”

The staircase to the third floor apartment was awfully dim and dingy. And it smelt. There were the usual toilets on each landing which were used by all and sundry. Mondrian’s brown front door opened onto a small vestibule and a dark corridor, but when you entered the studio it seemed, according to Maud Van Loon, like stepping into paradise. Although small, the studio was exceedingly bright and very tidy – to this artist bohemian disarray was clearly anathema. Alfred Roth wrote: ‘The room with its white walls and the rhythmically placed red, yellow and blue squares and rectangles, the major and minor accents, immediately enthralled me.’ Other visitors reported an ‘incredible feeling of beauty, of peace, of quiet and harmony.’

Mondrian occupied 26 Rue du Départ more or less continuously between 1914 and 1936. Starting in 1921, he decorated and re-decorated it as an extension in three dimensions of the paintings he produced there. Its appearance is significant then not only to an appreciation of his working conditions or even of his ideas of interior design, architecture and town planning but to a general understanding of how we might contextualise, or properly enlarge upon the formal meaning of his highly ‘abstract’ paintings. So it is hard to underestimate the importance of the task of the ‘reconstruction’ that was undertaken by Frans Postma and his team of researchers in the late 1980s. Or their achievement in producing the life-size replica for the exhibition ‘Earthly Paradise’ in Amsterdam, 1994.

Rue du Départ gets its name from its intersection with the south western city boundary represented then by Boulevard Edgar Quinet, not from its present proximity to the Gare Montparnasse which opened in 1852. Mondrian liked the view of the signals and tracks afforded by his studio window, it was a link to the modern. The station is in fact variously connected to the history of his building; the station’s growth lead to its demolition in 1938 and later to the erection of the current station and the 209m curtain-walled Tour du Maine that now looms so incongruously over Rue du Départ. And it was in the archives of the station’s history that Postma found the architectural documents that proved essential to his reconstruction of Mondrian’s studio.

But what of the furnishings and decorations? The only photographs we have of the studio’s interior were by a photographer from the neighbourhood, named
Delbo, taken in March 1926, and commissioned by the artist to illustrate his article on architecture, ‘Neo-Plasticism. The Home–The Street–The City.’ They are of course black and white prints, and no negatives have survived.

In two of the photographs, the painting *Composition in Grey, Red, Yellow and Blue*, 1920 can be seen. Its special significance to Mondrian is suggested by the fact that he never sold it and by its installation here above the entry door occupying the place conventionally reserved for the crucifix. (A choice reminiscent of Malevich’s installation of his *Black Square* in ‘the beautiful corner’ normally occupied by the devotional icon in the living rooms of the homes of Russian peasants.) For Postma, however, this painting offered the clue to the colours of Mondrian’s studio. Obviously the colours are crucial to an appreciation of the impact the studio made on its visitors. Could they be deduced by matching the grey tones of the painting in Delbo’s photographs with its actual colours and comparing them with the grey tones of the studio’s interior? There were six different tones of grey in the painting: red, yellow, blue and two shades of grey and black.

What seemed straightforward in theory proved much more difficult in practice, however. In the first place it turned out that the grey tones in his photographs differed from those Postma found in the black and white photographs he himself took of the painting. Was the difference in the painting or the film? Apparently, Delbo had used a film stock developed for portrait photography that was less sensitive to yellow than to blue and that had long ago been taken off the market. And then, the grey tones in Delbo’s photographs were determined in part by the light conditions in the studio. Until variations attributable to those conditions were eliminated the greys could not be successfully matched. The colours of the painting and of the oil paints Mondrian used had to be submitted to spectrographic analysis, computer models made of the lighting conditions, before a plausible replication of the studio’s appearance could be produced.

Mondrian’s room was, however, a manifold construction, a work in progress. He changed the studio before and after Delbo took his photographs for he was constantly composing and recomposing the walls in his mind and in fact. How does Frans Postma’s ‘paradise’ differ from that of Maud van Loon? Of Alfred Roth, who heard Bach when he looked at them, while some of us think of Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson and Mead Lux Lewis.
KNOCKING ON KLEBNIKOV’S DOOR

Let me introduce myself
My name’s Roman, Roman
Jakobson. The year is
1913, and – who’d have
guessed it – here I am knocking
on Klebnikov’s door. (He
has no phone.) I’m a mere
schoolboy, yet already an
accomplished linguist
and a total devotee of
Russian Futurism. He’s
twenty-eight and I’d say
already the best damn poet
in the whole wide world.

‘Let me introduce myself, my
name is Roman Jakobson.’
Proffering my anthology
of Zaum poetry excerpted
entirely from the Rumjancev
Museum library for just
this occasion.

He’s impressed
I can tell. Some of my
excerpts he excerpted
straight into the mouths of
memaid in ‘The Night in
Galicia’ for example.
Kruchenykh drops by while
I’m there, with Roar hot
off the press. I’m asking has
he painted and he shows me
diaries with pages of signs in
coloured pencil he says were
experiments in coloured speech.

LOVELY ROSE

Sweet and lovely rose sleepwalkers’
subj ections, and vaunting morning
monodies might rhyme. Is this
my time just for remonstrating?

You ladies, you
two in Ljubljana
you two in New York

you’ve got the goods
same old story just emendations
brimming simultaneously
eyes on the sun

OHO OHO
OHO OHO OHO

Dropping flaming matches
spiralling instantaneous
incendiary staircases
10 centimeters down
to where conflagrations grow

With each burning word your
tenderness borrows frequencies
from encrypted sit coms
juggles goofballs of hopeless love
with the most recent testaments to
ever more blatant immolations
demanded by the detestable
ideologues of our day, o ladies
can this ever be good?
LISSITZKY DESCRIBES THE EFFECT
OF HIS DEMONSTRATIONSRAUME OR RAUM FUR
KONSTRUKTIVE KUNST, DRESDEN, 1926, FOLLOWED
BY MARIA GOUGH.

“On entering the room... one is confronted by a grey wall surface, adjoining a left side and a black one on the right side. Through the varying widths of the visual axes of the walls, thus creating the rhythm of the spectator in the room, the impression of the walls changes what was white becomes black and vice versa. Thus an optical dynamic is generated as a consequence of the spectator’s stride, which makes the spectator active. The play of the walls is complemented by what is visible through the shimmering frames. The open-pattern masking surfaces are pushed up or down by the spectator, who discovers new pictures, or screens what does not interest him. He is physically compelled to come to terms with the exhibited objects.”
“If the visitor stood at the west entrance to the Dresden space, she or he found directly ahead—and thus on gray—an enlargement of Lissitzky’s photograph, Untitled (Hand with Compasses), (1924), ... and his gouache—and—paper Round Proun (1926). From the same standpoint, Mondrian’s paintings on the wall to the left—the north wall—appeared on white. As the visitor entered the gallery and moved closer to Lissitzky’s works, the north wall gradually turned to black through an infinitesimal range of shades of gray. This process of architectural chiaroscuro was reversed in the case of the south wall, to the visitor’s right, which shifted from black to gray to white as the visitor approached Lissitzky’s work. Entering via the Dresden Raum’s south entrance, however, the visitor found Mondrian’s work directly ahead on gray, Lissitzky’s work to the right on a black wall that transformed into white as she or he moved closer to the north wall, and so on, ad infinitum.”

Maria Gough
January 14

While down some impasse off Avenue du Maine there’s a studio-canteen where Marie’s barbaric hangings black tablecloths red napkins white plates at the diner Braque in upon which burst Modigliani’s mob of artists and models and in the ensuing mêlée she throws Amedeo downstairs and Picasso locks the door and pockets the key murmurs in the ear of Pâquerette: the destiny of objects and the dance of turkey bones late into the night in Marie’s canteen night of the dinner welcoming back Braque from World War rejoicing in his recovery from head wounds and celebrating his restoration to the company of the artists

Listen here

We want a new Planet on the blue Dome of the sunk Sun

We want words That have taken Leave of their Senses

We declare all All things to be Groundless. Their Future is in The Air
MODERN SOUNDS

Colourless electro-magnetic architectural structures enhanced their twin-triodic tolvotubular singuvalvulous high fidelity dial-a-diallers with low chromatic emanations as modern as tomorrow afternoon from light sources distributed by circumcentric electric reflectors with supershielded umbrella antennae attachments for distance listening and connected by the magnetic links of a Bellini-Tostoc dynaphone coupling system comprising fifty plus coloured filters arranged aethereophonically in accordance with the spirit of the actors on stage. Bravo!

The long term luminous wireless radiation receives these sheaves and walls plus banshee wails 'tween bulletin or vitaltone speakers' dynamic combinations transmissions' extra-vagrant effects–key clickings vaticum cleaners, radio stammers bawling the whole hamshack and wobbledown of interpenetration plus the addled interference of man-made chiaroscuroscopes inaugurating choirs of forlornly ethereal voices—frequency to frequency—aluminium dissonance soundscape headphone squeal whistle hiss and crackle kilowattage split, dinted, and souged midst this multi-media melegoturny of trancontinental transmission. Behold Enrico Prampolini’s Grand harmonic condenseria Hooray for this unforeseen aphasiaically Futurist impresario with his sensational sono-graphic proscenial enginium!
Everything is striving to leave the globe, and to make its way further in space, but thanks to the relationship between the elements which have not yet been discovered, it sits like a tick in the earth. All human behaviour is the sign of this striving. And we see that for example, to get dark blue ultramarine tained its highest limit on the sur from green ultramarine, green powder and space, after which begins the must be heated up until it becomes red in further in space, talking on a strong flow of air. This operation must be, it will return to classical tranquility, it will return to classical tranquility, carried out until the colour acquires the degree, has shown me that in its pretired shade of blue, consequently here all two moments. Of non-colour, ready, in this authentic chemical process, ready, in this authentic chemical process, squares. This occurred element we are talking about a desired degree in the dations. I have checked, as [preparations of colour, consequently measures] the line of life as energy and have emist has produced blue ultramarine according to his objective measurements, which constructing the graph and at its seems to be the law or norm of intensity for appears as the final spot of this developing movement. The analysis of Suprematism gave me the idea that colour matter is possibly colourless and assumes colour in accordance with various tensions of movement. Painting as colour matter has arrived at a new condition.

From Non-Objectivity. K. Malevich.

Coloured Matter Possibly Colourless

Todd’s [Xotic]

Copies on Mott

What Street can compare with Mott Street?

R. Mutt

Piss and Live piss Mott
VENCE
YELLOWS

From eleven in the morning
from eleven until two or three
in the afternoon until two or three
[the yellow glass] is reflected

[the yellow] is reflected on the white
on the white flooring is reflected
as [an intense lemon yellow]
despite its being despite being
on the window itself
it’s being [a weak yellow]

itself [a weak yellow] reflected
as [an intense lemon yellow]
and its reflection on the white being
surrounded its reflection on
the chapel flooring by a particular
light on the white: a blue
being a blue that I have never
seen before except in the sheen
of butterfly wings as a
particular blue light on the
floor or in the flame of burning
sulphur or the sheen that I have
never seen, blue of butterfly wings
of burning sulphur in the chapel
surrounding [the intense lemon
yellow] of the reflection
I expect many more surprises

There is too much [yellow] verging
[yellow] verges on orange
in the buttercup in [the
yellow] we have and [the blue
-green/ yellow harmony] we have
lacks the subtlety it lacks what
it should derive – a subtlety –
from [the lemon yellow] the subtle
harmony we want from it since
[the buttercup yellow] since
[the yellow] is closer verging
onto the red than onto the green
in the spectrum than the red

MAX ERNST AND THE DREAM OF FAUX MAHOGANY

Finding myself one rainy evening
in a seaside inn, my eye was drawn
to the grooves in the floorboards of my room
grooves deepened by a thousand scrubblings
that at once brought to mind a dream
of faux mahogany phantoms in panels
of my childhood bedroom, a dream that had
become an obsession, so that I then
set about making a series of drawings
by putting sheets of paper on the floor
and rubbing them furiously with black lead.
As I examined the results I was
surprised at the sudden intensification
of my interpretative capacities
and the hallucinatory succession
of contradictory words, phrases and sentences
that superimposed themselves one upon
the other, with the persistence and speed
of sexual recollections.

Hence the procedure of frottage, resting
thus upon nothing more than a mechanical
enhancement of the mind’s susceptibilities
and evading all conscious mental guidance
(of reason, taste, morals), and reducing
to the extreme the action part of the ‘author’
so-called of the work, this procedure is
revealed to be an equivalent, albeit
a rough and ready one, of the method
of the present work. Striving more and more
to restrain my own active participation
in its unfolding and by widening
in this way the active part of the mind’s
hallucinatory faculties
I came to assist as spectator at
the birth of its various parts, from the tenth
of August, nineteen twenty five, memorable
day of the discovery of frottage.
PORTRAIT OF PICABIA

Francis Picabia's a nomad we thought
he goes through ideas the way
one goes through countries and cities
—incessant, says Gertrude Stein—
swallowing abstruse rosellas and
wood pigeons, wolfin down volume
on volume, hanging around high flyers
making love to curious cormorants
and washing one's forearms in alizarin

‘Funny Guy’ Francis Picabia
is an idiot
is a dag
is a pickpocket
is an imbecilic professor
of Spanish

Francis Picabia is to style parliaments
as jumbo jets and jumbos as I don't know
what costly erotic cures for dumbstruck
summoning up plausible ungeants
hologrammatically from the decks of
ocean-going liners, just to get by. Says

he from the pig's back! Or the internal
engines of combustion! Steam heat!
More than him as to ghost writer

of resignation speeches for sticky label
despots never again see the people
he knew and loved, even casual acquaintances
—notorious roué—never put—his word—
the same woman twice in his bed unless
he'd another who cheated on him every
day with a different man. Even so.

Francis Picabia's a wag
He is an idiot
He's a clown
Is not a painter
Is a crazy
Is a Spaniard
Is a professor
Is not serious
Is rich
Is poor.
Take his word
Mondrian’s Composition (1920), as it would have looked if the grey values had been rendered regularly in the film used by Delbo.

I

Chairs, yellow and blue. Who is ‘himself’? What is abnormal? The outer side we understand first. The orange is no good before it is ripe, nor beef before it is ready. What’s the link “‘tween pig and tong”? White-decked tables—carafes—blue siphons—people under the terrace awning and indoors. Pang. A young woman with a pointed hat. ‘Une orange.’ When are we ripe ‘n’ ready? ‘Un café vieux marc.’ A glass wall open: the little restaurant itself open to the sun. A glass of wine knocked over. Spillage. Abnormal only ‘here.’ Orange outside and orange inside. Beef is beef and orange is orange. This workman does not allow himself luxury. Liqueur neutralises wine. The whole framed by evergreens in boxes also green. My blue siphon. Who experiences everything and remains unchanged? The crowd decides. The orange
from outside is other than the orange from inside. A gourmet is a gourmet even in the church of Montrouge. The young woman with a hat puts water in her wine. Inside and outside: the owners and the people asking for an eight-hour day or night (says my *L’Intran*). In winter the restaurant changes again. Of course the taller person sees more. ‘Un petit suise’. Yet a businessman is often a man of very little business and an artist is often very little an artist. This man does not put water in his wine, and takes no liqueur. Icy fingers down the line. Workman and intellectual.

The lace curtain in front of the glass wall pretties up what’s outside: TNAR—UATS—ER, gigantic letters on three large glass panels above the white. Breakage. A car on the left, a perambulator to the right. Just as white inside and out. A man is sometimes a woman and a woman sometimes no woman. Pang. The pharmacy still has carbon naphtole granule and vin de Pepsin Byla. It may be jelly. A family. The words tell their meaning. On the outside: *restaurant*. Both reach their destination. ‘Voila, Monsieur.’ ‘Un boeuf gros set.’ Everything has a remedy and each remedy its disease. ‘Sunday best.’ The ornament on the white below has no special meaning. The evergreens in boxes: neither to the left nor to the right on Palm Sunday. Orange on the white plate on the white napkin. ‘Une pomme dessert.’ The coarse and the fine. Buttermilk helps one’s stomach. I think of ‘Sunday’ in the provinces. It is what it is from both inside and out. Straight up. Purity through one colour and purity through fullness of colours. Spillage. Both are necessary. Where there is nothing, even the king has no rights: there is no buttermilk in Paris. A Parisienne. ‘Une Pomme puree.’ The green shrubs are not palms. Purity by reflection and purity by absorption. Can they take each other’s place? Supplanting. ‘Une banane.’ A beggar. Today sprigs of Boxwood (buis) serve as palms.
Who absorbs purely
and reflects purely?
Each costs money,
Each has value.

The flower seller
doesn’t water her wine
but her flowers in the sun.
‘Une chopine de rouge.’

He is dans la puree.
The buis is blessed
By the church. The orange
a feast in the sun.

‘Elle n’est pas tres bonne,’ the apple is
of little value, yet it
costs money. Her

flowers come from
outside Paris and so
does she. ‘Une religieuse.’
‘Un mendiant.’ The shrubs,

to what do they owe
their blessing? Yet some-
times one fears pure
colour. ‘Deux cafes, deux!’

So does the little woman
with the coeurs a la crème.
‘Quatre sous de pain.’
Better to eat a ‘mendiant’
than to be one. Re-re-re—t-toe-oeh!
White envelope on white
napkin. I see pink
paper again. She has

lunch and does business
with the restaurant. Worse
bread, higher priced, after
the war. Union Centrale—

an archway—des Grandes
Marques. There is the
blessing (heartfelt) of the
green of the shrubs.
10 cts. Horoscope…

a legacy, yet the horoscope
is for a woman, not for me.
A coeur a la crème : a heart
of buttermilk in milk.

Behind the evergreens
On the footpath, people
to the right and people
to the left. A great factory
gate across the way is closed on Sunday.
These chairs, these tables, these dishes, these people — who blesses them? A deaf mute through the green shrub. An automobile. White in white and yet not the same.

Most to the night. On Sunday who is 'open'? Three men with palms. Pink paper: Horoscope.

A Sunday hat blows off. Buttermilk in Paris! 'Voici, monsieur' 'Merci, mademoiselle.'

A woman trolley conductor. The flower seller also has palms.

Re-re-re-re-h-h
—Montrouge—St. August -in in red on yellow. I feel the wind along

the glass screen (slip stream) behind me. We find the same everywhere in different form. On the right the Metro and also the Barriere. The green shrubs leave an opening. Lace curtains.

A widow, a child, a decorated soldier all with palms. The deaf mute hears no noise from outside. The sun is shining and the wind is cold. Streamers colours feel ings. Many coeurs a la crème take the place of liqueurs and medicines. The Barriere leads out and the Metro leads in.

Two soldiers. How did the soldiers earn their palms? Does he hear from within? The good and the bad together.
The liqueurs and the medicines in turn replace many ‘hearts.’
Left are the church of Montrouge and the city.
Everything has its ‘sphere.’
A poet without a palm.
‘Du pain s’il vous plaît.’

‘Je vous donne mon cœur’—she has many of them, la bonne femme. For a long time Montrouge was beyond the Barrière. Restaurant, things and men. Two ladies with palms and parasols.
‘Merci madame.’ The sun is shining on the flower carts, on the oranges, on the avenue. ‘Ma fille!’
Bing-bang—bing-bang—Montrouge church is still where it was.

III

One thing at the expense of another. People like to protect themselves. Everyone talks.

A poster across the way: Fabrique de sommiers.
At one time she had just one heart. Black silhouettes behind the green shrubs from outside, is that why they speak? The factory is necessary like the restaurant. The couple over there are sharing one coeur a la crème. The sun shines equally on the dark figures of people—darker on Sunday than on other days—and on white tables—whiter on Sunday than on other days. Flower barrows by the footpath.
The dove of the Ark carried such a green branch. The deaf-mute sees well enough.
Behind me, through the glass, a bit of the fortifications—posters to the fore. The petit trottin has two coeurs a la crème. On working days it is different at this hour. All the same. Barrows with apples. ‘Merci madame.’

‘L’addition, s’il vous plaît.’ Does he see more? Behind the fortifications apaches asleep on the grass. The foreigner over there is eating his coeur a la crème all alone. An hour later, again different. Barrows with oranges. Montrouge—Gare de l’est

—Gare de l’est—Montrouge in red on yellow. Rhoe-aeh-hae! One is not yet out of the city. A soldier. No people: chairs, tables, carafes, siphons are again ‘themselves.’ Barrows everywhere. Coming and going. This automobile he does not see. Apache, city, police: each exists through the others. He has a coeur a la crème? Who is ‘himself?’

‘Caisse.’ Ebb and flow. ‘Qu’est-ce que vous prenez, madame?’ The avenue runs on beyond the Barriere. A coeur a la crème is not only soft but also white. Pang. The ‘caisse’ is still operating—thanks to money. Both the trams alike but their content is different. The fille de sale is not deaf-mute. At night, not individuals. ‘Vous avez terminez, monsieur?’ A glass of wine is knocked over. Breakage. Heads and hats above evergreens. Taller ones. Outside, a child is spelling: A-lee-san-dre. The orange

was deaf-mute. Beef. Only the crowd is moving but the avenue is alive. Chairs, yellow and blue. Who
experiences everything and stays unchanged? Evergreens about as tall as the normal man. From this inside I see erdmannela

on the flap of the terrace awning against the light. Which 'speaks' most? A freight train is running on the tram tracks: with produce. White -decked tables—the carafes—blue siphons—people, under the terrace awning and indoors. In winter the restaurant changes again. What is normal? But is not Hebrew. My boeuf bourguignon was also deaf-mute.

Words tell their meaning on the outside: RESTAURANT. Who is normal? The word is changed but some of the letters have not. But differently. Yet this hard-to-find link 'between pig and tong' in orange. Inside and outside: the owners and the people asking for an eight-hour day or night (says L’Intran in my hands). Ornament on the white has special meaning.

Without provisions, no city, no restaurant. The glass wall open: the little restaurant opens itself to the sun. The lace curtain in front of the glass wall, scribblings over: TNAR—UATS—ER, gigantic letters on the three glass panels above the white. 'Un bifteck aux pommes.' 'Alexandre' reversed. Yet it too 'spoke.' Everything is linked. The whole bordered by evergreens in boxes that also are green. Outside. It must be jelly. The French are not tall: in England the hedge would have to be taller. Who is the same from the inside and from above? The orange was orange and the beef was brown. 'Un café vieux marc'. Worker and intellectual. It is
what it is, both from inside
and out. That soldier over there
comes above it, so does that
lady and so does that priest.

From the inside. The green.
And yet each letter stays
itself: inside meaning streaming,
I would not have liked

either the other way around.
This workman does not indulge:
liqueur changes wine. A family.
‘Une pomme purée.’ A little man

with a stiff leg is near me.
Yet the outward remains the inward—
the outward is made up of
the inward and the inward

of the outward. ‘Une blanquette
de veau!’ The young woman puts
water, the young man puts water
in his wine, yet takes no liqueur.
This book has been published primarily as a gift to my wife, family, and the following friends:

Jim Allen
Stephen and Jan Bambury
Alex Calder and Sarah Sheiff
Trish Clark
Phil Dadson
Leigh and Susan Davis
Tony Green
Roger Horrocks
William and Felicity Somerville

And is dedicated to the memory of Jackson Maclow 1922–2004
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