

FIRSTly: There is this pamphlet which began my bookwork
in 1986.

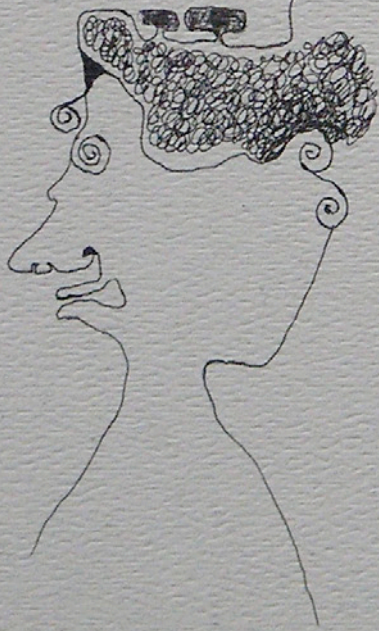
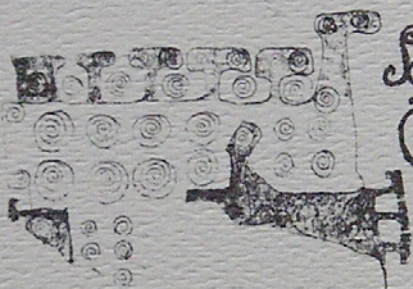
RED "RED" RED " "



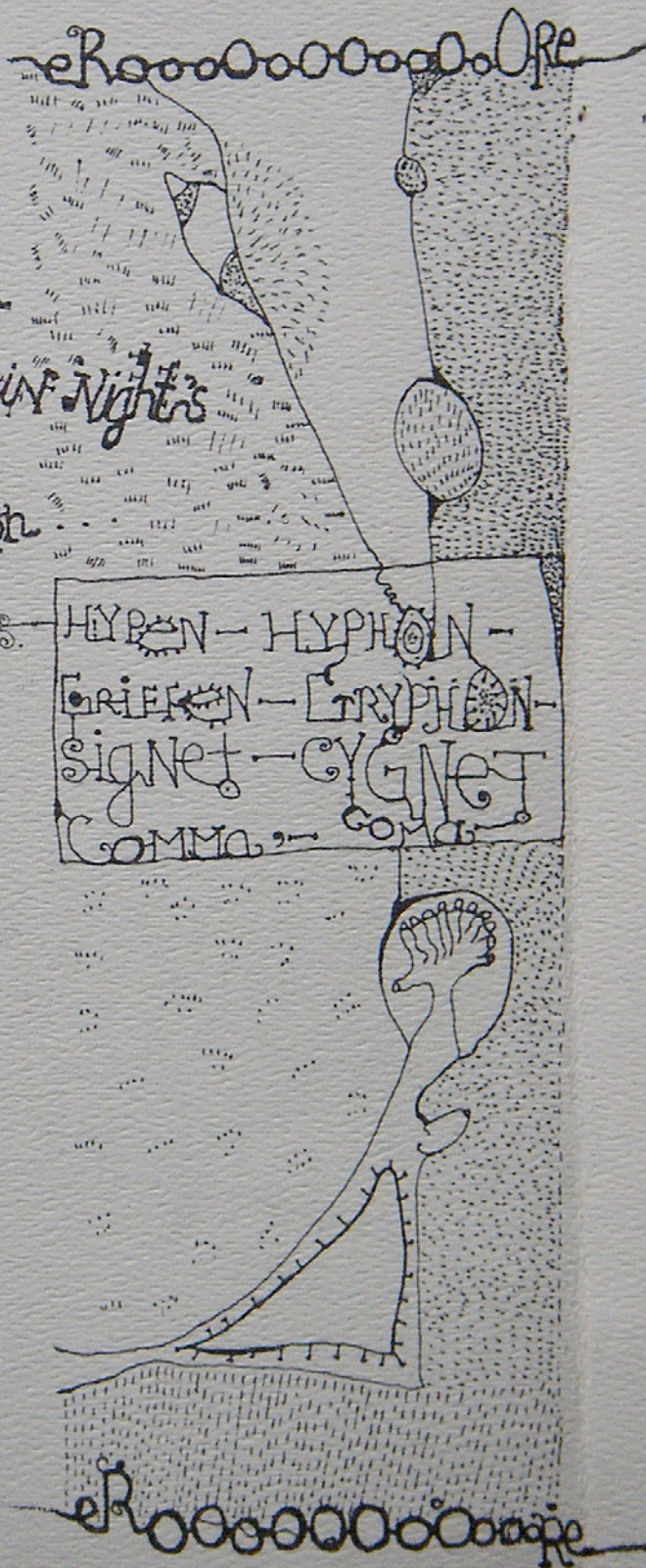
It is side down-up and up-side
down. The mirror

LOST LOVES APPEAR
AND DISAPPEAR IN NIGHT'S

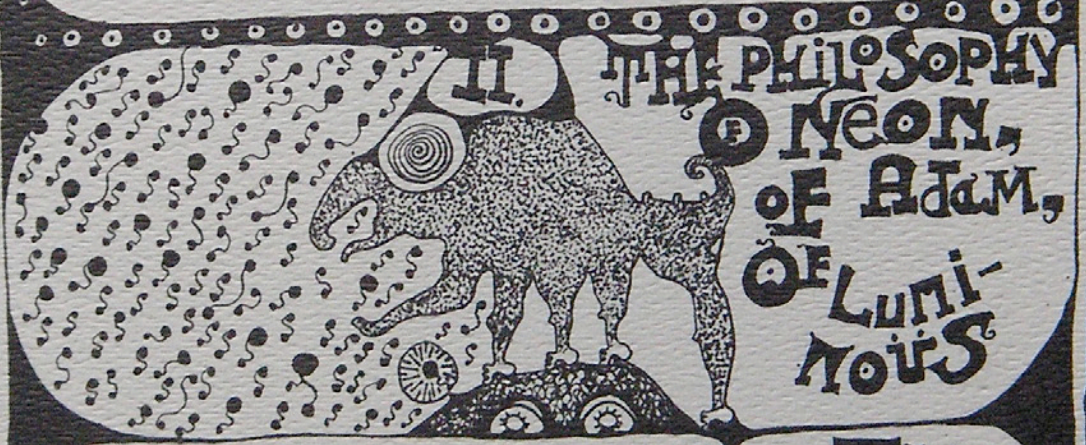
SOFT
COCON



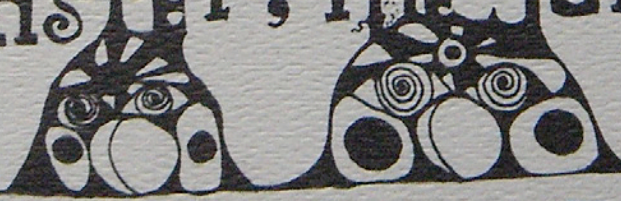
P.S. HYPHEN - HYPHON -
ERIEEN - ERYPHON -
SIGNET - CYGNET
COMMA - COMA



I
... AND THE MOON, IT IS SIDE-DOWN-
UP AND UP-SIDE-DOWN... IS THE
CYST'S TON SILS, IT'S BEING,
AND THIS BEING; THE CYST'S
TONS... PHUSE, PAUS...
[MOON-SOUNDS: ♪♪]



HAS BUTT ONE CHILD, THE
MONSTER, THE SUN...



AND IT'S WHORE, IT'S HAR-
LOT, IT'S SLUT, THE EAR...
THE EARTH..

THE DOG OF THE APES...

...the Ape and his kind, his kindred were concerned. There was born unto their herd a stranger. A kind not their kind. It was ear'd instead of measeau'd. It was fleet of foot and breath instead of buoyant of limb and quick of teeth and eye. They knew not the name for this creature of the creature which was the womb of their thought, their travels, their uterus', their screams and their cries in the dark molten green trees that stank of the always ripe and unestable fruits. They screamed their laughter into the fruits, and into the fruits of themselves as soon as it was born unto them. Their ridicule of it was the gung that they left living with the expressions on the living grasses, which was rid from their bodies by the very contractions of their muscles to make the sneer and faces of ridicule. And in it's happening they found themselves no longer as all together the same as the fruits, always ripe, perennially ripe, but cleansed and now full. They turned and made noise and rejoice, and pronounced the new-coming-birth in their tribe 'GOD', as the word was the word of words in their brains, and they themselves knew it true for now in the vacuum'd and evacuated bellies of themselves which so resembled their minds they were able to stuff and gorge in more of the sensuous, earthy dew-fruits which were so odious and loved by them, the living, think-fruits of the forest where there is always some blackness and always the wetness of the FEMALES, and of the females. And so gorged they hung from their tails which were split into two, like their tongues

from the great thick bloods which filled their bodies, and this blood's pressure and richness, and saw that the word said was mistaken, and was in it's own actual 'DOG', and in this way they themselves became fruit of the forest.



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1986.