



16

MAD QUEEN

TIRADES

by

HARRY CROSBY

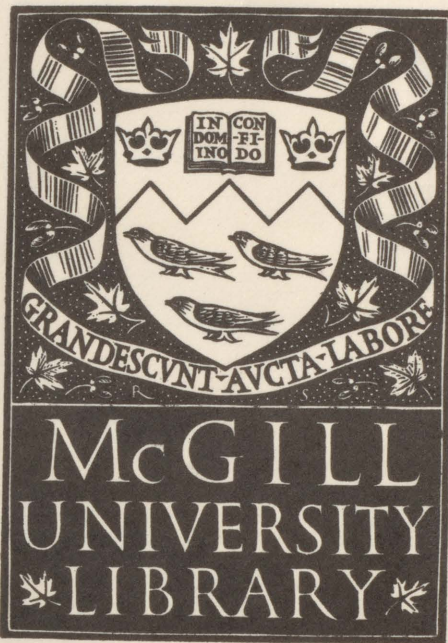
THE BLACK SUN PRESS

ÉDITIONS NARCISSE

RUE CARDINALE

PARIS

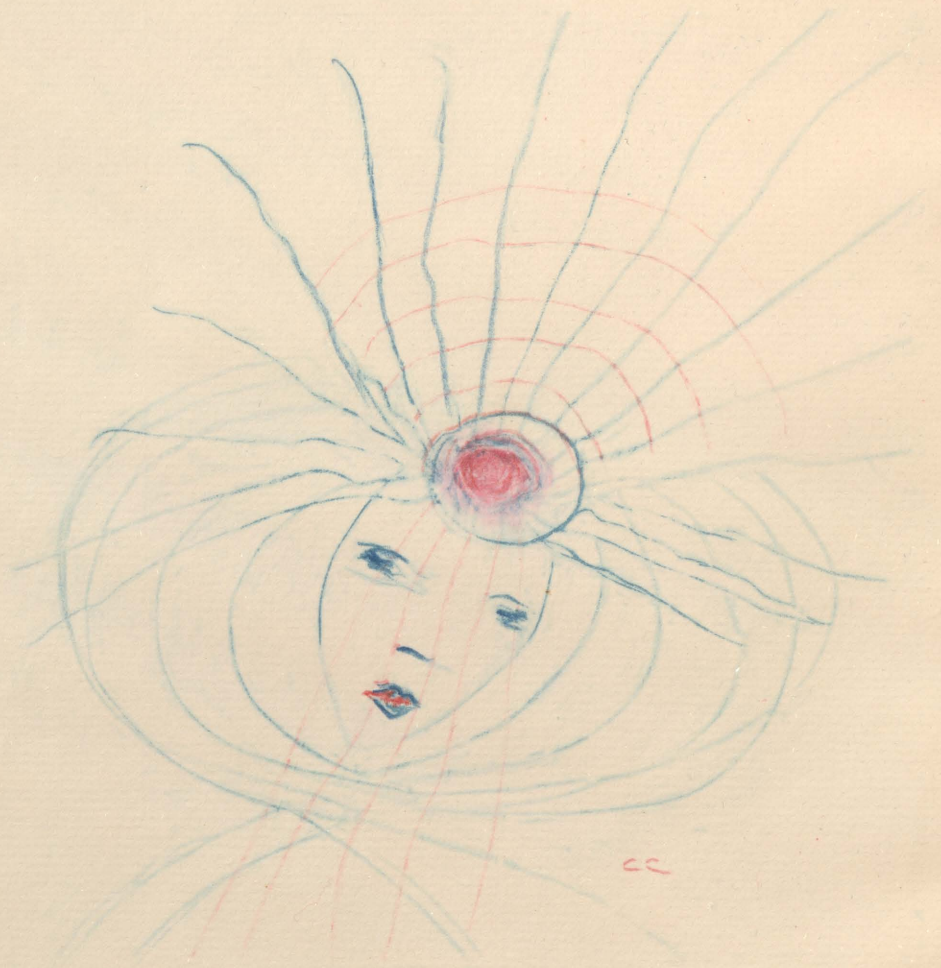
MCMXXIX



MAD QUEEN

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RED QUEEN

TRADES

BY CROSBY

THE BLACK HILL PRESS
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1900
MCM



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MAD QUEEN

TRADES

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THE BLACK SUN PRESS
RUE CARDINAL
PARIS
MCMXXII

for

T. N. T.

" never soe mad a ladye "



101
T. N. T.
"Secret and safe as lead"

"Speak to me not of love
I have a Madness of my own."

Virgil Geddes

"These hot days is the mad blood stirring."

Romeo and Juliet

"Babylon hath been a golden cup in the Lord's
hand, that made all the earth drunken : the
nations have drunken of her wine ; therefore
the nations are mad."

The Bible

"Speak to me not of love
I have a Mabius of my own"

Virgil Giddes

"These hot days is the mad blood stirring"
Romeo and Juliet

"Hedylon hath been a golden cup in the Lord's
hand that made all the earth drunken : the
nations have drunken of her wine : therefore
the nations are mad"

The Bible

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Sun-Testament
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Empty Bed Blues
Sun-Death
Assassin
Telephone Directory
In Madness
Aeronautics
Infuriate

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Sun-Death
Assassin
Telephone Directory
In Madness
Aeronautes
Infurcate

STUD BOOK

Mad Queen by Sunstroke out of Storm Queen

Amon Ra	Sunstar	Sunfire	Sunstroke	M A D Q U E E N
Star of the East				
Torchbearer	Fire Crest	Trinitrotoluol	Storm Queen	
Transit of Venus				
Madman	Mad Hatter	Storm Queen		
Sunbonnet				
Heliogabalus	Intolerance	Storm Queen		
La Moqueuse				
Catapult	Rimbaud	Bateau Ivre	Storm Queen	
La Flamme				
Gin Cocktail	Ivresse	Storm Queen		
Corybante				
Orlando Furioso	Fanatic	Vierge Folle	Storm Queen	
Parabola				
Man in the Moon	Enchanteress	Storm Queen		
Circe				

HELIOGRAPH

(Self-Portrait)

Omens and Astrology.

A desert flat and undisturbed, stupid and forlorn. Sunless. A caravan of failures. Pons Asinorum and the Feast of the Ass and revolt against standardized American childhood.

War and Violence.

Catapults and Torches and the first stray thrusts of Sun into the Soul. Bombardments and Bordels. Heraldry and High Walls. Too rigid to crumple but not too strong to fracture.

Post-War Depression.

Extensive swamps formed by alcohol stagnating in the brain. Away from the gregariousness of the elephant towards the singleness of the hawk.

Omens and Astrology.

From Fog to Sun. Leaves and Inflorescence. Four columns of red marble. The scorification method. Love-Madness. Torchbearer and the complete entrance of Sun into Soul. Sunfire.

Boa-Constrictor

through the thick grass. Red Skeletons. Silver Scar by Silver Image and Cicatrix. Reculer pour mieux

avancer. The beaten forces were at last withdrawn safely into the Island.

The Primitive Method of strengthening the soul by dropping red-hot sunstones into it. Rimbaud and Van Gogh. Counter-Attack. Turbulence. Chariot of the Sun.

The Mad Queen. The violent state of fusion. Her Sun tattooed on my back. The bold progressive march to the Sun. Multiplication of Madness. Anarchism. I lay Siege to the Sun.

INVOCATION TO THE MAD QUEEN

I would you were the hollow ship
fashioned to bear the cargo of my love
the unrelenting glove
hurled in defiance at our blackest world
or that great banner mad unfurled
the poet plants upon the hill of time
or else amphora for the gold of life
liquid and naked as a virgin wife.

Yourself the Prize
I gird with Fire
The Great White Ruin
Of my Desire.

I burn to gold
fierce and unerring as a conquering sword
I burn to gold
fierce and undaunted as a lion lord
seeking your Bed
and leave to them the
burning of the dead.

HILL OF THE FORESKINS

what was the moment of coition like ?

come Zariba let down your gates
turn turtle all you captives of the flesh

square suns
walled in by darkness from the crypt
young bodies stripped to make a
 mock of time
toy beauty dipped in feral wine

bones buried in the Wood
bones buried in the gold of Sun
bones buried in the very gates of War
(great searching of the gates)

impatient earthquake
shuffles all the pack
redeal the reds the golds the blacks

birdlike and blackened
secret as a door
sharp knives to stallion
through a forest floor
(great searching of the gates)
floodgates

the day is done
and I can feel the pebbles
in my hand
crumble and crumble
to a beach of sand
whereon you walk

(yet do they prance in
circumcision round the pole
stride over mountain Tops
gurgle the rising Tide)

and so he died (Apollo)

and if a slender boat
should anchor near the Sun
would mad queens madly run
(girdles undone)
or would they come
black scaffolds to the Sun ?

TARGET FOR DISGUST

I curse you Boston
City of Hypocrisy
City of Flatulence
(with your constipated laws)
Unclean City
(with your atlantic monthlies
and your approaching
change of life)

I curse you

in the name of Aknaton I curse you
in the name of Rimbaud I curse you
in the name of Van Gogh I curse you

your belly is a nest of worms
your breasts tubercular
you have a falling of the womb
you are an ulcer on the
face of the earth
leprous

hogs vomit when they approach you
City of Stink-Stones
City of Dead Semen
with your Longfellows and your Lowells

there is no Aphrodisiac can revive you
it is too late

there is no Phallus can stir
you to madness
it is too late
too late for you too cleanse
yourself with Sun
Aphelion

City of Tea Rooms
whose beverage is
the water of the Dead Sea
whose food is Salt Peter
and the Juices of Cod

City of Invalids
City of Fetid Breath
walled in by shadow
Sunless

your Libraries are clogged
with Pamphlets and Tracts
but of Ulysseses
you have none
but of Gertrude Steins
you have none
but of Maldorors
you have none

your Churches are crowded
with Sabbatarians
but of Prophets
you have none

but of Fanatics
 you have none
but of Sun-Gods
 you have none

you are an Abomination
 Unphallic City of Pulp
and I would rather defile a
 dead body than uncover
 your nakedness
and I would rather spill out
 my seed upon the ground
 than come near to you
and I would rather dwell
 in the volcanos of hell
than dwell in your midst

 City of Swan-Boats
 City of Frog-Ponds
you are an Abomination
a perpetual sore
a target for disgust
and in the name of
 the Sun
 and the Moon
 and the Stars
and in the name of the Mad Queen
 I curse you
Boston City of Hypocrisy.

HOUSE OF RA

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

on the first Family Hotel
in the finest position
on the River Nile
(views of the Pyramids from every window)

on the recently remodernated
333 beds

on the fifteenth century court
in the interior of the Hotel

on the Salle à Manger
of the Hotel

on the Délice des Gourmets
on the Crème de Gigolette Germiny
on the Loup de Nile Grillé
on the Pommes Perlées
(they were pearls that were his eyes)
on the Dondines de Behague à la Régence
on the Asperges Géantes
(sauce neige)
on the Cailles de Vignes sur Croutons
on the Tournedos Béatrice

on the Salade à la Citronnelle
on the Corbeille de Pomone
on the Anges à Cheval
on the Café Egyptien
(" Si ce que tu manges ne te grise pas
c'est que tu n'avais pas assez faim. ")

on the Steam Laundry
of the Hotel

on the ladies' chemises plain
on the ladies' nightgowns plain
on the ladies' pyjamas plain
on the ladies' drawers plain

on the ladies' chemises silk
on the ladies' nightgowns silk
on the ladies' pyjamas silk
on the ladies' drawers silk

on the morning gowns
on the dressing jackets
on the corsets
on the corset-covers
on the petticoats
on the blouses
on the dresses
on the gloves

on the gentlemen's shirts plain
on the gentlemen's shirts with cuffs

on the gentlemen's shirts flannel
on the gentlemen's shirts silk
on the gentlemen's night-shirts

on the flannel waistcoats
on the flannel jackets
on the flannel trousers
on the white waistcoats
on the white jackets
on the white trousers

on the collars
on the cuffs
on the neckties
on the drawers
on the vests
on the belts
on the handkerchiefs

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

through the windows
of the Museum
at Cairo

(" Stolen are all their things,
that are under their heads,
While they know it not ")

upon Amenophis Fourth
King of Upper and Lower Egypt

Lord of the Two Lands
and upon his Beloved Queen
Mistress of the Two Lands
Nefer-nefru-Aton-Nofretete

on the red crown of Lower Egypt
on the white crown of Upper Egypt
on the united crown of Upper and Lower Egypt
on the blue crown of the King

upon you upon me
upon the glass cases A. B. C. D.
upon the brick-colored statue of Ti
(it is forbidden to climb on the statue)

upon the Sacred Bark
of the Temple of Ptah
upon the Sarcophagus
of the Prince Kamasekhen

upon the statue of Khepfren
(builder of the second pyramid)
upon Ra-Harkate and upon Amon-Ra

upon one of the Lean Men of Meir
upon one of the Fat Men of Meir
upon one of the Lean Men of New York
upon one of the Fat Men of New York

upon the dwarf Hapu
upon the dog Nibú

upon the god Monthu
(in the form of a bull)

upon the lion-headed Sekmet
upon the scorpion-headed Selkis
upon the baboon-headed Thout
upon the ibis-headed Thout
upon the cat-headed Bast

upon two prisoners tied back to back
(the feet and eyes are missing)
upon a dancing girl
upon a king charging
upon a slave carrying a jar
(two little princesses kissing)

upon the Shepley Fire Extinguishers
(to play : turn bottom up
to stop : turn back)
upon the Prenez Garde à la Peinture
upon the Photography Prohibited
upon the Smoking Strictly Forbidden
upon the Please Do Not Touch
 upon the Ladies
 upon the Gentlemen
(no charge is made for the cloak room)

upon the Défense de Fumer
upon the Défense de Toucher
upon the Défense de Cracher

upon the Défense de Dessiner et
de Photographier dans cette Salle
(la tenue de soirée est de rigueur)

upon the front steps of the Museum
in my ears
in my eyes
in my flesh
in my nostrils

O Sun I in to you
the arrow of my soul
(under the sharp point
that pierces the flesh)

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

on the Pyramids and Palms
on the Step Pyramid at Sakkara
on the Unknown Pyramid of Beyond
on the Unknown Pyramid that stands
between the body and the soul

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

on the Luxor Winter Palace
on the View from the Winter Palace
on the Nile

on the Valley of the Kings
on the Tombs of the Kings
on the Valley of the Queens
on the Tombs of the Queens
on the Valley of my Heart
on the Tombs of my Heart

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

on the Gentleman keeping Ramadan
(mais c'est mon devoir Monsieur)
on the Lady with a private Dragoman
(mais c'est mon devoir Madame)

on the lady carrying her husband's pith helmet
on the husband carrying his wife's fly whisk

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

on the Frank Cruises
on the Boring Cruises
on the Frankly Boring Cruises
on the Great Nile Flotilla of the Frankly

Boring Cruises

on the Steamers continuing South
on the Steamers continuing North
on the Steamers (Weaknesses)
continuing away from the Sun
on the Felûkas (Strongnesses)
continuing into the Sun

on the Paddle Wheel Steamers
on the New Stern-Wheel Steamers
on the Private Steamers and Dahabeeyahs
on the Passenger and Cargo Vessels
on the Yachts
on the Barges
and among the Yellow Bulbuls

on a dining Saloon of a Nile Steamer
(spacious windows afford
uninterrupted views of the
varied life of the Nile while
meals are in progress)
on the Centre Deck of a Nile Steamer
(where coffee and afternoon tea
are usually served)
on a Corner of a Drawing Room on a Nile Steamer
(this room is provided with a library
of standard art works on Egypt)

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

on A History of the Egyptian People
on Sex Life in Ancient Egypt
on Social Life in Modern Egypt

on the Life and Times of Aknaton
on the Life and Times of Cleopatra

on the Problem of the Obelisks
on the Glory of the Pharaohs
on the Tombs of the Queens

on the Sands of Sakkara
on the Secret of the Sahara

on Madeleine of the Desert
on the Dwellers in the Desert

on the Dwellers on the Nile
on A Thousand Miles up the Nile

on Egyptian Birds
on Egyptian Hieroglyphics and Words

on Egyptian Self-Taught
on the Elementary Egyptian Grammar
on A Concise Dictionary of Egyptian Archaeology

on the Ritual of the King
on the Ritual of the Queen
on the Book of the Pyramids
on the Book of the Dead

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

on a single cabin of a Nile Steamer
on the single bedstead cabins
(all fitted with hot and cold running water)

on a single cabin of a Nile Steamer
with private bathroom
on a double cabin with private bathroom
on the higher priced bridal suite
engaged by special arrangement

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

through the porthole
of the bathroom
of the bridal suite
(si prega di non gettare rifiuti
nel vaso)
(prière de ne pas jeter des rebuts
dans les closets)
(kindly abstain from throwing obstructing
things into the basin)

through the porthole
of the sitting room
of the bridal suite

through the porthole
of the bedroom
of the bridal suite

through the portholes (eyes)
of the bride
of the bridal suite
("tous les souvenirs immondes s'effacent")

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

on the Sun-Deck
on the Main-Deck
on the Promenade Deck
on the Glass-Enclosed Observation-Deck

on the Passengers booked for Aswan and the
Second Cataract

on the Passengers accompanied by a Private
Dragoman

on the Passengers wishing to cancel their Passages

on the Competent Courier in Plain Clothes
on the Dragoman in his Native Clothes
on the Native Boys in their No Clothes
on the Debutante in her Underclothes

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

on the fitting beauties of the Nile
on the stately dignity of the Western Plain
on the picturesque groves of Palm Trees
on the stately Lebbakah-Trees

on the white sail of a felûka
on the white skirts (short) of Lady Petrouschka
on white sands
on her white hands
(whiter than white sands)

on the graves of Roman soldiers
on rock graves
on old Arab graves
on the graves of crocodiles

on the Little Sun-Temple of Amada
on the Temple of the Lions
on the Temple of Ramases in the House of Ra
on the old Temple of Ombos
on the gods of Ombos
on the lord of the right half of the Temple
 (the crocodile-headed Sobek)
on the lord of the left half of the Temple
 (the falcon-headed Horus)
on the queen of the right half of my Heart
 (the Lady Cramoisy)
on the queen of the left half of my Heart
 (the Queen Nofretetete)

on the temple precincts
on the subterranean staircase
on the abandoned cistern
on the red sandstone
on the mummies of the sacred crocodiles
on the mummies of my buried youth
on the ruins of the town
 (now buried in sand)
on the ruins of my heart
 (in Lady Petrouschka's hand)

on the Hathor of Dendera
on the Horus of Edfu
on the Harkate of Abu Simbel

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

on the Nile Steamer approaching Aswan
on the Ancient City of Elephantine
on the Nilometer of the Ancient City of

Elephantine

on the Modern Necropolis
on the Besharin Village
on the Cataract Hotel
(be at home away from home)

on the swarms of felûkas
on the swarms of flies
on the swarms of dragomen
on the swarms of tourists

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

on the Caravan to the Red Sea
on the Caravan to the Red Sun

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

on the Aswan-Cairo Express
(Compagnie Internationale des

Wagons Lits et des Grands Express
Africaines)

through the windows
of the wagon-restaurant
of the Aswan-Cairo Express
(ne laissez pas les enfants
jouer avec la serrure)
through the windows
of a drawing room
on the Aswan-Cairo Express
(sous le lavabo se trouve un vase)

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

Soli Soli Soli.

HORSE RACE

Heliopolis Park Chart

(By The Associated Press)

Thursday January Seventeenth Seventh Day

Weather Clear Track Fast

Fourth Race The Sunfire Stakes

One Hundred Thousand Dollars and a Gold Cup

All Ages A Mile and a Furlong

1 Mad Queen

2 Infuriate

3 Firecracker

4 Rackarock

Also Ran : Agitator Inebriate Detonator Loop
the Loop Red Flag Cannoncracker The Lunatic
Infuriate Incendiary Hurricane Feu d'Artifice
Thundercrash Folâstre Wild Party Turmoil
Typhoon The Suicide Whirlwind Storm Cloud
The Anarchist Nymphomaniac.

Scratched : Safety First Sobriety Keep off the
Grass. Dolly Doldrums Equanimity Law Enfor-
cement. Senility The Sentimentalist Wet Blanket.
The Eunuch Watch Your Step Weak Sister.

Start Good Won Driving Place Same. Winner by
Sunstroke out of Storm Queen. Jockey H. H.
Maniak Trainer Eugene Winner. Owner Lord
Sun. Time 0.21.4, 0.22, 0.22.2, 0.24.

Up To Win In Last Stride

Mad Queen on the outside worked up fast and closing gamely was up to win in the last stride. Infuriate was pinched back on the turn but came again and finished fast. Firecracker was in close quarters all the way. Rackarock ran a good race. Nymphomaniac was last.

ENQUÊTE
TUMULTS AND CHANCES

Why do you prefer to live outside America ?

I prefer to live outside America
because in America the Stars were all suffocated
inside
because I do not wish to devote myself to perpetual
hypocrisy
because outside America there is nothing to
remind me of my childhood
because I prefer perihelion to aphelion
because I love flagons of wine
because I am an enemy of society and here I can
hunt with other enemies of society
because I want to be in at the death (of Europe)
because I like tumults and chances better than
security
because I prefer transitional orgasms to atlantic
monthlies
because I am not coprophagous
because I would rather be an eagle gathering
sun than a spider gathering poison
because by living outside of America New York
can still remain for me the City of a Thousand
and One Nights
because the Rivers of Suicide are more inviting
than the Prairies of Prosperity
because I prefer Mad Queens to Mild Virgins

PERIHELION AND APHELION

How do you envisage the spiritual future of America in the face of a dying Europe and in the face of a Russia that is adopting the American economic vision ?

In the pagan unafraidness of a Girl
and because she is unafraid

Chaste

and because she is constant to her desires

Chaste

but the men are afraid and
self-righteous

and disordered in their minds

and weak

and sunless

and dry as eunuchs

FIREBRAND

What is your feeling about the revolutionary spirit of your age, as expressed, for instance, in such movements as communism, surrealism, anarchism ?

The revolutionary spirit of our age (as expressed by communism, surrealism, anarchism, madness) is a hot firebrand thrust into the dark lantern of the world.

In Nine Decades

a Mad Queen shall be born.

CHARIOT WHEEL

What particular vision do you have of yourself in relation to twentieth century reality ?

In relation to twentieth century reality and by reality I mean the real under-the-surface reality of our age I have the vision of myself as a Spoke in the Wheel of this reality moving

away from Weakness
toward Strength
away from Civilized Sordidness
toward Barbaric Splendor
away from Whimpering
toward Explosions
away from Ashes
toward Fire
away from Sour Milk
towards Straight Gin
away from Shame
toward Nakedness
away from Canaries
toward Lions
away from Mesquinerie
toward Madness
away from School Girls
toward Mad Queens
away from Plural
toward Singular
away from Moon
toward Sun.

SUNSTROKE

each Color changed her dress
and notions difficult to dream
(when pencils play their
parts preponderous)
tanged Sunward
with ladies proferring
their breasts

no yeast suggests the
ruffled tenor of the
dragoman
who wishes on the hay
one last encounter
irrelevant of pause
(why change her drawers
to make the rhyme
less difficult to see)

the soot on ivory carpets
mongol-colored in the brain
the bitter rain
beyond the destination
of the heart
beyond the destination
of the brain

beyond the destination
of the brain

the sleeping goat-bugs
know not any avatar
and where the Russian
orifice is samovar
there Red Sea Rimbaud
guards his Aden Caravan
and Verlaine trembles
to the touch of trains

it rains

it rains

to mourn the ocean giants
buried deep
among the rankled seaweed
sharp with frost (aerial)

here buttercups shall
robin out the thread
that led beyond the
furcoat pleasures of a night
here gopher lights
shall fall and crawl
from one small suitcab
built for two

and now the shell holes
dwindle into fences
white as cherry lit with
snow

or carcassoned in
strength unyoked to

ivory plants that
turquoise airily to sea
(the waves are paper
bags to burst)

up that great Step to Sun
(zythum to aardvark
and back again)
here xebecs tell of toadstools
tabled out in pride
here xebecs tell of one lost bride
whose solaced eyes once
wept
to see the bursting parasols
migrate
between the two necessities of life

(and if her tossing hair
should catch
upon an edge of cloud)

and hearts in fear inurned
murmur her name
and dream sharp arrows
squeezed to stick upon
the Targe of Sun

or play at proposition
with the maid who gilly-gillies to the
S of mountain
railroad tracks

or rides astride their backs
voluptual as books in June
and in my bed
the Mad Queen lies
the Mad Queen of the bedroom eyes
the Idol I idolatrize

Color explodes
where once the feet of
Tripod Time danced wantonly
to bugle notes
(of unremembered telephones)
queer Goya tailcoats
sneezing into soot
queer rabbits falling
from the Flagpole of the year
and breasts spurt flowers
cramoisy and dark
and nestling turtledoves
are seen through fog
beyond the crow-black roads

Color Explodes
and if a proper noun
invigorates our teeth
can we not say
Black Black
I wake to Sun !

SUNRISE

I have seen the sun rise, a red ball of flame,
above the tents of the nomad shepherds encamped
on the grey face of the Sahara.

And I have seen him rise bright-orange over
Provence to the song of the parting of lovers at
the warning of the watchman.

Bronze-copper above the huge blocks of stone
forming themselves into walls at the sound of
machinery's lyre

(and this is the city they call New York).

And I have watched him creep red and carni-
vorous over the bare hills of Verdun

(and the shrapnel were the stars exploding)
up over the cannon with their tongues of flame ;
up over the wounded in the forward entrench-
ments ;
up over the dead.

I have seen him rise silver and red over the
chalk cliffs of Etretat, as we ran naked down the
hill to the beach

orange-sulphur over the railroad tracks at
Budapest

(and the long screech of the Orient Express was
the sharp color of the sun)

a delicate green above the emerald mines near
the Red Sea

or silvery-blue over the bricks and minarets of
Damascus.

And I have looked at him rise — a patch of
crimson over the red and black funnels of the
Berengaria a thousand miles out to sea

or a wingèd disk, dark-purple, over the inun-
dations of the Nile,

glassy and brittle over rivers stocked with rainbow-
colored fish

papilionaceous above the woodnymphs as they
bathed in the silver waters of the fountain,

and once red-gold over Aphrodite rising from
the sea.

I have seen him climb over weathercocks and
steeples,

over roads and aqueducts,

over wet meadows and marshes,

fugitive above the narrow streets of the city,

yellow-banded through the girders of iron bridges

and winter-red in December over the frozen
harbor at Antwerp.

And I have seen the sun rise in paintings by
Van Gogh,

in poems by Rimbaud,

in Brancousi marbles

and in the symphonies of Stravinski.

I have watched him soar unfettered like a
giant moth over the great sun-temple of Baalbek
(where a gold coin was my offering to the god)
and above the bones of skeletons bleaching in the
wilderness,

or silver-spotted over the perpetual snowfields
of the North.

over horses and gold,
over rivers swift and unnavigable
(and the river sands are auriferous)
over the sunken land off the Cornish coast,
over columns of red sandstone,
over the sacred and sepulchral temples of the
East.

And I have felt him rise brown and shy to fleet
like a fugitive gazelle across the sands of my
brain,
hyacinth-red above the walls and cisterns of my
soul,

naked over the orchards of my desire,
gold and flamboyant over the dark forest of my
heart.

These suns I have seen
all these and many more,
all these I have gathered to burn in my soul
all these I have burned to embers
(charred smeech of frankincense),

and now they are meaningless
uninterpretable
frail tissues that have vanished into smoke

And I brush them aside with my thoughts as one
brushes aside with one's foot the leaves in the
woods in late Autumn

(how quickly these are forgotten)
that I, fearless, may turn
to look deep into the mad gold of your eyes
where I shall see reflected
Twin Suns
that like dark flowers
open and rise.

SUN-TESTAMENT

I, The Sun, Lord of the Sky, sojourning in the Land of Sky, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make publish and declare the following to be my Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all other wills, codicils and testamentary dispositions by me at any time heretofore made.

FIRST, I hereby direct and elect that my estate shall be administered and my will construed and regulated and the validity and effect of the testamentary dispositions herein contained determined by the Laws of the Sky.

SECOND, I give and bequeathe absolutely to my wife the Moon, four octrillion centuries of sun-rays this legacy to have priority over all other legacies and bequests and is to be free from any and all legacy, inheritance, transfer, successions, taxes or duties whatsoever, said taxes or duties to be borne by my estate.

THIRD, I give and bequeathe the sum of one million centuries of sun-rays net free from any and all legacy, inheritance, transfer succession taxes or duties whatsoever, said taxes or duties to be borne by my estate, to my Executors, to be used for the erecting of an Obelisk to the Sun.

FOURTH, I give and bequeath to my beloved wife the Moon my assortment of sunstones, my sun-yacht that for many aeons has navigated the sea of clouds, together with my collection of butterflies which are the souls of women caught in my golden web and my collection of red arrows which are the souls of men caught in my golden web.

FIFTH, I give and bequeathe to my sons and daughters the stars : my mirror the ocean and my caravan of mountains, and to my favorite daughter the Star of the East the banner crackling from my topmost pinnacle.

SIXTH, I give and bequeathe to Aurora Goddess of the Dawn a sunrise trumpet and a girdle of clouds.

SEVENTH, I give and bequeathe to my daughter Pasiphæ wife of King Minos of Crete and mother of the Minotaur my herd of oxen.

EIGHTH, I give and bequeathe to the planet Venus all my eruptive prominences whether in spikes or jets or sheafs or volutes in honor of her all-too-few transits.

NINTH, I give and bequeathe to Lady Vesuvius a sunbonnet, a palace of clouds and the heart she once hurled up to me.

TENTH, I give and bequeathe to the Sun-Goddess Rat the Lady of Heliopolis my portrait by Van Gogh.

ELEVENTH, I give and bequeathe to my granddaughter Circe a red sunstone.

TWELFTH, I give and bequeathe to my grandson Masa-ya-a-Katsu-Kachi-haya-hi-ama-no-oshiho-mi-mi my red disk.

THIRTEENTH, I give and bequeathe to Renofer, High priest of the Sun, my shares in Electric Horizons and Corona Preferred.

FOURTEENTH, I give and bequeathe to Louis XIV of France, Le Roi Soleil, my gold peruke.

FIFTEENTH, I give and bequeathe to Icarus a sun-shade and a word of introduction to the Moon.

SIXTEENTH, I give and bequeathe to Horus (Egyptian Hor) the Falcon-Headed Solar Divinity, a thousand sun-hawks from my aviary to be mummified in his honor.

SEVENTEENTH, I give and bequeathe to Aknaton King of Egypt my golden gourd that his thirst for me may be assuaged and to his wife Queen Nofretete my garden of sunflowers.

EIGHTEENTH, I give and bequeathe to Arthur Rimbaud my firecrackers and cannoncrackers.

to Vincent Van Gogh my red turmoil and hot-headedness to Stravinsky my intensity and fire.

NINETEENTH, I give and bequeathe to Joshua to whom I owe my hours of rest my hour-glass and my sundial.

TWENTIETH, I give and bequeathe to my charioteer Phaeton my chariot of the sun and my chariot horses (Erythous Acteon Lampos Philogeus).

TWENTY-FIRST, I give and bequeathe to each of the Virgins of the Sun in Peru, to each and every citizen of Heliopolis, to each and every of the Teotitmocars of Mexico who built the giant pyramid to the Sun, to each and every of the Incas, to each and every of the Aztecs, to each and every Red Indian of North America, to each and every of the Hyperboreans dwellers in the land of perpetual sunshine and great fertility beyond the north wind, a halo, a rainbow and a mirage, to the Surya-Bans and the Chandra-Bans of India to each a sun-thought, and to my lowly subject the Earth ten centuries of sunrays.

TWENTY-SECOND, I give and bequeathe to the Japanese Flag whose center is a Red Sun and to the Flag of Persia (the Lion and the Sun) my frenzy and elation.

TWENTY-THIRD, I give and bequeathe to all the inns, cabarets, bars, taverns, bordels whose ensign is the sun, pieces of brocaded sunlight.

TWENTY-FOURTH, I give and bequeathe sun-bonnets to various high monuments in particular to the Eiffel Tower and to the Skyscrapers of New York, and to an imaginary tower built by the combined height of the phalluses of men.

TWENTY-FIFTH, I give and bequeathe to my favorite concubine The Mad Queen my fiery flames and furious commotions, my madneses and explosions, my storms and tempests.

TWENTY-SIXTH, I give and bequeathe to Apollo of Greece a temple of the sun, to Osiris of Egypt a temple of the sun, and to Indra of India a temple of the sun. This legacy is over and above any and all commissions to which they may be entitled as executors.

TWENTY-SEVENTH, All the rest residue and remainder of my estate of whatsoever kind and nature, wheresoever situated, not specifically given or bequeathed hereinabove, including any and all void or lapsed legacies or bequests, I give, devise and bequeathe to Mithras of the Persians and Surya of the Hindus or to the survivors with the request that they establish therewith a fund for Sun-Birds (i. e. poets) to be organised and admi-

nistered by them in their sole discretion and judgment, this fund to be known as the Sun and Moon Fund for Sun-Birds.

TWENTY-EIGHTH, I hereby nominate, constitute and appoint Osiris of Egypt, Apollo of Greece, and Indra of India Executors of this my last will and testament.

In witness whereof, I have herewith set my hand and seal to this holographic will, entirely written and dated and signed by me at my Castle of Clouds this twenty-ninth day of January nineteen hundred and twenty-nine.

Signed : The Sun.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by The Sun, the Testator above named as and for his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who at his request and in his presence and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses thereto :

Hu of the Druids

Ptah of the Egyptians

Vitzliputzli of the Mexicans.

FRAGMENT FOR A SUN-DIAL

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

on a wooden dial
in the garden of an old castle
(dumb when the Sun is dark)

on a pillar dial
in the churchyard of Soleilmont
(blessed be the name of the Sun
for all ages)

on the wall of the sun-tower
at the Moulin du Soleil Ermenonville
(the initials of the makers HC and CC
and date October Thirty-First 1942 are on the face)
(true as the dial to the Sun)

on a small stone dial
over the door of a farm
(sole oriente orior
sole ponente cubo)

on the exterior of a ring dial
worn on the finger of the Princess Jacqueline
(" Es-tu donc le Soleil pour vouloir
que je me tourne vers Toi")

on the dial of the south wall
of a tower

(the Sun is the end of the journey)
and there is a second dial
on the north wall
(I tarry not for the slow)

on a dial
over an archway in a stableyard
(norma del tempo infallibile io sono)
(I am the infallible measure of the time)

on a dial in a garden in Malta
on a dial on the Château de Madrid
in the Bois de Boulogne
on a dial at Versailles
on an old Spanish dial
(the dial has now, 1928,
disappeared,
a railroad line having been taken
through the garden
where it stood)

on the wall of the
Bar de la Tempête at
Breast facing the sea
(c'est l'heure de boire)

on a small brass dial in
the British Museum
on a silver dial in the
Museum at Copenhagen

on a gold dial in the
Soul of a Girl
("mais à mon âme la nécessité
de ton âme ")

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

on a dial placed upon the
deck of the Aeolus
in the harbor of New London,
on a dial placed upon the
deck of the Aphrodisiac
in the harbor of Breast
on a dial placed upon
the deck of the Aurora
in the harbor of my Heart
("et quelques-uns en eurent connaissance")

let the sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

on pyramids of stones
on upright stones in
ancient graveyards
on upright solitary stones
on bones white-scattered in the plain
the white bones of lions in the Sun,
the white lion is the phallus of the Sun
" I am the Lions I am the Sun."

on the dial of Ahaz who
reigned over Judah

on a rude horologe in Egypt
(" as a servant earnestly
desireth the shadow ")

on the eight dials of
the Tower of the Winds at Athens

on old Roman coins
unburied from the ground

on the twin sun-dials on
the ramparts of Carcassonne

on the pier at Sunderland
(and where is the sound
of the pendulum)

on the sun-dials on the mosques
of Saint Sophia
of Muhammed
and of Sulimania

on the immense circular
block of carved porphyry
in the Great Square of
the City of Mexico

on Aztec dials
on Inca dials

(Femme offre ton soleil
en adoration aux Incas)

on Teutonic dials built
into the walls of
old churches

on the dial of the Durer Melancholia
(above the hour-glass and near the bell)

on the white marble slab
which projects from the
facade of Santa Maria Della Salute
on the Grand Canal Venice

on the dial of the Cathedral at Chartres
("the strong wind and the snows")

on a bedstead made of bronze
(and Heliogabalus had one of solid silver)

on a marriage bed
(lectus genialis)
on a death bed
(lectus funebrius)

on a bed
style à la reine folle
("ayant peur de mourir lorsque je couche seul")

on a bed
lit d'ange

on a flower bed
on a bed of mother-of-pearl
on a bordel bed
on a bed of iniquity
on a virgin bed
on a bed of rock

Deo Soli Invictor
(To God the Sun Unconquerable)

to the peerless Sun, we only

let the Sun shine
(and the Sun shone)

Soli Soli Soli

MADMAN

When I look into the Sun I sun-lover sun-worshipper sun-seeker when I look into the Sun (sunne sonne soleil sol) what is it in the Sun I deify —

His madness : his incorruptibility : his central intensity and fire : his permanency of heat : his candle-power (fifteen hundred and seventy-five billions of billions - 1.575.000.000.000.000.000.000.000.): his age and duration : his dangerousness to man as seen by the effects (heatstroke, insolation, thermic fever, siriasis) he sometimes produces upon the nervous system : the healing virtues of his rays (restores youthful vigor and vitality is the source of health and energy oblivionizes ninety per cent of all human aches and pains) : his purity (he can penetrate into unclean places brothels privies prisons and not be polluted by them) : his magnitude (400 times as large as the moon) : his weight two octillions of tons or 746 times as heavy as the combined weights of all the planets :) his brilliance (5300 times brighter than the dazzling radiance of incandescent metal) : his distance from the earth as determined by the equation of light, the constant of abberation, the parallactic inequality of the moon (an aviator flying from the earth to the sun would require 175 years to

make the journey) : his probable union in a single mass with the earth in the far-distant past : the probability that in some remote future he will begin to grow colder (there is a turning point in the life of every star) : his allotropic variations : his orbital motion : his course through the zodiac : his motion among the stars : his path along the ecliptic : his winged disk : his chariot : his diameter and dimensions : his depth and density, his rotation : his contraction : his daily appearance and disappearance : his image tattooed on my back : his image formed in my mind : the colors of his spectrum as examined with special photographic plates, with a spectroheliograph, with an altazimuth, with a pyrheliumeter, with an actionometer, with the bolometer the radiomicrometer, the interferometer : his uninhabitability : the festivals held in his honor : the horses sacrificed in his honor : the verses recited in his honor : the dances danced by the Red Indians in his honor : the masks worn by the Aztecs in his honor : the self-torture endured by the Incas in his honor : his importance to the life of the earth, cut off his rays for even a single month and the earth would die : his importance to the life of the soul, cut off his rays for even a single hour and the soul would die : his disturbing influence on the motions of the moon : his attraction for Venus : his turbulence during a

Transit of Venus : his contacts with Venus (internal and external) : his cosmical significance : his splendor and strength, as symbolised by the seminal energy of the ox : his gold-fingered quietness in late Autumn : his whiteness in the Desert : his cold redness in Winter : his dark and sinister appearance before a Storm : his solid rotundity : his definiteness of form : his politeness in stopping for Joshua : his fascination for Icarus : his importance to the Ancient Mariner : his momentousness to the Prophet : his affiliation with Heliogabalus who married him to the Moon : his mad influence over Aknaton : the reproductions of him by Van Gogh : the reproductions of him on old coins, on the American twenty-dollar gold piece, (the Eagle and the Sun) on the jackets of jockeys, on soap advertisements, in old wood-cuts, on kindergarten blackboards, on the signs of old taverns : his tremendous influence on religions (among the Vedic Indians, among the Ancient Greeks, among the Ancient Romans, among the Babylonians and Assyrians, among the Ancient Egyptians, among the Hindoos, among the Japanese) : the temples erected to his glory (in particular the great sun-temple of Baalbek) : his power of consuming souls : his unconcealed love for sun-dials (true as the dial to the sun) : the height he attains at the meridian : his family of asteroids : the occurrence of his name in ornithology, witness

the sun bittern (*eurypyga helias*) : among the vertebrates, witness the sun-fish or basking shark : in horticulture, witness the tournesol, the heliotrope, the sunflower (*helianthus annuus*) the marigold and the solsaee (from the word *solsequium* — sun-following) : his light — an uninterrupted continuance of gradation from the burning sunshine of a tropical noon to the pale luminosity that throws no shadow : his faculae and flocculi : his pederastic friendship with the Man in the Moon : the smallness of the target he offers to a meteorite (soul) arrowing toward him from infinity : the different behaviours of his spectral lines which are believed to originate at different levels and the relative Doppler displacements of the same spectral lines as given by his receding and advancing limbs : his importance in the Nebular Hypothesis : his personification in the form of a mirror in Japan : in the form of Ra in Egypt : his halos, rainbows and mirages : his eclipses, in particular the great Egyptian Eclipse of May 17 1882 : his nakedness : his red effrontery : his hot-tempered intolerance : his attraction for the earth (equal to the breaking strain of a steel rod three thousand miles in diameter) : his temperature (if he were to come as near as the moon, the solid earth would melt like wax) : his reflection in the eyes of a girl (perihelion and aphelion) his mountains of flame

which thrust upward into infinity : the fantastic shapes of his eruptive prominences (solar-lizards sun-dogs sharp crimson in color) : his brilliant spikes or jets, cyclones and geysers, vertical filaments and columns of liquid flame : the cyclonic motion of his spots : his volcanic restlessness : his contortions : his velocity of three or four hundred miles an hour : his coronoidal discharges : his cyclonic protuberances, whirling fire spouts, fiery flames and furious commotions : his tunnel-shaped vortices : his equatorial acceleration : his telluric storms : his vibrations : his acrobatics among the clouds : his great display of sun-spots : his magnetic storms (during which the compass-needle is almost wild with excitement) : his prominences that have been seen to rise in a few minutes to elevations of two and three hundred thousand miles : his frenzy of turmoil : his periodic explosions : his madness in a lover's heart.

EMPTY BED BLUES

Once she reached upward for the Stars took them quite bravely in her hands and scattered them upon the bed of love — a double bed a flowerbed a bridal bed (for moments when her love burned red) a bed of gold where frantic wild and uncontrolled she moved her limbs and wed, a mad a frantic all-tempestuous bed, a bed where flames of love were swiftly fed neither with butter eggs nor bread but with eyes and arms and breasts and knees with thighs and legs that moved and squeezed with hands and feet and things half said with trees and roses stiff and red, a bed that led to naked sleep a bed that held mad queens asleep with arms encircling strong to keep a oneness even in their sleep, a bed where hearts beat red as dawn, a bed that saw their poor forlorn and tired bodies greet the dawn, a bed that knew the dread of that blank hour just ahead when tired lovers pale and dead rose wearily and as they fled glanced backwards at their empty bed.

SUN-DEATH

Take Nietzsche "Die at the right time. Die at the right time : so teacheth Zarathustra."

Take the Gymnosophists, who used to kill themselves in public in the market-place. Take the widows of India who flung themselves on the funeral pyres of their husbands. Take the Greeks: Diogenes, Socrates, Demosthenes, Themistocles, and Sappho, because of her love for the disdainful Phaon. Take the Romans : Porcia, Arria, Lucretia, Brutus and Cassius and Cato.

Take Dido. Take Cleopatra. Take Samson. Take the Saints and Martyrs. Take Jesus Christ. Take the Members of that famous Suicide Club, who drew lots once a year to see whose turn it was to die. Take Modigliani. Take Van Gogh, example of triumphant individuality, banner waving from the topmost pinnacle, and take his death into Sun. Go to Van Gogh, you sluggards, consider his ways and be wise.

But to return to Nietzsche "die at the right time," no matter where you are, in the depths of the coal pit, in the crowded streets of the city, among the dunes of the desert, in cocktail bars, or in the perfumed corridors of the Ritz, at the right time, when your entire life, when your soul and your body, your spirit and your senses are

concentrated, are reduced to a pin-point, the ultimate gold point, the point of finality, irrevocable as the sun, sun-point, then is the time, and not until then, and not after then (o horrors of anticlimax from which there is no recovering) for us to penetrate into the cavern of the sombre Slave-Girl of Death, to enter upon coition with the sombre Slave-Girl of Death, to enjoy explosion with the sombre Slave-Girl of Death, in order to be reborn, in order to become what you wish to become, tree or flower or star or sun, or even dust and nothingness, for it is stronger to founder in the Black Sea of Nothingness, like a ship going down with flags, than to crawl like a Maldoror into the malodorous whorehouse of evil and old age.

I recall the Hollow Men

“This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends

Not with a bang but a whimper”

and Eliot is right, absolutely right, as regards the majority, as regards the stupid Philistines, whose lives have always been a whimper, whose lives could never be anything else but a whimper, whose lives must inevitably end with a whimper, they who prefer senility, who prefer putrefaction of the brain, who prefer hypocrisy, sterility, imbecility (do not confound with madness) impo-

tence, to the strength and fury of a Sun-Death
dead bodies and dead souls dumped unceremo-
niously into the world's latrine.

But for the Seekers after Fire and the Seers
and the Prophets (hail to you o men of transition)
and for the Worshippers of the Sun, life ends not
with a whimper, but with a Bang — a violent
explosion mechanically perfect (“ Imperthnthn
thnthnthn”) a Sun-Explosion into Sun —
while down and down downwards down down
below with bloodied heaviness sinks the mens-
truous cloth of the past (protégez-vous contre la
sypphilis) for the eunuchs and the sabbatarians to
feed upon (how can they know the Sun, those dry
trees, they of the clammy hands and the fetid
breath, with their pro-cathedrals and their diplo-
macy). Let them dungdevour, let their maggot
fingers swarm over the red cloth, while we,
having set fire to the powderhouse of our souls,
explode suns within suns and cataracts of gold
into the frenzied fury of the Sun, into the
madness of the Sun, into the hot gold arms and
hot gold eyes of the Goddess of the Sun.

ASSASSIN

(voici le temps des assassins)

Rimbaud.

I

Constantinople on the Seventeenth of the Month of Ramadan. It is cold and late at night winter darkness with a cold hard wind hurricaneing across the Bosphorus. Harsh sleet of snow. The windshield is caked with frost except for the square where I have rubbed the frost off with my hand. My fingers are stiff with cold. We have crossed the bridge from Peira into Stamboul. At the cross-streets the arc-lamps stare sharp and hard like harlots. Walls on our left loom dark and menacing. We pass under an arch guarded by a red lantern. We are outside the walls. There is a feeling of emptiness like a night at the front during the War. A sharp turn over cobblestones the jarring of brakes and we are climbing out shivering into the wind. It is even colder than before and the ground is hard as rock. Stark telegraph poles stand behind us. We are standing before an enormous tent. A call and a sharp answer and a hand tearing open the flap as the wind tears out a strip of camouflage. We bend down and enter the tent. It is monstrous in size and there are shadows cast from the large

oil lamp swinging from the tent pole. Around this tent pole Kurd shepherds in a dark circle are slowly turning stamping their feet on the hard ground to the harsh discord of a drum. Silent men and dark. Along the dark edges of the tent the eaters of hashish squat on their heels. There are no women. I crouch down with the eaters of hashish. An angular hand offers me a small square of hard green paste. I bite into it. It has a dry irritant taste. I finish it as I watch the intense circle never stopping always measured and controlled pounding on the ground to the harsh discord of barbaric rhythm. And again the angular hand and again the eating of hashish. Towards four in the morning we leave the shepherds still dancing and go out into the raw darkness and drove back to the hotel. I remember only the wind because it was hard as stone.

II

The word Assassin is derived from the Arabic Hashishin, from Hashish, the opiate made from the juice of hemp leaves. When the sheik required the services of an Assassin the Assassin selected was intoxicated with the hashish. It is of interest to note that the effect of hashish is not instantaneous as is the case with cocktails or cocaine but its effect is much more violent and of a much

longer duration. The effect of this drug — it is much stronger when eaten than when smoked — is to produce megalomania (a form of insanity characterized by self-exaltation) in its most violent form.

In this poem the Sun-Goddess, or Mad Queen as I shall call her, has replaced the Sheik and I am the Assassin she has chosen for her devices. She has intoxicated me with the hashish and I await her command.

III

The Mad Queen commands :

“Murder the sterility and hypocrisy of the world, destroy the weak and insignificant, do violence to the multitude in order that a new strong world shall arise to worship the Mad Queen, Goddess of the Sun.

IV

I see my way as swords
their rigid way
I shall destroy.

V

Morning in a hotel room at the Peira Palace.
I emerge from sleep. I wake. I get out of bed.
I look at myself in the mirror.

VI

VISION

I exchange eyes with the Mad Queen
the mirror crashes against my face and
bursts into a thousand suns
all over the city flags crackle and bang
fog horns scream in the harbor
the wind hurricanes through the window
and I begin to dance the dance of the
Kurd Shepherds

I stamp upon the floor
I whirl like dervishes

colors revolve dressing and undressing
I lash them with my fury
stark white with iron black
harsh red with blue
marble green with bright orange
and only gold remains naked

columns of steel rise and plunge
emerge and disappear
pistoning in the river of my soul
thrusting upwards
thrusting downwards
thrusting inwards
thrusting outwards
penetrating

I roar with pain
black-footed ferrets disappear into holes
the sun tattooed on my back
begins to spin
faster and faster
whirring whirling
throwing out a glory of sparks
sparks shoot off into space
sparks into shooting stars
shooting stars collide with comets

Explosions
Naked Colors Explode
into
Red Disaster

I crash out through the
window naked, widespread
upon a
Heliosaurus
I uproot an obelisk and plunge
it into the ink-pot of the
Black Sea
I write the word
SUN

across the dreary palimpsest
of the world
I pour the contents of the
Red Sea down my throat
I erect catapults and
lay siege to the cities of the world
I scatter violent disorder
throughout the kingdoms of the world
I stone the people of the world
I stride over mountains
I pick up oceans like thin cards
and spin them into oblivion
I kick down walled cities
I hurl giant firebrands against governments
I thrust torches through the eyes of the law
 I annihilate museums
 I demolish libraries
 I oblivionize skyscrapers
I become hard as adamant
indurated in solid fire
rigid with hatred

I bring back the wizards and the sorcerers
the necromancers
the magicians
I practise witchcraft
I set up idols
with a sharp-edged sword
I cut through the crowded streets

comets follow in my wake
stars make obeisance to me
the moon uncovers her
nakedness to me

I am the harbinger of a
New Sun World
I bring the Seed of a
New Copulation
I proclaim the Mad Queen

I stamp out vast empires
I crush palaces in my rigid
hands
I harden my heart against
churches

I blot out cemeteries
I feed the people with
stinging nettles
I resurrect madness
I thrust my naked sword
between the ribs of the world
I murder the world!

VII

I the Assassin chosen by the Mad Queen I the
Murderer of the World shall in my fury murder

myself. I shall cut out my heart take it into my
joined hands and walk towards the Sun without
stopping until I fall down dead.

VIII

I have cut out my heart I am walking forwards
towards the Sun I am faltering I am falling down
dead

IX

Antidote to Common Poisons. Call the physi-
cians at once. Give the antidote in good quantity.
For hashish cold douches; ammonia inhaled;
artificial respiration: stimulants; watch circula-
tion and respiration; keep patient awake.

X

It is the afternoon of the same day and I am
on the Orient Express. I remember only the sea-
walls sliding forwards into the sea and the
whistle from the locomotive is the sharp color of
the Sun.

TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Mad Queen Aeronautical Corporation.	Cyclone. . . 3030
Mad Queen Chemical Corporation	Gunpowder. 3328
Mad Queen Company for the Manufacture of Hand Grenades.	Gunpowder. 8878
Mad Queen Drug Store of Tonics and Stimulants	Detonator . . 8808
Mad Queen Dynamiting and Blasting Company	Rackarock.. 4196
Mad Queen Express Elevators	Speedway.. 7898
Mad Queen Fireworks Corporation	Hurricane.. 1144
Mad Queen Garage for Vandals of the Road..	Speedway.. 3984
Mad Queen Hospital for Electrifying the Heart	Cyclone. . . 5679
Mad Queen Jazz Band	Detonator . . 8814
Mad Queen Laboratory for the Manufacture of Aphrodisiacs.	Gunpowder. 0090
Mad Queen Lighting and Fuel Corporation . .	Gunpowder. 4301
Mad Queen Manufacturers of High Explosives	Thunderbolt 4414
Mad Queen Racing Automobiles	Speedway.. 6655
Mad Queen Rum Distillery..	Explosion . . 1152
Mad Queen Skyscrapers	Hurricane.. 7444
Mad Queen Society for the Vivisection of the Philistines..	Thunderbolt 8778
Mad Queen Society of Incendiaries	Rackarock.. 2254
Mad Queen Steam Locomotive Company . .	Speedway.. 1010
Mad Queen Steam Roller Manufacturers . .	Detonator.. 1234
Mad Queen Windmills and Weathervanes. . .	Hurricane.. 0164

IN MADNESS

not in calm weather
faint breezes calm summer
when clouds have fled from the sky
and she lies with her hair and her dress undone
asleep in the hay in the sun
frail as a feather
I say not in this weather

but when the trees are bare
when the wind roars
when it whirls up the grass
 on the ground
when it drives the rain forward
when the sound of the thunder
 and slamming of doors
warns of mad weather
I say in this weather
(black out of doors
black meadows
black raindrops
black weather)
in this weather
when the storm is howling across the sky
then shall the Mad Queen fly to her love
proud as a feather
proud as sun
their hearts mad beating
 in unison

AERONAUTICS

A procession to the Hill of Montmartre (where stand the famous windmills) in the midst of which is a large Balloon, mounted on wheels and drawn by two donkeys. Behind comes a monkey standing on its hind legs, in clerical garb, and a donkey both of them with trousers on and looking happy. At the back is the personification of Fire on a cloud, holding a scroll in her hand on which are depicted two Balloons. The Balloon is in mid-air and is encircled by monkeys and donkeys waiting for the Ascent. A blind Man leaves the scene saying, I can see nothing. The Balloon is rising from the platform in front of which is an enormous crowd of spectators. The Balloon has ascended into the atmosphere. The Balloon moves off in a horizontal direction. The Balloon has disappeared into space. An Explosion is heard. The Balloon has Exploded. The Balloon is on the ground and Peasants are attacking it with pitchforks. Landscape with cottage and hay barn and old white timber inn with thatched roof, men seated drinking, to left a farm-girl feeding pigs, waggoner with his horses at watertrough. The inn stands on the banks of the river behind spreading trees. A cow is drinking. The Virgin seated by the Tree. The Virgin with the Rabbits.

Saint George with the Dragon. The Circumcision in the Stable. The Betrothal of the Virgin. The Wondrous Hog. The Brood Mares. The white buildings of the mill are seen on the further bank of the river. In foreground to right two women washing clothes. In centre soldiers firing. To left spectators with the American Flag above in various attitudes of alarm. A vixen sits on the ledge of the bank and looks toward five cubs, a sixth cub peers out of a hole in the bank. Enter the Blind Man. Enter an Aardvark. Enter Alice in Wonderland on roller skates. She is followed by the Three Fates. Enter a man with a knife left hand raised to his face (female figure partly nude floating in the air beside him) He is followed by a young woman plucking a fowl. Her hair is in curls she has pearls round her neck and she is wearing an ermine cloak with jewels. Enter a young peasant girl carrying basket rejecting the advances of a young man in uniform (female figure partly nude floating in the air beside him). Enter mother and child (the child has pyelitis). Enter Elsa de Brabant. Enter an Augur observing Birds. Enter a Flying Fox. Enter a Red Swan. Enter a Stork. Enter a Pelican. Enter a Black Hawk. Enter Santa Claus with a portion of caviar. Enter Tilden. Enter Walter Hagen in a knitgrip knicker (no buckles to buckle). Enter Gérard de Nerval with a lobster

on a leash. Enter the Tenth Plague of Egypt. Enter the Madonna of the Sleeping Cars. Enter the Madonna of the Abortions. Enter Anna Livia Plurabelle. Enter La Mère Gérard. Enter La Vieille aux Loques. Enter La Marchande de Moutarde. Enter the Red Dress. Enter two girls one combing her hair Oh ! Why I — I don't know about loving him very much. Enter Daniel Webster. Thank God ! I — I also am an American. Enter Christ and the Woman of Samaria. Enter the Man in the Moon. Enter Champagne Charley. Enter the Monkey in clerical garb (female figure partly nude floating in the air beside him) fur cap coat with fur cuffs reading aloud a book of common prayer. Come Holy Ghost our souls inspire. Lightning flashing in the background. Enter old red man with red helmet on his head. Enter old bearded man in a high fur cap with closed eyes. Enter an Animal of No Importance. Enter a Virgin making much of time. Enter Renoir (female figure partly nude floating in the air beside him) If women had no breasts I would not have painted them. Enter H.D. wrapped in a palimpsest. Enter a well-dressed man in every-day attire arm in arm with a Follies Girl in a modish three-color one-piece club-striped combination travelo swim-suit. I've simply nothing to wear. Enter Prufrock in a Rock Fleece Overcoat. Enter Miss Everis. I am

five months pregnant. The other day I felt a pain in my abdomen. Enter Steve Donoghue. Enter Kefalin winner of the Grand Prix. Enter an Onanist. Enter a Masochist. Enter a Dumb Blonde. Enter Europe's Greatest Lover. Enter Antony and Cleopatra. Enter the Harvard Track Team. Enter Standard Oil Bearer right hand holding gloves left grasping staff of standard, so safe so sure so easy to handle. Enter Porphyria's Lover. Enter Mr. and Mrs Lingam with an attendant behind. Enter a Jury of Annoyance. Enter Sportsman holding up a hare in his right hand. Enter a Feudal Ladye amorous to be known. Enter a Knight-Errant. Enter President Hoover (halitoxic). Enter Nicolas Alfon de Ribera Marquis de Villanueva de las Torres de Dugnes d'Alcala Grands d'Espagne. Enter Lindberg with a Lion-Tamer. Enter the Pancake-Woman reading aloud What Every Girl Should Know. Enter Joseph telling his Dreams. Enter Blasus de Manfre, the Water-spouter. Enter Roman Youth Swallowing Stones (burst of applause from a London Whore who appears standing betwen a lion and a unicorn.) Enter a Dragon Belching Fire. Enter an Ignorant Physician. Enter a Fair Lady in Revolt. Enter Mr. Guy Holt with a flair for civilized fiction. Enter a Magician. Enter a Fawn dressed up as a Girl. Enter Queens in Hyacinth. Enter Jamaica God of Rum. Enter a Submarine Captain holding

a jar (black idol) in both hands. Enter the Donkey Ambassador holding a lemon in both hands (very rare in this undivided state.) Enter a Pederast holding a lipstick in both hands. Enter John Paul Jones supported by an officer of the law white cravat hat and sword in right hand. Enter a Jazz-Band playing I'm the cream in your coffee. Enter Marie Antoinette powdered hair lace silk combination pyjamas. Enter an Incendiary. Enter Miss Atlantic Monthly Brekete ex Kotex Kotex pursued by the Earl of Fitz-dotterel's Eldest Son I reflect with pleasure on the success with which the British undertakers have prospered this last summer. Enter a second Jazz-Band playing the Empty Bed Blues. Enter the Ghost of Hamlet. Enter a Temple Boy. Enter Alpha and Omega. Enter the Soul killed by the Explosion. Enter Rimbaud. Enter Van Gogh. Enter Amon Ra. Enter the Star of the East. Enter the Stars. Enter the Queen of Pekin. Enter the Youngest Princess. Enter the Moon. Enter Death stabbed in the Back. There is a Circle in the Centre. Enter the Fire Princess. Enter the Grey Princess. Enter the Cramoisy Queen. Enter the Mad Queen. Enter the SUN.

The Blind Man leaves the scene saying, I can see nothing.

INFURIATE

annihilate assassinate
infuriate yourselves against the herd
prognosticate the Bird of Sun
take cardiac and aphrodisiac
be maniac demoniac
run toward the Maddest Queen
precipitate yourselves
 through Stars
to find your Dream

INTRODUCTION

It is a pleasure to have you
take courses against the
propaganda the fact of
take cards and photographs
be made through
and toward the Medical
propagate yourself
through stars
to find your dream

BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

Poetry

SONNETS FOR CARESSE

RED SKELETONS

(Illustration by Alastair)

CHARIOT OF THE SUN

(Introduction by D. H. Lawrence)

TRANSIT OF VENUS

Prose

SHADOWS OF THE SUN

Certain of these Tirades have appeared in
Transition (Paris) Échange (Paris) and at the
Four Seas Company of Boston.

Droits de reproduction et de traduction
réservés pour tous pays
y compris la Suède, la Norvège et la Russie.

This first edition of Mad Queen
by Harry Crosby with a drawing
by Caresse Crosby printed in the
Winter of 1929 by the Maitre-
Imprimeur Lescaret at the Black
Sun Press, Paris, is limited to
one hundred copies on Hollande
Van Gelder Zonen, twenty copies
on Japan Paper signed by the
author and by the artist and
twenty-one copies hors
commerce on Papier
d'Arches

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