

RADIO KLEBNIKOV

WEEKBLADEN #27

uitzending op 21/11/2020



la catalana



Het Programma van de Vrije Lyriek



RADIO **KLEBNIKOV** WEEKBLADEN # 27

uitzending op 21/11/2020

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Alan Sondheim

Message 100

<http://www.alansondheim.org/fire44.jpg>

I get mad because I can't think straight. I get mad at myself. I know that there were a lot of people mainly mail mail for ever offended. I know I've been offended by a lot of mails. I got mad and I turned myself inside out. I spilled my outside to the world and pretend that the world's bad when I am bad. I can't pull out of this period I write myself in the world when I am bad. I can't pull out of this period I can't write myself in the world where I've never been really felt I've been excepted. I'm accepted for short periods of time and then people turn away. I've used 2 faces facing the other way. I'm used to people not coming around. sometimes I'm lucky and I make friends who understand where I'm coming from. sometimes people give me a chance. But a lot of times I feel I'm not given the chance because I don't deserve one. Where am I I feel like I'm turning inside out I feel the epidemic is turning me inside out I don't know who to trust I get mad because I can't think straight. I get mad at myself. I know that there are a lot of people mainly Mayo mail forever offended. I know I have been offended by a lot of males. I got mad and I turned inside out. I spill my outside to the world and pretend that the world is bad when is I am bad. I can't pull out of this. I can't write myself in the world where I've never really felt that I've been accepted. I'm accepted for short periods of time and then people turn away. I've used two faces facing the other way. I'm used to people not coming around. Sometimes I'm lucky and I make friends who understand where I'm coming from. Sometimes people give me a chance. But a lot of I feel the epidemic is turning me inside out I go walking under street in there are people without masks I don't know who to trust sometimes there coming towards me asking for money I turned away and pretend not to hear them or ask them to keep their distance and I say that I'm vulnerable and you you couldn't kill me. I know I'm walking on it then adds

I know it's a precipice for the edge of a Cliff where is the bottom of a cave where the bottom of a cave. Another that everyone I know is going through exactly the same thing. But I don't know is there going through things voice mails period or females period or men or women period or animals period or people period or viruses. I don't know if we're viruses period or worlds or periods or underground or or subterraneans or anyone I can think of can sing too many people right now I get twisted up inside myself having violent my nightmares and wake up in the middle of the night and can't fall back to sleep quietly go into another room and try to calm down times I feel I'm not given the chance because I don't deserve one. I feel like I'm turning inside out. I feel the epidemic is turning me inside out. I don't know who to trust. I go walking on the street and there are people without masks. Sometimes they are coming towards me asking for money. I turned away and pretend not to hear them. Or I asked them to keep their distance and I say that I am vulnerable and you could kill me. I know I am walking on it then adds. I know it's a precipice for the edge of a cliff where the bottom of a cave. I know that everyone I know is going through exactly the same thing. But I don't know if they're going through things with males. Or females. We're animals. Or people. Or worlds periods are underground. Or subterraneans. Or anyone I can think of. I can't think of too Quietly going to another room and try to come down I before I return to bed I feel at times that I'm upsetting her and I try not to think she's definitely the best person I've met my life and the kindest towards me I admire her work and love her dearly offer more than that anyone can imagine and I borrow she is what she does it's coming up I wish I could do something different than I'm doing now feel what I'm doing now is self destructive feel like I'm drawing lines in the sand as I've watched different people leave me not want to know me anymore I've lost people who I thought were close friends someone recently horse people to death I make close friends with people I didn't realize I was close to I find it confusing world there are a few people who have done me wrong then I have to avoid there are a few people who have done me wrong that I have to avoid it's easy online sometimes sometimes it's not so easy this is exactly the same for everyone many people right now. I get twisted up inside myself and having violent nightmares and wake up in the middle of the night and can't fall back to sleep I quietly go into

another room and try to calm down before I return to bed. I feel at times that I'm upsetting at her and I try not to. I think she is definitely the best person I've met in my life and the kindest towards me. I admire her work and who she is and what she does coming up. I wish I could do something different that I'm doing now. I feel what I'm doing now is self-destructive. I feel like I'm drawing lines in the sand as I watched different people leave me not want to know me anymore. I've lost people who I thought were close friends someone recently. I made close friends with people who I didn't realize I was close to. I find it confusing World. There are few people who have done me wrong This is the same for everyone that I know at this point it's not really different for anyone I think so it's early in the morning now it's 20 to 7 in the morning at 6:45 in the morning sometimes I'm up to between 4 and 2 AM there's lots of noise then there's a break hours sometimes several hours sometimes there's not. I don't know what to do or what I'm doing or why I'm dictating this period I don't know what I'll do with it I wish you could do some things I love you doing now. I feel what I'm doing now is self destructive that I have to avoid. It's easy online sometimes. Sometimes it's not so easy. This is exactly the same for everyone I know at this point. The sounds outside our play so very loud they wake me up early in the morning starting around 4 I am. Sometimes and around 2 a.m. Then there's a break of several hours sometimes there's not. I don't know what I do or what I'm doing or why I'm dictating this. I don't know what I'll do with it. I wish I could do something different than I'm doing now . I feel what I'm doing now is self destructive . I feel like I'm drawing lines in the sand as I watched different people leave me not want to know me anymore. I've lost people who I thought were close friends someone recently. I made close friends with people I didn't realize I was close to. I find it confusing world me up early in the morning starting around 4 I am. sometimes in around 2 AM . then there's a break several hours sometimes there's not . I don't know what I do or what I'm doing or why I'm dictating this period I don't know what I'll do with it. I wish you could do some things I love you doing now . I feel what I'm doing now is self destructive. Shall we continue . Certainly this is initeresting ini the gray dawn. In the gray dawn where dictation collapsed and I write this endlessly typing one world aftre another. So it is time to clearr all bufers and stop and try tipe again in the don. Now i will do so then I wil

stop. Something will stop me now in the grade on something is dictating and now I am speaking again. just so as you know enough to shut this down. Something is beginning and not feeling another buffer. The old buffer is over. the new one begins . It is the great daund. It is the dawn of the coronavirus. Is the morning of the coronavirus. is the afternoon of the coronavirus. It is the evening of the coronavirus. Is the night of the coronavirus. It is the week of the coronavirus. It is the month of the coronavirus. is here of the coronavirus. It is the year of the coronavirus. it is the year of the coronavirus. It is the year of the coronavirus. To see your of the coronavirus. His is the dog it is the dawn . It is the dog at 7 add 10 minutes to 7 in the morning. At 7 minutes 27 it's just the dog is very very morning at 7 minutes to 7 it is the dawn this very very morning.

Anon.

from 'The Cloud of Unknowing'

HERE BEGINNETH THE THIRD CHAPTER

How the work of this book shall be wrought, and of the worthiness of it before all other works.

LIFT up thine heart unto God with a meek stirring of love; and mean Himself, and none of His goods. And thereto, look the loath to think on aught but Himself. So that nought work in thy wit, nor in thy will, but only Himself. And do that in thee is to forget all the creatures that ever God made and the works of them; so that thy thought nor thy desire be not directed nor stretched to any of them, neither in general nor in special, but let them be, and take no heed to them. This is the work of the soul that most pleaseth God. All saints and angels have joy of this work, and hasten them to help it in all their might. All fiends be furious when thou thus dost, and try for to defeat it in all that they can. All men living in earth be wonderfully holpen of this work, thou wottest not how. Yea, the souls in purgatory be eased of their pain by virtue of this work. Thyself art cleansed and made virtuous by no work so much. And yet it is the lightest work of all, when a soul is helped with grace in sensible list, and soonest done. But else it is hard, and wonderful to thee for to do.

Let not, therefore, but travail therein till thou feel list. For at the first time when thou dost it, thou findest but a darkness; and as it were a cloud of unknowing, thou knowest not what, saving that thou feelest in thy will a naked intent unto God.

This darkness and this cloud is, howsoever thou dost, betwixt thee and thy God, and letteth thee that thou mayest neither see Him clearly by 73 light of understanding in thy reason, nor feel Him in sweetness of love in thine affection. And therefore shape thee to bide in this darkness as long as thou mayest, evermore crying after Him that thou lovest. For if ever thou shalt feel Him or see Him, as it may be here, it behoveth always to be in this cloud in this darkness. And if thou wilt busily travail as I bid thee, I trust in 74 His mercy that thou shalt come thereto.

Of The Wand & The Moon

Black Moth

When you're smiling
When you're smiling
The whole world smiles at you

When you're laughing
When you're laughing
The sun comes shining through

Here we are under the stars
Empty as dead brothers in arms
Through straw and mud the clay and blood
The law of the claw the claw of god
Awaiting the sun that herald of fire
Trenches deep deep in the mire
Never leave without honour within
Brothers in arms take care of your kin

A coal black moth to take their place
Wrapped in snow and twilight faith
Preparing for the undertow
A laying of flowers where the willed winds blow
In the dead of night in the eye of the storm
Drugged by the incense of a bloody dawn
Here we are under the stars
Empty as dead brothers in arms

Kees Ouwens

WILG

Ik was mijn meest uitgesproken vorm

maar dit baatte niet
Ik adoreerde in deze de uitkomst van het
project van mijn
voorstelling

Ik zag mij staan afgetekend tegen de wil tot uitzondering
boven een kim van wetten

Ik was volmaakt ingebeeld

Ik zag in kleurrijkste onvermijdelijkheid zon
van
teraardebestelling

Ik zag mijn lichaam uiteengezet worden en
het excerpt van mijn vorm

Een handvol

handeling
deed zich kennen als begeerte, maar
was de bewening van de wilg wildernis

MANUFACTUUR

Ik maakte mij

en ik wist hoe mijn hoofd reikte naar mijn hand
en hoe mijn hand dit hoofd al tegemoet ging
terwijl dit hoofd op mijn hand toesnelde
terwijl mijn hand de armen al uitstreekte
en mijn hoofd op mijn hand toeijlde
en zij tot elkander naderden

EXIL

Ik ontwierp mij

want ik bemoederde het woord
zoogde de letter
verschoonde het leesteken
en trainde het woord zindelijk

Hun zichtbaarheid was violentie
hun aanblik decimeerde mijn verte
hun schriftuur beletterde mijn verstomming
en hun lectuur belas mij de school

Hun beroerten waren de spelfout van hun vernoeming
hun furie doorbrak de linie van
de reguliere zin

van mijn exil was hun alfabet de
berijming

Lanny Quarles

hanging garden bangs

under some hanging vines
on the side of its clabber
were a serie hus of rose nails
on which some papers of messages
were wrungs

hanging garden of babylon
which creeps out perfectly
from the vast steel ring box
of the airconditionaer

inside a rose colored face
is a babylonian
whose rose colored nails
or bangs

under some vines
we rode a mustang
counting on a decoding
in which the inside hallway
hung with vines
there was a message
like 'creeper tone'
or 'zoon inister amster'

the old house
was really two old houses
connected by a series of covered alleys
where old garages met and kissed
and their garage bands mingled

i saw a beautiful garage band there one night
all in roses and babylonians

some vine bangs hanging down
and then she said grrr-grrr-ddinn
and i was vibed on inside
inside this heptomad mustang headed
rose-colored horse head
airconditionayer

i had gotten up on stage
o badieu houyhnhnm chorus snatches
with a band called 'clabber girl'
and then had gotten back down
there were some unresolved
issues we were collecting it
art, love, politics, and science
in the alley in a series
of kisses in which these

sweet old babylonian garages
covered in roses
were sending messages out on sheets
hung by nails in a row

sheet one:
ribald tary trism
(written in small snake-like cut-stem roses)

sheet two:
toorah toorah huroot!
(written all in tiny explody triangs like luneifoam)

sheet three:
somniafluenseas suffer pen alterity
(written like overlapping clouds whose bellies
are monocles)

sheet four:
tears on hair
(written like tears on hair)

and many others
most were stacked up
in one of the gardens

with some old stars
and brightly colored
yarn-wrapped
mummies
placed in air-conditioned
sarcophaguses
their vine bangs left exposed
and hanging
just once
the whole brain of nature
attaining unity
in the act
of dissolving
fluencies

bangs
weeping
with
joynfuel
naying

N.K.d.e.E.

queen of slaves

(voor e.d.)

eens gezien als wijsje is zij altijd zijn slavenmeisje,
bronsborstig koninklijkje, hete natte okergloed.
moederbevlekte draai geeft zij zijn ezelsoren,
dat hij hore hoe de aarde wordt beschreven
met haar diepste oceanenpennenhalen.

haar inkt komt uit de dode mensenpot.

bij de slaven klinkt een schot.
de tsaar is kapot – uitroepteken!
triumftocht der komma's, aan
de linie van 't gepeupel paal en punt.
gabriël breekt uit de bleke buikenlucht
en kondigt hun verstrijken aan.

onder zwartzachte sterren zwijgt
de dichter nu het universum zucht.

SONG 'AND THUS I SHALL DESCEND UPON YOU'

(in sotto voce, quasi parlando - piu forte - fruscando)

do not call me into your light of day
for i am severed from myself
i have lost my early plight of sorrow
i have lost the petty pride and curse of worth
i have forsaken all the names you gave me
i have given them to plagues to rule your world
i have shed your scary skin of love
i have found my ancient cloth of dark

do not call me into the light of day
do not venture forth to please me
do not seek to relish in despise of me
for i am no one and do not wish to be
i will sleep for ever through your history
for there is no end to me
for there is no being left in me
for there is no getting me
for i am no one
and i am you

and thus i shall descend upon you
with lips of dust i will kiss your garments
with giant hands of steel i will uplift you
with snakes and thorns i will caress you
with breath of fire i will pervade you
with words that end your thought
my voice will strike you

and when you're gone
and when you're gone
no one will mourn you

for i will linger like a weeping wave
from star to star and i will bounce
off the utter blackness of the hole
to watch it devour
the last of all your angry whispers
the final vestige of your anxious coil.

epitaaf

bij de schroeiklank van schalmeien,
in de blauwe leegte van de lucht,
bij dit al omkransend stralen,
in de speeltuin van jouw lach:
schep de lagen haat en liefde
en de woordenetter van mij af,
leg mijn falen bij het falen,
schrijf mijn naam bij op het graf.

eendje

mijn ik is een eendje
dat dobbert en dobbert
's nachts op de vijver
alleen zoals jij

het regent, het regent
want heel het heelal
weent met het eendje
dat kwaakt van geluk

het ik is een eendje
mijn eendje is vrij

ravage

een lor met lachgas in je mond gepropt,
touwen van jute maken schuinse groeven
op polshoogte. het bloedt uit in de ruimte.
er stollen spatjes op het tapijt. niets kan je
veranderen nog en niets verandert er jou.

de werkman? wat hij ook doet, het bindijzer
roest. hij schuift stil uit het huis, verguldt
zijn zwijgen als oorlogsbuit onder de tong.
dat nare weenkind met de blijbloswangen.
het wordt geduld, maar slechts met mate.

de sleutel steekt in de dag, de deur slaat aan,
de auto vertrekt. het zonlicht richt een ravage
aan. zo, bij vlagen, komt er nog wat bluts
in het koetswerk. kijk, hoe het zich uitvlekt,
hoe bloot al het laagje schande eronder.

waterloo. music was my first love and it will be my last.
wolken pakken inktzwart samen. oogwit flitst.
het is niet echt betreurenswaardig te noemen
dat dit land weldra onder water zal staan.

LAIS

CLV

Wanneer het oplost in haar eeuwigheid
wordt het een niets dat in dat hoge rijk
de mijlpaal is van alomvattendheid,
want zoals het van haar stralen is de ijk,
zo brengt zijn niets haar binnen handbereik.

Omdat het haar vergeefs met niets verlengt,
omdat het Niets van buiten in haar brengt
en haar binnen buiten zo volledig is,
is zij het Al waarin het tijd vermengt:
LAIS die zonder niets ook alles is.

LVII

Vergeef het, muze, dat het even niet
de weelde van jouw schitteren bezingt,
dat niet jouw gouden lokken nu het lied
de zang ontlokken, drang die het bedwingt
omdat het keek en zich als enkeling
gevangen zag in een nog dieper zwart,
dan waar jouw git zo heilzaam vond zijn hart.

In het tasten naar de grond van 't lijden
trof het waarheid plots, streng en hard:
't zijn alleen de sluiers die verblijden.

CLVIII

Diep gefonkel in geheugensgroeven,
haar glans in droefte van herinnering,
koortsenschimmen die het zicht beproeven,
visioenen van haar lijf dat het beving:
prognose van een nieuwe kronkeling.

Het lot ligt ijl rondom de lust gekruld
en leegte is de plicht die het vervult.

Terwijl het naar de kilte buiten staart,
wordt het gelijk aan hoe zij zich onthult:
haar reine zwart, in licht geopenbaard.

CLIX

Met onyx bezet de zwiepstaart afschuift
en plet bij grondlage zwavelluchten traag
de nijplarynxen, hun lippen gehuifd.
Bij opspattend schedelgruis nog de vraag
doemt op: wie zijn wij? Antropofaag
de armen van hand ontdaan, gekopstanst
blinde hoofdstomp veegt er naar ieveranst,
wiergeurige afgang doorboort gans de vaalt.
Wij zijn des hemels afloopaars en – o angst
schuurt de aambeï mens – het goedje is naald.

CLX

De avond valt. De wolken bulken zwart
over de toppen der bomen. Onder
klopt het dorp na, als een uitgerukt hart.
Deze porto is een wanhoopswonder,
erg betaalbaar maar toch zeer bijzonder.
Menigeen kent goed dit donker klagen:
het is leed dat in zichzelf behagen
zoekt, in het hopeloze vreugde vindt
en niet langer wil de dood verdagen,
maar 't sterven zelf als levensdoel bemint.

CLXI

Het is er, en dat is een obstakel
omdat er niets is dat werkelijk is
en alles hier dient slechts als tentakel
om 't niets te voelen, dat werkelijk is,
van al het zijn daadwerkelijk gemis.
Het is een leerling van het ergste soort:
het heeft het echte in de kiem gesmoord.
Het plukt de vlokken waarheid uit zijn pijn,
het spreekt de liefde uit als toverwoord:
't wil haar eerst en dan pas weg van het zijn.

Svetlana Zakharova

we maken een kroon

de meest kostbare juwelen worden erin gelegd:

de eerstgeboren zonen, de huwbare dochters

ze vormen een hart, een schild, een opengerukte snavel, een smalle
gespleten tong

we zijn op zoek naar een symbool dat onze pijn blootlegt,

de ontelbare lijken op de slagvelden tentoon stelt,

en ervoor zorgt dat de boodschap duidelijk is:

dit hoort niet in een land dat door ons geregeerd wordt.

al kost het ons onze tederste zuigelingen,

de grenzen worden niet verlegd.

VELIMIR CHLEBNIKOV

Radio of the Future

The Radio of the Future--the central tree of our consciousness--will inaugurate new ways to cope with our endless undertakings and will unite all mankind.

The main Radio station, that stronghold of steel, where clouds of wires cluster like strands of hair, will surely be protected by a sign with a skull and crossbones and the familiar word "Danger," since the least disruption of Radio operations would produce a mental blackout over the entire country, a temporary loss of consciousness.

Radio is becoming the spiritual sun of the country, a great wizard and sorcerer.

Let us try to imagine Radio's main station: in the air a spider's web of lines, a storm cloud of lightning bolts, some subsiding, some flaring up anew, crisscrossing the building from one end to the other. A bright blue ball of spherical lightning hanging in midair like a timid bird, guy wires stretched out at a slant.

From this point on Planet Earth, every day, like the flight of birds in springtime, a flock of news departs, news from the life of the spirit.

In this stream of lightning birds the spirit will prevail over force, good counsel over threats.

The activities of artists who work with the pen and brush, the discoveries of artists who work with ideas (Mechnikov, Einstein) will instantly transport mankind to unknown shores.

Advice on day-to-day matters will alternate with lectures by those who dwell upon the snowy heights of the human spirit. The crests of waves in the sea of human knowledge will roll across the entire country into each local Radio station, to be projected that very day as letters onto the dark pages of enormous books, higher than houses, that stand in the center of each town, slowly turning their own pages.

Radioauditoriums

Surges of lightning are picked up and transmitted to the metal mouth of an auto-speaker, which converts them into amplified sound, into singing and human speech.

The entire settlement has gathered around to listen. The metal trumpet mouth loudly carries the news of the day, the activities of the government, weather information, events from the exciting life of the capital cities.

The effect will be like a giant of some kind reading a gigantic journal out loud. But it is only this metal town cryer, only the metal mouth of the auto-speaker; gravely and distinctly it announces the morning news, beamed to this settlement from the signal tower of the main Radio station.

But now what follows? Where has this great stream of sound come from, this inundation of the whole country in supernatural singing, in the sound of beating wings, this broad silver stream full of whistlings and clangor and marvelous mad bells surging from somewhere we are not, mingling with children's voices singing and the sound of wings?

Over the center of every town in the country these voices pour down, a silver shower of sound. Amazing silver bells mixed with whistlings surge down from above. Are these perhaps the voices of heaven, spirits flying low over the farmhouse roof? No

The Mussorgsky of the future is giving a coast-to-coast concert of his work, using the Radio apparatus to create a vast concert hall stretching from Vladivostok to the Baltic, beneath the blue dome of the heavens.

On this one evening he bewitches the people, sharing with them the communion of his soul, and on the following day he is only an ordinary mortal again. The artist has cast a spell over his land; he has given his country the singing of the sea and the whistling of the wind. The poorest house in the smallest town is filled with divine whistlings and all the sweet delights of sound.

Radio and Art Exhibits

In a small town far away, a crowd of people gathers today in front of the great illuminated Radio screens, which rise up like giant books. Why? Because today Radio is using its apparatus to transmit images in color, to allow every little town in the entire country to take part in an exhibit of paintings being held in the capital city. This exhibit is transmitted by means of light impulses repeated in thousands of mirrors at every Radio station. If Radio previously acted as the universal ear, now it has become a pair of eyes that annihilate distance. The main Radio signal tower emits its rays, and from Moscow an exhibit of the best painters bursts into flower on the readingwalls of every small town in this enormous country, on loan to every inhabited spot on the map.

Radio clubs

Let us move up closer. Majestic skyscrapers wrapped in clouds, a game of chess between two people located at opposite ends of Planet Earth, an animated conversation between someone in America and someone in Europe. Now the readingwalls grow dark; suddenly the sound of a distant voice is heard singing, the metallic throat of Radio beams the rays of the song to its many metallic singers: metal sings! And its words, brought forth in silence and solitude, and their welling springs, become a communion shared by the entire country.

More obedient than strings beneath the violinist's hand, the metallic apparatus of Radio will talk and sing, obeying every marked pulse of the song.

Every settlement will have listening devices and metallic voices to serve one sense, metallic eyes to serve the other.

The Great Sorcerer

Finally we will have learned to transmit the sense of taste--and every simple, plain but healthful meal can be transformed by means of taste-dreams carried by Radio rays, creating the illusion of a totally different taste sensation.

People will drink water, and imagine it to be wine. A simple, ample meal will wear the guise of a luxurious feast. And thus will Radio acquire an even greater power over the minds of the nation.

In the future, even odors will obey the will of Radio: in the dead of winter the honey scent of linden trees will mingle with the odor of snow, a true gift of Radio to the nation.

Doctors today can treat patients long-distance, through hypnotic suggestion. Radio in the future will be able to act also as a doctor, healing patients without medicine.

And even more:

It is a known fact that certain notes like "la" and "ti" are able to increase muscular capacity, sometimes as much as sixty-four times, since they thicken the muscle for a certain length of time. During periods of intense hard work like summer harvests or during the construction of great buildings, these sounds can be broadcast by Radio over the entire country, increasing its collective strength enormously.

And, finally, the organization of popular education will pass into the hands of Radio. The Supreme Soviet of Sciences will broadcast lessons and lectures to all the schools of the country--higher institutions as well as lower.

The teacher will become merely a monitor while these lectures are in progress. The daily transmission of lessons and textbooks through the sky into the country schools of the nation, the unification of its consciousness into a single will.

Thus will Radio forge continuous links in the universal soul and mold mankind into a single entity.

Sourced from Khlebnikov, The King of Time, ed. Charlotte Douglas, trans. Paul Schmidt, Harvard University Press, 1985, pp 155-159; repr. in Khlebnikov Collected Works, 1, ed. Charlotte Douglas, Harvard University Press, 1987, pp 392-396.

EPILOOG

de zon heeft heden afgedaan.
sikkemeurig sikkelt de maan
met haar rug naar 't voortbestaan.

kille billen op een stille steen
de catalaanse wil nog niet naar huis.
ze ziet de avondster en wil daar niet vandaan.
een bange vogel zweeft en schreeuwt.
de catalaanse bibbert en ze geeuwt.
haar hond is oud en krabt naar luis.

o radio o radio o klebnikov
gij giet de mensen veel te vol met spraak
o radio o radio o klebnikov
geef haar vlug een kleed van sterrenstof

RADIO KLEBNIKOV 21/11/2020 @19u58

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Radio Klebnikov

is het programma van de Vrije Lyriek
elke zaterdag van 18u tot 20u
op de Leuvense vrije radio **Radio Scorpio**
FM 106 of <http://radioscorpio.be/luister.html>