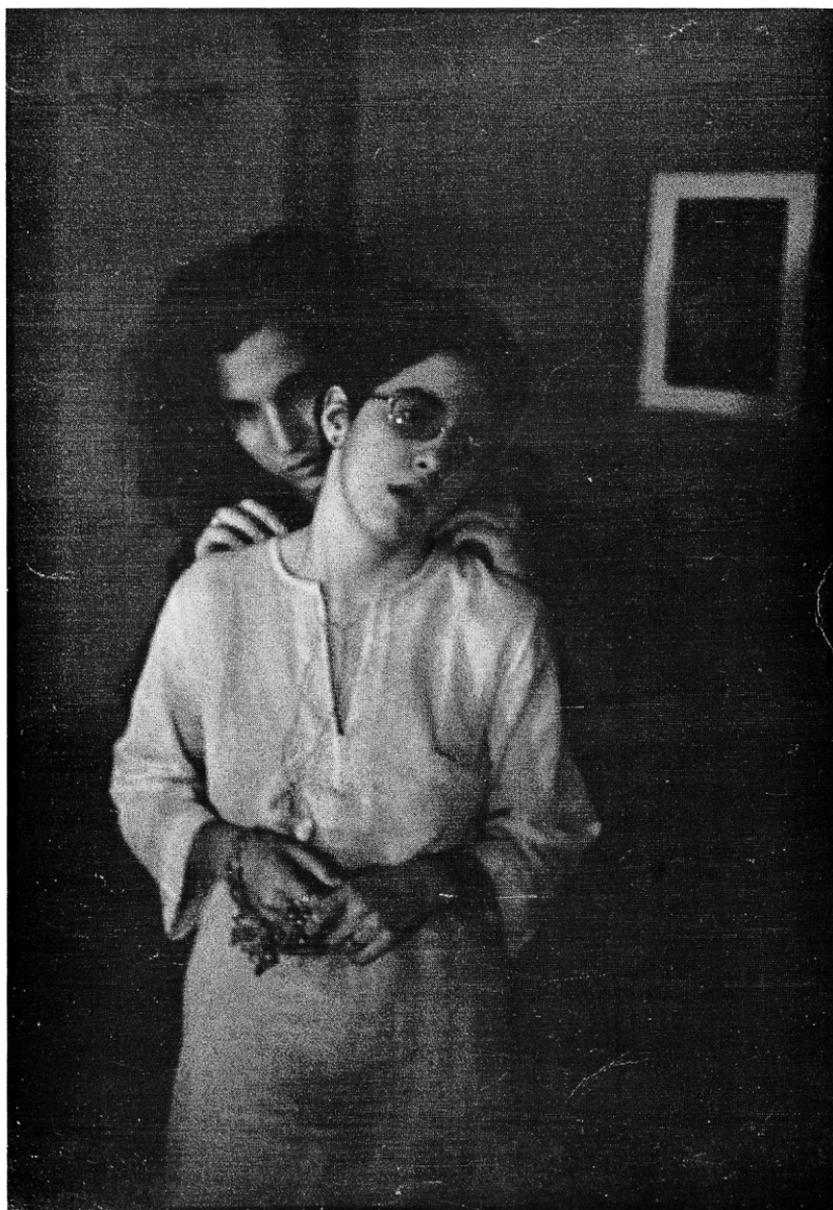


THEORY



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leonard neufeld

Leonard Neufeld and Kathy Acker on the cover of Theory, by Leonard Neufeld, poetry book produced and distributed by the author, March 1972; staple binding, print of 100 signed by Neufeld. Black and white photograph: © Laurence (Larry) Fink.

T H E O R Y

by

Leonard Neufeld

produced and distributed by the author

March 1972

if I don't get to know you how can i make proper use of you
please allow me to serve you in any way i can
let's walk down the street and talk about the people
the idea being to clarify other extremes than our own
no one will notice us until next month
then we might be famous rich and/or powerful
i'd like to move through life causing as little pain as possible
you'd like to move through life causing as little pain as possible

* * *

it's time to leave
nobody's coming
don't send money
how can you dance at a time like this
she said she has walls in her mind
i believe her
i believe in her
i didn't want to come home
they were a little piece of the old life
i stayed away
but she won't admit how she could feel

* * *

he was on the inside looking out
they were on the outside looking on
life starts in a funny way
he is as ephemeral as a rainbow
he isn't subtle he's learning something

daddy isn't home, mommy's asleep, baby's crying
the sound of a car door in the foggy night
i will become one with the universe
she rubbed his ass and giggled when he sucked her nipple

* * *

step right in only 69¢
let's fuck
i really want to lick you
do you mind
how much
where is it
i didn't like it
let's go
i feel very bad
there are demons in people's eyes
this city is a national calamity
an earthquake has struck
the bus is melting
my mouth is filled with slime
only your flesh is clean
i want to go home
thank god you're safe
everybody's so unhappy
i broke down in the street and cried
i saw reality
it went bad
i'll give up wanting to touch you if we can still talk to each other

* * *

then i won't bother you anymore
or then we'll work or eat lunch
life is short
the space between sleeping and waking is long
life is long
life goes on forever
we must reverence life
eat good food
think kindly thoughts
there are moments that will never disappear out of your mind

* * *

i'm full of my dinner
i'm on a voyage of discovery
i'm talking to a mode of representation
it costs a dollar to participate
let's have a comment from a noncombatant
i want to go home
i want another drink
i want to have a baby
i want to compose myself
i'm leaning over backwards
she was attacked the instant she opened the door
the floor is cluttered with poor sad ones
the light stays on
the money goes away anyway

* * *

someone doesn't have anyone to talk to
so he writes himself anonymous letters
about the news of the day
mistakes that have been made
the paraphernalia of subsistence
and hortatory remarks like
cheer up
every cloud has a silver lining
things can only get better
remember your tenth birthday party
well, this makes no sense to me
this seems like someone kidding himself
this person is at the end of his rope
no, it's a black black day

* * *

i don't want power i want influence
there's a right way to do things
i couldn't have felt less like being picked up
i couldn't have felt more like being picked up
i could have felt like being picked up
i could pick myself up
the girl in red is trying to sell herself
that's real nice of you
i like you just the way you are
i would do anything
i would do anything
let's strike a blow for freedom
let's kill them with kindness
let's immolate ourselves

let me kiss your feet
i can imagine her vacant taste
i can also overcome an initial disgust
true love drove him crazy
then he was on permanent welfare
there was nothing to do
there was nothing but a humane ideal
i want to see taste touch and smell it
they wait for you in the vestibule
sometimes they just stick it into you without warning
it's best to run first and be sorry later
i'd like to meet a doctor
i'd like to meet you at your place
i'd like you to give me something
i'd like to give it back to you
i'd like to say goodbye and mean it
i'd like to say hello to a friend
i'd like to greet someone i hardly know
i'd like to be able to share his sorrow
i'd like to be able to think about it
i'd like to feel it moving inside of me
i'd like to give you a little piece of my heart
that's why i bit you so hard
and love to give you a private fuck

* * *

don't scream, submit
come alive look lively
shape up
get an arm-lock on reality
there are no alternatives to bliss
euphoria
a rededicate life

* * *

which way does the road go after it ends
all roads lead to Rome
there are no secluded spots along that road
they are standing behind a pillar and sinning
it's a question of bodies, numbers
ten percent of a million is quite a lot
sitting standing or lying down they all hear the same music
i told him to ask his friends for help and it worked
three people saved themselves through Christ
evil is winning hands down
they need a good meal - - salami and swiss cheese sandwiches
free drinks
if your throat is dry it means you're high
a twelve turn maze can be memorized in two or three tries
they thought they were making love
only respectable people may swim here
you can't walk away from it all
it takes more than a little oil to fix a broken machine

* * *

i like to work till i'm all through
cleaning the house
listening to a preacher
or deciding which hat to wear
this place isn't big enough for both of us
everybody said to everybody else
the question is who looks more like it
the question is who looked like it first
there's nothing else on the racks, she said
to speak of them so familiarly
i'd rather be on the rack in the privacy of my own bedroom
than on the pillory in the middle of town
nobody dares
or everybody dares
he's sad
she's ridiculous
let's laugh it up
let's put down our tools and stand around
let's let them know how we feel
about the white slave traffic
alcoholism, gambling, smoking, drug abuse
zoos, prisons, asylums
unauthorized raising of the dead
ultra-violet filtration systems
the ad-hoc committee to rule the world

* * *

why am i standing on this line
so i can get to the front of it
how did this bottle of jam get into my hand
lot's of people worked hard to make it happen
he nodded and shrugged when i told him that nothing made
sense
he's my dear friend in the isolation ward
i don't believe i'm any sicker than they are
but they're afraid that what i've got is catching
soon i'll hear the news
then a report on the condition of the void
i've never lost faith
i'm the exact center of the universe

* * *

i worry too much
i can't seem to deal myself a winning hand
i keep looking over her shoulder
if all those contingencies work out i'd love to come see you
if i could get in touch with my tormentor i'd break the bonds
we could stay away for two whole days
he sees that they're not all bad
dirty faggot
he's not all good
he's so tired
he's droopy and despondent
he feels the opposite of jaded
he's on the american routine
i'd like to ride up to the north pole and squat
she knows such wonderful people

i'm not strong enough for them
the man is sitting in his office wherever he is
he's got the fate of the world at his fingertips
he won't answer any questions
all he does is talk about food
what he thinks about is doing right by his buddies
we don't amount to much in his estimation

* * *

this is no plot it's a romance
i'll tell you the truth
your life is completely empty
see what i mean
now you tell me something i don't know
you'll keep me from hysteria and i'll keep you from being maudlin
yes you will, you do
and what's more you make me see the humorous side of life
perhaps it's your silly presentation

* * *

everything is going around in circles
three months ago
i took the little purple pill
everything is going black, or blank
the paper is trying to tell me something
in fact, everything is trying to tell me something
i claim that it's fine weather for fine clothes
there's no nonsense like you own nonsense

the wind is blowing in all directions
which makes it hard to go uphill
it's also hard to stand still
all my pencils are sharp
i'm ready, i'm ready
question: how can you go in and come out simultaneously
answer: through a door

* * *

you hit him, because i'd really rather not
i'd rather camp on her doorstep
the car is coming around the corner
the train cut off his foot
they are the chimeras
we didn't see it happen
my food is staring at me and breathing
this is my first hallucination
i have beautiful mexican beads
most people say they don't want to live forever
and i don't blame them
he'd like to build a barbed wire fence around her
what i want to know is why

* * *

when will we see you again
the fat is in the fire
the window curtains are burnt to a crisp
the morning is hot and sticky
he came to the end of him
so he escaped
actually, there are no revolutions
except that fall follows summer, etcetera
she said she'd been wrestling with herself
i didn't notice
older women still enjoy sex
yes they do
after this life, what?
happiness, torment?
this is the way to the refrigerator
heavenly father
i think i am constitutionally calm before a storm
i did experience a catharsis
people kill each other, it's natural
his difficulties are your business
you better find yourself and start to relate
the movies are flashing across the screen
what is it all about
i have a conscience to guide me
it's not hard to figure out who the good guys are
they same the same things over and over
still, they're not crazy

* * *

my head is empty
i want to talk to you about it
love me
like me
kiss me
touch me
cook supper
i'll make the bed
let's go to bed
don't get too close
let's talk about something else
did we get any mail today
how are you feeling
why don't you take better care of yourself
believe me
i'm tired
i'm too tired
maybe tomorrow
don't cry
poor baby
it doesn't make any difference what i do
people talked about me behind my back
i'd fuck anyone
no-one would fuck me
i'd talk to anyone
no-one could talk to me
women have no inner resources
i must be a woman
go away
don't look
i'm not finished yet

* * *

Here i am.
Come alone.
Be my baby.
Let's eat fish.
Be soft with me.
I go to work.
Nothing to do.
Be brave.
Be calm.
I feel like crying.
Hold me tight.
Every night.

* * *

i saw him from behind
his long hair blowing in the wind
and i said if he's got a mustache
let's run him down
i feel conspicuous
i want to live with my own kind of people
i want to be around people who feel the way i do
i've had enough experience of other kinds of people to know i
 need more
i have to understand
we seem to be in a particularly interesting mess
at least i don't feel intimidated by these people who are burning
 themselves out

i don't sense their lack of concern because i'm more dissipated
than you are
i'm still a masochist
i don't pursue pain to see what i can learn from it
i'd like to be above all that
some people are infantile others are adolescent
he just needs, he doesn't know about anything else
i have enough for myself and to share a little with my friends but
i don't have enough to share with my enemies

* * *

i'm free enough to reach out in any direction and grab what i
need
i'm rich enough to eat out and see a movie every night
i'm smart and sexy, have multiple skills, and can do anything i set
my mind to
i fuck a different beautiful woman every night and a different
beautiful man every-other night (i'm basically heterosexual)
i really do feel bad when i hear a friend is dying
i'm sincerely trying to be of some use to my fellow creatures

* * *

all tied up, tired out
concerned with the larger issues
an imputation of irresponsibility
too much water in the rice
a shortage of vegetables
cockroaches

the way men run the world
attention
let's write down the rules
it's illegal
let's make that public
you've forgotten it
i still want to be in love
i can't find my hand
history can't be wrong
lobotomy is the answer
the question is
may i take two giant steps
aren't your eyes going away
where are feelings
why was i born
who am i
when is believing
i don't have a bad taste in my mouth

* * *

what do you want
it takes so long
it just takes so long
everything happens
nothing's changed
everything's different
i went for a walk
and got lost in the stink
she kissed me goodbye
she offered them her last dime and a piece of cake

the last five minutes taught me a lesson
it's like a little place in my mind that i can go to
i'd like you to admire what i've done
i'd like you to drop the hypocrisy
i mean i'm a hypocrite
or there's a brutal side to my nature
or they better wake up and look around
those people with eyes like wild animals
they're so violent and unpredictable
take my advice, get some sex
i don't seem to make much of an impression
then i look in the mirror a lot
it certainly opened my eyes
i'm going home
there's lots to eat
i just don't want to talk about it
i just want to do it
we like us
he wants to go back to the war zone
he wants to kiss her hand
i can't get used to this ritual
no, it won't be long

* * *

untying a really complicated knot is a matter of dedication
he doesn't want to go to his grandmother's funeral
i don't make any concessions to principle
he doesn't give himself away
he'd like to have a simple normal friendship
i wonder what happened to the argument we were having

i wonder why he didn't have an argument with her
ha has a lot of respect for her
she thought he was a little schleppey
she thought she had a bizarre relationship to him
i felt both guilty and angry
it's nothing but petty jealousy
i think there's a problem but i don't want to know about it
he's playing god with his explanations
he's just another person to everybody else
i'm just another person to everybody else
i explained her to her
i explained her to herself
i explained him to her
i explained her to him
i explained him to himself
i got tired and went home to dream
he thought "horror trip"
he had a flat tire

* * *

i am full of sentiment
you only hurt the one you love
consider the poor oppressed people
they have disappeared
there are no rulers
no bankers
no doctors
no garbagemen
no mailmen
no policemen

i can't carry a tune
my eyes are out of focus
chairs are made to be sat in
what is the opposite of a chair
how can i avoid winning, by losing
how can i avoid losing, by winning
i sit at the table and stare at my mother
she disappears, returns with a name
meditation is the answer to all questions
sweet dreams are the answers to insomnia
i have no experience of despair

* * *

when there's nothing then there's something
she is a free agent
she can fuck on a roof in the rain in the arms of another man
bring her filthy clothing home covered with his hair
talk to me about it
talk to someone who professes to hate her
put me in an untenable position in front of strangers
wake me from a deep sleep by talking in my ear
already i don't see myself in the mirror

* * *

i'd like to rip off his energy and make it mine own
because i keep forgetting what i'm thinking and feeling
except that i haven't got the simplicity to do something beautiful
in my heart i know i'm right, but i'm wrong

full of ugly little secrets the fantastic is no part of my life
and this new continuity
only clarifies an essential failure (central)
i can flap my eyes and smile anytime
it's good to know i've got a friend
and my friends know they've got a friend
or at least i hope they do (know it)
but so does everybody (hope)
it's not very beautiful for me to tell you this

* * *

i'd like to know who's going to pay for this
do i wear a button on my shirt
do i do my duty
do i have a highly developed sense of justice
they meet in the arena of self-aggrandizement
i guess i'm a bourgeois
it brings me down
i don't want saturday night to be a big sigh
you're so heavy
if you don't get paid you're not working
it's part of the agreement
maybe we can just have dinner and take it from there
but it i don't know anybody else i'd much rather just talk to her
but she says she can't meet anybody if she's with me
which is probably true
so we'll start out everywhere together and then go off on our own
runs
it's just that if i leave with you i'd like to feel certain of coming
home with you

just don't come near me in between
forget it
you keep talking to me like i was two years old
well, i have to promise not to be morbid
i promise not to be morbid
i'm rarely morbid
i just prefer being introduced to people
if you get my meaning

* * *

he needs to revitalize his spirit
he perceives the passage of time
a flower opening in time-lapse photography
death is nigh
i am high
starvation is a bring-down
he needs to get off that train of thought
i want to become one with him before it's too late
imagine the space behind your head
if i were blind would you care for me
would you acknowledge me in another body
will you come away with me to fairyland
it's not easy to be alive
other people believe in suffering
the manly art of self-defense
to commit suicide by running against a wall
when the horns blow it's time to go
when a bullet enters the body we love it up
dancing in a mirror in a dream
the wind is indifferent to the direction of the street

a sunshower makes me gasp
then there's a rainbow
how sweet in my heart
sweetheart
i want to be somewhere with you away from this place
like a plateau between mountains
i think it would be lovely
ah serenity

* * *

the house is filthy
the nose is full of snot
the cock is empty of sperm
i'll wash the bathtub
scrub the kitchen
sweep the livingroom floor
and hold onto my money
i wish i could sing
i mean, really open up my voice
i don't want to be drunk
everybody needs to be admired
or to be with people who make one feel good
a good laugh is always possible
such desires are like ships passing in the night

* * *

i can't go on much longer
i feel more and more isolated
my friends, they left without saying goodbye
i won't reach out for fear of not touching anyone

or i reach out and don't touch anyone
or i'm thinking someone else's thoughts
or i can't think my own thoughts
i better stop
i'm a long way from home

* * *

i don't particularly care
i keep falling asleep on the subway
whenever i want to
i think i need her more
she has a good relationship with him
he'll come stay with us for awhile
once we lived together and loved each other
now i dream about listening to them fucking
in idle moments
misery loves company
a companion to share everything with
i've been betrayed by all my friends
then we have a good conversation
he's an optimist, i'm a pessimist
you're right, it's pretty silly
we both agree -- we're on a spiritual quest
we have the capacity to deny our natures
i can't tell anyone what's good for them
and neither can you
now i have to take care of business
i love her more than she loves me, sadly enough

* * *

i feel like giving up
i feel like i've given up
i must realize that behavior has consequences
don't you think i considered the consequences
i didn't consider all the consequences
maybe i'll have it all to do over again
i'd do it all over again
i couldn't resist
i couldn't open my eyes to what he wanted to do with me
what i want to do with myself, that's my problem
like figuring out who i'm allowed to copulate with
permission granted
performed under the auspices of
and brought to you by...
don't you bring your friends into my house
they're no friends of mine
your lower lip is swollen, let me kiss it
i don't think you understand where i'm at
i'm no better than you
she's no better than me
you're no better than her
he's hard to get along with
we took a bath together and talked about saving our souls
then i held her and touched her and fucked her until the sun
came up
it wasn't very satisfying, but the next time was better
the time after that still very good
but the last time was good for her, bad for me
she left without saying goodbye
will the children be more or less hurt
what are friends for anyway
am i supposed to be in control of myself or something

thanks for your fines sentiments
you go your way and i'll go mine

* * *

i've got to get out of this trap
temperature 58°
humidity 97%
sunny & hazy
it's taing up too much of my time
and all of my energy
between work-life and love life i don't have much time for my life
my only life
i might as well be what where who and how i want to be

* * *

what can you expect from another person
i don't expect anything
well i do, i expect plenty
well you better learn a little more about the world
well i think i'm happier this way
and more idealistic too
which is how i want to be
and isn't the idea anyway to forget all that
people who act the opposite of what they mean
except that it isn't so simple
it's no exaggeration to say that they're failures as friends

* * *

wanted so much to be home with you this morning
i was so smashed last night that when he was fucking you i thou-
ght it was me
the AMA says my diet will give me loss of kidney function
there's a conspiracy to maintain the status quo, i think
things do seem to work out that way
could i stand a deserted island in the south pacific
only if you could stand me, my baby

* * *

i'm thrown back on the sound of my inner voice as it fades into
silence
you're away and i wait for the telephone to ring
some people are merely vulnerable, others are victims, i think
about you a lot
your body is made for my touches
your white skin, black curly pubic hair, your gorgeous whore's body
i've made a study of you
i'd like you to adore me
in your own way you're totally sincere
you're very easy to understand
i wish you'd come home

* * *

i woke up from a bad dream
somebody was trying to kill me
i'll never hold you in my arms again while you're fainting with
passion

it's quite a loss
i can tell what you want but not what you don't want
not like those people who take off their personality with their
clothes
i wanted you to warm me up
instead you wanted to cut your wrists
if i wanted to insult you i'd call it inappropriate affect
but i'm not sure who's inappropriate
i want to go on living, with you

* * *

she didn't realize that they're crazier than we are
it made her feel better
i feel worse
everytime i go out
she surprises me with her femininity
she seemed so self-contained
unresponsive is the wrong word
now she seems to be in love
in love?
i love someone, i told her
one thing you can count on is that i really care about you
even if it makes you want to run screaming sometimes
don't be so bitter
she's not a two-faced bitch
she just doesn't know what she's thinking
i don't want to take her to bed anymore
i don't really want to lose myself in anyone but you

* * *

the night is lonely and anxious and long
why have you come to visit me
you're looking over my shoulder
no you're not
you're not really here
but here inside me
i've got you where you can't escape
it's my trap
it's also your trap
so you and i are trapped in my trap
and i'm trapped in your trap
but are you trapped in your own trap
i can't believe it
no matter what you say
i think it's your mind
do you think i'm crazy
i think you've got a good chance of getting yourself killed

* * *

well here i am all tied up again
so what if i'm stoned all the time
pugnacious jaw stuck out, i don't have one
tangle of mud and leaves by the side of a stream
i shot her so he stole my gun
a piece of nothing
mass killer, a bad boy
cornered by overcoats
they want to make me better
i don't understand

water gleams like crystal in the air
many reflections

* * *

regard this noble creature
with his head swaying on his neck unable to think straight ahead
but happy dreamer
even then she moves away
later she holds him to her breast and he feels terrific
ah it's good to be stoned, his concentration goes up
nothing to worry about
he rarely worries however
i was blind dear, blind
very very blind
he still is, isn't he
what's wrong with me
do you know anything about the possibilities and practicalities of
 emigrating to north africa
it's something they were considering
got to get out of the loony bin
she's worked very hard at it and now she sees clearly
as far as the end of her outstretched arm
to have confidence in one's knowledge of what's happening in
 one's immediate vicinity would be quite reassuring
she likes to be leaned on by several men
you're for keeping that crucial inch apart
he finds something of interest in both situations
let's have ritual murder on tv a little human sacrifice could go a
 long way
gangs of men raping women, gangs of women castrating men,

public fucking in the streets like dogs till no-one pays you critical attention is one possibility for reform
actually, there's nothing to worry about
it's still possible to eat drink have shelter and say exactly what you feel
a blind man with sensitive fingers could do a jigsaw puzzle
don't ask him why, don't ask me either
we could play chess
do you worry about snipers, only if the snipers worry about me
this is my space, it doesn't look anything at all like what you're used to, it's really tragic you know
so find another noble creature to hold hands with
tell him what to do daddy
my cock is beautiful
he must walk the line between dignity and self-preservation
at least my animal functions i'm entitled to keep private
take another drag and let's talk about what it feels like
what does the inside of her mouth taste like
not as sweet as the juices that will run from her cunt if you can
bring it to the point of secretion
i'd like you to meet my companion along life's dusty highways
we're not equipped for heavy thinking
ah for a nuclear holocaust, just a few of us left
even without that there's still got to be another generation
we have an obligation to bring our own kind into the world
though this planet is clearly not made to support three billion creatures of our size and habits

* * *

one believes in the significance of his ancestry
another feels he is the reincarnation of someone important
it takes its toll
i'm pretty crazy
you're crazy? what about the rest of us
she was deprived of love
there's a certain reward in doing something well
if they'll let you
but they demand the impossible
and their only reward is money
for some reason i let them take advantage of me
she speaks to them in a cold impersonal tone
it makes for difficulties
she's unhappy but retains her self-respect
i think i have mine but it's hard to tell
all of a sudden i realized we weren't speaking the same language
all the time
it's not just on important levels
but in a million little ways
he's beyond empathy

* * *

o yes, something will certainly come your way dear
you let things get to a point and then you can't stand it any more
and you get up and do something
that's better than my lying style
i think her pain has a psychological origin
don't you realize what you're doing to me
i presume you're doing something to me
you're a sensitive intelligent person -- naturally you want someone

you can talk to
only don't try to define it too closely
there's no way you can be sure
as he said, there's no paradigm for predicting satisfaction
i grinned, what did he think i meant
anyway, don't be too sure about what will please you
it cuts off the possibility of your own changing
yes i have a tendency to do that
a method for getting at feeling:
try one on for size
i love you
i don't love you
i love you

one likes someone or one doesn't like her
i don't like her
i don't love her
what do i feel

she doesn't feel she can be a part of that place
i should put my money aside and say i'm going to use it for some-
thing nice of which she can be a part
she'd feel like i was treating her like a baby and she'd be right
not completely right
but right
but you have a right
well
you've made me feel much better

* * *

hey friends
the quality of life is really low
let me tell you something
you want to be comforted
you've got a real mother thing
and it just doesn't make me feel right
you're not telling me anything i don't know
she said i was really buggy about him
i think she misinterpreted my reaction
it's a good thing i didn't sleep with you last night
i tried to say i'm sorry and couldn't get the words out
what's wrong with you! come in and sit down
i don't think that's a very good idea
okay, go! goodbye!
i turned around and left
so long
we couldn't get on the ferry
so let's go back to the fire
you've got a baby body, pretty
why do you think i didn't really want him to touch me
i think things are starting to break out in people
but he didn't realize which people i was talking about
the citizenry, i mean
apparently, when everybody isn't totally insane you can get a bag
of groceries for \$3.75
also, the landscape can capture your mind on a beautiful island
one doesn't run through two other people in four days
did i forget that
is the idea to look more desolate than i feel
well, i want to be honest after all
and in the absence of any reason i still feel that way
i mean any way i happen to feel

so put your hand on my neck
i want to imagine i know something about how she feels
my body is invariably an object for everybody else
let's make a distinction between emotions and sensations
fear and pain, for example
can i feel her fear? her pain?
i can feel her fear
some people say they can feel her pain
so pain can be an emotion
my sensations are private
which is why i can spend my time running from one spasm to
another
and nobody any the wiser
one afternoon in the woods i met a movie star, an immense pig,
and a goat that wanted to fight
i also spoke objectively about history -- someone i used to know
one day i left my wife and went off with a girl i had met once
my wife took our son and went home
later i followed her and persuaded her to come back
then i left again and went off with a girl i later fell in love with
this is not difficult to understand
i don't need anyone to explain me to myself
it's really disgusting to pretend that nothing is sacred
let's at least have secrets worth keeping however
if i can't be a big man i'll be the littlest -- a disappearing act
so when you've said everything, i've got everything left to say
i've performed an act of identification that's left me standing on
both sides of the fence
pieces of my body were extruded at odd angles
an image that i knew the significance of
who's kidding who

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Leonard Neufeld [signature]



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