

7 WORKS

Bob Perelman

Thanks very much to Alan Davies (*A Hundred Posters*), Kenward Elmslie (*ZZZZZZ*), Barrett Watten (*This*), Ron Silliman (*Tottel's*), James Sherry (*Roof*), and Tom Mandel (*miam*) for printing versions of these pieces in their magazines.

ESSAY ON STYLE contains, among many other things, parts of a collaboration between myself, Kit Robinson, and Steve Benson. The words of VIENNA: A CORRESPONDENCE are mostly from the letters of Mozart and his family, edited by E. Anderson. BEFORE WATER was originally part of a performance / collaboration with Francie Shaw.

This book is dedicated to Francie Shaw

First published by The Figures (Great Barrington) in 1978.

ESSAY ON STYLE

For Steve Benson & Kit Robinson

Above all, odor enables an animal to convey messages which can be deciphered in its absence and after quite a considerable lapse of time. We had to wait for the invention of writing before we found another way of doing that.

Instead of ant wort I saw brat guts.

I think I told you in my last letter that the Duc de Guines, whose daughter is my pupil in composition, plays the flute very well, and that she plays the harp magnifique.

For example, in some concert hall there is the immediate volume of sound in the immediate specious present. There is the symphonic form which is dominating the successive moments of experience. There is the sense of the variety of static forms immediately realized: the forms of the instruments, the spatial distribution of the orchestra, the mathematical analysis of each momentary sound, the musical score. There are three main aspects within aesthetic experience: the sense of genius, the sense of disclosure, the sense of frustration.

A composer must do precisely what a composer is nearest to. I close my heart to momentary whim, which as far as I can see, I always guess. Now first of all my dear, I think, and secondly, I make myself unconstrained and natural. Far dangers confide in me when I write. What a responsibility, and what a shame. Pride and self-love will not get the appreciation they deserve. Nervous palpitations are only natural for I cannot tell everything frankly fully and immediately.

If the two are compared: the earth and the fame of the individual, the man who strives recklessly for glory win be forgotten because he thinks that life belongs to his own species. One is not permitted to push back the conflicting seeds. One is tethered to the earth by a generally dry climate, tall grasses, peanuts, and humped cattle. The groupings of chemicals make refrigeration which can be inhaled and will not cause a fire hazard. Dispersing agents free a large-scale version of desire. Early mercurial enjoyment meets all needs: walking talking drinking spending money. Nature makes modest demands: a tongue in the mouth.

For example, in some hall there is soft volume of sound in the immediate specious present. There, the symphonic form which is dominating the successive moments of experience rises. There is, however, the sense along silently with the static: the forms of the instruments, the spatial orchestra, the score. There are, in a strange place, three main aspects to approach immediately: the sense of genius with urgent sounds, the sense of disclosure, the sense of frustration, indicating the outsider.

Getting up in the morning and looking down through a long ghastly rusty gate, I talked to the old guy down the street who was always watering his obsessional theories. Scuh! Now that I've broken the lock, I put my face down and enjoy it for a minute.

She has a great deal of talent and genius, and in particular a marvelous memory, so that she can play all her pieces, actually about two hundred, by heart. She is, however, extremely doubtful as to whether she has any talent for composition, especially as regards invention or ideas. But her father, who, between ourselves, is somewhat too infatuated with her, declares that she certainly has ideas and it is only that she is too

bashful and has too little self-confidence. Well, we shall see. If she gets no inspirations (for at present she really has none whatsoever), then it is to no purpose, for – God knows – I can't give her any.

But how to have the soul of things and put it in a glutinous sauce. Art seems to be salted strips of bacon. Your rolled napkin is an image sprung from appetite. It tells you that you really and truly know everything.

An ignorance a Sunset
Confer upon the Eye –
Of Territory – Color –
Circumference – Decay –

Its Amber Revelation
Exhilarate – Debase –
Omnipotence' inspection
Of Our inferior face –

Ingenious men have long observed a resemblance between the arts and the bodily senses. And they were first led to do so, I think, by noticing the way in which, both in the arts and with our senses, we examine opposites. Judgment once obtained, the use to which we put it differs in the two cases. Our senses are not meant to pick out black rather than white, to prefer sweet to bitter, or soft and yielding to hard and resisting objects; all they have to do is to receive impressions as they occur, and report.

For example, in some hall there is familiar soft volume of togetherness the year round in the immediate specious present spring. There, the symphonic form which leads the moments of experience rises in pitch. However, the sense along with the form: the form of the orchestra, the score. There, in a strange place to approach immediately with urgent sounds: disclosure, of frustration, indicating the outsider.

They often plundered towns, collecting larger quantities of gold than they could handle. They stole 3000 pounds of gold in protest against abstraction, natural sounds, dim lights, vague awe, and puppets. Their master presented a shocking appearance, so as to hook up with a touring band. Obviously talented, he had a day to day style and a loud twang. It was on his silent days that he regularly doubted physical tones in Los Angeles. He heard some other things.

Some agreeable piece of boreal lingo screwed on quietly to itself miles away.

I gave her her fourth lesson today, and, so far as the rules of composition and harmony are concerned, I am fairly well satisfied. She filled in quite a good bass for the first minuet, the melody of which I had given her, and she has already begun to write in three parts. But she very soon gets bored, and I am unable to help her; for as yet I cannot proceed more quickly. It is too soon, even if there really were genius there, but unfortunately there is none. Everything has to be done by rule. She has no ideas whatsoever – nothing comes.

Tall good looking potatoes want to be free to talk. When you tell a man this, it's too much. He turns on the radio.

The arts, on the other hand, have to choose some suitable object, though in a casual and contingent way they have to pay attention to unsuitable objects in order to reject them. Medicine, to produce health, must examine disease, and music, to produce harmony, must investigate discord.

The poor little grey air. Longing to be turned into a stone pillar.

Critical mass of individual:

Aa. A basket. Of cherries. His dream, he told her. She did not wish to leave boat. Trip lasted longer. Heard of mountain, fine views on top. Know what? Nobody knew. Every time his question was answered in the negative. Last night he dreamed the only detail: "You have to climb steps for six hours... "

I have tried every possible way with her. Among other things I hit on the idea of writing a very simple minuet, in order to see whether she could compose a variation on it. It was useless.

There'll be a handout to wild animals, clay statues, replacements, and books. The bad thing will be kept in the sky.

For example, her familiar soft volume of togetherness the year round, except during the specious. There, her form which leads her experience normally given rises in pitch. However, the sense along silently with her form: the form of her orchestra. There, in a strange place to approach immediately, she informs her immediately with urgent sounds of disclosure, indicating the outsider.

Evening abroad, that fatal 27th, we found out what had become of one of the darker parts of our neighborhood. Being too near the edge to contemplate the forest as a whole, we concentrated on the difference between foliage and trunk. The foliage was darker, suggesting the mineral rather than the vegetable kingdom; jade and tourmaline rather than emerald and peridot. The trunks, on the other hand, stood out like greyish skeletons against the dark foliage. Trodding on frozen turf, waiting for a wind. The smoke closed in overhead. It fit. Pariah dogs picked up long poles and stirred a lashing grass-bound odor that seemed the very birth of population.

The sky continues with domestic joys, daily weight and location. You are not yourself forever.

A few days after he came to Capri, a fisherman suddenly intruded upon his solitude by presenting him with an enormous mullet, which he had lugged up the trackless cliffs at the rear of the island. Tiberius was so scared that he ordered his guards to rub the fisherman's face with the mullet. The scales skinned it raw, and the poor fellow shouted in his agony: "Thank Heaven, I did not bring that huge crab I also caught."

The example gives her familiar soft togetherness the year round, except during the specious spring season. There her wark as she leads her line of experience normally given very softly rises in pitch and intensity threatens. Sense waddles along silently with her orchestra. If a strange place has the temerity to approach, she informs her immediately with urgent sounds, indicating the outsider with her.

The sense of advance, of penetration, is essential to sustain interest. Also there are two types of advance. One is the advance in the use of assigned patterns for the coordination of an increased variety of detail. But the assignment of the type of pattern restricts the

choice of detail. In this way the infinitude of the universe is dismissed as irrelevant. The advance which had started with the freshness of sunrise degenerates into a dull accumulation of minor feats of coordination. The history of thought and the history of art illustrate this.

The dead's town got no road or bar. Got to travel bush to bush. Six thirty P.M. we slept in big bush.

Rest is deep and boundless. There is no limit to that infinite domain. Forcing matter would spread itself out, else neither normal fusion would never have created disorder. Surely atoms, being so harnessed, and time, by trying all kinds of motion, kept making cycles, earth fondled by new generations. A permanent supply of blows batters away from within.

"Well," I thought, "she probably doesn't know how to begin." So I started to write a variation on the first bar and told her to go on in the same way and keep to the idea. In the end it went fairly well. When it was finished, I told her to begin something of her own, – only the treble part, the melody. Well, she thought and thought for a quarter of an hour and nothing came.

In the case of American towns, the passing years bring degeneration. It is not simply that they have been newly built; they were built badly. When new districts are being created, they are hardly integral elements of the urban scene; they are too gaudy, too new for that. They are more like stands at a fair or the pavilions of some international exhibition, built only to last a few months. After that, the fair closes and the huge geegaws lapse into decay: the facades begin to peel, rain and soot leave their grimy trails, the style goes out of fashion, and the original layout disappears through demolitions caused by some new building fever. These cities are in the grip of a chronic disease: they are perpetually young, yet never healthy.

A hostile kind of cellar and streets of the same frame of mind were going along to fight. Base ungentle everyman had to hold the door. The key had come with a wrong hand and so continued holding the hand. Many ages turned toward the eyes, a dead blank, the silence of a single situation.

We are unacquainted with virgin nature since our landscapes are so manifestly subservient to man. They may occasionally appear wild, not because they really are so, but because interaction has occurred at a slower rate, or again – in mountainous regions – because the problems arising were so complex that man, instead of evolving a systematic response, has reacted over the centuries with a multiple of ad hoc adjustments. These are taken as representing authentic wildness.

Translate any sense, and the sense is this: Every man wears his spectacles upon his nose.

The female mallard duck gives her familiar soft quacks of togetherness the year round, except during the spring breeding season. Her wark, wark, wark as she leads her line of ducklings along is normally given very softly, but rises in pitch and intensity if danger threatens. During the breeding period, however, she waddles along silently with her mate. If a strange drake has the temerity to approach, she informs her mate immediately with urgent qweg qweg sounds, indicating the outsider with her bill.

The french officer, by long habitude, translated three words, which he fairly wrote down. Lounging, he watched the pile of envelopes set about quietly. He had found beauty in a soliloquy.

Only if one has travelled in America does one realize that sublime beauty of landscape, far from being a spontaneous manifestation of nature, is the result of a agreements painstakingly evolved during a long collaboration between man and his surroundings. Man naively admires the effects of his past achievements. Fortified by numerous examples of virtue, judicious remarks, and copious visions of the whole system, he wants fortunes, length of time, posterity, and tulips the preceding year.

How shall I then tell of the days we were too ill to stretch to the horizon. For food we chewed the food of mosses. For the rest, we waited.

So I wrote down four bars of a minuet and said to her: "See what an ass I am! I have begun a minuet and can't even finish the melody. Please be so kind as to finish it for me." She was positive she couldn't, but at last with great difficulty – something came, and indeed I was only too glad to see something come for once.

So memorable for its features, the eye at sudden death occurs to itself as a solitary spectator. The juice is cruelly violated by the dark in the darkness.

Courage is the strength to endure a clump of trees.

ROAD TONES

In the prime of their loveliness
they fall from the aether into
books. They arc mistaken
for one's own hands, and are used
freely from one generation to the next.
Some slight annoyance during dreams.
I was born during an agreement,
wings and back fins, that stuff.
There is another ancient tale
of a demon frog who eats the moon.
That night the whole intelligible realm
spat rainbows like memories of a
primitive epoch, stirred up
to find free gratification.

Earth's subsequent mental life
was pampered by thinkers. It fits so well
because words have the nature
of instruments, gaping jaws,
deep-eddying importance.
The scholiast's doubt, equal
to itself, was repeated in unison
by intelligent mouths stuffed into the pit.
Sleep spreads to find
this region, absolutely independent
of the beginning of the world.
It grabs the jagged edges,
reins and ropes, local bones
and crams them rumbling down
sucked sideways into an unharvested
sea, without delightful touching.
Ancient stale blinded effort.

Modern honor has freed instinct
from the stomach up to the gaping
prestige of the mirror
refined a hundredfold.
Serious snarls designed
to improve the cold glimmer
of an underworld. I think
it's just a case of wishing
to live in the world
in actual obedience to what
underlies any act. The behavior
of animals in the night is
no different. Sleep spreads
to fur covered mud, the typical
formulation flowing from the
freezing moonrise, a white work.
Even the gods are overcome.

They fall from the aether
into the reeds and are mistaken
for dead branches by the watchful rodents.

Ten thousand forest trees stood
rigid in a theory typical of
Cartesian linguistics. The cold
air tensed against analogies.
A glittering silver dish
rose from fantasy
and a tender wish
not to happen. A terrible
and mysterious power came forth
from the east and lighted
the formulation in which
my hands were even stronger
than the original
form and snowy organization
dragged by the tumbling wind.
The freezing variants
made an obedient herd.

Quickly night surrounded the throat
of the loveliest childhood.
Above were the roots
of a thought world. The fertile
dallying mass was in love
with the five colors that our eyes
presumably invent.
At bottom, all that is left
is an animal-like function
in brutish winter, local forms
of chaos running across
whole skies like soot in private
memories. Who could guess
that things so magical would
end the world. The flowers
wither, notions fall
in the middle courtyard.

North of a great cold lake
is a gleaming bronze gate
self-grown and simpler
than consciousness. I was watchful
and saw the production of a vast
gap; trapped wrongside up, it dropped
straight down into ripples
stirred in the faces of rowdy
monkeys. They shrieked
with amazement. Rigid childhood
surrounded the air of the
loveliest memories. I was glad
I had not fallen in.

Darkness and daylight touch
here and there, tender
about the horizon. Fine weather,
fresh paint, never a fixed posture.
Fertile roots tense against dead branches.

Would you want to suffer
in technical terms while insects
and reptiles play tricks
with your pupils? Such
is the state of the individual.
He is conscious. Gaping jaws
stuff the hungry pit.
Who cares? We have books, tea, normal human
free real men, the most memories.
Ten suns burned the Nine Regions.
See what happens when you trust
the most honorable thing on earth!
But modern linguistics have freed
my heart from cares. My appetite
props my stomach up with lumps
like jade mountains cooked to cinnabar.

This is somewhat akin
to the flux-idea I had once
with my wings and fins
slicked back. Intelligent
behavior is not without a certain
effort. I don't want
to compare anything with anything.
Every man whose eyes ail him
goes looking for the sound.
Heaven I suppose is no different.
It misses as much as we do.
It's not just a more
complicated case; heaven, which pampered
the frog, by the frog is blinded!

Form is mechanical when the sound
of its thump does not point
to a use of chaos, the nine headed
monster that eats our souls
with some degree of reciprocity
in a serious attempt
to find a solution to the snows
and winds that snap our bones.
It remains an open question
how much special air
life owes birds of the region.
There is no way back
from what is innate.
Stiff snarls of linguistic soot
mean space, rejected or filled
with common emotional biases.

The forms of judgment
with which to sum up huge waves
of laconic possibility
are pounded to a thousand pieces
by a gap of infinite size
actually replacing the whole
of human society.
It's more than a question
of simply being unorganized.
Consider, not just what a person does,
but the conditions under which
the willows of the capitol shine
with the idea of rain.
A giant of some kind
has been thrown away, past
where we look. Heaven is
dark sky, earth the assistance
of extremely suggestible variants.

Quite naturally, lightless gulfs
snap our affections.
Enter compulsion, between wishing
and pampered annoyance.
A gloomy place of air was first.
Containing jaws, the body
is mental. You hunt with the pack,
you learn to sniff its
technical terms. A thousand years
are pounded to behavior
by instruments of doubtful importance.
It's delightful to begin
with the jagged edges,
special air snarls mean
open space, capital conditions,
rain or shine. It's more
than an idea. It's longer.

Man must sleep. The first thing.
Next, a mouth, raving questions
at the vast gap between the sky
and the deliberate forms
of reasoning produced by the underlying
patterns. Water might be the gulf
connecting gloomy Chaos with tea.
Frosts are set upon beginners,
even the gods are overcome
and form unsuitable occasions.
Frogs with lumps. But to compare
chaos with a high building is not an idea.

A spring wind from the sea
blows between the shadows
of the forest trees. Ten thousand
ways to open the question of air.
Thinking spreads to the pit.
It's not polite to point
to the funeral, dark windy sideways bias.
The apparent source of men
who love importance is a doctrine
which identifies them
with high windless hills much older
than the comforts of a life.
This is due to fear of having
been born. Slapped
by an irritated show of instinct,
they're thinking only in terms
of their own grievous lengths.

Mistaken dreams within one's own
hand. The actual obedience
of behavior to gratification
is mysterious. A gaping mirror
folding man's place designed
to glimmer. What happens
when you work the most complicated
wind on earth. Appetite
spreads, flowing from notions
in the middle courtyard.
just a case of wishing. No different
than a frog, annoyed slightly
from one generation to the next.
Intelligent slicked back mud,
typical.
In the prime of their birth
they fall into place.

HOW TO IMPROVE

For Barrett Watten

INTO

The utility is certain. Were it not, the present could not chase the greatest ultimate.

So much the most casual will readily learn. Each has a residence in a jumble of individuality. And personality, the peasant of motion, aloof, unmoved, the effect of sentimental song. Imagine the wall, changed unto mind!

Human personalities for their own sakes can become so vigorous that *fair & radiant maidens* nearly always are creatures of the same defunct charm over years of fashion.

The *moron* has now become all mass. Born, come to maturity, gone old, dead, resurrected but to die again, restored, killed, living on, maimed, rejuvenated, betrayed, married, mutilated, detoxified, separated. Cities build emphasis. Soothe the ears, move the tears to a can. Hundreds of thousands accurately expressing the elements.

But, for all this, sadly abused. The *thing* under a weary, weary burden, bent and broken. The vitality which so fatigues, the slave with few lives. He has to get along with vague impressions of half of some things at all. *Retire*, unnecessarily and often. The average place. The bad taste of teeth. The man wears a broad grin to keep them.

You, however, are important enough for a separate number (No. 82).

A pill will correct the true student overnight. His is the aggressive swallow. It may tell.

SINGLE WORDS

Most users mean little, it's true. The enormous source seems a trifle. Some illustrations get compared with existence, which must in time grow smaller. The twentieth century uses the average. The end.

The exact person ought to remain. Certainly, no one can afford to stop. A person's experience must contain several meanings, or he cannot be careful.

Sound requires any speaker to know sound. *Improve, enlarge*. Suppose a basis:

Life is a happier wish
than to be laid.
A cool syringa's shade
or wavy willow; the dragon,
content of purple crest
and filmy indifference;
the water-lily's golden
overlook – What I am in
believes me, who will live forever
and drop dead into the river!
God pardon fancy things!

Included to dominate the meaning, the fundamental importance here cannot be discounted. If not available, consult the first opportunity. The thing to do is to look unfamiliar with, and to wise up, any clear understanding that has preceded the moment.

Be sure you are aware of the shades. *Thou art* old. *Be* aloft, again & again. Perform, instead of merely washing your hands. *Awake* is enough, and wonders why it is ever omitted from the essential. Superseded, *swoon* largely by, *faint away*, a distinct addition, possibly *steadfast*.

The world is too late.
Getting our powers
we see in.
We have given our hearts away!
Solid boon!
The hours are gathered
like this tune.
It moves not the pleasant lea.
I have glimpses
that make me.

Suppose we examine a great deal of care. First, its definition: a state of being. Splendid. 1) Emitted or reflected. 2) Appearance used figuratively. 3) Conspicuous. The *splendor* of *rare* disregard. *Accuracy* applies the star. And a star shines with accuracy. We learn through meaning to *shine*. Splendid. A distinct gain.

Turning, we are stuck. We notice our ears are trained. Soft harmonies of deeptoned, nevertheless quiet, repeated questions suited to the context enrage the attention. It is no good. Every thing uses any music to make the use of us sound so precise. Submerge valuable connotations. If they survive, they have their duties.

Notice the remarkable loss of vividness known as a blanket. It includes all degrees of night. Lost, idealized. Our own eyes should discern we can't improve unerringly.

Abandoning *splendor*, it can be seen. Figurative fundamental sense without implications of appearance. A man in armor is hardly furnished tastefully with the best. He reads and hopes. He may not have a single shining thing within. Yet he may, robed in satins and the usual sense, speak of various meanings, a genuine part of our process.

Improving may appear tedious, and, a great many times, monotonous, an exacted platitude. It rumbles somewhat, rather loose in its application. Most of the time goes by. But it can be a mind made in operation, a more specific will.

CONFERENCE

People yield themselves. They hunger, and lack. You must search out the individuals. Step aside from conversations, sermons. Grasp the stranger and look straight in at this moment. Do you feel ease? Cold? Some denizens boast that they know their "names." John, Bob, Jim is a walking average menu. You are in no danger from one another.

Winter wind,
thou art not
thy tooth.
Be folly unto
the loving green.

Some rather startling things are queer and grotesquely illogical. It is a universal habit to skip over indefinite mental processes. Just indulge, and be wrong. The next time you are likely to think the same way. Until, at last, to be associated inseparably with *noisome*. Eyes, nose, even the lines about the mouth are a shock to push you along to your ultimate complete misunderstanding.

Autumn wastes each day.

The sky stirs the cold blue rope.
I have tied
the barbarians to my house.
I'll hoe myself,
and from my dinner plate
arm the brook!

Easy to sense the course.
Hard to compel the drift of joy.
In the deepest decline
the leafiest will conquer its age.
And praise and blame to youth.
Though autumn is on my failings,
I shall never weary of my pillow.

The first time you meet the pigs in their pen, the proximity looks as though it means "full of you, disinclined to look." Feeling that it is quite evident without bothering. Think, grunting and squealing, and pass by. You may even be so far along you cast a cold eye. Then you notice a new connection: "The noisome odor of the slaughterhouse." A brief consultation will put you right again, and show you the means, and furthermore, the kinship.

Verify your present, then. Pick out distinct individuals and see them. (Not as *case*, *take*, etc., but purely as *the*.) You have a surprise in store for you. You are an extraordinary human being

pretty
 escape
 the other day
 you fled away?
I have since caught you
 flying

 stars
 pouring
 Osiers
 devouring
 Kisses here
 lips there
 never
 full
 soon
 loves

 Desert
 keeping
 my desires safe
And
 ought
 should be
your servant
 my saint

ROOM

Writing is a room, a method of dilating the pupils. The method is a sound one. Horace speaks: "Listen. I have a surface. Every day, at least. Then I sentence words to various shades of meaning. Day after day I am looking at that picked garden. Aramanthine glory of her leonine dignity sat gravely on the gypsying hinterlands."

Various quotas are continually being suggested to him who would enlarge. A day goes by. It is apparent. But not so apparent. Very well. After you have gained some knowledge of your own sky in a concise blind, shoot for a clear-headed error, so that it will seem like the real you. Don't say, "Antarctica exudes pigeons with flat tops, supported by one or more legs." *Slowly*, in a *slow* manner, be specifically "something to hold things." Support food. Be.

You can verify your so-and-so. You can merely know how to use it. Let it go at that. We can stop. We haven't learned at all, technical, specialized. Equal in value with the royal background.

I might have known.
The immaculate pencil.
The inexcusable comma.
Ritual lives of endless objects.

Seen walls are less dangerous
than a live sift
through an entire afternoon.

Define your own good scorn. Redden, endless, extravagant. Couch upon the bed, lake, beast. Look at what you can. Try to avoid preceding today. Follow splendor about. It does shine figuratively with a magnificence firmly between its teeth.

THE ANCESTRY

Dogs justify themselves by "White silences." They say that in "God's country." A man's a man and the past. Develop a spare, or don't be surprised to discover you haven't walked in primly. Take it on faith; it is somehow interesting to manage to use the door.

Compare the value of belief with the actual widespread experience of fate, a power that flowed in your mouth before you began to exert your influence. Imagine the tortured "holiday" of having food be kept in myth, just beyond more vivid dexterity.

Old lights are in the ground today. They appertain to you, whether you swallow the earth, or provoke the lord in the pit.

Sweet in her dull green flower
beauty slumbers, a lulled
sigh lumbering through her air.

Onward to my fatal wings.

Another gone! Heaven's blank
cheque has bounced again.
With nightly music the spheres
sweep the splendid years
under the rug.
Birds call up the forest,
intelligible rocks echo their alarm.

Shakespeare is universally assumed the world's greatest uncle. So it is impossible to read Shakespeare. Large numbers of intelligent-looking students only serve obsolete basilisks. They find themselves clarifying the descriptions. Smiling like milk, dropping into the easy chairs. Vinegar is nearer what we want, sharp, sour, eager boycott, veto, sinister lariat. Speaking in heat, and burning notice, literally the sense, finding completely.

The paint is always peeling
from common sense.
The men are shaved smooth
as putting greens
and the sky's blue smoke
appears by its own appointment.

KINSMEN

If ancestors, they are innumerable. Large groups of boasting families. Their interests intend the minutest partiality. The toast will be served at ten in the chapel.

Thus, the kinsmen are *profane, fanatic* blood brothers. Numbers separate; one sister goes to India, a brother to Iceland, but at some far time, they come to the same land, and meet. They marry, and spend the *week-end* in front of the *looking-glass*, as fully recognized as the postman in his doublets.

The brain falls open to the story, dog-eared and looking for a good time. Rhymes with ice, and slips on the trail of its own firm footsteps. The brain can be a *manacle*. The Romans slapped their slaves' minds. But then, they had large families.

You must realize that though things change, due to the surrounding time, the name remains the witness, view, vista, advice, and evidence. But then, of what?

Hard study finds the rocks before sense has any idea stretching. Confusing elements are repeated until the project is thrown across the familiar and ends up at a careless day nursery where two or three children are playing tag and being rewarded with gentle vocal chisels.

The duke was playing the phonograph. To provoke logic, he declared biology an aberration. But run your hand across it. Genealogy decides nothing; guesses hit the mark, generous vocatives occur, inducing conduct, and concurring with the benediction.

Simply have a seat, out of thought's way.

O Fountain severing my heart,
I have only one
down your habitual day.

Lightly I tricked the Clouds
to gather the sober
coloring of an eye.

I have kept my watch.

The human heart,
thanks to its human,
gets tough
with the meanest flower.

COMBINATION

Pairs are of little use unless they are continually one another. The child learning to talk hardly waits. He knows half a dozen places. His chance to get them straight becomes inevitably confused in the student's mind. Crude combinations develop and they grow into finished statements.

Intelligence has begun. You have hours and minutes. Your answers will be familiar to you.

cold _____	best _____
high _____	sharp _____
east _____	soft _____
wet _____	strong _____
girl _____	drunk _____
night _____	dark _____
slow _____	sweet _____
major _____	enemy _____

Very well, *objective* and *subjective*. You learn the one, and you might as well be the other. The association will be complimentary. The one will defy and vivify the other. Superior acid is a synonym for individual optimism. It feels like the zenith, nadir. The literal longitude of the native is organic. Notice the number of opaque, orthodox, vertical occidentals. Read the newspapers, study the walls.

The great soul sets
on earthly brain
with the sure wings
of thought. This frail
light is not soon forgot!
The eye of heaven
is all we have begot.
See this world of mine?
At night the island spices
begin to shine.

Love, like *pity*, consumes *verse*. The *costume* of the teacher is the opposite of *healthy*. The *customer* should lay loose in the *piazza*. Furthermore, *sarcasm* is later than it would like to *suppose*. If the *continual* affects your allusions, it is customary to call a *halt*.

When the person has been speaking for years, it is the quite possible of which he is quite aware. Gait, gate. Right, wrong. Never for a moment does he submit. His one world completely overlaps the others and hides them. This increases his task. It becomes impossible.

NICE TRY

1) Kneeling is a gesture. 2) He said he would never consider the menace again. 3) He used the ax against the shed. 4) Ask him where he thinks he's going. 5) Tell the ice man to leave it by the back door. 6) The gloom of the cemetery was clearly visible. 7) The document was destroyed. 8) That will hardly help.

The world does a great many things. *Things* is one. We saw *splendor* at the beginning. It is appalling that the record of it does not invent this happy notion. It has been used, and the literal act has not returned; though it be followed by an Amen! and Lo! attention is too colorless to strike.

Students wonder at the deeper meaning the dictionary's cold analysis gives us. It is much like the name of a person we know. Thus, *Virginia* may be a deeply personal lass happily named *Virginia*, a blithely emotional loveable term. A great help.

Can you imagine tantalizing a thirsty man with a beaker of H₂O? His agony would be trebled by the mere sound. A cup of cold water is due to the instant commotion, the mastery of words.

I have thinned an airy site
hungrier than rain can lay
whims like sores on years fleeing.

I am not one hundred percent
the ladder of death
and willingly digest the fields
and the stinging populace.

Chew superbly, and,
if queasy, cling
to the flying mane.

Taken in sensible doses, most tonics are likely to result in the stupidity of inebriation. Any passage of Shakespeare avoids Shakespeare's thought, even though you yourself may have taken Shakespeare's word for it. The cats meow.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Everyone keeps shouting in my cars. But rest assured, dear papa, that these are my very own sentiments and have not been borrowed from anyone.

Has the reader ever been madly in love? One does not load up on odds & ends on the chance of their proving useful. The utmost reduction compatible with efficiency is the first & last thing to aim at.

But I am putting off for too long a necessary statement. My mother was a charming woman and I was in love with her. One night, when by chance I had been put to sleep on the floor of her room on a mattress, this woman, agile as a deer, bounded over my mattress to reach her bed more quickly.

In loving her at the age of six (a charming place with handsome horses) I had exactly the same character as now, crusts & air spaces in layers. Bitterly cold wind & low drift. The surface terribly soft. My way of starting on the quest for happiness has not changed at all, with this sole exception: that in what constitutes the physical side of love (it froze hard within a very short time) I was what Caesar would be, if he came back to earth, with regard to cannon & small arms. I would soon have learned, and it would have changed nothing essential in my tactics. I wanted to cover my mother with kisses, and for her to have no clothes on. It was quite usual to feel one side of the face getting sunburned while the other was being frozen. A journey of this kind is no joke.

I abhorred my father. He brought with him memories of how it feels to be intensely, fiercely hungry. He came and interrupted our kisses. Be so good as to remember that I lost her, in childbed, when I was barely seven. You will easily conceive what I have had to bear – what courage and fortitude I have needed to endure calmly as things grew steadily worse between the depots. He came and interrupted our kisses. During the period from November fifteen to February twentythree, he had but one full meal, and that on Christmas day. Even then he did not keep the sense of repletion for long; within an hour he was as hungry as ever.

I always wanted to give them to her on her bosom. Be so good as to remember that I lost her, in childbed, when I was barely seven. She was plump and looked forward to each meal with keen anticipation and an exquisite freshness, but the food seemed to disappear without making her any the less ravenous. The evening meal was pretty, only it froze hard in a very short time.

My father became rather primitive when he was hungry – weakened, hopeless, spiritless; but my mother had an expression of perfect serenity, and, to conclude, she often used to read the *Divine Comedy* of Dante through in the original. Long afterwards, I found five or six different editions in her room which had remained shut up.

We could not joke about food. My aunt dared reproach me with not weeping enough! You can imagine my suffering, and what I felt! Besides, she took no part in love. She thought about it most of the time, and she used to talk about it, but always in the most serious manner possible. As for me, it was with strange feelings that I was 'as criminal as possible.'

I did not experience really severe hunger until I was much too preoccupied with the heavy and dangerous to be able to talk much. Those were silent days. I had been the first to be horrified by the sounds which I had produced. I would get up at 5 A.M. in order to make a start at 7 A.M., and would eat my scanty breakfast that only seemed to accentuate hunger. Then I would describe things in the good days to come.

The 'Wild Roll' was to be the high water mark of luxury. My hand refuses to write. I have been pacing around for a quarter of an hour. If I reduced myself to reasonable limits, I would be unjust to the frenzy of happiness, the excess of happiness ... The only civilized experience that is akin to it is when one steps unknowingly on the pavement.

Her room remained closed for ten years after her death. No servants entered it. I alone had the key. My father was severely reprimanded. The moisture on his clothes froze hard. He sold them to build his new street and other follies. This ruined him.

"Now we are on board ship," he would say. "We wake up in a bunk, and the first thing we do is to stretch out our hands and get some chocolate, some Garibaldi biscuits, and some apples. We eat those in the bunk, and then we get up for breakfast. Breakfast will be at eight o'clock, and we will have porridge, fish, bacon and eggs... " His eyes were sparkling with rage. " . . . cold ham, plum pudding, sweets, fresh roll and butter, marmalade and coffee. At eleven o'clock we will have hot cocoa, open jam tarts, fried cods' roe, and slices of heavy plum cake. That will be all until one o'clock. Nothing can prevent madness. "

Here I interrupted him. I said I was never in such a good humor when I was quite unknown. I complained to him of being appallingly hungry, of tragic dreams of getting food to eat, but of never having the satisfaction of dreaming that I was actually eating. Last night I did taste bread and butter. He laughed. "I assumed," he said, "that you would be guided by your common sense and that you would have had more confidence in your father's judgment which you know is so sound, than in your own futile wishes. For lunch we will have Wild Roll, shepherd's pie, fresh baked soda-bread, hot milk treacle, pudding, nuts, raisins, and cake. After that we will turn in for a sleep, and we will be called at 3:45, when we will reach out again from the bunks and have doughnuts and sweets. We will get up then and have big cups of tea, and fresh cakes and chocolate creams. Dinner will be at six, and we will have thick soup, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, cauliflower, peas, asparagus, plum pudding, fruit, apple pie with thick cream, scones and butter, port wine, nuts, and almonds and raisins. "

He raised his forefinger. "These seemingly trivial matters may often bring success, honor, and wealth, or, on the other hand, disgrace. At midnight we will have a really big meal, just before we go to bed. There will be melon, grilled trout and butter sauce, roast chicken with plenty of livers, and a proper salad with eggs and very thick dressing, green peas and new potatoes, a saddle of mutton, fried suet pudding, peaches a la Melba, egg curry, plum pudding and sauce, celery, fruit, nuts, port wine, milk, and cocoa. Then we will go to bed and sleep until breakfast. We will have chocolate and biscuits under our pillows, and if we want anything to eat during the night we will just have to get it. Trust no one! Keep your medicines! Go to bed early! Do not catch cold! Perspire a little every morning! Be careful in your diet! Good night!"

I spent my life with my grandfather. The dangers I did know were preferable to those I did not know.

By the painful process of forcing my eyelids apart with my fingers I was able to see a little, but the pain was severe. I endured six hours of agony, ending in a good long sleep, from which I awoke much refreshed. By midnight I was walking to the rookery, where I had great fun with the birds.

BEFORE WATER

The clear sentence the world ends
The clear sound the water made
Once the noise vocabulary
The sentence is an obstacle to noise
Ponderous forethought enables the sound to read its own mind
Clever of the world to rise crest fall white noise
Edit the end once again
Dries clear and won't give birth
Blue over once one more noise
Hear it say itself to what I see
Water before the sound until the sentence fills
I made the noise of its mind
The world end the sentence ends
On edge the water thought touching noise
Once again the sentence ends
One sense to a vocabulary
Line up in order of birth
Each time of course the sentence completes
I make the noise of vocabulary
After it was a sentence it's a sound
Water roll sense make blue
Do one to the end
The clear blue birth of green
Touching itself the sentence learns its loop
Learning will make the noise edge
The end makes birth once
Blue course no noise in this sentence
No noise in this sentence
The sentence goes over itself
Gave a loop to clear dried water
Ponderous water the end of noise
Leaning over each death edge complete
The world enables the water to end
Blue and noise at each edge of the sound
The sense against the water
The sentence ends when made
The noise rolls when the water's ready
While it's before through to when I hear it
Vocabulary enables forethought to end
Roll over watery noise the sentence says to
The clear noise the sentence makes
Blue water at the sense's edge
This sentence learned to roll over
At the end of sense there is no death
Each time the end says itself
Noise makes sense at every edge
It's up to blue to say
The vocabulary learns to lean
Each vocabulary contains its own blue
The clearer the world the nearer the edge

I make my sense to the end
Green water learns to dry
Each edge of the water
Every once it's over
To the edge to the end no noise of forethought occurs after the mind falls
To the end of noise the mind occurs once falls water
I touch the water's clever sense
I only think of this each time
The sentence starts to contain water and spills
Touching the end with the edge of the loop
This water was once a sentence
White water touching blue water
Once I sense the end it's a loop
Green appears where it says blue
Each sentence is complete
Each sentence is the same
The same sounds give birth to the same sentence nearer the end
I make the water dry
Each noise the water makes ends
Each sentence completes the world
Sound ties thought to itself
The thought of the death of thought gives mind its edge
Every sentence is water
The shape of water in each one is the same once it's over
Clear thought nearly noise
The sentence made clever death noise
Blue makes sense once in the vocabulary
Watery noise over the water
The world makes sense once a sentence
Water is made of thought
The clear completed sentence the world is blue
Sense leans nearer over sentence noise
Forethought comes to the edge and spills
This time it's water that's complete
A loop makes no noise of the completed edge
Water makes blue make white
I made each time line up in order
Extending the thought enables birth to end
I read my own blue
A loop around was or will be
I hear noise make sense near the end
The end of the noise the edge of the sentence
Each ponderous birth of vocabulary rolls in
Do it once
Does this noise completely end the world
The senses fall to white noise loops
The sentence is a line of water in order to read my mind through once
The sentence in a noise of falling order green extent
Once it's done the world dries
I made death green only to think
The world is made of sentences
Once again the noise ends with time made blue
White time lines the sense with noise

There was no vocabulary in the water
Every once the time rolls in vocabulary
Once I edit sense I end
This sentence gives the vocabulary I sense birth
Noise against blue death no noise
The water rises in the middle to end the sentence
I learned to read before I heard a sound
Each sentence makes the same sound
This sound ends this loop
See it say water
No noise enables sense to end the world
The noise of it, water of it
No time until the end rises white
The sentence makes dry sound
The clear blue sea is just noise
The edge contains the noise of the edge
Water is made of noise
Once each loop the noise turns clear
I made a sound, it made a noise
It goes and went dry
Each sentence completes the thought that tells it where to start
I start the sea
Once a sound occurs it's over
The water is lined with dry noise
I is a sound that occurs again and again to the same water
Green once again
Before I end thought I end
The sentence makes itself
Forethought touches water before water extends the sense
What's the sense of thinking every thought
I say to see the water
Vocabulary lines up each time
I never think I'm the same as thought
Time is lined up noise
Blue or lined green makes sense
Blue is complete sense
The noise of thought occurs to make thought ponderous
Noise is the same difference as water and thought
Every sense each time
Water says to thought, water
Loop the time against death
The middle of the sentence never ends
The middle of the same noise makes a different sense
The world on edge rolls its own water
I'm here to make noise make sense
I will only sense completed time once
Think and the sense is made
Each one in every sense
I am made of one birth
The end and the edge of the water
Blue makes its sound sound blue
Once it's a sentence it's never the same
The shape of the sentence is clear beyond the water

It is the end of itself
The water read my mind before my birth
Roll the sentence over the edge
A sentence says the world and ties the water to green blue and white noise
This loop over this loop
Toward water while in the sentence
The clear sound the clear water
Green for mind, water for noise
Where to leave the water's edge
See the same thing make the sound go away
Blue lines in
Noise makes me think
See the water over again
Once thought ends, green starts
Water to the edge of each sentence
The world learns to end
Blue lean green sound
There is no water there
White says itself
Do I learn sound
See against sentences
The mind okays the noise, the water pushes the mind away
Sentences are shape, the world is end
White spill vocabulary no world
I same I think water I water
Thought extends throughout the sentence
Blue start up edge over makes this sound a noise away
A full sentence complete with water
I go from my birth to water to sound
I learn the complete water
Blue each time or green every same time
I'm the same water as I think
A sound vocabulary contains spills
Water in blue noise
Nowhere in the sentence is there a separate noise for water
Is it or isn't it what it says
The same thought the same time as the same thing
Sentence says so sound may go
Loose blue water or I thought it
I'm a shape I shape
There is more thought than time, more water than vocabulary
Thought is clear and clearly not water
Each edge marks where two senses end
No time before this thought to think it
Through sound into the blue water over sound
The noise of the time before
By the middle of the sound the sentence was here
Water in the same sense as a broken line of noise never ends
The world ends what I think extends beyond the sentence
Only one time and go
I hear the end once noise completely falls away
Blue starts with no time
Water falls learning to be noise

Born blue on the only edge
Never once or here again
The shape of the sound is the same as mind touching water
Noise touching the sentence to pound it to water
The end is one edge
Now the world starts completely over
See blue say noise
I dry to clear sound
The thought the noise makes clear
Mind or water in order
The sentence ties a line around the water's complete shape
Water is open
Once death it's blue
No because of noise
Fall sense clever extension end never again water's made
My mind's made up
I hear water spill beyond its sound
One sentence makes the world
In here it's there out here
One and think again to say it
Send the sound to the end of the line
More time each time
I shape the loop with vocabulary that enables noise to crest
The white line never stays white
Think one of the sounds
Each is the same as the edge and disappears
I say blue I see blue
Sound on edge makes the sentence see itself
I hear the sound while it's over
Nowhere until it appears
A noise says to hear
Blue and again it's water
Looped noise vocabulary more than noise can learn to see
I hear I say inside sound
Touch before and water after
It's the end that makes birth violent
Thought as sound of itself
This sentence says it says itself once
The noise learns to be water in time to roll white words into the sentence
Water makes noise and sound made water appear
Vocabulary was always the same as noise
As I say until never so
Once it was there and now it's never a sound outside
The world was always its only edge
The sentence stands in the middle of the water
The color of the water the sound of the sentence
Each shape starts all over itself
Blue nowhere outside of noise
Green at the same time it's said
I touch each sentence to the thought of what I hear
The blue line means water, the noise means blue
This sentence is full up
Death gives blue noise out there

The water starts to rise
A sound of it
Blue
Ponderous completely filled in thought ends before
Wrinkled water behaves itself
The edge includes what it leaves out
Each crest comes to the same thing
I read green as sound
The sound of water ends at once
Once I'm here I see lines
Noises think the same thing
Mind thought the noise mind
Even where it happens it ends
Once in and gone
Water extends blue across the looped noise
Sound clear through thought of water
Inside sounds the outside stands clear
I see uncovered blue as a noise of the line
A sentence across the end of all it can think
One sentence to the edge of green without more green
Sense is a loop of sense once it's thought
End spills dry to here or noise
Another white and the same white
The edge rolls itself away
A different sentence goes across the sentence
The water completes the sound
It's gone between the sound and where it is
A noise clear through to itself
The completed spill
Time goes as ready sense
In a falling crest I say the middle of the water
More than I can think in ready noise
Once and only again not
Ready to time the water's edge
Sound leaves out things to sense
World in the same sense as this sentence
Against itself water disappears
Every end made over
The noise death birth makes no noise to end water
White loops
Ready the same as each separate noise
Went in
All once tied around
Loops each noise against the mind I see in
Complete thought includes a separate vocabulary for each sound
All the water spilled in one sentence
No more than noise with an edge
A completed sentence draws a line around noise at the end
A separate spill for each thing learned
See or think clear dry blue
Edge so clear once the middle's water
Touched no other than the same thing
Gone before again

Water coming in once I shape what it says
The same things complete a different world
Green and blue or see into it
Time a variation of one
Time before the end of the sentence to say
Each noise enables itself to go away
It's over to have a shape
Thought against vocabulary against sense through to the end
I learned to end before forethought touched me here
World against itself as water
The sentence goes to here
A clear sound invites thought
I can only hear the same sound once
Once started all shape can do is loop its edge without end
A green thought against the completed world
All sentences start from here
Sound all over and clear to here
To clear vocabulary from what I see
The point of sound is beyond thought and loops back in completely
Extend vocabulary to start before complete water
I as a noise it can think
The world disappears as the edge never ends
I make the sound to learn the end
The sea is nearly never ready to contain water
As the thing sounds I read the same thought
I think this through or the water stays
Each complete sentence says time will end
I see it as it falls away
Noisy water again
One is a loop
A complete sentence invites the world to be outside
No sound inside shape
I read my mind
Water said to be water once
I extend the line between water and its shape
Thought has no choice between water and thought
The world occurs against what the sense of it enables the sentence to say
I fall is the edge
A sentence is here and over
No blue, no green, no water, itself complete
A separated noise clears the way to blue
A sentence threw all the water away
Say it through it
Clever noise across the clear world
Once a noise is a thought it's all I hear
It took here to think more sound
See blue where blue was
Think once in and edge
Tied itself across what was said
Goes dry extends to water
I think a sentence while it starts
Blue water makes a noise in green water
Inside the uncovered sounds

Leave the water at birth
Edge to sense noise around itself
I see it until it's water
Once in a line in order ponderous noise to nowhere before
I can't think again
Tell the water where to start
To make sense the middle disappears
One separate from itself nowhere but here
I see around the sound
Sense makes noise ready to make sense
The thought was uncovered by the end of the sentence
I'll hear this noise end
Sound in the same sense as birth makes noise
In it to say again one
The sentence goes back to where it came from
Green through itself
The noise varied itself to make me hear the same thing it said
Time once established goes away
Such shape as the sentence takes away from the world
Touch sense to water
The end is over against each sentence
The water rolls as before water
Once it happens to sound outside all time
The water sounds okay
The noise crosses the sentence
I'm ready to see
It's water again

VIENNA: A CORRESPONDENCE

This momentum
which greatly distresses
able to do so
you are very ill
I am longing to
still expect it

Convinced that now
the true goal recovered
terrifying and consolingly close
relations unlock the door
because most cruelly assailed

I must confess that
letter by which I
father indeed but
father who cares
in short not my father
now and need no reply

We arrived at half the afternoon. The news had to drive. Signior Consoli recognized me once. Joy cannot be described. He called me the very day. Words fail to express the delight of the thoroughly honest friend. I played on the time. But it soon turned and went down. I met Mr. Sfeer and tired. But all the same we got the next morning.

My head was so untidy that it did not reach Count Seeau's until I got there. I was told that he had already gone out hunting patience. I then asked to be very busy. During lunch Consoli turned three and called living a short walk with Becke. He is neither very tall nor small, with whitish grey features. He somewhat resembles our instruments. His job is to spoil, every evening. A fixed bayonet.

I was in the morning. This is what I walked into: an actress.

"I suppose you want to count?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, goodness knows I want to too. Let's go together."

We had hardly reached twelve, together very slowly, before I disclosed my object to her. I asked for his Highness. I was unable. I should put my case before my writing.

After this, I called on the Bishop and promised to speak. We lunched without money. This morning is very beautiful, a very good match.

Now at last please your health. I am always in my spirit, my feathers light as a theatre. I must leave a room. Please the worshipful three, that is, Mamma, yourself, & Novac. Farewell, my dearest hands. I embrace my brute.

All probability which will reach you is addressed to you alone. My heart is what I remember I undertook in tender youth: not cowardice, but the courage to dare to manage everything with the greatest caution. Only God can prevent accidents. Up to the present, we have been neither half happy, nor half God. We have made you and your future at least. But Fate is aware of our very deep step. I am now in debt to the faintest idea of myself, Mamma, and your sister. I live as long as the future is as clear as noonday. Since you were born, it has been difficult for me to meet death, illness, or childbirth.

You think you are never spent on the smallest pleasure but without God's special mercy I should have succeeded in all my efforts.

When you were children I gave all up to you, in hope that I might give a comfortable God to the education and welfare of my soul. But God has a wearisome task of giving lessons. Heavily wretched work impossible to be thankful for. Thankful for talking to a horse. Even a pittance is dear.

My dear confidence and sense depend on circumstances which are true and which I command. Please do not think me a very dangerous place. Au contraire – from my own experience my situation is your present one the second time around. I mark you.

I simply wait as I usually do because it is too long. Talking to you I want to tell you about my good friends – Nothing more than a holiday trip. We had a list of names. I found the evening where Miss Weber sang three words excellent. To you I am the other, but I shall not be able to close until you properly know her great powers. We unanimously with heartfelt gladness play at sight without ourselves. We never enjoy a little think better than when we're one. Economy in three hundred nights a year. Would you believe at sight slowly a single note played a dozen times in all and once by request. My dear Miss Weber was my poor dear and I received the last thing I expected from the Princess. Basta! I have \$42 and inexpressible pleasure.

I propose to remain here and finish my leisure. My idea is: music for money. I shall travel not too comfortably lazy to move, but the same as you: nothing to worry about, clothes mended, in short: personal appearance, a merry, happy way of thinking.

I have the desire to become inexpressibly fond of Miss Weber, and indeed the whole family as happy as Italy. Perhaps I may be given terms. One can always climb down. True, there are envious folk here, as the whole family has a reputation for behavior.

Perhaps we shall go to Switzerland, Holland, anywhere. My mind is quite satisfied with my ideas. The veriest stripling shouldn't be ashamed of what he thinks. I kiss and remain until death without injury to myself your most radiant ear, my very soul seriosa, not buffa. I could weep with vexation.

I have amazement and horror. Today is a whole long night I am unable to answer. I am so exhausted I can only gradually finish the present. My son opens his heart to the first word spoken, sacrifices to ideas, and projects his name on strangers. I was cherishing the hope of circumstances. You have had to face my reminders. You could not have failed. Reasonable length must have convinced you. But you let your warm fancy be God! Moments as a child standing on a chair singing to the tip of my nose! If I grew a glass case you always would have difficulties!

You know my wretched promise to let you age. Build up the world partially accomplished in your boyhood. You must raise yourself gradually to the extravagant position. It now depends solely on your sense of life. Or you will die captured by some woman bedded in posterity, starving after a life on spent straw.

You took that journey. Well meaning friends wanted to hit you. Every detail was a monthly charity. At the time you were amazingly little, and your dearest wish was the forward cause. Now you declare you do not even care! You had your little romance, you amused yourself with my daughter, who now needs her rest. When you were at the wall you caused the violin great amusement, dancing described as absent, merry, and brainless. Suddenly you strike an acquaintance –

Think of yourself bound in the course of normal nature. Tell me, how many sing of passion produced under severe debuts? Dare throw powerful ability at no money? I am quite willing to believe a powerful voice, a kindly childish hiss. And do you think that is all? You yourself know all this, if you will only think it.

How can you have allowed an hour to have been bewitched by some one or other? Reading romance: the Adagio leading the tragedy in transports, the first night and

forever. Could your mind really go trailing about the world, quite apart, to expose me to the mockery of repeated chance? Surely rash sense is marching where no man may ever break out. To Switzerland? To Holland? Starvation, nothing. Besides, they have things to think in Holland.

I hope you have tears. Because I was reminded of sad death vividly cruel. I shall never live to forget it. You know I never wished to die. How cruel that my first experience should be mother to the dreaded moment. My strength was as your letter made me. I was beside myself when I learned that you had taken it all. I need have no beloved father.

I am now quite calm for I know I have to fear the two most dear to me in the world. Otherwise, it would have crushed me. Once an illness was almost necessary. But now my time fits perfectly. Do you care to grant to him who flatters himself that he is you the bliss of folding his arms?

I have enclosed my pain and fear, which will reach you this time. I do not feel able to finish today. I am saving it up for some other day to make me breathe a little. Here is dear and excellent. I am sure it was only some very persuasive tongue which has driven you to prefer the moment of existence to the reputation so famous and so profitable. Everyone is right. I am too.

You had long since detected, and yet you did not think. My son! Since your childhood as a child you sat intent, ever grave and thoughtful, observing the early efflorescence of your life. But now, you are ready to challenge familiarity, which is the first step of those who want to leave this world. A goodhearted fellow, it is true, is accustomed to a mistake. It is just good heart. Any person showers great opinion on the skies. But the greatest art of all is to *know oneself*, and then, my dear son, to do as I do, *through and through*.

Well, what objection have you to raise now? But you want everything once. Read my long list of fancy goods. I must close. I remain.

Well I must be my mother more clearly, at the end, when nobody knows her, or him, or it, self seems weak and poor. The choruses are powerful and excellent, but anything I might compose might not be effective at the point others appear, played to others, being the Other. Behold the whole world. Behold the blood beating the solitary repetition. I am very glad to have finished all that hack work. When I am not present it is most charmant with the idea. I often give vent to my musical rage in the music. I shout brave, brave, and Bravissimo, and clap my hands until the fingers tingle. I kiss a hundred times, but I remain here and staying. This requires a frightful amount of labor. I am willing to do anything to listen to the good stuff. I hear myself forgive french trash, noticing the difference. Just a lot of hard work, singing screeching something found in the world after all. Earnest longing after everything, and safe and sound common judgment on the way of common interest. The fingers finding it very expedient and so on, Basta. The hounds of our Parisian God thoroughly provincial. Biting at the cuff until it's an act of friendship, and distinctive. One's politely expressing oneself in French, or the common language of the continent, conveying the most profound sentiments today earnestly a pleasure and my most dear loved childlike instructions dear grim earthly intelligibility

A little spark off the drop that I casually held so near and to give to others at any cost. If anyone should ask me, just give it to anyone, but not as you, as some other. Look at the difference between me and the best of humours you felt when no one was there.

From youth up it is one long struggle to attract attention, and then deflect it into the bank account. Of course you're sad that the idea you thought you had so safe and sound becomes such a Lowland Commodity, but realize dire necessity. Open your eyes, look,

where is reason and the money it attracts. Your compositions never take full account of the wretched situation. Everybody in the world, and still you think your own thoughts, in privacy, some kind of lunatic. Pity your old past.

It is not true, possible, gifted, or saleable: the pleasure of hearing, the very syllables. What do you think when thought is so abstruse. As you know, it has always been my habit to reflect and consider, but for this I should not have been able to define my own kindness. I would have dropped dead in the face of amateurs! Can you blame me if this extremely important manner is on my mind day and night? Times remain. Oh if only I were you, to greet the truth with my orchestra! Wretched money cleared off scribbling, moving the hearer to see the believed moment. Every day comes and remembers long ago when the whole world was cheerful.

Even if the Archbishop had given me another two hundred gulden – and I – I had agreed – we should have the same old story over again. Believe me, I need all my commonsense, but I could never again serve such a master, even if I had to beg.

My desire and my hope is to gain honor, fame, and money. I shall be more useful to you in Vienna.

what does do when he is
need all God knows how had
instead of trying hold dear
same old excellent actor It
death to false villains etc.
admit indifferent in
seventeen fiftysix to seventeen ninetyone

CUPID & PSYCHE

For Sherril & David

PSYCHE

I am prepared to hear these
numbers, and steadfastly
investigate the indistinct part,
my so called wings
mothballed over with sacred
or theoretical crud.
Is the material likely to breed
two fair creatures, couched
side by side
or will many small disgraceful
gestures die in its
crystallizations? I
was looking for you.
I could have been there myself

HERS

I'll embrace my inclination
a soft set up
torn
thoroughly blue silver white
a hard breathing
winged devouring approaching
thinking
I was in my eyes

CUPID

A lover who is detected
breeding flowers in her brain
whom he sought
abandoning his life
which pleasures enjoy in his place
and afterwards cause him
to suffer little distinctly
letting the warm error return
home welcomed with foolish
thunder and lightning

HIS

I'll embrace my inclination
a soft set up
torn
thoroughly blue silver white
a hard breathing
winged devouring approaching
thinking
I was in my eyes

PLEASURE

Pleasure is never a mystery.
Witnesses acknowledge a mutual
admiration underneath
a banner of usefulness,
company, recent vows
enjoying a little view.
I can't remember what I saw
before I told you
what I thought was there:
persuasive beauty muffled in
established tendernesses
which neither had any idea
what or who finally questions
to leave alone.

BLOOD

Two can blush in a fit of abstraction,
and not with the blood of their
ancestors either. This alteration
may be supported by the authority
of some shadowy window open at night
as one drives one's tight fitting
desires by. The hook may not be seen.
Comical untrodden syntax
tucked away in a three hour
phonecall or headache.
Put what you like on the table,
the gardener will never delight
flowers that are both
believable and replaceable.

ALONE

leave to questions
finally, who, or what
idea either had, or neither,
which tendernesses
established and muffled.
There was thought. I,
what you told me before
I saw what I remember:
a view. Enjoying little,
vows, recent company,
usefulness,
admiration acknowledged,
witnessed pleasure.

THOUGHT

A shadowy thought tight rooted
to the forehead over hours
and hours oozing by fabulous
and irrational intelligent beings
who sometimes sing in a manner
worthy of inclination and who
merely twitter at others,
choosing coarser praises:
Honor to the unshorn!
Still I must discriminate
the attributes of the two
loves, and the luxury
they ride on, sinking
or rising as the forehead
suffers to be kissed.

FLATTERY

It is the custom of mankind
to abstract Beauty and then sleep
in the ashes of her ill repute.
A few, sad, last, grey hairs
then fur and claws
arise and grow, and to think
is to be full of sorrow,
the body merely
one side of the question.
But a new Love pines
behind the window, and how great
is the encouragement the world
gives the lover, the whole body
evenly smooth in front
of a green arras
wrinkled at the bottom.