

A Hundred Posters

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Alan Davies P.O. Box 415, Kenmore Sta., Boston, Mass. 02215

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Bob Perelman:

AN ESSAY ON STYLE

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

Instead of an ant wart 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 will 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 enjoyments 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 instrument, 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 moment.

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 glutenous 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 the 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 up steps for six hours..."

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

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.

There'll be a handout to wild animals, clay statues, replacements, and