

A Hundred Posters

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Charles Bernstein:

THREE OR FOUR THINGS I KNOW ABOUT HIM

1. "...the task of history, once the world beyond the truth has disappeared, is to establish the truth of this world...."--Marx

2. its like a living death going to work every day sort of like being in a tomb to sit in your office you close the door theres the typewriter theres three or four maybe three hours of work to be done between that nine oclock and five maybe i listen to the news on wbai if i didnt get it the night before that comes on at nine oclock i read the newspaper i do anything to distract myself sometimes i sleep til around eleven i put both feet up on my desk and i put my hand against my head and i close my eyes the time passes if i listen to the radio i type a letter i write an article that would make the article that i wrote for that medical newspaper seem like proust in comparison or sometimes i think initially the job seemed more bearable more to the point of just a diversion and source of income for a while until i got unemployment not now but mostly its just that i'm taking things in a bleaker way i'm not quite sure why that is of course the writing writing even talking like this always seems to me perfectly at peace so that i was thinking i dont know this could be my own you know this could be sort of the the source of my crazy hood/ness that the things that are really valuable dont so much happen as you experience them in the actual present a lot of what i experience is just a tremendous sense of space and vacant space at that sort of like a stanley kubrick film sort of a lot of objects floating separately which i dont particularly feel do anything for me give me anything make me feel good and when i do feel almost best is when i dont care whether they make me feel good whether they have any relation to me thats a very pleasant thats a real feeling of value in the present

moment to just sit and do nothing and thats what writing is for me a lot or just sitting sometimes when i i sit in my office with my eyes closed on my chair and let my mind wander theres a certain sense of not caring and letting it just go by that i like and then there is actual relationships you know sometimes touching whether its listening to a piece of music sometimes or talking to somebody a lot being with certain people sometimes but a lot of it has to do with memory & remembering that it was it was something that somehow the value seems to lie historical i look back and see things that really do seem worthwhile and worth it for instance the way i behave if i try to behave well decently or justly or whatever it is that we take to be what we judge ourselves by when we have a conversation and we say thats fucked and thats not whatever we go by in that sense i mean making that happen building that it does seem you know worth a value funny refreshing nice wonderful or a movie sometimes moments hours days months and then you know even years and lifetimes sure but something in the actual experiencing of it that does seem vacant in the way that a lot is vacant but also the way yeah okay new mexico is vacant really i'm you know completely gone just after working by the time i get to this but i am able to concentrate and remember the different things ive said so far that seem disconnected see i'm sort of condemned to be disconnected and seem disjointed and sort of stupid but really i can remember all the different things ive said i'm sort of i dont know its almost a motif thats a major preoccupation with me writing the way a relationship is much the way my relationship with susan or kimberly or my job more than my job altho it creates an enormous number of hassles for me its really as bad as you would imagine it would be to work for this mindless healthcare provider bureaucracy and the reason why you dont want to work for it is because its exploitive of you you are used your body is used my writing and in that sense its an unsettling experience for me to have to sit day after day in an office and be exploited what really bothers me tho in addition the rub is the attitude of the other people that somehow they could do whatever it is they had to do during the day they could be managers they could be bosses they could order people around let the women answer the phones and criticize me for typing and say i should let the secretaries do all the typing they could basically serve this large corporation to the best of their ability to serve it and to further its particular interests this was actually a non profit corporation and then sort of go out at lunch or on the side and on a personal level say to you that really who they were at the job the way they behaved at their job what they did all day was not them that the real them the real person was somebody different who went home at night and had liberal values was critical of what the company was doing what the job was making them do that they really