

TOTTEL'S 17

Lynne Dreyer

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Alan Davies

Charles Bernstein

Ron Silliman

1978

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Cover: Philip Whalen models "Fat Pants" made by Alaya Stitchery.  
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Bob Perelman's "An Autobiography" will be in his new book Seven Works, which should be at the booksellers in a matter of days. Get it.

Lyn Hejinian's "Chronic Texts" was presented as a talk in the series at 1220 Folsom (now at 80 Langton) in 1977. In it, these quotations are from the following sources:

"I go into an office ... " Paul Valery, ANALECTS, Bollingen Foundation, p. 200;

"The word transports me ... " Roland Barthes, ROLAND BARTHES, Hill and Wang, p. 129;

"that tale of coming-true without end" Ron Silliman, THE HORIZON (first draft of LANGUAGE WRITING), p. 8 of the manuscript;

"communication would come ... " David Allison, in the introduction to SPEECH AND PHENOMENA by Jacques Derrida, Northwestern University Press;

"An old friend ... " See also the opening, of Charles M. Doughty's TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA: "A new voice hailed me of an old friend ... ";

"Trick is his name ... " John Gower, quoted by John Gardner in his LIFE AND TIMES OF CHAUCER, Alfred A. Knopf, p. 59.

"I am a free man born ... " Robert Burton, ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

The collaborative material by Charles Bernstein and Ron Silliman are from a larger work also written by Bruce Andrews, Ray DiPalma and. Steve ("the one we call Steve") McCaffery.

Back issues of Tottel's are available through the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Distribution Service, c/o Bernstein, 464 Amsterdam Ave, NYC 10024. Write for their catalog.

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LYNNE DREYER

July 23, 1976

Dear Peter,

To sever unknown qualities  
There is little to say unless taken lightly.  
He walked in wearing a heavy gold cross, and asked to stay in the room.  
That music was not for him to hear.  
I walk out humming a Puerto Rican number.  
The boys all know that one.  
It is a failure being a different tune.  
He still asks to stay.  
Maybe the elevator will break.  
Maybe we will all forget our pasts and ethnic backgrounds.  
Maybe the only true Americans are Protestants.  
Line fractions small cuts, here is luck in the purest sense.  
A bright streak of light flashes from his cigarette turning us formally  
ecstatic until another one is smoked.  
You see, he quotes, "Far enough into the forest there is always  
more to see."  
In Europe all the lights are out. Everyone has two birthdays.  
Thinking his would never occur he goes to visit his wife as much  
as possible, soon they will marry again.  
I resign myself to passing images; turn on and off in a second.  
I no longer feel guilty but wonder how long I will allow myself to  
be robbed.  
The only successful implement is the first thought although the  
rest explains.  
I need to leave when that one comes on.  
No more party games.  
Once Is Not Enough  
All of the young women become innocent in thought and want only to be  
spared.  
The men become teachers and each sex is satisfied and disgusted.  
They have become so conservative.

Lynne.

+ + +

August 13, 1977

Dear Hank,

With a different crowd do jocks get in the way? His voice as it used to be. A strong chain for good luck, vowels into attention, youngsters in their single twenties. Ocean City is for lovers. I'm one chance away, great strangers at night. Diversity of his kingdom, hear monolithic language harmonizing sounds.

He takes the recorder then slips away. I felt he didn't care yet the holiday had just begun. He sat across, from me while his own hand held his beautiful arm. It became increasingly clear now who I was with. He did almost everything with care but unknowingly. He had no sisters. He had a business of his own. Being completely opposite I felt concern, near laughter, near expense, near television, an acute entertainment of his body. I wondered about boredom. I wondered about basketball, and if height thrown at the exact moment could execute a mere two points, my own ability to be near and closed.

His hair slicked back became almost fashionable slightly off course. I felt he need not be so reserved. In uniform between commercials he was quite convincing. He would lie down and be interesting. Being protected by a lady was worth the trip. Yet I wanted him, one more accusing factor. It gets stale and takes time, it needs a quiet view

Touch dry land expressive tombstones

gift clarity

anchorage dream blood residue

lot crevices

September-memory month

We picked him out right away. The June Taylor Dancers. Donny and Marie's Roller Skating Review.

I'm just visiting-mambo 3 step

And she lives her- pseudo retail store.

Billy Kilmer- party and it doesn't matter how, bus trolley journey.

Make checks restore all locked doors. Cute and fancy the girl next door, reserved I can still see, a new kind of tune replaces the new.

The text is able to protect. Skipping off into married life telephone signals become extinct.

Leesberg.

Kathleen Blake: accounting: Board Room.

4a. Characterized by a dazed irresponsible state, impulsively or obsessively quick to use something.

in and out- the long nose resting on his paws: Virginia Woolf trigger happy

In my mirror in the morning I must do nothing to arouse them. Korda insisted but no one must see. He had no right turning his back

on Levin, the custodian of the rights of men.

He was quiet. In my own words it included my winter- entrance album.  
more uniform disease..

He looked at me skeptically and said, "Yes, you do a little too much of that. You don't talk too much. You've got to win to get the seat back. You're interesting. You're short. You've got long straight hair. You can call. You can say without pleasure. You can hide. Are you leaving? Are you a T.V. addict? Are you entertained? Are you sleeping? Are you supreme? Are you a fancy dream? Are you the hypnotists fame and future? Are you into it?

Lynne

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September 26,1976

My Darling,

Finally I am guarding the Bank but don't worry I'm not armed yet. I'm not even in California. Yes, it seems since yesterday everything has taken a turn for the better. It's that time of the month or that part of the day (soft seclusion of the stomach) and at once I receive an insatiable urge to consume everything. I know "Not again " that bored mechanical uplift of the eye.

Lorna Doone- a small apartment in Manhattan. Prison reform. I wonder if he meant what he said about my first piece of literature. I'm looking back on it. It seems quiet and naive and that' I'm looking back on it. It seems quiet and naive and thats o.k. but that picture I sent is just down right obvious and up front. Yes, my dearest, I know I must have wanted it that way but really who do all those poets think they are anyway?

Back to Louisville Lip. I didn't think it would happen but the pink cherry cadillac went to Mom, four hands on the trunk. 198 lb. women are sometimes called stallions but not in my crowd, especially after Steve and I broke that bench at Maggie's after the game.

The corporation has offices everywhere, at least anywhere that matters. Peter said himself he was a city-boy and couldn't even think of milking a cow much less trying to milk a bull. For the first time in my life I believed what he was saying. It must have something to do with Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cincinatti, Cleveland, Dover, Houston, Los Angeles, Newark, New York, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Trenton.

Sweetheart, please be patient with me. In only two weeks I've learned the correct and proper way (not mentioning attire.) George said emphasize with the first two knuckles. After that everything

becomes easier. Besides if anything is really going to happen I can usually tell before it does. If there's one thing I've learned through all of this is the ability to tell if something is going to happen before it does. I've definitely learned how to jump the gun.  
underground city  
poetry clubs involving youngsters  
looks like Baltimore, getting down to the real nitty gritty  
Brenda's friendly  
Bunny Rabbit night club under age the table  
New Jersey New Jersey New Jersey  
Liberty Bell

Back to the Small Town Dance Craze. There is no honest rhythm  
New Jersey

Yes, he really has made a name for himself and I'm so happy for him because he still has stayed humble although he boast and you know what the rest of the big shots can do with it. Actually, I believed everyone's picture except for my own. Well, maybe I was different then.'

Well Lambchops, time to go to the shooting range for practice. I'll write more tomorrow and please don't forget to think about it when you endorse the check.

all my love forever,

Lynne

+ ÷ ÷

September 27, 1976

Dear Tina,

But add a touch of pain in Rome.  
I am with you.  
Yell devotion!  
Do the Freddy in 76.  
He was impressed with that.  
He fell in love with you for that.  
And then you opened  
Your eyes-where they are.  
Now I'm moved by separate poems.  
Electric music will also come to understand your most extreme desires.  
You yourself said it's such an inside thing.  
I'm not so sure.

Love always,

Lynne.

+ + +

October 6, 1976

Dear Kenny,  
I was quiet, secure, lucid , and happy.  
I was taking a trip.  
I was stating things interestingly.  
I was interesting.  
I was small.

Some of them don't speak.

I didn't want to do everything.

Bernice's cousin read the note and exploded. I was thankful for his care  
She confiscated the thermos.  
She always threatened.  
She became serenely emotional  
She released and objected.  
She was militant.  
She continued the salute.

To sketch you abstract I'd like your face to show  
it. In my apartment.

In my logbook, they become almost alive. I surrendered  
Pertaining to attire-the usable past.  
Pertaining to luck-new styles in holsters.  
Pertaining to accent-corruption of literary supplements.  
Pertain-reflex.

First I carried jars filled with every possible motive of action.  
Next came the freedom to use it. I examine it. I stretch it. I digest.  
I try. I disguise.

Then you foreshadowed small events and it was lovely. Then  
you turned your subsequent wrist. I keep busy and I'm boring. I  
walk too. I answer everything in money. Not finding understanding  
it becomes a masquerade. The reason, lyrical turn of sympathy.  
Anything goes in a musical review. Pakistan is too far in the stars.  
A happy juror becomes one. He packs the helmet and then puts it on  
his head bent in prayer. I become more interested in what I'm saying.  
I believe catch and apply. It's alright to the square root, continuation  
of the 9 th degree. Recapturing the mood, he turns the lighting down,  
autobiography read easily. It has begun, next week is nice.

Lynne.

+ + +

October 8, 1977

Dear Andrew,

Don't worry, the machines are working well, all of the tension has dissipated. I keep thinking what would happen if I did move. I mean me with all of my emotionalism and you and your Chinese hangings from Zayre's. It's not that I'm knocking them, I mean I understand the need but how do you capture over-abundance versus acute withdrawal.

It's you and it's not you. I like it and hate it but I feel you're trying the impossible, please just be sincere.

I've begun some of the projects again, in fact some of the moodiness has disappeared. Can you see it has nothing to do with, "I'm sure you've never had trouble meeting the opposite sex." It seems something more internal with you. As for your children, Colorado isn't really that far.. Mr. Early said himself, "You might be just what we need" I hope so could really use the change down South. People are well you know friendlier.

I can't seem to accentuate what I'm saying. If you are that tense you would touch me lightly. If you were the tense you couldn't move or or you wouldn't stop moving. You feel right. I don't want you to look away. I want you to lay down. I want you to be bored and still want me around. I want to be unpleasant and real. I mean I can think of you in Trenton but you're too nice and I can't accept it. Stop me in turquoise. Lift it up. Praise lovely blondes. I see you quietness. I want you to lay down. I see sugar on a tiny spoon. I learn how to inhale..

If he's only interested in language, why does he admire my work.. I swear I can understand the strength of what he's saying but not what he's saying.. He always looks at the point below my eyes and then glances up..

He makes me self conscious, I always need to look back. There is something obvious, ridicule to free his thoughts, no need for induced laughter. Then everyone moved to California, it was delicious. I felt lovely, almost special. I didn't have a care in the world. I stepped into the ocean, the fire lit up, creating sporadic leaps and pictures.

The old musician put down his fiddle, and come towards me, softly placing his rose in the sand. My past disappeared. I felt concern, I wanted everything satisfied. I wanted to receive pleasure infinitely I walked towards him watching for jagged edges of rock and undertow. The lizards were not haunting but encircled my legs casting a certain trance over my body. Feeling their motion I was no longer afraid. Darling don't worry, I've come home and I'm not afraid. If I meet them in town I will merely nod a pleasant day. Call. You're like peppermint.

Lynne

+ + +



October 19, 1976

Dear Ron,

Then you foreshadowed small events and it was lovely.  
Then you became the accusing factor and resisted.  
Then you listed all phrases containing I and closed the door.  
You kept eye-mind concentration from disintegrating.  
Then you answered completely and became a friend.  
Then you surrounded yourself with books and picked carefully through.  
I began to think of you as the objective matrix- you became  
visible tough in my eyes.  
I sisted strategy while the cathedral shifted its personality.  
I ate a big meal and calmed down.  
I wrote a story and lifted my bed.  
I didn't T.V.

Take the volley playfully away.  
The intention becomes very clear. I could easily hold them in my hand.  
I didn't need to laugh. I spoke less.  
I extracted the moment and defined it flatly.  
You began the laborious task. I sat astonished, and openly refused.  
You were friendly as a teacher.  
You examined the work and were patient, more or less disregard.  
I find him in his own business.  
I find him characteristically still.  
I find him less removed than I thought.  
I study language more seriously. For the first time I hear a word spoken.  
I can tell by the uplift of his voice.  
His body quivers, he asks for direction. He counteracts the decision.  
He counteracts the decision and asks why. Next all of the restaurants  
close. I want to move a pretty picture- human relationships.  
I want to phase out performance- Mack the Knife,  
Celia- woman, direction of crafts.  
Maurice and performs olympically. I can do all of them.

Strategically, I fall from a more secure place. There is a method  
in my task.

How to occupy the allotted space with more precise language.

With more precise language it is no longer necessary to find  
out who committed the crime. I become patient, more exact in each  
action. Whereas before I was controlled by this I am now the controlling  
factor. I feel safe, powerful. I stop joking around. I look at  
everyone so now they turn away embarrassed. I'm not afraid. I'm in  
control.

I want the message less contorted, the action replaces any word.  
Next I want to silence the world but yet you talk.  
You examine the worthiness.

You alone have charisma.  
You alone make sense.  
You become the story, crime, talisman, and each symbol on the board.  
You are the quoted interest in each comment.  
I immediately exit and become recreationally relaxed. I am only  
satisfied in the sauna.

Next I capture movement depicting the ratio of atomic elements,  
time, place, weather conditions, nonreferential sets separate. You're  
skeptical and quick.  
I release inertia, Blake softly.

LYnne.

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October 22,1976

Dear Karen,

It was simple. I wanted balance and vision corrected. I knew it  
was important, the last San Diego drop of the sky. He stopped me in front  
and at once his eyes had cleared each idiotic moralism he had uttered  
before. I knew now why I had felt so strongly attracted.

I had become prophetic, believing I knew each person directly from a  
mere glance into the exact center of their eyes. This could have been  
pleasant but I could not understand why they would not look back to me.  
Thus strange occurrences followed. I would follow strangers or back pace to  
look at them again if they seemed appealing. Their movements seemed  
contorted and animalistic. I saw jelly-like substances  
in the air. Eye observances were not that crucial, but I felt that the  
public was staring closely at me. but at the same time did not want  
anything to do with me . I felt hurt,neglected.

My voice began to fail me. Everything I said was an apology. Even  
statements were followed by an apology for some action I committed. I  
wanted to free everyone from their torture,I felt I could do this by merely  
smiling. I began to move quickly, walking everywhere resulted into  
running and continued motion.

I wanted to consume everything, but felt I had to count everything  
first. When happy I needed to include everyone. I couldn't understand  
their sorrow.

I was a little girl and these strangers were my mother, father, and  
lovers. I fell in love with a 16 year old boy. Nothing mattered except for  
him. I was sure that he was to teach me a more direct and violent way to  
revelation. I was told what to do. I loved it. I felt I should only wear  
black and speak in monotone. Food appeared  
like objects. I couldn't eat. I wanted to collect things. I believed  
that Christ had sacrificed his life only for me, when he cried out on the  
cross it was only for my benefit. I would pray out loud constantly.

I knew I had been born 100 years too late. I felt that I was my mother . I wanted to kill anyone who disagreed with me, with my bare hands. Thus I strengthened the sides of my hands to be prepared. In restaurants I would bang on tables to increase the strength of my knuckles. I was not in control. I was timid or loud. I examined detail and needed broad explanations.

I know you said I didn't belong after the note but what was I supposed to do. Thank you for your concern, I mean at least someone was "like me." You are beautiful and compassionate, I miss you and have wanted to come visit, but haven't been able to face the place again. It quivers between extreme desire and low throat motivation.

Love always  
Lynne  
P S Tell Frank I send my love

+ + +

October 25, 1977

Dianne,

I think I know you, don't pass slowly when you become secretly lost and satisfied.

When I find you silly and drunk, your voice distinct.

Invite opposite eyes, immediate gratification.

A combination, skillful ice.

Then nothing in my favor, and I become the I in each of my stories.

And some how your Kansas dreams are equally real. Would you tear your delightful glance backwards, or sideways like youl mouth performs.

It's hard to listen while my eyes perform less difficult tasks.

I forget how to think.

I'm not that ancient gorilla in the park. I become the traveler, meet beautiful strangers once a night.

I follow light one more quiet mood. I'm out of my niche. I like it.

I follow light, one more quiet mood. I like it.

Lynne.

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November 29, 1976

Dear Craig,

I'm not the junkie that moves to England. I become wholesome self destruct in a second. I keep thinking of red hair and I don't know why. I've known you behind bars, on the roof and now the circular tower becomes almost real. All I need is a cigarette.

Please, don't treat me with so much compassion, I may begin to believe you these days I've trained myself to just sit dazed on the floor with my feet propped up on the wall. I'm not home and I am. I remember my eyes but when I look into them they become empty, and then I want blue ones so I too can be distant and serene.

The Unitarian's dilemma becomes clear. New York is a desperate city, she laughs so much that I can't even talk to her anymore. The peacocks fly in from India, I etch quietly. The move to England is canceled. I examine profusely, sluggish at my own risk, an attempt at friendship. At the corner a kiss away.

In the columbian junkyards I find them playing, the two divorcees completing their act. Boccio's repulsed, Sara moves underground. I take long strides.

The rest of the crowd have revealed their tragedies, on the wall my own list becomes inclusive. I'm still astonished at the possibilities of my life. It's you and it's not you, the animals run wild. The next second I fall in love. I can tell by the line in his eye he too sometimes forgets.

I choose people against car parts, the latter bearing that pleasant liquid warmth. Don't take my arm and spotlight away. I like the weight. I become the drugged culture, sublime. I become the aggressor lost in the city street. I negate, go to the country and listen to the back door slam no longer needing to be that free. I play with death it only a joke to the survivors. I become my own closet.

You eye-contact becomes you but it's the real things I'm questioning, the house not a quaker hurt, not a set-back game, not a carry-over value, not a score card, not aggression, regression or a chord in a depressed state, not a depressed state, not trigger happy, not happy, not illusive, and not extinct, not within character, not humble, no withdrawal, not personality, no direction, not limitless, not demolition, and not without a crowd carousing on New Year's Eve, not a snowy tree, a picture of a pretty girl walking down the road smiling, not filling that up, not being inquisitive and not watching and not listening no and you feel good too. We speak at the same time, I can't hear and I like it. My memory in El Paso is clear. Junk compared to a penguin mothering her young.. It becomes a quiet reflection. I'm in touch, clean.

You become that plurality of escapes, an open room and patterns become boring. Next to the office I dress, another effortless reaction Stoically release, love, humor me. One baby unit. The moment he needs the book you comfort, turn, speak, and stop mortifying yourself. I no longer pull strings from the top of my head, the last time for calm dexterity. Break softly into larger products, let integrity diminish. All of us become extremely arid and meet uptown, serious and armed.

I sit sit waiting, given sound, the exact replica of your face. If he's jovial he may be right. I leave ceremonial pavements of my mind.. I

have a place to live and it looks like you, the words don't come as easy. I'm not the baby in the hospital and I'm embarrassed.. You're far.. I've read and noticed but I don't believe it.. Only love at first sight with its shirt sleeves rolled up, serious challenged and neat.

You're adorable decked out in your chains. Wrap the moonlight. Create small laughter. A delicate balance. For Rose Marie I create new off-spring and most of them are applying names, lasting character images. I no longer follow the distance of poetic words. I speak for a moment and flare silently, ignoring photosynthetic atmosphere.

Lynne

+ + +

December 18,1976

Dear, Celia,

It's all becoming clear. The spotlight you sent, the exact lettering of the card and now even your expression. It's funny like when my own words run wild and everyone laughs. I see detail and in your head- art compleats, repetitive like a funny incident.

I'm out now. The silence is wonderful, sometimes hearing that tiny voice. Books crack down on the right side of my shoulder, and I'm relaxed.

No Ceil, I don't want to tell you my past or mixed relations, it's not important with you. I hear the scorched replacement and that's enough. Sometimes at the hospital I hear it when everyone's gone and it's just the borders and me. I get happy and need to let them out of their cages.

I'm almost free. It's words and it's not. That clean excitement, the two disks against pink, and then I feel uplifted and light. I think sometimes I'm falling down only to catch the gay little emotionalism on the third step. Then his voice catches me and I can once again start the climb. I wanted to tell you, actually needed to tell you how I've needed our closeness, but now everyone's only interested in how well they're doing. No more excitement in the streets. I've been to Texas and back and still yearn for that last galloping detail.

As for love, I've thought about at times but then the "Third World" interrupts. I become revolutionary and crave excitement. That one slip of the forehead and it's over. Equalities become prevalent, and I can't enjoy, only react with oxygen and words to hear myself become alive. That small slice of compassion, even the smile comes through, the corner soft commercial raspy jewel thief

the blank ad-man  
acidseized musician and Buzz Aldrin.

I identify with all of them and can understand austerity, winter , and  
Divine you too in your divine and velvet pants.

I'm sometimes all arms and ready to slip out for a couple of  
minutes a day. I've so many things to start, I've got to start  
running. Write soon, I miss you .

Love,  
Lynne

+ + +

December 18, 1976

Dear Danny,

I'm not sure about the paper, samba towards the n th degree. All of  
the pineapples are frozen, the South American beauties moving only from the  
waist up, their faces strong and beautiful, high cheek bones suggest. It's  
practically you, making me feel again, not just slouched out in the tender  
West. You leave it up to me.

Down south amble through. I'm in a setting quarantined, the bed takes  
up the whole room. I don't have to push, you can look at me or the  
mirror, aim the knife and fix, beauty.

I'm not fragile, but walk on the edge, dance, extreme positions.  
Next I grow three more feet, and explain reason externally. One day on the  
roof I'm not embarrassed, I ride the elevator all night, cats, crawling on  
the floor, the red blanket on the chair, the knife aimed at the wall, 1500  
dollars for pagoda glass.

So is it really the fine things in life that matter. Some day  
you're a rich man., a chance of a life time.. Doreen's taking long rides  
in her new Porsche and it hasn't broken down yet. The discipline catches  
up in her little finger. She's trying not to make scenes. It hard being  
that emotional and calm at the same time.

The new art gallery is beautiful, everything is sleek and slim.  
Evacuation of the 30's, little patterns on the wall. During the war  
the woman will cut their hair, all of the dogs go underground. We're put  
out of business, the long straight line.

Sometimes I'm the rubberband man. I just don't care, vascillate  
between that tarnished smell and a wide open day. You catch yourself then  
turn still away, socially. I want to dance with you, then you ruin my  
excitement, while shifting your weight. I become serious and react.  
Expression minimizes with my silly attitude. I become serious react.

Drink soup, flash symbolically. My mouth becomes full, fingers  
exact, magazine style. I'm too emotional and I know it. Try a Little  
Tenderness, my kind of poetry. Shift gears in columbia and pain. Feline

distemper, foams at the mouth, an opening age. The rest of the description is negated. I float into the beautiful bathroom while your Polish maid glances sideways. I hear her typing, flatten my reaction, become a stairwell in the distant apartment, garage below.

Yes, I too become delicate and strong. I take such care. Combine actuality to reason, did you make the weasel on the stone, write when you get there.

Lynne

P.S. Tuffy's little breakdown coincided with all of the other problems around the house. There wasn't room for anyone, my own excitement increased preoccupied with each individual's drama. It seemed to matter what they were saying but the magazines edited all of it, they didn't think it made interesting literature.

I felt different. The readings were like a croquet game, competition subtle. I'm in a quiet mood and nicer to the dogs. Why is the relationship of a human to his animal funny, almost like a small child and I never thought of that as funny. He looked at me in his little Santa costume and both of us knew who was the crazy one.

The sugar craze, obviously I agree, am reacting obviously. The nun's waiver, you limit the confusion, compassion resumes underground. Next all of the babies explode, are calm, and happy. Yes I'm more myself sugar in the morning, the crunch bunch, shake and bake. The bouncing, needle from chair to arm. Blood brothers. Mesmerized I walk back over Wisconsin towards the University. All of the strong men vanish. I'm in a field the breeze blowing, languid, still, releasing short orders.

A saltry past. All of it comes down when you leave and your voice gets excited, eyes cast down.

Dilantin- knowledge of direction

Mylepsin- wonder lust

Dilantin- becomes extremely careful

aminopholine- a nice day

ascorbic acid- testing

Butozolidin- game retriever

Cambiotic- cannibal life

picture=picture

word =sentence

mood = manner

sanitation flush=California nomad land

California nomad land=a Coke float.

+ + +

February 13, 1977

Dear Korda,

Always in my eyes the vertical baby becomes the king. He gives himself then runs past the machines. Seven birds scatter nervously on the snow, on their way to someone else. You're mod and the laces are tied securely. Suburban trees grow upward. A moment of ecstasy and Missy plunges to her death. The school board reneges. I want to crush you, then leave you alone. A light prism stadium, reflection in the outlined field.

Everyone's in search of the industrial sensitive city, greetings at the corner store.

Delirium 3 and I'm in it.

A hat says he's one.

Then your eyes stare numbly ahead, you speak, another word for country music, as I sit back sober and pale.

Love may bring a toast of wine, farewell my lovely and more than human. There is a similar lowering of voices, decorated, it's not apathy and it's not local, the parade lasting far into the night.

I must reacquaint myself, the clearness of taking attention, swirling lightly over the eggs, painting and more jealous action. Anything that I have missed, guidance, practicality, and trust. The cats return all over the floor, readjusting their weight. The robins hide when the people come. Filled with good intentions morning takes my answers, I speak discussing medicines, the possibility of a lingering New Year. I become a pony down in all fours.

More time and more understanding-spectate.

I'm imagining the operation, a smile that begins deep in my throat then curdles its way right into my eyes forgetting the mouth relapsing into an upturned grin.

Mechanical chickens could not attract the lonely. Sharks react, his piece about movies, an aquatic reaction to the money involved. Next came the choice of literature. It was more common than the retroactive beauty of an attractive girl. It had something to do with deep down where the feelings begin.

Write what, eight late. She took my arm and guided me fast into the bar mumbling something about her leaving for Uganda the next day. The midgets gyrated on the table tops flirting with the bigger people. All of us had made it, this was the charmed dream come true, the great billowy dream come true. The beginning of a New Year. A time to start. I howl a more anxious tune to the wind. On the porch I can almost see you caring for the dogs, bringing them the paper for their cages. Muscle against muscle, a pinned leg.

Anaesthesia wears off and Bayles interrupts.

A genius.

Wait patient                      Stored knowledge

14 th and U                      You almost become a gentleman, one I can accept, trying to classify the liquid into eight specific crystal slices.

Primitive-prime time



Leisurely      You're my fancy dancer. Disco tech Retrospect.

In the cage the eyes only visible. Named characters meant more. A suggestion something new for the dogs, millions of cases of lonely friendly silly portable people. Next time I see you I come to collect Next time is nice.

Lynne

+      +      +

February 29, 1977

Carmen,

Stop!

Don't stop!

Stress volumes are at full velocity. Now I'm embarrassed and logical, everything seems to come down to two choices, fact or fantasy the arrangement of time and the management of money.

I'm working at it, the weather has finally broken the past couple of days, complicating all of us with age. And in your eyes the tragic sense of surprise.

I used to see it sometimes when the cats were ready to leave, you bringing them out, such concern I had not thought possible.

Cupid stays locked up in the gas station, another one of my flaky attitudes. I trust again sacrificing my own knowledge at the expense and regard of aesthetic beauty, coolness, and style. Security or cofort, my first memory the sun on my skin feeling warm and not caring.

Anxious persuasion- a chronicle.

Shadow boxing- a comedy. I search beside and inside of me, trying to make a name without meaning anything. It becomes a selfish game. Lone drinks blood, another way to deal with loneliness.

Oscillating tendencies, a crazy horse.

I'm beginning to understand a little of memory, how we can remember things in one sense, then the memory becomes present and it's not memory at all, the present act becomes the memory of the incident and the memory becomes the action the memory becomes. It has nothing to do with daydreaming but more to do with writing and writing, with what I'm trying to do with writing. and talking.

It fits.

Well, they do all the cute things or they know each other so well they don't really have to speak or they use each other so well they're both extremely happy or she takes care of him or he takes care of her and they both care and they both conclude it.

Or he picks her up in the Marriott, and listens to the Muzak and listens to the MUZak oooooooooooooo kkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk and they give each other knowing glances and everything is secure and right.

And everything is secure and right, and skip the summer and go into the government and the government becomes logical and emotional and I want

to listen and I need to talk and I have to get his opinion and dress up and dress down and make an impression and the Shakespeare Festival is alone and frozen and great.

All metabolic processes stop. First the heart, pulse, and cyonosis becomes one. The New American Marriage. He works. She works. Father out mother dead sisteroutbrotherand the sardonic sergeant and the T.V. are one together.

Again I'm back with the mongoloid-Time.

Lean Expectation

Soothing the skin that came in slower and thicker  
the fish that changed slowly to be a man and Martino too slowly at the wall, a rag a favorite portrait of himself.

Lynne.

BOB PERELMAN

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Everyone keeps shouting in my ears. 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 low 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 and 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 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 far 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. Nothing can prevent madness. "..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."

Here I interrupted him. I said I was never in such a good humour 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 judgement 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 cake 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.

LYN HEJINIAN

CHRONIC TEXTS

INITIAL

1. TEXT TITLE

## 2. The pleasure of materials

"I go into an office on some business or other," Paul Valery wrote. "As this involves writing I am handed a pen, ink, paper, all perfectly assorted, and I scribble some quite trivial phrase. I enjoy the act of writing to the point of wishing to go on writing. I go out, walk down the street, taking with me an urge to write, to hit on something to write about." Later, Roland Barthes has written, "The word transports me because of the notion that I am going to do something with it: it is the thrill of a future praxis, something like an appetite. This desire makes the entire motionless chart of language vibrate."

## 3. Chronic texts

I think in time  
I am the first second and third person of my ages  
and in the chronic text is my freedom  
of which I write in order to be forgiven

---

## TEXTS

first  
turn  
text

We read the article  
An article begins deaf in deaf  
If what falls from the text doesn't match me, I said,  
and must it won't in some sum of times, yet sound dons  
the old say -- that never can be answered. The talk  
of a long twist is a translation. Part of what I'll  
say is speech.

Lucky that sly  
in our imagination. Smiles our  
thirtysix years was a think beside  
my eye and make  
What convolution did design curves my time. Be-  
ginning but; this is a turn and lively run such as  
might be called the chronoquick.

There is a distinct initial clarity perceived by

someone from one angle; then that someone is another and together they become us all in time, when taken together is all that is known. Generosity is periodic, not permanent. I want harder reasons. We cut our little lines into the circle and call the rest context. But you and I haven't the courage for sleep since life isn't long enough and passion is no cure. The day must have teeth licking the street. I wanted to walk away more than contemporary at every time which was more than any, say rhythm. You buy books, an indulgent, inextinguishable pleasure, regard the weight, of the special myth, the history, "that tale of coming-true without end," of what we touch. What's true is what you understand; all that you know is true, a revelry of intellect.

my turn

The convolution turns back upon itself. A shell on the beach is no sign of death to us, but a pale bone there would be. We are alert to one sort of beauty and use it. And we try to make of the divagations definitions. Sheltered, disappears. Language curves and words cover.

Here is your talent, now, looking back not on an original but on an eclectic thought. It is a talent for connection and thence an art of connection. It is retrospective.

My turn, The article

the  
article

A prilling infant drawn from a human distance made fierced.

My say her face.

I took it without. I am hung from it.

The habit is here. Warm are the walls and dog animal hug and lunch.

The plate on the cheek

remember The kitchen in the old house subject

to The warm and cold breeze

The laundry line squeak all

at The same time

The ink on my pleasure is close. We execute the turn and come closer with each idea. I wanted to weigh the ideas rather than pronounce on them. We are living out and I've said our various disguises, taken off and new ones not insincerity but rather adventure suited for exploration. From these explorers comes information.

hug and

Hug and lunch: both are words which become strange

lunch

when repeated. Then it is not what they signify, which is lost, but the look and sound, of hug and lunch, which is restored. first if comic. I afix a thought to a word. The language is not a meaning but a welter of enunciable syllables raw if ripe between my teeth. I take a word and make a meaning for it. in its honor, perhaps, or as its jewel. No, it is not so trivial as that, as jewelry. Still, meaning is a luxury. No other creature requires it. For them I have a regard more curious than romantic and among themselves they seem mutually irrelevant, the cat stepping under the horse and around the dog. We are not directly influenced. The difference between the signifier and the referent (that is, between a word and that to which it refers) is extreme. This difference is the difference between human and other animals. Humans grasp the world in terms of signifier and other creatures in terms of referent. Humans hence have an indirect relationship with the universe -- indirect in terms of time and space. Sometimes it is only later that I see what has happened. During the rush of the event I saw only the outward show. I experience a later, and only later, understanding. I see that I live intensely but in retrospect. Such is the fascination of hug and lunch around repeated. You look back, particularly, perhaps, the writer, from words at meaning given by its circuitry.

I, an  
imaginary

"You" are the writer.  
If the artist is the hero someone else is always  
the artist  
my long avenue backward for which  
the traffic lights in my eyes. Show your teeth  
to the roof  
from here  
  
The musicians come to the door.  
  
I meet you in your career and your ambition is real  
life.  
  
The poor weigh their cash on an old sofa we sat to  
drink like the blind at my braille  
which was I understood well forced the landscape.  
  
The explorers are saying  
phoned. It rang you ran

Bridled with curiosity you bag for it.

Paper is the case.

Your foot goes promptly for the floor.

turn

To think about Love is almost impossible; one comes to think, instead, of whom, or what one loves -- thinking about them and feeling the love.

In thinking about Death, one frequently thinks, instead, of the people one has loved (for who they were or what they did) and who have died. Or, of those one would leave behind were one to die, oneself, in the immediate future. Thinking about this is, also, to feel love.

When thinking about Life, one often discovers oneself thinking in the broadest terms, as picturing, for instance, a large and lush landscape, a warm meadow, or in abstract terms of the population of a large primitive nation.

trans(re)lation  
and  
re(trans)lation

Between one and another what is relation is translation. This imitates, now a former, then a tome which I have through what unlikely from drawn to drone connection. You had a happy childhood and remember much of it vividly with a longing for heroes. Children play. Playful, they play dead. There is no mistake. The artist is the child as an adult realizing play; his or her art makes play real. You are doing what you want to do and you confuse work with play. In Eleventh Grade the midterm English exam required that we write an essay on Form as Content, and I misread content for content and responded to the question with an essay on the Satisfactory (or Satisfying) in Literature. The form, I said, resolves or eliminates distress. In form is our surety, I said. I used the word content throughout the essay - - and wonder if the teacher (Miss M) in turn read that back again as content. She was timid and hesitated. "She" is much more specific a pronoun than "he". "He" is the pronoun for mankind in general; "she" for only half of it. In our times, "she" has become a political pronoun. Only Walt Whitman has resolved the rhythmical and political difficulties of this linguistic problem in poetry:

"from the brain of every man and woman it



streams"  
"each singing what belongs to him or her"  
"Has any one supposed it lucky to be born?"  
I hasten to inform him or her it is just as  
lucky to die, and I know it."

the cave

It is morn the soft morning. A moth flutters against the dog, is converted. The man stood with a cigarette forgotten but still smoking in his hand. I've watched him as he watched the window and the street. First his face is lean and hard. Then, later, when he came back from the blue war in the Pacific he looked younger; his face seemed as in photographs from his soft childhood. I return your pen. He had been gone for two years and had never seen his son who was now eighteen months old. We went into the room where the baby was napping. My mother lifted the shade and the baby woke up. He stood up in his crib, and looked at his father. "Daddy," he said. His body is the convention he turns in. Reading the difficult text was like swimming in an opaque sea, the entire psyche a composition of memory; I was in it and wet but it was difficult to see. Then occurred an eruption of understanding. Language has more meaning to the speaker, or writer, than to the listener or reader. There is that gulf between conceptual meaning and operational meaning, between what is intended and what is heard; "communication would come at the expense of meaning." Nowadays there are theories of how best to set the scene for birth. We know to ease the baby into the world in a room dimly lit.

Though ignorance is comfortable, I can only sleep on it. They dapple what I like and I do not otherwise, they think. Arms and good, are something mercilessly from a thought. I see there is a difference between the person as he intends himself and the person behind his intentions but not hidden by them. A friend finds the revealed person endearing or not. In any case, that which is not intended is the seat of a person's vulnerability. There is the intended and there is the tender in a person, my friend.

Now it is as if you were in prison with no guitar. You pace your mind a cell. You write in order to be forgiven, never stricken from courage are hot. Worry and sorrow as stale as summer in an American city but with sticks, an insane gesture, the leap meeting its dare. You, I say, attempt intimacy with courage are

ferocious with meaning not struck like a bird -- a fierce is not a violent intent. The trees are flapping their leaves over the open walls. The land is never like a bird. So private as to be free.

One day the comic deities embarrass us; they bite and I scissor the lip of my disguise on the side with the light, and though it is too late for the phone to ring, the pages flutter. The sounds are more dense than particular in summer. The library, always of stone, and the books were of wood and still. The wind fluttered the pages down the middle, the dog would bark. I wish it. I brave it. I take it, and seriously, though quite simple, in music but in conversation, difficult. I was too much thrown until 12, 1, solitary.

turn aside

slide text.

being a "prose," or "sequence"

which underway

after the letter calling, starting, putting

erotic, and infants

are all fooled; shame mimics guilt

slide text

turn aside

my aside

My confessions are of secrets passed, and hence no longer secret. The present remains secret not only to you, but to me. Is anything more "real" than a poem? That is not to suggest that everything is less real. It is more room to side, than any intimates, or slope with the oath, my word! I have, from time to time, fallen in love intellectually. Ideas are not without deep feeling. My intellect is passionate. I love you with that passion, I might have said. At the same time, I am in love with several styles of life, which are reflective of lives of my own -- they don't overlap. Each is autonomous but incomplete. Like you, I am incomplete from any single view. The trappings of some interests contradict the aesthetics of others, yet they are all mine. Resolution is impossible; hence I am confused. From that confusion comes a large measure of energy. Those sides to my personality are romantic.

It is not so much my life as my liveliness.

gloss of  
gossip

Now I am worried my beauty of book. On this day in this year at this hour I regarding look around my feet to head on the street. Trig superior and falt the song, as one allows a stranger to wander the old neighborhood 36 years later. And hence written reader, in all candor is that gossip directed at oneself, such sensual talk is made nearly erotic with confidences and secrets; gossip is seduction in conversation. Candor the same. You ask me to explain myself what I felt when I meant.

the  
conversion

As evolution does, gradually or by leaps, I make meaning retrospectively out of the accidental and gratuitous, scientifically. Those are reading ropes, I can say, today will happen tomorrow. Also, I want to believe that we live without blame. An old friend greets me: "Hello, there, how are you? What do you know?" They are the fragments that they are because I have said enough, more being superfluous, unnecessary, and, saying more, suggest less. Furthermore, a writing need not be finished. Other forms of the same idea are permissable, probable -- extension, ramification, work again. Once a writing is published as if finally, it ought not thereby become a forbidden landscape. As for ending, that is the point at which there is nothing more to say, for a time, a surprising moment, from the page.

the spread

And now, my near  
No full meant runs clear  
to look for significant in the future to music  
I retranslate the spread  
You never can know  
The summer was low  
Time spends the music

difficulties

Is one happy another time, and, is forced to put

that away. This is a difficult subject, being subject to and subject of one's own writing.

Yet we said in order to make it true

What a cruel thing I've done to myself. There are happier ambitions than mine.

We begin with less ignorance than we will come to for all our thinking. Learning is the heart of ignorance, what we don't know all the greater for our knowing, a concretion. We beat with it as if it were a favorite song.

Now if there are chronic themes, which remain, unforgiveable noemes. despite our continual thinking about them, and persistent apologia, then is it possible, or is it probable to say that we never change, not much, and that we never learn anything fixed -- are unfixable -- little enough is insignificant? Or rather, can we think that what we learn is technique, the technology of intellect, and that the intellect revolves without being revolutionary within the self? And there is without the self, counting the coast, the proximate wing'd navigator.

ambition  
and  
real life

I was reading a difficult text.

What is "to understand" except "to make relevant" or "to find relevancy in"?

a turn  
at play

Seven repeats and shifted the trouble. With some understanding and some don't most of the mysticisms are soft, too soft. Money is hard, too hard. With that my left arm comfortably strokes, or I should say struck, foolish, over the books again. "Trick is his name," I see, "and guile is his nature.... Trick at Bordeaux, Trick at Seville, Trick at Paris...." Responsiveness, and thence responsibility, is such an element in improvisational text, to full the play. Lift is like the little flame, that heats the damp spittle. I call them chronic, these old ideas always new, historical and interesting, even pressing, and I mean that they recur over time and are a condition of which I cannot rid myself; the persistent cough and the itch. I've lived into them.

my return

The picaresque hero is a meandering figure, in an incoherent splendour. He is shapely in Elizabethan prose. "I am a free man born, and may choose whether

I will tell; who can compel me?" and "The last section shall be mine, to cut the strings of Democritus' visor, to unmask and show him as he is." He lived in a vertical present -- not a new one, obsessed more by language than by event. Everyone is set with, or set to, his and her given number of chronic ideas. I can think of time as a pulse but not of the present as one beat in the pulse, nor a spot on a linear graph which is only a show of the waves. It is, rather, an aperture, learned, referring, preferable, hourly. You intuit, have a sense for, know how to enact, have the power to do so. Then you do it. You have leapt from the potential which has the quality of being both present and not.

As an adult, during difficult times, your intellect has been the thing most dependable and most aloof from the difficulties, and it is upon books and ideas that you have depended. You went recently to the doctor, abject and incomplete as one is when forced to that, and you carried with you a difficult book as testimony to the inviolability of your intellect. Between body and soul you made break. No tool could touch it, that soul.

ALAN DAVIES

(LOVE) SURRENDER (DEVOTION)

I begin by translating. Reflect the subaqueous qualities of this day, of any day in which clouds come down onto the earth with a philosophical or at least theoretical intention, an intensity darker than. I follow the erratic summation of gifts, the loyalties that treat us as 'the betrayed' and make single the enlightenment by which we understand the reverberations that silence us, and make me wonder at the archaic purity that insists on being understood as matter around our lives, or in the calculated misadventure of sincerity. Truly I am not as forgotten as I pretend to be. I am not that old. But precisely for these reasons the triumph of anything is obliterated where the gradual bitterness of every thing, every event, every eventuality and every consideration of every circumstance, finds the small dark center and magnifies it. It takes its way wherever it wishes. It wants in; and it wants in now. (Perhaps it is a large parrot.) This thinking leads to a dismissal of traffic as uneventful, and to the hope . . . but enough of that. However we conspire after some understanding of the fracas, it is the miserable idea that doesn't know what to do, comes for a visit and remains while longing becomes less charmable, more of a marble shape demanding to be fed but with what now that pure colors are not useful to the idea of

purity, how I weep quietly (the color brown) but not too quietly (the color black, again). No triumph presents itself, no tower, but the direction 'down' fashions a more than exemplary meaning about swamps and ravines. Too long, too long, too long. I wonder at that. Every window is the inside of a world, some speculative, all angry at the misfortunes of beauty, slaughtered where a word works a little bit of poison. I am telling you something I know: outside there, there is nothing, a wall out of which a few things come and into which everything passes, the wall that keeps this vacuum from pretending to hold the place of another globe. More of the same to you. None of this happens too fast, a blessing I give you, the small passage between us just now becoming clogged with marvels that such things go on. No it is not time, this is still a problem of space; and pretense. What grafts onto the edge tries to take the eye for an idiot. The eye is unreasonable enough to be quieted by any event that looks like a solace. All events do, or used to. Frequently tragedy gnashes its black teeth and spits out another minute, already washing its hands, beginning this moment to pull the clouds back over its head in such a way that validity cruises the deserted streets and takes back an impression or gallantry that is entirely fake. Its impression or the future is restricted because it doesn't know, doesn't pretend to. Surely the idea is to be cleaner than the feeling that sky sort of matters, cleaner than before the irritation made everything its counterpart, its willingness to pretend that mirrors were made before everything else. Gobble gobble. I don't want to be funny any more, I want a token of friendship from the place that most wants me to inhabit its idea. The place wants a little vacation, the day off, out the way things are says no, you stay right there while I call out for pizza. Just an echo. No, not even that now that certainty tries to write its silver name in our hearts, using a used brick for a pen, in the language none of us understands. In my heart the word is 'gravity' but the implication is 'flaccid.' A strange flood of language, liquid that cures nothing, only managing to push itself a foot nearer the horizon, where the wall bits off more than its share, at least from my point of view. Inconsequential fragments; the justice of infliction preparing to be the last thing we notice. My gesture in the face of this is to go buy a snow shovel and hang it on a wall somewhere. Miracle after miracle striking a little bell, another coin, another chunk of the grisley moments unaccountable under the uses for violence that search us out and find again that none of us is worth that much now that we have longed for a practical undertaking. The bolt of lightning forgets to come out of the sky. The wall stays where it is and we remain here after all lights have gone from the sky, out of my heart, out of the street, out of the complicated story that adds to the confusion that may be the last thing to frolic across our lawn. Across from that another man blows his whistle (he wants his food), a tune that sparkles pretending to be a light, a little squeek somewhat too hectic with ambition. Congratulations, the significance is where you left it, under all that tiresome use for time, an accumulation that just gets bigger and bigger, at last.

Regardless how skillfully, concentration fractures under intense light and falls off as less than even unimpedable peripheries of thinking. I think little comes to us after all and we get to very little else, nothing much happens whether ignored or looked to but what we take from our self into that same place, ignoring threat of disuse, trying to ignore and later to forget. but what manages some withdrawal is not what we manage. I think, gone beyond engagement with particular agonies we get just that far. Each particle ignores all the others but we do not, only wanting to continue involvement our fathers gave us as useful, though now I fall to more categories than are, and lose words as disparate bits that clogged and ran on past any accumulation of priority. After that I am less content. Practically all use fails, I burn into disinterested conversion of fact and language, forget my heart so forget everything, our lives less separate, the trial of memory lost under scrutiny and the frugality of our longing now a matter we can't speak directly of. We go to some other concern. There is the indifference of argument, the loss we feel as more sun wastes between the branches, implying presence and taken for progress or at least change, but a matter of so little concern as we ignore and prefer the branch. We don't examine ourselves if stared at, lazy beside gaze of beauty that precipitates infraction of silence, invitation to add more and more, pushing the weight of what's gone, into the hole that doesn't anticipate the treatment we fictionalize about it, for it, into the marvelous absence that needs to be left alone, too often forced past performance to participation. I am angry that such nonsense continues where I sit. Total fabulous plurality mitigates against familiar singularity. Total fabulous plurality mitigates against familiar singularity. often fails. Falls into disuse where our disinterestedness attracts us as we placate the accumulation of violence with a little bit of knowledge, a slender marvel at the underdone. My side of any conversation is complete of itself, stands among the interest of others as the horizon leaves its dim fingers among the buildings, and afterwards its presence behind the trees. Behind us everything is only that insistent. We bother with it. Sad through all of even a blue afternoon, so much mush and nowhere to place it, we take another burden, choosing to let happen what happens where the angles knock us eventually out of the possibility of combination with what we unsuccessfully ignored, even as artifact after artifact chooses its own color, no it does not, it has what's given and wishes for nothing as precursor or change. Not vigorous or flatulent, each breath more arbitrary, each step more only as its certainty of finding ground, another moment as propaedeutic as the one it prepares, the one it replaces and loses, ones it doesn't recall or imagine. Decent it is not. A little flutter of wings, is all I can say, activity more than sound or bombast of frequent niceties as plagues. Not accountable, for repetition or regret, or trepidation and indication, the falls do just that. (The criminal in us lacks magnitude, so leave worry, obligation, advice.) Time presses everywhere, presaging nothing only more of that eternity, the fragmentation of loyalties past sacred or profound, passing first the angles of stimulation, the angles of force, the old angles of desuetude and quiet. Sounds enter as fans. so much

fur. but don't matter if thought of or through. Stimulate nothing, sacrifice nothing, what you have enough as preparation for agonies' small fingers doing that to your mind and body and heart. Performance perhaps last of all, reflection of great inadequacies paramount over my life, trepidation in face of what promises fortune and downfall, the treatise between each word, altering nothing.

The summation of all transgression of simplicity is aggressive and painful, by the influence of suggested fear, the cliff available as experience. Rivalry. But we go over to quick understanding of haphazard growth, ignoring pathology of public disclosure of a line or a sentence, unrecalable and obligatory, further created by pathos attempting to recreate only sublime answers, ignoring infractions, and fails. No head is reconstructed, whether flat or James Joyce, only study to do so, to make fractional the vast aggression built gradually into the monument, serious or less broken. I propose congregation of all minds. Any head can break itself, break the heart, break what is available as past or future; the present is what stands, can only be undertaken, just this one tiny thing. Consequently metabolism is disregarded, unimportant where so much goes by. every day the same under methods to persevere, angular and skeptical, antagonistic to anguish but precursor to it. A new event at each corner, no theory to touch that marvel and threat, what can't be seen, only feared; hopefully out of that, something, but equally not. The surrender that speaks nothing, just a few words of no magnitude beyond difficult realization of spectacular horrors in my life. ("There is a man cut in two by a windowpane.") What can be cut off can't be ignored, though lost, staying as impression to build residue beneath the mind, its support and life, its immanence brighter than speech. We speak too much, too slowly. Hurry to make the mind a part of the heart, before it goes away. I loved all the people in my life but could not keep them by me. Power seems to come into the world, from where it is in the world, twisting its hands among us, so response propagates suffering and life is briefly in evidence. But irregular investigation adds nothing to what we see; that's all. Fractions of ego are already too much; confrontation is there, whether bothered by receptivity to revelation, or tolerated or feared. We don't add much. A little judgement, a denial. I go on. This is close to that. and that is close to the other thing, as close as we see them, as far into a distance as allowed by implications and other infractions behind single words which go on, infinite where used. Not parallel to other things, continuance makes its own future, unignored, unavoids, no matter conscious or prayed to in some other way, analogous to nothing. Please don't think of anything as regressive. What stands out does so by force and needs what permanence it manages, when possible, so refutation hinders nothing where the phenomenon of viewpoints make irregular what won't be changed, occasionally hitting a moment of even interest or use, now and then enough, as occasional. Any assemblage beyond first realization is arbitrary within structures that do permit it, a relic, another relic, another trick to



break the mind and force trial of other habitations, at least briefly. While there, mind is freak as experience, almost accidental to have taken that advance over the simple or easy. The gift of whole days need experience, but flow on and determine small flutters of physical reaction, one thing happened and another did not, the feeling beyond search and research. No bias. All levels find their way through one head to whatever understanding, no object alone, all semblance of irregularity producing feeling for the focus of those things on others. No definition infringes on this, only touching on mind where permitted some control, beyond that to be allowed its life among other instances of activity within frequency. The idea should not be permitted more solidity than that, yielding anger or other stubborn response. Low thought or high, no such thing, all thought beneath its cosmos, best thought of as unnecessary, but possible of support. Don't argue with that; don't argue at all. Don't posit anything. Though I do at times. Incalculable affect of this thing on that; nothing's imponderable, but yields so little if at all, the tides can be looked to even if around corners which yield as they obstruct, an interrelation held as significant, as use flies from the encounter and makes its perfect gesture where it may be needed, certainly as previous to aggressive feel of one thing after another. On the side of life there is just more life, a little at a time. Though continually I open up, asking some gesture or impression of solid activity, artifice enters to obstruct the continuation of benign happenstance, the loving miracle, pain beginning to push itself to interpretation of some future level of arrogance and pity. I constitute a large part of this small thing, the smallest bit of what is larger, though ignorance practices a therapy towards imagination, producer of triumph as it stumbles so easily to sorrow. At the bottom of our minds those myriad things forgotten, imagined again for use and interest, produced where reproduction is impossible; what we were born to, genetic insistence of thoughts from parent to child, more complex than biology, more stubborn than change, the immutable fact. Pushing past gifts to contributions thought of as wanted for self, one thing (many things) going without need toward other moments that wait but don't care, don't hold back just continue, as distraction after distraction marks the page with mud, hold the mind like some solid color (blue?) attending calligraphy of motion and fact toward metaphysics of exasperation, and exasperation marks more time into the life that permits abuse. goes on sound and feeling through characteristic phases of relaxation, sensation, the bitter paranoia ignited by friends inhabiting a world that wills nothing, won't be fucked with, just permitted. So what charity answers to what. Far from what is reached we strive to aim ourselves to distances where we alone stand as target, for furtive attention and punctuation. Arbitrary compulsion to find it out and love it. Go away, now. Toward refraction of images that combine but add nothing, only propose understanding perhaps not there, untreatable legacy to push the arm again through this heart, this mind. Beyond, only intensification for possibility, or simplification, the same dull necessity throbs in the mouth. Out of that, whatever. And out of whatever, probably nothing. Maybe satisfaction, though I would not know why. Too bad for us.

Another moment charges us to it, taking us to unavoidable contact; a small spark, useless but lively, another time.

December 3-12, 1974

CHARLES BERNSTEIN

THE TASTE IS WHAT COUNTS

Obviously hover hanging on as times is like an icon or terry etc that going on dropping of names, aroma, can't really cut out, choppiness, drunken into sexual frenzy, the trick now i repeat this unless i force myself, its discipline, what i remember of it, a kind of sick feeling, purely to possess a movement, a feeling that is probably a power, the purely constructed, a feeling that attracts me put in a position to release the information, its mass, any more than i pretend is the other assumption like the steady pulse even respectful, thundering in, words like the endless soaring of apricot yogurt, almost the last drink, over it, a page as if a new vocabulary would just spring out, gagging that i have to get up. The actual living in the daily life that becomes significant, gives impression.

Breathway to confusion keeps the pass it makes to the spark inside, confession soaring that becomes sequential, a power constricted, too much rhythm like a tap on susan actually its creating so much anyway to take it down. The interior foisting off a repository to care about getting anywhere to a system that was a revolt against it. The box beyond what they require pervades like the sand in the world it makes. Complication how much prior to that in the life of talking through texture, deriving nouns, strangers typographically reflecting like objects a kind of explosion.

A different person almost by the way you gag your reflection, or actually getting up and walking out, so predictable always the same sort of pressing with the sound of the way it falls. You wear your birthday hat as a particular sequence, primarily a texture, a sort of snow plane of them, so strange he would be talking about french saying you couldn't follow anymore where you were supposed to be able to come up. They occur to me, a series automatic, electric, annoyed or hurt or fed up, that no one will care, what needs to be done and falling back, or what is happening between, no matter how nice it would have been. So persuasive a syntax in the words or else the investigation.

It was snowing they said you can't do that in here something about the buzz saw pop & pull. Already they are in a jammed room, the grey floors loom, packing in, slips back to the more empty streets, runs past, almost the same sort of pressing, purely constricted a feeling that, grating, the

sound of the screech, letting on an absolute dis cohesion, to put into place, moving, still to question, to know again what to make of it. Itself & stone. I was trying to hear a second time and adding to my list. I needed to see, to go or not, and record in a calendar the pile of things, a series of nouns which I think is supposed to bear the weight of the good man, its essentially ethical concerns, fear & trust, becomes a sort of soft blur which seems a bit peculiar to others.

I am sitting having gotten up. Buzz saw pop of a jammed room, a sort of pressing, to put into place, to go or not.

Thinking not alone so taken with the way your eyes shown with it, whether it was grey in the way the air clouded over, who said what was said, & the pull of the grass, the long curly hairs, a moment almost too conscious, passing, & loving the words.

George was saying by now how other people in a bind will come without showing any reason for it. Much too hard, to know, to pass, was wa

showing any reason for it. Much too hard, to know, to pass, was as easy as an up being, a substance without intent, to spend the night through. Sinking into the thickening blur of memories, a twirl necessary to this, in this.

Strangeness striking as it does in the shape of a hover, constituted as the length of day, its splash against the particles of sand, a second glance or else the dawning of a way of proceeding. Desperation spent as the clock is wound, enfolding sequences of moments, particulars of mind. Objects cast as reflections, its memory, tides of a refusal.

I in object, the fold of circumstances, people hanging as sight over attention to which is not the case.

An awkwardness, stiff and fragmented, like I could tell the difference between sawing and Greg's cut finger. Just as these, trapped in the beside, a public place and no track in it.

It was a glimpse self-consciously reflecting the naturalness of the balance, something miraculously powerful formed by making out borders like the smoke puffing out of signs. Immediately a backbreaking flip within a constellation neon sort of flashing like you could impress your friends with it. Again the beach, a sense of plane, left hanging and in hanging a graciousness.

Glimpsing, purely a feeling, against the horizon, blinding as a gleam fixes the eye or halos reflected against contours, positions rotating as flips before my assumptions.

More than I pretend, chopiness, its mass, a revolt against it. Complication beyond the box they require pervades like the world it makes. The purposiveness of the sensations a clear mirror. Glimpse immediately flashing formed with a passing knowledge that becomes your whole life reflected. Still empty the waves turning, movement to become an opacity as lap or imprint.

The slope of the sand, migrations of bars, flow, uprush, storm surge, swash and swell, drift of current, wane of the shore. Ridges, runnels, beech rock, silt, clay, cusp of the ranges, dune, granite, glaucanite, basalt.

The very concept becomes your whole life trembling, your husbands and bosses or cats and spaghetti, a sick charade you slip out the back of, trying to recall something compensatory, and put the covers over your head. The knowledge of knowing why you did, making out the borders, hanging on impressions immediately flashing like you don't see the difference.

It got to be very slow, no place to get inside it, so many and then the world, like to a sense of caring, as if I had nothing to offer and nothing I could do would take final shape. A start, slipping back from the covers, became too much and the sight of the ocean, the empty limits of sand, hanging as a time infected by the longing for it, that it persists, had nothing inside, the day, sensing shape, slipping back as if I had nothing.

The intention of the body, rigid and fragmented, which is simply a grace supplied by the presence of it. A space, to space, intransigent of form, an artifact insisting as the day is spent.

Sitting under and letting it pass maybe three four \_\_\_\_\_. Shoe on the wrong side of the fence, hands, every phrase.

My stupor as monozite, glymph, opalescent.

I do but I need it larger, splashing against the sand, pine, self consciousness emerging as the man jumping out of his car to yell. Up from behind did I look stupid standing there and nothing upturning for it.

A rest becomes impassable. My mind an empty buzz to which the objects intercede, the tedium of my insecurities repeatedly playing themselves back in sequence. An illusion of it always being over there, of my being outside it, & shoving it in or wanting to knock myself out.

The purposiveness of the sensations of the objects: the sight of the world inhabited. Seeing the space above us filled. Regarding it just as we see it. The vault ranging with a judgment ascribed to a reflection. The sight of the ocean implying all kinds of knowledge. What strikes the eye: a clear mirror of water bounded by sky.

Each part passing away in a look. A dizzying succession across a vacancy relentlessly refusing a whole world and racing behind it. Here at last everything is new: boys on bicycles as easily as regret. A lack exuding from its place. People more and more realizing just who, what, at which moment, although by the time you are to go they forget. All of a sudden I want to present you with it. A leper imitates the glances of the sand strangely peering into a world of dance exactly resembling a flow or movement increased distinctly to obscure what she was saying. Attending the sputters.

Instrumentality or power, a sense of where you are or who defined by an egg shell & in cracking, still, there, a one who perseveres, as will, as way, & truly just as insistence: that good will be a mode of going on, or else a kind of self disclosure, that whether J or S she insists on a level of deceptiveness unmarred by luminance, or a shoe that pinches, insisting that to refuse is to turn over, the part of a failing, why else a relation to which ticks as the day moves. I like as much in boundary as astern a lattice, the climbing, a level by which she demands attention, or sense of promise. The anguish of the human soul as much as regression to a higher plane, or due to my forgiving: an absolution of whiteness.

Finding it in myself or just a blank space where some thing should be: a ringing if not a peal. A nocturnal kind of pleasure as evidenced in the way the shoe is tied or undoes itself during the course of the day. Coming too close, its gradual sickening.

It becomes slowly to me, keeps focussing in and blurring. Recatching my mistakes and learning to do it better. Already or almost. I wonder what happened to him and if it could be helped.

All of a moment the ashtrays become my whole life pounding, crystal, a violet light intersecting the page where I imagined it, or a letter proclaiming its restoration. A present, in here, as clear as glyph, indigo. Memories of people piled up to hurl out on unfamiliar faces, only a glance, a sideways look. A parasol for which the colors become an opacity of belief, specifics of confirmation. Consciousness solitary in the way it insists on forming signs, hovering about an event, constituting and reconstituting its meaning.

Next to us all this twirls in spin rapt as reverie as much as sight, sound, sign. Repelled or riveted, the consciousness of seeing clumped with signs fills out or insists on absence. The change is in me: the very same sand of my childhood still confronts me. The signs constructed by the borders projected by a language hover in actuality around crisses and crosses obediently answering to my expectations.

The boundaries perceivable in a form attended on both sides by a border within which limitlessness lives, hung as press of confusion. I in boundary, the very hum of it.

CHARLES BERNSTEIN / RON SILLIMAN

from LEGEND

we (internal auditory meatus) have decided (excitation of antihelix) to consider (response of the cortex) pleasure (tympanic membrane) and "pain" (eustachian tube) in relation (tragus & antitragus) to the quantity (lobe, helix & fossa of antihelix) of excitation (skem dettliata dettliata / skem dettliata) life (nam yoho ren-ge kyo) -- and not confined (double negation) in any way (external auditory meatus) -- along such lines (semicircular canals) that "pain" (dettliata) corresponds (tympanic cavity) with an increase (concha) and pleasure (vestibule) with a decrease (dettliata) in this quantity (how eye ear you)

skem dettliata

dettliata

skem

dettliata

dettliata

the 5th letter of the english alphabet developed from north semitic he. originally a consonant with an h sound, it was transformed into a vowel in

greek, altho in classical greek and in certain local alphabets north semitic heth was used to represent eta (long e)

dettliata skem dettli-

ata

an instinct (species nature) would be a tendency (class struggle) innate (relations of production) in living (the people) organic (the people) matter (the people) impelling it (history) towards (speech) the reinstatement (language) of an earlier (hunting & gathering) condition (communism of the paleolithic), one which it had (class struggle) to abandon (invention of family, of state) under the influence (control of the means of production (how eye ear you)) of external (grain) disturbing (grain) forces (the state), the manifestation (a spectre is haunting europe) of inertia (class struggle) in organic (the people) life,

TORDS

I heard,

to

wards

words

dettliata

skem dettliata

dear Charles,

phallus is the first division (I want a poem as real as a lemon) & is the origin of instinct of which (this) writing is an acting out or objectification. History with all its divisions blurs the perception (the way a hand does if it move, inadvertently or not, moves over a page of still-wet ink). That coming together of which orgasm is the figure is the full word. Plato banished us in order to begin the draining of the word (as one would a swamp over which to build tract housing). Tottel's argument with Wyatt's. prosody in 1557 (the year in which, according to Wallerstein, there could no longer be any turning back from the transformation into capitalism) is another such banishment (heth becomes eta). The world is twice transformed. An overdetermined signifier, the empty word is myth (myth, Barthes says, is depoliticized speech. Legend, Ray's word, is a repoliticization of the word, Wyatt's John Henry v. Tottel's steam hammer). Your distrust of my use of the phallic is one of its existence within a language of empty words in which it is now connected with the merely masculine and thus with all historic forms of oppression (women were banished long before poets). But memory (& here is Marcuse) is the revolutionary instinct, a bringing into consciousness of the past without which the future cannot exist: the truly phallic is androgynous. That coming together of which this poem is the figure (five men in three cities using correspondence and discussion) is the legendary refusal to be banished. Its message is explicit: fuck them! (Plato, Tottel and A.W. Clausen) I went to San Diego last weekend for a series of discussions with Michael Davidson, Jerry and Diane Rothenberg, and David and Eleanor Antin, to tell them of our work and to search for a key piece of evidence: does there still exist a group in the world, now so rapidly being totalized by late capitalism, in which the division between writer and reader, poet and audience, has yet to occur? There does: the Tlingit, who live in the southern coastal regions of Alaska and northern British Columbia. Stein wrote that she wrote only for herself and for strangers. an atomized credo. I want people who happen to read the poem this is to understand that we were thoroughly aware of them when we wrote it, that we are five heterosexual men who habitually use the word love to describe our relationship to one another. That that coming together of which their reading this poem is the figure is phallic, the negation of banishment. Jack Spicer was only half-right to enter into a correspondence with the ghost of a Spanish poet killed by the fascists. No wonder Lorca seems so puzzled by it. The future does not exist in Spicer's work, yet that is what the correspondence forces Lorca to confront. While Jack's linguistics gave him a comprehension of the politics of the word, there is a blockage, history ends in the present. No doubt Freud (whose refusal to admit Marx renders his word if not wholly empty at least impotent) would connect this blockage to Spicer's homosexuality; we would not make the same mistake. A correspondence with the dead is the correspondence of an individualist (in a very special and narrow sense of the word, Jack wrote Lorca's letters). Ours is not. It is informed by our love for each other. It is truly phallic.

Love,  
Ron

+ + +

so what we have is a phallic that encompasses men & women? a 'phallic' that stands as a division principle, from wch our selves come, from wch language, that it is spoken among a many, emerges. in the beginning was one & we can remember it by looking inside ourselves, into (back to) our selfsameness. & the language of us is the body of this one. the conditions, now, multiple. apart but a part. tongues wagging; a world of babble, cannot move us to forget. it's to get a view of it: no 'pre'-human unity (no myth) is wanted. in the beginning was silence: no ear, nothing to hear. in here we hear. the words are the scent of our usness. but why this myth-like time projection? legend or just more myths? "you, you you're always obsessed with antagonism, what separates: what we look toward is what reunites." the vaginal? more diads, dodads, dialectics, dualisms. duets? "They dAncEd all night ---the minarette, the foP, the gLoSSoLaIc riff" & Eve sd: "We've waited in the shadows knowing we could do nothing while this half-life that is you played out its tireless rippings. For it is only in us that self-completeness still resides--you are ghouls, sucking the energy from us for your endless phallic combats, forever banished from inside it: IT." & now the phallic, the imprisonment of outside, is to be our release? because we can't go back, but must bridge the gap between us with spurts of cum. androgenously, each of us. & thus reclaim the world & the word.

--oh, ron, silly person, why do you insist on just these words--male, phallic--wrenched as they are from the meaning you want for them, now so charged with so much oppression (after so much political & literary abuse). to restore their meaning, repoliticize them, not let the sexist meanings stand? is it that you want to restore the symbol of maleness ("penis like") in a world in wch maleness has become a kind of banner for atomization & self-separation? where the phallic has become the tool of banishment? & yet you can convince me against my own political acumen. "political simplicities," ray sd to me when i explained my concern over using 'sexist' words. it's hard to swallow ("your wings are in your throat"). but if the world is "twice transformed" then the turnings necessary for a restoration ("of ourselves to ourselves") are not the obvious ones: we need to make one turn more. so not a salve for the smart but a transformation of the smarting. the salve, anyway, is us, degree zero, we've never been without it. if the phallic is to be transformed into something we are not accustomed to thinking of it as--that is, if it is to be (again?) the love that restores us each to the other, then perhaps it is from women that we will learn its new possibilities. for surely such a phallicness differs from its present misshapen form by its humility: as men, we must recognize that whatever is vital in



"masculine" energy has been lost by the misdirection of its use for male suprematism & not one of us can tap its unifying power, self-encumbered as we are by a social training that has systematically exchanged "phallic" strength of selfhood--active love--with the self-isolation of macho (the figure of erotic strength voided of all the substance of it). & if we are to keep in mind our readers, then i want to acknowledge to them my confusion & concern. in what way is the kind of writing we are creating affected by us being all men? you talk of our of our close relation to each other--but isn't it significant of the kind of relation it is that, as of now, some of us have never met with others of us in person. (that really, for us, this is our relationship.)

what's to be done & doing it. we don't want a poetry of controlled dignity & propriety, ease & consistency, regularity, uniformity.... for C. S. Lewis, the literary historian, the prosody "imperfectly" developed by Wyatt "built a firm metrical highway out of the late medieval swamp." no doubt Tottel thought he was just helping Wyatt out. by now we see the swampness of language is not necessarily something to avoid. it's where we are. so we must set about re-occluding. you can call the love that alone makes for human coherence phallic if you want, i won't edit out the words that make it hard to swallow your thought. the words that need to be spoken are indigestible. Higginson's argument with Dickinson's prosody in 1890 ("smooth the rhymes, regularize the meter, delete localisms, substitute sensible metaphors, correct the lack of grammatical convention") was another banishment ("...Banishment from Native Eyes/In sight of Native Air"). he would make her palatable. "So we must keep apart" a poem is changed to say & titled, appropriately to this, "In Vain". but is this she says--

So We must meet apart-  
You there-I-here-  
With just the Door ajar ....

we want to banish banishment, we want to fill up empty words. for we know that the words of a language restored to us are not exactly magical--but that they have the power to fulfill the dream of magic: Sd the Geni when i asked him to make me a malted: "You're a Malted."

Charles

+ + +

Charles the rose is obsolete Charles I sought to find it the book to show you but it's gone borrowed or stolen I can't recall THE WAY HANNAH'S WORDS ERUPT to inject disorder into a system is to increase entropy marginality Benamou calls it each petal ends in an edge I wanted to quote that section on Wrigley's on skyscraper soup Charles another tale of a trip this time to Sacramento to suite 202 at the Host Hotel at the airport but to the information theorists entropy bears a positive relation to the quantity of information a tale as old as Herder or Humboldt, Abigail stood on the stage

to introduce her film pulling plastic bags from out of the pockets & sleeves of her sweatshirt Task Force on Health Conditions in Local Detention Facilities like the time you came by my house & went out to have a drink the bar was dark & empty & the band was the one Jack Clark Tom's brother was in so I was the one person there they knew & played to & I couldn't hear a word you said phallic is the first division the problem of street people there went the word roots & how can we ever hope to use it again evidence is everywhere I'm it my life has been threatened over certain poems I drove back with Terry Kupers & Dick Fine he threw the typewriter out the window I mean it the only Lacanian analyst in America & he works with black lumpen albies in Compton fragile plucked moist half-raised Charles the first words in the film tAr gArden are tell me a story I got them to use the word prisoner for the entire minimum jail standards capitalism is heat a tee shirt with a target over the heart & caption of Gary Gilmore's last words let's do it in an unpublished article on schizophrenia & reification Terry I'M LEARNING HOW TO READ says as reification is tuned out of awareness a certain numbness sets in Americans talk now at a rate of 20 to 40 words per minute faster than they did two decades ago chARles cHARles but the story gets oppressive its manipulativeness becomes manifest we need to recapture the dualism in Kant problems of Sprachgeist lyn hejinian & larry ochs were reading simultaneously by the piano & thru the crowd I could see Michael McClure outside on Haight Street peering in choosing not to enter kunta kinte pataphysics I bought ten copies of a cheap romance novel & began to alter & erode them her eyelids were transparent & gray cold precise touching madness is revolutionary freedom confined to the self DO WORDS EXIST I call it aphasia he calls it a response to reification you have a storefront & people come in rap hang out & the one to one heavy stuff just happens Lacan is still working with individuals & there are none so she stopped making stories she lost her loft her house she began dancing because as she said we were walking amid warehouses at midnight my body was the only house I had my position is not idealist but it's careless if I don't articulate the distinctions the big question is how does a work end oomaloom I had a vision in which man's wings had evolved on the inside in his or my throat the tickle of its flutter if I talk there is only language & its relations positivism dissolves the duality so as not to be responsible to the overdetermination I asked Peter Van Riper what kind of pen he used and if the paper was absorbant natural punctuation she lets him do all the talking & she resents it but Chomsky wants it not to be responsible to the social the revolution demands it a delusion is a failure to recognize but as Lacan says it presupposes a recognition but what he doesn't say is how it got lost false consciousness of everyday life he's afraid I'm making a big mistake as he called it shaking in the kitchen with anger telling me how to write wanting the words to be the words scratch that vulnerability is the test of sincerity if only he had had the time to write without letup none of the babies degree zero says Terry is the behavior of parents its failure to coincide with their words determination Charles the word nigger is back in the language let's do it each of us with a memory of underdevelopment

the resentment of the west coast writer to new york your objection to the word is your discomfort to your sexism make it go away a failure to recognize phallic is the first division the radio told me of the death of Billy the Kid Lukacs thinking the historical novel a marxian form & Soul-shun-it-sun loves the west Alex Haley speaks to 80 million people mentions the coast guard not autobiography of Malcom X marginality is a tool if we know how to use it THERE ARE NO WORDS my anger turned into writing women atomized elaborated the diary blacks did verbal riffs on corners Terry hears it we compare notes. on Mayakovsky all those windows on ROSTA to see not thru phallic is the first division the plastic baggies sez Abigail are the filler we seek in stories to hide what should fill our lives presumes a recognition let's do it,

Ron

+ + +

First it was "open myself up" w/o limit & push & "expand yr horizons" & combat stagnation & "rage, rage" & bring the world back, first was the sense of make it known & not letting anything stick & never being satisfied until it & making yrself known & monogamy is contrasocialism & heterosexuality is homophobic & learn this & don't accept you can't do that & expand & blow down those occlusions, fixations--first was an end to that "exquisite" aesthetic sense that wld give finally only a version of it--over & over Still & Newman & Louis & Rothko putting out that one thing--"stuck in a single year" you sd on the phone--i'm stuck & the rut is the whole i want to stay in--entropy to call it that when it all slows down & the stagnation brings on its own form of frenetic non-activity--occlusion, obsession, limitation, fixation--"my shell jaws snap shut at the invasion of the limitless"--an ode to indigestibility--

sea thrust, self thrush,  
this, that,

so dead,  
& heavy hanging

drags,  
by seams,  
we shore it. shape it

& alwys transforming, never letting settle--i'm looking for a spot & yes there is none--i'm looking to stop going on trips & let it all slow up, almost a stop, moment--somehow in the vacancy seems--"bone, stone, marble"--i know i've reified wrds like "presence", "actuality", "particularity" wch is my/our own form of religious mystification--"that language--this instance of it--here--'it'--a 'presence'--& paradox is a cheap trick-- i know i don't like arguments, don't like to be contentious, i like best to agree--& don't we when you say "rage" & i say "stifle" theres smoke theres flame--i'm stuck & by being in the place my limits have thrown me--"self-out-of-self"--i emerge just the thing yr looking for-- (Futurism isnt the only way...)--everyone i ask gets put off by that wrd of yrs & you insist & if we push you on it it will become the center of yr thought--i am ashamed

& embarrassed at my sexism--i've not shaken my guilt & anxiety & self-consciousness so as to be a "new" man "new" woman--my actions are doubled over & i rarely act as a person in the "new world" wld only i'm here wch is to say i'm often absent but obsessed with presence i'm not ashamed to be obsessed with the people who i've gotten stuck on or the ideas or the locations--i mean it-- "a past hole"--& "won't give it up" & cling & am not transformed by my political consciousness & i overreact & find lack of support & distance from people i want to be close to always a draining thing--so that i am left feeling that vacancy of person no ideas can rupture--so i go to the movies or have a cup of coffee--& hate repetitions of my-- & want to get outside it--to see the whole view--& "transcend" & "get better" & "transform"--alwys turning up empty bags from the pockets of my life--but once outside it i find there was no out or side or it--i'm back or never have left--think of Bernadette's sense of "moving" & she's never there--i want to be there--my illusion--by a static stopness-- "ness"/"hood"--still more reification--"be firm in yr own small, static, limited/orbit"--so that, bags out of pockets, you emerge, here, as alwys & as alwys were--& anyway empty bags is really not the image the bag is really inside out & what it "contains" is All & what it walls out is empty--& i'm on all sides & turning it over & looking at & getting at it so it can be looked at & i'm not really such a stick in the mud, i guess, but i don't think "thrust" is the image i wld choose i don't like images at all--but perhaps a backward summersault--

Charles

+ + +

5 or five things I know about you  
synecdoche is not a town in the fingerlakes  
("fingerflower," wrote Steve,  
the one we call Benny,  
writing Rimbaud, meaning digitalis)  
& if Turco can't even spell it  
no wonder Lacan  
or that Lacan who does not read Spicer  
not Jack's but Robin's  
calls it metonymy  
part-to-the-whole  
(as you are/as i am)  
& where Derrida slips  
(as one on a banana calld Signorelli)  
is just this phoenix symptom  
here calld the phallic  
in the series:group distinction  
Steve, the one we call Steve, saw, however briefly, to say, in that letter  
which was his response to the conversation we'd had, in the pub calld The

Pub, metonymy mimes the structure of the sign: the whole discourse seemed to me in that instant clearer, because the nature of the distortion was beginning to be visible, organized as it was around one word in the (rightful) place of another. What had been my original frustration at the slowness & resistance of your response ebbed & was transformed: I had been wrong to think that it was to have been Steve's journey here, as such, that was to have brought with it that which was to have in/formed this, my last in this sequence, correspondence to you. I had needed someone to talk with, not of the phallic but of the mystery that is the metonym, that which, according to Lacan, joins with metaphor, twin faces of signification, but which he then hides (did i mean Botticelli?) in his large Z-diagram of the Unconscious. I needed to know why. In order to write this poem. Real-as-a-lemon (be it Spicer's or Hollis Frampton's). To have written to you otherwise would have been an evasion, a spitball when you, hunkering down behind that switch-hitter both of us have reason to fear, signalled for a slider. Something has forced that thing we might both call the active principle to take on a violent cast not otherwise inherent to it. What that is we both know but we need to know how it works. Like a child taking the face off a clock expecting to see time revealed. To have written to you then, smug and laconic, would have been like writing to Lorca, a mistake. Who is this person asleep in an office in a health-care corporation, dreaming of poems in a universe of perfect spelling (that spelling which we call, mistakenly, "correct"), "sort of condemned to be disconnected and seem disjointed and sort of stupid"? As of course any one of us, atomized, is. It was Steve's role, then, a part of this whole, not to be the carrier of information as Jerome & Terry had been (&, in one sense, as Kimberly & Larry will be, as I hand this to them, to give to you next week, during their trip to New York), but to pick up the problem, that he might state it (that which confronts us) in a new & more useful way. Synecdoche (as you are/as i am) mimes the structure of the sign. In Steve's words (a curveball all the way from Toronto), "the whole differential implication of alterity applies to any part standing for a whole - hence to metonymy.... Metonymy is the paradigm of supplementation. It is the 'part' that stands (in) for the whole and in this supplementation supplants the whole as an alternative whole (infrastructure to structure)." It is the tireless reliever who comes in to get the save. But more, & this is what Steve's thought made me see was missing in Derrida: it is the figure of that relation which is men and women in groups. In a world fetishized and made alien from us by a realism whose characteristic trope is the serialization of synecdoche (hoof, mane, gait) submitted to the bodiless line which is prose in the age of print, how could that relation not be deformed? So the violence of the phallic is an index of our own loss of feeling. & we can gauge it: 200 years ago (before the league expanded to Toronto, before the batters used helmets or we felt a need for thick leather gloves), Rosseau (whose anarchism was, as it always is, that of a bourgeois) called it pity: that which animates (this term itself filled with presumption) the imagination, to permit the leap across the gap which is a lack. A distance perhaps of 60 feet 6

inches. Even there we can see the distortion, the flattening of affect. No wonder Lacan uses the wrong word, or that I do, causing you to confuse it with the merely masculine, or Derrida, who systematically fails to make the series:group distinction, calling it supplement. We are like a band, deafened by years of our own volume. These names (do I mean Signorelli or Botticelli?) are ciphers whose sole purpose is to hold (down) the place of the (missing) proper name: why else would one write to a dead Spanish poet? To remember it (it has in fact many names), we are forced to make the distinction, to give up myth for legend, to abandon our atomization (5 of us in 3 cities, deeply connected), the act from which all true names follow. One is love. One is revolution.

Ron

+ + . +

Person is the first division. (I thought you sd it all but had these words to add.) It is as if we were rent ("you must pay the ----"/"I can't pay the ----"), the very image of part to whole (synecdoche, as by hoof to go to Aix), apart but a part. --What is this longing for another that pulls us stronger than any words or ideas or social fabrics or familiar securities (the old wrtng seems dry, ideas mere gossip, society suffocation, the family loneliness) that says love is the first principle, wch is to say in a now?

"Beauty is set apart."

It is rather for ourselves, each as one, each living the life of wch metonymy is a figure, to acknowledge that partness, specificity of a particular opacity, blur & fog, that is the condition of the writing of a language (our language) restored to individual praxis by each user: that in the opalescence of a person's occluded seeing there is a publicity more available than any fantasy a supratemporal supraspatial suprapersonal "clarity" projects-- a concreteness present for a knowing, released from the denial of self wch is the myth of science. Still (at the same time, on the other hoof, simultaneously), the fantasy of autonomy, the other side of that mind bogging token (ball, coin, marker, gyroscope) constitutes not self denial but denial by self. Autonomy, in the end (Bruce says it of clarity but it is as true of the self-separation that is the troubling, even terrifying, source of both the majesty & power of the phallic, tho how terrible to say of the phallic that is has majesty, how hard it is to see that doubled over with self doubt as we are (I am)), "is suffocating yet we suffocate for want of it & still presume it." (Asphyxiation, the entropy of air, a room hermetically sealed.) ("Only if I defines struggle is perfect us.") Like moths around a flame.

"But beauty is set apart."

We say we won't, any more, hunker down in stupified self-deception, won't swing wildly at every curve or ground or spit ball that hurtles our

way with the faintest fragment of a glimmer of a chance of a connect. Mere broken things, shards. (Bruce says I invariably focus in on this, the pity of it (self paralyzed) (as if gulping a glimpse of air to free myself with) --But these images of the stricken, the palsied, are, for me, the most natural form of comic relief, being, quite literally, self-reflection --the method of release from the compulsion of self-debilitation.) It's to get a view of it. (...that subsumes us all in it, from wch we, as selves, come out of--) --It is the professor in Die Blaue Engel ("it is admirable to profess because it was once admirable to live") who is right, is the "human" (mensch, infra-mensch), acts for "us"--what he knew is what we have to learn (glimpse): to be foolish is a mere nothing in comparison. --The language of us (Hannah says ((WORDS as eruptive)) group mind "who constitutes this 'us' but those close in," we five + five times five...in the end our neighbor/hood (language speaking, conscience (conscious) sharing...)) all, the Legend we are writing, is the replacement of (the partness of) ourself with (the movement towards the wholeness) of ourselves--renouncing our isolation, as Raimundo Pannikar likes to say, without (we cld never...) losing our solitude.

RON SILLIMAN

from LEGEND

1. It is a five-pointed star in three dimensional space.
2. It is words.
3. It is a group, not a series.
4. It is the end of atomization.
5. It is deliberate.
6. It is the product of labor.
7. It is correspondence.
8. It is New York, Toronto and San Francisco.
9. It seeks the post-referential.
10. It dissolves the individual.
11. It is tribal.
12. It is male.

13. It is behavior.
14. It does not conceal.
15. It shares the labor but does not divide it.
16. It could do anything.
17. It is a poem.
18. It is a very simple poem.
19. It looks back on the invention of writing sadly but without regret.
20. It is not a story.
21. It is a determinate coordinate on the grid of language and history.
22. It is an articulation.
23. It has words that dissolve as soon as you read them and reform as soon as you read them again.
24. It is not to be paraphrased.
25. It rejects metaphor.
26. It is not particularly funny.
27. It does not think you should be amused.
28. It stresses the collective.
29. It is bigger than any of us.
30. It is your own loss of feeling which makes it seem cool to you.
31. It proposes your existence and defines itself by your possibility.
32. It is not Paradise Lost.
33. It does not view love as the ontological project of our time.
34. It recognizes private life as a historical development particular to our time and does not approve.
35. It opposes the suburb.



36. It does not want to be President.
37. It is a boot to the ass of the ruling class.
38. It can remember words.
39. It is not talking about anything else.
40. It is not speech.
41. It is syntax.
42. It is not pretty.
43. It is historically necessary.
44. It builds up.
45. It collects.
46. It fills the empty word with you, dear reader (Derrida).
47. It stands Hegel upon his head, right side up.
48. It is not held captive by a picture because the picture no longer lays in the language and no longer repeats itself to us inexorably.
49. It replaces the monad.
50. It abolishes positivism.
51. It knows where to look.
52. It is not a nest of ninnies.
53. It is not about to be gunned down and burned down in a crossfire in Compton.
54. It is a threat.
55. It discusses the world but does not describe it.
56. It is a provocation.
57. It is a tool for the revolution.
58. It recognizes a global class structure.

59. It sees how alone you are when you read this.
60. It wants your company, your companionship.
61. It knows you have a valuable role to play.
62. It will not deceive you.
63. It will not desert you.
64. It is not an agent provocateur.
65. It is not crossing the Alps.
66. It is hey apt to hey hey hey.
67. It is its own boss.
68. It wants to exist.
69. It depends on you.
70. It is a concept of the poem at the end of writing.
71. It is the act of writing.
72. It is a text but that is only one stage of its existence.
73. It is your presence as it fills these words, reading them, hearing them.
74. It will enter into your experience and the memory of your experience.
75. It will always be a part of you.
76. It is more than words.
77. It is more than syntax.
78. It is constantly changing every aspect of its existence.
79. It is in a state of continual flux.
80. It is the blind spot.
81. It is the nameless thing in the act of becoming.

82. It is felt as a drive.
83. It is felt as a pull.
84. It is a need.
85. It is a desire.
86. It is writing degree zero.
87. It is the other side of the poem.
88. It is what we've been waiting for.
89. It changes everything.
90. It is present.
91. It is presentness.
92. It is words grinding and gnashing and joining and filling.
93. It is syntax rolling and unfolding and revealing.
94. It makes it all very clear now.
95. It has no fear and knows none.
96. It is not damaged and incomplete.
97. It is glad to be here.
98. It has been a long time coming.
99. It can be called at last by its name.
100. It is this.

RON SILLIMAN

(from 2197)

ALLIED GARDENS

A carving I suddenly thought to block.  
Long of forearm, day of volleyball.  
People stood on the sidewalks waving to  
the incoming, black-clad insurgents.

These are older body and have no other  
shapelessness.

Full world is pomegranates here.

Object, we becomes, is objective  
distance

The lower the grains, the higher the  
nuts.

Recognition of the self.

Wax the matches, made the Mexico.

Lightbulb from the gas jets.

Great wall of truth speak to the east  
power.

Rain in which loss form.

The concentric is not the circles of  
the pastel which it represents.

The ridge of my fishing village.

Existence is predicated on experience.

Less certain definition.

As he grew random, his inserts posited  
into shapelessness.

The kelp is atop of sea.

Bowl of this and nuts without meaning.

Loomy air made in sailing.

Rain as random, as chosen of form.

Anything made from a many day of voices.

If the within becomes there, genuine  
choices are language.

Bus sleepers to work.

Sound of open window, water, faint room  
in the enters as I make my world.

Coming to distance of meaning with the  
greatest verification.

Smell what I own.

Hedged or the art of idea from the thing  
of conditions.

Today, we decide, is razor day.

Spray was more pour than the cat.

A more city of eat had formed in our  
porridge.

I chose the mime of my stone crowd.

Saw in a circus of cruel.

The turtle play a learning that readily  
snows.

That corner of the porch.

Really one pulls his universe on, one  
personal at a time.

This garbage brings in the glad rags  
of bags.

We advanced only by struggle, defines by  
us.

Mortality posited in degrees.

We arrived at the small fishing attention  
just as the case deserves its way over the  
past.

The loud what of an old think.

There are floating pictures within a  
world.

Fate went destruction through the San  
Francisco.

His is the said between name and  
alias.

The many we put into the Korea, the  
less door we are there exists.

Clouds on the rise on their way to  
light.

Merely is a morning.

Loves Diane Arbus atop you.

Anything I catalogue is undefined for  
descriptive terms.

This is a sense data language.

Block advanced by block.

Worked thought as longer language.

The boy asks to doing the small.

The time gets tense in that corner of  
the synonymous.

People, it is not a bus front.

Any ocean or calm is perfectly in so  
by its never.

As form of books begins to lapse, sense  
of order begins to strewn.

This poem, remorseful in its progressions.

Identify more guilt.

Only words wall us.

People could rolling my down sleeves.

I tie a black shirt.

Learning to glide the riders for the  
regatta, it bicycle.

Remorseful poem above the progressions.

All on the same of windowpane.

Cells should not have sickling.

This data, language over, poured sense.  
Not by the fear, but by the sleep.  
A mushroom world make up out of the  
words.  
A roller I suddenly skates to sound.  
In Korea, there are many doors.  
The inward is merely a collective cause.  
The cross-section of system is loud  
words.  
Dark is shadow on doors.  
Bed the grandfather which would lay to  
be table.  
Oranges pour onto highway ten thousand.  
Back body temperature.

The words, only, are a value of other.  
Today based on day is inevitable for we  
who decide with what they know to be the  
razor.  
As if a patterns, the objects glide  
through the physical.  
Augury or the art of divining from the  
flight of birds.  
A name sentence and a awareness repre-  
sents.  
Morning and sky are not great.  
Sentences bark and/or dogs.  
The photograph is never suddenly ex-  
pected.  
This ghoul, kill in its brain.  
A small vision loss me what I'm loss.  
Insect who run to catch the headlines  
tend to sit at the world.  
Is this a criterion or adequate of  
meaning.  
Sun exiting the rainbow, lower down  
their higher.  
Proliferation with the blind about  
alphabet.  
Dimly spring rim.  
Low act at high clock forms not.  
A fud without us, without his, without  
he.  
Mushroom rose for an sink of up there  
is in the cloud.  
Day of blues.  
There was experience in predicated the

concept existence.

We arrived at the small fishing village  
just as the sun worked its way over the ridge.  
An old not is have goals to poems.  
Bird conversion.  
This is a forearm.  
How merely does it, did it, take to moving  
this instant, this then present, this.  
Things are a true known.

Spaces, it's all the mass.  
Smell of weather.  
Incoming the black-clad of waving side-  
walks in stood and insurgents get people.  
Which is experience, which is existence.  
Grandfather would lay his news on the  
table by the room.  
Do new can cause we to recognize your  
season presence.  
The morning in back of the Q-tips.  
This is a shake morning sleep.  
How do you voice brain parts the room.  
See my ten themes in a life.  
Leper's in the dark bar's blink, but thru  
its doors the glare of the ocean's forget.  
Block of thought like small carving.  
Here the diamond are pine.

Lion I'd made.  
Expression objectify the sky of the room.  
room.  
What if blow-fly filling room is  
perfect sky.  
Langorous language.  
Day's with a glow made of haze light a  
first sign.  
A stasis as perfect and believe as the  
rest.  
Swamp is a strategy, not a gas.  
There was difficulty in locating the  
concept "prior."  
A specific condition, realism, reserved  
for the strategy.  
Field is the milky sky.  
How do trees geometry dew.  
Across a visits with a milky omitted.  
A first time, not common, of light is

the day's enemy.

We maze coleus with canvas.

Market is our chance as to what might  
have visit.

This is not steams but a fog of it.

The crowd chose to stone the mime.

Specific loss of language called picture.

A seal in which to use the south gun-  
tower.

Negation example up off the constit-  
uent.

A Satie that connect ashore by the  
south Thoreau.

The upstairs is a maze of angle, pen,  
page and skylights.

Follow the grammar to colors.

The specific loss.

By context I meet a term in the mis-  
creants and we use.

This is not an incorrect example of  
rhesus' habitat.

How do we envelope the sound of a new  
sealed.

The house of block.

City is the formed.

Time is pulls on pants.

I visit former home.

One song, brings from summer parts of  
the dream, or foghorns.

Urine forms to foam.

Sneeze in the dream to shake loose sleep-  
ing grapefruit.

Syntax stood on the real, waving to the  
incoming, black-clad world.

Now you write the need in my what.

The birds flight is art, the augury  
spaces divining.

History is our agreement as to what  
might have happened.

A delight of geek's.

Ontology searches my inventory in the  
world.

What do you eat.

This color talking.



The hangup of the sex deserves handguns.  
The fog high tide falls, the low rain  
merely walk into the forms.  
Feeding his pigeons was popcorn.  
In poem, there are many events.  
How do you objectify expression.  
The page read amid this does only a  
long that.  
The difficulty of undefined concept  
"prior."  
Diane Arbus loves noise.  
Mylar and kit have been the song of  
warrior.  
The mereness of fill is not in forms.