

THE OCCURRENCE OF TUNE

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Something begins to jam me up & I know it won't be possible to pull it out.

"The fear is, on the inside, there's nothing left to say."

no presence, no 'things'

So if I forced myself—but confined myself to its "private" interest—so that I could think to myself that it's "my own"—then would I feel better?

beach chair

extension of 'personal' to a more systematic form of psycho-investigation.

absolute sense of dis cohesion—"but I want to see you"—as if to discourage me. a number of alternatives hoist themselves forward. "deep stuff": no I would just as soon not.

matrix of worthwhile, 'top quality'

a "push over" so I hone in & it spurts up

too busy,—but mostly a sense of 'counts'—& if the other withdraws...

so it's "mainstream" "pure" "actual" "crystalline" *against*:

so one can stop & then all the activities that normally surround cease too. pull off the track you've hacked (away) (for yourself) even for a minute & it closes up & then it's like starting from the first—

"It becomes necessary that you approach this area—to make up your socks & surround yourself with all manner of outpouring. Get down to it, figure it out, make it all cohere, answer it"—

"Little one, I feel desperate that you will not take up my case"—

"You've got no idea how important those 'little' things are—i.e. any form of encouragement"—

"Oh I forgot about them. Slipped my mind."—

"No sooner had she turned the block than it became clear that she was pleased as punches with herself & would not take no for an answer."

a few seconds of vividness

"These few here, who do they represent—nothing—not even cats, spaghetti, pecan pie—are all 'out to lunch' & take care of yourself here after."

absolutely to explain all

I take out, put up, give over—nothing as far as possibility dawning on me. "But isn't a technique of erasure just as..."

radical flattening of interest

One hears so much about you but never seeing you wonders how you make out, how it jelled for you, how one plus one could equal at all. I remember you with a blue hat, the vinyled decks shining in the sun, but right now you're extremely hard to locate.

Here. Lets. Whats. I'd like to. Really. Don't say that. No. Please. You can.

Such a powerful matrix of concern—transmitted so completely into a world—i.e., to take a limitation &, stuck in it, push it to the maximum level so that every aspect of it is so grounded, so meant, that it becomes the thing itself—

perhaps better to reconsider, review, inspect again, what has happened, will re- emerge

OR

Yes, he's coming over too. "I won't let you appropriate me." (Otherwise committed.) Other things happening now & can't go back. As if topicality were important. "Make it new & make it stick." I don't particularly care to be under your influence. But with you my life gets cut off. Jealousy, rage, the usual swirl of concern; continual push out on the order of thrownness. What? 's been said.

A rage remarkable in its ability to be derivative. "In control but off the wall." Accounting for more than one or two things it is always a strain to get (the) (a) new fronting—to be paired up anew has all the impact of any other peering & the past

success does not make it any less a shock. Retrospect? There, thank you, are my new works. Diagonal black lines across (a) green horizon.

All the eggs have been eaten & all the baskets have been mended & all the socks have been folded away.

If he wants my help let him ask for it.

& beyond all that

crunched

A shadow, perhaps several columns (of hay). Wonder about that too. I once had a hole but I threw it out. Drift, sway, stick. Maybe it could be rehabilitated. If you try harder maybe.

Always they seem mad, an intuition almost—he was somewhat put off. Necessary to establish—

unseen, smokes

several varieties. If at first I had said—oh it's a bunch of—it would only count on a momentary glance of attention. But to fix that—the eye not searching under—but stuck,

here. Forget all the 'other' ways of submerging. To be submerged without ever getting 'deeper' than the surface.

Ink, again, spilling on (my) fingers. Draw, dedicate,
box speaker, & c

Now that I can see that.

"But that wall could be said."

Not so much the days or the nights or even the interstices as if colors or ridges mediated, an intersection in the way a walk begins to lag, multiplied by a thousand factors of witness, fire escapes, slants, contrasting all manner of exhaustion in the sense of bringing up & suspending at some tension, preferably variant, tripping over the rope as the smoke pours out of pockets, mending the sideways window, bandaged, trying for "new order" stackings. Running out & running up, this particular construction collapses, mere beams of a past hope, spiral chords, vacant shadows, hair crawling out of (from) flesh.

—When it does act, as if meaning were no more than a dancer, the lot growing denser & the

"Get back into yr own—"

Done that. Did.

First it was the shadow light, creeping, as if in a recess, dimmed light, so that lurking was ruled out. Then it was a slate-cold, ovular, repeating concepts as—"manipulate" —a gleam or a booklet was enfolded with the "inert" force of it. Getting up, walking down the street, talking on the phone— "You were the only one who backed me up so I had to

distrust you." The silver foil, crumpled, door jammed. "But..." & the snail pace in practice for the final test, imprint, acting before. Was so big, not mention or the ridges of a corduroy shoe, that, blottered with an obtuse burlap, even the exposures appeared curved. "Gibberish", "the ends before the means", 'riding—all manner of ——. Turning the pages, trying to remember what seemed worthwhile going to, sensing an inside that nothing can come from. "He woke up." & you were the only one I . . . Slat, diurnal, pocket erasure. The spoon up side down.

Where you put your attention & if you can think. Writing—& *here's* writing, everyone see it. "want them in print." Very fussy out of a sense of not being sure of the meaning of anything. A sense of fraudulence turned into a brutal self-examination. What's to, (nothing), —

& do the tea cups amniabsorb the liquid & in dispelling their contents, as if an urge to drive it out, what would be meant, what planned, what averted, what avoided. Nerves. "He's a nervy guy." Pictures, plans, plays lessons, losses, glue. I wake up & walk to the bedroom, close the window, rerobe, disenthral, exhale. Already I know most of it, the rest will be an attempt to—could you be more explicit about this?—

okay it breaks down:—a contrasting sense, words reduced to simple integers & placed visually & viscerally in relation to each other. Contexts emerge on account of this ordering process. Glass tables, revealing as they do feet, shoes, legs, pants are obviously contained. But where does the particular vocabulary come from? The words scare me. Consider this fixed rule. Gets boring. One thousand pages. Okay it builds up:—a harmony of moods, an orchestration of sentiment. Ushered —(forth?). But larger, deeper, more central. "No, we're not & neither—" & it's—what a—no, now, here's a tip— "Forget it". Travel contrast very heavily with what we will now call "steepness"—an aimless wandering over the same ground akin to running a metal detector over the same one foot square of beach, park, public conveyance. Public conveyance? No. The message carried "alongside"? No. I don't so much say he's a structuralist as that he doesn't have a sharp enough critique of structuralism. 'Mere codes', indeed! Finally, this was already a few hours later, I checked the mouse poison situation. These are things you've got to get used to & it's irrelevant if you like them or not. "A waste of time." Don't worry so much about making every moment count. Not enough to make it up, not enough to find. What? Pure poetry. Funny that... but he wouldn't admit it. "Mere journalist" & what makes you want to break it up. It's that — & you were — Rubber stamp? I don't even remember crossing his mind. "The body, the body." To get over, "anguish of" an itch.

today in actuality

Ideas rarely of an interest for themselves, mere floating substances. You have to realize, the woman was going through a genuine period of craziness. Before getting shook up how was it even possible to stay on top of it. Only when I have to. "Was so. . ." it is a dimming, a twisted hum. "This will have to be short." I don't doubt it went well, but since I

wasn't there I couldn't see it, am left, ontologically, in the dark. It wasn't so much a disappointment as an abuse. Could it really & who. I'll call now. (pay & then,

leave—

Enormous—what to call it?—pulling at, pushing. Filling up the borders with a deconstruction of meanings, coming unglued. A mystification that people loom, bob, appear as lights. The colors encircled.

A round, a juxtaposition, a hoola hoop. To enact, make it— It's the waiting with this bang of head, this scent of imprint. "He woke up" & you were the only one who could understand the words that stuck in his throat, mouth, tongue. That stares, speaks, looks, passes. No lesson, tangled, sporting a robe or peppermint divertissement. Needing that space to walk in. The fog creating it, transfixing it. "It's only that I've missed it so many times before, felt this once too often—" The words drawing in like puffs, drags. The night became me, they said.

These events, then, become one, outstripped one paces hastily, constantly falling behind. I see castles & moors. Receding the webs fuse, memory blurs, a space is created out of the—. Blue? No use to—& even without airs was said to a "fair" version. Conjunction as if not conjoining but rather underlining a detachment. Fingers move—oh so easy. At it, out of it. Sleight. "A cello, (a) marker, (a) balloon." Martial yr—, get—. I can 'ear it crack, more or less polyseamically. Ashcans sound in the distance. The meadow gets laundered. Sky pants clear substance. & you thought you had forgot all about it. The ping & pong, the erstwhile absence. Cologne. Vichy. Ah! for that, once, I..

"no lyricism, no emotion"—

mere trappings

The particular way of seeing becoming completely submerged so each person a value we find in the sense of length, depth, wholeness of way of seeing, a truism that is not iconographic but rather of the intrinsic value of what is written.

A peculiar quirk of mind.

"But you're not *there* for me."

Two of our most popular cars bend, anoint. Vehicles. "I can't go along with you on that." The thing itself as if disappears. The wheels screech at a pitch unendurable yet nobody winces. "Even you, Rick, wish you were on that

plane." More noise-makers. A gleaming silver pale. Tantrums unimaginable to the ear. The world rivets with its absolute physicality. Tired, the bang makes her flinch, dodge. The foot stamping, the inarticulated —. Smiles undergo variant interpretations. They rush to get off—I, 2 seconds seem to make all the difference. It was an endless—what to say?—longitude of sufferance. Witness. Saying nothing, approaching the forecade, gliding down the halls. "I mean I . . ." Surged, sized up, encroaching—yet modest in claim, deportment. . . .

Staleness—might as if—here makes tracks. Want more—lush, promise. Mind stales out, body shoes in. Oh so polyseamically. Hands sticky with —. Signs of—the very line of s/S. Can't wait & am waiting on the border of a "big, tall joking fellow." Policies change. Make a staple—staple. Get back & make your own track in the unseen (so far)

flung—loud ripping noise of the suddenly again—

"Not one of us is or has a claim to. . . . Not one."

(very cagey & sort of bratty)

"greater worth"

"I hate this": (just let it stay as something I hate)

danger is that you'll do that again & again

"Forced circumstances."

Shudder. Close.

"To declare his community."

Let them see about. They don't digress.

The sense—a sense—of being beaten under tow.

To them I feel obliged. Community of interest.

She was the real thing & there she was & it was over a long time ago & no he didn't need therapy that was what friends were for & oh I forget to tell you & I think you'd better try it out one more time & oh didn't you think you took too long & (oh) won't you & how do I know what anyone else does & no I didn't intend it to be read that way & yes I'm sorry it happened & yes I'll try to be less indefinite & no I didn't see it as an invasion of my space & yes I'll try not to think about it &

(. . .which wonders how that leap *is* made between mere technical facility & "humanness"—)

When —— said "tumblers" (meaning vaults) I immediately thought of myself. It's as if I feel I'm being forced apart from coercion itself.

Gathers—(as if) the *force* of dispersion *itself*—into a small—pumping out pumping. . . who. . .

It's raining again & the coffee cups are turned over, all empty, & the blue pen lies face down on the black blotter, & my brown bag, a sack that looks like a hat, sits plumply over by the dial telephone; it's grey out, the scotch tape by the scissors & the detached upper end of the aerial in the pen cup; it's odd this sitting away a ——, talking on the ——, watching the red umbrellas go by.

"Many an head out of there" & who can pick
out which by whom. In blankness a twirl whirrs
in responsiveness—on the toes of these small,
fingers really, get tired, fill up with several
(an a) atomoni. Buzzed, breezed—a kiss
passionately rejoin, bounces by (bingo).
Gets tired. How deep in that (a) heart will
you (bore). This wonders & next subsequent
is asked. Not much, the tuner (the possibility)
burns, then alights, maybe a smile (annoyed)
& the turnings of the (pit, pat— I never meant

to tell anyone). This place obtrudes (a few
strokes stoker a hung of —.) No, this
is mind to problematicize these feelings, as
getting up like floating down the mud flat
of a forgetting, still stores for, gets at,
regularizes—

But there, in the back of my head, annoyed buzzing around, all this noise, this noisomeness. Recurrent argument "well
then it's not an argument." A-tremble. A-wash. Major tissue vendor in the Northeast. A-flutter. *That's a terrific idea.*
Why don't you come down & meet me for lunch & we'll talk about it.

Day up. Slipback. New ——. Necessity of
overformal (language at large) *popsicle*.
Antecedant—linden farm, latinate, gk—*klug*.
Mission to say impossible justifying therefore
a leap. "Container to shards": the story of
Eudoxes. Jewish pears hang on the banisters.
Ankle bracelet substituted for article (he
decided not to press his *chagrin*).

Three color *zig-zag* reifies the *zeitgeist*.
Marvelous bounce (bouncy) impermeable to
intrusions of illfate, loveloss, lackluster.
Continual drain & the crying "I'm a divorced
woman you know" makes dinner a necessity.
Noun. Substantiate your supposition.

Brief case on hot seat. Nascent wall greening
out shamrock. Gumchew. Spurtz tall.

The occurrence of tune. Swamplike. Abscess drained, *we* surface.

Dog deep in ("buck") mell patinas. Recalling
earlier (impacted, prior) maitre d' Printumps.
I smell magazine literature. Omense—waz? spaz?—

bobbins emergent from bluey. Nope. "Smoke kleigs."
Magnazoid. I immense a grand finale you go for
the puck. Lenz changes. *Sheer delight*.

At report a continual collision. Maps of
misrepresentation. Enormous loosess. Big
sky under two towers

Heat loss. Permutate a mass of mystique. Mazola,
intaglio. . . . "I guess you could say we. . . ."
(Jeujeu ne malapraposes) *don't indicate* natureloss.

Much flurry, little *regard*.

Fluke tall somnambulance at breadth to fist
("most moving in its expository") here said
it, the "best" floats as mission Cadillac
features many ephasiac wait & see DEPEND no
else film buffet forgets (get to waiver)
without *callback* bags, devoid votive of
profession MISSED MEAT.

Haikuesque tweed, gold star bracelet (five pointed), fabulous uni-form scarf (tie, towel, neck-lace).

Many an head out of here.

Many *an* head out of here.

Many an head *out* of here.

Many an *head* out of here.

Many an head out of *here*.

Many an head *out of* here.

"Ex-cathedra"

"What a swanky place."

"What a swanky fellow."

This many a systematic spanking.

Butts. (I.e., flying buttresses, a Romanesque form in comparison to Gothic aspiration.)

So we; juxtapose a, healthy sprinkle of: punctuation to. break up, the: normal—usage
&; see; what! you get

Imagine a page of letters—glyphs, glymphs—notched by unfolding the banners of our inner transparency. It is the lumps on our faces that mark the most indigestible features—blanching at the passing look in the mirror, taking on the soup face of a manner of readjustment, becomes,—
potlatch

desire projected & recast, to unmake the borders of logic.

or