

PERHAPS TAKES ON SOME BECKETT TELEPLAYS

Clark NOT TO SETTLE OUT WHAT WON'T GO AWAY

Coolidge AT ANY RATE THERE ARE NO SECRETS THERE

*to and fro in shadow from inner to outer shadow
from impenetrable self to impenetrable unself
by way of neither
Beckett, neither*

*The anxiety is not provoked by the discovery
of the disquieting realities that might be gathered
in one's innermost depths, but rather by the
motion of looking into oneself and seeing nothing
but the contraction of a closed, unlit space.
Maurice Blanchot, Dreaming, Writing*

*How can you photograph words?
Beckett, on rejecting Godot for the screen*

FILM

Eye, the eye is born before you. Wall, in its height and crag and leans you with its depth and empty. Settle on windows, carbon spaces, and how sheer the heights can contain. He is cast in and holds to a strung close past. Past those, who disturb, hip hop, so in hiss the rubble flows. There is no further growth but to go in. The spaces, under, in which wait. Shadows walk. And nothing to be brought you. Avoid, what is watching will bring you down. Never too late to make an opening, pressed within and shut it. The hands are not meant. But he goes along, then how goes it along? It is as if gallery where things are to be watched in the slightest turns. Wall of picture, wall of shade, wall of crack, wall of window, floor of basket which holds. Wall which holds even further. But nothing past this now, I make it? Press sufficient wall to have my shadow hold. And cover all entrance now that I am in. I will wall along this sense of it all till mirror, past mirror to pallet. Cover the mirror with the bed, that's the idea. Then to put out what has been let in, and return, to remove what then returns. If there are two that will be one more than I can. What lives passes, back and fill. Some return on the eyes, some ladder that door looks. I have not been capable of the proper seal. I'd best deal with the window, with the shade that the mirror drops, casts from itself, I replace, so no eyes mine. Seated back to the chair back with holes so that no eyes mine. Then draw the picture from the wall, tear scatter and flatten. Look to my shoes. Look to the position where it was and then open things to look into, flatten to look at further. Another trip to the wall, to cover what further opens, opens into mine. I lurk and range, but always the striving close to an exchange of pronoun. I will label the duration of this list, Blocked Eyes. Laced

hands. Glowing through from the back of unexitable happenstance, a pin in the shade of a picture. The ghost of where it all was, the rhyme of all squares, tune of all cubes? And still move as you might, never to recast the past's trace. Nothing but the tearing of the evidence, a flicker. My mother would not have had it this way, litter. But hands to the center. No. The mirror is the center. No. Where once was a picture is the center. Where I am, the wall a canter? This spinning tomb in which I rock? Shadow's blade at the corner an increasing center? I am seen. And now will not go quiet, no matter I cover, no matter the seal of the center, taper of all open to the null device. Neither hand to prevent it. Loss of fit. Loss of feature and point. But to eye, still to the no eyes mine.

Too many obstructions to getting this written. It can't. There are too many words without which, too much wall to the familiar chamber. Too many edges beyond which, and the veil of what, the lurk back of which the brain turns what. The locks on things the words. An image so certain it revolves, you can't hold, a word so sure it leaves its past behind you. I will look at, into these things and see them, have them as if dangling, the void has given up its images, wall of brain buzzed back into scratch of onset. The world does not move without. And no one count the inches of words. I can not examine this without.

The world will be shown, displayed, rerun ceaseless, slides the rerack, tones that a voice has found to line its syllables, but to a blur, a hum, that's the rub, but light, but soft, but sourceless, lips on the edge of forgettal, brain stun. Edge, as if end, to the piece and I will not have written it.

EH JOE

Yet another chamber in which sit and remove shoe. Still another wall set, close to your clamber to the corner. There will be no radiance. Next. Short shrift for these holes in things. I will trail after and close. I will train myself still to shutter. There might be something coming here from under, past sill, out from door, part of the very seal of walls. But I must pass the one bulb and settle, carry it all past me once again. How tread on anything but sit, feel for face, form for the eyes to close. But then she, the call opens it all again trips me in mention. And how could change all these things I am? How lie down now when the rest is to come? I am saved from no one, nothing to have said. Any thing I said to repeat, any thing to enclose absolve. Am I close in the end? What is coming from the mind, not mine, the definite. Ineradicate points behind the eye. Abode of witness mention, cell of which keeps an eye on, no less than and eye on. Seems it has taken a long time to, a longer than that that wall could, will be close yet after it next speaks. Lacking not but a single syllable of the wall? But here, this mind you call, is where it goes from there? From this to it is mind? No wall to stop the thought of, itself a voice of all I. If not matrix, then mess of a voice. Thin of a piping, a hiding of it all

thought forth. Not to exchange with this voice, the one from me? The one from thing, or the one from the ineffably plural. I have not such a list on my hands, squeezed down from what, whispered out from which catch? Yet is no lock? And how many of the state of such must be question, that slight rise at the end of even the smoothest, most ruled. And it's nearly, nearly give me no more of. That whispered off word out of thing, pretending mine, pretending she. I would speak to put a cease on all this wall, mention of cell that locks it, flow and flaw alike behind. Begun. The thing that will seal you beyond all such joins, this voice. Voice mention of what all I no longer, scrape across the further no hunger. The even to cast out rhyme? Samewise to dangle then drown all mention, make sheer cliff wall whitewash with gouge of that voice. Sign me no names, form in no more beds. It can't be that I told all this further in form of other? Will put inevitable in place of me another, place of me further, encased moving in long pasts, longer pends and parts itself still further, a mention for which matrix will it snap? There are no longer points of view. Must move closer if move it be at all. I will put out the light and then will threaten a moving further state of that. No. No intents, those swerves. No closing in, that press. No strive to cleave those walls still rest in mind, still pile, still throng. And the dust piles as if that in the mind rules. Where the face is next the state of the wall made word. Next and last. All words spoken or laid in mind are next and last. But something there in the very length won't work at all cut short. State of story admits to no such brief. Pain after all where any thing is cut. Pin in its own though brief light on the wall, bounds in the mine. Have you gone along with me? Then it is all made. The face the wall, the voice. Wall of face always closing down, never done as voice. The voice facing its own form of wall, eking out of it a screw that clings the former words, the watched walls. The walls of the face to tire me not quite the voice, never still that reach, eyes on wall or not, she or it or no. Only could be said to be, no more me, if no more she. Still to make breath of stones, still by that voice to make flesh of the walls. I won't permit perimeters, that must be the story, the state of all further story, the shape of the voice's harm, her length, her voice as if shade to the face.

Its very crystal, and silence, and its shade, its tints, its hold on, a chamber of one brain's one chamber, prey to the lie about of outside. I lie in here, that I may hear the creak in the way of its works. Unstoppable as what you haven't got to say, haven't gotten to say. These rooms are barely lit. Words reduced to light at the lip.

I won't be able to say more than that I stood for it. I passed in the light of an eye, the turn to the lip that speaks now. The rules that only come into play at the edge. Beyond which sun out, voice gone out, use turned into law. What is the failure, and where is its hatch? They wait always there in the outer corridors, the inner roads, back rooms, words that nothing but repeat.

She speaks and does not go away. Though you worry her. Plant weight body in chair, head in hands, as if image locked, very sign of discern. And you don't emerge, only the words.

NOT I

It will come here. From a dither, the clear and not ever. Brought forth in what clips. It is the finding tale. This is not the sort. Brought forth. Insist on what's left, the one who walks beside. Not bold. Fraught with what. Laid out on the brain, a flash lace of flesh. Caught in the face of. Start to be. Shortens perhaps. Locks and burns. Has it been here. Has it seen her. It rises to grip. Dog roar. Brought down the brain around the house, the environs, no blessing left, further but capable at an end. Stroking extremity. Is the brain moist? But in one place, only at the single piece. Give it the brightness, a word for all that. A night for all speech. Black place to stop. Fritter at all all over. Made up out of the breath at the corners. Has the being, the nothing come complete with its words, the nothing come true? Is it on straight? This here can never but it is here before. Wad bounce off which, a strain encountered, a past in filter, a function without which, and all of it got is but here in the dark. Nothing in mind. Nothing but nothing, pointed to is nothing further. Inevitable nothing. Nothing spoken out in all its further accompany. Is it gone? Now the inevitably formed this, thing spoken, thing further. Part of what this is of? Insistence of what remains outside. Need to leave that all out, need to spell and spew. Need to keep it out, keep it on, keep on with it all, hitting on out at an end. Nothing never spent, nothing quite. Until it strives me, until it says me.

NOBODY believes an ending, so you might as well compress the image and rattle on. The image a freeze, the voice a hurl. The world wider in a spoken room, the world shorter at a lack of image. You speak for a spell. I nod each time a word goes missing.

Now they are *all* third persons. The I known surrounded by nothing enters the third state. Each identity replaceable by the third case, thought not the third power. These are figures on a stage, in the sound stage, that edge beyond which, those points without. And the word for is a slope, and the intention is to bind, and the chord there is across the gap of the dying of the light.

GHOST TRIO

Mine is a place without, nothing further. The pronunciation is exact, the light affectless. What all is known of things comes from them. And nothing but little chamber. And keep the quiet. Now all is wall, floor a sort of all of it. It will not report what is seen will not wait. But lurk in kinds. Better you had seen it once and for all. It will tell you all you have needed. Little more. Not but what this little box contains. Like what is kept in sound, that sound will touch. Can't make a thing of it. In the command of the single syllable. Its corners wall one. Its ceasings enclose. What to do, the limit one is in. Caught in noun. Now any noun, any thing is to do, verb is lift and cancel. Thing to light of its own. No further progress. The thing one is doing. That

thing one. The one with nothing further on. The one to which listen. Then stop. The thing in which stop is built, in which stops are. The lodge one. As if to stop to lodge in sound. The familiar stop in all midst. Where what is heard one does not. That think, so slight of all possibles. So think to fade it all, the only further in fadedness. Lining it all up to the sound of a fall. Then stop. Report the ceasing of it all further better. Now one caught in it is. How seen from above but slightly. These are the mentions: hands, head, brought out texture of enclosure and its cuts. Does one see a thing. And seeing does one also hear it, thus identify to keep, keep out, that is. Thing is short as syllable. Variable, as the cover of whatever. And always a mirror. That other weather. Look and close, say and cease. It all goes further to the eye, closer to the mind. Keep that sound down. And traverse, traverse. End, end. That sound from which music. That voice from which gone. Pausing, not to mean remembered. Pause not to say it ceased. Leave it open a crack. Leave a place for what other of oneself, ever to be thought of it. For which sitting is made, for which rest. Inevitable configuration of head over hands in this sounding chamber, sound the familiar, voice to make this case. A music which is *esse*, twitching, tick of being. Jitter of music just a bug in here, these words the regular timing of the flesh. But madness to be raised from it, but the slightest raising of a smile, that last. And is removed darkness of darkness to come. Silence nothing much. Ebbing flowing I. Keeping that, last word.

PUT words to the thought, but no. Put that thought aside, or with the appropriate others, until, no. Draw your self up and away, haught in ascendancy, never. A chamber to contain the words they are afraid of having. As if to seal the brain accused of thinking, clamp the lids of that brain.

Perpetual inner gnaw. And convulsive if at all. From not being able to write this, brought up close, brought up how, squeezed down to this. All that you have watched and listened to, all have attended you, upend thoroughly and stand to stare. I am trying to think on it from a chair, am trying to speak on it at a window, and fear I haven't the lights, fear it all shut. Thought of myself as kept and now feel locked as well. They still take away the pages? I have kept the words on hand. The first thing I wrote a description of my chamber.

... but the clouds ...

But a stain on. The pool at which. Enters. Thoughts of. Negative. Rest it on. And only the opposite of what to do. Enter. Thought of a pool, so light. Inevitably opposite it was dark. So it was walked. So was it told. Bring it up, again out of the light. That forming dark. That slot in which drop. It has been seen, been left. Is not here going to be given to fully see. What is not correct perhaps will be left behind. Entered and left. Stated. So it comes down. To begin, to me. That it would begin, it would me. The verb to me. Has taken the better shape of being. The being to nothing. And went forth nothing. And

spent the time here nothing. Then the feet as the base of all light. The mind as. Appearance in the breath. The nothing forth is gone. Could keep up nothing linger. What was called would not. After the mind is nothing but. Nothing as the light of all to stir. But this nothing to let. This spot of light to walk. This scoring repeat. This mild request, all sheeted in light and the dark to beseech. If it come again it will be she. But she will not. Unblinking recitation of no sound. Spoken always of the what is not here. Will not look, not be heard. Could the light be momentary? The voice be still? And nothing be mine. And that nothing be that mine. And there be no music. There be walking, in the mind. And only the one spot of light, for the walking. And the back roads as if here in back rooms. And the she. The spot of nothing. And the mine of this spoken nothing, the light given the right not to be heard. Will not cease at that. Mere stain.

SEE this in a spell. Hear this stone by stone. Odd how you go out still it keeps turning to words. The old books wherein things speak. I have lost their voices? Instead have raised mine. Words to put a lock on walls. Words to hurry, to bury, to wait and to raise.

To continue, to contrive, on a spite, no matter how partial, whatever's left to stand. I promise never again to open my eyes if you promise me speech. I vow, but you speak. I lie, when it's you to turn. I fear the end of this will nothing but continue me, contend with you, rehearse with me.

QUAD

Start with this and never stop. Start with this and then perimeter. Said area is name. That will suit you. Different suits all to the same hand. Spread and avoid. The which will I not have mentioned. The area at which not. Not so brief spell of this. Area cut by what light. Lines drawn by what sound. Mere sound, and its varies. Mere light, in its purities. Will not at the last enlase? But turn from face, turn from in full face. Will repeat its stride. Another way in which to say in its turn. Turn from, turn away, the ceaseless positioning. The flock to be arriving late but singular. The single thing always left. The outright positions the product of motion. Ceaseless style of the appearing there. Apparent long past closing. Nothing still. Nothing but still. As it goes off the edge has it said? Has the thought to move quite ceased? Taken in hand, thought for it sound, step at the edge leads, all kept going till where not to. It's a closing mind but never gone. A strain shattered in passing its avenues, its styles of groove avoided. Certain light points made of the avoiding motion. Styles of the given, this one and how it came here, where else it go. If it follows then it divides. Has it been still it goes. Making matches of these nerves in which the color goes, of which a thought is left. It's always partial only every wholly thing. In the event. Maybe the event it turns on, calm light, steady gaze, importance of guides, foolish to follow, make of it what is left. A state of harm. State of guiding thought, the state of following harm. To center but not as they

come combined. And the harm is steady, the life is unfurled. Nothing but. Nothing sure. All gone off this place no one sees rightly lit and so won't go away.

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NOTHING to tell of it, little to touch of it, the right and not the wrong but left of it. I have numbered a few of the things so, that say "you two go that way," that the motion be undiminished, the center not expanded, the number of things to be said let alone. To avoid the center which is not possible to quite arrive at anyway. To view the cube in which they move within which a cube in which they cannot move. March of the smallest particles in the production of the nothing further. These are not ritual rules but physical laws. As are the Lost Ones they are in the grip. I view it all down a long animal avenue from a great distance of flesh forms, a spy along the gangways. The universe is stuck in motion, switch fused in the on-position. And any thing you add further moves away from you, along with you, away with you.

NACHT UND TRÄUME

Said what? Wanted what? Light in silence? Touch of voice? And barely see the space, in the not quite dark these answers that hang on the wall to the back like as if a vague window or door were. And this could play if could move. Dare to say, think to, a thing here to think to, a holding image, a pity on which it is told. A thought made cup, hand made bless, made out as if vague on the wall, the hand there not mine, the thought then just short of. It beseeches and raises, beseeches the bounds, raises the trust. And no further than this in motion, no further than the fleet image chalked and trussed. To hear it. To have it all before one at things' limit, closing span of spell. It neighbors, this light, this span of kept sight original and rash, and closing to be better kept. One to see, all of a sight, for the once. This being kept in old caves, rushing chambers where lights left trails, coffer where the gestures are kept. Where could tell it all again and again is stored. Where whatever is given, the hand or the mind, is taken. The promise held to, the loose in the mind faced. This is the placement of the kept thing there. This is the habit of moment codified. Nothing signed, nothing gathered. As if the one word original held mind in stun. This, the very image of.

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STEAL across the sky. I misheard it as a child. Words then never to hold. The image clear, yes the never to be forgotten further view. The hover image, the wanted image. Great tiny ruin of all this face, done and face again. Mind has its changes, of angle not of kind. But each time where it ceases, there are his thoughts. That the mouth stand in for the eye, thought but some clouds across the sky.

WAS WO

The thing to be a barrier. The wall to be struck. I have not heard. The winter will slow here. They will come. The faces illumine this wall. This fraught failing space. When has been questioned. Again. The ones to be noticed. The things to be said. The one I will hold out for later. Faces the wall. Tongue to be called. A history of direction. The better to hold to the limit. The nothing but what I say, speak to, turn then. Then is sent away. Off to be asked, always the same. Ever in sequence, ceaseless as gaze, spoken as heard. A case in which the word causes to be. Word in fact origin? Word in world as is known? Again periodic, ordinary linkage, nothing of which to make this place again. And those which have asked. And the nothing which results. The bare light of it all. Thought of it few. Dark for which wait. Goes that it goes. Face that faces face. Voice that makes. Voice that voices make. And yet a single make of nothing? Did it not quite get said, come to be made, lit to be set out. This end to be the one left out? I have not made up. It has not come out. Where goes the end when in? How can the voice get out? And how much more in a row, of a vow, can it get? In some manner said, can it all be gotten out? What are these offers of gestures?

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How novel is it to have said? Like new each stance in the mirror, forms but not links. These all are endings. This where that fool speaks, forms of the hats and coats the skull and shanks, the cut that means care. And this loose piece here? And then the words that come appending, she appeared and. He will not get right. A world so small it grows vast, peters, gets lost, jiggers, is squeezed pent, rims the brain, sourceless light grows, thins, is thought out again, stopped. I will not get it right but still sure I will dim the light. Brain to carry the words, a mere few more to their counted places. The images for nothing but to cease, the words not but to carry ceasing further. Or put it, words enough to dim the image never stop.

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