the germ

prb
It follows that once these principles are admitted, only time and circum-
stances are needed for the monad or the polyp to finish by transforming
itself, gradually and indifferently, into a frog, a swan or an elephant . . . .
A system resting upon such bases may entertain the imagination of a poet,
but it cannot for a moment support the examination of anyone who has
dissected a hand, a vital organ, or a mere feather.

—Georges Cuvier

I recall that in that period this kind of Pegasean stunt was all the rage.

—Blache to Frenu, in Raymond Roussel’s
_The Dust of Suns_
**Fig. 1.**

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**FIG. 1—THE GERM: A JOURNAL OF POETIC RESEARCH**
The Germ

Poetic Research Bloc #1
Fall 1997

Editors: Macgregor Card & Andrew Maxwell

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§ The editors would like to thank Alan Gilbert, Andrew Joron, Ivan Seitzel and Greg Reynolds. Special thanks go to Peter Gizzi who, by advice and example, lent a singular ballast to this "craft." Our first issue is dedicated to him. Furthermore, in the oblique light of tradition, we would like to acknowledge our predecessors, the original P. R. B., whose tropic yet glances such green space as this ("... all, all, verily/ But just that which would save me; these things flit."—William Morris).

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Barbara Guest

SIDeways
—to the p.R.B.
Sideways
become what is
    thoughtbred
and steeple.

Is true this bodie
has a surpass of beautie

thief in that heart ladle
ladle historic

supergreen

printed in darkness.

No chill no vapor
unroll or unwarm
the skeletal

underground plenty
warmth of plenty
    is
    piety warrant.
Or gobble the soil
flavored
as if it were balm
ingratiatingly coated

with sharpened
cornice,
and is of
cheek bone
a tame animal

scentsuet.

and tame animal
slungover his shoulder
wet autumn
of palette cloth.
Ennobled with surprise the root
depens and the sprouting,
the pagan sprouting,

small packets of marble,
grains of it torture the eyes.

A greened-over tree years (mourning)
of mourning and exploding.
of aesthetic

of altering!

of 'unnuddied visage';

( sideways

O'Hara

is noticeably young).
This poem, an envoi to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, refers to their ideals, and to incidents in the life of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Frank O'Hara and I discussed writing a play about the Brethren.
The Found Record
Of Hours
Visible Knowledge
Candace Pirnak
THE FOUND RECORD

Blue, said of any lifted
anchor or atmosphere
in a moment of equivalence

One who is satisfied
hand to mouth, who walks
to measure speed,
lists to touch the etched
sleeve of her geography

Leg, a section of the journey
To have legs, to be fast,
to give way and row
imperfectly as a child

Bird sung as you are,
captured in a welter
white coffer of wings
This basket of milk
or a cloud on the horizon
mistaken for land

To begin, a slatch of wind
A paper horse, that first month at sea
OF HOURS

Say a man, say maybe adrift,
something not found when wanted

Particular, used to equivalence

When the mouth is young, what use
is memory loosened in a room
like forgotten love
or discarded refuge

Your face figured by motion

A book containing this
To begin through influence, the twenty
fourth part of a civil day

Of one who wants, any
vessel which lists easily

Of what is given to us,
the perception of wholeness

The passage of a shadow across it
Aloft, the blue yoke and insolvency

fathomless, the numinous rungs of the ceiling
or a woman shaping her own loss

This reversal, if possible, forgiveness
as true compass or recompense, our release

Of what one is given to want, transferred in various senses

What is never pronounced
remaining empty
Without respondent, the unlit windows
of the upper storey

If it is a house, the copestone
A mere handsbreadth bears the mark

To wander in one’s gifts
without the sweet filigree of an answer

Meaning by this impress
a stronghold, that kind of home
only grasped in sleep

another hearse, the dark embroidery
and the clamorous needle

There were some things our
simple methods could not remove
VISIBLE KNOWLEDGE

Properly, or what thought is anywhere itself a clock or a very beautiful mouth individual and something that exists On the other hand, a face hasped in sleep becomes word struck by hammer or hook, mouth work however marvelous, that is to say a whole of which and most remarkably For the common loach name effaces nothing, remaining curiously surface Such jackets are a neglect the life of which so accurately questions the perfect, the weight through which such matters are possible
Day Goo
To Exalt In
For Ice
Kinds of Smoke
Both Deadly

John Godfrey
Sun lips the rim of the world qualm by qualm. Wake alone, body has no recourse to equality, so call it strength. Love within me so vivid, faces flock to it forlorn out of reeking darkness. I wash gently by the window, light wedding me to thoughts concrete with survival. I love my meal of fruit, for it comes from a public place feet away from predators. A child with bad guts awaits me after a night seems a week to him. Soon behind the wheel, I salute an idiot Caprice with a flick of my brights, but his viz is already tunneled. Elevated highway receives day with dazzling shadowed pits. There is no word for my heart but throb. Whoever evaluates teenage anything forgets how important dangers are born. The girl still sleeps, one hand bathes in milk, the other creeps down the belly of a bull. A compulsion to weep overcomes me during my inventory. The ill will of grandma fails to admonish me when my freshly washed hands cup a toddler’s cheeks. So much pain, borne so dully, is out the window, for hire. A girl with hungers and hopes brief as dog thirst makes room to lie down for him beside another man’s baby. Doors close behind what swagger is left to night, and in daytime an intimate hatred plays out. I adopt a weasel-headed scamp and take him into a prissy restaurant trailing his purple farts. Sunshine is clearly arson, a fuse of day goo waiting for the flint to spark off a debacle. Leaves mainly girls blinded and drug east to the edges of roofs. I’m shaken to know there is no one totally vacant. My law is, exceptions never cease. I like my eyes to sweep, but they seem born to linger. My car is unsteady in a crosswind, and there are kids who live in an unending hurricane. They have kin whose will to protect them is too diffuse because gratifications they maintain are beyond the power to share. Every birth has one luminous moment, and darkness is always waiting. Colors set in their skins and a fiendish measurement assigns pests to their homes. A fabulous white rat behind every wall.
Carve me some precious in the fresh coat of scum. Deem me with your pinky dusted by slag. Through a pinhole in a brick wall of Avenue A, a crystal shoots out dotted beams to string minutes along. I am underwhelmed, O heat, that you brandish my juices in the crotch of a tree. I am worried there are flames between the curbs, and the slaughter of sheep by buses will go on. The chests of young women intimate cloth and engrave thick amber liquid on my fingernails. I wear the rakish arc of sunstroke on my dick. I’m warm on the hunt for disorderly. I bear a germ so beautiful it is justifiable defraud. I recognize you is all, don’t inflate the greeting. I’ve got to be close for hours before I shave the air around you. There’s nothing left to grow in the floor but a lily. The voice in my mouth and the ambient murmur share the same pitch. I sense a blue warble, and I banish forever a gush. There’s a transient handful of gravity visits clangor on a different intersection of impulse and street each night. She lives through a fall from high scanty hair. She struts the sidewalk shouting out rage no one else will ever dream. It’s ramshackle tolerant, this heart. Sweat for my stirrup, a moat for my thieves. You owe me one tumult or its equivalent. Decay from sweet flowers descends into the urn. I leave the narrow stairway with a long-awaited lie to exalt in. Hands waste smoke into the wavy breath, but everyone sees exactly where the trigger is. I stop sweating and let the voice full of pretend innocence soothe me. Wait until the shadows on the ceiling are out of sight. All expletives glued together with air overnight cool and varnish the cars. I beg not to reconcile. On both sides there is melody rises out of stubble, and hoarseness at hand. Ecstacy makes it a song, and bodies deafened by it breed.
FOR ICE

Money in the dark is worth even more than crime set to music. Gun smoke paraphernalia clings to a city within my limits. I watch the mirror and when you enter its range I rise to touch you. The light I see you in because days are longer and I can taste grief already. Why must the orphan burn in the hour I recline? All the atoms on another world lend a plan to my life. A knee moves apart from its mate and upsets a table. An eye opens slowly and its orbit is filled with wetness, so we can go where we can’t see the death masks of our ancestors. In my dream there’s the sound of a great oaken mast as it shatters. I put down the knife and run my fingertips across your cheek. You know how much of my feeling is the same as yours, and this you are willing to overthrow. I know what is coming next, even though the way I arrive at this is baloney. Don’t believe there is a skeleton all unseeable things are fixed to. Your scheme is safe with me, I remember the few times you are ungainly. Water splashes onto your palms with a bang and I ease your descent with a bed of rock. Tassels on your hem mire me in ablation. A sophisticated lady with a bad accent fingers me over and takes me for a sundry. I wake up to the Big Rather. Hours are to miles what invisibility is to the way I wend. I should explain outfront that sounds rub across your mouth and get lost in car rattles. A cigarette rolls by the feet of the butcher man where he waits with his gates still closed for ice off a truck. The rock that is sometimes inside my heart does not have a fate. The parking signs are trembling and the passengers sweat. I have cool marble tubs to cushion your stay. To the beat of feet on fire stairs I wander in your direction. You are the one eating cake the exact color of your skin. You balance a glass you can see all colors accurately through on the tip of one finger for a very long second.
KINDS OF SMOKE

Sun slides down an opaque horizon, draags across the switch, and turns off the omen. Hairs favor points east as breeze packs a chill through this alley. My neighbors are falling hopelessly behind on their myth. They unflaggingly mate, if that's worthy of amnesty. Beyond the comforts they provide themselves there is nothing but thin air. The dust of a thousand cars eternally feeds their plants. I refuse to tell you their ailments, they resound off sheetrock and find an open window like canaries. I return from exile in a cloud of dust. I order a beam of light that shines through sapphire to glow on a face framed by the white of one pillow. Where there is a frowzy shroud folded and stashed in a peripheral haunt. After long tramping, a dwelling astonishes me. The face overwhelms me so much it becomes my habit to start small fires. There are many kinds of smoke, but only a few to inspire me to ponder the last body not yet removed back to Earth. I come here to learn better how you swallow up what source of light. We pass a storm sewer steam escapes from like there's breathing going on down there. The feeling isn't twisted, it's tangled. There is always this future in which you are yielding. The sides of your body swell and subside. The muscles in your neck go slack, and I wait for you below your sleep.
BOTH DEADLY

Twilight confusion costs me my beautiful arm of ebony. Blue grit and green bottles bound in the wind down this valley of truce. Girl next door slams down the stoop both deadly and pregnant. Dream lights up a forehead on the barricade with whiffs of a pungent hovel. Flies as yet unlarvaed are programmed for skin. I've but one boon to ask, is turmoil. Arms unwrap me and I float out the mouth of the cave. I get this sight that's endless, considering all the evanescence shit around and about. The song's a work song, and I'm carried on a tide of sweat 'cross a harbor of bodies. As I by-god stand here a force greater than peril pushes my thumb down toward the ground. The skin of my lips breaks apart from the minus of sup. Open my umbrella and see the blue-gray gas belly'd-up in its dome. And the ribs I live inside tent soft thin sheets. Windows leak fine strands of loss that wash over my ears as I halfway wake. Face me, flamboyant merchant, for I fan large banknotes for to cut your Arabian cards. The shortcuts I risk on account of desire escape me when I pull on clothes as day pushes down from the sky. Good-bye O imprint of Mars on my eye. The longing I bear with is shameless of my silence. I am small and confident, and I succor my own fear. Far outside me is a niche for a woman to weep in. Follow me now into the dark and away from the major keys. The code eddies around in deep fancies until a pore shows its dim light and the world in all its blur submits to escape and to cure. I carry this heavy crude cane of blond wood to give her. The body of my bride throws every single color back against the railings. I never flinch from the polished cold stone we lie down on. Leave me but one hoof; and on the other side a talon. Without them I have to choose grief. It is always too late for the mercenary to bury his face in hair. I disappear from you because I am told that faraway there's a vamp behind a low window. Sheep cross the road in a golden crowd. I travel at the speed of light with my arms and legs wrapped around a well worn trigger. I sing as loud as I can, of all I can, I step down the straight steep stair. And I am not one to marvel.
A TEXTBOOK OF CHIVALRY

Learning how to give in to hate, or how to take, in love,
won't recuperate joy, or avoiding joy
might become a paradigm easing a pain unwanted to dissipate.
Is the love a syringe or merely a placebo that becomes habit,
full of promise? Keep the score card close, Cheat.
The earth is still tonight, without a breeze to compensate
for the mind's emptiness. Imagination creates a mother
letting you go free amidst the enemy
because unwanted the cravings grow too, laughing
when promise fulfills its tiny shape. Never
is also part of the greater composition, looking away at the toy horizon.
Who will die from happiness, knowing that their ungainly self was loved
and the clumsy heart embraced? Dinner is never dinner this season,
living in a bubble, the I sinks, I decline too
in this construction even and if only even as the putative author
of these lines, this subject. The subject matters,
wrote the good scribes in disbelief. Wrote the poor.
These slums speak to everyone, don't they, though no one is listening
are they, chevalier? are they? The tribulation of water is heavy.
Out here it is an ocean carries this raft towards something,
something unlike rest, or knowledge of where the surf will crash.
The story of the woman who left the man to drown is the same story
that taught him to swim. When you learn to read water
your fluency increases thirty percent the guidebook says.
The surface is moving as the groundlessness that surrounds one
is more immediate and lowly than historically determined crises of self.
I am waiting for my man, my man has a number in it.

Staged and inconsequential. This may be tendentious but it's hysterical. Though love is never a joke, even if it feels like a joke: the clown tumbles to stand up and they are made brighter by their laughter, give them bread & circus. Oh book, you are a strange friend but a good one, definitively a path opening on all sides, as all eyes open, and don't merely gape, but dilate and focus as with the apertures of the heart. Open, to receive, become, to see, and is it only for honesty in letters that the will founders before it immolates. Who cannot die, continuing to die, who has become dead, becoming dead, who will never be dying, as the hard copy corroborates a twin and the emptiness creates a slave and the wood recorder releases a sweet note ascending to embrace these actual clouds in an actual landscape unwittingly there to coax joy out of air?

Where we are is on a street whose bodies linger, sweat pouring unlike diamonds onto the hot pavement where cellophane wrappers say 79¢. Days accrue a hollow dispensation for time served. The job done. Though some folks sit to themselves speaking, to no one, neck bent, face twisted.

Is thy bread more stale? Outside is not as far as you imagine. The voice of a child greeting night.

As a wash of cruelty sets out unlike an imagined river abrading the tin shell of self-reflection, wanting to be seen.

To be permitted to march against the current to the "higher ideal" of an unnatural self-reliance, which seemingly one despises or despises oneself, let go.

To not worry about realism for once, to wonder
without becoming dry. If time is more than movement of a clock’s face, who will witness the supporting parts before they disappear? To buy back the empty lot, to build a fascinating life so it takes another lifetime to read it, never to understand why one is here, or why now, or who or what they shall become, whence written down.
Goodness is hard on the body,
a distracted mind unable to doze in fitful sleep.
The dove rattles the mind into thinking
it has a body of thought—complete
& symbolic—the gray feathers perched
outside the pale cut square of silver.
Say then, we belong to that window,
that warble, and suddenly we belong too,
the silver car in the yard, even a tiny silver hammer.
All vehicles of travel
disclose the mind’s need to wonder in perfect forms.
Even if the skiffsman don’t come to this bed
to rock me to sleep—to wander the tired stones again
and worn teeth we remember to hold onto a world
for this life might not take us the whole way.
That shape of an idea, the concept, or donnée
travels farther than the instrument can register.
The spindle whirs beyond its order.
Something must be moving at incredible speed.
With pure speed I address you, reality.
DING REPAIR

There are too many skateboards here, too many waves to negotiate, the graded hills fall too suddenly into the sea; from here that bank of fog turns into a blanket of gauze, never forgetting anxiety—institutions are a part of nature though needs are seldom met in a sunny bureaucracy, shiny country, for the moment sun-bleached.

Imagining another home far from here not from where we have come but where we imagine, where vulnerability won’t reproduce cruelty. A home in the act of finding a home in the act of what will suffice? No place was set at the table but you are invented to listen even if silence is a condition of mind you will never be forgotten here, where to learn the speech of the place is to earn to speak in this place.

Said: "I could love you if you left me?"
"No! I will love you if you let me."
Things come to them, a tuning fork pulling focus, facing each other at breakfast. Outside sea and sky enlarge the chamber piece, little flowers dot the hills, for they too are a part of themselves, parts of themselves scattered—stuck to cars and windshields.
A hummingbird at the scarlet bell works the vine.
Even as adults we hope to witness ordinary spectacle
evolve into meaning, ordinary and rare each time
the ribbon, the wave—all bent.
For if those memos, phone calls, holidays
were to accrue then where would we be?

If a letter were drafted it would read
the people are cheerful, overworked and kind.
Say there is plenty ocean, plenty sun.
Say we are standing on a new shore
that goes to—if not new—different destinations.
Say these destinations trouble us at night.
There's work to do, faces to study.

Some of the news contains lack—
say the small charge from a battery—
in this way a current flows, querulous
even, a lighthouse has its seasons too.
The metaphor is striking
however like a match making the dark
darker, the night larger
the empty into which we move real.

And holding your hands over your head
reflecting a degraded self-portrait
feel the cord of space pass through your palms
the slow progression of years, endless knots and bits
of talk, lumps of sorrow, nettling of tears.
Close your eyes and find the present flattened.

To speak about distance, memory
a voice stumbles, a flame in wind
when dignity is no longer an option
and rain does not confuse
—folding themselves against the night
into night, or just wearing out the day.

Let the record play, let the notes begin
to make a landscape where we meet beneath
the intermittent sky, let the body evolve whole
rising out of the throat and out of the mouth into night.
Pick up an instrument, play, as though a work of art
were a form, C 38, here fill this out, as though we must behave
as we explain the mess we've made, one note
for citizen, soldier, object, history, but there is no other
door to enter and if there were where would you go
after the masterpiece is finished?

Or a man who can't distinguish the sorrow of the violin
from rust of the old country.
The day sallow and dry leans to the left
the trill accentuates the bulbous tops of trees
out over the terrace, everything in its nest
each unlike each along the jagged edge of horizon
the strings of the instrument articulate each spear
of big ferns across the parking lot.
It is a song that carries this day
yields to the shy, lays its bluster down
tucks in the storms, a new tune atonal for the moment
until the small have grown to embody it.
As though the entire armature
were labeled “heavens” reproduced
inside the home we call our heads
—a ship in a bottle.
Hole inside in the shape of a bottle.

Now when you go to your job, your table or your bed
can you remember this place, a piece
of space left behind, it’s not hard to imagine.
Think of an empty closet, some childhood there
an odor of cedar, order of secrets repeat
their sequence and the useless treasure of an ending.
Pacolet and the Horse
Don Giovanni

Aaron Kunin
PACOLET AND THE HORSE

Sometimes I read to the end of the poem
And look down.
Where has my horse taken me?
What drink have you offered me
In the darkness beyond the poem?
Suddenly

We have landed on an island, it seems.
My horse is building a château
With wood,
Wood from the horse.
Grounding myself, drinking the drink
Picking splinters from my craw,

I ask myself again, Can I not
Rid myself of the itch
Of bestriding the press,
This wooden Pacolet?
Let's return to the beach
Where I wrote my poem

In the sand,
A poem that meant nothing to anyone.
Last year I remember
As I was offered a drink I dropped
A paperback on the beach, a novel.
That was on another island.

He makes a wooden horse in the novel
And steering by means of a pin
Set into the horse's head
Sails through the air
At great speeds. Thus
He (that is
Pacolet)
Brings word to Ferragu of what has occurred.
Valentin deprecates.
Deprecates to "il miglior fabbro."
Meanwhile, at the barn,
The horses have eaten the barn,

Disdaining straw.
Blandemine sets fire to another château.
Something lights up
Inside the cordless phone.
The thread under Orson's tongue is cut.
All set sail for the exegetical crux

Where Valentin is.
After a cursory examination of the droppings
Ferragu arrives
Pretending to desire baptism.
The house has divided
And become

A condominium.
Esclarmond has a disturbing dream
Of building a building
By sinking large pilings
Into the swamp
Underneath.

"See what a pretty child
I have found here."
So you have erected a château
Where inclination, appetite,
Attraction, and desire are
A part of ourselves
At play among themselves.
May I keep this
The public library
Won't let me take out books anymore
Because I keep dropping them
Into the Atlantic Ocean.
DON GIOVANNI

His first play: a child's production of "The Hound of the Baskervilles"; Don Giovanni takes the part of the hound. A prominent critic of the time writes that he has captured the "naive insouciance" of the hound. On his report card the teacher complains of his incessant baying. But already he has seduced everyone by means of his hound costume, with its glossy coat and soft paws.

For a time, my excellent friend Don Giovanni was making $350/night at the Guthrie; his only responsibility, it seemed, was to douse the candles at the end of Act I in "Cyrano." I believe he put himself through college that way.

He had written a play in which one of the characters speaks the following line: "You are either insane or crazy, or perhaps a combination of the two!"

His failings as an actor: forgets his line, misses his cue, enters on the wrong side of the stage. Or he speaks his line twice, forgets individual words, or speaks the right words with a strange intonation. Perhaps he will never make it through a performance without doing something wrong.

His interest in the photograph of Bain Boelke that shows him cradling a duck in his arms.

Wendy Lehr makes the following sarcastic remarks in pantomime class: "Don't check your smile in the mirror, Don," and, "Pantomime is the silent art, Don." Failings as a comedian: he drops the ball, he drops the flower, he drops the moon, he falls over the cliff, he drowns in the pool.

He never did Shakespeare.

He once muttered to me as we exited the stage together: "Forgot to kick the machine." I did not ask what he meant.

He was bored of any script that he knew by heart, and because he was also a gifted writer, he would write new dialogue for himself. Often the lines he
invented were a kind of commentary upon the lines that they replaced in the original script. For example, in a production of “State Fair” by Rodgers and Hammerstein, he changed the line “Sitting in the kitchen, talking to women” to “I can no longer pronounce the word ‘women’ naturally.”

Some theatrical pieces in which Don Giovanni has performed: “He Who Gets Slapped,” “Bus Stop,” “Woyzeck,” “She Stoops to Conquer,” “The Invitation,” “Getting Out of Bed Without Using the Stomach Muscles.”

In another play they are going to shoot him out of a cannon.

He was writing a play called “The Invitation” in which he used the following stage direction: “Their sigh brings them to the ground.”

Phil Eaton shows him a comic strip (“Blondie”) in which his name appears. In the first panel, Dagwood announces that he is going to go bowling with “Phil Eaton.” “Is he any good?” his neighbor Herb wants to know. “I don’t think so.” “Why not?” “How can he be any good if he’s in our league?” A diagonal line, a mark of astonishment, erupts from the face of Herb.

Spoken by the countess in “Lulu”: “I’ll find my own way out.”

He was trying to decide between the lines “Gee!” and “Huh?” to conclude our production of “Peter Pan.”

The curtain rises four feet above the stage and stops. Don Giovanni goes into the catwalks and makes the necessary repairs with a ballpoint pen as his only tool.

He explained that our skin appears transparent beneath the bright lights, and our skulls show through our faces.

The lighting technician told him that he had no sense of timing.

What makes you think that you are Don Giovanni, delight and terror of ladies and husbands, enemy to all and father to none?
Geoffrey O’Brien

The Platform Sutra
of Betty Grable
Sonic Ode
THE PLATFORM SUTRA OF BETTY GRABLE

Betty Grable
Exists surrounded
By comical waiters
Overweight businessmen
Exuberant young soldiers
And street urchins with mile-wide grins

In a night club
Somewhere outside the war.

She’s so terrific
That pretty soon
She has the dance floor to herself,
A Technicolor-blue arena
To complement her yellow spangles.

She sings:
“Darling,
Since you caught my eye
I feel so high
That I’m dancing pictures—”

She taps
And WHAP
A flower surges
From the spot where her foot touched the ground.

“Don’t know what to do
With this feeling for you
So I’m dancing pictures—”

And again the toe taps
And an extravagant geometric form
Whirls from the point of contact.
"It may sound crazy
To be so free
But I just can't wait
Till it's you and me
Laughing away
Spending each day
Dancing pictures—"

And while the crowd watches
In astonishment and delight
She launches into a frenzied tap solo
Where each beat generates
Brilliant hard-edged constructions,
Pulsing nebulae,
Clouds, loaves of bread,
Incandescent fish,
Writhing multidimensional toys,

And now everybody is out on the floor,
Moving in a choreography
Whose shape mirrors the shapes
That fly from Betty's magic feet.
The whole hall is nothing
But blare and color
And sinuous spirals

Until they chime in together:
"We're all just—
Dancing—
Pictures!"

And with knees bent and arms flung out
They strike their tableau
As the camera pulls away
And all are swallowed up
In a slow fade to black.
SONIC ODE

—scrim,

    a scroll
    thinned
    past shimmer

of fabric of cloth-
of-rain, webstuff,

    lucent map
    of flat raked lakefront

hardly with planks enough

to hold itself aloof from,

    weightless passenger
    in flight over dune zone,

over cumulous fibrous

    whorls, resins,

    loops of pools,
    the nibbled rips of

folded cove forms,

    moss shore woven
    of murmurs spilt, split
    where Italic Diana

(her old priest struck down

    by her new priest)

    soaks up worship
    from the ground she abandons,
tufted colony
   in whose pillows her servants
      at play with the forest
         throw stones into time
miming for a theater
   of underbrush a comedy
      of bristle and vine,
         of solo leaf shudder
where unseen throat
   twines cries among thorns
      and spines, where choric
         chatter of chirp-creaks
flickers like lost chunks
   of light between brambles
      as medicine among rocks
         is scooped up mutely,
the rays are splintering,
   the hill
      where the hunter clambers
         holds platform
for goat masks, they puncture
   the mountain for flute vents,
      smear the roof
         with hunt scenes,
to find past the curtain
   a succession of curtains,
      bud net, bead stream,
         vase for shades,
a strand of stains
where tracks are melt marks,
  melody markers,
  catches
for shards of arches,
  opening around chasm-flanks,
  the fringes tumbled outward,
  as cases of faces
spilled in wind, tipped
  in sting of spin, a pin span
  snapped, its scar
  a harbor hub, a babble
of bent coin, lane hammers,
  tram gone groggy,
  hagglers in ash paths,
  porch covers, pockets of
crowds shrouded in houses,
  sleep cops, ticketmakers
  slapped up in gauze,
  disappearing cities
yanked blind toward
  thread's end, toward
  crack of blind
  where bauble trebles
to fen gleam, fan transit,
  smoke-dwelling alchemist
  in crocodile jacket
  and blue-beaded salamander
hat proposing
(coiled) a grid
of cloud-braids, mud-born
amulet in whose ambit
gods ride twin snakes
toward the capital of rain,
gods slide in flakes,
stacks of popped bubbles
(making like chips
in mid-flip) to excavate
bounce, paddle
the tatters in a remnant
of dip, flume where
the river combs its thickets,
the figure roams its fidgets,
tones its littles, its withs,
till it tips off a half
of baked crag, hefted
wedge of tithes, to go drop,
let coat fall,
hat roll, mat spool
on hall wall, signal
from rudimental radio,
fathom of blanket,
breeze dragged
over nerve reef,
tongue loops doubled
as gong echo, pouch
in which storms are smuggled,
   sea scraped of rigging,
   hold of black folds
       dropped around space house,
aired-out tree
   in its flight body, a hollowed
   chord scoured
       by the flame of the flame,
a term of generative
   grammar, a term limit,
   liminal and grainy,
       scoured by the refrain
of the flame song, hauled
   through the track of the rake,
   a chip of ash-flake
       wedged against the grate,
ground by wind
   into powder, into parts
       of speech, torn nouns,
       sandtracks of verbs,
pauses in shore pulse,
   water poured through water,
   sky raked free
       of clouds, sky
scrubbed between mountains
over and over
   until the light
       squeaks—
Clark Coolidge

As It Says, Beat Accidents
America—stuff, and you rip it all around and just as much do it
stallings of blocks in the snow, right shed type of ground
intermittent rollers and singular tools, bark in the pluck of a dell
immaculate waiting watchers and tomb subsidiizers fluent
could barb you, could weight as trees stick to night and the pills revolve

Interminable cement of mixing moniker and dry lights
self-seethed cleat sheets, the way ice admires from the edge
and so much depends upon, there’s much liquid to satisfaction
long as rolls don’t bar us and the clad heat sits up sight

I don’t imagine back but whelm up, central tong of the sliding film
where cars distract peculiar under wires, but, brush, there’s
no animal in the window, less, there’s no window, but
the dreams that seem above life, I’ve had those of boats
slippers in the sun, back hatches with hooks, take a good length
to plot the salad of it, the all told

Now, there’s a soda you haven’t had, all of it within cigarette reach
and trees are spiny and spines are scratchy, that’s the rub
that cover felt over chrome disc on cars? Those posts sunk
in road are signs of secret food we’ll pass, do, all do
not the slightest question of does, but starlight has to leak
from somewhere, as batteries true up he left cake, when did you?

Incapable of wanting anything better missing, “fleat foot, face
full of black soot”, thin shells with boomy inners
a fortress round my heart, idling in Mixtures of Mine
I’d find a goat out on the highway, he’s got no clothing
is parrying through washes, diamonds loose in my toe molecules
the bite of that, past whisper
And the way drifts around things, how do they keep the pavement black? As all thundered by, was there a letter missing? and do you crash from acres? Smoother here than a yellow hand or ink on black in stone night where heads collect and loaves of nougat are stored and the mice punch, the Java Blues in my chest

Why does the sun out let things blue? I'd get an icicle weight for your masthead date, an “icicle cake”? things break off when water riles, nouns as grey as Texas

See the rock walls of poured ice hurl and furl and shrug up the blue hum of their bosoms depending, this is a long wait past college when one line announces the stack of a town, the vertical cop of a forbidden chimney where the key's on grass and the itch won't stick, we turn around sleepish and watch it drift take so long quick away, froze underwaters in the day fire

He'd made molasses squirrels of that grey noon, when worms ride up the trees you gain the shine to see under after all nothing communicable but a few sticks and a cannon bible a sharpened cloud on the back of your whim, he's scurvy mixed from loss of bubbles, a latch mixup and then the troubles he leaned back far over the hood and threw trees

There are houses where nothing but the red thing passing daily we left, just as the empties left, cardboard collar on a hill escape, a map on which to bracken, all those tree shadows hillside, it's countable smooth enough a well able table, monster, make some dots or light spots shave this window, you'd have it got so ice, now I'll go put all my things away
Do you believe that everything? They say it's known
the blue ice coming out here, that is, late dates for Pa Troll
that sign is the yellow sign of a green sign, never forget
or worry any lights the globigerina, it got so

But icicle clouds have more firm than me, I’d see
formed from back aways, the luncheon on furs of Max Roach tunes
why say why anymore to anybody? The solar span comes up of course
anywhere beyond organ studios you’d have to match hands on
but the king, what he said, must be that he left

I bet I’ve smiled more than Howard Johnson ever did
happy as the fitness of a whole hill of Romes, junior
I’d attach the bracket, if I hadn't to sprain it back
and gauge glass averages and stun, stir, stone in your food

But a better than average lover would disabuse us all
flowing under the hole cements of Gate Four, or a traveling of banana
but close me, quiet spring field, I’d freeze to hug your molecules
side to side it's all averages but few bricking acreages
white building painted black with snow

2.

Elect Bob Incognito, restore respect and backbone to the teamsters
then, enter Mars

Your sweet life eat butter for less then ride a chartreuse cab
pulls a grey tube of Grace in the shuffle of security windows
as winter goes down in tracks in the grass and sod, hill of nothing
between routes I shuffle my binoculars and boots, hear a horn
in the saddle of two thresh hills of nuclear better carbonates
have lain around between beneath saws of lime and listen to hill story
Bud did it get lifted lighter later as a gift? Nine miles to “board sides with joy”, just graduated from Oxy Tech and now know what burnt matches mean, before that was green, Jack stones blobbed stop pile hill, whence conversations come clattering Nest of the Serpentine Dike

I’ve been unable to follow you but now I do, Thorndike Mills shaken up punter of the bluesky, there where they rise to standards Stardust at Dawn, etc. and go throttled to work in the Teams on Things make no sense but bring power, like wires while not so far away wide enough there are scads of human trees and humorless ledges aching with writing and a sort of rust only the Igneous made

We’d prefer a touch of diamond dust sauce on our zircons not a bunch to ask? out here in the Go Big Red Wheel just passed Scout in Camaro must believe this all real they’re all passing with care lopping off rhymes, but in here the Green Pan the people the professionals sun and win they’re getting a good rest start

Sure Mike had my name once I’d said it in, but those woods are all hauls hold back and don’t need icicles to stand over Wherewithall Valley where stood the Key To It All right in their midst of nobody knew, cake of fire hydrant made

But the red ones you see all they do is pass, passed rock all loaded up with tilt, planet wherein all the shine is on hair but do they catch ice easily as is left of their games?

I wouldn’t paint ice, or monkey with belief, starborrowers collide in unmarked vesicles, there’s the painter whose metier is solid H₂O then I’m sorry, sadder, finished, nobody lives so long in the grey turret near on the mid-forest cone we once heard of fifty hours of
I Brake for Gary Snyder, but we've lost the key to the pig iron
of those perfectly Indians running out in a row of wharve houses
and bundling on the stiff, walked out to the end of the blade
a carrot or your life? The mix-matched fanciers of Dull Mote
and the Dale

See those big buttons locked to ladder towers they send things
you can't see with? I lived near one of them, those are hard
you'd best believe, but I'll sicken if I cursive move
more to forget than you'd ever believe

Simply a pen holding up matters, the trucks
grey-side contest, questioning marguerite, eat out, eat out
often, eat out of it often, and no sagebrush but frozen punchbowl
going along prudential completely out of it lining up with
nonflammable tanks and washing schist, a rose hovering ash
for your listening

Is there any Lee Konitz left? The lay of all these frozen homes
getting nearer to Batriglia, the fatter semblance, the sound of that
a carton back of a limo, back a stretch through pearly woods
and it won't matter

Getting with the guesser better, then it'll be march
and the sandwiches of trips in and out, turn out that battery light
but it's terminal, you know, the Fun Zone

I'd probably send a card lots better from Shoshone Caverns
least of its parking lot where so much cave there are no more trees
Lines Written in Direction, or Dejection, some such

So long as you line 'em down the middle, cute as paradiddle
there goes a most grey cap, meat crate harp? This must win the record
for the quietest war of roses, equal as it is eventual
Afraid to step right up to the mink, she was, and she was that almost not yellow but house enough, clearing across houses and other grey matters, I'll just have to stick to these trees

As if the green trade mark of your knees would part and the ceiling come simple with a bound, which? but it's too easy in the malachite, big rolling rimmers tanning past

A cigar, his arm was glad-patched but no rhymer ever wrote her a letter, and Ha, he's gaining a head, just that pitched correctly you could leave from here, once patched in from anywhere

Hats could meet at a period, Globe of the Guess God I mop floors with the curving tears, eat a blue stack and limit your sight, he only saw one of them, he said, never more

A taste of the Apricot Shales, planet on the table, sighing as if to make up an insurance on oxygen, we lived in the sweep of casted belts but came out carrot cake okay, do you remember trembling?

How do you spell French? The ledges they seem to leather and goal inwards, nobody crease such bets, ornamented with olio of an orange almost Oreo texture, but we passed that one

On ice, permanent path to Gate Farms we locked, or it, its seminal followers, then I crowned down into the crocky limes Dumb Devil of Dumbarton Dailiness, who'd buried behind who?

Always Airlines, and somebody had to drop things on being Lazarus emitting binds for other brains, Small Parts Co. constructed on the Gort Principle, or a steel pineapple

Neologisms coming as fast as new tourists, but don't hang your dipthongs so much depends upon, the chapel or chalice was a devil or dust we didn't see about it, he had no urger life, but we constructed
Board sides with joy, Eddie Bracken, worth little more than one lime cent female Whitney per century, put back on your pack and smoke a drop, but they couldn’t come up with the flats

Had little nose for orange, Sunny Green Cemetery, those little prods why they’re, worked well enough in, launch pins, so don’t stop Eigner Transport, but he had to pay, little red things that point

And go nowhere, Neosynefrin in Massachusetts, little grotto of waiters pronged on a hill, an out-in-the-open octopus I never write to anybody, Auburn Cleaners, passing the nuclear

Measuring the future, time for a coffee or sock and if you can’t read it later, there’ll be bricks standing anyway
Brian Lucas

from South Lore
By Permission of the Illustrator
from SOUTH LORE

a gathering of the failed calling numbers
and there held so thin a weave of half
mulched awning with plain wire exposed. its
use to protect the browsers sulking below
wondering how quickly the storm drain will
clear. nearing and closer still to prove our
relations weren’t repetitive only cautious
as the sea watcher who would direct the tug
from one vanished hold to another somewhat
in the distance. and this length would never
attend to what room it grew through only a
set of intent on that jut considered faulty
for this example of how a floor might not
forget its planar responsibilities and indeed
rest at any angle that may cause one person
in the congregation of floral and sumptuous
arrangements a bit of pure delight and what
have you now but a clear level to rest upon.

as luck would have it, nothing else would &
strategies brought to the fore of this
ponder over acres of those wire reactors.
shell mound and cullings from visit ended
up receding into its begin by what was
considered white, or was it only steam compo-
sition that hid itself so well out by our
first farm. indeed they kept repeating as if
instance was something that could be poked
with stiff fleece, calendar spark,
and moonlight poised hands never one
to encounter or force to beckon by flash an
entry to the dome of our life as you there
sir would, a Mr Crayon Taffeta and warm mineral
named a still forgotten inn serenade notated
strangely enough by a former remnant of this
house. none other and remained so a
bastard of unclaimed minutes twice thought
surprising but floundering off the coast in
the size comparable to its floating integer
nailed with lace.

by the permission of the illustrator at length
& with only symbol abandon we can reprint the
only known gold toggle witnessed, rendering by
the illustrator following announcements.
the door is divided by a current making a
single consideration difficult. but this is
the theatre and breezes are too exact when
providing understatement. so when it's night
act much like nothing at all since the illu-
strator's first breath was towards repeating pulse,
often widely imitated vocal inflection.
gate swung in a changed course and stopped
recording cycles of undisturbed
thought projected from outside of the
room. from outside an afterblown horn. from con-
tinuously etching the same area to the hum and
particle of this endangered set. we have come too
far from without beginning to let our hair
down. say once and for all that I'm a candidate
for music not wide, elusive without marker,
completely bored on the grid
when you've taken the abbreviation no longer are there any whisper but exact and complete collaborating spectral inclined grains lifting out of hills quickly. string against string you who marvel at its weight will govern, and those who surprise its entry will not ever be reactive but frighteningly still, survived only by your light. sound has come full circle; there are no opposites. what's done is done and cast even further are shrill motives, glass survey, & the number one plan: stock the tree with gathers of rushes and plain. with Enter as a location one can be taken in as would advanced tears in the bowl, manipulating them as it all comes through momentous sieve. wouldn't you? if it were sufficiently warm or instantly bleak, wouldn't you? as long as the band was jumping and you could get a good look at flutters and billowing escapes only a trinity could last longer. it seems rather bland but promising don't you think? it's as if undersides of pining lovers were suddenly lit up in Various Orange and Showthrough-Blue tint, things would near better all day correctly
BY PERMISSION OF THE ILLUSTRATOR

The image has bled through the paper. Rings have also.
A dell varied in setting. As morning is a whole lot of hands, stamps pure grace side. Lifts to side he’s poking about window. You get many rhythm in that history. Fair way way to north slope and road. Inscriptions of date and place, designations, reminders of its being. It’s well situated at basin and surely altered. Spectacle kind of appears. It’s outlay a visual hum. Move amidst self in a circular field: this branch connect leads to its same. Orchard is joined in its presence. Field is served as founding.

All so well in this block

Night cycle commonly spent about. The whole sight caught in star’s move. Each step is fragrant 2 a.m. sent through domain. Gray tincture collecting in corner. Morning seems to be the longest part from right to left. A various tonic. A common learn.

Everyday is Lent. His loutish coat of misery: must be Simon Magus and not Sir Middle. Realized oscillation across the board so held carefully. Not as well as dew or flowers in the corner breaking up carefully, scattered about. Gray again above roof.

Plain-song caught. Tendril, a maker of land unison. Heels to slide up slope, a rillet timid. With this ornament we have drama. With permission is brought forth what we found. Forcible, or is intended to be so, he notices. Between the cracks as far as tones go might be as well. Drift it all by circumstance, carry all from
the surface. It's a draw with scattered lines and unmet shading. Image as before does nothing but show. Twofold in conduct, a way doubling in before grasp.

Our function, though half asleep, continues a fraction. He hasn't necessarily been doing the same thing for all his life. No light just the window reflecting. As is thought away from presence, night is apt shine. Where we stand is included. Daily map bottoms, a coat with wiry hum about shoulders. A print as ice in early stages. All a cause from wandering form into view.
Kristin Prevallet

After IT by Clemente/Creeley
1.
Lost in an embryonic lull
where color and speech
are the string around
a finger forgetful
of emergence as such.

2.
Contained in vases
the lull of conversation
that scriptures its way
off yr plate &
into a sun, grayed with
some such wisdom,
or another.

3.
Puzzles of gratitude, a shield
of honor, 3 blossoms in
each crescent—
one lion, one secret,
one sage.
4.

No measure for
a black flower surrounded
by spasms of orange
what rose is this
the depth that goes on
through to hearts
and oracles, leafed
and thorny,
a cannon ball of
simplicity, an illusion
of growth.

5.

(icy resurrection, that one in a halo
of yellow on a platter of onyx)

6.

This heart the ballooning
of difficult seeds, made jagged
& puzzled in the world
they color with an eloquence
of speech, a circus of daisies
all topsy-turvy with love
of the outer world
beyond such bricks.
7.

Swirling in aghast of
delicate winds, each taking
a vine & twisting	
till speech makes literal
all that thought makes
faded, cautioned, and
growing ever the more
beyond the elements
& such.
Michael Boughn

SIGNS OF PASSING 1-12
SIGNS OF PASSING I

If hot granite smells through rattling birch
memory of all that ice, is it any
wonder how this sweeps through her
waves she said, as if you walked into the sea
itself a certain vibration and this
registration, a near translation, say,
hosannah or holy shit as the whole
works gears up for some chrysalis number
nostalgia a name the last angel rolls up
and pulls out while light flickers in the branches
SIGNS OF PASSING 2

Anticipation is empty of silence
and the face in the mirror of these weathers
Who will come names every creak and leaf
as obliquities of puckered skin tell
ways through large and small catastrophes
_Catasters_ the poet called her tossed words
and I heard _cata-strophes_, the unnerved
gesture in line’s turn toward again not
as water utters against rocks though out
the unhinged windows what music does
lift its feet among suddenly scattered
syllables, cast stones along familiar verge
SIGNS OF PASSING 3

What's turned, turning down a father road
Farther. Ha. That knot of dropped r's and orphans
loosed upon the stretch of list. Difficult
belief, a suspension of evening sky
in all prepositions at the lurch,
unable to get any more reparable
than middle distance alight in cloud's
singular hanging, mere wisp of a world
Father road returns, sober if not straight,
to speak of justice and allegiance in
Nordic bridge stretching from darkness to
darkness across all play of light and
water intoxicates fluoresced eyes
SIGNS OF PASSING 4

Shaken fodder by large winds enough
to rattle an overhead lost otherwise
to meaning business. Lost becomes one choice
after another, and coming back a chance
encounter. Feed me to it. Where it leaves
you have to begin, as if it weren't fall
or self-devouring words didn't vanish
before your very knees gave out. Such a glance
constitutes a new nation, a notion,
a small flutter in liquid fields of sound
SIGNOS OF PASSING 5

How long can you leave it, the question shifts
and is this fear? The shifting substance of her
body as it passes through unspeakable
complexities of flesh dissolves that too
brings it back in to particular nerve, a pain
along a path only recently
introduced to memory’s pleasures, call
it xanadu or habit, and wind up,
in any case, in Thoreau’s back yard, such
as it is, those scraps of a shack. This
inhabiting and its swells of new
knowing whisper even over here old
words of what that teaching means that, dark
massive, settles into an arrangement
of æthers we can almost recall
Silk to spider hauls in the trembling at edge of nadir of some post-cosmological bounce looks a lot like dragging Emerson’s yea into a compulsory sentencing’s fear of the dark they sleep in, almost hum of creation’s fleshy tumult above talking heads of why they lock up all those black men under cover of soul’s dark night as hummingbirds’ weave silk homes, small cups, from species unknown to science. Offer gifts, wild turkey and weed till banished saints sneak back in to tame that wild night, though utter density of not so much the flesh as a kind of floating edge dislocation through knowledge growing rounder still hums overhead, sucked into ancient cellular habits we drift placidly behind
SIGNS OF PASSING 7

Bearing in mind it into this war our
way out beyond any easy turn down
some syntax set to old music's ability
to still a racing heart, even within
darkness prepares fiery letters' home to
write its house, its name already turning
not here, but in sudden stops and starts it
all turns to, even this 400
year old mean streak massed behind light bulbs and
better as if it wasn't noise of that
beating itself, thumping coil woven
around nothing's knot stands eventually
face to face with blow or embrace so that
they, too, swing, and the poem murmured
into flesh its dwelling mingles among
voices of all those busy pumps to speak
those dazzling feet never quite touch the ground
So maybe Einstein's got his answer now, it just keeps heading out, Baudrillard's precession setting up shop in the Kali Yuga's terrain vague out in that strip mall on 7. Hell, somebody's got to do it, but what kind of assurance works when even the poets don't know a mock heroic from a hole in their non referring conventions. Tickled pink rises from some stratum of grandmotherly bugs ears and hollow legs to mind again this longest dark and its turnings, old love back to flame's coded poinsettas, that spark's elusive and nagging chuckle beyond any end's doom of our frightened making
In air again, traversed edges of vague wars, negotiated boundaries past any school of thought strangers murmur home of white ground when thinking Uganda because it says so and probably not knowing Apollo's sheep before escaped gas beyond flimsy walls and other tales of melted wings. Together is just such a rag and bone operation you'd think world's turning in darkness would hold us to, just the other side of parodic gestures hoping to turn us from all that white knuckle business, but then cling to unable to release projective this or that and get on with it, they call it a Perilous Voyage thinking the moon's other than here's further and death's different than laughter, itself then a rock and those chains it thought to burst another name for hunger brings it back day after day
SIGNS OF PASSING 10

Call it the retardation of lunar
momentum and it just might get past
whatever cross legged imposition
remains of the Grand Tour's breathless legacy
to this room, a shifting of planetary
mass within whatever sentence remains
to be served, as if a certain inflection
could budge here's seeming stall beyond, no, in
to perhaps resistance hunt-crazed women
of Thebes knew belongs to us all, even
here, midnight, the kitchen now a name
of consequence, maybe that's what Jack meant
not the story itself or accumulated
decor but the charge those incursions
stutter of, that bloody death of the
innocent still murmurs from the dead
of love as the other side of the
boundary of lost possibility
The surprising coincidence of nine's ripening turn and year's own term runs off at right angles to any premature correspondence of tenor's vehicular departure to parts known in white blur's demand for attention, the usual suspects, or suspects, in which case domesticated returns to mystery of its own unsuspected corners, dark and baffling as any Mexico in the cupboard, especially that swelling no amount of dead subjects Madam, perhaps you haven't heard that in Casablanca life is cheap or abandoned summa summarum to yet another cheap parodic laugh can possibly hope to escape except that leap from the window out the kitchen and into the cold relish I hadn't meant to arrive at though I guess coming down to that beat always leaves us face to face, even now to flesh's nested circulations
SIGNS OF PASSING I2

No matter how you try to go around that “water” backed against any damn thing you’d care to say, quotes or any other inflection even some quotidian dado might bear from insistent contact with fractions and angles on interpretations of water leading irresistibly back to a first poem in a strange land not withstanding, it’s still the name of that swelling in lilac’s tough tips out of ice, previous coincidence impervious to any now discounted penetration of eternity hard against count’s stricture, the whole thing stretched nearly past bearing as if flesh were metaphor’s last stand, home to errant swans on the lam resistant not just to absorption but that refusal of inside out’s turning and pushing stretches her belly into miraculous, alien form promising to release us into ten thousand virgin eyes’ drunken blows against sudden rush of wings
seventy wingbeats
per second

vagaries of vegetation, rosy
anticipation 1
turn the page without
reading

essence of
accident

what is the strongest
motive what
drives the solar wind

time’s not so
old, dating only
from the creation

New England has
cooled significantly, icy
core with a sooty coating

this ice
hard to break—the brain
will have to wait

catharsis of the
vulture, obligatory
vespers
a bat, painted the
color of joy, head
downward because

the brain is
heavy I put on
music but don’t always
listen

whether magma could
rise to where tones reach
audible frequencies

modest success with a late
parasitic moth we will soon

find out if all this
is true

sudden drain on the
heart, more
doubt, the big

melt: anything
gone is
replaced
Bin Ramke

Essay
we might say that the secret aim of a work is to make us think it created itself by some process remote as possible from the actual

—Paul Valéry

I

all emotion is anger

2

words
wilderness
telling my story

wither

nothing looks like this
all dead and all
full of stars, or of pinholes
and the light littered
dream: give myself
a chance

Talk Show
and Tell
like the desert lies before us
pretty enough
full of air and light
I'm a boy who doesn't know much

sound and vision
and voice

dream: view occluded

it will be morning

3    EVERY MAN WANTS TO BE DANGEROUS

living in a boy’s book anyone can be heroic making silence into a clear
preference a decision as if the very air had itself to blame silent masses
moved across the landscape—no, they made a noise the wind announced
itself

the trumpeter’s music is his very breath he struck across the mouth she
was an actress he was famous for his breath and clothes she probably cried
he was famous for his anger he was sorry in the morning

4    SULLEN LIBERTIES

you can hear anything if the crowd is large enough
was his principle remember Verlaine’s
Avec des indeed et des all rights et des hâos
—Sonnet boiteux
all around the breath of men and women
boys and girls swirls full of vibration

The language of the age is never the language of poetry     —Gray

5    Spell it? He can’t spell it. No father, no mother, no friends
      —Bleak House

6    FOSSIL POETRY

      —Emerson
7  HISTORY

has tongues / Has angels has guns —Stephen Spender

8

Fran: Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.
Ber: Long live the King!

9  HERE

near the mountains the
sun swerves hopeless
into evening sincere
birds waver a person
could use a minor friend

10  MINDING MANNERS

This will have to be my own story this will have to be a story this
might as well be a story
a telling otherwise live among these ghosts wisely or well enough
just think she said
how happy you would have been had you been
a happy person

11  FIRST PRINCIPLES

"The saint's love of God showed itself in his love of the poor, and for the
relief of these the young prince gave all he possessed, using on their
behalf the influence he had with his father and with his brother Ladislaus
when he became king of Bohemia. In honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary
Casimir frequently recited the long Latin hymn 'Omni die die Mariae,' a copy
of which was by his desire buried with him. Though this hymn, part of
which is familiar to us through Bittleston's version, 'Daily, Daily Sing to Mary,' is not uncommonly called the hymn of St. Casimir, it was certainly not composed by him, but by Bernard of Cluny in the twelfth century.”

—Alban Butler

When the small boats began gathering in the evening to take us back after work, we would begin to stand and get our backs accustomed to it, for we had mainly stooped for the full ten hours, except the little time they gave for lunch. Some would stumble into the boats like drunkards, some would step so carefully as if into church, noses pointed forward. Some would be sick on the trip back home, leaning over the gunwales and drawing up the fish which would gather on the greasy surface as the sun set and the stars began to burn through the little light. No one noticed this but me, all being too tired. I don't know why I watched this way. I needed to know something and found the world a good enough subject.

Everyone says his prayers but
Lyn Hejinian

from A Border Comedy
Even though we may recognize knowledge, we can't do much but wait to see what falls

When
And where
Like me
But here and there you are
On the side at which you didn't begin
And along comes a border guard
To block the view
From a voyeur whom night requires to introspect
Of course, senses have objects—everything provides evidence of this
The objects make themselves available and laugh
Suddenly you're one of them
In gender while sleep comes down
And inches
Gallons
Spans
They branch
They hand and finger
The objects of the senses cannot know how to behave
They cannot scrawl and intend
There's a message on the postcard
Upside down
It says, They war
And tent
But nomads would neither win nor lose
The living space
The warm touch of the dog
As Margaret Cavendish says, I say
Those are in particular favored by Heaven
Who are protected from violence and scandal in a wandering life or a travelling condition
Passing through the holes in the connection
Inchoate
The Singing Man gripped the tree which stands for the pole
And moaned, Nature!
The threat had no effect on my ideas
But I felt (not for the first time) a crowning, iconic desire to organize them
I had read somewhere of a philosopher who had sketched out a diagram of his life
A labyrinth lacking a spiral, a maze without a center
Without concentricity
No passage
No sound
But suddenly how musical the mere practicing of the thought of music becomes
The bird is out
We do not want all loss of boundary
At boundary is the body of experience
It affirms our solitude but it negates it too
It makes conjunction, has beauty and clue
It makes of the body an erotic talisman
Then the woman sewed it into a silk pouch and tied the talisman to her thigh
And there it was
Slapped
A sensation
But a man doesn’t dump his mother in a horse pond just because it’s beginning to rain
As the revolutionary Russian philosopher Alexander Herzen said
In church, in the palace, on parade, facing the department head, the policeman, the administrator, no one laughs
The serf is deprived of the right to smile in front of the landowner
But equals may laugh
So lift up your shirt
Here was another
And another, wearing high heals, his sex distending his silk dress, was walking toward me while he tenderly sucked pearls
Yes, his hands were clammy with fear
He knew damn well what was going on
Which was the equivalent of saying, “Now we will change”
With the tail parting and shrinking into what humans call nice legs
They had yet to be shaved
The thorns on them ripped my tongue
But the point of the tongue (which values the world) is meant to change the world
Or turn the action back
Please
Be gentle to those who stay angry
The strangers in the room, peering constantly through the window paying no attention to us, whoever they are, aren’t insiders
But one of them at least seems uninhibited
She has lifted her skirt and is visibly pissing
She must be doing this to embarrass us and her means are efficient
In a world in which people fail to perceive their emotional standing with others
Oddity has emotional standing
Hence the palpitations
Hence the tendency to want to embrace and caress
We see the lips compress themselves
The tormented hero suggests the good woman relax herself by taking a pet fish
Just as one feels resolve
As in the tale of the princess confined in the mound
Stirring the fish in the puddle in her palm
But what of the intermittent pulsing expirations which constitute laughter
And which give us so much pleasure
Standing on our chairs
And confiding our secret to the bridge overhead
We will never cross
We are cross
We lie
In contrast
In action
And require
Justice, yes, but there has to be time for it
What use is justice if all the time has gone by
When nothing happens, though the story may be known
All we get is knowing it
And our belief in secrecy
The power of falsity
The scrotum bound
And worn
On a gold chain
Which is lifted to lift
A portrait of an impression, a calm, a terrible resource
It is sworn to sustain
Flying up
Until prevented
The scrotum absorbs condolences
Is ridged, takes twists
Scrolls
At the edge of a bed
To this degree again and again
I want to know what it’s like
Its point of appearance
Its horizon
Stretched
At this point you can yourself invent rumors
But remember all rumors must be prophetic
About diseases that will erupt
From laughter in shuddering beds
All symptoms are symbolic
Therefore laughter always implies (because of the repetitive s-sound)
confusion—a process of joining, a desire for sharing
Until the lips close
Try it—sustain an s-sound and close your lips
You’ll get the m—for measure
Measure for fear
Anxious moment
I don't mention betrayal
Leave that to the dream
Anxiety for scarcity, anxiety for signal
Enormous explosion, poison and steam
Anxiety for scale
Big and small, far and near, right and left
Repeating like squirrels
In a lyric program meant to beautify the interstate
And disguise recurrence
So that an awful thing that's happened, an atrocity, can be isolated
Lyricized
And at that a kindly gardener who never says a word comes to push my sled
But the ground is level, the ice rough
Rubbing won't work
I'm tired of his hand
Tired by it, I mean, on my sled
Pushing
Without question
Without the question's lift of tone
"What's happening?"—this speaking in things
"Is it easy to learn?"
For a foreigner
I have to check my pocket to make sure I have the key and I wonder if I'm doing this again
Perhaps, in my absent-mindedness—my being foreign—I'm not constantly losing the key but (in my absent-mindedness) constantly finding it
Producing the repetition of relief
Made ominous
By loss of emotion, gain of time
And thousands of green apples, pink grapefruit, and yams
Plundered by escapees from a chain gang
While in the distance a dog barks, succumbing to the cold
You might think I'm making this up but it's true
Two escapees cut loose with pruning shears
They were part of a five-man gang, the end guys
That left three in the middle
But as I've said before, there are no opposites
In or out of reality, disordering the senses, each with its own reasoning
As Heraclitus said, it is the mark of a foreign soul to trust in non-rational perceptions
And drastically increase with sighs
And babble in the park
Over which there's a bird that speaks
Says the bird: The coming into existence of memory as a relationship to something cannot simply be described as a shift from an external to an internal view of it
Perhaps from your chair now you turn your eyes to the left
At what they call ten or so moving your neck
There's a box, something on it, too far to tell
Losing light, at the window, I'm not seeing though seen
Thus "I" am a paradox, a groom, a bride
A view
Standing out from the last blanket of night
The clock
That reaches the feet
Why does it try to stop me only now
I began all this months ago, years maybe—in June, anyway, of 1994
I thought I could, as it were, follow a poem that kept itself apart from me And from itself
A short lyric of shifts
A page or two at most
A poem of metamorphoses, a writing in lost contexts
I would write a line or two
No more
And go away
And come back another day only to add something that changed everything To anything
On the scales of poetry, the pan containing "I" must never dip below the pan containing "not-I"
Singing and dancing in the courthouse
With devices meant to delight justice precisely where it’s tied to reality
At the point sublime
Connecting thumb to the horizon, sight to the anticipation of a ghost
And this is the result: action
He goes to the closet and opens the door
Or rather, from the other side of the room he sees the light catch on the
blade of the knife
Drop that feather, he yells
Realism, they call it
Chekhov says a storyteller shouldn’t show life as it is nor life as it should be
but life as it appears in dreams
But I was so terrified during the day that I asked my grandmother to sleep
with me that night, thinking that with her there the dream or
whatever it was wouldn’t come
And the pressure felt like hands on your eyes?
Yes, and I could feel that I wanted to argue but the words wouldn’t come
out even though I could hear them perfectly clearly—too clearly—
obscuring everything, the way high pitched sounds do, very high,
maybe soprano, and maybe not coming from me but from someone
high pitched near the windows but moving away
One can choose to live a life of involuntary experience but it would have to
be a dream life
In which there is nothing to foresee
Just a kind of staring
And the feeling of things coming over you
Which you can’t stop or control
And yet you keep coming back to them or they to you, only they aren’t as
you left them, something’s happened, something’s intervened
Like the porch light, which is on now although I left it off
But this intervening — this disturbance of what was by what is—it’s not an
interruption
But an appearance by chance
Becoming
One incessant chance
It lacks marks (most words are marked)
And connives with pirates
Gradual characters with gradual tongues
Lapping
At privacy’s weak sensation
The pronoun without antecedent
You—who slipped out of normal reckoning
And brought evidence
Out of count
Out of miles
Which we ‘aestheticize’ (that’s your term)
Or (in my words) ‘value’
We are intermediaries
We stare
We repeatedly order the same meal
As an event which disposes itself to our percipient eyes as a ‘story’
A what
A way
A man in the battle grunted
A rattlesnake batted at a turtle
A glutton from the mountain brought a bottle
The man lifted and thickened his tongue
It was red
That game
It’s artistic but requires a ticket
Two and trotting brightly outward because endeared
As travelling companions
Sitting partners
In a series of which we do not know the extremes
Where, if anywhere, we might see this work’s projection of the changes
taking place
In one incessant chance
You beating your boots and I barefoot in the plot
That (if one can speak of days as only quasi-temporal spaces in a series of
ecstatic deferrals) will one day no longer retain anything but
affirmation
“What do you see? You see an ass head of your own, do you?”

—Bottom, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*

“Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand; and he bowed down his head, and fell flat on his face.”

—Numbers 22:31

Prologue

Ay or not else
One is fearful
a face must be seen
Indeed, there is another thing
If that may be,
Love, which is not a dream
but more gracious
than the eye

***

I have lain my head
on a chest all too old,

nevermind the mountainface.

For an image has been ministering itself to me, altogether small.

As if my eyes were for naught
I have barely seen beyond
this surface of things
But am continually defined
by a duty I had never chosen
but am holding unto, to believe.

As if my eyes were bleeding
out of fear,
indeed, it was no dream

there was impressed upon my eyes
the palm I clave to be removed
from the pit. The touch that said

"I know by what nature hangs"
Spool of wool
the spider's belly spins.

**

She asks for a return
to the hands.
The body, which is an hourglass.
The body, which passes out of itself.

For things still heed to shadow
as sure as the voice
has become a need

it often makes a person
faceless in its meaning.

Rather, someone always has the ass's head
or is riding one.

Bottom or Balaam.
The eyes fall into
the mouth, heart.

They fall into a play
upon the sword.

**

I have never lain still enough
to watch the hourglass;
the dirt creeps in, instead.
I move towards my past so fast.

What can make the hands work
out this resistance to patience?

What can my heart follow
without such persistence of haste?

Unless I am held for nothing
I can't believe I can continue
without need for definitions.

For holding destroys all waiting,
it reaches silence
in the body's premonitions.

**

By the by a golden bell falls
into the hands. It falls
into the breast.
Aaron ministered LONELINESS TO THE WORD. Half of the face is shadowed by a deed.

A golden calf bleeding. People, people pleading before him.

Aaron had half his robe caught in the door.

By the by a golden bell falls unto the ground. It falls without a sound.

**

Around the one hand I am less concerned about the consequences of belief.

Around the other I am agitated by a tumult of feelings.

In effect, what becomes of desire?

Perhaps getting released from the mother is a pretext that can’t be returned to, withstand.

The condition of the One.

Half of Balaam’s face fell into Aaron’s.
Half of his mouth fell
into an ass’s.

**

So I ask, “where is this place
that you stand” that makes me weep

and thus lose sight of things
in the hand, so small,
the root of a tooth or a beet?

What do you wish to keep
to its end of a path
in the shape of a gate?

Past of pieces through voices and faces.
Murderous dream. Who’s there?

An angel foreshadowing our fate.

**

A golden bell and a robe.
Do you know we have many sounds
in our mouths but tongues hold
back the body’s desires.

We call the body a form to keep
confined.

The little we find to keep
finding.

The body is a bell, marking the hours.
The robe, a shadow of it, following.
Everything contains its outline.
Is contained by an abiding fullness.

I find I need to see less
of a robe than I do of a face.

Everything is lain in darkness
to the need of carrying it into the light.

To the need, I carry a vow and a bell
and the sound of his heart.

Where the skirts are courtship
too well, I sleep with a thief
who has taught me to dream.

His one eye is deep and shifting,
the other one steady by indirection.
Together, they are a cove
hoaxing the silence into them.

Hand I have vowed to hold.
Hands that move in ambiguity.

I find that when I lie down
to sleep I think of awaking.

Part of my body is furtherest from me.

A door knocks and Fate becomes
a part of me.
A bell. A robe.
An arrow explodes in the heart.

Clearly, I keep too much.

And yet the years, days
and the smaller parts
of found objects, appear

and leave both my mouth
and eyes opening into time.

And so I ask "where is this land
that cannot be returned to?"

The sound of wings
comes into my hand

with one strand of the web,
linking the forces of disorder
with a silent definition.

A golden bell and a robe.
I was told that love is but one breath
beyond.

From the pit of my eye
to the sky.

I have buried my love
in a body.

I am burying myself
little by little.
from Wormwood Scrubs
To prison camps like low cow barracks
on wheels the rusty tracks and worn treads
tufted lumps of earth stuffed with grass

Those garlands we passed whose yards really
were traces of working wills

Rolling hills slashed by dull buildings
severed this path to the mystic heart of red.
Yes luck we cause and pleasures too

What else do I know after the blessing
of labor’s silence traffic blocked
locked shops – cafes open – orange inside

At parts of the centre the sweets and news
are placed to help you suffer living
in mouth and eyes.
Wet shoes drain the aches from human faces
as wood leaks ashes

On the dank wet streets the Parcel Force
drives slow and licensed betting
supports the way remorse can happen

and a person's not made of shit but dirt
as long as the name of God can just come first.
Determined by day by need
multiple bodies parceled into files
computers chiming cheerfully without appetite

All of us seem to be transfixed
stacked as we are facing east
week after week a little like
one of the ones who were invited to life.
Green leaves form shells
of white light not paper

Personality likewise imitates
fakery like this
eclipse of the apocalypse head
on a circle likened to an "O they said
earth is a good name for home."
London's seven prisons
seven sentences seven days

Many unremembered cries
each spent like the flap
of a bird taking off claws shoved up
over Wandsworth Brixton Latchmere
Belmarsh Holloway Pentonville and here.
I should have been happier yesterday
but was dispatched by fate otherwise

An iron broom brushed away
a length of malaise and my fear
like a visitor
carrying something edible to a prisoner
counted each crumb as it disappeared
Jena Osman

from THE SHADOWS OF EQUIVOCATION
AND THE PRESS SCRUTINY BOARD
METHOD I: Writing Between the Lines

The Countess Rostopchina case, one of the most infamous incidents of literary sabotage in Czarist Russia, demonstrates the paradox. Rostophina wrote a love ballad, "The Forced Marriage," which required reading-between-the-lines. In the poem, Rostopchina recounted the complaints of a husband that his wife does not love him and is unfaithful to him because he took her by force. The censors assumed Rostopchina was describing her own relations with her estranged husband. Titillated by her apparent indiscretion, the censors passed the poem. However, careful readers immediately deciphered Rostopchina’s subversive intent, and the poem in which the husband actually represented Russia and the wife symbolized Poland was memorized by every learned Russian.*

Stress**
to capture us

their whole PHALANX! Let them come forth! I tell ignore the exclamation. a quote is separate from

the ministers I will neither give them quarter, nor take' it!
what we actually experience. Not part of our present time.

Grattan, Reply to Mr. Corry.
a man we do not know

* from Censorship: The Knot that Binds Power to Knowledge by Sue Carrey Jansen (199).

** primary text taken from the New Franklin Fifth Reader, 1884, from the chapter titled "The Essentials of Reading."
Smooth Stress
a craftier means

I. Fellow-Citizens—I congratulate you, I give you joy,
The political gestus. The empathic ploy. Setting up a

on the return of this anniversary. I see, before and around
a familiarity not merited. Taking us in without permission,

me, a mass of faces, glowing with cheerfulness and patriotic
denying us a unique existence, making claims, making us swallow

pride. This anniversary animates and gladdens and unites
a number of adjectives that don’t quite apply. It’s this unity

all American hearts. Every man’s heart swells within him,
of patriotism that causes most censoring. We are essentialized

every man’s port and bearing becomes somewhat more proud
and beautified to accommodate the pressures of speeches. Listen

and lofty, as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled
as he remembers that he doesn’t have a substance to transmit

away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his;
and so uses catchphrases and clippings and quotations

his, undiminished and unimpaired; his, in all its original
presented as a true picture rather than a resuscitated apparatus

glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to
captions and pinions and stanchions and tensions for

future generations.—Webster
all of our stressed attention.
2. "At last, Malibran came; and the child sat with his
Second example is to function as a foil. The politician
glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that
is replaced by a child. Alliteration affords beauty to the object.
the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody
I’ve seen this musical I’m sure of it. Language of figuration
seemed to worship, would really sing his little song? Breath-
connected to worship, something supplied that isn’t there,
less he waited;—the band, the whole band, struck up a little
where once was just a word, is now an image. Ekphrastic
plaintive melody. He knew it, and clapped his hands for
wind provides the tune. We are expected to hold our own breaths
joy.
now.

"And oh! how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful,
Ignore exclamation. A quote is always separate. The use of
so soul-subduing;—many a bright eye dimmed with tears;
certain consonants and vowels meant to drain us of rejection.
and naught could be heard but the touching words of that
Songs contain automatic empathy mechanisms, so avoid
little song,—oh! so touching!
their allure. ignore exclamation.

"Little Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the
Names conjure a picture. A small boy has replaced the
air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in politician. His thoughts, however, remain based in economics,

all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept international policy. By saying his thoughts are not there, our

at his grief;"
thoughts are there.

This last example should be read with suppressed force, but The quotation is not our experience. This is after the quote,

with earnest, though delicate, springing, smooth, swelling the instructive part. It tells us what we've just been through,

stress, to express the intense rapture of little Pierre.
forced marriage of the blank to your intent.
their whole PHALANX! Let them come forth! I tell the ministers I will neither give them quarter, nor take it!

Grattan, Reply to Mr. Corry.

1. Fellow-Citizens,— I congratulate you, I give you joy, on the return of this anniversary. I see, before and around me, a mass of faces, glowing with cheerfulness and patriotic pride. This anniversary animates and gladdens and unites all American hearts. Every man's heart swells within him, every man's bearing becomes more proud and lofty; we mean thirbers that seventy-five years have rolled away, force to give great inheritance of liberty is still his; his, undiminished and unimpaired; his, in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations.—Webster.

2. „At last, Malibran came; and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with of the song; to worship, would really sing his little song? Breathless he waited; — the band, the band, up a little plaintive melody. He knew it, and clapped his hands joy.

„And oh! how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing; — many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and naught could the touching words of that little song, — oh! MAJESTY; it!

„Little Pierre as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and at his grief.”

This last example should be read with suppressed force, but though delicate, smooth, swelling nate is to express the intense rapture of little Pierre.
METHOD 2: Avoidance

Persistent avoidance of a given topic or word in conversation soon renders it unspeakable . . .

A profound logic of censorship is always at work in the will to assume normalcy and master—a pathetic denial certainly, enforcing as it is reinforced by a panic in the face of the multiplicity and indeterminacy of the polymorphous communitas we actually thrive on.*

QUALITY.
Qua.

Quality, as here used, refers to the kind of tone, as pure Qua., as he use, re: to the ___ of ton, a ___

or aspirated. When all the breath exhaled in making a vowel ___ asp. ___ ___ the ___ haled I king a vow

sound is vocalized, the tone is pure in quality. When only a so I vocal, the ton I ___ I qua. ___ on a

part of the breath thus used is vocalized, the tone is aspirated art ___ the eat us I vocal, the ton I asp.

in quality.
I qua.

* from "Lese Majesty, or ‘Leave Me Alone’" by Steve Benson in What is inside, what is outside?, ed. Leslie Scalapino.
Pure Quality, like smooth stress of voice, is pleasing, and therefore naturally expresses what is pleasing in spirit, such as joyous and noble ideas.

Aspirated Quality, like abrupt stress of voice, is disagreeable or ignoble in spirit.
Juliana Spahr

from LIVELIVELIVELIVELIVE
or if you take it away, or if you sell it, or if you make a mistake in giving it out. Of course

SIGN:” WHAT I OR YOU AM OR ARE THINKING ABOUT IS NOT INTERESTING TO THE NUMEROUS HIRING COMMITTEES. HE OR SHE CALLED THE PHONE AT HIS OR HER HOUSE AND LEFT A MESSAGE IN HIS OR HER OWN VOICE PRETENDING IT WAS EVERYBODY OR SOMEBODY ELSE AND SAYING THAT HE OR SHE HATED HIM OR HER SELF. UNDERSTAND? THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS THAT I OR YOU CAN’T GET ONE’S OR ANOTHER’S MIND AROUND. LIKE THE WAY MICHAEL MILKEN’S FEE FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF

In the last year, (that is, since [NAME EVENT/NAME CURRENT MONTH of last year]), have people complained because you swore or used dirty words?
it does, but a government, well a government does just that, it does not really believe that

DISNEY WAS IN MILLIONS AND WAS CALLED CHUMP CHANGE.

THE MAN OR THE WOMAN PRACTICES HIS DANCEMOVES ALONE ON THE PLATFORM, HANDS UP, HIPS JERKY. THIS IS WHAT SOMEONE OR YOU WITH A FONDNESS FOR GERUNDS MIGHT CALL BEING HUMAN OR MAN OR WOMAN. IS THAT A TERM FROM STEIN? THOSE OR ANY WHO GET OFF THE SUBWAY WILL WALK TOGETHER OR SLIGHTLY APART DOWN THE TUNNEL TO THE NEXT STOP. WE OR THEY WALK TOGETHER AS HE OR SHE STANDS

You said that in the last year you [NAME [ ] SYMPTOMS IN Q I-II AND NOTES I-3]. Now I'd like you to think back to the time in the last year when doing these things caused the most problems.

At that time—when the problems were worst—did your [CARETAKERS] seem annoyed or upset with you because you were angry or uncooperative?
when there is such a lot that one more or less
does make any difference. it is funny, if you

ALONE DANCING. MUCH IS
WITHIN THESE OR THOSE MO-
MENTS: HUMAN RELATION AND
SEPARATION. A MAN OR A WOMAN
ON CRUTCHES SCREAMS ON THE
STREET AND I OR YOU ASK FOR
YOUR OR HIS OR HER HELP; I OR
YOU ASK FOR YOUR OR MY HELP.
HIS OR HER CRUTCHES FALL. THE
BOY OR GIRL IN THE LANE
COULDN'T SPEAK PLAIN SO HE
OR SHE WENT GOBBLE, GOBBLE,
GOBBLE. I OR YOU TRIED TO EX-
PLAIN TO THE OUTSIDER THAT
THESE TALKS WERE BY PEOPLE
WHO WERE NOT PERSUADED BY

At that time, did
being angry or
uncooperative keep
you from doing
things or going
places with your
family?
buy something well it may cost four dollars and fifty-five cents or four hundred and eighty-

SENSE AND THAT WAS WHY THEIR OR MY TALKS WERE SO ELLIPTICAL. THAT WAS WHY THEY OR I WERE THERE OR HERE. AT THE CORNER A GROUP OF MEN OR WOMEN STAND IN A LARGE WIDE CIRCLE AND USE GESTURE TO SPEAK TO EACH OTHER OR SELF. MANY OR ALL SPEAK AT THE SAME TIME. SOME SLOWLY, SOME QUICKLY, ALWAYS MORE THAN ONE PERSON OR SELF IS SPEAKING OR GESTURING AND EVERY PERSON OR SELF IS LOOKING BACK OR FORTH AT THE DIFFERENT OR SIMILAR THINGS BEING

At that time—when the problems were worst—did being angry or uncooperative [make it difficult for you to do your schoolwork or cause problems with your grades/make it difficult for you to do your work]?
nine dollars or any other sum, but when government votes money it is always even

SAID. I OR YOU LOOK FROM AFAR AT THE GESTURES OF CONVERSATION AND REALIZE THERE IS SOMETHING MISSING FROM THE WAY I OR YOU HAD BEEN SPEAKING TO EACH OTHER OR TO OTHERS BUT STILL WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIX OR BREAK THIS.

CHANGE "EXCELLENT PAPERS COEXIST WITH A NUMBER OF WEAK AND METHODOLOGICALLY FLAWED PAPERS" TO "FOR NEW METHODOLOGICALLY SOUND PAPERS" TO "NOT AT THE EXPENSE OF EXCELLENT REVIEWS OR CLINICAL PAPERS THAT ARE VAL-

At that time, did being angry or uncooperative cause your [teachers/boss] to be annoyed or upset with you?
money, one or five or fifteen or thirty-six more
or less does not make any difference. the

UED BY THE BROAD READERSHIP
BUT BY SCREENING OUT PAPERS
THAT ARE METHODOLOGICALLY
FLAWED.” THE NARRATIVE PARTS
FELT SMOOTH, SEXY SLIDING
DOWN MY OR YOUR EARS OR
EYES. HIS OR HER WORK AD-
DRESSED THE QUESTION: WOULD
THE SAME LINES APPEAR PLAGIA-
RIZED IN MORE THAN ONE
PERSON’S WRITING. I OR YOU
HAVE STOPPED WRITING BE-
CAUSE THE VOCABULARY OF THE
CULTURE FEELS LIKE IT KEEPS
GETTING SMALLER OR SMALLER.
WHAT MAKES IT SOUND LIKE EV-

Thinking about your
whole life, have
you ever secretly
stolen money or
other things from
your [CARETAKERS]
or from other
people you live
with?
minute it gets to be billions it does not make any difference, fifteen or twenty-five or thirty-six

EYTHING ELSE IS ITS DISLOCA-
TION, ITS PHRASAL QUALITY, ITS LACK OF THEME OR COHESION. I OR YOU DON’T REMEMBER THE NOVELS OR MOVIES BY THEIR PLOTS BUT BY THE WAY THEY FEEL, OR THEIR SENSE MAKING. AT A CONFERENCE OF WRITERS MANY PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE WRITE THINGS DOWN. IT IS TOO EXPEN-
SIVE AND TOO SMALL. HE OR SHE WAS AT A PARTY WHERE A PERSON PLAYED SONGS ON THE GUITAR. IF THE NUNS OR MONKS SPEAK MORE COMPLEXLY TO PREVENT ALZHEIMER’S, WILL ONE OR WE

Some of the ques-
tions are very personal, but all of your answers are confidential and won’t be repeated to anyone else.
more or less. well, everybody has to think about that, because when it is made up it has to be

UNDERSTAND THEM? LIKE THE FORTUNE THAT IS PRINTED UP-SIDE DOWN AND SAYS YOU OR WE HAVE TO CHANGE THE WAY YOU OR WE LOOK AT THINGS. A MAN OR WOMAN CRIES OUT "FRIENDS" WHEN SHE OR HE ENTERS THE ROOM. ON THE WAY TO WORK I OR YOU REMEMBER THAT COMMUTING TIME IS SUR-PLUS EXPENDITURE WHICH REDUCES THE AMOUNT OF FREE TIME. CHANGE "HOWEVER, AS WITH ANY ENTERPRISE THERE IS ALSO ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT. Have you [skipped school or played hooky/taken off from work without asking] in the last year?
made up by all sorts of odd numbers,
everybody who pays taxes knows that, and it

CISMS THAT ONE HEARS OF THE JOURNAL" TO THE SHORTER "I HAVE HEARD TWO MAIN CRITICISMS OF THE JOURNAL." THE MAN OR WOMAN WHO NEVER LEAVES THE CORNER AND LIVES UNDER PLASTIC IN RAIN AND SNOW SERVES AS A TEACHER OR A SEER EARNING HIS OR HER FOOD BY THE ADVICE HE OR SHE HANDS OUT TO OTHER MEN OR WOMEN LEARNING OR ADJUSTING TO THE CORNERIC WAY OF LIFE OR ESCAPE. FOOD HERE SERVES IN THE OLD SENSE AS AN OFFERING TO OR APPEASEMENT.

Have you ever broken into a house, a building, or a car?
does make a difference / all those odd pieces
of money have to go to make that even money

OF THE GODS. HE OR SHE READS
A POEM IN WHICH HE OR SHE
CLAIMS IDENTITY WITH MANY
THINGS BUT UNLIKE WHITMAN
DOES NOT CLAIM TO EMBRACE
ALL. HE OR SHE IS RATHER
SMALLER THINGS SUCH AS A FROZEN SQUID. A PACKET OF MEDICAL TUBING HAD FALLEN INTO THE PUDDLE OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL AND WAS LEFT THERE FOR SEVERAL DAYS. HE OR SHE LAUGHS LOUDLY AT SOMEONE'S FEAR OR CAREFULNESS OR ENTHUSIASM.

AS A SOURCE OF INFORMATION
HE OR SHE CLAIMS NO AUTHOR-

Have you ever broken something or messed up someplace on purpose, like breaking windows, writing on a building, or slashing tires?
ITY AND PRETENDS HE OR SHE IS AN AUDIENCE MEMBER, ALTHOUGH MORE HIGHLY PAID AND FAMOUS. HE OR SHE PRACTICES HIS OR HER IRONIC VOICE DAILY. WATCHING TELEVISION ON A SATURDAY NIGHT HE OR SHE REALIZES THAT NO ONE OR WE IS EXPECTED TO BE ACTUALLY WATCHING. I OR YOU AM LOST WITHOUT HIM OR HER. I OR YOU COULD NOT BEAR TO BE APART FROM MY ATTACHMENT FIGURE FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR SO I OR YOU DEVISED AN ELABORATE SCHEME OF SPYING AND AP-

Have you broken or damaged somebody else's things on purpose in the last six months, that is since [NAME EVENT/MONTH]?
that everybody now just has to make up their
mind. is money money or isn't money money.

POINTMENT-MAKING. WHEN THE
PARTS ARE REMOVED, WHAT RE-
MAINS IS THE STRUCTURED SKEL-
ETON. HE OR SHE WENT FROM
TEACHING A WORK'S CONTENT
TO EXAMINING HOW ITS MEAN-
ING IS CONSTRUCTED, HOW THIS
CONSTRUCT TRANSFORMS THE
WAY ONE OR ANOTHER MIGHT
THINK, OR HOW ONE OR AN-
OTHER MIGHT MISREAD IT IN
ORDER TO LEARN SOME NEW
PATTERN OF THINKING OR ES-
CAPING. THE ATTEMPT TO USE
TIME BETTER, TO READ CRITI-
CISM ON THE SUBWAY TO WORK,

Have you started a
cight like this in
the last six months
(that is, since
[NAME EVENT/
MONTH]?)
TORN REALITY

{Forties 98}

Torn anger Lutèce crouch Svengali neutral Eustache unramify bliss
greater Tanzania mérit-ridden dôrmant - clandestine tîme-honored
arms kick pounce
emblastulated tée-shirt the runaround dérish-nutty crîcket-noise
big black cloth T's giants'-summer-ôuterwear cartwheel & roll run
& leap crawl & slide outrageous rare rasberry phosphate
rabies autochthonic-scâles
slighter mercies filléted

Quitting in a cage emerges rain or nó rain équal signs restless leaves viper room
equine Andalusia neutralizes rag dolls' diaspora Baton-Rouge-implâcably
pungent light-year putrescence polymorphous frugally present intense
fixity italicized gossip knotted in a notebook prosaically dictation endlessly
patience-on-vacâtion renga gear entrusting daylight in dangerous matter
de Chirico dollhouse answering

Luminosity around you diagonally passing & nodding iambic projects unending
remembered birds Thelonius-over-pômegranate falcon fascists just-ús
clouds catalytically eaten Celebrity Eve looked-fórward-to white spôts
a cosmopolitan belt unsatisfactorily clasped appealing to Morpheus purple
nightly irresistible under a giant moth a sèwer-system
robbing big-time-théâtre
truculent márriage - attention
Psychodrama home at night crystallized butterfly nipples at dusk lush generated creature dream chinoiserie silliness drone insecurity found-by-definition guardian reading a hasty beat a silent pastry as rat in a box forbidden to ionize beach maniacally charted by safety pins consequentially written potentially first delays are busy concealed in yanks or lurches thrown offbeat in conversation no other choice but to run

Stacked for recycling rinsing windows currency-of-goodwill accustomed to chimneys loved for silence welcome anxiety's dream transcriptions inventing-continuity losing the fading margins reconfiguring distance spare parts porcelain hair vermilion duration local volume advised virtual reality made-public invented by shining-conversation contingency small-talk evidence

A reflected particular lake denial at last gravelly ends related armors immersed a fine-grained calendar saying ballets of grief a mistaken balloon bumping-into-furniture being itself testing its lines fixing the dark stárs shaking the crumbs respecting an arc preoccupied parsed persons wiping-small-towns-off-the-map written before-calling the shots artillery audience aerosols
Atrocity celebrated presentation-rows arbitrary transient novelty
blurred specific captions wherever you are in a plaza patches of smell
oppressive youth in poverty uniforms nonresident-observers moved around
steep visibility-peripheries chaotically spinning all night on side-streets changing
appearances unmarked bodies confessing to itches hereafter
description spindling orders

Technology pouring centers of space reproduced by loitering visitors
stainless steel olfactory sound kinetic-synesthetic-punctuation
diverted by landscaped lives staring at stars closing exclamation-heat
indentured skin elastically stirred in substantial exile appealing
a-storm-without-a-mirror in a muted net unmethodical antidote - wings
victory zippers reality

Caesural spaces = durations of silence and/or prolongations of final phonemes or syllables:
3 en spaces [ ] = I unstressed syllable;
6 en spaces [ ] = I stressed syllable or beat; none occur between typographical lines.

Nonorthographic acute accents indicate stresses, not vowel qualities. Each hyphenated compound is read as one
extended word: more rapidly than other words but not hurried. [- ] = a slowed-up compound. Indented
typographical lines conclude verse lines begun above them. Breath pauses at verse-line endings ad lib.

New York (Kitchen, St. Mark's: David Zambrano, Jennifer Monson, Lee Ann Brown,
Erica Hunt, etc.): 7-8 December 1993; New York: 24 February 1994; 14 February 1997
FRANK CATEGORIES

{Forties 99}

Frank conversation a slów - mótion báll-game  tåke-’im-oút  T’ai-
Chí  a-bíg-one
Endless with canned music  I walk through the snow barefoot  if-only-
he-did Castro
Again Say Sentences  The-weather-was-térrible  It-was-álways-that-way
She-was-wåiting-for-us  We-had-grown-úsed-to-it  Hard to see  Hard to
breathe  Hard to see our hånds  Walking very slowly up a mountain
She-didn’t-knåw-that

No wåtch  No clóck  Dark  By hersélf  Adjusted-her-body-and-clóthing
Fewer aphásias Linda Austin  At-the-tóp  even-more-wýndy
Hungry  Nothing-to-eat-but-éggs-in-our-pockets  Hands in mittens
yelling-at-each-other-in-the-fóg  two men one in
  a trénch - coat the-óther-in-a-trench-coat  hands like praying  holding a bird
tall bald red large hands

Saving the life of a very small bird  the sún came up
she-was-wåiting-for-us-still  counted very slowly  then-fás-ter  to one hundred
everyone twirls  Nåkki on the floor  slides in rough concentric circles
no an elliptical spiral a wavy drawing another bent-over-piggyback buildings
  or bottles  lights-off-and-ón  a mildly comical movement  the side of a house
variety’s the spice of dance
Three gibbets-on-a-hill a pseudo-fuck the elliptical spiral
again a bare lég
a bare arm snap the wall and the wainscot the curtains in back
never-a-dull-môment not afraid of dramatics and laughter I'll tell you anything
a hundred lacks of appetite bored henchmen in tights no-
Planet-X bleak painless living insistence on death hiding renewal facing west
concrete encroach architecture

Pith inquiry gift-fear receptacle panhandler land on the carpet
autocratic-érôticism penile system permanent damage unseemly
coral fest remaining silent weightless lucky scanner bootéd
line-of-accidental-descending-wingtips rehearsed a long time
lineage trinkets Ibsen pissed-off how many Hyperions
prodigal empty-handed-rémedy

Credible greener swine toiling for oil effortful ripples
wayside lay in the shadows of buildings willowy coveted carnage
fondled paradoxical signs of life reaching for Venus light and dark
hopped-up-money-lending-intervéntionist plaintive
essence Draconian underground audience a murderous rising river
natural religion nocturnal parrot
Residual-angelic-forays-on-grass  a tale of the tub in the aisle
a migrating dementia  innoculating-borrowed-silver-coins
mercurial yellow waxen tracks  opal disguised window
aftermath shoes  opening fool's-gold  hunger  cities  knowing attachment  hairy
starvation on a street's  façade
pressing discursive mercy

Prior perfection - walls belonging to choice  apricot limbs
requiem fire  lastly spawned by a lunar smile
infinite landscape painted red in a whispering face
where younger space set time in bondage  stopped
by evil bananas and rubbed - away memorial deserts
battling derelict  categories

\[ \text{Caesural spaces = durations of silence and/or prolongations of final phonemes or syllables:} \]
\[ 3 \text{ en spaces } [ ] = 1 \text{ unstressed syllable;} \]
\[ 6 \text{ en spaces } [ ] = 1 \text{ stressed syllable or beat; none occur between typographical lines.} \]

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extended word: more rapidly than other words but not hurried. [-] = a slowed-up compound. Indented
typographical lines conclude verse lines begun above them. Breath pauses at verse-line endings ad lib.

New York (100 Grand St., Ear Inn, & St. Mark's [Clarinda Mac Low,
Linda Austin, & other dancers, Ann Lauterbach, etc.]): 10-19 December 1993;
VERBAL TITLES OF THE 154 FORTIES

(each of the Forties would occupy two letter-sized pages)

Forties 1: Unannounced Slights
Forties 2: Journal Sugar Glory Aspidistra
Forties 3: Okinawa Note
Forties 4: Libertad Lag
Forties 5: Ranulf Explanatives
Forties 6: Religion Accusation Vegan Lever
Forties 7: Kinesthetic Mezzanine Elapse
Forties 8: Kandinsky Nature Nacreous Zeke
Forties 9: Kalmon Dolgin Bluestone
Forties 10: Solar Panel Menopause
Forties 11: Transferal Cranberry Nicolas de Staël
Forties 12: Tourmaline Goat Over Here
Forties 13: Levitation's Catastrophic Capillary
Forties 14: Wallpaper Violin Adjustment
Forties 15: Congratulations Mist Geriatric Arrival
Forties 16: Blaze of Porosity En-Tatumize
Forties 17: Trade Calamity Syntax Broadside
Forties 18: Annotated Valid Depart
Forties 19: Springwater Corps
Forties 20: Rapidity Dreamboat Alive-O
Forties 21: Inhabitant Slammer
Forties 22: Underlingers Cope
Forties 23: Came Our Gene Hackman Rabbit Hole Joke
Forties 24: Almost Casanova Electricity
Forties 25: Risers Assemble Dirty
Forties 26: Enduring and Way Off
Forties 27: Strings of Stars and Very Dear
Forties 28: Rendering Rings Absorbed
Forties 29: Banal Axiom Follicle
Forties 30: Troelstrup Nightmare Flare Competition
Forties 31: Drafty Move
Forties 32: Replenish Penitential Circumstance
Forties 33: Boobsey Twins Used to Think Classical Hip
Forties 34: Exceptionally Atavistic
Forties 35: Amazed in Wheedling Calcimine
Forties 36: Mariahilfer Gürtel Menagerie
Forties 37: Sweet Adeline Trampoline Nostoc
Forties 38: Charley Horse Nagasaki Palatine
Forties 39: Driver's Seat Pinocchio
Forties 40: Tram Stop Banter
Forties 41: Headline - Grabbin' Storm Front
Forties 42: Philosophic Diligence
Forties 43: Tarot Rhymes With Logic-flower Wing-fingers
Forties 44: Aperature Enlistment
Forties 45: Never Had Forgetfulness
Forties 46: Calendula Martenique
Forties 47: Nedich Plane
Forties 48: Authoritarian Picnic Dill Phylactery
Forties 49: Düsseldorf Station Stop
Forties 50: Thought Needles
Forties 51: Territet Nabokov Peninsula Houses
Forties 52: Iseltwald Tops of Trees Die Direktion
Forties 53: The Swan's Diamantine Feather
Forties 54: Whatever Afterword Violet Accidence Bygone
Forties 55: Hallway Between Terror-raising
Forties 56: Attitudes Narrowly Balance Paper Shadows
Forties 57: Telegrapher Dynamo Pederasty Teeters
Forties 58: Whenever You Think It Dispensable Pencil Ego
Forties 59: Species Guilt Rattles Imitation
Forties 60: Fangs' Tenderness Rarely Collapses Necessity
Forties 61: Technology Passing Fossilizes Nineties
Forties 62: Tangerines Will Another Mother's Motorbike
Forties 63: Clean-spitting Muddy Yellow Moods
Forties 64: Who Builds White-clocked Billowing Walls?
Forties 65: Sandy Furrows Silvered
Forties 66: Confusion and Cadenza Garbage
Forties 67: Reduction of the Ingenue-Scarers
Forties 68: Her Roastin' Identity Packed with Anarchronisms
Forties 69: Trésor Unendlich Tone Row
Forties 70: Tree House City
Forties 71: Mary Drowning Hungary
Forties 72: Kiskunfélegyháza Belied by Words
Forties 73: Beautiful Dangerous Wednesday Fought and Fabled
Forties 74: Hey a Mind Jump to Section Sixteen
Forties 75: He Made Faces Razor Thin
Forties 76: Back of the Zóhar Equivalence
Forties 77: Boulders Water Leave
Forties 78: Lengthen Darken Nothin' Any Jobs Left?
Forties 79: Truffles Low as One Banana Roll
Forties 80: Cruikshank Timocracy Syncopé
   »Liberty« »Tenacity« »Perversity«
Forties 81: Twirlwater Fantasy Rock-Solid Instances
Forties 82: Color Calabria Punt
Forties 83: Translucent Migratory Movement 'tween One and Another
Forties 84: Ocean Corridors
Forties 85: Our Time Disposal Close
Forties 86: Comfortable Trips
Forties 87: A Stable Person
Forties 88: Don't Step on Anybody's Translation
Forties 89: Apocryphal Senses Abandoned Events
Forties 90: Tourist Premium Charges Correlate Glassman
Forties 91: Dracula Felicity
Forties 92: Used Book Bodies' Secret Swollen Shadows
Forties 93: Motorcycles' Rising Morality Idiolect
Forties 94: Zebra Reptile Tattered Incredibly
Forties 95: Rapidly Clement Gemstone
Forties 96: Illiteracy Mansion
Forties 97: Cash Crop Jam Session Frequency
Forties 98: Torn Reality
Forties 99: Frank Categories
Forties 100: Flaming Held Fast
Forties 101: Attention Enclitic
Forties 102: Shield After the More Persistent Wins
Forties 103: Prime Apartment Now
Forties 104: Huddled Nature
Forties 105: Linguistic Relatives
Forties 106: Inked in Harpsichord and Fish
Forties 107: Brittle Respiration
Forties 108: Sticky Bread Gets Sliced
Forties 109: A Sentence Thrillingly Premised
Forties 110: Insensate Mumbo-Jumbo Dénouements
Forties 111: Detaching the Lever Tritely Precise
Forties 112: Indeterminate Copses
Forties 113: Lutheran Authority
Forties 114: Roots & Branches Sensibly Old-Fashioned
Forties 115: Tracking Their Asexual Relationships
Forties 116: Hyperbolical Fingers
Forties 117: Deciduous Lips
Forties 118: Action Plot of Playful Formal Discussion
Forties 119: Happy Particular Pleasure Whose Light Has Gone Out
Forties 120: Air Survives Obliging
Forties 121: A Proportional Future Emergence Unfolding Reality in Change
Forties 122: Milk-White Blossoms Surprised by Metamorphosis
Forties 123: Instructing the Devouring Locust
Forties 124: Better Forget the Past Than Make the New out of the Old
Forties 125: Rubicund Razor Too Much of an Asset
Forties 126: J. Edgar Hoover Blackmailed Transformational Linguistics
Forties 127: Task Symposium Intensely Iffy Film
Forties 128: Very Constrained Hearing Broke my Fast
Forties 129: Nothing Special for Future Reference or Admonition
Forties 130: Speaking Without Sound Like a Merry-Go-Round
HE LEAVES THAT YOU ARE SENDING
A.C.D.-Would you like to lie down before dinner?
A.M.L.-It seems to be acting. To get him heated, war, woten-7-9-9-10
Why won't you go.
This is just rearrr.....
...thinning a beat..

FORMULAE OF FEUDAL RESIDENCE

MEASUREMENTS OF CORPSE IMPEDANCE INSTITUTIONAL REALIGNMENT OF TRANSMIGRATION.
Miles Champion

Fluid Cover
arms," as
so to
seize (they)
bureaucratic relation
this, the
umbrella of
wealth, presumably
foundation:
this periods
of acclimation
"contribute" to
the lag---(created
exit? and
soldiers who
(non) physical
a night's
private guns
is inimical
quashes the
dossier
a few small
("situation is calm")
soldiers ap-
(its) proper
roads the same
vein a
bulwark against?
stars—as
chimeras of things
“I can’t . . .”
mould, melts
people in other locales
have not
quenched, wiped-away, different
protest: is
“brandish an attachment
more concretely
(who) is
unthrifty, a
even; when
of a “pristine”
retain
& introspection?
I am lucky
even to
“beverage” hence
just illustrates what ( . . .)
(becomes banal)
unit(s) . . . felt
unable is
yet—I
soft paths
(bath breathes)
healthy in
“body”
and “mind”
buts how
an internalized

display
curtains in
“a thousand fugitive details”
surely helps

saves time

above all
one’s own

“ossified”, & “unbinding”
mirrors which
limits aerate
all ears, bombs
, bombard the (a) concept,

attempt to

(ought)

ITSELF

in, end

paint-wise I

... mean ...

“porous prisons”
in the ordinary sense

not content

(“utterly out of the…”)

poor imitations

are, is vestments

the whatnot

of mind
keeps
boxed in
(a peach nobody)
"with dullside out"
yeast orbits
a lacuna loaf
the vertical
is puffs
pops the
pronoun
seal healing
I hear a
clique we event
(it may be asked)
"any interest"
with deficiency
is seldom
damped down:
substance nudges
news, the
body "make does . . ."
a greater
condensation
"in the raiment"
limit neighborhoods
easiest
to document
The Death of Babe Ruth

Mazurka (for a Polish Bus)

The Blue Mantle Treaty

Magdalena Zurawska
THE DEATH OF BABE RUTH

Listen to the shimmy of the grizzly sumppump. And the drumming grin of the clap. Babe Ruth, we love you. A sinister fat man laying flat with your forked horn. Stuck Deep South. The godly clouds and the earth breaking from the constellation storming in your pants. Point to where it falls, Babe. Your tiny throat already hung to dry. This mean night of our favorite lap-hound. The dead singing, woken birds.
MAZURKA (FOR A POLISH BUS)

A stranger to journeys I fish towards the rear, in morning light, I feed on some angry old titan’s clear face. It may move me towards history, a no place where horsemen ride deceptive, and the dark mood of the ocean losing to panic hammers a limp into my gait. Still surfacing now and then in ophelic fashion is the idea of a cloister, a way of blowing rain into the wind while hoping for a flood to call my own. And while my mind busily constructs itself, the nether regions are a fairground besieged, an unsettling tableau for the blind eye, a blindness rearing its head out of the sad spring. In the twilight of grinding joints, I sing, set up, to pledge intoxication. My face in those sails, with my history elsewhere. My father was born in a wooden house in the provinces of poems. A rider from a rusty camelot won through pity, sleepy, hanging his flag with penance. Who has become larger than the wooden door? not I. The lurid birds wake riddles when the night is too interested in my chance sympathies.
THE BLUE MANTLE TREATY

For a while I lived against my own tongue and speaking twice what danger she kept, she chewed herself open. Meanwhile, the head and lyre, still singing, floated down the Hebrus river to the island of Lesbos. Where the beach had been a mud terrain, the seagull shot lucid and downed the fiberoptic sandal. Someone forgot to keep an old glass shoe for romancing, so Orpheus never kissed her. He never took firearms, though the seagull remained intricate (answered no questions but continued talking). Thus, someone said, “the moon wilts tulips”.

We must imagine him, a boy as lovely as a god, living alone in his garden-house, preparing his little meals with his own hands, sticking in his thumb to pull out a plum. But sweetly too do you play the flute.
Gale Nelson

War of Muses
Casements
WAR OF MUSES

for Edmund White

The artifacts in strings, or paper cut-out blades
to trick the eye, and a pile of shells, discolored.

Why weren't you taking part, why were you sending
the reply by air ship? If the calculation is correct,
then leave intention to its own devices. If
repetition leads to sloppy pant leg seams, then
try another spin with a grey-lined storage case.
But recall the slow, constant unwrapping, as constant
as a commentary from the other side. Shovels,
you hand out shovels when all around is clay!

This is the worn-through leather bracelet,
then, and a thrill finally emerges from this
finality. Why the mechanism wears out is behind
the core of façade. And that is where the work
is never finer than the solid stepping, the squeaks,
the racing figure, foot falls all the way up the case.

Anger at the grouping designed by the assistant,
for there is nothing paintable about these forms;
nor do they lend themselves to sculptural
representation. They resist even description. I
must fire this assistant, or rent him out for the day
to those who admired my latest exhibit of portraitures.
How ignoble, to bleat when everyone around is trailing blood from the nose—and you, with a bite on your arm. The request, it comes without any sense of dignified articulation, and there goes the lever to recoil my honor, too. So we form three lines around the yard, play games of memory while staking claim to our position, and eat from tubs once filled with jams. Then, future strums a few beats to normalize our harmony, lowering our surplus to a vastness less uncountable, but still very much a conquering load.

Plow me under with your digressions, plow me under with fewer valves ungunked. And paradise my mind.
CASEMENTS

Hamlet gung forward the idea of identity
the exclamation to drama great blue eyes sing
the ancillary bellow the forgotten fruit the share

is yours the game blink better the cardinal
to sense a cadaver engrossed jimmy

elephantine specter relieved bong, basso performa
clementine of Kansas ancillary artillery dead in
quest religion for lorn in angst gimble

shame blunder aware of self’s negation

I is we integral bum slay elegant

footwork cut in cloth received as

love gurney-backed authority rescinded

lever me up
render me loosened
the line is moving toward
reaping the january
the experiment in listening
generously come break press

intuitive engineer oh gloss
camel indifference intellect
gloss glam touch entree gear
samantha fillip constancy
reglow interim pellet going glum

move on the up
swing of
jump for it
and there is the other
other in the hidden
beckoned tie

that binds
boundary or orb joy

damage oh sorry sorry
lines rekindle the splash
in texture view of samantha
blandishments

sport the plaid and go go
join mark the
space recipient notion
undertake take take undertake
tie for joke pull-over
splash into a
the sonic interlude is
gracing the recycling
of the curtained chalkboard

   glum glower speak

gesture yawn
    Intro go
Plastic toy!

   Go forth go
curtained chalkboard of
gestural resonance
and physicianal

take take take the better
rendering of dough splendid
gentle description

the splendid distance of the
latterly driven cattle maturing
   is stricken from
these ties
   is stricken from
these ties
   the responsible reasonable underpinnings
spell out the stricken form
into glitter tradition
   in special tone
twe spa do sputt ga
stra ti ti cor cor
spen

into the dust is a
cree tor

into the dust is a
lee go dow

into the dust is a
spree-ton-gen

one

into the dust is a
grem

into the three
time

spor tum gub

stick-wind GEE
five
a Cimarron's map of metropolis
(1) snake getting out of its skin.
(2) woman giving birth.

(3) limits of territory
- limits of eyrie
- nest site

Integrate un-cut tape of prison + jungle noise, (note chronological dissonance) across potential energy resonance of X-6 playground recess sound.
Andrew Joron

Of Insolubilia: The Quire
I.

Thought begins with the interruption of a rhythm.

   not what if
   not what is

As real as released, aerial
Inscape.

A calculus entitled “Of the arrow loosed toward God—
its
necessary stillness.”

(Not reading, but sorrowing
over the uncoiling
letters—

melting the dark, delicate bones of the “loom”
or the “loon”—

A “whiteness” that fades to “witness”—

a furious Number; heat-turbulence.)

So the Quiet is unmade, “that
made all things”—a howl’s hollows.

& the first mark, an arc sinking upward, crowded
with sensations.
Among these dunes, these nudes.

Grain by grain, the body's argument
Escapes its skin—

pouring multiples of Fancy through
Ephemeral masses.

("Gather me" obeys this Byzantine imperative.)

It is a system of "Costumeless Consciousness"
That displaces volumes beyond burning.

—how the eyes are transcribed to trick the ash—

Cloak of cold, the mirror's
Mime, the colors emptied of possession.

No longer human, the hands, to negate the eyes
Are left to write "pale Orients"—

their phrases
removed from clockwise counting

But tolling as if to hasten
the marriages between objects.
"Islanded"
the twin halves of like & unlike

—where red advances, not
Read, toward violet, violent rhyme.
3.

As Gravity must have its Ground—
    banishment, its shadow—
    & the room, its metaphysical occupant.

Outside language, mind is the passenger of motion.

(Another "I"
    to follow the vowel's unfinished shape.)

Lifted into brilliance, earthen brow

    that verbs in order to reverberate—

That cycles, that sickles
The centuries down

To the body's cure, the core unsounded, & the letter
    that changes its origin.
Rosmarie Waldrop

Pre & Con
or
Positions & Junctions
I

The sun's light and
is compounded
and lovers and
emphatically

and cast long and shadows
of and a look
and on the
and face of a girl

waiting for and
the night and with imperfect
repose and secret
and craving

and bodies operate
and upon one and
another and blue
may differ
and in depth
Of bodies
of various
sizes of
vibrations

of blue excite
of never except
in his early
in childhood has he touched

of the space of
between of
to allow
of for impact

now of that color
has slowed
its pitch
or of skin

of but light
no deep foundation
nor of leans into
the blue
When vibrations
when impinge on when ends
of the nerve

pure when reason
the aqueous pores of
when capillamenta

but children are never
when mentioned
only the blue when

fills the when night
when incomprehension
enters itself

as when a fleet
when of ships in
when classical times

never leaves
never when sight of
when land
The biggest vibrations with strongest red

plum blossoms yellow peach

with a confusion with all with white with with brain

the right conjunction with loss a whole world

great mansions in with ruins along with the bay held

up by their reflection in with water
And possibly color is
divided
into the octave

gradations of
into love into
impalpable

in spite of into careful
attention into
leaves blown

into autumn blown
into tension into
between

growing into and
into ungrowing
desire into and into
If a bird if
up into the air
if cold if

we must if adhere if
a road if renamed by
if each if traveling

more than one set
if of darkness no angel
no annunciation

deeper yet if
the singer's
voice if

borne if by grief
as if a bird
if on wings
Figures how oscillate how
in search of
another how part
of the body

trick or treat cried
the kids
how thin how
unabashed

how a flaw
between how
I know how her scar
having slept there

small scar
how on a body of
how water too
how make love how

the surface unstable
how once
how upon
Vibrations that beat
and dash at the eye
at adhere

eclipse at
moved at at
feverish

at no matter at
how much we
at no matter no

matter how
at love we never
enough
As for the explanatory

as art as relation to
dead as and as
must negotiate

as time as and place
as fear allotted as

as silence that
as follows as dilates

an as great variety of
as noises in as
different

as makes me
as shiver
Or morbid
sensations or
understood to
or mean
like or invisible

currents or of
or thought from or one
person to
or another in
conversation

or purpose beginning
to develop to or
give the picture or depth
or so you
grow older

or traveling the or hiatus
or life and
a trembling
or in wrists and
or breathes
A molecule with
with Etruscan colors a
porous potential
with the threat the

with there
a language with
did not pass with
but away

yet extracted with great
from with ownmost
motion must be with
continued

by our nerves with
with brain where a with
takes you
with throat
But to scream but
our lungs are
but made for

"Now but is Night"
no doubt wrong
but let's but suppose

that a but sour wine
can yet and a man's
been but a machine but can still

but the approaching
chill
but prevents
HINTS OF A SHATTERED PERFECTION
WALK HOME

Jessica Lowenthal
HINTS OF A SHATTERED PERFECTION

God, in the fifth genus, is Da,
the vowel a being equivalent
to the short o in “bottom.”

I don't know why I say him
but it’s pelvically likely.
Container equals contents

in this situation. The shape of a letter
determines the relationship between things.
There’s an energy given off

in the tongue’s minute gestures—Da, Da—
but it’s delicate, and thus God,
in his fifth genus, is small.
WALK HOME
   for Geoffrey

Closure is important
to form, not dark

or intense, just "we lit out
at once for home," and then

the accent of feet
on pavement, the clear,

soft quality of stress, a privately
owned airplane, the snow rimmed

feeder, one pigmy
nepticulid moth,

until it's done. At any rate,

this business of couplets—lighthouse, beacon,
traffic light, some other signal—so a poet

might by careful exploitation
determine the relation between things,

between things.

The glow outside was more like lamplight
than moonlight. As if

such things matter. In relentless observation

the injection of the I
is superfluous, it's not dark or intense, just "say what you think," or

"the upper reaches of my beehives in summer are filled with humid air," or

a teacher points to a wooden object hanging in a museum and says

"that's sculpture" until it's done.
Commentary
& Reviews
John Clarke—poet, musician, exegete, cosmologist, professor, Director of the Institute of Further Studies, and captain of what Ed Sanders referred to as “the O-Boat” (a craft built by Charles Olson for further use by just such minds as Clarke’s)—has rarely received the acclaim, nor even the attention, that his accomplishment would seem to warrant. This fact alone makes the publication of In The Analogy a cause for celebration, among both those who have admired Clarke’s works during his life (and in the short period since his death), and those who have not yet had the remarkable experience of reading through—and learning from—Clarke’s oeuvre. The poems here might each be read as a measured attempt to answer, adequately I think, what Andrew Schelling and Benjamin Friedlander propose as the “first question” of contemporary poetics:

The frustrations so many of us know, politically and personally, the impasses we see for the art of poetry, if they’re to be more than simply a wall, the sign of our inability to form community, must needs become a new relation to the act of writing. By which is meant that how one lives one’s life must remain the first question.

The act of writing is an essential element in Clarke’s poems, each one an improvisational manifestation of the often heterogeneous set of relationships a poetic life must exhibit and explore. And Clarke is ever insistent upon a recognition that precisely “how one lives one’s life” is of the utmost relevance to poetic realization. The first poem in the collection, for instance:
An Evening Coming In

“And how can body, laid in that white rush
But feel the strange heart beating where it lies?”
—W.B. Yeats, “Leda and the Swan”

“If thought does not anticipate this deviation in its own writing,
the world will do so through vulgarization, the spectacle or repetition.”
—Jean Baudrillard, The Ecstasy of Communication

“The gravest danger in post-monarchic society is the concealment
of death.”
—Paul Virilio, Pure War

“We leave out the true animal bearing of the species and in the end . . .
you pay for it by sex.”
—Charles Olson

First of all we should have learned to wag our tails,
not just to strengthen the prostate, or pelvic floor,
but so we had something to do in waiting in line or
otherwise standing fully clothed, as Reich or Comfort
found they could shower better keeping their shirts on,
so you never know, we are all so quick to ridicule
what seems odd behavior, not knowing the rationale
behind, even the benefit of the doubt is too much
in cases of taboo, such as knowing that one is lazy
instead of acting compulsively, Tillich watching porn
to hone his Augustian edge, so if deviation has gone
by the boards it can only mean after writing stopped
people had no need to sharpen their indifferent beaks
and soon everyone put on birthday suits and died crazy.

[ITA, 3]

All is game for Clarke: there is no outside but the outside itself (the
practice of which is often accompanied, in our own unfortunate social
milieu, by ridicule, disease, and even total madness). Clarke thus opens his
investigations with precisely the recognition that Baudrillard calls for. A sustained methodology committed to disclosure, Clarke's poetics charts its otherness without deferral through vulgar fetish or spectacle. Excess in the pages that follow becomes less a threat to thought than its arresting revelation, less a crazy death than a remarkably sane and balanced (yet no less ecstatic) living engagement.

The best "in" that I can find to the principles of Clarke's poetics is his own From Feathers to Iron—a transcribed collection of five dense, erudite lectures given by Clarke at The New College in 1980, and published in 1987. It is here that Clarke most completely maps the ground from which his poetic project springs. At its most fundamental, Clarke's poetics is an "ordering intervention" as he defines it:

If a poet comprehends his work, brings that comprehension to his work, and adds that comprehension to his work, that's an ordering intervention. Both the course of the work and the world are changed by that... 1

For Clarke, it is the "negentropic" nature of such an intervention that justifies a poetics—an open participation in, no less than a shaping composition of (the two acts being equal) a dynamic, sustenant energy. His work is thus of an epic scope, in a most literal sense of the term: a metered rendering of an order of things at once "mine" and "not mine" (to borrow Duncan's terms). Like Blake's Los, Ogotemmêli, or many of the other figures whose work he calls upon in From Feathers to Iron and in the poems, Clarke enrolls in the pursuit of meaning not as an agent of mere relation, but as an instrument conducting the vital forces of cosmic (cosmological) organization. A colloquial American language is grafted to myth, myth to history and history to multiple reference points that render the quotidian extraordinary and the extraordinary inhabitable. Through such studied intervention, information gels as knowledge, which can then be put to use.

Clarke is remarkable—no less in the poems than in the lectures—for his ability to gather his extensive, cross-disciplinary resources (the often multiple quotations that adorn his poems as epigraphs) into a useful
lucidity and compaction. Blake, Olson, Novalis, Keats, Foucault, Derrida, Benjamin, Deleuze, Lautreamont, Artaud (the list could go on indefinitely)—each appears as a kind of discursive node conducting Clarke’s singular narrative. Such hyper-referentiality, however, is not a practice of abstraction, nor is it a pedant’s display of credentials. On entrepreneurial or otherwise improvident uses of information, Clarke is explicit:

The New Sciences of Man
for All Their Apt Reflection

“... the theories sustaining your jobs you jokers”
—Anselm Hollo, “Anthropology”

“The work is... man’s flight from his entire horoscope.”
—W.B. Yeats

“Experience has shown that in their development the sciences of man lead to the disappearance of man rather than to his apotheosis”
—Michel Foucault

“It is the feel of things rather than what people do. It runs through all the poets, really, of the world.”
—H.D. End To Torment

I’m afraid ruined the vocabulary of man, the sulks were replaced by depression, and soon every lantern-jawed rascality so named that they all made money and any jubilant beginning or down in the mouth end could be pulled out of the cycle of time and be made to stand alone and blindfolded before the firing squad of hired process servers, this is the down side of subjectivity, of man’s preoccupation with himself, who knows if you or I will live to see the other side of our liberation from the phyletic, the advantages of this new Golem Teilhard de Chardin saw willy-nilly they had created, for then even a good swoon was no longer thought possible, the Victorian origins themselves overshadowed by armature
The present is a boat, in which
flies gather, and yet there is
room for more, distance that is,
to get away from all things coming into their own, bumping even into their husks left from before, the former time serving as tenebrous sea for the sluggish movement of differentiation, what puts us, the rowers, in phase at last, & without wine or sex, the pleasure of being heard after the din has ceased, history made small, cut out of this here to make sail.

[ITA, 50]

Clarke’s poems are indeed a form of “history made small,” which is not to imply a diminution of power (the difference is one of relative scale). “History” is here registered not as an inexorable force to which we are subject, but rather in the sense that Olson defined it: as the literal product of human activity. Arc or Odyssean craft, the “boat” is always “present.” We are the “rowers,” the heroes of Clarke’s epic. History is our material, and thus, at every turn, our responsibility.

In its broadest sense, Clarke’s is a disclosure of a physis in the given of language of what Novalis, providing Clarke with a title, calls “the analogous world,” which here finds its realization through an attentive and resourceful use of both obscure and quotidian (and each case concrete) materials. Esoteric, initiative, propositional, Clarke’s project is at base a radical one: “They alone who are willing to risk their lives” to bring about a revolution, writes Foucault in one of the epigraphs to Clarke’s first book, “can answer the question” as to the revolution’s kind. Clarke’s is certainly just such a risk:

That there are many positions in the remaining story not yet taken should give pause to all who think there is no chance of our intervening in time to avert disaster or succumb to entropy of the situation such as it stands constantly inviting us to participate. . . .

[ITA, 141]
Clarke’s propositions (here a variation on Aristotelian poetics) are of vital relevance in a time when the given historical alternatives seem to produce at best a skeptical irony and at worst a paralyzing, apocalyptic nihilism. Clarke revels in neither, preferring instead the possibilities for restoration that a committed practice inspires. Unflinching in this recognition, Clarke’s book is a sustained poetic engagement of the highest order. Those willing to participate—to learn the patience and attention that this work demands (as well as the beauty such demands afford) will not be left unfulfilled.

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SHUFFLE OFF TO BUFFALO: Susan Howe’s *Frame Structures.*

New Directions: New York, NY, 1996

The frame labors indeed. Place of labor, structurally bordered origin of surplus value, i.e., overflowed on these two borders by what it overflows, it gives indeed. Like wood. It creaks and cracks, breaks down and dislocates even as it cooperates in the production of the product, overflows it and is deduc(t)ed from it. It never lets itself be simply exposed.

—Jacques Derrida, *Truth in Painting*

It is hard to imagine experience that is not organized in terms of framing.

—Irving Goffman, *Frame Structures*

Susan Howe’s latest work collects four of her earliest poems (*Hinge Picture,* 1974; *Chanting the Crystal Sea,* 1975; *Cabbage Gardens,* 1979; *Secret History of the Dividing Line,* 1978) in slightly revised versions and adds in the place of a Preface a new prose poem called “Frame Structures” (1995) which provides the volume with its title. This combination of her earliest work with her latest gives yet another swerve to the remarkable trajectory of a bold poet’s work, creating a volume that demands to be read as a whole, even though that whole is a calculated set of self-deconstructing moves. My comments here will be limited to the Preface, this last work now placed at the “beginning” of the poet’s oeuvre. I find it hard to read “Frame Structures” without thinking of Hart Crane’s *The Bridge* and Robert Lowell’s “91 Revere Street” in *Life Studies.* The similarities with Lowell’s prose piece are at first more obvious: both combine biographical details and a sense of perdurable childhood space, like that of Lowell’s “Revere Street house, a setting now fixed in the mind, where it survives all the distortions of fantasy, all the blank befogging of forgetfulness.” Both poets remember themselves surrounded by the once prized detritus of ancestors, like the
“exquisite pagoda” that Howe thinks “must have been acquired in China by a predatory d’Wolf or an entrepreneurial Quincy and brought back ... as loot”(26). Lowell imagines what his Great-great-Grandfather Myers might have to say apropos of these treasures from the past: “If he could have spoken, Mordecai would have said, ‘My children, my blood, accept graciously the loot of your inheritance. We are all dealers in used furniture.” Lowell projects a degree of contempt for what he describes as “my father’s downhill progress as a civilian and Bostonian,” and Howe suggests that she “may have mixed up some of these sordidly spectacular relatives but this is the general genealogical picture, a postmodern version. It could be called a record of mistakes.” In general there is a sharper edge of criticism and considerably less whimsy in Howe’s scrutiny of her father and other male relatives (“my early poems project aggression” 29); and she undertakes a historical scope that is larger and more complex than Lowell’s, erupting into the metaphysical and the visionary from “a perspective of twenty centuries” (27).

Hart Crane’s fated “Sanskrit charge” in The Bridge sought to read American history and his own place in it as the fulfillment of some originary benign Logos, “to bind us throbbing with one voice.” Like Crane’s failed epic of America, Howe’s work is historical, visionary, personal; but in Howe’s prose poem epic there is no primal Logos as starting point; only logoi, words, filling the void in competition with each other in a game where to speak (a word) is to create silence (the unspoken word). Thus one day in Western New York Joseph Ellicott, would-be “Romulus” (fratricide founder of Rome), had a vision of a city “designed by nature for the great emporium of the Western World” and renamed a tiny village New Amsterdam. The members of the Seneca nation who had been living there under British protection since 1780, along with other traders, trappers, and farmers, had already named the settlement Buffalo Creek, probably because herds of buffalo once inhabited salt licks in the area, and the natives before them called it Teuh-sce-whe-aok. Now we have Rome instead of Reme, Buffalo instead of Buffalo Creek, or New Amsterdam, or Teuh-sce-whe-aok; and we have no buffalo, no natives, no salt licks. “Frame Structures” is concerned with every aspect of the the city of Buffalo, almost to the point of obsession. Like London for Blake,
Dublin for Joyce, Manhattan for Crane, Paterson for Williams, Gloucester for Olson, Brigflatts for Bunting, it provides a location for situating Western culture and art. But there is something unheroic, almost ridiculous about Buffalo ("Clans and individuals adopt the name of animals cities seldom do" 13). For Howe Buffalo is a site that combines the meaningfulness of historical and economic forces ("The brute force is Buffalo because of its position as a way station whose primary function is the movement of goods from east to west and vice versa in dark reaches before soldiers come foraging" 29) with the sometimes absurd contingencies of an individual life. As one of Felix Frankfurter's "boys" her father had been "more or less ordered there in 1937 when SUNY Buffalo inspired and advised by Frankfurter was establishing a law school" (16). Thus it was there that a four-year-old Susan Howe had what was to become the generating experience for *Pythagorean Silence* (1982) and much of *The Europe of Trusts* (1990) and now for the Preface to *Frame Structures*:

On Sunday, December 7, 1941, I went with my father to the zoo in Delaware Park even now so many years after there is always for me the fact of this treasured memory of togetherness before he enlisted in the army and went away to Europe. On that Sunday in Buffalo the usually docile polar bears roved restlessly back and forth around the simulated rocks caves and waterfall designed to keep brute force fenced off even by menace of embrace so many zoo animals are accounted fierce. I recall there were three though I could be wrong because I was a deep and nervous child with the north wind of the fairy story ringing in my ears as well as direct perception. Three bears running around rocks as if to show how modern rationalism springs from barbarism and with such noise to call out boldly boldly ventured is half won. Three bears splashing each other and others gathered at the iron railing as though we hadn't been enjoying liberty its checks and balances (3).

This moment is comparable to the beginning of Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, when "Once upon a time and a very good time it was there
was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo. . . .” It is a determining moment, always there, as catalyst and mystery, while the Preface poem moves out and back in its tracery of framing structures; Howe calls it a “point of impact” (“These lines I transmit to you from the point of impact throughout every snowing difficulty are certified by surveyors chain-bearers artists and authors walking the world keeping field Notes” 28). It is only later that we can see how that day in the zoo the poet was as confined and framed as the bears in their cages. Her chains of association at the time combined direct perception with the frame of narrative (three bears, Goldilocks) to be augmented later by new associations like Pearl Harbor (“Those are pearls that were his eyes”) and textual encounters with other father/daughter sacrifices (Prospero and Miranda, Lear and Cordelia, Agamemnon and Iphigenia).

Crane left his native Cleveland to walk the world in Whitmanian slouch, and chose lines from Job as epigraph (“From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it”) to head his would-be epic, a work “launched in abysmal cupolas of space” in hopes of reclaiming “that span of consciousness” that Whitman called “The Open Road.” Howe’s “lines” are not the vatic “orphic strings” of Crane’s unfulfilled longing, the “deathless strings” of his bridge/lyre, the “cordage, threading with its call / One arc synoptic of all tides below—”; they are the lines she writes, the lines she traces—lines of descent, lines of connection, lines of identity and of separation, like the “life-lines” and harpoon lines in Melville’s Moby Dick that can save or kill. “This goes on forever . . . because the Niagara River constitutes part of the boundary between the United States and Canada. Now throw the pebble farther out to the voluble level of totemism” (28).

For one example of these myriad lines of experiential and intertextual and historical association, I chose the liminal state between day and night, childhood and what follows, already presented in Pythagorean Silence (“Buffalo / 12.7.41 / (Late afternoon light.)” as it marks an end to childhood:
twilight (between day and dark)

is about to begin And with time I could do it

does childhood
Time an old bald thing a servant

(Do this
or that) Time’s theme
And so we go on through the deeps of

childhood (afterglow of light on trees) Daybreak

by Dying has been revealed

In “Frame Structures” this liminal space is expanded, given a sense not of a transition accomplished in an instant, but that of an ongoing state. On page 8 a “running gag at faculty gatherings” in the academic Cambridge of the 1940s is recalled, where Longfellow’s poem “The Children’s Hour” was transformed: “Between the dark and the daylight / When the night is beginning to lower, / Comes a pause in the day’s occupations / That is known as the cocktail hour.” Longfellow was a frequent conventional butt of humor in that society where he had reigned a century before as distinguished poet and scholar. Who would risk believing in such a poet after e. e. cummings had mocked “The Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls” and “believe in Christ and Longfellow, both dead”? Howe’s father, now returned after the war with his family to Cambridge, “loved animals more than people,” and shared this contempt for Longfellow, giving humorous names to his dogs, like “Waddy” (“marked the correspondence between waddling and poetry”) and “Minny” (“short for Minnehaha Laughing Water, because she peed everywhere and we
 couldn't train her”). Dogs, children, inflated mediocre poets, all lack discipline, aesthetics, taste, judgment, and require toilet training. “Who except wretched schoolchildren now reads Longfellow?” asks Ludwig Lewisohn (11). But unlike the modernist sophisticates, the mediocre poet Longfellow cared deeply for his children, in fact wrote “The Children’s Hour” for them. Where in Howe’s time “children of modernists were perfectly free to get lost at six” (8), his ten ponderously jocund quatrains describe how he opened his studio each night to invasion by his three “blue-eyed banditti” daughters, “grave Alice, and laughing Allegra, and Edith with golden hair.” As taste and value in poetry and paternity become more intertwined in the poem (“somewhere close to us the Skinner’s daughters were being brought up in boxes”), Longfellow’s poem The Wreck of the Hesperus comes into play (based on an actual shipwreck, it tells how a sea captain wraps his daughter in a seaman’s coat and lashes her to the mast, so that hers is the only body found from the wreck) along with his poem Evangeline, that tells how “Evangeline, daughter of Acadie, a kindred spirit of Saint Eulalie patroness of landless sailors, loses her lover Gabriel during the prevailing disorder the tumult and stir of embarking” (11).

At this moment in the text an abrupt but coherent transition takes us from the Victorian age to the heart of modernism, and a paragraph that begins (“Eveline! Evvy!”) with a quotation from Joyce’s “Eveline,” a story from Dubliners. Joyce’s story begins with that same twilight hour, the eve-line that separates the child from the adult: “She sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue.” At the end of the story, as Frank rushes beyond the barrier leaving Eveline behind, her hands are gripping “the iron railing” and we are back to the beginning of “Frame Structures,” when “Three bears splashing each other and others gathered at the iron railing as though we hadn’t been enjoying liberty its checks and balances” (3). In that same paragraph Howe goes on to suggest how Joyce’s life (leaving Dublin with Nora) was mixed up with what he wrote and read, as is her own, here in this very paragraph. She then moves by “lexical drift” to the story of her mother, born in Dublin: “When she was a child her father was almost always living in another country and his father before him” (11). In August of 1914 her mother’s father “packed and left immediately” in a moment that links Howe and her mother, WWII and
WWI, and all children and women abandoned by fathers and husbands to go off to war and business. Her father was Howe's Anglo Irish Grandfather, John fitzmaurice Manning, a member of the British Colonial Service assigned “to open the country for civilized occupation,” when the British occupation of Nigeria began in earnest in 1897 after the eponymous Royal Niger Company surrendered its charter and transferred its rights to the Crown. Howe spells out the coincidences with quotations from the famous eleventh edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, published “three years before uncontrollable modernity before the whole world goes wild.”

NIGERIA. A British protectorate in West Africa.
NIGER, a great river of West Africa.
NIAGARA, a river of North America.

And so once again we are back in Buffalo, the iron city of ironies, drawn by links in the language as well as the pattern of Western imperialism and the need for Howe at the end of the century to make her living by teaching at the University in Buffalo.

Hart Crane’s The Bridge has 1,270 lines. “Frame Structures” has almost the same number of lines (1,218) but twice as many words. Both works have 13 sections marked by separate titles. But where Crane takes the bridge as his model of desired structure (linking a benign past with the present and future) Howe takes a more generic sounding “frame structure.” This may at first suggest positive connotations, but it’s not long before the other side (I was framed!) emerges. Howe even casts an ironic eye on the father figures who framed the Declaration of Independence “in the service of liberty and equality” (3), much as Blake, wondering the chartered streets of London (“near where the chartered Thames doth flow”) critiques the Magna Carta along with the chartered trading companies (like the Royal Niger Company) and all the other charts and charters that constrict and frame the possibilities of physical and imaginative wondering.

For Howe the frame or frame structure is a site of extreme ambivalence. Just as the marginal limit, boundary or mark makes possible a focus, an identity, it does so by limiting that identity. Howe has explored
this ambivalence in a variety of ways, pointing to an endless series of frames, like the concentric rings around a pebble; wherever it hits becomes another potential "point of impact," center of an endless series of concentric rings. Some of the frame structures she surveys are manmade (cartographical, economic, etc.) some not (oceans, rivers, geological formations). Language and linguistic training constitute a frame structure as they shape in advance that which can be said and the place of the individual speaker in discourse. The family romance is a frame structure, and "romance" suggests the framing function of the narrative form with its serial development requiring the formal coherency of a story. The cultural function of narrativizing discourse in general is to give to events the aspect of narrativity, to frame them for discourse. Howe struggles with and against these frame structures, as she does with genre, refusing the conventions of poetry and of the prose poem for a sui-generis exploitation of language that Marjorie Perloff has called "poet's prose." As center of consciousness and writer, she is framed by innumerable lines of force and historical influence; she is like Emily Dickinson, who "built a new poetic form from her fractured sense of being eternally on intellectual borders" (My Emily Dickinson, 21).

Less obvious are the ways voices, writing, centers of consciousness are framed as they come into being, or come into being only through being framed, "the way origins envelop us" as Howe puts it in one version of her poem Incloser, with its series of framing structures:

ENVELOPE FENCE PEN COOP CORRAL CAGE WALL

Much of Howe's work has been concerned with explaining how the works of "antinomian" writers (especially women, but also their male counterparts) come to us in frame structures, their words transcribed by editorial mediators who function as frame agents in a myriad of social and cultural frame structures. The codex book itself is a frame structure, especially as embodied by Howe's publisher, New Directions, whose strict page limitations have cramped this expansive work into a modest 26 pages (3-29), crammed with narrow margins that make it seem more prosaic than it would if properly presented. So tight is this frame that there is no page
between the last poem and the cover; this produces a surprising effect for the reader turning over the last page.

I mentioned earlier that this work has 13 sections, each with its own title functioning as a compressed message. These sections function as subunits of order and disorder, in an attempt to unframe and frame at the same time, to resist the fate of reproducing the limits which constitute identity. Unframing can only occur in the moment of a re-framing: "While writing pieces of childhood come away" (28) reminds us of Joyce's pun ("—Pièce de Shakespeare, don't you know. It's so French...") that reminds us that writing is always a piece of the author. The final section of *Frame Structures* takes this literally with its subheading *Flinders* (an archaic word, from the root *splei* = to splice, split, by way of the scandinavian and Middle English (*flenderis*), meaning bits, fragments, splinters). The first section was headed *Flanders*, so we have here not the structured difference between an Aristotelian beginning and end, linked by the serial progression of plot, but the arbitrary difference of a vowel, a difference in language. Flanders was a central site of the war to end all wars ("In Flanders fields where poppies grow" / In Flanders fields where Papas go . . .), an attempt to frame or contain war forever; now it serves neither as beginning or end, another episode in the endless series of splittings that "require" fathers to sacrifice daughters as Agamennon did Iphegenia. Flanders itself is a peculiar instance of framing, a recognizable place since Chaucer's time ("In Flanders whilom was a compaignye / Of yonge folk that haunted folye—") it serves now as a reminder of the transitoriness of cartographic and national boundaries, including as it does part of Northern France and of Western Belgium. The edge that borders the North Sea hints at a more primal genesis, an enactment of framing by a God imagined as the unframeable ("And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered unto one place, and let the dry land appear; and it was so.")

One way to read "Frame Structures" is as an exploration of and meditation on the framing structures for that moment in the Buffalo zoo; as such it becomes an encyclopedic quest that would have to account for all aspects of the moment and locate it "in the field of history" (25). A search for frame structures is different from a search for origins, with its
some primal point of genesis, some unframeable framer. But with “frame structures” there is no privileged origin, no hierarchy; any point in space or time is the center of an endless series of receding frames. An exploration of frame structures like this can have no structure itself in the usual sense, so it seems almost inevitable that the quest becomes a meditation on framing as such, where the opposition between inside and outside serves as the master form of all oppositions. The importance of “framing” as concept and practice has received much attention in the twentieth century. José Ortega y Gasset meditated at length on what frames did for pictures and our different mode of attention to inside and outside. Martin Heidegger torqued the German Gestell (enframing) in “The Question Concerning Technology,” to suggest the essence of technology as an ordering of nature and human existence that aims at total and exclusive mastery: “Enframing means the gathering together of that setting-upon that sets upon man, i.e. Challenges him forth, to reveal the real, in the mode of ordering, as standing reserve. Enframing means that way of revealing that holds sway in the essence of modern technology and that is itself nothing technological.” On a more modest note, the sociologist Erving Goffman, in Frame Analysis, used the concept to focus on the nature of personal experience and the structure of experience individuals have at any moment of their social lives, placing emphasis on what he identified as the “basic concept” of suspicion, “what a person feels who begins, rightly or not, to think that the strip of activity he is involved in has been constructed beyond his ken, and that he has not been allowed a sustainable view of what frames him. Suspicion must be distinguished from another important feeling, doubt, this being generated not by concern about being contained but concern about the framework or key that applies, these being elements that ordinarily function innocently in activity. Suspicion and doubt are to be seen, then, as two very central affects generated by the very way in which experience is framed.”

Goffman wittily constructs the Introduction to his study as a mise en abyme, to show that “the limits of doing things in print” can never be reached; but no one more than Derrida has pursued the topic of framing to the heights of self-conscious textuality. In texts like Glas, or Margins of Philosophy (with its frame-destroying Introduction “Tympan”) and Truth in
Painting he has pursued the ways in which “the opposition between inside and outside) must already be accredited as the matrix of all possible opposition.” For Derrida, “Discourses on painting are perhaps destined to reproduce the limit which constitutes them, whatever they do and whatever they say: there is for them an inside and an outside of the work as soon as there is work. A series of oppositions comes in the train of this one, which, incidentally, is not necessarily primary [for it belongs to a system whose edging itself reintroduces the problem]. And there the trait is always determined as an opposition-slash.” In order to get at what might constitute the “truth in painting,” Derrida must find a way to write from a space neither inside nor outside the frame, “Between the outside and the inside, between the external and the internal edgeline, the framer and the framed, the figure and the ground, form and content, signifier and signified, and so on for any two-faced opposition.” In an uncanny anticipation of Howe’s “Frame Structures” he suggests that “This would be almost the place for a preface or a foreword, between, on the one hand, the cover that bears the names (author and publisher) and the titles (work and series or field), the copyright, the fly leaf, and, on the other hand, the first word of the book, here the first line . . . with which one ought to ‘begin’: “Without having read Derrida’s work, Howe has enacted its crucial gesture of locating writing in such a space of the between. I do not exaggerate in saying that her meditative enactment of framing and frame structures in this new work approaches the full complexity demanded by the topic: “Now draw a trajectory in imagination where logic and mathematics meet the materials of art. Canvas, paper, pencil, color, frame, title—” (27). Unfortunately in concentrating on this aspect of her work in these dry and cerebral comments, I have had to ignore the poem’s wit and humor, its pathos, its visionary terrors and its sensuous embodiment in language of how, “In the old days when the world was in a better frame and wishing still helped, a mother and a father had two little girls. They loved them with all the love parents feel for their children. The brute force is Buffalo because . . .” (29).
ON ALEXANDRIAN PHILOSOPHY

A commentary on *Towards the Primeval Lightning Field*, a collection of essays by Will Alexander (forthcoming from O Press).

I.

*Primeval*: the undifferentiated.

*Lightning*: the differential stroke itself.

There are many ways to contemplate the world, but only one way to change it: to steal the fire of its birth.

All that is reflected is not created. All that is not reflected is created.

The mirror's First Philosophy: a crucible of molten sand.

2.

This is a book of First Philosophy.

Whose *telos* is not the reconstruction of knowledge, but its (necessarily furious) production.

Offering not a system of the world, but a frame for its Originary Furor, or Furnace.

For the self-evidence of why there is something rather than nothing.
First Philosophy is (according to Aristotle, who introduced the term) the science of *qua* being.

Of the primary and therefore primeval attributes of being.

But Alexander is not the student of Aristotle.

The “primeval,” for Aristotle, is that which *exists always and already* without having been created. What is uncreated, and there unconditioned by any force of change, must be perfectly changeless, and therefore motionless. All motion is only a striving to attain—to return to—this supreme state of motionlessness. What is uncreated creates, what is motionless causes motion, only by remaining absolutely still: by its very simplicity and perfection, *it is the ultimate object of desire*, and so arouses and provokes the potential to become actual.

There is an ontological rupture here between the uncreated and the created, which can be overcome only by invoking the mythological power of *eros*. What other power is capable of reconciling timelessness and time?

Aristotle’s Prime Mover (who later would be rehabilitated as the God of Aquinas) thus holds out the promise of rest to the restless: in other words, the metaphysics of eternity must banish the physics of infinity. For, as Aristotle argues in Book XII of the *Metaphysics*, a physical infinity of causes can neither lead to, nor derive from, a state of absolute equilibrium or perfection.

Now, Alexander’s First Philosophy is also concerned with the generation of the world. Yet Alexander’s *genetrix*, unlike Aristotle’s, is itself caught up in the flux of change, and does not stand ontologically apart from it. Nonetheless, for both thinkers, generation is necessitated by the primary attribute of being. In Aristotle’s case, it is an “eternal actuality” (toward
which all potentiality strives); in Alexander’s case, it is an “infinite potentiality” (from which all actuality proceeds).

The mirror-symmetry is clear: the place filled by the “uncreated” in Aristotle’s system is occupied by the “inexhaustible” in Alexander’s. So that absolute equilibrium, for Alexander, must be equivalent to thanatos. A perfect state of rest cannot contain desire: faced with the lightning-storm of Alexander’s thought, the changeless self-sufficiency of Aristotle’s “uncreated” being is revealed to be finally indistinguishable from nothingness.

As Aristotle himself testifies, eternity is surrounded by lightning, and can have no other consequence than lightning. (In the words of the French poet René Char, “Though we inhabit a flash of lightning, it is the heart of the eternal.”) If, as Aristotle argues, motionlessness radiates motion by means of eros, Alexander shows that radiative eros therefore assumes the power of a first principle (even if it is the outer shell of nothingness).

4.

If motion (“lightning”) has ontological priority over motionlessness (the “uncreated”), then motion cannot rest absolutely within its own state of being-in-motion. Yet what motion could encompass (and therefore overtake) the process of change itself? One answer is suggested by Alexander’s use of the modifier “primeval” in relation to “lightning.”

The primeval moment is privileged to the degree that it occurs in advance of all other moments. In relation to what follows, its position in time is not contingent, but necessary. For a sequence of time that lacked a first moment would be equivalent to an eternity.

In eternity, each moment is equal to every other, and by this equivalence, all moments are reduced to one: to the instantaneousness of lightning, the “heart of the eternal.” To condition “lightning”—this timeless singularity, this pure noun produced by the stilling of a verb—with the modifier
"primeval" is to assert that one is not equal to itself, and therefore to posit a unique moment of crisis within eternity. The moment of self-division, of emergence, must always be an emergency.

The frame of Alexander's philosophy is the collapsing structure of eternity. Yet it is this "field" that offers resistance to the birth of time. This ghostly integument is to be burst asunder.

It happens, literally, in "no time." By definition, there can be no narrative, no series of causes, antecedent to this event: after the hush of negation, the splitting of the sky is unprecedented.

The lightning-stroke is an inscription, a natural hieroglyph that conveys the message: Eternity has already happened.

So that, in an important sense, Alexander's philosophy begins at the end. Or more precisely, after the end, before the beginning. Now—at this strange juncture between time and timelessness—comes to pass the Emergency of the Emergence. In which everything presents itself at once, as an event that, containing all other events, cannot therefore contain itself.

Where Occidental thought has tended to reconstruct the world starting from its smallest units, or, as in Descartes' Meditations on First Philosophy, from a minimum number of "clear and distinct ideas," Alexander's method takes as irreducibly "given" only what is largest, most indistinct and undifferentiated: Universal History as an instantaneous burst of information.

The idea of such an information burst—a Signal composed of the sum total of all signals—has been proposed at least once before, not in a philosophical work, but in a short story by James Blish entitled "Beep" (first published in 1954 in a pulp science-fiction magazine).

In this story, Blish describes the invention of a device called "the Dirac communicator" that can send and receive messages at "any distance,
instantaneously.” The device works by collapsing information into a “Dirac pulse.” Somewhat ironically, the device registers this pulse as a “small beep of sound”; each message thus appears to correspond to its own distinctive beep. However, as Blish’s protagonist explains,

“Every Dirac message that is sent is picked up by every receiver that is capable of detecting it. Every receiver—including the first one ever built, through the hundreds of thousands of them which will exist throughout the Galaxy in the twenty-fourth century, to the untold millions which will exist in the thirtieth century, and so on. The Dirac beep is the simultaneous reception of every one of the Dirac messages which as ever been sent, or ever will be sent.”

In the course of the story, the inventors learn how to ”slow down” the playback of this instantaneous Signal of signals in order to read the individual messages contained within it.

Likewise, every one of Alexander’s sur-rational propositions has the quality of a slowed-down Dirac beep. (The “beep” also bears a strong similarity to André Breton’s “supreme point,” wherein all contradictions between past and future, known and unknown, life and death, are reconciled.)

Alexander’s propositional “pulse” begins at the end: with the assumption that a totality of meanings is realized immediately within the lightning-signal. The philosopher-poet’s task, then, is to decelerate this instantaneous burst, so that its contents may enter into Language.

Alexander’s methodology here is neither deductive nor inductive, but conductive. Thesis passes into antithesis with electric fluidity, never terminating in synthesis: the relationship between statements (as in a Dirac transmission) is non-hierarchical and non-cumulative.

The prodigality of the lightning-strike demands a like extravagance in the
language employed, not only to describe this Ur-phenomenon, but to conceive and embody it. "Primeval lightning" seeks the sign of a free expenditure that, as Bataille has shown, must transgress the boundaries of all restricted economies of meaning. Hence Alexander's aggressively transgressive use of language: the neologisms, archaisms, and etymological dislocations; the focus throws between denotation and connotation; the radical recontextualization of specialized vocabularies.

In the essay "Language Leap as Inscrutable Physic," Alexander contemplates "language near its origin," as "alchemic fulcrum." For words too must be understood under the sign of the Emergency of the Emergence. The more closely the moment of origin is approached, the more things start to resemble one another, and to overflow their conventionally assigned boundaries.

It is at this point, when mirrors turn molten, that reflection proves equal to creation.

5.

In this work, there is no generic discontinuity between philosophy and poetry. Indeed, the book might have been subtitled Against Discontinuity, or perhaps Against Exilic Abstraction: for its whole argument consists of making resoundingly concrete connections (via lightning and other conceptual leaps) between an encyclopedic array of facts and figures (the "information burst").

Against the "linear Babels" of alienated discourses, Alexander argues for "a new perpendicular burst, transmuting in demeanor," for a language in which the vocabularies of magic and science become (once again, but as never before) interchangeable.

This "unified theory" of science and magic appears to consummate the unfinished project of Renaissance philosophy (cut short by the rise of the mechanical worldview in alliance with capitalism). Of course, Alexander's
open-ended, dynamical universe hardly resembles the static Renaissance conception of nature. Yet he shares a great affinity with the scientist-magicians of that era; his strategies of textual recombination are prefigured especially by the work of the sixteenth-century magus Giordano Bruno.

Bruno inscribed—just as Alexander does here—a version of magical animism upon the classical texts of scientific materialism. According to the historian Frances Yates, “Bruno found the conception of infinite space and innumerable worlds in Lucretius’ *De natura rerum*. But he absolutely transforms the Lucretian notions by imparting to the innumerable worlds magical animation, totally absent from Lucretius’ cold universe.” And just as Bruno appropriated the discourse of ancient atomism for Hermetic ends, Alexander draws upon the latest scientific findings for the purpose of “join[ing] forces with the Great Work, with the hallucinatory beatitudes of magic.” In the work of both poet-philosophers, the “cold universe” of science is *aufgehen*: at once cancelled and raised to a higher level of imaginal fire.

As Yates points out, “the imagination . . . was Bruno’s chief magical method.” For him, its potency far exceeded the more widely recognized methods that rely upon the manipulation of talismanic objects. The “magically animated imagination [was] ‘the sole gate to all internal affections and the link of link.’ Bruno’s language is excited and obscure,” Yates continues. “as he expounds this, to him, central mystery, the conditioning of the imagination in such a way as to draw into the personality spiritual or demonic forces which will unlock its inner powers.”

This pre-Romantic idea of the imagination as “the link of links” still dwells in the thought and practice of Alexander. Here, the energy of the imagination has not yet been harnessed (as it would be in Romanticism) to the goals of bourgeois subjectivization. It can never be a matter of “possessing” this imagination, but only (as in the communalistic spirit of voudou) of being possessed by it. Imagination is the conductor of primeval
lightning, the fiery trickster leaping between frozen and fragmented realia, the universal translator of the multitude of tongues (both human and Inhuman) emitted by the Signal of signals.

The Alexandrian imagination is a compendium of Brunian links, an infinite library of "lucid catacombs and spirals."

After the conquests of Alexander, a city was founded in his name on the northern coast of Africa. There, in the third century B.C.E., the world's first universal library was built, a storehouse (in its metaphysical form, at least) of all the books that had ever been written and that ever would be written. The First Philosophy of Alexander is situated exactly here, at the intersection of the African, Asian, and European land masses.

The library was destroyed by fire and rebuilt, only to be destroyed again. (The fire itself was stolen and returned to these writings, only to be stolen again.) Within the form of this book, the Library of Alexandria is still burning.
A NOTE ON THE ARTWORK

Axel Erlandson (1884-1964) came west with his family from Minnesota in 1901 to farm California's Central Valley. Though his formal education had ended at grade 4, he taught himself the skills of surveying, drafting, horticulture, and arboriculture. He was also an amateur poet, violinist and naturalist. Erlandson managed to combine his many skills and talents in an imaginative exploration of the grafting and training of living trees.

What began as a midlife garden hobby on his depression era farmstead and nursery developed into a retirement vocation in 1946, when he moved a dozen living specimens of his art to Santa Cruz and opened a roadside attraction. Though featured in Ripley’s Believe it or Not a dozen times and in Life magazine in 1957, The World Famous Tree Circus was never a financial success. But during its sixteen year existence, Erlandson expanded his botanic art well beyond the recorded world of horticultural speculation. The seventy specimens he created, from twenty different species of trees, each display an exceptional understanding of the complexities of plant growth, form and potential.

Twenty-eight living trees remain, currently residing in a soon to be opened amusement park in Gilroy, California. A manuscript, tracing the life and work of Axel Erlandson, remains unpublished.

Conceived of as graphic scores and intended for extended “interpretation” in prepared environments, these examples are individually designated: “Rest Positions for Infamy,” “Heaten, War, Woten---7, 8, 9, 10 . . .,” “Ball Court,” “A Cimarron’s Map of Metropolis,” and “Trans-Siberian Root,” respectively. Dressendorfer is currently collecting birdsongs while “hacking” (reintegrating displaced peregrine falcons into more suitable habitats) in Southern California.
This periodical was typeset in 12 point Centaur; a face designed for the Metropolitan Museum by Bruce Rogers in 1914 and modeled after letters cut by the fifteenth-century printer Nicolas Jenson. The paper is standard issue 55 pound Hi-Bulk Booktext Natural.


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