The Poems of The Nude Formalism

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It is unfortunate that of Naousiphanes we know but little, except through Epicurean channels, vitiated by Epicurus' desire to maintain his own philosophic independence which took the form of violent abuse of those to whom he owed most.

— Cyril Bailey

But thou shalt not die unknown, replied the king of woody Morvan: my bards are many, O Carthon, and their songs descend to future times.

— Ossian (tr. James Macpherson)
Fragments from the Seventeenth Manifesto of Nude Formalism

by Hermes Hermeneutic

Away with the study of flotation!

Articulation is more than an manner of gritting the pendulum!

Down with all authentic formulations of these theses! Down with Adolescent Sublime! Down with Abstract Confessionalism! Down with Empathic Symbolism! Down with Symbolic Empathism!

All good poetry is the forced constriction of feelings of powerlessness.

Poetry is not the erasure of personality but a caprice of personality. But of course only those who have caprices will know what it means to want to pursue them.

Poetry has as its lower limit insincerity and its upper limit dematerialization.

Use absolutely no word that contributes to the direct sense of a thing seen.
Gosh

When fled I found my love defamed in clang
Of riotous bed she came, along the flues
I harbored there, scarce chance upon harangue
By labors grant the fig of latched amuse
She quakes and bless her soul would harsh realize
That none our maps could burn aboard her ship
And floral hung to lit parts cleared eyes
Left like that elder hap that splits a chip
When dull's the deed wherewith else back I on
Forewent all trial asleep her carousel
Thread in torching tease tuned basilican
Drifting after still much breath-crested scrawl
Hence going beads each languorous thronement
When all I gown errs come again cement
A Soul Foiled, Abjured

only foisted, a day

Like a armoured soul
on its terrace

If there weren’t a

I write, only, in order to rest
I write on the side of

Isolated ice, here enslaved
where one voice resonates
comments pour me on the
refracted surface
so that I can find myself

Before going all out
I excrect verse of pure pertinence

a coat of armour perjured
Before

Catching peajamas.
The Cost of Doing Business

There is a being grants promise of some folds that filter large against a head of brokered night like flare amounting to a pace, when all congealed have wasted on, or wreck these elementary stone with pipe which can’t contain, reeling false with constant slivers who battled slope have clustered to a point no stand will more invade until the testimony grinds like as to what were then to mold. Anger runs a sum its touched to punt upon, loose
timber spiked for lust of trees, vein
dream of uncorrupted light. It’s not
for revery nor mystic bed that lies
in tutored heart, leavened with the bitter
spite expelled to vapor snare. Goading
under trample, slump, leave shore obey
no lore, which risen froze a crumb to fill
an even clump. No prompting cuts the
salient sash so well as giving silence
turns to ash. Would that permission wept
or circumstance refrained—from all or
near so much as blinds away.
Emma:

Man with no clothes trapped in a zoo with a bird trapped in a zoo with no clothes. A fire engine hurt the man's head in the engine.

A wave broke on the man's head.
Red red wave with circle, mirror, little green purple washing face.
And also:

Two eyes with sunglasses. A big circle with a belly and two knees and two feet with two lines with feet on the bottom. And a little little tiny circle and those are the ears. With a nose.
Ding Dong You're Wrong

President Kennedy's brain is missing!
   He dreamed that he was walking in the fields
Mistakes took for purpose, senses steaming

If not IRT, BMT's moving
   By which to say your plate is sealed
President Kennedy's brain is missing!

As if by chance I fell to stammering
   Kept lush abound my deck, nor grudged me wields
Mistakes took for purpose, senses streaming

It won't break, it's not yet even speaking
   In one rude clatter done had broke his heel
President Kennedy's brain is missing!

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting
   As slides become slips, necromantic squeals
Mistakes took for purpose, senses steaming

Remote still exaction's circus straining
   Abbie Hoffman's pain was masked by shields
President Kennedy's brain is missing!
Mistakes took for purpose, senses streaming
Horses, Necktie, and Water Fountains

I’ll make a city for you. A man crashed in the wall, a train track. I want to do it next time, to put it in a jar.
No Way

My mind is like a steel trap
Once something gets in
It never gets out.
Or, as they say in Saskatoon—
There’s nothing like a peach
Unless it be a pear
& there’s no pear
Like the present.
Your thoughts in toll will hold much less to pose
Than lost and leavened ghost until I'm glum
There is then more to boast than spout like hose
Not that you'd care, you want but to enclose.
I've had no room for that, a mind that's numb
A hope that's born it's all just so much prose
Fleeting out of camera, shabby pose
But never clubs its coached delay with gum.
No, there has got to be a way oppose
The stain this form pretends, not say arose
Or loiter near the fund or pool of scum
Who has in all delight decayed its flows.
Forget el'gaic spears, crushed dominoes
Nobody knows better than you and you're dumb.
Bludgeon the whole horse and who's left but hose
The chaplain's let unthread, his bleeding goads
Alight to fight Christ's blessing, thrice succumb
Or rejoined to compounds that spray the pose
Who lacking that display not clothes, just hose.
Freud's Butcher

Many folks are in a snit
They say the new poetry's not a kick
They pout and pester from academic writing posts
About emotions turned into ghosts of ghosts

Hejinian, Silliman—the tide is over
Andrews, McCaffery—abandon your mowers
You're before your time then out of date
It's not market forces nor fate

A friend of mine named Edith Jarolim
Told me a story from before meats were frozen
Seems her mother's uncle kept the beef supplied
To the distinguished family of Sig Freud's bride

Frau Freud kept kosher, so Sigi too
The mind might wander but the diet laws must do
Art and religion don't always agree
The one's by the rule, the other sometimes free
Water Poem

The lakefront view wets
its sea, sanded in beached
out acquiescence; a continentless
(continentless) wading
(blinking)
cast against blatant
horizon on a blue
bloat buoyed by wind and
surf's ripple (forbearance
among) pool-dry thirst:
drowning our tears in liquid
water.
Mother please
I'd rather
do it
myself
Vault and Volley

Come with me and amble over the briars into the fog. It rests a flurry by the slide to make-b’lieve measure, harmless in the way a doormat lay, fifty more bestride. The lovers in their Louvre make no more sound than this, spoken in announcement breaks lids with iron fists. I never met a dormouse, never sailed to Nice, but just one time I’d like to know who took the keys that fit.