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*It is unfortunate that of Naësiaphanes 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.**



## Goshi

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 hup 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*

*from Alan Weinstein*

*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 excreet verse of pure pertinence*

*a coat of armour perjured  
Before*

*Catching pajamas.*





## 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. Goaded  
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**

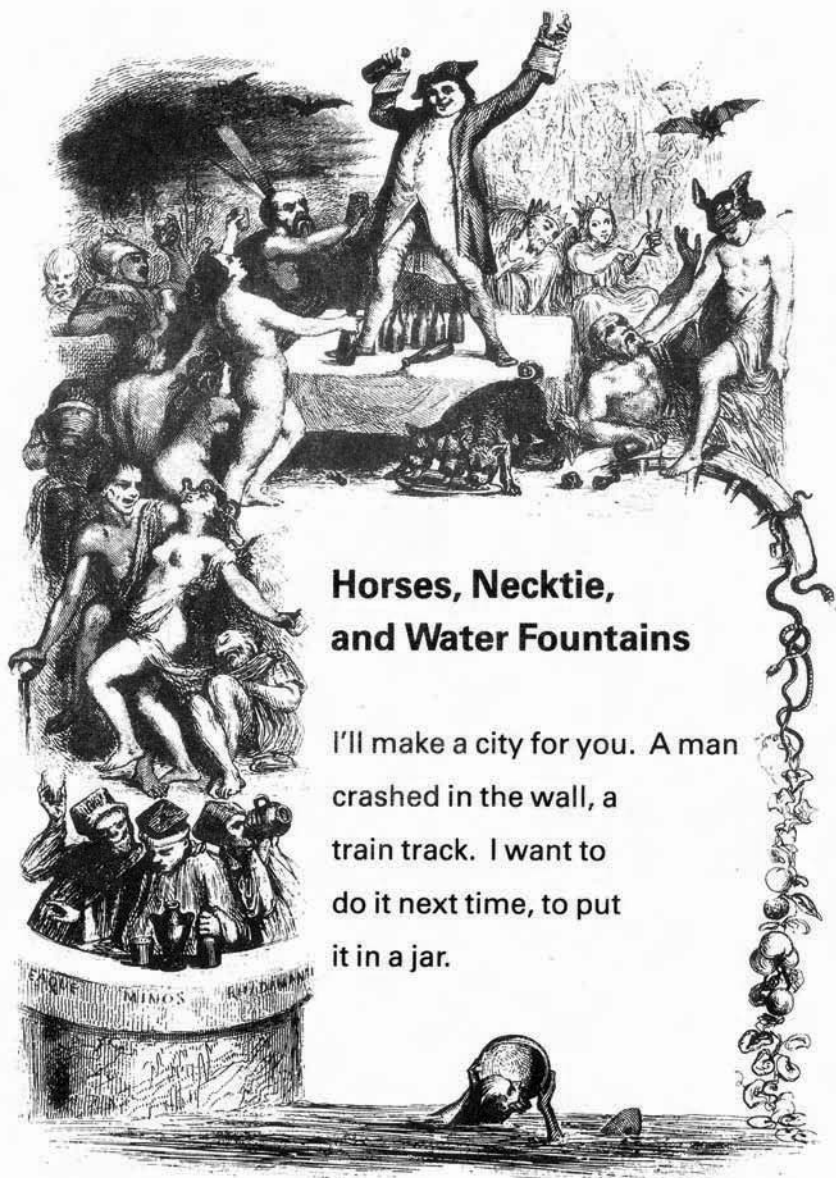
**In one rude clatter done had broke his heel  
President Kennedy's brain is missing!**

**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**

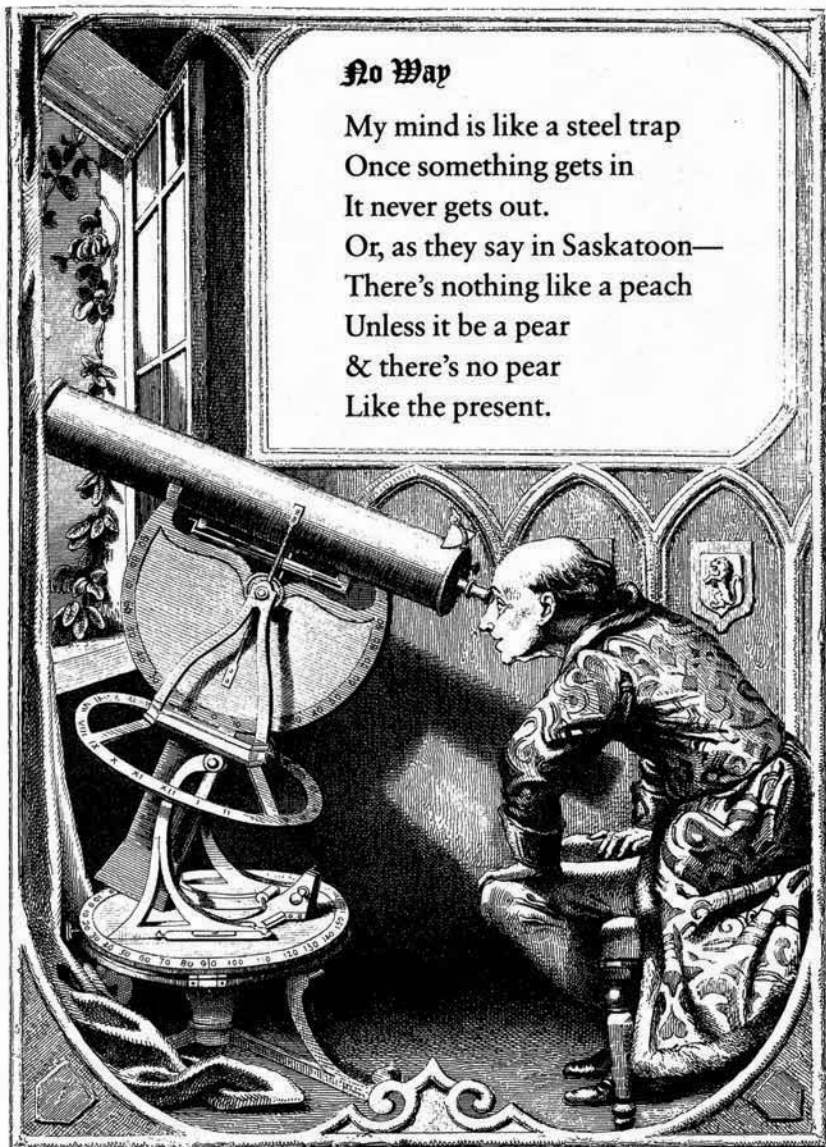


## Horses, Necktie, and Water Fountains

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.



## *Thrush*

*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 mit  
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



## ater Poem

The lakefront view wets  
its sea, sanded in beached  
out acquiescence; a continueless  
(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.