

# splash

Number 4

April, 1986

## C O N T E N T S

Editorial		3
Johanna Drucker	Performing Functions	5
Ted Jenner	Journal Pages	10
Alex Calder	The Beach Poems	15
Tom Kreisler	The Return of Herr Raus	19
Michael Gottlieb	Wake Up And Smell The Coffee - II	20
Alan Loney	Notebook: 1980	31
Graham Lindsay	5 Poems	38
Wystan Curnow	Cancer Diary - II	43
Julia Morison	Hermes	52
Peter Seaton	Refugee from Justice	56
John Hurrell	B/tween 'A' & 'C'	62
Tony Green	Weatherwise	64
Judi Stout	Reading It Back	72
Tom Beckett	Performance Art	76
Tony Green	Recollections of "Scratch"	85
Pauline Rhodes	Daily Runs	91
Newsplash		99

---

SPLASH is published by the editors: Wystan Curnow, Tony Green, Roger Horrocks & Judi Stout. Postal address: P.O.Box 31-183, Milford, Auckland, 9, New Zealand. S.a.e. with all mss please.

© Copyright reverts to authors on publication.

Due to increases in costs - photocopy & postage & printing, the price of SPLASH continues slowly to increase. Single copies, direct from us \$7.00 postage included.

Current Subscription Rates for 3 issues, in NZ \$\$ & inc postage:

Individuals: \$19.00 in N.Z.	Institutions: \$23.00 in N.Z.
Individuals: \$24.00 overseas	Institutions: \$28.00 overseas.

Cover of this issue: designed by Tony Green, based on an idea by Judi Stout. Printed by Imedia, Auckland.

---

ISSN 0112-5281

Peter Seaton

REFUGEE FROM JUSTICE

for George-Therese Dickenson

What is this enduring strength with  
Which writings read of for good works  
Mediate so high a mystery. The earthly senses  
Came to our minds; the spirit in a certain  
Window was to be what shall be things  
To have been. We made ourselves  
And I am here and other visions to a woman  
Leave her body.

This is what I know, I can resist  
What I cannot and perfect  
My hope of what I am. I discover  
I would be heard, and yet I love a kind of light  
Absent in performing, the breath of time  
Neither wasting nor unveiled, in sight  
And out of place besides what  
I have with myself. I form images  
In my memory. I produce colors  
As present this or that. All that I am  
Disturb the mountain, sea and stars for thought  
Requires will out of some pleasure and whatever  
I could think requires one who  
Should say my heart in sight makes way  
For what I have done, which takes place  
As I do myself in this power of mine, this ego  
I shall call wonderful, those lines  
In charge of all the senses of the body which  
The mind discerns.

So  
Thir  
To  
Of  
Unle  
That  
That  
Art  
Men's  
You  
Conce  
Into  
Thron  
The s  
Let m  
Mingle  
And m  
And in  
With t  
Could  
Which  
  
What s  
Do I l  
Which  
From  
And co  
As one  
In my  
Bounds  
Passin  
Made t  
Conseq  
The wo  
Animat  
Invisi

So then I taste or smell or touch the other  
Things that press themselves on what I know  
To be right but lost in the memory  
Of some deed from whom we are all born.  
Unless you scatter me back in my soul  
That vision longs for the life of a man  
That leads to lovers. How can I say  
Art in the mortal life of a man and in  
Men's faces writes the wars whose gift  
You are, one good made only into  
Concerning creatures rushing  
Into my attention. This kind of buzz  
Throngs with abundant thoughts that satisfy  
The single-minded stars because these same concerns  
Let me examine myself as I survey the world  
Mingled with myself, with the same glories  
And merits and perils valued out of the mouth  
And into the first words, which you appoint  
With the pressure of the question a laugh  
Could be created for as traces on our future  
Which is no longer usual, yet hidden.

What signs shall I ask for, and what motions  
Do I love. Whom do I ask to stay  
Which is one thing and which gifts last  
From my old delights to the manifest syllable  
And complete words another as plain  
As one's dawn being seen and leaving something  
In my memory remaining equal to the present  
Bounds to come, the poems and verses  
Passing any other discourse said to have  
Made traction of all mystery before all  
Consequence before all souls and bodies expect  
The words to come to divide this lively world  
Animated into voice and pen and men without  
Invisible and open knots within their hearts

And justice which those things express in sight  
Of something I conceive.

Is it a soul? Is it a body, of substance,  
Deprived of all nothing and filled with spirit?  
So my mind questions one small thing, the great  
Good and suspect first things and clears  
The days of my life with sobriety. Then may  
The inner motion of the will with  
First and last sight and wonders and fancies  
Nourish the ever present future to expect  
No one would tell me, mutable, wasted  
And consumed with affection, distracted  
By one figure to another seeking  
Chaste creatures of time that it takes  
A chill upon the shoulders of my nature and my  
Sigh which is enlightened takes possession  
Of a liability to be brought to you  
And your books because this is almost nothing  
And it's true too, wisdom qualified  
By certain wants forms visible  
Restraints subject to when we read  
Stuff to be changed, while things considered  
Strive to be words.

The sensible earth made universal  
With the writer's bulk written in  
The largeness of approach, not written  
By a comely pen occurs in those words  
In this book making confidence dare to affirm  
The world because the rational mother  
Is the matter in its vast bosom. In this  
Place handsome heaven and irksome earth  
Pose in concentrated choice, not better  
Than a verse but what in its original  
Example precedes no absurdity and includes  
Superior pains preceded by sharpshooting  
Understanding.

Once we were herbs, and that day is at hand  
When to relieve the needy likeness with our best  
Strength masculine blessings rescue  
Miracles from the poor and bring the hungry  
Spirits to all these stars to another faith  
Of all you weak things of the world.

So I should prefer to write my own meaning  
To include us and our gifts of the presence  
Of the knowledge of desire steeped  
In the spirit and of emerging cares which yield  
No obedient urges seeking the weights  
Of their own places conforming to the health  
And fears and tears over us like a skin.  
Like lights the dry land forsakes content  
Confounds the fatherless, the moon  
And stars shine for the widow  
Of the rich man who knows what  
To distribute and when, treasure having life  
Like words under a bushel. In the pleasure  
Of a man voting and groaning to withdraw, gliding  
Through the phantom conscience that gives me away,  
These things I know. Your rough love attracts  
These difficult perceptions corresponding to  
A part of my mind. And I wrote aloud  
Straying from that secret place into  
The creation of a giant and some words of his  
That form your mouth so earnestly  
Into my name, which is subject to  
The wish to imagine how many predicaments  
Are created for me, whose calculations  
Buzz to the voices in the sweat of my brows  
Where I was sinking into the so-called bones  
Of things to ignore how wide it spreads or where  
Is even such a better state than number,  
Weight, source, guide and days and nights  
Of candid reason in subtle and difficult discipline.

So one thing reigns among the literature, a  
Proposition that custom be detached from finding  
Nothing better, that some eligible  
Purpose be torn from it secretly  
Correcting a persuasion to neglect what  
Had been so strong and where the words  
I would refuse begin to appear  
Intoxicated with objections, that thought  
Might be resolved in the frame of this comparison  
With that intent that dilutes habits with fruits  
To the lips of a breast filled with  
Praises mingled with the limits of a human form,  
The mystic assurance fearing almost all  
Comprehension drenched in swelling likeness  
To a father and me.

It held me  
In our dust. How long  
And where and what might be dreams  
Penetrate a void and suffer from  
What I now heard formed and ordered and left  
In something skilled in making something  
Of it. In what saves diligence  
From needing no whirling divisions  
Roaring out from certain words it's enough  
To be with me, to remain breathing  
On all sides which may break in and fire  
Hail snow ice and wind host fugitives.