

Memories of Somewhere, to Somewhere Else

(for three voices)

When not in shuffle mode you know what I mean, *shuffle?*
(poly wants a monad wants to compre-squawk what's meant by—)

When not pinned-down on “selective” “moments”
perky screen—sticky—the news the screws the flooze of—

When not in elevated baby chair, bare-faced spanked-up ugly in the—”

Whoa...that's bangin' around in your head, not mine...

But you know...what's on is on...pro-ceed, my friend...

The now

The now?

Spanked up—ugly—in the now

That *I can see*. But what's this “when not” business? “When not” this that, the other...mere
suspense? a blind spot in some story?

Signs, obviously...configuring some kinda social logic, the outlines of a temporality...as yet
unspoken. At any rate, they're *not* things in my head...of that I assure you. I mean “I” ain't no
guarantor of anything.

*Yeah yeah I gotcha there, but, what exactly...uh...well...maybe it's best you just do your thing for
now...flow on through...spin this space a while*

Spin I do, spin I must. But maybe you can kick-in with something too...perhaps together we can
conjure up a volatile space...where signs shake off their “natural selves”...cloak and de-cloak,
you know?

*Yeah ok, alright...But aren't signs already doing that—in the world? World of necessity, world of
necessity's expression...apart from any “special” conjuring?*

Of course, yes, so this “conjuring”...it's *bestriding* all that.

*I hear you... You mean like...epistantagonal suppositings poly-looping materially mundus in
superstrings—relations—matters of matters—tying knots, cutting ribbons, tresses...*

Uhhh...*right*. How 'bout you repeat this “when *not* in shuffle / when *not* in shuffle” stuff maybe
like five or six times...but each time, shave off a syllable. That way memory (somatic-semantic

memory) can tie up some of the slack. You say the string and I'll be inserting a sort of lyric in there, ready?

Uh huh...

when not in shuffle—

Living, they say, is

when not in shuff—

For simplicities sake, or

when not in—

For complexities sake, or

when not—

For the sake of nothing, or

when—

For the sake of something

s p e c i a l

Or that life itself is cavalierish enough to—

They? never really say—

But what do *you* say?

Bubble in the chicken soup of what's said...

Umbrage of let's paddle though the rudder's jammed...

Whoa... That's pretty poetic there.

Actually not. Not by some standards.

Yeah I hear that, "standards"...

Anyway, I'm starting to wonder myself what this "shuffle" thing's all about...

Well, maybe we can re-...volatize that somehow...

I like that, "re-volitalize"... But how?

Well I've got these notes here, actually...

—Oh good good—shoot!

...though...not sure if its shuffle itself, or a break in shuffle...but here goes...

Photogenic / Compliant

Lemon soldiers, expression

Spontaneous gaieties

Gone sour

Bunkered down among

*News sessions, speakable
Heads, spherical
Squeezings, the levitates
Squirt outs*

*Tag touchers
Rippers*

*The squeeze their end-points
The whole other story is of by smearing it*

*Odd jovial
Mogul-like moan under a stone
Mossy*

Monadic

Splinterable

Ethic

*Shrill summer's a' comin' in—goin' goin'—blank—cope—
Shrill summer's a' comin' in—goin' goin'—blank—cope—*

*And the thing is still
seared in this—*

*what should we call it
“brain?”*

phew!...That's gotta be a poem...(by-some-standard)

Yeah yeah, but what do you think? You think we're hittin' on the same thing?

Hell I don't know...but let's...or I'm thinking...didn't you say

“Bunkered down...among
sessions”

didn't you say

“speakable
heads,

the levitates”

*Weird that—or something like that
free-floating*

(like Capital *ain't* “free,”
but forced, so *flipped over* as—“free”)

also something about

“Shrill summer’s a’ comin’ in—goin’ goin’—blank—cope—”

“blank—cope”

and something about

“brain”

should we call it that

Man...you’re sounding like that polly wants a monad—and quick! Hey, why don’t we trick it up some...To see if it’s the stuff of shuffle...or some kinda anti-shuffle...

Alright, I’m game...(Some way to spend the day, huh? I can hear my mother now...“Que es eso...un...hohbee?...o?...”)

Listen listen...why don’t we smush that sequence we did before with some of that...my uh...so-called poem there...

Really?... That’s gonna be one fat lentil burger...

Uh huh...I’m also wondering if we should fling-in the actual sign ‘shuffle’...like whenever, you know—fidgety...but maybe under the cover of something...like...ka’-flinga-bling-bling... (ka’-flinga-bling-bling...Ah yeeah...“hohbee”)

Alright alright...that’ll work... Let’s take a fiver...maybe bring Dick and Jane into it, then run it...

...
...

when not in shuffle [**Photogenic / Compliant**]

Living, they say, is

when not in [**Lemon soldiers, expression**] *shuff—*

For simplicities sake, or

when not in — [**Gone sour / Bunkered down among**]

For complexities sake [**sessions**] ,or

when not—

For the sake of < ka’-flinga-bling-bling > nothing, or < ka’-flinga-bling-bling >

[**speakable / Heads**]

when—

For the sake of something [**spherical / Squeezlings, the levitates**]

s p e c i a l

[**Squirt outs**]

Or that < ka'-flinga-bling-bling > life itself is cavalierish enough to

—they [**The whole other story is of by smearing it**] never really say—

But what do you [**Shrill summer's a' comin' in—goin' goin'—blank—cope—**] say?

Bubble in the chicken soup of what's < ka'-flinga-bling-bling > said...

Umbrage of [**what should we call it**] let's paddle though the rudder's [**"brain?"**] jammed..."

...um...just keep going...say what's left

Tag touchers

Rippers

The squeeze their end-points

Odd jovial

Mogul-like moan under a stone

Mossy

Monadic

Splinterable

And the thing is still

seared in this...

Together now:

WHAT SHOULD WE CALL IT

"BRAIN?"

...

...

Hey you know what?... That makes *no sense* whatsoever...

and somehow... it makes *more sense* too...

by-some-standards!

By Some Standards

...
...

Did you see that couple looking at us through the window?

Who? I didn't see anybody...oh you mean that billboard across the street?

Yeah, that one with the waterfall, the power jeep, the ferns at attention bowing...you think *they're* the squeezers of those nozzles of those hoses of those pumps...so prim & primed?

You know what, let's bag this for now—what do you say?

Yeah ok, let's *bounce* on outta here (*not shuffle*)

Yeah—not shuffle

To somewhere else.

New York, September, 2004