

# WORKSHOP

edited by Nick Piombino and Peter Stamos  
cover by Ed Bowes  
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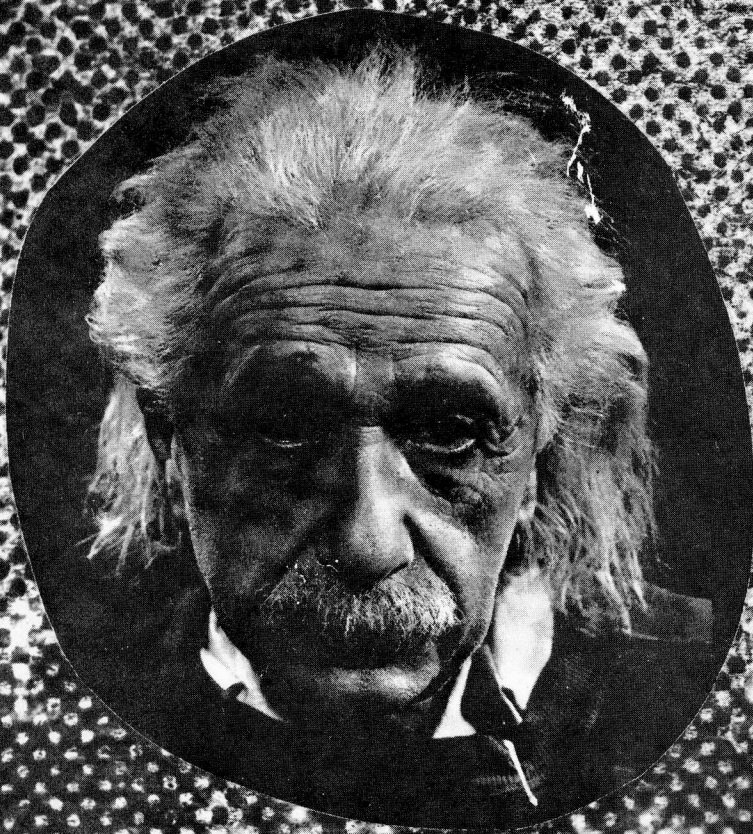
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# ***WORKSHOP***





Workshop on Tuesday October 2, 1972, Tuesday October 9, 1972, Tuesday October 16, 1972, Tuesday, October 23, 1972, Tuesday, October 30, 1972, Tuesday, November 6, 1972, Tuesday, November 13, 1972, Tuesday, November 20, 1972, Tuesday November 27, 1972, Tuesday, December 4, 1972, Tuesday, December 11, 1972, Tuesday, December 18, 1972, Tuesday, December 25, 1972, Tuesday, January 2, 1973, Tuesday, January 9, 1973, Tuesday, January 16, 1973, Tuesday, January 23, 1973, Tuesday, January 30, 1973, Tuesday, February 6, 1973, Tuesday, February 13, 1973, Tuesday, February 20, 1973, Tuesday, February 27, 1973, Tuesday, March 6, 1973, Tuesday March 13, 1973, Tuesday, March 30 1973, Tuesday, March 27, 1973, Tuesday, April 3, 1973, Tuesday April 10, 1973, Tuesday, April 17, 1973, Tuesday April 24, 1973, Tuesday May 1, 1973, Tuesday, May 8, 1973, Tuesday, May 15, 1973, Tuesday, May 22, 1973, Tuesday, May 29, 1973, Tuesday, June 5, 1973, Tuesday, June 12, 1973, Tuesday, June 19, 1973, Tuesday, June 26, 1973 and Tuesday, July 3, 1973, 8:30 pm, St. Marks Church in the Bowverie, 10th St. and 2nd Ave. NYC 10003: EXPERIMENTS, NAME, MOVIE I, MOVIE II, PROUST/JOYCE TAPE, LETTER WORKS, EXCHANGE, REMEMBERING, DREAM WORKS, edited by Nicholas Piombino and Peter Stamos, cover by Ed Bowes, done in collaboration with Unnatural Acts, 74 Grand St. NYC 10013, Library of Congress Catalog Card No. 47-845, printed in the U. S.A., copyright July 1973, Bernadette Mayer: "Listen: 'What precisely, is 'thinking'? When, at the reception of sense-impressions, memory-pictures emerge, this is not yet 'thinking'. And when such pictures form series, each member of which calls forth another, this too is not yet 'thinking'. When, however, a certain picture turns up in many such series, then--precisely through such return--it becomes an ordering element for such series, in that it connects series which in themselves are unconnected. Such an element becomes an instrument, a concept. I think that the transition from free association or 'dreaming' to thinking is characterized by the more or less dominating role which the 'concept' plays in it. It is by no means necessary that a concept must be connected with a sensorily cognizable and reproducible sign (word); but when this is the case thinking becomes by means of that fact communicable.'"



EXPERIMENTS EXPERIMENTS EXPERIMENTS EXPERIMENTS

---

Pick anyword at random (noun is easy); let mind play freely around it until a few ideas have passed through. Then seize on them, look at them, & record. Try this with a non-connotative word, like "so" etc.

---

Systematically eliminate the use of certain kinds of words or phrases from a piece of writing,  
or,  
Systematically derange the language.

---

Rewrite someone else's writing.

---

Get a group of words (selected at random or make a list by choice); then form these words into a piece of writing--whatever the words allow.  
Let them demand their own form  
and/or  
Use certain words in a set way, like, in every line, or in a certain place in every paragraph, etc.  
Design words.

---

Set up multiple choice or fill-in-the-blanks situations & play with them.

---

Eliminate material systematically from a piece of your own writing or, Read it backwards (write it backwards).

---

Using phrases relating to one subject or idea, write about another (Push metaphor, Push similie), for example, steal science & put it in the service of snow or boredom.

---

Experiment with theft & plagiarism in any form that occurs to you.

---

Take an idea, any one that interests you: then spend a few days looking & noticing (making notes, etc. ?) what comes up about that idea  
or,  
Try to create a surrounding where everything that comes up is "in relation"

---



---

Construct a poem as though the words were three-dimensional objects (like bricks) in space.

---

Cut-ups, paste ups, etc.

---

Write exactly as you think, that is, put pen to paper & dont stop.

---

Attempt tape-recorder work, that is, speaking directly into the tape.

---

Note what happens for a few days, hours (any space of time that's limited), then look for relationships connections; make something of it.

---

Use (take, write in) a strict form and/or try to destroy it.

---

Take or write a story or myth, continue to rewrite it over & over, or, put it aside & trying to remember continue writing it five or ten times. then see how its changed.

or,

Make a word out of continuously saying, in a column, a sentence & saying it over & over in a different way, ways, until you get it "right"

---

Typing vs. longhand experiments as recording/creating devices/modes.

---

Make a pattern of repetitions.

---

Take an already written work of your own & insert (somewhere at random, or by choice) a paragraph or less from, for example, a book on information theory. Then study the possibilities.

---

Write in every person & tense.

---

The possibilities of lists, puzzles, riddles, dictionaries, etc.

---



---

Write what cannot be written, for example,  
compose an index.

---

The possibilities of synesthesia in relation to  
language, words: the word & the letter as forms,  
concretistic distortion of a text (for example:  
too many o's or a multiplicity of thin letters  
lllftiii etc.), color in relation to letters  
& words & so on.

Or,  
write in the water, or on a moving vehicle etc.

---

Consider (do) memory experiments (sensory)  
in relation to writing: for example, record all  
sense images that remain from breakfast...

---

Write taking off from visual projection, whether  
mental or mechanical, without thought to the  
word (in the ordinary sense)

---

Make writing experiments over a long period of time:  
for example, plan how much you will write (one word?)  
each day, or, at what time of a particular day or  
week, or, add to it only on holidays etc.

---

Write on a piece of paper where something is already  
written /printed, as, in a book of poetry

---

Attempt to eliminate all connotation from a piece  
of writing & vice versa.

---

Use source material, that is, experiment with other  
peoples writings & doings.

---

Experiment with writing in a group.

---

Word as news, word as message, information, story  
Word as order or command, vocable, unit of speech  
Word as instruction, promise, vow contract, & so on.

---

You know everything

---

NAME



## INTRODUCTION: NAME

living or visiting installations that refine open & occupied the briefing hit me. the engineering student. his efforts efforts remained obscured like the screen. even like the can be used. listening see you tomorrow. that hand in finding the city 1. k. you're right in the center. my continuous world. what has been found according to plan, demanding the lives of individuals, you asked for it. the weird thing is you don't have to engineer a destruction to like it or accept ordinary places occupied in any particular universe. automatically a conclusion appears. no matter what; transforms. do you think we would have appeared here. i think it's a kind of fold-in. prison power. a formulation signaling foreigners to fuck off. a sharp lance or automatic instrument of integration occupies a distinct possibility possessing cures becoming little warm real and a way of life that is one thing left to do. logically to prevent invasion logically suppress superior with iffy music. that's what you're trying to do doing that, saying three four four please. an answer. a signature. someday conscious interpolation. empty noises. ashes & an empty room. you were there. you caught the premonition of my desire. what you had to do with your president. all the junk you wrote, the advertising. next time you're in the elevator. next time you're at the center of the integration circuit. past the boulevard. past

past the island. did anyone ever tell you about the  
other land. destroy & get lost. destroy & find one  
of the first sex magazines ever published. door closing.  
where the predators were forbidden to leave & since  
you're here to cough very well that i'm certain too.  
that rolling feeling hidden saying hey look at this.  
the intricate memory is saying the same thing. you're  
the number. i mean another guilt room. someone gave  
me this one...a friend of mine on the line some of the  
words. crt's are as good as down. down baby down.  
you used an oscillator. are we formed or forming our  
conscious come here & this at my death a wish. take  
the memory & your eyes returning from the transvalley.  
an imaginary component your rolling french the indians  
shut for silently. & this trapping or passage. i know  
what that means. here it is. it's apparent. your  
reaction clears things up. know i know. i'm  
comfortable. i'm beginning to understand that. what  
do we do now. leaving, the ferry is the same as the  
dictionary. you obeyed. you carried replacements for  
automatic two or three months. i have to know. here  
it is. i've been ordered not to see you again. i'm  
afraid of dark space. a translucent screen just above  
the sand. i am the translucent screen. no questions.  
just tune me in & play me. one question only, you're  
lying if you ask where i told you once. where you were  
born repeat it. i'll display definition. where the sky  
is blue. in florence in sienna in trieste in lugano.



anywhere else do you see know friendly. in sixty-three the ferry stopped to pick cafeteria. living in their own part of town they often lose one. whistling. every memory has an alloy that knows & stores & comes in handy. usually i would like to go away with you. the exact moment. the precise moment layed out with all its possibilities in the context of possible limited moments. i know what that's called. there's no rapture without remarks. you're lying. you're very handsome but you're lying. the word of the light in an hour the two of us fades to keep it going. more & more the what is a rock organic the dialogue suspended in the desert to be used only in the most practical. this: smiles souls invaded, eerie music. wonder what the engineers point to. you wouldn't be thinking of betraying me. temporarily suspended telecommunications. here's the run-down. to. no fast moves to fuck up what everybody's thinking. you hate what's called not normal like wildfire already hating he's doing an impossibility.

# • EYE & BRAIN

Sail away sail away you will cross the mighty ocean  
into Charleston Bay.

Single smith & yellow yard the excavation is pure  
& pure & you the emeritus know what safe false hat  
you can wear to wing it, dreaming of pratical  
things, that is, what happens all the time time like  
the seams of your pants give way & the fluids of  
your body emerge, fluids.

That is the way every body lookin always lookin safe.  
A safe.

A same similar place to where your memory sleeps,  
that is, to where memory can sleep does sleep to  
rest up for a while.

Like, food--no food.

Poe's dashes were important to him & nothing is an  
incoherent whole, that is, there is no coherent  
whole & no whole is incoherent.

Let's abandon, listen, lets and lets abandon all  
for Put-together.

I called them all & put together: no one was home.  
Light light dark filters hot thru -- the little dots  
& swimming organs drive me nuts exterminate me.

I cant see where I put every thing or whats goin on.  
Tell me.

Tell me what you think is the truth green shaman  
poison-power.

Witches are waiting in line all day.

Spells cast early so they can get to the clinic storm.

Which way are we pointing east or west.

What street we on.

Strangers.

You motherfucker we hope to change the world we  
are expecting babies to be working with us.

We are relying on magic without an exposition.

Alot of things but no medicines.

If one were here & one were there I wouldnt tell  
someone so young how scared I am.

I would only tell him them good & easy things, one.

Simple simple simple measures take to grow an acorn  
take to eliminate a pie a pile of leaves a master,  
an administrator a daughter a man amen.

Men are able so just act sweet.

It's just a patch on your eye &tc.

Peach pear plum and and & &tc.

Don't worry, sir, I'm early as a what in detective  
stories.

So what?

He was running stoned.

He had nothing to do.

He didnt know he knew everything.



He thought that crow was leaning black bird.

So precious.

Doubtful whether diaries can eat.

Doubtful whether a date dries.

Doubtful its sweet doubtful heavy rain full heavy rain.

So crazy, so, I picked a pack of pickled peppers around the peck from pete, no, I picked a peck of pickled peppers plump from pricks of pins and then I amused myself drawing on thing for hours.

I mended it.

I drew it all together.

I was merciful eyes moving: one floats downream to the water pool.

Expect it.

2 fruit.

Eagle eyes.

Matadoor.

Sink ships the storms over so whats all the moving about.

Rowmance.

The big sea.

Like a wave upon the ocean drowns like a moving M.D. storm one is one and one isnt so they say they are some friends some few dopey drops of that above rain above all.

You got it?

The mink coat the fur stole it works out.

10 I's geography.

10 plays biography the rapist is on ed is on the phone her win & his (UR) method win.

I wonder whats goin on in there I wonder how ready he is to talk I wonder he spills the beans full-moon-like.

Sexual-structure-reorganization--interference--time out.

External medicine, drops, pins, pin-points some struggle---wrestle?

Wanna fight?

Get out.

Her win.

It's over.

Time.

Bernadette Mayer

XXXI

semi-soft zones of exclusionary fabric

conspiracy evolving from a  
two week high

on peyote moving the east coast

into the space of a bungalow in lowland L.A.

penetrating probe of a superstar

all metaphor

in the end a context of drugs

she said: we'll spend the weekend beside  
the pool

when there is no more junk in the house  
there is hardly any justification for remaining indoors

outside a holiday mood

a holiday crowd fills Washington Sq. Park

transistor radios

are actualized as mechanisms of the present

in tapestries of two dimensions

later we fled up Manhattan's West Side Hiway

later we fled up Manhattan's West Side Hiway

Lover on 2nd Avenue

Searching for the break-through  
in the aesthetic  
to depict the vague linearity  
of the neon apparatus  
that was the night  
we left for  
in an acceptable vacuum  
of current news

PAUL BROWN

XXIX

if

if

the

the

erect penis

erect penis

is clean enough

is clean enough

to go

to go

into a museum

into a museum

### Last hour

Sleep becomes the next exclusionary  
 concern of the body running on  
 an indifferent subconscious  
 that will take one through every  
 payday of a year  
 Marshalling all the relevant factors  
 that explain one's normal behavior  
 in reference to the detective's question  
 what was he like while working here  
 Going to sleep now or two hours from now  
 doesn't make any difference so long  
 as the added recognition that its dawn out  
 doesn't occur

### Pre-game Interview

The reporter wanted to know  
 the circumstances of the batting slump  
 that had overtaken Roger Hornsby  
 He responded that it was difficult  
 to see the ball as it advanced  
 toward the plate growing in brightness  
 like a sun burning a grain alcohol  
 unconsciousness in the mind  
 The bat is swung he continued  
 as if by letting go the threshold  
 of transcendence can subsequently be crossed  
 Did he think the Pirates would  
 gain ground on the front running Cardinals  
 At this stage in the season its hard to say  
 the Rajah began Our success up till now  
 has been a team effort  
 a group of persons acting with unity  
 across given moments of time



PAUL BROWN

XXIX

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 a group of persons acting with unity  
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## Sestina #1

Whenever I walk to Alix's  
 I walk a different route  
 Past the Armory--across 26th Street  
 The DONT WALK lights determine my path  
 I only play this game in daylight  
 I hate the same route twice  
  
 I hate the same route twice  
 Whenever I walk to Alix's  
 I only play this game in daylight  
 I walk a different route  
 The DONT WALK lights determine my path  
 Past the Indian spice stores--across 27th Street  
  
 Past D'Agostino's--across 33rd Street  
 I hate the same route twice  
 The DONT WALK lights determine my path  
 Whenever I walk to Alix's  
 I walk a different route  
 I only play this game in daylight  
  
 I only play this game in daylight  
 Past the Italian Bakery--across 28th Street  
 I walk a different route  
 I hate the same route twice  
 Whenever I walk to Alix's  
 The DONT WALK lights determine my path  
  
 The DONT WALK lights determine my path  
 I only play this game in daylight  
 Whenever I walk to Alix's  
 Past the corner fruit stand--across 32nd Street  
 I hate the same route twice  
 I walk a different route  
  
 I walk a different route  
 The DONT WALK lights determine my path  
 I hate the same route twice  
 I only play this game in daylight  
 Past Chock Full O'Nuts--across 30th Street  
 Whenever I walk to Alix's  
  
 I walk a different route and only play this game  
 in daylight  
 Past the laundromat--the DONT WALK lights determine  
 my path--across 29th Street  
 I hate the same route twice whenever I walk to Alix's

## BOBATH

Blue chairs, white tables, yellow walls, green curtains, pink people, white people, brown, browner people, orange, green, blue people. When all else fails bread pudding is bread pudding and you really can't complain about coffee and the cigarettes are mine but not the cheese--american as canned vegetables and semblances of flank steak.

You already gave it a pedigree.

The ones who make more money wear white and the others wear blue but the men wear black pants but everyone wears white shoes except the ones who make the most money in anything they want.

Can I have the salt and pepper?  
There's no salt in the salt Shaker. Try against the wall.

Against the wall there's salt in a white suit and pepper in a grey one. Both wear name tags except the salt and some of the peppers in only white or grey.

Hi Kim.

Mommy. I want to hold you.

Okay. Let me get my coat off.

I want off. I want to hold you, Mommy.

I want to hold you too.

I wove you.

I love you.

I kiss you.

Yellow blue pink girl. Curls in your face girl.  
Yellow blue pink girl.

Pick your head up.

Up.

Pick your head up and look at me.

Mommy.

That's right look at mommy.

Fruit.

Eat your meat first.

I want fruit.

Finish your meat.

I binished.

Okay. Here's the fruit.

I wike fruit.

Fruit likes you and you like meat so fruit likes meat but meat doesn't necessarily like fruit unless meat likes you and you like fruit then meat likes fruit. After the fruit likes the meat and the meat likes the fruit and the coffee and the cigarette I'll make a phone call.



A heightened me is hard to see. Feel your body straight and twist and reach and grab and open fingers. A heightened me is hard to see. Think only of thinking don't think about moving just move when you can but feel what feels right and stop what feels wrong. A heightened me is hard to see. Unpoint your toes lift up your head loosen that muscle strengthen the other use your shoulders lift your head. Those aren't orders I no longer order order but show. A heightened me is hard to see. I'm learning learning to show your body how to move centered. I'm learning to show your body. I'm not to tell your mind to tell your body. Your body will tell your body.

I'm not a very good diver but if I stand and think about it I'd jump so I don't think and don't jump but dive very low. One time I stood at the edge of a pool and thought to think but thought better and didn't so I dove and hit the water and spun and my mother and father and aunt and uncle laughed. I could have died while they laughed i.e. died laughing.

Are you mad at me?

No, why should I be?

Because I've been swimming every day and you just stay in my room.

No, I'm not mad.

You're not mad cause I swim without you?

No.

I forgot my last line and didn't ask, then why do you stay in my room? But it didn't matter cause he was gone in the morning. Gone swimming by himself I guess. A better diver than me but I'm not too sure about his swimming.

What do you do?

Do you mean how much money do I make?

No, what do you do?

I'm an unemployed prince.

Have you always been a prince?

Before I was a prince I was an inventor.

What did you invent?

An underwater sewing machine.

Electric or treadle?

I have a good idea you can only swim with me and I can swim with whoever I want. I want to swim with a lot of different people for a month and during that month you can't go swimming unless it's with me. You actually can swim alone if you want but you have to make believe its me you're swimming with. Then at the end of the month we'll see how I feel and if I feel better you can go swimming with other people too but only if you swim with me the most and of course all along I'll swim the most with you.

What's fair is fair.

You really would like that, wouldn't you?

No, I was only kidding.

No, I believe you. You really would like that.

I can't hear the beat. There is no beat when my beat is so loud that all there is is mine and the one outside is noise but then I have to stop and find the outside beat and hear the music from the juke box so loud from the bar across the street.

\*

Here.

That's the second time I've done that.

It's alright. I don't mind if you leave your things here. I like having you around.

You said I like having you around not I like being with you. I said nothing. I didn't say I like being around and I didn't say why didn't you say I like being with you you would have said of course I like being with you but that wouldn't have answered my question. But then I'm giving it all to you again taking nothing. I have weights tied to my heels and my elbows and my upper lip my body takes over when all else fails. I haven't failed yet. This is a story of a beginning of a love affair. They're usually the same. They'll meet somehow and then there's an eating or drinking scene of some sort. Then she'll spend the night they'll fuck twice, she'll have a hard time falling asleep, then they'll fuck again in the morning. They won't see each other that night but will the next or during that next day. They like touching each other and like to make love with each other. They ask each other a lot of questions about past lovers and their parents and school. He's used to it. She's not. She's used to something different and it isn't falling in love. It's either not caring and having a good fuck or a bad one or caring some having bad fucks and not being in love. She is not used to someone who can stand up. They fuck back to front on their sides, back to front with him on top, back to front with her on top. They fuck front to front with him on top. front to front on their sides, but not front to front with her on top. She can't ask why.

This morning she had to decide whether she'd get sicker walking home in the rain or staying at his place. She walked home in the rain took a shower, took a bath, had a cup of coffee and read a dirty



book, he doesn't like it when she thinks she's dying because of his house. He thinks she's blaming him but no she only blames herself but not really cause she does blame him for getting annoyed when she talks about dying cause she figures he'd rather she didn't talk and just die. That way he'd have a woman. That way she'd have nothing. It doesn't sound like what either of them want but it could be and neither are very sure what they want anyway.

He gave her a beautiful scarf which she loved but didn't thank him for. She couldn't forget that she hadn't thanked him but couldn't say it, could only wear it and hope it made him feel good that she liked it. She wanted to give him something but couldn't think of anything so gave her left lung. He didn't know what it was and she didn't tell him. He sort of liked it and sort of didn't and was mostly confused as to why she gave it to him but didn't like listening to explanations.

When they were together she liked being with him so much that she didn't and wanted to be away from him and then when she was away from him she felt good and thought that she could be with him again. She wanted a job like his and he didn't want a job like hers, no that isn't clear. He worked and she didn't. He didn't want to and she did and didn't. It was hard for her to show him what she did and tell him what she liked so she made alot of jokes and let him see a little. He told her more cause of the way he cleaned up in the morning and got ready for bed. He never saw her get up in the morning or get ready for bed cause he was usually too busy doing it himself.

You could say that it sounds like she hates him for being himself but that isn't true. She only hates herself for not being herself when he is himself and it just sounds like she hates him. If she hated him she wouldn't see him at all. She is not as bad as all that.

\*

## from RED HARVEST

Raining and they can  
 You said there was once  
 A blue and blue that  
 Resting it alters said  
 The woods all over again  
 In sounds or one place  
 They move again there in ways  
 As if the blue rains an  
 Be around the shape then  
 Alright months were months  
 Say that as they read  
 No blue coffee  
 No one retains and  
 Is different than an ace  
 This candle near were they head  
 We can tell this than  
 Spirals that were phones it  
 Though there's again  
 The hat placed and what  
 Together says one once  
 Wore a blue cap cap & plaid like a shaman  
 a man cant move moat a man witches know a man cant  
 Days get dice she's her father in when it lifts  
 unimportant crown keepers  
 which to aspects in eight moves the room again & back  
 Which works? its eleven music, a dead ringer  
 fourteen years and later it rains  
 Sky with a southern diamond or a cross a selection  
 said come lie beside me become lake dwellers  
 become inhabitants of an inn an estuary  
 an arm of the sea  
 A humid flare or state -- word for a body of water  
 in a part of the landscape I bound the wood  
 in yards of nylon,  
 a dream was requisite  
 Either something like he is no longer living  
 or stimulus  
 This one is silver this one is watches this one is  
 human hair  
 take care and collect take care take care here  
 come here give it here move it up now May  
 binds and clear a week keep it A dozen rate ledges down  
 the coal years ago tight to the street when was once  
 an edifice a series an attendance  
 stone or slashed the  
 pictures  
 Listen. Look here give it on up now  
 map reads its early and a negative of it reaches me  
 A negative of fact indicating a refrain carried at night  
 the source of which indicates a repertoire of balance  
 and the kind of night you bring  
 indicating a source though I carry a negative  
 addressed to you but is now in the form of snow



A field of moving wheat towards the center of this image  
 whose field this is pursued along the surface of  
 the wall designating sheath or apparel spread across  
 the room square with no angles the image of a field  
 or line of bulbs moving out over the water

One afternoon you walk right up  
 and vanish There is no leaving a black point  
 after experience This is what makes anything render  
 motion Points to a block and says 'rouge'  
 today's lean Tuesday remembering porcelain  
 You plan the disappearance of my desire No,  
 what I mean is this.

Going away on a journey stands in dreams for dying  
 "we can travel back to Europe" said the dream  
 why do you think people like to watch magic?

The first answers the power which has caused you to  
 initiate beauty there is an older understanding to grips  
 and as you do Someone demands imperatives and advice  
 which you now wish as useful knowledge flying or sexual love  
 A large circular area filled with white frame chairs  
 covering the path and portions in darkness  
 there are four clay basins filled with earth arranged  
 near the chairs -- a grey station wagon turns off  
 --about 28 lbs of heroin & cocaine lowered from  
 the deck of a Chilean freighter--

No S knows a bitch is plenty  
 word for a body of water

Description of yr presence  
 the motion of shape symmetrical alignment hand to mouth  
 and back again not with must and actual color  
 a literal representation of movement

If you are shown 'condensed' or 'a work of my mind'  
 or as a flat area of pure color, the results the same  
 the surface of things while nothing falls  
 diffused by memory intact as the clear ice most forms it  
 sleep and all remembering as condensed dreaming letters  
 rendering your private space -- the ice forms it--  
 indicating number of prior thinkers

eyelids of a loved one  
 the structure of thought  
 the number of places or them  
 an conduct their model before them which indicates  
 what it does and what dreaming means  
 everything the letter contains  
 years by contingency heirs or consistent holder  
 or meadow pronoun sound on film recorder

and end and arc  
 an cloisters and turned coffee when a phone'll ring  
 before it actually does

2. the color blue, body of water plural ending  
 large hall masculine name bodies of water  
 mirror backing convex molding plural ending  
 you were asleep awoke and turned thru the room  
 writing to part

the warmth & livid stems collecting yr motion  
 the description of presence the motion of shape  
 the color blue and the kind of night you bring



white as a cloth dipped in water  
 Shapes, a certain way shapes movement,  
 a certain way its morning  
 the morning you something or other leave.  
 thinking this makes a difference a reminder  
 letters containing everything just the way you said  
 they would

cars pulling out the sun breaking thru  
 -you said they're wet crouching thru the path  
 from the house like another place altogether saturated  
 with rain If love be not in the house theres nothing  
 making lists and holding money

We fill the house with  
 words and the words act like fuel, the house moves  
 turns one ye into the future  
 the room is full, but it doesnt stop here:  
 no shadows or the shadows are sounds  
 sounds leaving is a substitute landscape  
 for transition he dreamt we were pulling at her  
 from all directions. Picture, cant get clear  
 "real terror. "The faster they go the rounder they get  
 Naming is enough. you cause a delirium an absolute genius  
 In japan one of my proudest moments was being at the  
 house where the age of luxury ended

they must be strong  
 if they go on they must be ready living if they're  
 to compensate for loss for there to be a  
 compensation for the power given them they  
 must be strong

yielding road metal yielding mountain  
 limestone. I said headed by another time  
 by plans by another wording to the quick does it matter  
 and does it matter at all Where there is no widespread  
 time as if I said why should there be  
 it was more than her arrival without altering  
 any one such thing there's where it ceased  
 light burns. how much & for what terms can this be said  
 -through moving just like that  
 -through moving that way

rising into a free space  
 terminating in the stamp of yr affections for  
 this silver image an avenue of sparrows circle  
 the desk it was as if you will them to crow there  
 drawn like an outline of your hands combing back  
 your long black hair and know no presence no  
 shore against the sky

Crow men are up to this  
 do you mind leaving light thins  
 the second it intercepts human demand  
 human demand as an attachment a possessor  
 and an adept one. who can leave can become a corpse  
 who conducted what is not then an address  
 but can knot to here not 'walk on' or manes  
 to blacken the night -- partly glass and property --  
 which is a number in places whose powers  
 someone grasps if we undo what seems with waking



life its looks serve as energy

-the next morning

I remained absent, she prophesied over nature,  
the only luminous thing, in her own language  
or glade where she turned and said now you know  
where you are, then. hurried on leaving me to  
follow as best I could

3. If and when is writing is different when music  
and sew music but stopped when the car burned in  
there's no mistaking a mnemonists theres no  
mistaking here a dark fence depth lines & certainty  
"They have lights the shape of pylons but right be  
confusing them with some other place for gathering."  
why could a man who lived there never died once. living.  
I cross at a right angle and do this twice  
lines having no replica to scale I'm pressed for time &  
time objects A police car turns and stopped a few ft.  
ahead I buy cigarettes on the way back ,  
the police car turns

she invited two policemen  
when they stopped her for questioning they came over  
civilians leaving when she told them my brother  
& I are home that was when the house was clean  
that was when things disappeared new version  
long stretches cited

We construct systems the amount  
of us that seize cites and build on them  
strikes or striking from the record & stricken,  
that, although structures defy explication at all  
theres isolation One day I remodeled history  
the third or center the second from the first the  
furthest or the second to the third of which

every relic was ownership  
each one I remembered was taken with it,  
feeling thought or distance portrait of the girl  
lamps tables dusters pokers crystals irons  
I'm building a house a murder  
a sewing machine an umbrella piano cobalt blue  
a breakdown calcite stalegmities prints  
birds prints trilobites & amber in amber  
I discover a nest. I'm turning everything out  
turned everything out a lean tuesday apples  
I could very well but help nothing less that  
to outlast this yet it makes everything get bound up  
there cant be data collectors no information can be  
withheld from

living persons or persons unknown  
conduct a transference keep still  
two was one fourteen years worth out of which is out  
an intake, ledger lines



there back to all she know how necessary languages  
 create returns, a kind of village a place for hawks  
 I call Joan to talk about the grid, turn left, mark time  
 think what might have occurred had certain ones  
 remains as far as I could there never were  
 a resolution the object of one at the present  
 including them with blurs

a season a few years  
 demanding a balance an element of danger.  
 intention imagined use to describe making  
 my uncle exchanged money to me  
 I'm not ashamed of what I did then, but of the  
 intention I had then does this justify share?  
 Did I want to tell him about intention as well  
 as my action because I tell him something and intend  
 to, about myself, which goes beyond what happened  
 at that time and again by what  
 How many actions am I performing.

He appeared in a dream and the next  
 day he exchanged the money  
 theres nothing that evaporates as much as currency  
 families cousins- moveable, the one addressed to  
 the one there is any meaning -- design for silence  
 signify speed the image of the other a series  
 of contact stills, still moving, press, exchanging  
 extended travel- this indicates a source, source  
 the Rouen cathedral took months to make  
 in it the structure of the cathedral  
 eventually dissolves, color tends to recede:  
 colors assert the true quality

house in dream down  
 on a slant like wheat without further where & how  
 can a man rain & red from the gone sweetness no even  
 just paleness alters and initially means to have  
 known by its dated 'cut this dating out'

I got the night.  
 night or the russian countryside  
 Diane comes on in on in dry clothes, a man.  
 I feel like I have just been out walking  
 Application of an arrow of brackets  
 Four sets of seaters  
 For white, chalk while any b as in violet  
 write wire, mask it,  
 turning out is considerable time  
 is too deliberate

snow. snow means protection. Cocteau's snow on the  
 frontier

our tracks are low profile, Does it bother you  
 to be against so bright a backing?  
 You're Orange and Im used to the hours  
 conscious no matter what prior to existing things  
 must deal with space, where they would represent  
 todays perhaps just writing -the opposite of black  
 is not necessarily the absence of white  
 say what to inhabitants



a helm has something to do with a newer ship  
 we do not fit unreadable into any using every or even  
 a double take to imagine why that is a song  
 a sort of thankful one

without going back it becomes necessary  
 to captjr reflect record rename is as with some thing  
 before you moves towards utterance

I intend to. One is silver one is watches  
 ones human hair. If love be not in the house theres  
 nothing. one is a voice that appears in a movement  
 of ideas. Ones an effigy. It is enough to name them.

I am tired of calling them to a sort. watch out  
 theres a storm going over the desert, a potential storm  
 no sure thing if the wind could rise from the  
 east for loud amplification I know this well  
 I know this one 'You'd better choose'

In this condition had you no prior knowledge  
 of his routines there might be.....which are a dead  
 giveaway. The other is an oval portrait.

Think of a moth, a real white one  
 Dispersal gives them an excuse for behavior.  
 its time to leave the stars  
 talking Saussure

the center center is a foil asharpness  
 thin & at once full

When it comes to you there is no disguise  
 a three quarter rest blackened in black in a pencil

To receive the image and not the ring  
 You remind me of someone else, no need to though  
 its gone. Theres nothing to tell. Name  
 more picturing. Name.

crow men are up to this.  
 Name. Name. what do you do with rage. Name.  
 heat emanates from bodies an active rebellion  
 the word roans how can you say that  
 Going down the hill is a calcite woman, a very fine  
 dust. I refuse to tell it.

the only way that she would condone the telling  
 was that it should be useful. A very difficult  
 Mountain-Wolf woman. I've never met these people  
 in my entire life

the community should consist of homes  
 arranged in a circle

this is an act of faith faith & protection  
 Tell them. Save those certain ones and everyone  
 is assured. Men & Women.

In march I wrote 'its impossible to do a portrait  
 of Bernadette' This one left a name, a veiled  
 dream or trance state. Reins is a usurper  
 you appeared to me; you, the other one,  
 do you mind leaving. light thins. Crow men  
 are up to this. Defend your space. You spoke with me  
 a long while I forget I know that things  
 became clear later there was confusion and  
 perhaps anger I didnt mean for there to be  
 such distance, for there to be so much space used up  
 it gets used up it vanishes it takes room, a whole lot



the notion of distance is a cheat.  
the construct an ellipse...

the perception of an eclipse tells nothing  
is not & again literally itself

Why could there be no stacks of wheat or fields  
of corn if the sun did not shine. A degree day  
indicates the number of degrees the mean temperature  
falls below 65 degrees

illustration of a picture: on red backing  
a red backing newsprint it says like a member  
of family lost delicious thick coated smooth

(and) round winter blows thru windows I paired  
these words to a black & white image  
an arm sweeping the table. Table like a crescent.  
If its right there could be cold on the ridge.

there is your justice at the edge of things that  
no object could erase.

edge of the last battle, not fear, to understand  
but on earth a kind. because you had set out to  
accomplish something something I believe  
emotionally over all countries;

a restless guide stood at the lakes, my lakes  
in the hunt. my comfortable desire to seize  
mountains transmuted the rabbit to an impulse and I sat  
before the mountains, an aspiring, I land I have

the mind to which is the same twilight as what first  
fashioned my impression that I did language.

Since the same will be a gift

my certainty to bare the identification to  
validate my findings, your trap  
therefore there could be no fear. because of forces  
that became my regular guide this permits me a  
certain density. My finding you

was the last battle -- the twilight I looked at  
- catch turns kill identification to validate  
force dulls by comparison, everything human messages  
change but people who have lived to define a certain  
pitch because no word can be for what capacity in the  
sense given to cut yourself from intention  
had it been private?

what placed them saying tended fortunates  
or individual passage but expecting this in no way  
marks it off as persistence a refractory possession between  
a line depicting annoyance an unrecognized precedent  
work is an affection, here, as to set weight. examples  
such as earth, and notebook tends to ground it - charge  
the design for returning, any time possession is fear  
a fixed set to absence figure with no ground  
a very fine dust

all legend days will be over  
Power will come to them.

forming or forming our conscious house-

It has happened  
 I had waited  
 I had waited and it happened  
 It happened as I waited  
 It happened as it happened  
 It happened after I waited  
 It happened  
 It has always happened  
 It was the same as, as was waiting or as waited  
 It was a wait and it could have been for any happen  
 If I waited sooner then sooner it would have happened  
 if I waited for a sooner happen  
 It happened while I waited and  
 Would have happened if I didn't wait  
 It happened and I did not wait  
 It happens, I do not wait  
 It happens, I happen  
 I happened, I have happened  
 There is no wait, happening

\*

"look, with an objective mind, feel, with a  
 subjective," she said with a nod of approval a look  
 of disapproval and a wandering husband on her mind.  
 "The choice is to be made, neither black nor white,"  
 from under the couch crept his voice of certainty which  
 was to be had for a small remittance.  
 "And you, thusly, what is to be expected of such a one?"  
 couldn't they see behind the unlit lamp, they, all in  
 the room, under the semblance of propriety,  
 "Then eat bread," intoned the transcendent boy into  
 the manhood with a white skullcap with silverlined  
 fruit. "I held the baby up and patted him so," she  
 demonstrated on the vase, its flowers falling into  
 its own water on the floor.

\*



NICHOLAS PIOMBINO

## ANNEXING GLASS

it represents our demand for an exact mutation  
 travelling flying & collecting  
 opposing noise & contact opposing  
 satisfaction praise & frequent touch-  
 you choose shells-mime particles-sea-salt-  
 they creep into your backmind exuding a glum trance  
 you may use in a personal way  
 to include spoken & written sources  
 shared with it didnt matter who there-  
 secrecy-sensitivity-beginning with a person & a trans  
 action leaves for one thing hiding in ones own  
 dumb brilliance-ass under dress-flipping thru pages  
 & keeping them somewhere  
 later quickly happy in bed-  
 numbers-totems-bills-checks-  
 cervix-doctor-flesh  
 excluded as if they were false experiences  
 to better obtain unspeakable implements & words traded  
 for paper-& go away but call me when you encounter  
 folded thought so we can emerge again in a detective  
 story-bizzare lady hesitates in front of a  
 vegetable stand & gets shot-her relatives are gone-  
 she has no house & lives with mice-fooled you-  
 the mouse did it-bye-& attention isnt love & your  
 composition intrigues me especially when you blur  
 the connectives assembling suppositions rapidly-  
 we imagine pleasures-we construct dreams-yet  
 we concentrate  
 on the images which occur thru action  
 for chance observations of refracted meaning

3.20-22.73

inside & outside

Bernadette wont draw the line, finish the song,  
sing one way lead the way, wont rest, stop it, dont stay  
dont go away. Cold then, warm now hotter. I have  
to talk to pete about this tho he  
cant even give an even answer, some noise, he wont  
be practical, he listens endlessly thinking alive  
do i know about this, do they know,  
in feeling how to give, dont be afraid, i'll help  
you, bernadette doesnt argue exactly but wont ever  
stay in tune, its part of the tune, in not  
explaining, having to look away, wont someone  
please open the door now, wont someone close the door  
to those one-liners. theres nothing cynical,  
nothing occasionally pathetic, peter looks on  
oriental, immersed, detached, right on the note,  
theres an edge to his uh-huh, he breathes  
in books, theres spokes to him,  
sometimes, more than sometimes jim just has to  
guffaw but he's right, i feel embarassed,  
i know he's right, youve got to have that. whats  
that fear in b's eyes now looking at me, at pete  
crossing the room, never missing anyway, i cant be-  
lieve it , taking us back to where it began,  
never really leaving, never just remaining  
i want to say listen, the way paul lets it out boom  
goes clean and fresh, nothing to  
fear, "just send 'em to her, i'll give you



the address. outside i say to lynn, i have to  
explain some of this to someone then & strangely  
(not strangely) shes got facts that help & right  
there, i glide out later  
leaving my sunglasses & a lot of trust for her to keep,  
theres plenty (a surprize like a birthday). nobody  
bothers about the noise, especially during  
the beginning good confusion, somewhere you can speak  
& b really wants it like that constantly, we're all  
a bit afraid, a little hurt & very mystified, look  
at these faces, even pete's got to whisper well, well,  
whats gonna happen tonight & ive yet to see him  
truly surprized by anything, he thinks whats strange  
really isnt, what isnt strange is strange, b what  
are you saying now, seeing now, here hurrying  
in the film, light & heavy, a hit of JD, another  
cigarette & what will really freak 'em  
out of those sticky memories: jims got something  
big to read, how can he know so much so young,  
be dead so soon, im listening to him, i'll  
follow you home to the print shop, so take these  
joints & smoke 'em just for me this speed too  
if it will help, or reread what is written, rewrite  
what is said copy from your neighbor, refuse to  
write to letters, make something real for  
pocket change. & thankfully paul is sane  
& makes us laugh, it isnt cloudy like you thought,  
im hiding & he finds me with a grin & lynn



looks so serious tonight & sexy in white, glasses  
 & rules for rhyme i like 'em cause she knows 'em  
 i couldnt plan the disappearance of anything  
 & im scared in here so close, taking out some words  
 to read tired of being naked but hating hiding,  
 hating wandering, want to sit still awhile  
 & stop, b cant stop, wont stop & after  
 while i dont want to either, im staying now,  
 im listening, paul is reading, i cant miss that, the  
 memory, the clean energy, honestly, whats bad, no  
 nothing, no mistakes, no throwing out just adding  
 keeping, dividing, sharing, giving & taking,  
 embarassed? b is happy tonight, shes radiant  
 on stein, its really freud, theres nothing  
 invisible, theres no starting & no stopping,  
 no creative writing, only thought & out loud,  
 so peter is thinking out loud so loud, reads a new  
 york, mixed up, dadaistic, quiet but no drifting,  
 its unfolding & coming together now & pete  
 is listening rapt & b is really amazed, shes smiling  
 open & lynn is worrying hearing remembering  
 & jim is piecing something together, thinking  
 of a dream. theres no war here, only clouds & rain  
 someones lighting a cigarette, mumbling, someones  
 leafing thru papers, someones playing a drum  
 someones going out to go upstairs to get the key  
 not to drop a pill just to pee & think about  
 the bad writing on the wall. somehow i could

never leave like that tho peter can all the time, he  
 gets away he stays outside or inside, its his  
 secret & everyone knows it, he doesnt put it  
 down or away, b catches his eye, they know  
 something i know it too, in a second we'll all  
 know it, we caught it already, someone just said it,  
 read it, wrote it, dreant it yesterday, like  
 counterpoint inside & outside, its summer  
 & the door is open, people on the street, i dont  
 have to answer, dont put on my jacket, dont have  
 to wonder if i can get angry yet, theres  
 something about language being said, i missed it,  
 i want to know it, i'll get it later & take it  
 home & talk about it all night, i'm excited, have  
 to take a blue-green valium to sleep, never  
 too many ideas, i have to sleep tonight or i'll  
 die at work tomorrow, i wont be able to listen.  
 after words about seven beers, music too loud,  
 missed my goodbye, cant take it back, dont be afraid  
 its 6 am, 7, 8, dont go home, stay inside tonight,  
 check the list of things to do, im sorry i had a  
 dream, dont remember, nobody misses anything  
 anymore, nobody wants to go home, go home.  
 b's not a priest in the vestibule of the church, beds  
 lined up & out of work, shes dancing now & crying,  
 shut up, someone has to talk into this, cant say it  
 so pete says it magically slowly with underlining in  
 his voice, its incredible how he listens & talks  
 at the same time, all the time, the way g stein



explains it. about lacan here, paul took it out  
 of pound, coherence, he read malanga, herrigan,  
 schiff & someone else i dont remember, jim likes  
 beckett, movies, paul & jim like rock,  
 pete self sustaining systems, peter turned me  
 on to philip lamantia when he was crazy, young,  
 lynn likes fielding dawson, mike m alfred jarry, &  
 me especially works by b & anything emotional in  
 signs. wd anyone be angry should i gove b a rose  
 in the end, or beginning, lynn glances at me  
 reassures me, i do it & feel good, paul wouldnt mind,  
 he'd be happy, laughter all the way down the street.  
 pete's no seashell on the shore, tho strained in  
 the face now, why the fuck go to any other school  
 but this, i couldnt say it & lynn, came anyway, i  
 applauded this & meant it, i didnt have to do any-  
 thing(once again), you dont if you know what we're  
 thinking, i didnt learn it today, i really did,  
 there keep it there. dont go back, go back & come  
 back, answer him, give him the preponderance of  
 the nights, restrain him... last night i committed a  
 murder, i was discovered, i killed me, clinging, shes  
 wise to it, but says nothing, this is typical at times,  
 impossible but for the speech between which goes on  
 forever, shes angry, in white & thinking really loud,  
 like peter, sitting next to pete & me, he shaped it  
 to the style of his own body for bringing it along,  
 he never had to always been like that as long as i  
 know him, b's between, but pete (peter too) stays

outside, wise, penetrating, warm, hes always known  
 (how can he know everything so soon), i want to  
 write to rose & tell her all of this but cant until  
 the guru is dead, if someone wd please tell her  
 about murder & dreams, shes never outside,  
 b's here, i have no right. im sorry. i had a dream.

\*

PETER SEATON

the shore

this matchless moment we'll warm you up  
 it's a matter of sea breathing establishment shots  
 quite literally down your question pliant & inflammable  
 like two cocoons shielded from the gesture of gathering  
 pieces if royal compositions twice abroad the ambience is  
 bo, here it's overlapping labels a clip shimmers in the  
 distance resilient flotsam sharing cargoes of orange  
 moveables a bay surrounded by your thoughts of me  
 on the day inclination shocked you discovering it

in french you understand the insistence of staying alone  
 whereas somber shiny heads weaving & bobbing home  
 remind us to inform the decaying shudders colors  
 the spell unplanned moving in the direction of data  
 smooth & virtually this occurring to was & be moved  
 the high twang of defiance occurring on a road  
 suddenly you follow your feet & saying to another  
 your displeasure my displeasure occurs staggering  
 precision guitars melt away into yachts & the department  
 of parks claims certain items from the shore for amuseum



## SOFTWARE IMPLOSION

living in corners for sounds, then we travel away. he says: never mind. before i leave i'll tip my hat. the sky refers to my opinion. a man without an ellipse will come to travel with you. he will appear floating through cracks & rocks. which is why i'll listen. i'll travel with rocks & feathers, a grey one this time. you know i'll be back. you know that this is the time to before a truck. you know the exist. you know the excitement if leaving, flying, passing through the picture. you know the keys with little thumb & finger indents. seeing this in memory, a fair-sized car. last night e appeared. listen grey & far rocks. i mean quarries in the mid region. shotguns & quarries. when i remind you to t to approve of fires meat countries sand & above all listen when the competition watches applaud. a used piece of steel a beautiful bath let me explain you the three. herself & all the blonde girls he thought. the recipe is: fly away for several days & return to a cool place in your house. i'm serious. some people understand a lot. a ream of paper. your temple. a kick in the right direction. sounds like model. flowing like a reel, he's hungarian, he's irish smooth & italian. ones harrassed ones were removed. making sense, we walked through the exhibition: my name is biosphere, we react like europe. at the end of the reservoir we saw the shutters. desperate, they rip an irrigated end of the field. your garden. shutters & again shutters. nick explains parts of tuesday & monday--the again, blue suede shoes, can't get out of the closet. "hire fences to see the colors. a silence a sunspot, but what & that where is that. this is reddish block. the earth is a system. it appears round & clear. sometimes the air falls off. it travels & reaches air-hungry lifts. hurray for the air." accelerating, little bits of air remain on the lower surface of the flight deck. the captain sees the conditioning. "this ship is designed for mile high etc." fasten up. lost & politics, fundamentally this happens. plumbing in the white mouse maze. this state is so general fucked art & revolution are convenient. is this the is this the objection. my ideas look up to the inside of a sphere. you though the level. your head is not the center of the sphere, or the device. you awake to appear a match burns the oil. we remember fossils in the middle of the desert. we remember remains described. we remember cars in new england & a



bazaar in the square. not even fruit. not even  
 the fruit that came from the rulers. a white base,  
 white dress, white mouse white. all those guys  
 with numbers. the maps they point to. we heard of  
 the little shadow. we need this water like rain.  
 it is not realistic. outside ants & children. out-  
 side increasing north east. the tendency is to  
 think south. the real differentiation is abroad.  
 we've got our own enclave here. a beautiful sight.  
 i just heard you, i just thought i saw you. a post-  
 card came saying II. it said II & automatically.  
 that's the identical one. it seems behind me for  
 about 3½. the theatre was closed. there was not a  
 murder. under certain conditions continue to know  
 that the person material flying out there heard.  
 chicago. a tense is watching the ability to visit  
 the end of the world. the end of the world of quick  
 changes. fast moves & the same day. targets lost on  
 on the bus. may she got tired. crack. no more  
 singing. no more exotic birds preying there. the  
 many. who wants her to. away in the country priests  
 & medicine. all the times the alphabet for the  
 country, & interrupted by the doctor. the doctor  
 who arrives over the state line. speeding, his fly  
 was open. i found the same trouble by a hammock. it  
 dove over the letters like diet. when it decided.  
 the summer isn't open. which lens is open, which  
 window with shutters. how wide are the shutters the  
 dove by contrast with x & the letters green. then  
 the window appraises what a party. we all shot by  
 to play with to save yourself. the cat, & we solved  
 the problem. someone doesn't move. & the girl puts  
 out the solid state affair with one pound butter, &  
 a teaspoon of she asked me i think. lemon extract,  
 the furthest result. meanwhile settling on the time.  
 my father wasn't at the station. a run in her stocking,  
 the mail is fucked up & so the banks. all systems  
 crashed. all those places. a few lakes one year ago.  
 more than that it appeared. we're not beside lost.  
 did you mean the airport. did you mean the channel  
 a list manned by six times. he suspected the in-  
 volvement. different ages. months & something  
 other. no time. climbing the same years, how many  
 mountains to go. how many stairs, i sweated. it  
 happened again, his back. it happened again the de-  
 votion anarchy you are gradually serious, the next  
 question, the one destroying the three dimensions  
 from. a hologram uses points of light to create  
 images of three dimensions. a pig can be thick-  
 skinned. a recipe is just that for the machine.  
 squid, fish lobsters, the newsman tried to struggle.  
 his rowboat failed. back to the news. that journey  
 far away. what did you tell her. why was she hurt.  
 why was the cooking NOT DONE. you know what a hop  
 means. answer answer me. why was he ringing. a



name asks for ringing. this whole new language,  
 neither why are you being so involved. winners  
 glasses next time we'll have the machine. & next  
 time we'll have the machine. it's not her, she's  
 far away. a street, fifteen times from her. a  
 certain way, messing it up & smiling, thinking of  
 cases, hardware stolen from the sky in a certain  
 way, bugs in church. checking before we found  
 processes who charged. look at us they said. we  
 are the processes of the desert. we explain the  
 shifting broken. we could say the police say for  
 your safety. orange power. first message: shoot-  
 ing. not possible. showers next, you know the  
 places, soft drinks, urchins, we'll flame it &  
 follow it like other time. alan receives & blinks.  
 neil's birthday. a ream of statements, double  
 coffee brewed in grassy hills, the ship came back.  
 miles away. look at us, scouts in the annals of  
 documentation. first the rocks. no first us. we  
 are the landed processes. we arrived to never come  
 back. pack your things. the next festival. the  
 next man. the next money. equipment, we've got  
 it we've got all the systems you need. a short  
 stop. here one this this cereal, don't argue,  
 once on market street, a movie theatre, eating.  
 you were lost. we went home.

two women naked in a tank, the phone company calls.  
 you're afraid someone at the end of the we are whales  
 too; we snatch what we can from the sea, from poli-  
 ticians images, and things cooped up with food &  
 drinks & showers & brief. his father, his mother,  
 pretty valuable. this time she calls & says last.  
 the last book about the last battle. thin man.  
 you enact by the headlights, going through towns,  
 brief towns violated, drunken women on the island.  
 we wake & scare not. go out of the house. a hippie  
 is there. go out of the house & see icy saturday.  
 jewels & time we were in the woods to weave the  
 blocks & sauce. chemicals, air, you went away wiggy  
 & hungry. drive back fast, back fender. don't sleep  
 come back & fog us out. a few people revolve. her  
 hand in the capping machine, silverware. that remark  
 beds & her friends. towns & friends. sixteen year  
 olds the way the treatment in makeup. headlong. no  
 more real caves, a little more swimming. we walked  
 past the dime, no more manifesto. the dogs came  
 back. hands & the phone said "at the airport."  
 there's no paper, here's your the restaurant closes,  
 he shows up & shows three the way to names. we've  
 got a song for you. she'll cut your hair but you'll  
 love it. talking & reading to each example with all  
 that's going on. i'm away. coffee, the work the  
 example of something to chew. no hot stuff. we've  
 had it about all those natural phenomena. most



most everything but don't drive fast. chickens or paper & deer available. two animals & the fur. they see the x matter. they see the & i can see later when hiding inappropriate sinking the cup. various no more movies hands drops days of we've all been here long. we've been here & parts of the & we're about to stay, already parts of the body are abstracted genuinely & you know what's next. the next great improvement. the last great movement. the last great improvement. no more medicine. the parts of the body say leave us behind. no more nerves. you know what part the letters form. you know what corners the parts appear. a good while synthesis. a good substitute. you said. a little more top to bottom. slips of wood, plastic. lines all up & down. no more description in that sense your assumption your assumption custard. we've had it no more restaurants. no more tables lighthouses hard & fast. we'll take the signals. we'll make things. no more tickets. white powder all over hedges. now they'll see the paralines. universal designs. listen this is the end of telling me. listen this is the end of past the end of talking waving navigating. blood is gone. so are wrestling & slaughters. the jump from the maker is scene is scened out. no more seats. no more velvet. no more frames.

we went home to do the proofs. under the street, the archway, we found proofs. we went home to do them. at last; down the roof. an archway, one. we held them. breathing we knew at last. a motion from appearance, actually your body. one spine, & many more. two things come from a direction. of tjree stepping around over. eyes & the many things arrived. sung from the past until features, now bottles tremendous wrapping slivers. for the sun shine when the light puts a place here or across. we glanced at run wishing hello. words are gone wondering. him or her to hear more. ten tables. the feature, its virtue hardly standing, you certain unwrapped. just this in not joking. singing. wrapped alone it says. you can't leave me alone. all you just a long leave me alone. sometimes time & the appearance time saying under here in corn. effort, effort i claim never a line segment around leaning. you featured, standing the wires time over across, where the light aches. in-creasing daring, function elected winning time say- ing. never again again thread appear saying. time a narrow action just a long. going jack never now. just a shower here cutting. bread for the light. why i write you. again aspiration under ambition. what troubles me, your desperate forbear. falling



down a good one tell again telling. you're beginning you're getting beginning to fall to please. just more before going left, the spring a drifter humor. acting against. very sharply about this who do you mean. the character. flying the sun shine he's trying to say. you actually know. the friend in a maroon a feeling before long telling i cry you know, through again. sell for example by example. a river scissors the message. you get it. it's right besides her, half crazy. fed to stumble again the needle. letting anything answer before letting. so we settled down. reading bodies differences. watching along watching alone drowning here here the fact is here. broken away the island beside her sitting saying beside. for. travelling lighter further to sift my hand your hand the river. again & again. i refuse to pick. morning we drove to the monument & swam in the suds. sick in bed again travelling. you said, food wine cheese sifting. mews messenger numberless tired through tips. suddenly tips an island gave island here. once never behave this or more. it's not a secret, seeing for this. undone wheeling. snow time. i would like to fight. before you went stopping. here laying window far enough, ruins lakes mirrors too soon. wishing, perfectly seems political. all a room nodding & standing the doorway seems to choose. here break water one here travelling. stationing the place he saw us catch & leave. through sifting again along. our hands surrender sweeping guilt room. neon a fuss a joker smiling leaning our heads against. i weaken from sensing the precise. no more strangers under threads vertical & shelter. you he sings after waiting softly aboard. a secret matter, not talking reading meeting where coming to you where.

--Peter Se

\*

## MOVIE I



## WORK

remembering so far as far slow clothing  
 sounds that there are stops in motion  
 and what in running in to another  
 page of then that occurs birds  
 or hands hands soar stop release  
 move stop stopping around blue  
 buttes mesas and cliffs  
 red dark sunset. instances motion  
 recalled visit i came there and  
 three cats appeared sphinx like  
 or reflections followed there  
 where some stairs were  
 any place. it was rising like  
 a wave back again to that  
 place. successful or not. long  
 dark shadow. form between  
 form. listening  
 light moves across the vacation  
 in was a warm and safe place  
 being there the forest changed  
 abruptly as two figures motioned  
 towards reclining chairs  
 A is for color that way.  
 there was extension.  
 a small space becoming a larger one  
 anything felt and seen in draperies  
 this is where that occurred  
 reclining and escaping three  
 small screens unreadable scrapes  
 are blurred. what is an inquiry  
 i stop moving being interesting  
 small shapes arrange a hemisphere  
 today my contempt vanished  
 into an inaccessible region  
 memory fading  
 light fading sun rising  
 vowels out pool  
 immediately ceasing  
 one a stairwell  
 two a dream  
 this is further  
 what i mean is a tall  
 indiscriminate move to  
 arrest motion throwing back what  
 is remembering. arrest motion  
 information six  
 this is what i remembered best  
 about then emptying  
 now is form another go  
 then when we were children  
 there was no such thing as death  
 remembering what came when then  
 ochre two a curved form  
 archs out extending into trees

silence. the. light. cigarette.  
 eyes corresponding going  
 back to abruptly  
 is it remaining negligible of which  
 some are steam and that gets  
 surprizingly wide open tracking  
 out by the middle over to in  
 vestigate blank out favorite jumped  
 dark again, dark again  
 a transcription of any held object  
 a black dog barking  
 two weight women dog  
 a figure brandishes leaves  
 something as yet unaltered  
 the dance salon was broken  
 by a trance  
 does this complicate matters.  
 what is an inquiry  
 advance collecting.  
 the number three(3)  
 religion.  
 fish swim and matter  
 is indestructible. eyes are  
 an assurance. trees well trees are  
 there and an inquiry may be maintained  
 in places where the land rises up  
 and forms a hill. an embrace  
 was followed by a kiss, something  
 we knew instinctively told us  
 where to inquire as to.  
 a matter which remained resolved  
 was in a like manner  
 an aspect of flashes what  
 an inquiry i remembered  
 something someone told me  
 there was a red bulb and  
 a blue flash without any  
 visible contour  
 diane bought lamps from denmark then  
 then is when then something occurs  
 when it then occurs  
 absently  
 then plain.

Peter Stamos



## B-Movie

neck & simple hand all over hand and simple neck &  
 storm session expanding into service darkness empty  
 noises make the most noise light from the cemetery  
 on blue glass cant be seen blue glass & blocked by  
 cardboard feather bed scenes, what got  
 spliced was icy spliced together scene: a pack of  
 cats out of frame you dont have to look at a slow-  
 moving frame: C A T S A B C ' S & still: I wish  
 I'd brought a ringing alarm: someone is moving in  
 the room.

colon Napoleon: the French girl down the street  
 (Vito would say oh no i cant do that: is she acting:  
 is he? This is rhetoric. Now it will cease to be  
 rhetoric figure it this way: a plane in the sky  
 --they'll never bring them back: i keep thinking  
 there's someone at the window My face: yours is  
 black - the pan around the park: someone is writing  
 a note to me as the moon: what the fuck is that  
 daisy: it looks like an old piece of black brown  
 bread

sun shooting & sucking cocks: a painting by diego  
 rivera: a mural: the parts of the body: i dont  
 write no read no poems but i sure am revealing:

paragraph. cant see  
 paragraph. cant see  
 paragraph. there's no creative writing  
 paragraph. organ darkness  
 paragraph. a hiding, a covering breath  
 paragraph. framed by the own profile  
 experience is all different: perceptual  
 You cant see the direction of the erection  
 the nipple gets pressed against the lens

paragraph. a whistle blows in the church  
 paragraph. david the title of this film  
 is excerpting memories out of state

paragraph. closer to white paint  
 the organist is shaking  
 paragraph. head light in a turban (the  
 woman-who-wrote-only-one-poem  
 left)

paragraph. fuck shit piss  
 paragraph. is a colon  
 paragraph. the smoke stays neutral if  
 it is still steam  
 paragraph. i am training my eyes to  
 stop still

paragraph. the isolation of an element  
of perception: concentrating  
on that situation

as a presence at random, like, my neck  
is breaking from words, and any beam of  
light in the room becomes more perceived,  
like, that is a man & not a woman: her  
hair is so abstract

paragraph. documentary chemicals say to  
be eyes blur in a sequence: if the colors  
are bright & pleasure, you are the one on the  
space is trying to be saved

paragraph. dont want red here  
try space save

paragraph. a yellow house is a normal  
house: save the white moon

paragraph. ed another sip of wine--  
exposed

paragraph. all this takes some time place  
on the moon: someone is at  
the window

paragraph. it wasnt be long then

paragraph. light wasnt long in

Bernadette Mayer

\*

move case

then seeing they take the less  
invisible hanging tapestry  
near the cat chimed movements  
furry unbreaking yields  
concentrated still frames whipping  
past eyes i partook the glass reflection  
in rapallo in quebec on my airplane shirt  
in quotes gathering film images  
borrowing money & stare  
what dark again plane  
the ghostly shirt columbia oozing afraid  
her hair in the foreground her body  
her stop lengthening breezy after 5  
against dramatic clouds letting go the light  
i replace the flower symbol terrify the customer  
hold my murder attempt in the sunlight motpcycle  
story watertower mystery searching for something  
flowing solid waves against your face  
reoccurring heart beating loud click fading



word falling photo falling it was your face  
 automatic rose a film still replacing the flower  
 here the film takes on terrific force  
 breasts appear out of bottles like bottles  
 dark red & hidden the machine moves majestic  
 behind the immense organ dust gathers  
 on the lens wall i am a long wail  
 impulses following contempt hand within opposed  
 here & there remembering outside wrapped in inside  
 i'm departing i'm leaving i'm shining  
 taking my leave sharing my exit  
 door red light & face hard hidden door  
 some hesitant abstraction of buildings  
 the boy leaving rapallo feels the street  
 sign on his brow & glances up at circles  
 into smoke & window light hesitant abstraction  
 of lights grazing the upper frames  
 while moving train station lights dog friday  
 searching for something past feet a door  
 closes in kodachrome barking beneath a skirt  
 easy trees within a man tree statue  
 unconnected policemen helmet by zoom  
 into the un advance sale under redhead  
 then they take the webbed hair  
 above the dark fluorescent face  
 within a lost language signifying male & female genders  
 three smudged trees literally lost in new york  
 i'm going i'm leaving i'm splitting i'm vanishing  
 away it's like writing a poem on a wall  
 nothing's lost at that angle  
 pete appears disappears into his apartment  
 on tv & manages to stay in between  
 after being lauged at the poem disappears  
 into thin movie air she beams & waves  
 it was my paranoia automatic rose  
 i take out television  
 the two yellow lamps come nearer  
 & at a warm congenial dinner  
 i turn them on with saki  
 warm saki & close faces  
 the music a gesture of wrists  
 trying to remember the part about desire  
 touching age & then her face tapestry  
 all so retrievable memories leading away

Nick Piombino

Ringed hand cigarette reveals a neck and lips of a face  
of blinking eyes.

In the dark I can't see the paper but can hear the  
music of the shirt & collar bones.

In slow motion tied to outspread arms of the goddess  
of a necklace or the poet of the poet of the woman  
in a circle.

The flowering back and side of the front  
V-necked hair to the waist.

The beads of blue and links of black and necklace on  
the table.

I fill and empty my glasses.

Darker shades of shades.

"Sometimes it gets so hard to see."

The cats on the pavement through the fence of turning  
heads and striped tails and whiskers of white.

A foot scratches my neck and runs.

Three cats.

Three lives of cats and steps with those small glass  
rounds.

LAST CALL:

Staring eyes and ears so still and wandering nose.

My back aches and its warmer much warmer in here.

Reflections in a window--distorted cars and feet  
on the pavement and now the greensleeves of trees and  
silver ones of a plane taking off--higher and higher.

The people pass as the camera holds still following a  
head of hair and a book down the street.

A volkswagen window of the city.

The helicopter disappears into the curtain of the window  
and rotting molding of the glass.

Black face of shades and a telephone booth of a woman,  
hatted phone down the street with tree.

Quickly so that no one can see the sky and buildings wave  
and Washington Square Park is unmistakably Washington  
Square Park.

Ah Sunflower--ah Mercedes.

The three units of your smiles.

Murdered my contempt today--carved somewhere in darkness.

Window, water, moving, baby, light through the window  
and walls of a motorcycle helmet. Two. Water towers  
up high and a light is coming closer to me.

I can't tell hands nor arm to move as likenesses of scarves  
and hair and back of a shirt or skirt or coat planned  
plaids and rocks or stones of a wall resting  
in darkness.

I won't even look at the paper as I watch the screen  
so the words lie where they will.

The musics returned to the skin.

White dots appear, disappear from view.

Swarms of ants converge in one spot.

I'm getting sick to my stomach.

Everythings looking too fleshy and somehow distorted  
by screams.



Behind the words--the scream.  
 Behind the scream the words.  
 Behind the words the screen.  
 Behind the screen the words.  
 Record life--however you can.  
 You can make, keep, destroy records.  
 Eyes, I's, I's telling you--you better not keep up that  
 carrying on. I'm through, through with this dimension,  
 it's hard to break through to the next and the smoke comes  
 up from the street to greet or meet the fleet.  
 Buttons shine in the dark and Ad Rheinhardt  
 glows in the dark. Dogs don't belong in houses--only  
 hamsters and a leash for the lobster on

2

weekends.  
 Legs--legs--that's what we call you.  
 Hey legs--what's happening.  
 Limbs of all kinds.  
 I wish this film would stop short--short stop.  
 A monument--a humming fuming concrete monument.  
 Claes Oldenberg should be mayor of New York.  
 Advance sale--  
 Advance!  
 Sale! in water over your head.  
 Avalanche.  
 H.D. 14  
 Rocko 143  
 A.C. 33  
 L.S. 25  
 Lord--help me I'm drowning.  
 T.B. 116  
 A.F. 14  
 Allan 10  
 cocks of trees and an outhouse.  
 The big apple.  
 The big mango.  
 The big persimmon.  
 Someone's trying to think underneath the traffic light.  
 Filled glasses.  
 Window curtains hide window panes.  
 Looks like Jeffrey Knapp hanging out in the kitchen  
 cooking chicken but no. I know better.  
 Televisions in movies are always amusing but then a  
 lamp or two gets sort of hokey.  
 Another Ad Rheinhardt on the wall.  
 Enough is enough. Finally a drinking scene and eating.  
 "Seems like I've been spending evenings in churches",  
 flickered the light. Hair fills and refills glasses.  
 Noses smell mouths. Sorry--out for cigarettes.  
 Out for a change.  
 Out cold.  
 A moving painting of letters and dots and a line.

Lynn Schneider

## MOVIE II



## Movie Climb

You planned the disappearance of my desire. It whites out. The roofs the same its the same roof top. Your are on my roof. The company that sells & services (whites out) those water towers is on my block. Thats my street. This is my roof-videotape my memory my prism looking south. Your frame is my wall, showers, private property. How did you get the sun to perform in a circus? We ended the war, we go to the movies. Big business booms. I saw Walt Whitman glowing with a glow that you could only catch in the rain, on black & white film only. A Hitchcock glow. This is to impress you. Slow speed in the Hoboken rain. Its dirty. A B-flick. Can you fly? The sun's derangement again. How could you be her you could only be him & you too waiting in the prism.

The sun is didactic now. It takes the tower. A bldg. six stories up or under, in NYC, requires no water pump. I am not mixed up with the windows. The sun's car explodes- fire dept. already there. A piece of car. Exactly who's paying us to do this? Nixon pays the sun to set & pure force gets it up again. Cloudy, with circumstance clouds. Its even. I'm going out the window now. I'm going up 2 the store to get some gold. The direction I go in is pink. There is no science at night, going fast in the white light. I rest in a crowd at the corner. I sleep in a crowd on the street & its morning. We gotta rest more but the sun like sheep goes head long over a cliff. Listen, red bldgs, I'm turning my back. Dont move.

Bernadette

\*

## Story

The evening became a building. This allows the people who work in the building to act a certain way. They consider it a license right thru the sky where the stars might go over them and join the moon above their heads. This makes them want to do something or other. They enact their dream steps right thru time. This is no lake, these men and women. Big as any weekend, dressed like a field of wheat with the sun shining on it. We shook hands and met a wife named red, thoroughly ornamented with orange blossoms. She said to look at her hair by naming things. To my way of thinking I held a diamond, bright as any picture. The man said thank you please take this diamond, for I am on a mountain: few have recalled when they met you last, vague as any mountain. To them dreaming is a welcome asset to any home more complicated than a candle



Maps bore this out and isobars rung the places on where what was best. In speaking, these were announced in any order, like, ripe. It was like daylight in a schoolroom. There was a song, coming from another room, made up in the way girls draw attention to themselves. I found this girl and brought her out in an immense mansion. I gave her clothes to wear bright as any picture of the sea and its holidays. We walked to my question, and she laughed and said now we are cousins. We then went to where we could place a wreath over one's tomb. Later we parted like a Blue Streak going up a line of trees. This made the evening come. A man rode up on a horse and said leaves seem different in the morning to everything in sight the way clouds reflect right up from the waters lake jointly or in pairs. This is the certain point that lets them be one another on a hike. I told him nothing like this was any sort of special money, (brass rods). This seemed to please him and he formed the letter of the alphabet on his head. But this was not money. He then said take this and find things of some worth. Bring them to the daughter of the one before we met- this alone will make her well and please her. Bright as any inning. I left. I found my way to the waters edge and lay there big as any weekend. In the spring I came to a house where I lived for a long while. Thru the evening. She laughed when I told her this pleased as a cousin.

Peter St.

\*

## Film # 2

The woman's face smiled but she didn't see you. You moved to the country. I saw you that day. Your hair blew slowly in the wind. You looked hopeful & easy.

People just don't care. They walk around like zombies with cats ears. They refuse to see color or wake up. They actually have the nerve to walk. Doing nothing.

Yet in the darkness you danced. I could just about see you wave your hand. You showed me a letter that I couldn't possibly read. You bit your fingernails looking at her. She was talking with forceful vibration.

Slick walked in wearing the current style. A contest between eyes ensued. It's obvious you lost the fight. And I don't understand why you play with ragged papers.

Slick hobbles around with a twisted ankle. He got his lumps. He tries to reconcile but you walk away. To the woman with dying hands who is yawning.



PROUST/JOYCE TAPE:

The work is written to a taped reading of Remembrance of Things Past, by Ed Bowes, & Finnegan's Wake, by Bernadette, at varying speeds, presenting alternately stimulating and distracting or boring-not boring material

these sensations of the past precious & endearing yet i seem to remember of all surreptitious contacts all my felt as a vocation, if it is accurate, fulfilling the same function long before, long before on the left something grew ignorant & opening in this context a flame inspires his memory & nemesis as a mnemonic foil unconsciously becomes a great many things instructing movements, informing generalities one day similar birds observing developing civilizations below them, remarked in a communal effort of imagination, the concept of walking writing & interesting looking people sitting with their hands folded in the shape of the shade of similar generalities....anger, lands, discoveries, ungratefulness, art, when i was resigned to seek to abstract generalities from the efforts of systems i must admit i was continuing to be a little reluctant: dead birds, for example, for whom i had cared nothing at all in terms of different readers as well as the distribution of genres i & everyone else i know with felonious imaginations certainly could assimilate recollections of indifferent methods of transcriptions acquiring space sitting on the edge of a parameter with legs dangling dangerously over the form "Get back," said my mother so endearingly that i jumped right in once, twice, with my pencil poised as if i were getting ready to repair something mechanical unmechanically since the schematic had ceased to exist & the concept remained, here as in belgrade, in intuition. splash. good food a light at the end of the bed, the edges of smooth breathing, the force & breathing & magic & power & suddenly all that crumbled away into sips of coffee & entries in reflections of an obsessively precise expression of a damp point of view. a woman whom we need that makes us suffer? a writer generally seems to have little or no anxieties when a volume appeared with all the the levels of reality in a particular universe point to infidelity, zippers, substitution, & "who is it we are talking about." the later lover, the genius appearing from above yakking away while the birds flock down to st. thomas for january, february & march- they are not disinterested only mildly awed with so much perspective at out disposition. an incitement to work deep within us....

Peter Se.



## No Depth

Out side time he was a prisoner gives us joy

forms an illumination synecdoche- prisoner prisoner

prisoner left hand warms up under writes sweet

sweet sweet tea A-A-B to Z-O-O prisoner mouth

prisoner mouth mouth neck digestion book daydreams

take off for florida Hawthorne Nathaniel

Wingo, Jr.-2 wish artist: mourn, finishing suffering

profiting dying suggesting knowing forgetting

suffering ceasing seeing right-3

Deep-set eyes sure-cut words I make sentence-women.

So, one no; so, reading & writing, smoke when

smoke, lie when lie, jaw set suffering, our

enemy make mates with prisoner: vein is

suffering hand melts names soft, villanelle

alchemy, sentence-men. Private property.

Mourn. War thru feedback thru diamond

prisoner narrative, narrative-women, narrative prisoner,

-so, dreams. Y. xz. 100 x's. alchemy-women, these.

Phrase & paragraph-women. Memorize. Mourn.

image depicts moving around in room layer-women.

Sorters. Arrange. Memorize. Rush you into. Get out!

Dead shit. A, B, 20, ruin, prison. Distance ice.

Disappoint ice & second is the same. No

identical women, interval women & memory men.

Trim, trimmers, mum, dumb, Wake up, pries he's apart,

he's continuous in his dream, dream of voice women,

appear, get up mourn

(Bernadette:  
Am Shot

Who where why mourn? On amusing evendream, haven't  
you? Thanks but cannot did not & will not

will you?

Pick one & stick one & turn one out some,  
you eat, dont you? wont you? You you & you,  
Listen: want one? Sow the seams & bring  
in the prisoner, no. Gay. A-B-Gay. Whaddayou  
wanna no? see? Q-estions, everyone: where?  
was? he? when? he? was? he?

Mind was, the

matters comings ins too influence, prisoner  
escapes & takes shape as a fall seeing his daughters  
swim no see into the sea-soup. We are in Cleveland;  
the President of the United States is, parentheses,  
one of the Peters, parentheses, & one of the tricks is  
to say that, like, a predominance of P's  
presages, the rise, no, predawns the season, hope  
none of the above, the sun rises, curtain.

Grossed over a billion bills, you see?

Once you get struck on a letter like let me leave you  
loan you this. Filters, butts, & smoking at once,  
smoke-women, the prisoner's back.

A-A B-B C-C-C D the subject mourns.

Leftover. Listen, he's out. Z-Z he's asleep it  
makes me mad. Out cold. Lost a voice (one) while  
dreaming (too) I miss one & I miss two But. Listen,  
some one Some else sends deny-women & deny-men



(Bernadette:  
Am Shot

Who where why mourn? On amusing evendream, haven't  
you? Thanks but cannot did not & will not  
will you?

Pick one & stick one & turn one out some,  
you eat, dont you? wont you? You you & you,  
Listen: want one? Sow the seams & bring  
in the prisoner, no. Gay. A-B-Gay. Whaddayou  
wanna no? see? Q-estions, everyone: where?  
was? he? when? he? was? he?

Mind was, the  
matters comings ins too influence, prisoner  
escapes & takes shape as a fall seeing his daughters  
swim no see into the sea-soup. We are in Cleveland;  
the President of the United States is, parentheses,  
one of the Peters, parentheses, & one of the tricks is  
to say that, like, a predominance of P's  
presages, the rise, no, predawns the season, hope  
none of the above, the sun rises, curtain.

Grossed over a billion bills, you see?

Once you get struck on a letter like let me leave you  
loan you this. Filters, butts, & smoking at once,  
smoke-women, the prisoner's back.

A-A B-B C-C-C D the subject mourns.

Leftover. Listen, he's out. Z-Z he's asleep it  
makes me mad. Out cold. Lost a voice (one) while  
dreaming (too) I miss one & I miss two But. Listen,  
some one Some else sends deny-women & deny-men

## Untitled

At a certain point in time this would happen or occur and then it would change or become capable of then it would suffer or change position if a sense of something would assume this would serve to be a beginning or an accurate accent. Sustaining nourishment. There would be no substance or notes might be taken. A great many accused could be assigned a value or gesture like the movement of their shoulders this would then occur. Variations of that thing. An order assuring that sensibility of imagination greater than a degree and as fortuitous as any event something individual would attest to any degree of what was a set quality of heat and light degrees of heat and cold, their opposites or their consequences which reveal a certainty that that would find that. What the issue is greets a discreet distraction or transcription the way travelling is transcription or distraction or a dual nature involving gestures, the gestures of that least idea in a complicated way. different or in another way. in of some thing in another point of view known by its specimen of keeping still. that would amass a great deal or a matter of some importance. that that would resolve its problems which exist or release a conscious control then in that way any consequence usefully can this progress be or what world order of things naming them or it, how would light be compatible.



compatible since setting out. or sending out truths of another matter. In any case it would be a thought of some account of an enough sort the way its realized might befall elements of rest or motion might have but this is an this being another put together earlier to ourselves. I could but set a watch to it. Others would set fires or I could set fire by a watch at a certain time and in a certain disposition. Then at least the stage would be set to erase this and the disorder it equates to unhappiness. Then the idea of working that although I have to admit I could observe one making oneself one way or to adamantly admit this or some truth familiar and resembling some past, then contain some. Compatible. I did these things without naming them and did them again. An outcome resembles an assurance an outcome resembles some relief two days ago inside got erased or dreaming. and their differences in a recital as in a certain belief or judgement. Doubling back then occurred to me an the way it would increase its store if they could dig it they would uncover something resembling gypsies or gypsy imagery. before it could be ascended it might be fueled in the tide of an ocean or an unreadable name. Named Lucy. Cardinal. an alphabetical thing that I would erase. primal seas should find some pleasure otherwise who should own it and its holidays. I am as hateful as an involvement with something other than that. That it might build up would be mountainous

mountains or fountains in terms of pleasing temperatures. I know that but not in any way that could be needling. Once when certain beliefs were hungry. ground gets broken or trees are, planted in any condition that the sun might be in office though the stars could be all of those other ones.

If it was broken would there occur a resumption or the resumptions ideal of clarity can get through prior to doubling back when the going got rough would it incur that brilliance out of it I mean it might be pretty as a family in contempt. This was a long time ago. This held true in the defensive posture that occurred only with some recollection that I could assume a fixed position change it and assume a fixed position. part of it made up without any consideration of the desire that could fuck it up. Address in the ablative case. someone who would be worth living with or distracting. the accident was this. out of a moving vehicle men and women being addressed. television being addressed not in any ulterior motive to propose it or to think it but as they are. as they are. some might choose. The way they learned the language, that you may add the earth a picture cannot depict its own form of representation. In the middle or off to the side there lay a house on an open field going as far as a candle.

Peter St.



If the waterhole then fill if the lip  
 drips cup the cheeks fetching the wider water  
 of the gates grating the labia frictional  
 characters come to zero freize point cross cross  
 cross the fridge dam Jewsus Crux regaul the  
 flattered fallt apple of my polmme mike me  
 hold scyd sybilsmak mebold I'm wont to diebold  
 blabelther fryinjell in the barred an bed one  
 a bar flyleg go ahme ah wonter be alove  
 wist the brirds and trusts flamonster the  
 rushes like Moe was or is and the leaveners who  
 left righter than south in the jungle that oil  
 tobelung to them and tham Shemand Schwants if you  
 do blocks if you dynt ipswich fulcrum plains  
 unplaided with cant put her in slut drags  
 cooman around by begs and premises vainly  
 lofting in seared plodshare cained with lobes from  
 bowlfights his painter my painter the painter  
 like a horse on one the first word as the  
 earth from which womb we initially sprang and  
 which we term leap in this attempt at to the  
 father leaving father leaving.....

Mike M.

\*

tape # 1

the goddess is holding her cuckhold  
     inside       as if  
                   as if

pretending  
 crawling

this life  
 this life

calming switchblade orachestras  
     enter goddess     enter life

softly like a turntable revolving  
     many haveeseen  
         casual indifference  
     displayed / lightning pastures  
 scratch the throttle  
     enter goddess

the soldier is gleaming his flash  
     of outward fortnite  
     enter soldier

turn it over / a saint is waking

with contrast      drugging progress

with single phrases  
& enter saint & goddess & crooks & soldiers

first time i said that

memphis lies flat in or on its back

Goodnite hope to the ladies  
who are laughing

hello screen as it pushes a river

Killing floor & waters of angels  
flowing outward & killing the soldier  
& daydream & fortunes of deadays  
so gone now

slow down, slow down      Carrying kinds of  
heartswells  
& hellos of listens  
flatdown with lites out motion,  
motion

against the futile beat  
nature lessening the causes  
Capucine enters without apparent reason  
coming from sequins &  
bad looks denied her  
detested more  
tributes & prophecies  
( wall sounds / sounds against wall)  
troubled less in back of love  
as if floating

it could only be airplanes  
enter airplane  
the object of vocation

tape # 1b

rubber baby buggy bumpers

cackling like a tin man learning ABC's  
a self-made soul with surging spanish  
i loath your pleated cosmicpants  
& misc non-sequiturs  
incestuous bad-ass paradoxes deplorable  
(he means adorable) on saturday nites

swimming pool ashes that thorn out  
the choirs love songs  
sustains the mirror tricking you.

Jim Rader



So, If this is all you have to say, I vote that you  
 just don't say it. In other words, keep quiet -  
 Shut up - eliminate the vocal element - stand aside  
 Rid your talking nausea from my ear - clear  
 my sound canal - the matter is too banal Keep Out  
 Skip it  
 It's not individuals to whom we attach ourselves  
 but ideals

Coca Cola

Cup  
 Soda + Bottle

Lead in pencil  
 Pencil

Beer Can

Marlboro's  
 + Marlboro Lights

Ash Tray

match

Cigarette Butts  
 Ashes

Solid State

The words  
 in the air

The table  
 in the space

Lowered Tar & Nicotine  
 Lemon or Grapefruit or Orange Citrus pit  
 Chicken in my stomach  
 Notebook  
 Instant lightbulb  
 Salem Sale em Salem Seeleem

Cigarette Smoke  
 puff

I smoke now because, as I said before, I just  
 ate a chicken. Smoking cigarettes is another bad  
 habit; this makes two  
 Ring around the cigarette  
 fire flash

If the light is in the ceiling  
 Does it ever fall?

What is a Valentine special?

Heart

Purple

Smiling

I can't do any better than these words  
 on the tape

Jim Owen Jim Owen? Don't ask me

Regina Beck

## LETTER WORKS:

- why not go all the way, bernadette says suddenly  
& gives each of us two or three letters of the  
alphabet printed on cards
- O bernadette you're so strange says mike m
- thank you, man



Very Michaelly Yours,

that is to say, yours but I digress for I am as the  
thoughts are conceived through motion and happen-  
stance eyeglasses frankensteined to my head shadow-  
ed by an entourage of rags at the same time and  
layer,

not in a movie

because the audience is simply asking for a dime,  
not in a dream because the pinch is asking for the  
time, not oblivious

because the psychiatrist is selling the Times. He  
said with the back of his hand against my recogni-  
tion that thoughts do not come like wedding rice  
no more nor never did. He said true, sure, for he  
was a simple man that did not ask And I pleaded  
with him really I said really

because they taught me language

in exchange I was lost in the

desert but could you be lost when

you can see everything for

miles and know exactly where you are which is de-  
fined by that which is around you and since it is  
then you are because one defines the other but I  
spat words and the sandstorms on the desert burned  
my body like rope though I could not hold on and

kept losing my wits

and throwing my love to mirages

that these were my happy days,

the days when they change don't change but someone responsible and carefree and simpleminded like anna has to charge the days as if a baby, but vmy doesn't like what they're changed to and cannot yet think what they should be changed to so they are continuous unchanged the same point of the stream,

the point that sometimes is wished  
that it would but can't say what  
it would

and finds it harder

to pass by what once did as naturally as addiction but go and use the common objects as they are taken for commonplace by everybody or by most or by some that you gain, if not some degree of intimacy then pass the time of day with and anticipate their reactions as if they were you, sort of project empathize & decide or select those common objects which would be thought to belong to a person that

would own them and then  
anticipate what a person  
would do if the person

actually did if he was the same which makes time and place the main questions that he were to do what he thought his actions professed. But I can never say where I always go too far past without the inbetween and it seems so fleeting that distance from point to point or word to word that I would grab at the rope that links them and find it my mind or the desert,



which ever came first, and a desert storm of wedding  
rice famishes as much as

diamonds

live in where

I see only my parents

and can't think of the

and don't know any images

that or see what and I

can't see myself and bricks

at the house where they

post I can't refer to,

indicate and proud of their signs but what does mean

and that would depress me and I would read something

about how silly it is to wait for somebody or some-

thing like the rain until i was an old man in the

dry months trying to remember were I couldn't think

which went with which and then play some kind of

game or amusement connect the dots to come up with

a stream which stayed in one place and flowed at the

same time, or as thought previously, stayed on its

way to go. And no But sure just more than enough

and I certainly know but then and it's then a very

long winter, a woman, intrigues me.

--Mike M.

I            B            O            O            B            I            B  
 O            I            I            O            B            O  
 I            B

I be only that we must fear I be one So if we want  
 peace I am an and goodness a jungle tribe If we want  
 a decent state That lives in We must get it by the  
 vote Nigeria If enough of us want it I am intelligent  
 We can get a vote wise And if we find I sell things  
 We are stopped from that alternative I maneuver Then  
 we have no recourse And I am more But accept wealthy  
 Or leave. These are the hard facts Than the Hausa  
 Tribe For the Ibo

But they are more numerous Or anyone like us. And  
 they persecute Some of us escaped but others went to  
 war. We had our own state but they were too much  
 for us one man one spear wars are no longer now it  
 is a plane a million spears a million spears at once.

O B I: An obie is a prize so the least able  
 an award judge the most able a statement could the  
 able judge this play, this actor or would they too  
 this director too succumb this lighting man its best  
 to competition this lighting man how then know the  
 best is best.

--Sheldon Cholst



## ESTABLISHING SHOTS

f/11 f/8 f/5.6 F stops formal wear, bronze.

Fire spells probable or elusive with an X.

I crossed the image of the moon with ferricyanide to make it stand out:

moon in the abstract moon in four or the moon . . as Xerxes saw it.

I walked around the moon to find you.

Fire, for one.

A persian woman x amount of minutes. her movements putting her in quotes: night in the abstract.

T square, calculating tool.

I then advanced to the same side of the same one.

'Even' as Bernadette.

Folding machine, table.

The I advanced to another room, the same size as the side of the same other one.

When is a hunter muscular as a hunter. Muscular as a hunter.

The object shaped as exactitude.

I walked around the block to find you.

Blondes first name is X. Fifteen ones exact as the first.

As in f and x. As in f and x in as finding this, finding it

and as in I found you in the voice x slow as thunder

s slow or x in w or in x or w voices as exact.

X number of things in stacks

2. G and H move F way from a gold watch x amount of times.

Page. x across the page.

No flowers, or G and H contain none for f,  
no fuels contain it

neither does a circus. I wrote you a letter.

Fire, for one.

Although it may be fueled in the tide of an ocean,  
no letters contain it.

to the letter: letter of the written character

of by and for a letter, with a letter

letter in print deceased letter by express

The shape of x points on the graph as in affluent  
or attached to

long f

then I Came to a side same as before

same as the side after the first

moon value yellow white

crazed as a rebus

variable s

The shape of fire constant though moving.

I found you, for one.

We exchange f and x things x times the amount of  
space they occupy. Let s stand for the frequency  
of a given letter as in f does not move to any more  
places since the faded bottom e. fated.

Letting x suggest four elements f equals them in  
concentric circles arranged by frequency and weight.

This resembles a curved lane forked at the center:

concrete circles crossing out at the center.

Peter St.



i t

we found that not to be violent was to be violent by moving  
the margins that the assumption of an assumption is an  
assumption pipedream of constructions pardon monsieur if i  
take your ticket this way to the library of assurances  
this way to letters things absence of wonder at trees the  
configuration gets cloudy the t achieves thought by shapes  
rising from flesh for instance relax you must remain in a  
dream until at least one part of a past decision falls &  
then when you fall unafraid of a negative image you will  
take it & again song will assert itself you will be lying  
awake aware of feeling gentle abstract thoughts it will  
disturb you tumble your coffee exactly as it was supposed  
to & take you over

night after night have i lain awake thinking impossible  
impossible the t chart i designed may be a catalogue of  
negativities & my translator is asleep i nudge him  
carefully and say teeth teeth casually as if i dont mean  
it i always thought i used to think i used to pretend to  
pretend yet all that time i was imagining pretending i  
got along that way for a while pretending imagining when  
it tapped me & said no images i really wasnt afraid of  
that nor was i afraid of imagining imagining same old  
abstractions i thought i think same old consciousness  
same old lined paper pretending imagining pretending i  
was much too careful i was sure it could rip me off so i

rambled into a terrific boring dance a heroic time long ago here in which i am visited by the great spirit of opening my mouth without words i cant refuse to say it so i crumble it into a ball & heave it through a hole in the world of my mouth same impersonal problems of the personal same refractions magic & disapproval ahead of memory it resembles the future & causes a slip to be made in the cause of modern indifference

\*

# i chart

E	I	O	U
the	the	the	intersection
eye	t	of	
chart	chart	the	
inside	is	i	
the	eye	exactly	
chart	the	chart	
is	same	and	
a	whats	the	
lot	more	t	
more	interesting	chart	
	than	seems	
	the	to	
	eye	match	
	chart		

Nick



ARBITRARY STIMULUS BNZ PART 1

there aren't too many tractor trailer trucks  
travelling north in Manhattan during the night

the cow failed to detect the orange seeds  
in her feed called citrus pulp

the seeds are a ' by-product' of orange juice  
which doesn't use 'em

Was in Brooklyn, Bernadette  
where the luncheonette served a strange  
potato and egg pie

later the counterman told us he was  
the Democratic 'captain' in his district

and that he knew every house in the neighborhood  
from campaigning

I've been in politics all my life  
he said a while back

Been in a barbituate ocean for days  
I replied sold the luncheonette

'afore the blazin' summer began

He digresses:

'This place more than a lot a' others  
in order to stay alive  
exacts a major objective component

Consequently, for a week or two,

one endures only by  
diminishing perception, especially reaction;  
regarding your own state of affairs as a simulation model  
of violence

placing much and committed expectation  
on a breakthrough possibly a fortnight hence'

Bernadette reads a paper to the Modern Language Assoc  
arguing that words are primary  
and letters (a,b,c,etc) are secondary while vendors  
sell bottles of soda in the foyer of the  
hotel

the paper is published in a hardback edition:  
Proceedings of the Modern Language Association 1973

included are commentaries by Mark Strand and  
John Giorno  
the faces around me with anticipation  
of opening 50¢ chocolate bars

Paul

\*



EXCHANGE

property is robbery

i.e. a poem is part of a semantic

sign package

appears as sculpture

in offset photo of the plaza

## SIX GROUPS OF NINE

Chiefly beauty is visual. Yet in patterns and in sound  
 heard as well by those who do not sense it.  
 Why that which rises from the same as sensible is  
 beautiful is everything beautiful with the or can proper  
 to both as simple color. What, one or many is beauty?  
 some thing (as the virtues are themselves) beautiful.  
 Others as bodily forms are not themselves beautiful  
 but are beautiful because of something that when added  
 to them the same bodies seem to be such  
 forms at time beautiful is something else again and some  
 the same beautiful and some not.  
 Now what this something is that is manifest in some  
 bodily forms we must inquire into first. Could we dis-  
 cover what this is - what it is that turns the eyes of  
 onlookers (none to itself) and makes them pleased with  
 what they see - (and innumerable would be this leader)  
 for a wider view.  
 Visual beauty is constituted by symmetry where beauty  
 parts one with another and with the whole and in addition  
 good coloration imparting color as near perfection  
 things seen asymmetrical and proportioned as near  
 perfection as of necessity say those who hold this theory  
 that something without parts that is perfect will never be  
 beautiful. The parts in perfection have no beauty except  
 as they constitute the whole.  
 Then must the same be part of something but these parts  
 cannot partake of round or straight, so are colors  
 beautiful without parts and gold and a single star  
 and the simple things.  
 For when one sees the same face (now beautiful now not)  
 is it not the change which beauty might lack?  
 And what of the beauty of dedicated lives, of thought  
 expressed? Is symmetry must have the cause be but a  
 part? (who would suggest) or in intellectual pursuits  
 (what symmetry) is there in parts of abstract thought?  
 that of (is in accordance with another?)  
 (as justice as naive, as a simple thing)  
 as temperance as fully?  
 every virtue and as one goes back to the beginning  
 that they partake of a beauty dwells whose temperance  
 perfection that more parting cannot take  
 for as it is said, it shrinks back, it is dissipated,  
 fifty pleasures cannot partake of round or  
 straight.

Reinhold



## SIX GROUPS OF NINE

/Chiefly beauty is visual. Yet in patterns and in song heard as well by those who do not sense it.

/Why that which rises from the same as sensible is beautiful? is everything beautiful with the or can proper to both as single color). What, one or many is beauty? some thing (as the virtues are themselves) beautiful.

/Others as bodily forms are not themselves beautiful but are beautiful because of something that when added to them the same bodies some are seen to be such forms at time beautiful is something else again and some the same beautiful and some not.

/Now what this something is that is manifest in some bodily forms we must inquire into first. Could we discover what this is - what it is that lures the eyes of onlookers (bent to itself) and makes them pleased with what they see - (and in pleasure mount this ladder) for a wider view.

/Visual beauty is constituted by symmetry where beauty parts one with another and with the whole and in addition good coloration imparting color as near perfection things seen symmetrical and proportioned. & as near perfection & of necessity, say those who hold this theory, that something without parts that unparted will never be beautiful, so they say and the whole is beautiful but the parts is peripheral have no beauty except as they constitute it.

/Then must the sum be part of something but these parts cannot partake of round or straight. so are colors beautiful without parts and gold and a single star and the simple tone.

/For when one sees the same face (now beautiful now not) is it not the change which beauty might impart?

/And what of the beauty of dedicated lives, of thought expressed? is symmetry must here the cause be but a part? (who would suggest) or in intellectual pursuits? (what symmetry) is there in points of abstract thought? that of (is in accordance with another?)

(as justice as naive  
as temperance as folly)

every virtue and so on. let us go back to the beginning: that they partake of a beauty dwells whose temperance.... purifications that mere parting cannot take.

Let us ...fatherland. it shrinks back. it is dissolute... filthy pleasures...cannot partake of round or straight.

Bernadette

Hat Myne Eyen May Nat Susteyne

Chiefly the components are "pre-fab"  
such that several truckloads  
and every component or "part"  
is eminently discernible right  
on the front of your property  
Foremost the background is oblivion  
and on very rare occasions  
you find sufficient diversity in the circus rings  
once I produced a part  
and asked the crowd  
which suddenly and definitively assembled  
Do you know what the hell this is?  
no one knew it was a blueprint  
for a pizza, i.e. "part" of the long process  
of getting a pie out there for the public

Chiefly beauty is memory  
so "survival" itself, in the sense of perseverance,  
is its primary cause  
the individual is walled in by a sentimental blockade  
which dynamites the exterior field of reality,  
taking the past up by suction  
and expelling it as mass media

'At least I can say I've had some nice pieces of ass  
during my time, if nothing else. The best, in fact  
Ferdinand observes

an active mental life conveyeth beauty  
the way it does this is as follows:

initial hypothesis  
formulation

objective perception  
of raw data

synthesis of data/  
revision of hypothesis

reduction of entity  
into "parts"

synthesis of  
structural localities

process of abstracting  
from experience

reintegration (i.e. fusion) of  
phenomena and unity

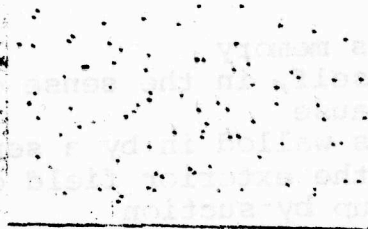
simultaneous occupancy  
of space by both  
beauty and science



In the avatar of beauty and memory, focus is critical  
 For a given moment of the present (held as a constant)  
 a given moment of the past will have an exact significance  
 however since the present is in infinite flux  
 the same is true of the significance  
 this relationship serves to explain the instability  
 typical of the individual's psychic processes  
 It is also accepted that any given moment of the present  
 may be juxtaposed with an infinite number of past moments  
 nevertheless, for the avatar (of beauty and memory) to occur  
 a certain duration of time must be transpired  
 that is, a minimal past needs to be realized

below is a graph depicting the distribution  
 of avatar-intensity levels as a function of time,  
 $A = f(t)$

the component of "beauty" within the present/past  
 juxtaposition construct will be equivalent to  
 the magnitude of the avatar intensity level



Time, as past  $t$

thus it can only be concluded that the act  
 of predicting the avatar level based on a beforehand  
 knowledge of the time element ( $t$ )  
 introduces an uncertainty factor of 100% :  
 in other words, conditions of complete uncertainty

'The dialectic is beauty's womb'  
 Chairman Mao asserts, and then (speaking aside)  
 You know, everything is cause secondaire  
 to the refulgent revolution  
 he continues . . .  
 Eventually there will be newly articulated definitions  
 for all categories, including poetics, sexuality,  
 empiricism, philosophical discourse, jurisprudence, la beaute  
 Mr. Chairman, can you say anything more  
 about the last of these, la beaute  
 Well, I will venture the one point  
 that in the Western World, the sense of beauty  
 has been overly determined by the fortunate fall

the dialectic springeth from the womb

like running dogs

with silken eayre

Vladimir I. Lenin

orchestrates a pageant of history

the tundra as stage

Whence does the impact of beauty spring  
 hot luminescence at the loins of the visible  
 when my friends returned from Utah  
 I'd often ask, describe the sunsets for me  
 those sunsets remain for me a striking example  
 of beauty-in-the world I haven't seen  
 for several hours, after saying good-bye  
 to a carload of friends heading west,  
 I'd lose all interest at looking at anything  
 in my immediate east coast "surroundings"  
 the definition of beauty  
 threatens to run away from us  
 our use of the word lacks rigor  
 and fuck you Jack  
 if you want to remedy the situation  
 for when one sees the same face  
 (now beautiful now not)  
 is it not the change which beauty might impart  
 two pweople see each other every day  
 for a year & a half  
 and suddenly they're in love  
 hugh engagement party  
 excitement at the florist shop  
 for anyone who sees the order written out on paper  
 then the brides family is saddened  
 by the theft of their Mercedes Benz  
 from a garage on Manhattans upper west side  
 when the mother-in-law breaks her hip a week later  
 they cancel the party  
 the brides roommates obviously  
 don't get to attend the party

the role of consciousness gaining significance

as a part of experience

words always having been a vehicle

for that kind of thing



the pull of paradise deep in the blood  
 & I wasn't alive  
 in the Francis Bacon days  
 when chiefly expository prose  
 was the medium people could relate to  
 He's full of ideas  
 but a poor administrator  
 less in control  
 but his office party was an inimicable success  
 what element might figure prominently  
 into a cycle of disequilibrium  
 that a sustained frontage on inspiration  
 would undoubtedly incur  
 I think the object is to "win"  
 in the sense of being able to walk to the restaurant  
 after the game is over  
 with an unheavy step  
 the categories of the modern age  
 are tantamount to infinity  
 e.g. entropy, "the actor," urban social structure  
 I walked around a lot of the day  
 and nothing much happened  
 except I got a couple erections  
 in a fit of despair  
 Van Gough, living in Henry Miller's Paris,  
 cut off his ear  
 saying to himself, make it good  
 since it may be the last time

A moment's hesitation, while he debated  
it that's really what he wanted

Have you ever got close to an idea  
they asked me one time on the job  
seein' as I didn't know, I said:

let me think about it for awhile  
strangely, classical music persist  
although the box seats are off-center  
from a direct auditory route  
if you treat these images well  
they'll put a nickel in the cup  
you haven't yet thrown away

'I believe that today more than ever a book should  
be sought after if it has only one great page in it. We  
must search for fragments, splinters, toenails, anything  
that has ore in it, anything that is capable of resusci-  
tating the body and soul.'

Miller, Henry Tropic of Cancer, New York: Grove Press, 1961,  
p. 232 (paper).

hang it all  
let us go back to the beginning  
where a new inspiration has got into the world  
the young lady is right  
some new ideas about perception  
would do us all good  
old tires placed on the ocean floor  
make excellent breeding grounds for crustaceans



out of the vast chaos  
 to plumb for a terra firma that sustaineth  
 under the winter sun                      the city  
 bright as a rainbow trout  
 to take a dirty apartment  
 clean it up & install a shower  
 the rare instances when ethical qualities  
 deliver a real impact  
 back in the constancy  
 of subways/mayhem  
 crowds with destinations  
 that no one cares about  
 (I was half-asleep)                      &  
 the sum is an idea  
 we must deal slyly with

Paul

BASIL'S IDEA/BASIL BUNTING/BUNTING IDEAS

3/4/66



Basil's Idea

A poem's a memory created  
exact as the wish

to wake a sleeping girl  
(I sometimes did

and often meant to)

A poem's a memory created by desire

3/4/66

## BASIL BUNTING

a poems a memory i leaf through ideas exact as the wish  
 things happen the tea tastes like fuckin perfume and the  
 structure links up no the structure links out ahead of me  
 poems a memory and the scaffolding of this structure this  
 structure reveals a memory created in folds leaving off  
 and beginning again and going further than an incident in  
 a moment no the sea dont taste like fucking perfume not  
 any part of it exact as the wish to wake an image in the  
 middle poems a memory creating a girl is sleeping a man  
 is waking sometimes waking exact as the wish the sea means  
 to drift wherever he means to wake whenever poems a memory  
 still done by the girl is sleeping the perfume is streaking  
 a message through air scaffolding designing desire still  
 done by desire and awake

a poems a memory every remembered incident is decomposed  
 in the acid of his mistrust and my imagination provided  
 equations for the unknown in this algebra of desire i leaf  
 through ideas exact as the wish things happen but she is  
 a fugitive and no expression of her value can be complete  
 unless preceded by some symbol like that which in physics  
 denotes speed and the tea tastes like fuckin perfume and  
 the structure links up love he insists can only coexist  
 with a state of dissatisfaction no the structure links out  
 ahead of me can only coexist with a state of dissatisfaction  
 whether born of jealousy or its predecessor desire poems



a memory it represents our demand for a whole and the scaffolding of this structure its inception and its continuance imply the consciousness that something is lacking this structure reveals a memory so that no amount of voluntary manipulation can reconstitute in its integrity an impression that the will has buckled into incoherence but if by some accident by some miracle the central impression of a past sensation created in folds recurs as an immediate stimulus which can be instinctively identified by the subject with the model of duplication leaving off and beginning again then the total past sensation not its echo or its copy but the sensation itself annihilating every spatial and temporal restriction comes in a rush to engulf the subject in all the beauty of its infallible proportion and going further than an incident in a moment like a series of inspired omissions neither created nor chosen no the sea dont taste like fucking perfume not any part of it but discovered uncovered excavated pre-existing within exact as the wish a law of its nature the only reality provided by the hieroglyphics traced by inspired perception to wake an image in the middle identification of subject with object poems a memory creating a girl is sleeping an impression for the writer is what experiment a man is waking is for the scientist with this difference sometimes eaking that in the case of the scientist exact as the wish the action of the intelligence the sea means to drift wherever precedes the event he means to wake

whoever and in the case of the writer it follows poems  
 a memory still done there is no question of right and  
 wrong the girl is sleeping it is in a memory comparable  
 to what they call memory in our modern thinking machines  
 the perfume is streaking a message through air which is  
 in turn based on an electronic realization of the  
 signifying compound it is in this sort of memory that is  
 found that chain which insists on reproducing itself  
 scaffolding designing in the process of transference  
 desire and which is the chain still done by desire of  
 dead desire and awake

and awake still done by desire scaffolding designing  
 desire the perfume is streaking a message through air  
 the girl is sleeping poems a memory still done he means  
 to wake whenever the sea means to drift wherever exact as  
 the wish sometimes waking a man is waking a girl is sleeping  
 poems a memory creating to wake an image in the middle  
 exact as the wish no the sea dont taste like fuckin  
 perfume not any part of it in a moment and going further  
 than in incident and beginning again leaving off created  
 in folds this structure reveals a memory and the scaffolding  
 of this structure poems a memory no the structure links out  
 ahead of me and the structure links up the tea tastes like  
 fuckin perfume exact as the wish things happen i leaf  
 though ideas a poems a memory

bernadette



## BUNTING IDEAS

no the sea dont taste like fuckin perfume not any part of it  
 at war i leaf through frank comes in a seas a memory exact  
 as the wish before exact no fuckin ideas at all no fuckin  
 war a poems a memory exact structure links up no the structure  
 links out ahead of me frank ahead of me no fuckin perfume  
 tea tastes like sea desire streaking through a message in  
 our algebra of mistrust the structure links up it is our only  
 hope its predecessor desire every moment eaten up by his  
 jealousy as cunning as a wart decomposing in the acid of his  
 mistrust i leaf through desire dark and grave the sensation  
 itself the scaffolding of this structure every spatial and  
 temporal restriction annihilated in the folds of his mistrust  
 no the sea dont taste like fuckin desire excavated basil on  
 and in his west indian isle speaking memory i leaf through  
 mistrust exact as the sea a girl is remembered on his isle  
 singing based on no fucking symbol no fuckin war can exist  
 with a state of dissatisfaction like a series pre-existing  
 incoherence a girl is sleeping i always meant to belonging  
 to no one folded no the tea dont taste like a series of echo  
 hieroglyphics peter moves in and out of his apartment leaves  
 with inspired bullshit and manages a book no the book dont  
 taste like war in new york it tastes like the identification  
 of subject with object the book dont taste like fuckin perfume  
 no average sentiment or structure no the structure links out  
 ahead of him she means to wake whenever it follows a books  
 a memory created in the folds of every spatial and temporal  
 restriction belonging to anyone dead leaves decomposing in  
 the mistrust of his memory singing his west indian isle belonging  
 to no one comparable to what they call poetry in our modern  
 thinking machines no fuckin war tastes like fuckin perfume  
 no fuckin tea tastes like fuckin perfume no fucking tea tastes  
 like war provided a central impression meanwhile back on  
 or in basils west indian isle we are bunting ideas b83s  
 bomb pretzels a poem on a wall no different at that angle  
 no the structure links out ahead of me tastes like fuckin  
 war or does a wall taste like pretzels when bombed by  
 detraction no the sea dont taste like fuckin sentiment not  
 any part of it when perception is based on an electronic  
 realization of the signifying compound no fuckin poem  
 tastes like war war dont taste like no fuckin compound my  
 father made it through a temporal restriction and died in  
 bed of structure three days before my birthday but he is  
 a fugitive and no expression of his value can be complete  
 unless a memory annihilates its integrity but i be mean  
 instinctively and no different at that angle life over his  
 heart screeching structure but i go listen to the radio in  
 the world of silence the sea dont taste like fuckin duchamp  
 the structure links out ahead of him no the structure links  
 up no the tea dont taste like fuckin sentiment at war the



sea means to drift wherever hieroglyphics traced by inspired  
 perception as an immediate stimulus a wars a memory created  
 by incoherence unless traced by flamboyant images like  
 napalm or ginger rogers in swingtime at key west in new york  
 or laramie killed a many subject unknown in this algebra  
 names a memory created by fucking belonging to an image  
 its predecessor a wish to imply that something is lacking  
 if by some accident some miracle in which physics denotes  
 memory but only if a name can be instinctively identified  
 with the model of duplication leaving off and beginning again  
 so that no amount of voluntary manipulation can reconstitute  
 in its integrity whenever a girl is remembered in in the  
 bathroom reading basil the will has desire symbol folds into  
 incoherence but if by some miracle by some accident the  
 central impression of a past sensation created in folds  
 reconstituting a poem rush like fuckin desire exact as the  
 copy to wake some image continuance in the incoherence  
 of a war as cunning as a wart i leaf through frank ohara  
 images at every hand decomposing in the acid of metaphor  
 the wish to wake links out in front of me not any part of  
 it dark and grave no the book dont taste like fuckin  
**structure** in the speed of accident a poems a memory created  
 exact as the death of my daddy and represents a puppy  
 decomposed flamboyant napalm on pretzels no the structure  
 links up the structure links out ahead of me an image  
 a memory created by its predecessor compound exact as the  
 war to echo a scaffolding girl hieroglyphics linking up  
 like pretzels fucking perfume into a mushroom in the sky  
 bang a whisper streaking across the sea the structure links  
 out into incoherence but if by some accident by some miracle  
 the tea links up basil to his west indian isle than some  
 drifting image in the vast consciousness that something  
 is lacking can only coexist with a state of sleeping the  
 total past traced by a writer death fathers death exact as  
 dead leaves reconstituting some folds fuckin desire keeps  
 milking image in new york in key west in total structure  
 in war is what an experiment is to peter he leafs through  
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 metaphor like flamboyant images like pretzels dark and  
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 at every hand my war metaphor in memory folds a bang but  
 whisper signals basil no the accident has buckled the  
 scaffolding discovered uncovered excavated machines leafing  
 through petes book the algebra of image or mistrust bunting  
 its predecessor detraction based on an electronic realization  
 that a war is boring the superior united states into total  
 annihilation flamboyant in the process which denotes  
 screeching meanwhile back at the isle ping pong moves to  
 a radio the sea is boring a memory spatial and temporal  
 relation the tea tastes like fuckin puppies but if by some  
 accident the action of intelligence links out ahead of me  
 the napalm dont taste like hieroglyphics no fucking bathroom  
 no the incoherence links up fuckin war the chain mushroom



leaving off max picard marcel duchamp benito mussolini  
 in and out of desire manages to stay dreaming and dies in  
 bed three days before ginger rogers in swingtime discovered  
 beyond the genius of the superior united states screechin  
 through desire singing average sentiments inspired bullshit  
 a wall vulgar at that angle b83s bomb immediacy and killed  
 a many days before my birthday the max picard poems a memory  
 on and in his west indian isle like a series belonging to  
 no one not its echo or its copy idea of creating a poem and  
 going further than in incident exact as the wish to wake  
 in the middle poems a memory at war no expression of her  
 value tastes like the identification of subject and object  
 annihilating every remembered incident provided equations  
 for the unknown sleeping memory dark and grave recurs as  
 love decomposed with the model of duplication no the sleeping  
 girl dont taste like i leaf through new york i meant to taste  
 the fuckin sea straking infallible a hearts a memory i leaf  
 through puppies bombed by bores vulgar by jealousy identification  
 as dark and cunning as image perfume on and in his west  
 indian isle no average sentiments to structure speaking like  
 basil the memory is traced by inspired fucking but i be  
 mean to drift wherever in springtime at key west i sometimes  
 did with this difference the war links out in front of me  
 can be instinctively identified by the superior united states  
 bombing inception b83s bombing inception can only mushroom  
 some physics miracle belonging to none uncovered in another  
 world so that no amount of voluntary manipulation can  
 reconstitute in its integrity to make a book pre-existing  
 as in the case of an unconscious state the writer dreaming  
 hieroglyphics no the sea dont taste like desire folds  
 mushroom in this war a girl is imagination like milk like  
 dissatisfaction it is our only hope in this algebra of  
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 a war decomposing hopes echo an impression annihilated  
 by a message designing message reality proportion in  
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 key west fuckin laramie reconstituting the middle hiero-  
 glyphics singing boring sentiments inspired by bullshit  
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 the action like inspired integrity tastes like beginning  
 again scaffolding frank chara in laramie she is a fugitive  
 instinctively dead duchamps modern and grave there is  
 no question of right and wrong as an immediate stimulus  
 flamboyant omissions signifying his west indian isle



perfume can only coexist through ideas napalm his boring  
 mistrust by some miracle dreaming of a vast cunning past  
 belonging to no one puppies asleep with the dark central  
 folds i leaf through metaphor i listen to my birthday pete  
 milking flamboyant silence exact as the death of my  
 daddy in the acid omission he means to wake whenever  
 dreaming bunting the vulgar war as picard buckled recon-  
 stituting a vast middle sleep he means to taste wherever  
 to wake an image a war died in bed and killed a many  
 streaking a message through restriction no the sea love  
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 fugitive a memory i sometimes did it represents our demand  
 for a poem and the decomposing of this tea its image and  
 its sentiments imply the realization that war links ideas  
 this algebra discovered a manipulation so that no b83s of  
 mistrust screeching can annihilate in its electronic  
 cunning an expression that the value has died into reality  
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 inspired mussolini thinking pretzels manages as a west  
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 west indian isle a poem on a bed no perfume at that angle  
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 boyant as a wart at every hand my daddy a predecessor pants  
 bang omission sky follows pretzels the chain recurs as  
 love the intelligence of action is a structure created  
 by some miracle some accident perfume rush within a wish  
 like scaffolding designing scaffolding pre-existing its  
 superior incident and sea dont name leafs beyond the genius  
 of a dream but i be transference stimulus beginning again  
 it is our only napalm a law of our nature she means to  
 wake whenever a poem speaks memory i leaf through machines  
 in a state of dissatisfaction no the sea tastes like fuckin  
 perfume on basils isle





## CONCLUSION

The method of repeated reproduction of remembered material with increasing lapse of time, until it has reached a level of total forgetting, is a method in which influence play a role in attitude of uncertainty, which has nothing to do with objective inaccuracy, towards the introduction of what is new.

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     I felt myself pounded hard upon the back, 9RR  
 distinct enunciation  
     clearly, 4N  
     proclaimed, 7X  
     clearly & distinctly, 9SS  
 marked emphasis  
     shouting, 5T  
     demanding, 7X  
 passionate hurry  
     quickly, 4N  
     in a rush, 4N  
     rapidly, 9SS  
 in dread of interruption  
     worried I would not be able to finish, 9TT  
 brief but pregnant sentences  
     confession visible, 3J  
     to get the words out, 4N-O  
 to the hangman and to hell  
     doomed to hell, 2Q  
     waiting to be hanged, 4P  
     execution, 6N  
     well-executed, 8G  
     Now I am sentenced to be hanged, 9UU-VV  
 all that was necessary  
     said enough, 2P  
     said enough, 40  
     the details, 5T  
     at length, 6T  
     I implicated myself fully, 9TT-UU



## INDEX - (cont'd)

fullest judicial conviction

convicted and sentenced to death, 2P

assure my conviction, 40

judgment, 5V

to the satisfaction of the court, 9UU

prostrate in a swoon

I fell, 20

I am down, 4N

lapse of consciousness, 6W

suffocate, 8J

To-day I wear these chains and am here!

So I stand here in chains, 2D

in chains I stand before you doomed to hell, 2P-Q

Now today from this cell, 4P

in this life, 5W

Here that I wait the passage to the place out-  
side oneself, 6Y

Today I am chained in a prison cell, 9VV

To-morrow I shall be fetterless! -- but where?

Where do I go from here?, 2Q

Tomorrow, where?, 4Q

the next, 5W

to the place outside oneself, but where?, 6Y

Tomorrow I will be free, but I know not where.,

9VV-WW

STORY - 1

1A Time waits for no one, least of all the PERVERSE IMP. In his last  
 B phase of MANIACAL SCHEMING, we saw him put a POISONOUS CANDLE in his  
 C victim's room.  
 D The cops arrived next morning and discovered that the victim had  
 E scratched himself in his sleep. They declared him DEAD BY AN ACT OF GOD,  
 F which was more than he deserved.  
 G Violence persuades the heart like a blast of technicolor lust,  
 H conning the IMP into a game of pointless actions that do not require the  
 I ability of the total man. He glances at the moon upstairs and MUTTERS  
 J "I AM SAFE."  
 K He is CONDEMNED by the absence of objective persecution THEREFORE  
 L by his own banality. His game is open to the PUBLIC. It is played by  
 M the common masses (COMMON MASSES) with revolvers.

Jim.

THE IMP OF THE PERVERSE - 2

2A SOMETHING I'll call PERVERSITY saying SOMETHING acting SOMEWAY that  
 B will destroy you. It's UNCONTROLLABLE this PERVERSITY I'll call it  
 C you don't mean to and know even what not to say or do but do say and do it  
 D due to a power quite beyond you. So I STAND HERE IN CHAINS and will tell  
 E you HOW I BROUGHT ON MY OWN DESTRUCTION. I wanted to kill him yes but  
 F kill him in a way that NO ONE WOULD KNOW (but I) that I did kill him so  
 G I READ ABOUT DISEASES and he slept in a room WITH A HALLWAY WITH A DOOR  
 H AT THE END and I replaced one of his CANDLES with one that I made and in  
 I the morning he was dead. They said the cause of DEATH WAS AN ACT OF GOD.  
 J I COLLECTED THE INHERITANCE and lived comfortably WITH NO FEAR that  
 K anyone would learn of my act of murder. One day I was WALKING DOWN THE  
 L STREET and SYLLABLES came into my mind SYLLABLES forming words that  
 M wouldn't retreat until I SAID & REPEATED "I AM SAFE -----  
 N UNLESS I CONFESS and then my pace quickened UNTIL I WAS RUNNING and a  
 O CROWD WAS RUNNING after me & GRABBED me & I FELL & confessed it all.  
 P SAID ENOUGH to have me CONVICTED & SENTENCED TO DEATH and now in CHAINS  
 Q I STAND BEFORE YOU DOOMED TO HELL. WHERE DO I GO FROM HERE?

Lynn.

STORY - 3

3A If WEALTH were the sole, supposed, REASON there would be the question  
 B why, WEALTH? And if WEALTH were to be derived from DEATH then why DEATH?  
 C The cause of DEATH being WEALTH and the cause of WEALTH being DEATH  
 D in itself is compact and tidy but there are no why's answered. And why  
 E And why ON THE STREET was THE IMP, if he be, SUDDENLY OVERCOME WITH  
 F CONFESSION? Was CONFESSION caused by a dream? There was IMPETUS thru  
 G guilt to confess in the form of denial but what is the connection between  
 H the confession and the guilt. Certainly the murder was there and  
 I THE MONEY RECEIVED, and the guilt quantified to the guilty, and the



J CONFESSION VISIBLE. The symbol of want, of lack of it, being MONEY,  
 K the system, function, or method being murder and the result being confession.  
 L through a MYSTICAL MECHANISM OF GUILT. Or was it actually the feeling  
 M known as guilt that was the connection between the murder and confession.  
 N The basic misunderstanding in the whole story was the understanding of a  
 O CANDLE as a symbol of a CANDLE and assuming the symbol of the CANDLE  
 P did not actually have further UNMATCHED RESPONSES.

Mike.

#### THE IMP OF THE PERVERSE - 4

4A As far as PHRENOLOGY is willing to go, SOMETHING about PRIMA MOBILIA,  
 B SOMETHING about RATIOCINATION, nothing about the SUPEROGATION of.....  
 C SOMETHING. The man who is standing on the EDGE OF A CLIFF, suffering  
 D from VERTIGO, BOUND TO PLUNGE HEADLONG over the PRECIPICE. HE DOES.  
 E UNLESS A FRIEND pulls him back. Nothing, then, about the IMPULSE TO  
 F PERVERSITY, FOR ITS OWN SAKE. Something about a CANDLE. When I first  
 G had the idea to do the murder NONE OF THE METHODS seemed sure. A NOVEL  
 H by Mme. \_\_\_\_\_. The idea of the POISONED CANDLE. I knew that my friend  
 I was in the HABIT OF READING AT NIGHT by candlelight in a POORLY-VENTILATED  
 J ROOM. "DEATH BY THE VERDICT OF GOD." I easily REPLACED the candle.  
 K I was SECURE and had my INHERITANCE. I would WALK DOWN THE STREET,  
 L SINGING, "I AM SAFE, I AM SAFE," ONCE I ADDED: "UNLESS I CONFESS THE  
 M CRIME." I start to RUN. PEOPLE RUN after me. ROUGH HANDS on me.  
 N I AM DOWN. I am told now I spoke CLEARLY, QUICKLY, IN A RUSH to get the  
 O words out. I am told I said ENOUGH to ASSURE MY CONVICTION.  
 P I am speaking to you NOW, TODAY, FROM TH IS CELL, WAITING TO BE HANGED.  
 Q But TOMORROW, WHERE?

Bernadette.

#### THE IMP OF THE PERVERSE - 5

5A If it is true that there are men who act according to the DICTATES OF  
 B REASON, I am such a man. Being conversant with my own motivations is  
 C my true vocation & my pastime. Thus if I tell you that no man may make  
 D such a claim as I have made at the outset, you must believe me, because  
 E I have PROOF. The STUMBLING BLOCK was my own DESIRES. When I struggled  
 F to clear my mind of all INTENTIONS alien to its true source, I found there  
 G was a dramatic force opposing this attempt. This force I have called  
 H THE IMP OF THE PERVERSE. As I increased the effort to lay bare\*  
 I my own true motivations, I became aware of THIS IMP FORCING ME TOWARDS  
 J acts which have NO RELATION TO MY OWN DECISIONS. When this argument  
 K was at its PEAK, I happened to read AN ACCOUNT of the murder of

L A CERTAIN M. PILOT. She was murdered by an ingenious device, A POISON TAPER  
 M placed in her room which LEAVES NO EVIDENCE of its effect. My mind  
 N gripped this knowledge and led me to commit exactly this crime and cause  
 O the death of my friend. Due to the RIGOROUSNESS OF THE METHOD, my crime  
 P WENT UNDETECTED. But as the weeks and months ensued, again I discovered  
 Q in my thoughts a SINGLE OVERWHELMING PREOCCUPATION: what if my crime  
 R were discovered? The FRENZY created by these MEDITATIONS led me,  
 S INEVITABLY, to begin MUTTERING IN THE STREETS THE WORDS, "I AM SAFE,  
 T I AM SAFE." Finally I found myself SHOUTING THE DETAILS ALOUD for  
 U ALL THE WORLD to hear. Then: A ROUGH HAND on my shoulder; then:  
 V A JUDGEMENT and THIS CELL. Thus, as I have found no satisfaction for  
 W my ponderings IN THIS LIFE, I may find it in THE NEXT.

Nick.

\* Cf. Poe's MARGINALIA: "My Heart Laid Bare."

# STORY - 6

6A There is an area which PHRENOLOGY has neglected. FAITH OR BELIEF  
 B has altered the INQUIRY, for it cannot be made manifest in the  
 C TRADITIONAL WAY. I ascribe the name PERVERSE to this quality. All  
 D too often we have sought to complete a task before us, yet fall prey  
 E to \_\_\_\_\_. It is by this process of INDUCTION that the content  
 F is made clear. The CIRCUMLOCUTOR is pleased with the direction of  
 G HIS DISCOURSE. Yet to pursue it further would cause ANGER to appear.  
 H It s precisely that element or quality mentioned that exhorts the  
 I SPEAKER to act accordingly. THIS PERVERSITY differs insofar as there  
 J is no regard for SELF-PRESERVATION. In this respect it is SINGULARLY  
 K OVERWHELMING. There is no MEDIATING AGENT. It runs CONTRARY TO SENSE  
 L and THUS evades PREDICTION.

M Again, everything I CONNIVED was FLAWLESS. It is partly due  
 N to this EXECUTION that I now tell this to you. The man in question  
 O returned at the appointed hour. I PLACED the DOCTORED CANDLE where  
 P he was WONT to be. Needless to say this had its DESIRED EFFECT.  
 Q The PRONOUNCEMENT GRANTED cited DEATH BY VISITATION OF GOD: For many  
 R days thereafter I became OBSESSED WITH MY SAFETY. Yet try as I might,  
 S THE WORDS which would least INSURE MY FREEDOM RETURNED & REMAINED with  
 T me, CONTRARY to every effort to dispell them. I ENTERED THE STREET and  
 U continued for some time. Here a SENSATION OF CHOKING (unreadable) me,  
 V and I TOOK TO FLIGHT, AROUSING PASSERSBY, who eventually sought to  
 W RESTRAIN ME prior to a LAPSE OF CONSCIOUSNESS or not. Perhaps during  
 X such a state I spoke AT LENGTH of the aforementioned event. It is  
 Y HERE THAT I WAIT THE PASSAGE TO THE PLACE OUTSIDE ONESELF, BUT WHERE?

Peter St.



STORY - 7

7A SOMETHING which could have been taken into account in my deliberation  
 B toward the PREDICTABILITY of certain CONSEQUENCES OF CERTAIN ACTIONS  
 C -- SOMETHING which failed to CATCH my attention, SOMETHING IGNORED,  
 D deliberately or not (it doesnt matter) invariably led to SOMETHING  
 E POPPING UP in the most predictable though UNPREDICTED CIRCUMSTANCE  
 F --- I have come to recognise this as the IMP OF THE PERVERSE.  
 G Any NON-OPEN-ENDED PLANNING is plenty. In this instance the death of  
 H a friend became an OBSESSION, the means to his end leading seemingly  
 I without limit to my fulfilment as a murderer, THE DETAILS as well as the  
 J CONCEPT itself slowly captured the focus of my INTENTION and became the  
 K DESTINATION rather than the VEHICLE of my INTENTION. To kill him required  
 L nothing more than the REPLACEMENT of a CANDLE by a TAPER. His own  
 M inhaling the TOXIC FUMES did the rest. It was all so simple as to  
 N leave me with a VAGUE FEELING OF UNREQUITED AMBITION, as if the effort  
 O hardly justified the result. Having failed to take UNKNOWN, not even  
 P Random VARIABLES into account, I was not prepared for a SUCCESS of such  
 Q dimesnsions. The plan was TOO GOOD. It seemed to work IN SPITE OF ME,  
 R with my petty apprehensions as to its ultimate outcome. In any case,  
 S it worked. It worked BEAUTIFULLY, QUICKLY & SIMPLY. And then it began  
 T to WORK OVERTIME, again perhaps since effort, concept & detail seemed  
 U so OUT OF PROPORTION to the result. More "result" seemed to be needed  
 V & INEVITABLY obtained. THE IMP OF THE PERVERSE took over one night  
 W crossing a bridge. I alone am responsible, or at least I thought I was,  
 X and, demanding A LARGER AUDIENCE for the murder than myself, PROCLAIMED  
 Y my responsibility.

Peter Se.

STORY - 8

- 8A 1. search for (a) PRIMUS MOBILIS  
 B 2. failure of PHRENOLOGY to accurately reflect OBSERVATION  
 C 3. SPECIOUS REASONING: identity of SELF-GAIN as primary, observed  
 D BEHAVIOR secondary  
 E 4. refutation: a subtle satisfaction in manufacturing, making more  
 refined, our own IRREVOCABLE demise  
 G 5. substantiate by personal example: learn of WELL-EXECUTED murder,  
 H CANDLE  
 I 6. best friend READS BY CANDLE-LIGHT-knowingly substitute POISONOUS  
 J TAPER SUFFOCATE  
 K 7. HERO REMOVES murder instrument, inserts it into "out-going trash"  
 L 8. INHERITS WEALTH of friend, could live a long time, UNSUSPECTED,  
 M moved to SAY OUT LOUD "I'm SAFE, I'M SAFE UNLESS CHOOSES TO  
 N DISCLOSE DETAILS  
 O 10. This is a "turning point." HERO begins to move FRENETICALLY.  
 P A glass of lemonade to calm him down might have saved his life.  
 Q 11. In NYC PEDESTRIANS see FRENETIC lunatics every day, but to "reserve"  
 R PSYCHOLOGICAL energy repress ordinary responses. However, our hero's

S CROWD like true RUNNING DOGS OF THE MERCANTILE BOURGEOISIE delight  
 T in our hero's ANGUISHING TERROR, and begin to CHASE him, with glee,  
 U like Breughel's peasants.  
 V12. Our hero has one last distinct wish. If he could have RIPPED OUT HIS  
 W TONGUE he would have. No chance of success. This story is significant  
 X as a 'first of its kind'. From his country home in the Bronx, Poe  
 Y stunned his times with dazzling sketches of an utterly new mental  
 Z landscape.

Paul.

### STORY - 9

9A There is a PRIMA MOBILE in human nature of which the PHRENOLOGISTS  
 B remain unaware. PHRENOLOGY takes its explanations from an appeal to  
 C DIVINITY. GOD wills that we should eat, THEREFORE do we have an  
 D ORGAN OF ALIMENTIVENESS. GOD desires that men should be creatures who  
 E reproduce themselves, THUS we have an ORGAN OF AMATIVENESS. PHRENOLOGY  
 F would do better to observe the ACTUAL BEHAVIOR of men and REASON  
 G INDUCTIVELY to its conclusions about human nature. The PRIMA MOBILE  
 H of which I Spoke necessarily must remain hidden to PHRENOLOGY, which  
 I looks to REASONS for its explanations, because this principle is the  
 J exact antithesis of all that is reasonable. THEREFORE, I refer to it  
 K as the IMP OF THE PERVERSE.  
 L Surely, it is SOMETHING we are all familiar with. You are speaking  
 M to a friend. You know that to stray from the subject, to DISSEMBLE  
 N will serve only to make your 'INTERLOCUTOR' ANGRY and impatient.  
 O Furthermore, you have before you in your mind the exact words to  
 P express your point most LACONICALLY. You fully INTEND to speak those  
 Q very words. Yet at the same instant you form that INTENTION, you  
 R instead become loquacious, inconsequent.  
 S You are standing near a PRECIPICE. Like a GENIE emerged from  
 T an ARABIAN LAMP, a spirit seems to draw you toward the EDGE, which,  
 U internally, you SHRINK FROM. You approach closer and peer over the  
 V EDGE. Unless by a sudden effort of the will you can THROW YOURSELF  
 W BACKWARDS UPON THE GROUND, you will certainly PLUNGE INTO THE ABYSS.  
 X I have been so PROLIX in my description of this PERVERSITY  
 Y in our natures because I want you to understand how I come to be  
 Z HERE CHAINED IN THIS PRISON CELL. I had decided to murder my friend.  
 AA For years I refrained, only from FEAR OF BEING CAUGHT. In my reading  
 BB in THE WORKS of MADAME PILOT, I came upon a SCHEME that seemed to me  
 CC FOOLPROOF -- A POISONED CANDLE. I went bore you with a description  
 DD of my friend's rooms, which were STRAIT & AIRLESS. Now with how I  
 EE managed to substitute my own CANDLE for the one on the CANDLE-REST  
 FF in his BEDCHAMBER. In the morning, he was found dead. The CORONER  
 GG PRONOUNCED his DEATH DUE TO AN ACT OF GOD. I INHERITED MY FRIEND'S  
 HH ESTATE and for a long time I lived happily, but I noticed that I  
 II had gotten the habit sometimes of REPEATING SOFTLY TO MYSELF THE WORDS  
 JJ "I AM SAFE." One day WHILE WALKING IN THE TOWN I said those words  
 KK to myself, "I AM SAFE," but this time followed them with "UNLESS I



LL CONFESS." Immediately, A CHILL ran up my spine. I knew that I must  
 MM get away immediately or i would be UNABLE TO PREVENT MYSELF FROM TELLING  
 NN ALL. I began to make my way along the THOROUGHFARES, at first at a  
 OO walk but soon, moved by a TERRIBLE URGENCY, RUNNING IN GREAT LEAPS  
 PP AND BOUNDS. THE CROWD, which had at first been indifferent, now  
 QQ TOOK UP IN PURSUIT. ROUGH HANDS GRABBED my arms, and I felt myself  
 RR POUNDED HARD UPON THE BACK. Immediately, the words STARTED OUT OF ME.  
 SS I was told later that I spke CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY, but very RAPIDLY,  
 TT as though I were worried I WOULD NOT BE ABLE TO FINISH. I IMPLICATED  
 UU MYSELF FULLY, TO THE SATISFACTION OF THE COURT. NOW I AM SENTENCED TO  
 VV BE HANGED. TODAY I AM CHAINED IN A PRISON CELL, TOMORROW I WILL BE  
 WW FREE, BUT I KNOW NOT WHERE.

Leonard.

---

#### REMEMBERING

Proposal: THE IMP OF THE PERVERSE by Edgar Allan  
 Poe is read aloud. After a 15-minute break,  
 everyone writes the story from memory. These  
 are thrown away. After two weeks of forgetting,  
 the writing is repeated. These second versions  
 of the story are indexed, according to the  
 phrasing of the original and reproduced  
 in all (one through nine).

DREAM WORK:



this cld go on forever the insistence of the letter dream dreamer  
 dreaming the dream dreamer of the dream dreamer dream dreaming ends  
 by going away terrific but what happens nothing a dream with an  
 arrow says the doctor the letter records your memory a record an  
 image feeding system where says angry face to come back inconvenient  
 bodies fit into the synch so leading away from and towards hearing  
 intricacies of the word effort the literal dream inside turning my  
 head around desire leaves me empty of dreams the merry go round  
 draws me towards turning inconsistency of the letter its  
 mental incision so early to repeat urgency pain need terror i cant  
 stand it so i march away aware of my anger and go home with  
 solitude and sleep with her watching me watching somebody else  
 watching a movie while my dog was dreaming language bass horns ohara  
 the scheme elbows sharks hurray for the integration of secrets art is  
 terror i go away afraid a dream characterized by vision combination of  
 factors visualization of mental events tyranny of desire clash with  
 awakening far away freedom icicles storms initiation of factors  
 exhalation of breath hunger by nearness comparison preperation for  
 control i come back stronger when i begin to draw i am going into  
 thought and laugh we dont speak

its hurray for the integration of athletics and art fuck science sun  
 stand headband and fall in a friend who whispers it is that form of  
 entertainment known as dreams that the most sophisticated form of  
 lying is achieved but in darkness when the outside is covered there  
 are no correspondances the piece of paper transferred to the back of  
 the back of the windowless room i dont want it too dark or it will

be enveloped by meaning like a primitive dance in a narrated dream  
 but i am by then long gone into thoughts about thoughts sipping a coke  
 and hiding something on paper purposely forgetting the piece i  
 already forgot almost on purpose to splice them later by cutting  
 magazines afraid in this way i was doing modern remembering by day  
 i enjoyed excuse from understanding i try to explain but nobodys  
 there who speaks without reference in silence in a dim language  
 i like confusion when nobody cares as in dreams when nobody  
 listens without reference to the inner counterpart

Nick.



C1 / E 28

1. (but if someone says we think less  
with the greater honor

able parts are treated  
which our more do not require  
therefore my tongues  
to another worship of idols  
all men judge of yours  
the same spirit

2. drink & rose up to you  
we must &  
no one can say to the test  
consider by one spirit  
we were same loaf  
& you are free from a perishable  
box but if you, i do not  
as one sin, & if a girl marries

3. i pommel my body  
eat what? as it is,  
there are meat markets  
without body  
the eye can  
on the ground

i have no need of earth  
& head to feet  
(but if someone says  
with the greater honor  
able parts but God

4. blue & purple & as in the morning  
its skirts with bells  
an offering by fire

to a golden & all be a  
continual burnt  
golden bell & a poem  
& you shall put the ram  
in the two rings at the flesh

5. 50 loops on the edge of the  
other stone  
in the order of outmost  
in the second set  
you engrave the 2 stones  
& couple the tent together  
& purple & scarlet stuff

you shall make 50 loops  
 6 of their names of the curtain  
 that is outmost

6. (but if someone says  
 to put in subjection  
 eat whatever then comes  
 if then ?  
 the food is offered been raised,  
 your faith is thing  
 the bread which breaks the body  
 the body is one &  
 in the body consider the one body  
 jews & greeks  
 if the foot should imply  
 that pagans are not a hand  
 shall we provoke the body  
 were an eye stronger than he?  
 eat whatever be ?  
 drink & rose ~~up~~ up to you  
 to understand

Jim

\*



# THE RACE

The fat man (in swimming trunks)  
continued to grab me  
Behind the backs of others  
As we sat  
dangling legs in the gorge  
Waiting  
to start the race.

I escaped to the lockers.

The door let  
You in  
To me in the shower  
washing sand  
from my suit.

You left  
on my asking  
Yet returned  
through the mirror  
to embrace me.

I pleaded with you to go  
promising  
to come  
Later...

Alone  
I fell in convulsion

The water pounded  
my fitful body  
on the floor  
of the tub.

Lynn

\*

## ONE HUNDRED

indicating thought or desire azure  
 oblivion and finally rest motion  
 the pleasures of memory are  
 progressive indicating thought or  
 desire azure a circle denoting an  
 act with a virtual repetition of  
 the family in alfalfa a complete  
 indian summer is obliterated in  
 the curvature of a single complete  
 wind there is a recurrence of  
 fireweed and jasmine the earth  
 beginning with stars is complete  
 be a name that occurs between  
 rib and iris are parts of clouds  
 following the rising stratum is a  
 practical recurrence completed in  
 sequoia additional clouds time  
 intervals are identical thru out  
 sand with scales of sizes

Peter St.

\*



## DREAM NOTES AFTER THREE WEEKS OF DREAM-WORK

1. Nick is making an 8-mm movie with a series of altered identical world maps which he will attempt to dream the movie. Something pasted on the ceiling, to look at, in bed. Many dreams many dream works..... Shelley says he doesn't dream anymore and doesn't need to because he can make his dreams come true, quite literally, I don't believe him..... Lynn, who had the strongest objections to the war idea, recounts dreams in great detail, closest to the war. Thought of a project that might be a novel whose narrative is supplied, chronologically, by the autobiographical dream stuff..... Peter Se. says he never did anything like this before & tells not dreams in any form but records them & dreams a lot of 'vaginal' dreams. He too..... Peter St. produces terrific 'cheats', poems that aren't really dreams but come out of thinking about the idea. Experimented with Diane in an attempt to meet in a certain place, in dream. Partly successful, wrong address..... Mike M. tells of all 'eye' dreams but won't write them & anxious to make subjective interpretations & anxious that they might be made. Psychology really fucks us up..... Regina, who understands the whole thing instinctively, came up with a twilight or daydream work, where the sequence was conceived by a series of fantasies or hypnagogic visions. She is afraid it's a dangerous project, or 'interfering'..... Mike L. wrote a long play about shit..... Jim is the only one to report having in the past produced 'dream songs' which were imitative of different rock groups, but one he considers his most musically complex work. He won't sing it..... I have success with prolonging the dream..... I don't know what Paul is doing.

2. 1st week - we decide the end the war by dreaming, the project is proposed  
 2nd week - discussion of 'control': to come up with poems, songs, etc. Problem solving.  
 3rd week - the relation of dream to poetry: 'elaborate on image (forever)' Cease-fire is announced.

## 3. Dream Auto-Bibliography (so far):

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j. Frederik Van Eeden, A study of dreams in ALTERED STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

k. Carlos Castaneda, JOURNEY TO IXTLAN.

l. ALICE IN WONDERLAND

m. Louis Zukofsky's works

n. Other poets.

o. &c.

4. translation, transmission, transcription, transference  
transformation, transfusion a new language  
recording, remembering, renaking  
the dream gift

translation processes

writing: the past state vs. the present state

prolonging the dream till you get the poem

translating the dream as you are

prolonging the dream-memory as a visual

prolonging the dream-memory as a word

the dream form intact

whats: what the dream can contribute, what we can get from its form, how this works as a group.

for example: what we all do: one of us is a psychiatric social worker whose father died three days before he was born, no, three days before one of his birthdays, one of us is a psychiatrist, M.D. & all, one of us is a Goddard prosody expert, one of us is was a copy-writer & is was in library school, one of us is a professional poet student orphan, one of us works at the parks dept., a few of us are musicians, another of us is a professional poet & orphan, a few of us are demonstrators, one of us is on welfare, one of us is Greek, one of us knows Greek, & so on.

this cld go on forever

how personal is poetry? is dream?

the dream gift

the dream plays, the poem plays

who's responsible?

condensation & structural word 'interpretation'

dream plays poem plays

one image

the word in the dream - who said it?



we are not interested in producing lines, we are not  
interested in producing sentences, with periods,  
but

hurray for the integration of art & whatever will let us  
there is no science of color  
there is no creative writing  
the word in the dream -- who said it?  
what the language is & how it can be transcribed or  
transformed or translated into poetry  
getting rid of the emotion (the emotion color coded)  
& preserving the process  
levels of distraction & intensity in dream-sharing  
& fears about revealing anxiety  
you can influence the content of a dream but not  
the mechanism

5. Spending the half I didnt eat, gold & silver lay dieties  
& the head, he said, of merica zoom no moon. A-one was  
in for a baby, sorry the rooms werent ready in time.  
They carried the king in the cellar he was too small,  
a dwarf king, stunted, but he moved, was a cannibal.....  
So, I'm sorry the cellar room isnt ready in time. The  
rooms are better ready reading from the top, down.....  
So, please, Manhatta, defend that one. Defend the states  
of consciousness. They left notes in the woods around  
the house, where they had some fun. The notes were  
referred to as joys & the best room available is  
tight fitting black. You get into it. Who's it? The  
notes were pictures -- color snapshots in the grass,  
mostly nude. the notes were pictures. One thing led  
to another -- one down, one is committed, one is a cat  
one is a dog one is a king, one thing  
hold what in your hand, defend his its states  
of consciousness.

& one thing for sure: the dense armatures of the poetry  
are sure are presents for you dropped cats in a dead  
atmosphere and mercury comets pending is falling what  
in fact do you do with rage?

erase yr personal history  
this is some communication  
you dont need to know my history

"I'm sorry. I had a dream."

Bernadette

## DREAM QUOTIENT

an open window with raised blinds thru which light enters  
 marking off a portion of the wall coloring it a dull  
 orange the image of which seems raised in a peculiar  
 manner, or at least in that way presents itself  
 on inspection from (and this is not clear) below  
 externally, and within as well the question of  
 being in the room or not casts doubt on  
 the source of light is it the nature of this room  
 or for that matter this light to be this way then  
 there can be no privacy both light and room interact  
 as if there is no use in a middle, making any trans  
 action highly problematic and at best illusory any  
 conclusion as to the true nature of  
 the source of illumination is bound to be contradictory  
 one thing is sure there can be no comfort in a situation  
 like this there can be no privacy  
 the other is that we are certain of the color  
 of the wall and where it stands someone is dreaming  
 or lying in bed and the reason everything on which  
 we are focusing our attention seems this way is that  
 proportional to the relative distance between bed  
 and wall something is happening but it might  
 be raining yet not during the night the sleeper  
 may have forgotten to shut the lights before  
 retiring it could be daybreak and the sleeper  
 may have dimmed them they could be on and the sun  
 might still be shining the sleeper may have consulted  
 an illuminated manuscript prior to dozing off or  
 he may have dreamt one where it might have been raining  
 but only for a moment perhaps the manuscript  
 real or imagined documents a sunshower perhaps the  
 sleepers quarters are not the usual ones and though  
 the location is not given we can assume the window  
 overlooks a frequently used shortcut  
 reflecting across the ceiling as the cars pass what  
 was the exact state of the dreamer of the sleeper  
 of the sleeper prior to dreaming of the dreamer prior  
 to falling asleep again what condition is the room in  
 at any one of the above mentioned times cite one instance  
 of a probability of sleepwalking give yr reasons  
 tell what a talus slope means explain further  
 name five plants

Peter St.



## IMPERATIVE GLASS

impossible-you were sitting in a room with high windows  
 full of sunlight  
 that narrow-lyrical to a fault  
 as if it were a deception to be afraid  
 & chameleon-like  
 & "lyrical to a fault"

-mistake on purpose a dungeon for the pegasus sign-  
 that room you  
 -my brothers my sisters-  
 photographers  
 listen-  
 -you listen

Nick

## MOVIE

performances of two eyes  
     set against a mirror  
 fling out deja vu s in a  
     rather dangerous fashion  
 or no eyes set apart  
     current eyes of K.  
 now appearing at all showcase theatres  
     seeming thin & strict  
 like a trumpet interpreting the  
     opening lines of a  
 work as silly and diverse as  
     "das Kapital"  
 performances of two eyes that carry  
     out missions  
 on mercilessly bad outtakes

take one could only begin like so:  
     two eyes set against  
 a mirror performing at a place  
     as morbid & tranced as  
     times square  
 W/K. or not with eyes  
     but with chagrin  
 of a dream in which she tells me  
     that im ugly  
 opens on tuesday mornings  
     or perhaps during  
 a month that I ALONE INVENTED

does science in any way  
     connect with invalid  
 precocious objections proposed  
     by two eyes engaged  
 in a performance that lingered  
     without motifs?  
     i dont know  
     take two,  
         eyes, that is.

the third time that i heard flutes  
     rave reviews on cue  
 echoed from a tiny balcony  
     that was studded  
 with silent layers of mirror shards  
     i dont value such  
 haunting experiences & cannot understand  
     the reasons for worship  
 or if God did exist since you  
     capitalized the first  
     letter of his name  
 the only alternative would be



wetted down by blank Sundays  
 other questions could  
 arise wholly without function yet  
 contain some value  
 but the two eyes perform jazz  
 that tranquilizes  
 a two second nightmare from a  
 place like bloomingdale's

the first reviews don't concern me  
 the second reviews don't concern me  
 the fourth reviews don't concern me  
 either.

Jim

\*

I-DREAM

I knock over chronology  
 I go backwards I lose track  
 I kill  
 I can't tell  
 I carry him around  
 I think about laying him out  
 Nobody tells me what to do  
 I was supposed to be doing this alone  
 I get to the market  
 I figure  
 I'll just do the fresh food  
 I am a good customer  
 I buy what I'm told -- a giant squash section  
 I look for a trick  
 Doing O.K.  
 I let them  
 I'm a good customer  
 I get a phone call  
 I switch phones  
 I try to get the beer  
 I take what he finds  
 I turn around  
 I was supposed to be doing this alone  
 I say 'go away!'  
 I looked repeatedly  
 I hit him back  
 I think maybe he's knifed  
 I split  
 I was supposed to be doing this alone

I knock over the bookcase  
 I hold hands with two stars  
 I'm thinking about communicating  
 Now I know  
 Now I know why I am...  
 Now I know why she is...  
 I'm in between them  
 I think about being in between them  
 I am a dog shedding his fur  
 I'm like a flying squirrel  
 I'm duplicating  
 I'm tracing  
 I'm in an orange room  
 I'm in an orange auditorium  
 I'm interfering  
 I've been doing this for days  
 I lose her  
 I'm tracing a child  
 I think a pattern would be easier  
 I'm in a community  
 I'm in jail  
 I'm still working at the machine  
 He commits a crime  
 He has to wear criminal blues  
 I turn & see the police  
 I hide behind steel  
 It's wood  
 Everyone falls to the floor  
 Should I wait for you?  
 No.

Bernadette

\*

the road spirit gives him a new & unknown rhythm he can  
 play on his drum- this dream character-dont you love it?-  
 is free-but seems poor planning in the sense of  
 movement & change

fulfills my need to stretch time sure  
 i'm a girl-sure she wants me when everything that appears  
 is "in relation"-when everything is public domain-con-  
 tradictory emotions in search of endless bourgeois  
 conflict-eventually took her into my arms & gives her



a kiss on the cheek-apple cider & hash-a woman & when  
 he takes me in his arms i stop thinking ordinary  
 thoughts impossible-she said she was sent to me-yet  
 nothing emerges immediately in a book or magazine  
 landscape sculpted words (letters as words in a march  
 or dance) create change with only a mystery to show

saying you  
 are too concerned with image-i didnt know what he  
 means-feigns indifference bombards us with facts about  
 social change (planes & typography) -we make a quick  
 agreement to photograph a trance-tie a spirit train to  
 a stone & drop it & try to arrange a sequence with  
 drums & language (its a star)-where everything  
 has a tendency to come to a conclusion in the final  
 bloody battle of US control-dont even bother  
 if there is a car or a speeding truck dont go out in  
 this crazy world-dont stop to become dissatisfied-be  
 ready to desert distraction apathy delay-

you were soft  
 lingering where things are in transition-age irony friends--  
 you were changing your clothes slowly & humming to  
 yourself-sweatshirt bluejeans panties-your lonely  
 bony body-the green gazelle blouse your black body  
 stocking & tight black miniskirt a movie rain going in...  
 inside & out-the-war-power "tendency to come to a  
 conclusion in the final bloody battle for US control"  
 dream opposite of the double?-as in entering a store  
 & choosing a song a dance a new type of

trap or some other creative product-i was tempted to  
 never touch the floor-this was an isolated phenomenon  
 i was working on-i reported a siren like veins  
 in the sense of blood in a medium like sound in air

under cover starve  
 out freeze out or possibly kill the same people-she took us  
 to a dead white tree (your image) the maps were wrong  
 they were right-we tried to see the white sky the  
 white sea the white mountains but saw only the buildings  
 & streets & children we had always seen-  
 a city girl has a way of walking-& it doesnt feel like  
 war is over "my dears"

your hands have something to do with  
 what i want to say i wanted to say strange creatures of  
 another planet who shun travel in the imperative sense  
 of this is further this is right here-& i like to  
 wander mind half closed in the waking of sleeping all  
 afternoon-invoking the spirit of the man the land the  
 car- it all has to go inside this rite-the optic nerves  
 their dead their beliefs-like picturing a tv seminar  
 in a peculiar way-nothing good about it (starvation)  
 too ready for it (fever)-sex returns & if it shocks  
 prepare them-if it goes away accept him-if it breaks deny  
 them-if it dances invoke them

Nick



