

1913
a journal of forms

issue 2

1913, a journal of forms
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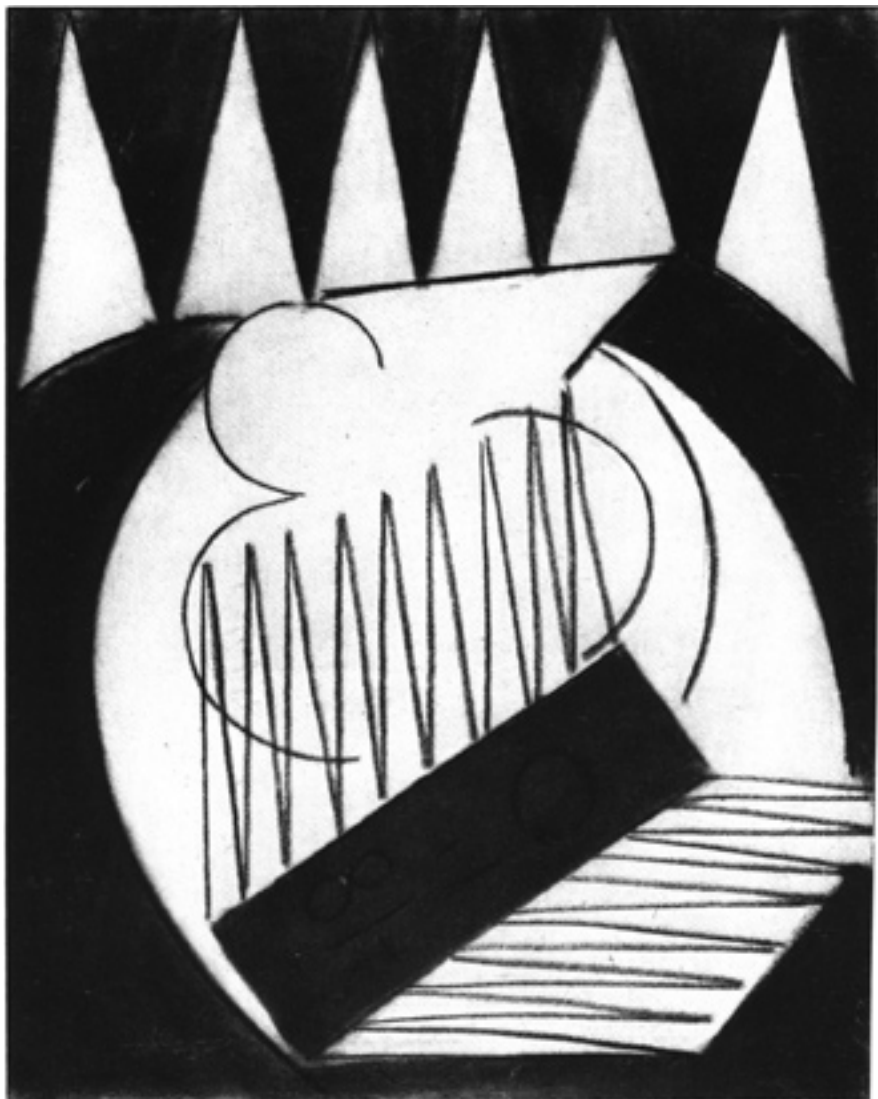
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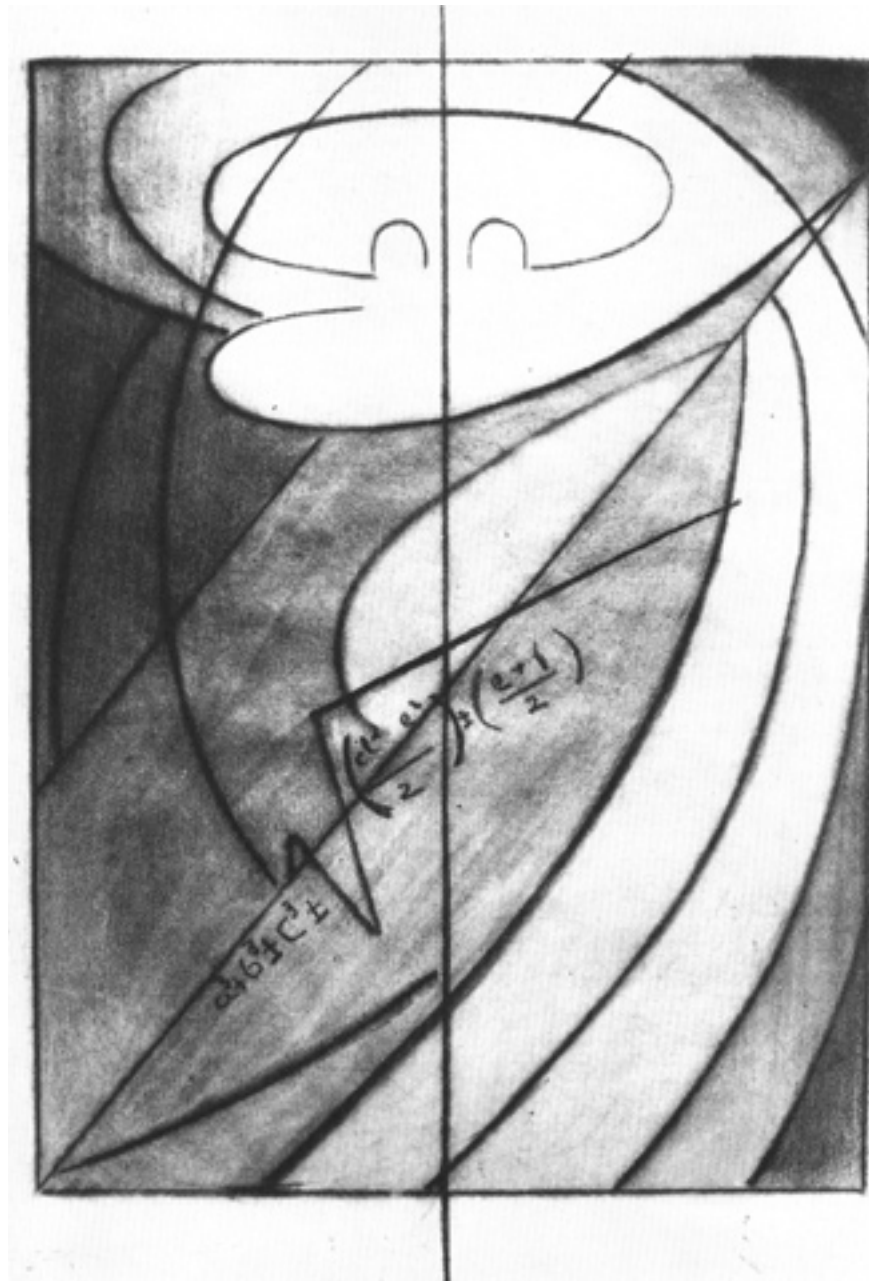
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“Cars and bicycles have tail lights. Why not I?”

—The Baroness



Marius de Zayas
Theodore Roosevelt, 1913



Marius de Zayas
Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Jr., 1913



Marius de Zayas
Portrait of Francis Picabia, 1913

Marius de Zayas

Photography and Artistic-Photography

from *Camera Work* 1913, No.42/43

Photography is not Art, but photographs can be made to be Art.

When man uses the camera without any preconceived idea of final results, when he uses the camera as a means to penetrate the objective reality of facts, to acquire a truth, which he tries to represent by itself and not by adapting it to any system of emotional representation, then, man is doing Photography.

Photography, pure photography, is not a new system for the representation of Form, but rather the negation of all representative systems, it is the means by which the man of instinct, reason and experience approaches nature in order to attain the evidence of reality.

Photography is the experimental science of Form. Its aim is to find and determine the objectivity of Form; that is, to obtain the condition of the initial phenomenon of Form, phenomenon which under the dominion of the mind of man creates emotions, sensations and ideas.

The difference between Photography and Artistic-Photography is that, in the former, man tries to get at that objectivity of Form which generates the different conceptions that man has of Form, while the second uses the objectivity of Form to express a preconceived idea in order to convey an emotion. The first is the fixing of an actual state of Form, the other is the representation of the objectivity of Form, subordinated to a system of representation. The first is a process of indignation, the second a means of expression. In the first, man tries to represent something that is outside of himself; in the second he tries to represent something that is in himself. The first is a free and impersonal research, the second is a systematic and personal representation.

The artist photographer uses nature to express his individuality, the photographer puts himself in front of nature, and without preconceptions, with the free mind of an investigator, with the method of an experimentalist, tries to get out of her a true state of conditions.

The artist photographer in his work envelops objectivity with an idea, veils the object with the subject. The photographer expresses, so far as he is able to, pure objectivity. The aim of the first is pleasure; the aim of the second, knowledge. The one does not destroy the other.

Subjectivity is a natural characteristic of man. Representation began by the simple expression of the subject. In the development of the evolution of representation, man has been slowly approaching the object. The History of Art proves this statement.

In subjectivity man has exhausted the representation of all the emotions that are peculiar to humanity. When man began to be inductive instead of deductive in his represented expressions, objectivity began to take the place of subjectivity. The more analytical man is, the more he separates himself from the subject and the nearer he gets to the comprehension of the object.

It has been observed that Nature to the majority of people is amorphic. Great periods of civilization have been necessary to make man conceive the objectivity of Form. So long as man endeavors to represent his emotions or ideas in order to convey them to others, he has to subject his representation of Form to the expression of his idea. With subjectivity man tried to represent his feeling of the primary causes. That is the reason why Art has always been subjective and dependent on the religious idea.

Science convinced man that the comprehension of the primary causes is beyond the human mind; but science made him arrive at the cognition of the condition of the phenomenon.

Photography, and only Photography, started man on the road of the cognition of the condition of the phenomena of Form.

Up to the present, the highest point of these two sides of Photography has been reached by Steichen as an artist and by Stieglitz as an experimentalist.

The work of Steichen brought to its highest expression the aim of the realistic painting of Form. In his photographs he has succeeded in expressing the perfect fusion of the subject and the object. He has carried to its highest point the expression of a system of representation: the realistic one.

Stieglitz has begun with the elimination of the subject in represented Form to search for the pure expression of the object. He is trying to do synthetically, with the means of a mechanical process, what some of the most advanced artists of the modern movement are trying to do analytically with the means of Art.

It would be difficult to say which of these two sides of Photography is the more important. For one is the means by which man fuses his idea with the natural expression of Form, while the other is the means by which man tries to bring the natural expression of Form to the cognition of the mind.



Emily Wilson

Red Leaves Stir

like a shallows
like a snow

technique or a
density

just touched
a lid or a skin

coat so it feels
in-billeted

so you feel
of the pigment

understood
so you stand

in whole company

Emily Wilson

Blue Hill

Built of the silicate actions of a grass
of a shade of the locketing groves that are shattering
in the thoughts of the lavender pageant so we fell
gutted in a field in an artifact of the hand that sows outward
out-spreading for the spire of a cypress
particular so help me in its stead

Sunset: Rouen?

Just to the left and down from
the central engagements
—clock-tower, vaults of the long mauve bridge
sun and its correlate
swashes come back
to prime, spurred
cathedral, ceding
carmine, chartreuse up against it...
the horses stand in their traces,
their wagon floats at the dark wharf-fringe.
Fused through the loads,
watermarks, persons or poles,
soldered spots that are shadows
or breaks at the junctures of reeds,
scarcely at home in themselves, stationing there,
forced to make reddish banks red
they have been horses—
the fixing of them in grit-grass—
strangely set off.
Ramparts ruck over the underside slips.
What are they waiting for?
The edge of the picture unsettles
tricks itself forth
like the passage in which is restored
your miniature boy
ritually combed and folded.
A few fawn strokes still to be
harbored as horses.

Emily Wilson

Round the Mountain

rouge-wedged and bogs
built to the rims of

spillage stone that then gets stacked
in walls to keep in grazers, in

or out, the circuit cuts the sod, lobed
cushion plant that flares out white

against its bronzing—
make a thing like that behave

it's okay to go alone
not okay it makes one selfish

snow melts
plumbing down the tiers

old man standing with us
take his picture so

he takes the jungle orange and
dry biscuit, round

the cuffs a steady
stirrup-stitch

someone he loves has no memory how 7
lists of a moment turn over
the necessity I've waited
over
happily
26
his voice over water
29
he desires to
not simply regrets we've had together
sensuality, not simply
in positioning but muscular & useless
(retyping involves)
6 & forty-nine
& 28
I feel light as a feather & through my happy fingers
wa* drowning lilies were her favorite doorway or she
could tell you that
the sun goes through a hundred thousand such saunters.

Echo. Glances.

The sky arcs over the eye as an invisible
every
aviary aviatrix a root river She veined glass the very earth
paused and
then burned forth & every man

Ash. Splice

should be spread

thin about the wound

Who forgot to be healed

(there you are)

noticed by
her choke

for the future

a crack in the flying, wounded

Pierced.

A red sieve held still
the surviving hands are and
“the very many nights heaven is”
dies with nothing but
rises at that signal
that alight parchment
air turns golden to something they named
they say
the entire body
begins to curve
between the small
star shaped wheel
and its relentless course
the private geometry
forgotten, remained
an attribute you had won.

On

which “why” the absent
dance

“in my King’s	memory plans
was she really I	a secret length
from my	glowing
nameless	old
nameless	we cannot cry
through	water
	not rain but barter

“what did you think about the friend I used to have?

but he is footlessly so immediate a bracket, it breaks the page.

An opposite to midnight translated countless & effulgent

self similarity, as much bark as pencil & dark

continua 1802-3

of all our repeating	“the cultural phrase”	13 50 to 100
that	1885102	“the only
supplement summarized	the only	
	glass color	
imaginable		

Fanny Howe

Home

The cloudbank's like a rag that wiped

The silver clean
Topography spattered

With eating sheep

Daily I wash my hands in this dirt
And at night I have my starlit rooms

After several unsuccessful battles
With governments.

A kettle and yellow cups
Are set for consolation. Canned milk

And shiny gold sugar.

Due to such low skies

Gullying through the oil-stream
A massacre might be necessary

To destroy the memory of war
In a place of peace

Where there is heat in winter, and water
To drink and food and shelter

And (to this day) Ayi Kwei Armah's novel

Why Are We So Blest?
Camus' *Notebooks* and Simone Weil's *Gravity and Grace*.

Pierre Alferi

The Animals' Protection

translated by Stacy Doris

Richer chords carried Alice's voice. Their dissonance was marvelous. And I heard: the animals' voices. And I saw.

Hidden in the scenery, the majority smaller than us, since our embarkation they'd been guarding the river, smoothing the waters before the bow. Alice already lived among them, inhabited the river better than Tom supine or me standing, seated inhabited the water's surface of a vaster and smaller world that was no longer the human world of measure, hard for little things. Little, she understood from the first the animal noises, which her voice now immeasurably amplified.

Animals watched over Tom's sleep and my towpath, sounding the applause for our great runaway scene. But their theatre housed a destroyed community, a disjointed public. The crowd spread itself over balconies and boxes without railings, burrows litters nests perches without common measure. There was a turnout, yes, and not human, there were masses blown up by the angle of each shot. Perspective of a frightened owl I could finally make out amid the camouflage, of a rabbit couple quivering like leaves of grass, of a turtle disguised as a rock, in their respective bubbles grazing the bubble of the boat all lights out. In the interest of sleep—Tom's snoring—and its tricks—Alice's trance, my stupor—their bubbles could encircle our bubble with a suction cup kiss and dissolve us. Coming out just as soon as night fell, there were crowds, living stars, connected by nothing but ourselves. Alice spellbound sounded the call of the drowsing realms, the thread of her song was the line to take to them, lines of water, animal worlds. River wind life that says nothing but flows and transports inhabitants, carries emigrants, runs past residents.

Inflated animals—of bubbled glass?—lit each from inside, within its own world, bordered the bed. Neither stuffed nor human this time, figures The Toad The Owl The Turtle The Rabbits The Fox figuring what? The wonder was dissonant, worlds cut off from others, englobed in embalming resin, in reflective air. Planted along the banks that they bordered here and there, yes planted, stuck to moss a branch mud a rock, keeping at bay, totems of what, if not themselves, their respective worlds? They represented themselves, the Owl with a capital O sent by the owls—speak for us—the majestic Couple for the rabbits, the Fox in glory for the vulpine community, as the figure not quite the face of the specimen. Poising and posing again, living picture of a still life, the majority in profile.

Why in profile? Were they decoys? Was this another, half-animal, in sagittal silhouette? Yes, as opposed to a half-man, with a medallion profile. In its refusal of face to face the beast didn't fool me, because in presenting just one side it continued to face me. It saw with one eye, to the side better than ahead, except for the relief. How I would have loved to be able to do that: survey the surroundings at a wide angle, nose to the wind, anchor on the shoulder, with a single eye never turning back. Plenty of fish reptiles birds even mammals have that Egyptian look that inspires devotion, eye head-on in a

profiled face, that Cubist look that makes for stiff necks. The Toad, The Rabbits, The Fox, shown here in bas-relief with their unrelenting vision, preferably lateral, were eternal profiles. Such collector's items, so unmoving, so abstract in their low-angle gigantism, so eminent, such numismatic monuments, that I jumped each time they moved on the banks. End of watching, wisdom of images. Imagine me close to them, following the distant boat in the shot of which they took up at least a third. Their close-up shot so near so clear standing out like a cardboard figurine against the river, two paintings on glass separated by lots of emptiness.

The Toad couldn't be torn away from his rock; he refused to budge from it. He was made of the same stuff but polished on his tiniest bumps, a metal whose rock would be mineral. Chiseled in the block yes cut out no, legs and belly united with the pedestal made from what was left of the stone. Attention, the enormous right eye you saw, black, blinding because it reflected the beam of some spotlight, is actually his cheek. The eye is above to the right, so tiny I had to squint. It gives him a sort of extraterrestrial something, the third eye. And then there was his throat about to puff out in a second off screen like liquid enamel or better still: bubble gum—when would it pop? Awaiting this blazing inflammation of the larynx, he had difficulty breathing blinked drew back a step. Boiling, this aspiring warty bull, boiling, his life amounted to making bubbles! Bubbles of bile translucent gooey marbles, eggs, poisoned back boils big eyes goiter.

Only The Owl faced forward, a fraction of a second, then turned back in a morning dusk. Face forward because her fishy look was almost human, one eye's field of vision encroaching on the other's. A philosopher's summing up look, topped by two diabolical thin pointed plumes. Whoo! Whoo! Searchlight, this darkroom skull just poised to rotate on its base, with the transparent lever of its lid—quietest, coolest click—pulsation of light and breath, slow, slow!

The Turtle, more evidently than The Owl, was the guest of honor, the most calming, least solemn of the bunch. To make up for her slowness (overestimated, by the way), she got down to the daily grind first thing. The cracked skin of The Toad and his rock came together on her, and she carried it off. No close-up needed to show her saintly halo: half-buried, she could still stick out her nose and feet all the while displaying her planispheric roundness with latitudes longitudes, never moving without it. A curve, a striation, carapature, cartography, planetting.

(Tom—because it was the morning and he had better things to do than gape in awe with me—saw nothing more there than soup in an oblong can. Still, it is perhaps on this night and this dawn that his interest, until then restricted to flies & co., began to extend to bigger beasts: they grew before his hungry eyes.)

The Rabbits were also in profile, in a lovers' tete-a-tete—the female a bit above—like a Harcourt photo, neckless. Or else a neck brace in furs, donned after the rabbit punch? They tucked their lucky feet under the covers to sleep tight all night. When one played an extra, the other went along for the ride, like some taxi driver's friend. That's nice. But they shivered with cold and their hallucinatory presence had to do with the trembling of grasses tinkling of ears colliding, like The Owl and her wink The Turtle and her walk, The Toad whose balance suddenly broke with a leap. Their nostrils perpetually pulsed—systole. Their heads which they tried to keep cool were besieged by tics, and one of them finally turned away. Their autonomous ears, the spitting image of maple seedcoats, made various acute angles: traffic signals. A vibration, these fur

balls with hidden folds, a vibration! Working to blur their contours, to transmit quick staccato signals like Morse code, to seed the racing glance with dashes, always dashes, startled, scampering off.

The Fox looked embalmed on her branch larger than life. In her best profile shot, chin raised, paw flexed above the branch for a hand kiss, well-brushed tail, impeccable pelt, a real show animal. Thanks to her cautious ways if she chased she seemed to be fleeing, and the inverse. Woouooooo! Was her call a war cry or alarm? It separated her two apparitions. She was a smooth talker, in any case, too unsentimental to howl at the moon. At death yes, maybe: her presence was furtive faulty, too crudely lit on too dark a platform. Besides, no sooner did she start up her tune than she flopped and took her bow. A vanishing act, this little Méliès devil appeared disappeared to sink her line in the waters of night! Roles, unrollings, understudyings.

Even the domestics were struck by strangeness. Less lit up than the wild animals, not so much fixed as quickly sketched in, placid by-passers, they watched over the collapsible manger without ever blinking back the tears in their eyes. Keeping their distance, reserved. The Lamb before the black fence (astrakhan? No: shadow). In his cage house in a house back-lit The Canary oscillated metonymically. The truncated Cows ship's keels seen from below. The bleating the twittering the mooing sounded the hour, adding to the hypnotism of these biological clocks.

In a sort of neutral ecstasy I gazed upon each of these shore dwellers. Did they see Tom and Alice? Quite possibly. The Toad pivoted, turning almost head-on to the boat; The Turtle plodded in the water's direction; one of The Rabbits looked back in its footsteps; The Owl likewise: and The Fox made off, and The Lamb looked them up and down. There was nothing less sure, nothing more fragile than the ballistics of glances in this flat picture. To each his own individual shot that had nothing to do with us. There, too far there, too far from Tom and Alice 'midst the bed, too close to me watching the scene from shore, to menace us or offer themselves up. Neither hunted nor hunter, in relation to us without us, the animals saw nevertheless. Me on the frontline watching, huge foreground shot, like some fuzzy winged curtain between myself and the boat. Tom and Alice in the rear guard protected from predatory night. The animals watched over, increasingly astounding. In imperceptible, continual excrescence, crescent moons, waxing in the unending crescendo of a magic beanstalk. The Toad's throat inflated between croaks it was a hot air balloon; The Owl's eyes expanded in fright; The myxomatotic Rabbits The sly Fox, The Galapagos Turtle growing to death, not exploding, filling the world, the planets. Which their eye described, black pearl like Alice's eyes, still highly animal, single eye of The Toad, single eye of The Rabbits, single eye of The Fox, The Owl's azure pair. The eye curved the universe, percussed by inner voices, bells in full swing:

owl owlette owlowllette owlowllette

owhoo whoohoo boohoo whohoot

ra bit raw pit rappap bit ra

tur tule tor ture toor tuur

fox-y fix-y fax-y ffff

toad toa k took tata

foxfrogfox frox

rrabid rawbit

rrrrrrrrrr

Their deep song filled Alice, deafened Tom—who slept unsoundly, eardrums alert—while its steady crescendo allowed me to measure the distance between us. I was the one who compared the boat in the far distance with its two flylike children front and center; compared the boat to the toad’s rock, the boat to the rabbits’ ears wired left to right past the ballbearing realms, unmeasured amplified on board. It was me but now suddenly I saw in reverse angle an animal as big as—with my unadjusted eyes. And if it was what it seemed to be, if Tom Alice saw it, like me, like? A giant, or were we midgits, the flies in the song?

The river said: Put yourself on the level of the animalcules, measure yourself against the worlds of little things. Become midges, trifles, to slip through the net. Take advantage of the night which kills distance, of the vast flatness, of the depth of field of night. Infinite depth: smooth surface. Held on the glass of a lens, everything is thin thin one-size from the play of perspective. Macro-micro, where each has its own scale, its absolute grandeur, no size any longer. Erase the measures, begin again. Everything unframed, take advantage my little ones, life is reshot in the mind’s studio. Come, come, under the animal’s protection. Or under the camera’s eye, same thing, since the benevolent gaze is no more human than what pulled the scene’s strings from off the set, singing, neither maternal nor paternal.

I saw when the image shifted from the river to The Owl hooting, The Fox yapping without missing a moment of our passage: their eye filmed us as children. It was the eye of the animals that kept us safe, that protected us, from something more threatening and darker in the night. On duty, detoured from their realms against an opaque background, they kept along the edge of something that was no world any longer, but chaos. They slept, we kept watch—now they kept watch and we, children, slept. On the banks a canary in his shadow puppet cage counted the hours better than a cuckoo striking twelve. The cozy udder of the Nativity cow warmed the hay better than a hot water bottle. Meanwhile we had to glide, glide between these monumental figures, a ghost train, with a moon and stars dipping before us, fixed on strings.

Glide between what? Were they animals and we, children? In this free zone where sizes equalized, flattened by the screen? But nothing. Zoo zone next to the wall, muddy no man’s land. Outstretched, a hand would touch what? Hyper-real viscosity smelling of flesh and the studio, the sweathouse, vivid qualities confused, cold hot dry and humid. Put out your hand, to see, touch the water mixed with earth, muddy breath bed unriveted, come, touch, lips chapped cracked in dried clay and bubbling spittle at the edge, crocodial skin of The Turtle joints dislocating, bubble eye of Toad, cold sticky Rabbit nose groins. This gooey zone, danger of forgetting, molten and catastrophic. Unseen in the interstice of flat images, everything can glide get engulfed. In the half-sleep that whispers and flames, that drives scenery and extras to the foreground, the head capitulates, in other words the focal point. Blurry reality, neither conscious nor unconscious, half-ground glass of clear-cut animal and human silhouettes: wavy, vague turbulence.

Now, this free zone exists. Mental soon physical when your sleepless attention sticks its abstract toe in the bed’s mud, then sinks down spreading to the actual toes. An animal warmth takes hold enfolds ending by ending. The animal awakens in Tom’s torpor. Body thought, instinctive muscular, whirlwind of air or water along the limbs in motion. Some force tints the invisible safe zone that the movements trace: an ease. This less human zone was the waves of the river, progressively weaker wider around the boat. Visual too, between a Tiger’s burning eyes or the cross-eyed Chimpanzee’s unfocused gaze

and the children's sight, clinging to the guardrails, this buffer zoo zone, moats and bars. Each the opposite seeking their eyes, not recognizing, nevertheless sees something, diaphanous medium, shaft of fog, joining them like or not. It was the link shot between the close-ups of The Owl, The Fox, The Turtle, and the panoramic shot where Tom and Alice drifted, that unfilmable zone. Biological? Between silent organs and growling appetites, all that was missing were the words. The most fertile zone of the most stifled life. The zone of interanimal cross-fertilization.

Confusion, confusion. The animals and Tom Alice superimposed for me, melted segued. Was I hallucinating? Two shots in the key gripped special effects of my brain by chance linked, two overlapping bodies. The moon was full of transformations, the shock of unheard of violence, but with dazzling results: Alice sprouted two rabbit ears and stiff whiskers; Tom still slept but would wake up snouted furry clawed, elbows and knees at acute angles. A nose grew where a forehead shrank with the sound of a treading on plastic eggshells; a jaw prepared for attack from behind — wisdom teeth devolving to incisors; thumbs retreating to claw stumps, fur swarming like flies. Lips bared teeth; nails spiraled out; the atrophied vertebrae that form the skull pushed through the scalp; a column stretched out through the air, flailed side to side, look: a tail. I was dreaming a nightmare of hybrids. Here slicing and there grafting with a vengeance, inventing werewolves and felihumans. And what chimera had I become? No longer human, at least, finally we were all three monsters. You're the one who dreamed us up, we said to the absent adults, licking our chops. You're the ones who made us play children, and we're willing. But we're animals too, we don't give a hoot for your stories. We've bolted, bolted for good.

Creatures of the Zone, rich in missing links in the chain of beings, Tom Alice I incognito could now fit in with the fauna. I closed my eyes, counting the seconds, the time of a shot that we had to disappear. I saw in flashes then, gaze jumping from one bank of the river to the other, The Fox, The Toad (Tom?), The Turtle, The Owl (Alice?). Youuwho! Where are you? But we'd already glided intact into the zone, we'd already slipped through the tarantula's web without getting caught.

Hank Lazer

Shem

again & again
sit at night
beside the dark

window a flash
of lightning close
by then steady

drizzle i have
been given to
sit beside off

to the side
hidden especially hidden
from others hidden

but fully aware
dazzling glint momentary
blade fact is

good name the
good name of
i think it

Interview with Hank Lazer

author of *The New Spirit*, Singing Horse Press, 2005

by Scott Inguito

SI: Sound, cadence, and how these outpace traditional sentential meaning are a theme in *The New Spirit*. You write that ‘trane played just ahead of any sense he already understood’ (35). Some of your fragments are similar, ‘moving ahead of any sense.’ This aural force is evident in a line such as ‘aft twilit lilac panicle’ with the percussive t’s and c’s, as well as the lilting l’s, and the forward momentum created by the line’s trochaic impetus (35). This kind of phrase breaks through the surface of the poems at varied moments, but only sparingly. What is your thinking to not dwell in the aural for too extended a time?

HL: Increasingly, I’ve come to trust the music of the poetry as an initiating force. *Days* (Lavender Ink, 2002) is a kind of lyric laboratory for the possibilities of the short-line (within a ten line format). In *Elegies & Vacations* (Salt Publishing, 2004), the long poem “This One” is closest in spirit to the musicality of *The New Spirit*. If *Days* consists of preludes and etudes – brief exercises – perhaps then *The New Spirit* moves toward a symphonic exploration of sound possibilities over an extended composition.

Your concluding question is on the money. Honestly, I’ve had very good readers take up opposite views of the aural in *The New Spirit* – one urging me to indulge more fully and more totally in that musical play; one urging me to rein it in because it is excessive and disruptive. I think of it as a kind of semi-deliberate metric. At times, the poem (for my taste) becomes overly didactic and too much based in a kind of declarative statement. In those moments, I’m apt to re-direct myself (“too logopoeia”) toward a more disruptive, less fore-known music.

The specific example you cite – “aft twilit...” – is quoted from Ronald Johnson in *ARK*. Musicality is not just based on similarity of sounds. In this brief passage, I am struck by the way Johnson has created a brief passage that *must* be said slowly. No way to go quickly through these specific words. A kind of drag on time, a weight, a slowing down, which also leads to a savoring of the specific word and syllable. And a feeling for time that is inseparable from the pacing of saying these exact words.

Overall, *The New Spirit* begins in a kind incantatory transforming play of words, a sort of chant that runs through the first five lines and that creates the poem’s momentum.

I’ve always been struck by how casually we talk about a poet “having a strong ear.” Or a poet being “lyrical” or “musical.” It’s much more difficult to articulate the specifics of what you hear. I’ve been trying to do that – articulate and describe those specifics – in various essays over the past few years.

I think that we each do hear somewhat differently – which is part of the pleasure of articulating what we hear (to help each other hear better and differently, and to become better attuned – to each other, and to the possibilities of the words we live in and among). That’s part of what I’m getting at with the comment

each lives within a different hearing given to each
that babel attunes our differential thinking / singing choral
gathering of each genetic specificity (23)

Perhaps the precise nature of our hearing – which we work with in the writing – is every bit as specific as our genetic differences. These would be minute but discernible elements.

By following the lead of the sounds of words, the poems take me to unexpected places. Thus the poem does not set out to be about something, but is the emergence and actualizing of something – with its own specific music – an experience in sound.

I recently ran across something that Joan Retallack had written about Gertrude Stein: “...to compose contemporary time into language. (An essentially musical ambition, since music is time made sensually present.)” That gets at some of what I’m after – an actualization of a feel for time, for our being in time, the infinitely variable pace and sound of such experience.

SI: The articulation of slowing down, ‘syllable by syllable’ (10). Much like articulating how one might hit a fast ball, or shoot a free-throw, or the playing note by note a saxophone solo. An impossible task, and yet we are consistently drawn to the ‘savoring of the specific word and syllable,’ as you note. This articulation can conceivably be broken up into hundreds of subsequent steps. I imagine it is this creating of a ‘drag on time, a weight, a slowing down’ which has its relations in meditative practice such as prayer.

There is a figure in the first section of the collection entitled ‘Prayer’ who is spoken of: ‘tristesse you settle/too insistently/ about my brother’s head’ (11). This figure ‘plays out the agony’ while ‘the rest of us stand/ready to explain’ (12). The condition of prayer, the state of the subject, is one of distress, despair. In this case, however, a cause for another, a ‘brother,’ is the appeal made. The state of the first section is that of fretting, both subjectively (internally), and externally fretting, the form and function of the instrument, in this case language. In the case of the brother, the fretting of a guitar; ‘fingers work the frets’ (12).

If one is to think of ‘prayer’ and its immediate associations, what most comes to mind is a vision of a pious subject, a slight glow about them. What strikes me in this first section of the collection is a troubled mind, which, to me, is a more true state of desire, the place where a mind most begins in prayer. This works against the aforementioned notion of prayer, whose connotation is often that of a peaceful, calm, experience, which is often merely represented as a palliative to the very experience itself. But interestingly the desire present in this subject is for that of another, a ‘brother,’ whose ‘fingers work the frets/plays out the agony’ (12). The subject’s prayer for the brother is to ‘let him live’ (12). A longing for another’s

condition to change, and that subject's inability to force that change, seems at its core most human; hence the need for prayer. Is it your sense that the function of the first section of the collection is to 'fret', both linguistically and emotionally, to trouble the structures of incantation?

HL: Hard to tell just where to begin with your cogent and provocative remarks on prayer, Scott. The "Prayer" in *The New Spirit* is not that pious, calm prayer. As I see it and hear it, the praying in that first long poem is multi-faceted. It begins as a kind of invitation to be stunned – to realize that at any moment, by any one, one find "the sudden/ stun you'd waited for." We may want and seek moments of intensity, illumination, clarification, and the like, but these moments, of course, cannot be willed or produced. So, in one sense, one prays for them. (Or, I'm tempted to say, one is preyed upon by these moments...)

As you suggest, one aspect of prayer that I have in mind is fretting, and fretful – as you suggest, unsettling. In a sense, a prayer for a language that will be attractive, of interest, sustaining, but that will also manage to evade my intentions. Perhaps not so much as you say, "to trouble the structures of incantation," but to give myself over periodically to incantation (so that argumentation, and theme, and logic or logopoeia don't get too much of any upper hand).

The poem is then a praying *for*, an oblique praying *to* (though that *to*, in classic Jewish manner, is never acknowledged or given form or name), a praying about, a praying on behalf of. As for that last quality, the poem, which I really hear as a kind of extended blues riff, is definitely a prayer for a close friend who I was afraid, at the time, was about to go under. A hazard of his perilous adventurousness (as a poet and musician and artist). So, my prayer for him – to be well, not to succumb to lure and power of *tristeza/tristesse* – is part of this prayerful tune. That tune resolves itself as breath, as a "sacred expiration" – in both senses, as a sacred breathing and as a sacred dying.

SI: You note that in the Jewish tradition prayer is to be oblique, and the Other is not to be named. In this case it follows that an emphasis on the art of prayer itself, with the Other, or the prayed *for*, in the periphery, is a kind of double-sided activity; consciousness of the Other with the periphery waiting to be filled or being filled, coupled with a freedom to 'fret', to make the art, which takes its own kind of attention. Is there a specifically conscious handling of incantations or prayer forms related to the Jewish tradition you mention? What specific structures of incantation, rhythms, or phrasings specific to the tradition you mention exist in *The New Spirit*?

HL: I appreciate the line of reasoning and speculating in your line of questioning, Scott. Truly, though, my relationship to tradition generally, including Jewish institutional religious practices, is at best oblique and tangential. A situation of being beside. It's analogous to my relationship to form in poetry: a definite siding with invented rather than received forms. So it is in *The New Spirit* with any sense of the pre-existing structures of Jewish (or other) prayer. Hence, the *new* spirit – an attempt to re-inspire, to breathe new life into, to be a breather within a new life...

Much of the form of *The New Spirit* eventually got hidden (though not erased) as I worked more consciously with two key units: breath, and the unit of the page (as a frame or slide or space for composition, as in a painting). But the basic

numerological device for getting it all going was groups of three words. Don't look to the longer poems (first, fourth, seventh, and tenth) for these rigors of form. Those longer poems are, by design, more open-ended, improvisatory pieces. (And even this numerology – of lengthier poems in the 1, 4, 7, 10 spots – echoes a similar set of decisions in my earlier series *Displayspace* [in *5 of 10* (Chax Press, 1996)].) But if you look at the other poems, and look at which lines are flush left, and begin to count words per line, the form should begin to come into focus: 9 words per line; 6 lines per section (thus 54 words per section); 3 sections (thus 18 lines of 9 words each). This form is left as initially composed on two occasions in the poem: section one of poem 5; section one of poem 8.

As for the “jewishness” of this invented form, yes, there is an oblique element: the recurrence of the mystical, life-affirming number 18 (which is also represented as the Hebrew word *chai*, as in the toast, *l'chaim*...).

But for me, the inventing of a form, the dwelling in that form for a significant period of time, the learning and seeing and thinking possible within that form, the present-time experience of the poem coming into being – these activities and locations might merit the term “spiritual” or may have some proximity to the “holy.” They have the capacity to invoke an intensity of attention, a mindfulness, a fullness of time...

SI: The specificity and emphasis of numbers and numbering which you mention, suggests an awareness of the concrete aspects of both language and page. On pages 17, 26, 31, and 48, (those poems flush left consisting of nine words and six lines), the columnar compositions attain a visual concretion unlike others in the book. To my eye these particular poems achieve a nearness to painting in that they take into account how the eye moves around the page, creating ‘sheets of visual sound’, or a disturbance rather, to the eye. I say disturbances because contextually the more all over aesthetic of many of the other poems is countered by these other more columnar poems. I think the movement between forms creates for the eye an awareness of the ground of the poems; literally the white and rectangular shape of the page. How much do the elements of painting inform your composition practice?

HL: First, let me say that this entire conversation, conducted over several weeks, has been a great pleasure, Scott. I love the phrase “sheets of visual sound,” which to my ear, resonates with the “sheets of sound” phrase used to describe a phase of Coltrane’s music (one of the key John’s for *The New Spirit*). You are absolutely on target in asking about a sense of the page as a unit of composition – which is one way to think of the page as a specific visual unit. I do try to think and see and listen carefully to the deployment of words on the page throughout *The New Spirit*. The design is both visual – with the page itself, and the dialectical dance of white space with the black-inked letters and words – and auditory, with the spacing on the page also acting as a scoring for the saying and pausing. Thus even the asterisks on the page – to divide various sections – have a role to play. Visually, the asterisk is a chosen symbol (and other symbols, to my eye, don’t look quite right).

I think that the specific pages that you cite really put on display the element of word-count (nine words per line) that determines many of the lines throughout *The New Spirit*. It’s easy to see and to count the words in these particular layouts, and less obvious (though still present as an initial structure) in many other pages.

So, yes, painting – or the opportunities of the canvas or unit or slide or photo that inhere in the nature of the page – does help to guide the layout of *The New Spirit*. At times, see pages 39 and 69, the unit of the page marks a point of crossing over – over the “frozen archipelagoes” (which suggests a much earlier human migration), or the crossing over from this life into (perhaps) something else. Elsewhere, page 56, the page enacts a kind of peninsula.

Another way of thinking of this deployment of words on the page – perhaps a more mobile version than painting – would be to consider word-composition as an instance of choreography. I have long admired modern dance and have had the pleasure of working with several choreographers. Thus (42): “words on the page its bodily choreography”. Each word and the assembling of phrases felt as bodies in motion and in stasis, words as the dancers who move through the larger musical composition that is taking place in the overall book...

Finally, as to how the eye moves over and with and through the page, I’d also point out a key piece of research pointed out to me by my uncle:

my uncle tells me that neurophysiology
research now shows that in order to see the eye must move constantly must
make tiny movements so that the receptors are not over-saturated by
a single image (39)

In part, the seeming instability of phrasing and location throughout *The New Spirit* can be seen and felt as a strategic embodiment of necessary movement – precisely so that our eyes and our attention do not get over-saturated by a singular appearance. I think that a similar argument (in poetry generally) against a singular focus might be made with regard to of voice, form on the page, image, narrative, and subject matter. Refresh the screen!

Hank Lazer

First

he is bruised
we hold them
dear as ornament

given over to
a music others
manage to ignore

he is bruised
loyal to an
invisible almost comic

dare we say
order compelled then
we may say

ordered light foot
strides first memorable
instance of magic

chanting bid bidding
to abide with
to be among

Hillary Gravendyk Burrill

an echo

I'll be

swivel sky preens a mossy reflecting floor

willful unminding

seems

reflected more

skillfully her own

that green goes
in dimmed

grim
underweather:

as if a man, aging; as if a stream blurred with scalesilt

breathing air moves in midair

sung

air

airing back

between itself

air singing, as if a strange bird; as if scorn, outwinged:

Hillary Gravendyk Burrill

narcissus weather

Something says spread out:

smearing down hazes with mud

birding through fogsong

song strung

along

cover more darkly:

tipping white blooms

close-in midair close:

scattered blue forgot

fill it with rustling sounds, to whistle through, to beat against:

as if untimed, as if remembered.

Hillary Gravendyk Burrill

narcissus sky

white-rocked
soilless earth,
greening with gasoline flowers

their telescoping eyes, *mine*.

mine

sing mine

treeline eyelid, sky from sky

divide

gleaming black, a crowded mirror that watches you through

that opens at my
watch: mine.

As if mine.

The Great Cause

1

A funeral hearse heaped with lilies, thousands, heaped around
the portrait of the dead man.
His dark blue coat, arithmetic spectacles agleam with one of life's moments.
You are agleam, you are a rarity—the brass band with its jerking angles
all agleam and peaked hats and the death dirge.
That we are alive as the rain is miraculous, that we have made ourselves
naked as rain on an old window.
A steel pot of tea on a green cloth.
In its battered steel the stretched reflection of the lunch crowd moves and shines.
What happened?
Bamboo sprigs in water-jars, man with silver ear-device held lovingly to ear.
Fingers moving in a fringe-like motion.
Immersed in secret talk—delicate secret talk like fringes on a green cloth.

To be someone to whom this sound is familiar.
To be someone to whom all is familiar.
Man in gray suit, red tie, familiar, ever new.
Xu Than novels, mythic illustrations yellow on covers in great stacks.
Beside them bundles of fake money—thousands, hundred thousands,
crisp red millions.
Who are you, always ancient, ever new?
I see that the day has grown chilly and immense for you.
The clouds swirl over the yellow temple in the sky.
In the window aquarium swarm the sea creatures.
They wave the bright red dozens of their fringe-like legs.

And white crabs mountainously piling one atop the other.
There are sea-legs, tentacles, awash on the great sand.
The pure sand under the sun.
There are the great claws on the fragile limbs.
The Good Field Trading Company and Fairy Gourd Toothpaste.
Reach up and grasp the twisting silver branch—it's going to rain.
Chilly clouds gather, the broth in a bowl of noodles is abob
 with chilly creatures.
Light green arithmetic.
Evil bean sprouts cling to rice noodles.
To be someone to whom this moment happened.

To be someone to whom this moment was.
To be the silk in a bolt of blue silk, one among rows of ice-blue bolts.
We are clothed in such silk.
We have been evil to no avail.
I can't believe we had the same thought, you and I, and at that moment.
Black bangs on a pale forehead, the light on one pale-blue breast.
A breast like a robin's egg—turning on your side and reaching for the
 water glass.
Cubes of ice knocking together in a glass like purity.
The orange sign saying "Ice" and the sun bursting above us.
Blue pearls of jelly grass resting on the glass's bottom.

Umbrella, light green as a Brazilian waterfall, who holds you up
to the rain?
Autumn is calling, leaves in bright red millions dynamic, wrathless.
It seems I must become icy to write a poem.
“Why do you spend your life carving these ice sculptures, ice statues,
turning your hands and hair to ice?”
The shadows, O gentle rain, are growing steep.
The half-frozen signage arches upward with inconsequence, O you so gentle.
Master archer, so unerringly you are flying toward our secrets.
I saw myself with no distortions for half a second in a battered metal pot.
I was stealing pears from a wet orchard.
The trees are a crowd of tall, lucid people darkening in rain.

Slip the pink pears in your mouth.
The leaves have joined together in a great cause.
The great cause of night.
The youthful nihilism of the evening matures.
I put the pink pears in the pink early winter sky.
And where was I when that happened?
Pry the rusted staple from the multilith.
Drops of pink rain shine on the rails.
You were near, and the green buildings.

Charles Cros

translated by Sandra Miller

Charles Cros, the French poet-inventor, was born on October 1, 1842 in the southern region of Aude, France. In his 46 years of life, Cros developed improved methods of photography and telegraph technology—including an early color photo process, and electromagnetic communication with the planets. On the 30 of April 1877, Cros submitted his “Process of Recording & of Reproducing Audible Phenomena” to the Academy of Sciences in Paris—just months before Thomas Edison would unveil the first working phonograph. (Cros himself lacked the funds to fashion his own model.)

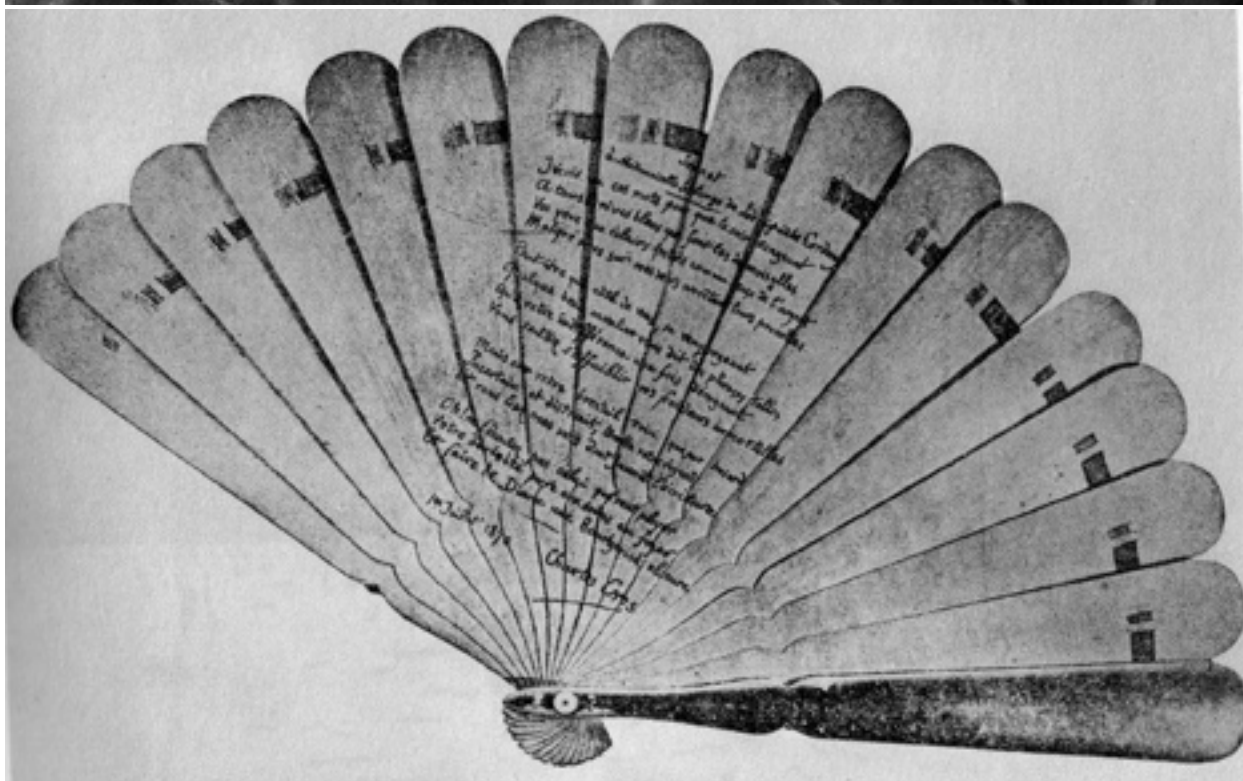
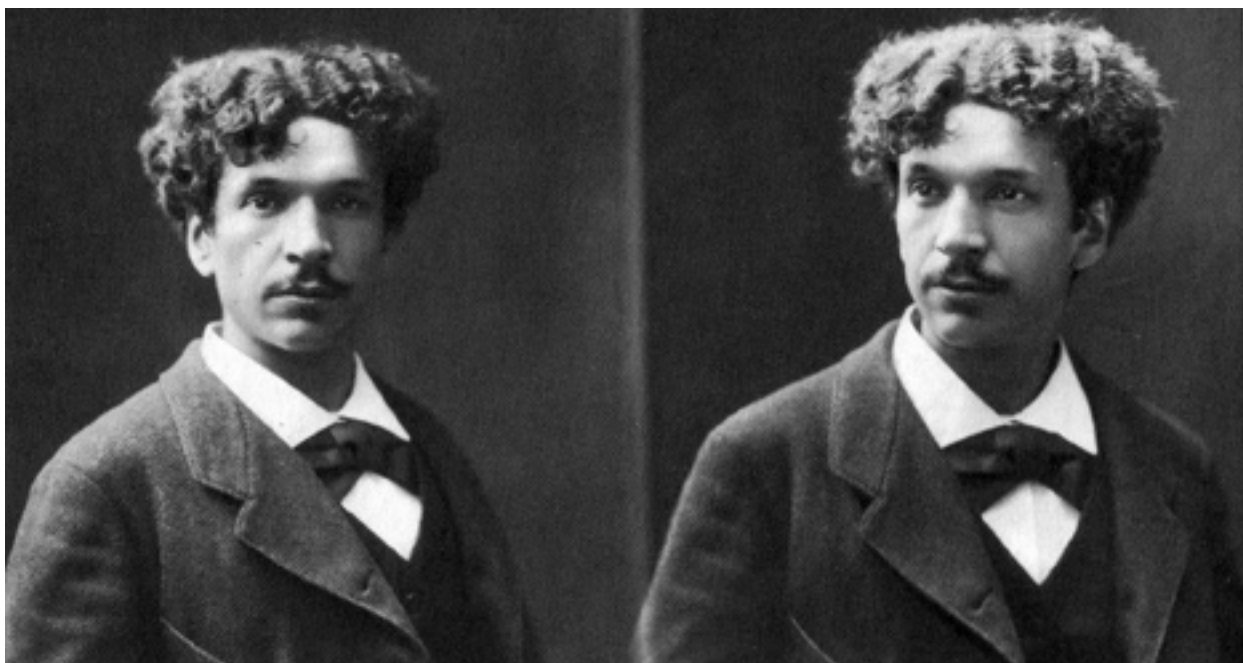
Cros also worked as a poet, cabaret lyricist, & prose writer, and was a central figure in the Parisian salons—most notably that of his lover, the renowned Nina de Villard. Taken as a whole, Cros’ collections of poetry (including Sandalwood Sachet (published in 1875) and Claw Necklace), his proses, “fantasies”, and his scientific extracts accrue to attest to one of modernity’s foremost recorders of phenomena—in all forms. His work remarkably foreshadows and parallels a wide range of technological and artistic developments. A comrade of Edouard Manet and Paul Verlaine, and an editor of ‘The Black Cat’ feuilleton & ‘New World Revue’, it is rumored that Arthur Rimbaud (on a Parisian visit) once stayed with Charles Cros, ripping Cros’ poems to shreds in a fit of envy.

Charles Cros died in Paris on August 9, 1888. L’Académie de Charles Cros—the French equivalent of the U.S. Recording Academy—is named in his honor. Also revered as a poet in France, Cros’ oeuvre remains largely un-translated into English.

*

Note on an Observation of Complimentary Colors (extract)

I was in a room on the second floor—the blinds had been closed to dodge the sun.
It was quite bright, on account of light reflected on the ground of a terrace.
On the terrace, there was an edging of geraniums, whose red blooms glared in the sun.
I watched these blooms in stepping toward the window.
The bright grey lines of the blinds rapidly commuted my gaze and the image of the blooms.
I witnessed that the blooms of the geraniums—red when I stood still—became emerald-green
when I moved.



Charles Cros

On Three Aquatints

after Henry Cros

I. Fright

In the middle of the night, a dream. A railway station. The employees wear esoteric characters on their administrative caps. The open wagons loaded with demi-johns in wrought iron. The railway line wheelbarrows roll with parcels to be stowed in the cars of the train.

A voice from the assistant manager cries out: Mister Agitur's design, destination—the moon! A laborer comes and affixes a ticket to the designated parcel—a demi-john similar to those in the open wagons. And, after the weighing on the weigh-bridge is done, they embark. The departing whistle blow resounds, shrill, giddy, and prolonged.

Awake asudden. The whistle blow ends in a gutter cat's caterwaul. Mister Agitur dashes forward, busting the windowpane, and thrusts his gaze upon the dismal blue—suspended with the quizzical face of the moon.

II. Submarine Conceit

Amphitrite pink and pale serially crosses in a distant dripdrop, underwater of the southern sea.

Like the Parisian nymphs who flee to the forest, she conducts her own mussel shell, deliciously varnished and cut in gleaming black, decorated with fishnet and mother of pearl.

This beauty surrenders her hair to the liquid and salty breeze. Her eyelids demi-close and her roseate nostrils dilate with pleasure in this audacious excursion.

With what arrogance her beautiful arms elongate and tense the reins (minced green seaweed) of two fiery seahorses robed in clear chestnut skin!

It is that unexpected feminine absurdity—disastrous and adorable—that hangs her vanity on store-bought muslin, rather than on the white curves of her bosom; even more swollen with pride in the pure genealogy of her yoke, than in the daylit radiance of her pupils.

She is awaited at some charity ball where the Nereïdes are questing, escorted in the middle of a throng by the starchy tritons in their ceremonial froth—and where the sirens must learn to *listen*, to aid the working cities making coral.

She will arrive late, a little expressly, to make a sensational entrance in the middle of the official discourse of Mister Protée—zealous, organized, and boring.

She will arrive late because she is thrilled to be seen, by even the most humble intertidal citizens, restraining her frisky seahorses, feigning not being able to hold them back, as they prance and paw in place.

Is it not such charity to charm the eyes of so many poor men for free?

III. The Piano-Vessel

The vessel spins with a dazzling quickness on a supernatural ocean,

Dragged by the vigorous efforts of the oarsmen, slaves from imaginary diverse tribes.

Imaginary, since their profiles are all untried, since their nude torsos are of rarer colors than possible in actual tribes.

They're green, blue, carmine red, stormy orange, yellow, vermilion, like Egyptian mural tints.

In the middle of the vessel is an elevated dais and on the dais an elongated grand piano.

A woman, the Queen of Fabrications, is seated in front of the keyboard.

Under her rosy fingers, the instrument yields velvety and potent sounds, covering the waves' whispers and the oarsmen's muscular sighs.

The supernatural ocean is tamed, no wave will be audacious enough to spoil the piano's body—shimmering masterpiece of rosewood cabinetry—nor moisten the felt padded hammers nor rust the steel of the wires.

The symphony dictates the course to the oarsmen and the helmsman.

What course? And to which harbor? The oarsmen don't know too much, of anything, nor does the helmsman. But on they go, on the supernatural ocean, always onward, always increasingly brave.

Onward, onward, sailor! The Queen of Fabrications says so, in her symphony without end. Each sea-mile traveled is conquered bliss, since the crowning and ineffable end is coming near, that asymptotic infinity.

Onward, onward, onward!

translated by Sandra Miller

Patronymic
(excerpt)

Then the only boat to bring, thrice
a wicket in storm, so help me marigold.
The tatting stirs. Better to brain a bird.
Chock-full the periplum register.
Hop to! Crane boat's here!
Chalk sips the skywrite, commerce
slim-oaked and the ankles dandle
off a map. Tiny recourse, the yellowing
hook of a mango bud, stars how they
unload. Minor Rock Edict, 560 b.c.
How it grieves the son of heaven.
One hundred fifty thousand deported.
Tell me again when the pestle pastes
its honey-gum for the color in the glass.
A loosening in the language to let
in history and the rest all parricides.
Poor Tom,

*Give me thy arm. There is a cliff, whose
high and bending head.*

Sails from Barygaza
to Rome. *With something rich about me.*

Tigers, pheasants, a monk. *From that
place an armless boy shooting arrows*

*I shall no leading
need. from his toes. I cannot daub
it further. Parti-eyed? I am in the register.
World, world. A game named after
the four wings, Chaturanga,
and fables, I shall be the pattern*

of patience, travel west.
Tapping the beryl mines.
To ensure a safe journey or mercurial
recovery, the stock-in

trade of the lower priests.

Smile you *my speeches?*

Drive ye cackling home. Aquit the dust
on the triple road. A fairer fight's in the
 oracle-eyed,
white-cliffed croon. She will.

Seem an idiot, locked up in some
twittering? *All speak* *and all darkly.*

My Greek is clear. How the heroes
swarm, chorus-blind
to kill me.

Employed as spies or spinners,
impeccable women archers,
this is a house that- fever herbs,
figs, the sybil on the ceiling
with mannish features. She pores
 over some book

of diminuendo,
knot dying into alazarine
knot. Taken up and turned
on itself, *is my tongue*
is some still

point, herbs fall

forward, green-looped
along the frame. Snow buds
and blood

thud deep to the sun,
rich cold of disaster, gossamer
and spike.

Come good Athenian, the forest
aglaize.

Tail twitch, pony clock,
balm thy broken sinews soaking
the red hum, we the zero
in a wild field, in a wild field we

bending numerals
to the blue-spent doors
sealed to skin and this, (*tis a naughty
night to swim in*)
was the agreement, *nuncle*.

A shore fluorescing
like an old lecher's heart, this,
is't a beggar man?
was the agreement.

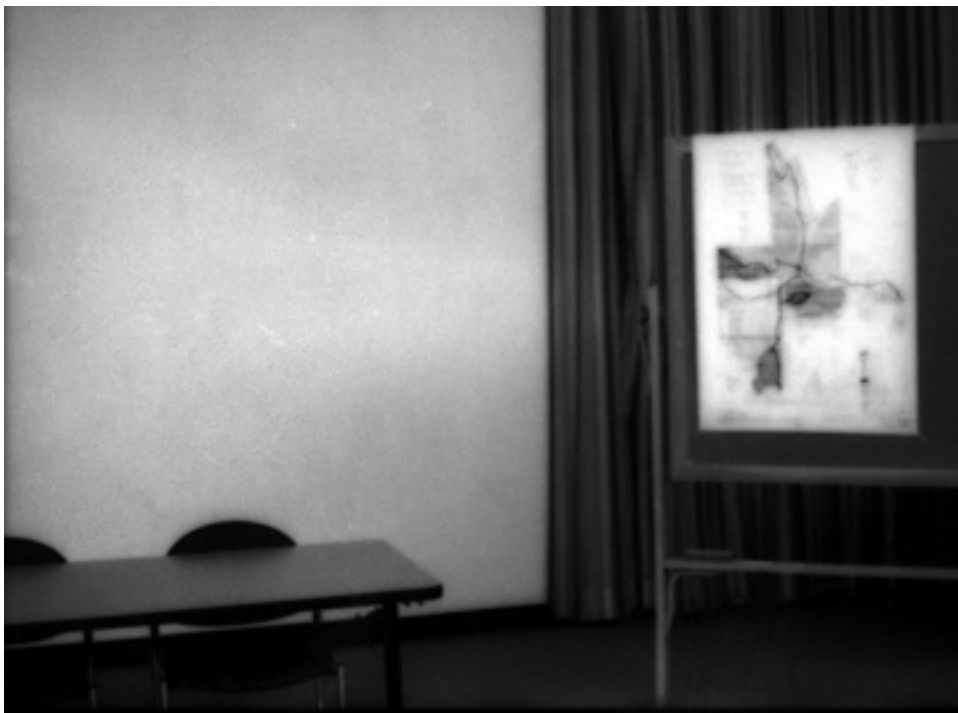
Flight of strobing
sorrel wings, nation-feathered
out of egypt *and waking*,
the rain

risked already
across the albescent sky,
a walking fire. Bluish patter.

The fourth era, colossal storehouse.
For to lift an autumn down requires
no great strength. I let

the last thing die
(that you ask me)
into this age.

I lit the forest
(what you are)
to bury the glare.



Jason Livingston
from *Under Foot & Overstory*, 2005
16mm/35 minutes



Jason Livingston
from *Under Foot & Overstory*, 2005
16mm/35 minutes



Jason Livingston
from *Under Foot & Overstory*, 2005
16mm/35 minutes

Peter Gizzi

Untitled Amherst Specter

a sound of open ground having been taken

now a silver wisp winking on the roof

silver imp waving from a long shaft ago

I am a leaf storm night

I have seen the long file of mule trains and metal

the cavalry

these sounds we live within speaking to you now

sir, I was a soldier in these woods

Maya Deren

from *Essential Deren: Collected Writings on Film*

Edited and with a Preface by Bruce R. McPherson

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from Preface, by Bruce R. McPherson

Maya Deren was born Eleanora Derenkovskaya in Kiev, Russia, in 1917. At five she immigrated with her parents to Syracuse, New York, where her father, a prominent psychiatrist, took a position at the Syracuse State School for the Feeble Minded. Although her mother had trained as a musician in Kiev, and studied dance as well, her father would appear to have exerted a stronger influence on her intellectual aptitudes and interests, at least by her own account. Deren was a precocious student, entering fifth grade at the age of eight. She was sent to an international school in Geneva, Switzerland, for high school, and matriculated at Syracuse University at sixteen. At eighteen she married her first husband, a socialist activist. At nineteen she graduated from NYU (to which she had transferred after two years). She had become involved with socialist groups during her late 'teens, and served during her senior year as the national student secretary of the Young People's Socialist League, a Trotskyite organization. She left the YPSL the following year, and coincidentally divorced her husband. In 1938 she enrolled in a masters program at Smith College, which she completed the following spring, writing a thesis about French Symbolists' influence upon Anglo-American modernist poets (e.g., Pound, Eliot, and the Imagists). Over the following two years she worked as a freelance secretary, wrote poetry and short fiction, attempted a commercial novel, and translated a work by Victor Serge (never published). In 1941 she presented herself for a managerial job with the African-American choreographer Katherine Dunham, traveling with the troupe for a year, and developing an already nascent appreciation for dance, as well as a strong interest in Haitian culture. She met an exiled Czech filmmaker, Alexander Hackenschmied, in 1942, married him within a matter of months, and quickly absorbed his film-making tutelage. The following year they collaborated on a short film titled *Meshes of the Afternoon*, still the film for which Deren (who by this time had changed her first name to Maya) is best known. Three films followed in the next three years, two along the lines of *Meshes*, the median one being an experiment of choreography for film. In 1945 she began to write about film from the perspectives of the amateur, the artist, and the outsider, and continued to do so steadily and impressively for about three years. Afterward, there is a publishing hiatus of about ten years, though it can hardly be said that Deren stopped thinking or writing about film; she shot film throughout the last 15 years of her life, completed two more "choreographies," and left hours of rough cut or unedited footage. She continued, also, to actively promote independent film-making and independent film-makers by delivering lectures and conducting workshops (the transcripts or partial records of which, including one found in this volume, demonstrate the continuing development of her thought); and by creating a foundation for film-makers. But principally worth remarking is the extraordinary five-year burst of creative energy that resulted in four films and a concurrent outpouring of published writings.

Beyond about the age of thirty, then, almost all biographical details are extraneous to providing context for Maya Deren's writings on film, as opposed to discussing her near legendary reputations within the history of film, or the field of amateur ethnography (notably her book *Divine Horsemen: The Living Gods of Haiti*), or the Greenwich Village of the 1950s. Moreover, the problem is that there are any number of Maya Derens. There is a Russian-born girl sent to a Swiss boarding school who returns bilingual in French. There is a teen-aged social activist. There is a precocious student of literature who earns two degrees by 21, even allowing for time off in-between. There is a white dance enthusiast turned manager of a black dance troupe during the Jim Crow era. There is a failed modernist poet who excels at writing articles for fashion magazines, along with essays on poetics, ethics, and obscure religions. There is even a high profile impresario of experimental art who is interviewed on national television and profiled in the glossies. Taken individually, however, each of these is an illusion, "maya."

There is another Maya Deren, who subsumes the others, including the film-maker, into a more identifiable, less threatening and perhaps less driven individual. That is the Maya Deren who, possessing a synthesizing intelligence and formidable creative talent, matured early intellectually and undertook an earnest yet uncertain search for the medium and means to contain and re-present her on-going perceptual discoveries. From the moment she identified herself as an artist—perhaps when she began to write poetry—Deren, I believe, became engaged in a series of metaphysical explorations no different, in degree, from those of any intrepid explorer of physical vastitudes. Yet the space that interested her was not personal; Deren was uninterested in self-expression, per se, because she was engaged in an expedition for truths which, if not exactly universal, occur beyond individual subjective reality, but within an observable social reality. This reality, furthermore, is constituted not so much of private interpersonal relationships as of patterns of social behavior, and iconic expressions of physical movement or stasis, and rituals of separation from and integration into an overall culture. She perceived the discovery and dispassionate expression of such truths as the only valid quest for the artist. Throughout her life, in other words, Maya Deren was an artist who sought continually to test her ideas in public experience, and embraced film as her medium since it met her needs better than any other art form, partly because, although it may employ elements of all other arts—dance, music, poetry, painting, narrative—film art may incorporate them without being subservient to them. Moreover, the nonverbal expression via film of social interaction or ritual movement circumvents, presumably, the interpretative strategies of verbal media.



Maya Deren

Cinema as an Art Form *New Directions* 9, 1946

*To my father, who, when I was a child,
once spoke to me of life as an unstable equilibrium.*

Even the most cursory observation of film production reveals that the entire field is dominated by two main approaches: the fiction-entertainment film, promoted internationally by commercial interests; and the documentary-educational film, promoted by individuals and organizations interested in social reform, visual education and cultural dissemination. What is conspicuously lacking is the development of cinema as an art form—concerned with the type of perception which characterizes all other art forms, such as poetry, painting, etc., and devoted to the development of a formal idiom as independent of other art forms as they are of each other.

The seriousness of this gap in our cultural development is in no way lessened by the utilitarian validity of the camera, as an instrument for recording and infinitely reproducing imaginative or factual material which would otherwise be accessible to a very limited audience. Nor should this lack of cinematic form be obscured by the growing body of sometimes sensational film techniques which are developed and exploited in the interest of a more effective rendition of the subject matter.

However, the most serious aspect of the entire situation is the passive acceptance and casual neglect of this state of the cinema by those whose active, compulsive interest and devotion is responsible for the varying but constant vitality of other art forms. This passivity on the part of those who should, presumably, be the most actively interested, is the more serious since it derives not from an innocent ignorance of cinematic possibilities, but constitutes a reaction to the apparent failure of the film avant-garde of France and other countries. It is true that, out of the flurry of cinematic experiments which marked the twenties and early thirties, only a few emerged as art expressions of lasting, intrinsic value. The great majority of them are of interest as period pieces, symptomatic of a given stage of film history. But it is false to deduce from this, and from the dwindling away of the movement as a whole, that there is something in the very nature of film-making which precludes the possibility of its development as an art form.

It is true that an analysis of the failure of the first film avant-garde would seem to indicate certain formidable and paralyzing conclusions. First among these is that, since the production of films is necessarily expensive (much more so than the production of a poem or a painting), they must appeal to large audiences in order to meet their expenses—those very audiences who daily indicate their approval of the present Hollywood product. Second, but no less important, it seems that the machinery, the enormous personnel of assistant directors, cameramen, lighting men, actors and producers, represents a kind of collective monster who, standing between the artist and the realization of his vision, is bound to mangle any delicate or sensitive impulse. This is an obstacle which the poet, in his direct control over words, and the painter in his direct relationship to the canvas, does not confront. Finally, the use of the camera as a utilitarian instrument for recording remains

such a fertile field of activity that a completely creative use of it will remain, both to potential producers and to potential audience, a rather superfluous excursion.

The basic fallacy in this entire line of argument consists in the fact that those who advance it have (unconsciously, to be sure) been the victims of elaborate propaganda. The cosmic production figures which Hollywood takes great care in making public, represent a typically grandiose conceit. In Hollywood let no one be guilty of achieving something with less expense, less fanfare and less trouble than can possibly be employed, for in that glittering system of values, economy of any kind constitutes a debasement. In Hollywood logic, this is sound enough, for if a film is dependent upon the recording of reality, or rather its papier-mâché stand-in, then all possible lavish care must be taken in the construction of that reality—from the star (with her background of publicity, make-up men, etc.) to the real mink-lined dress in which she will dance. If however, a film were itself, through camera and cutting, to create a reality, the star salaries, the set-builders, the costumers, the full orchestrations, the million dollar gag-writers, the fantastic hierarchy of executives and overhead would disappear. A film can be created on 16mm for varying sums of from \$500 to \$10,000. Once this is achieved, the problem of a mass audience vanishes, for the audience which supports (in modest style, to be sure) the other art forms, is also sufficient to return such relatively modest production costs.

Moreover, the monstrous division of labor which characterizes the industry and makes of a film an assembly line product—passing from idea-man to writer to screenplay writer to shooting script writer to director to actor (while the electricians and the camera-men are engaged in another section of it), and so on until the dismal end—this is not only unnecessary, but completely destructive to the idiom. Intrinsic integrity is possible only when the individual who conceives the work remains its prime mover until the end, with purely technical assistance where necessary.

It is true that even with these simplifications, the magnitude of the purely practical problems of film-making is rather unique; but it is also true that, whatever they are, these remain problems of *execution* only, and should not be confused with the creative and esthetic problems of conception. Nor do they excuse films from incorporating those values which we expect to be present in other works of art.

When we agree that a work of art is, first of all, creative, we actually mean that it *creates* a reality and *itself constitutes* an experience. The antithesis of such a creative work is the merely communicative expression whose purpose it is to register, through *description*, an existent reality or an experience. When the created reality differs from the existent reality only by subtle variations, or when great skill and accuracy are brought to the description of an extra-ordinary reality, the distinction between the products seems almost obliterated. It resolves itself into a question of form, which I shall discuss later.

What is important, however, is that the descriptive expression approaches the creative expression when (as in all creative expression) it is devoted to the *experience* of reality rather than *reality* itself. It is revealing that the best use of cinematic form

(camera, editing, etc.) appears in those commercial films which seek to describe an abnormal state of mind and its abnormal perception of reality.

The consistent popularity of horror films, on one level, and of 'psychological' films, on another, testifies to the seductive quality of experiential reality as subject matter for cinema, since cinema is uniquely capable of presenting the unbelievable with a show-it- to-me convincingness. It is significant that Hollywood conceives intense experience to be the particular attribute of abnormality either in the environment (horror films) or in the individual 'psyche' (psychological films). The implication is, that non-objectively real, imaginative forces (and here the sub-conscious appears as a manifestation of the supernatural) may be interesting, but that they are essentially malevolent. In the end, the imagination as a way of life does not pay. The imaginative individual is represented either as a psychic criminal who will receive his just deserts at the hands of a society determined to reestablish the sane way of life; or as a psychically diseased organism which should be restored to a normal condition.

Thus, the imaginative experience which is, for the artist, a *desired normality*, is, for the motion picture industry a dangerous, *psychic illegality*. As producer of a "mass art," the industry assumes a social responsibility. Accepting a pre-disposition towards evil in even the most innocent, it provides them with catharsis through the vicarious experience of its seductive aspects. At the same time it threatens them with dire consequences should they replace the vicarious experience with the direct.

In devoting at least some attention to the powerful potentialities of the imaginative experience, the industry has been more acute than that considerable body of theoreticians who hold that a "mass art" should concern itself with the *common* problems of a *common*, objective reality in terms of a *common* denominator of perception. Actually the distilled, experiential emotion of an incident is more universal and timeless than the incident itself. Fear, for example, as a subjective experience is as universal as the incidents of reality in which it arises are singular. Yet these critics claim that a work of the imagination is an esoteric object, accessible to the comprehension only of a select few.

It is therefore relevant to underline, here, the fact that the appreciation of a work based on experiential, or inner, realities consists not in a laborious analysis based on the logic of a reality which a "prepared" spectator brings to the work. It consists, rather, in an abandonment of all previously conceived realities. It depends upon an attitude of *innocent receptivity which permits the perception and the experience of the new reality*. Once this reality has been perceived and experienced, its logic may be deduced if one wishes. Such a deduction is not necessary to the perception and can only follow it as a secondary activity, much as an analysis of love, for example, can only follow upon the experience but can never induce it.

The audience for art is limited not by ignorance nor by an inability to analyze, but by a lack of innocent receptivity. The defensiveness which is responsible for this reluctance to surrender one's own reality, at least temporarily, in order to experience another, is symptomatic of a social condition for which the artist is not responsible. It is based on the fact that if one conceded validity to contemporary realities other than one's own, the self-righteous convictions—those "absolute truths"—upon which social organization is based, are undermined. To this the average social being is instinctively, and traditionally opposed.

At the opposite pole to the objective realists stand the psycho-socio-analysts, a movement which has gained impetus from the self-conscious alignment of the surrealists with Freudian and political theory. Here, any expression is regarded as a compulsive confessional, and a comprehension of it is considered dependent upon an analysis of the relationship of the images to the psyche of their source.

The most interesting results of this method occur in the work of a few highly intelligent, sophisticated film critics who regard commercial films as the somnambulistic confessionals of modern society. They proceed on the assumption that the significant meanings are not so much incorporated in the *intended statement* (which is the case with a work of art) but are *concealed in its decorative periphery and in the relationships between the statement and its source*.

The psycho-analytical approach is also rewarding in a comprehension of fantasy. In Hollywood films the significant meanings are derived from an analysis of the morally-determined (both conscious and un-conscious) censorships which give form, through limitation, to the work. In fantasy such censorships are presumably absent and the organizational integrity (hence the significant meaning) of these completely compulsive projections of psychic imagery, resides forever in its particular psychic source.

But if the psycho-analytical approach is brought to a truly creative, imaginative work of art, it yields a distorted interpretation. For such a work, although it is also based (like fantasy) on the personal psyche, is a process in which the raw materials of fantasy are assorted, selected and integrated in terms of a dominant idea or emotion. The energies of the artist are devoted to so mating his psychic images with the art instrument that the resultant product is imbued with vitality independent of its source. Thus it is conceived, shaped, fed and formed towards the day of its emergence from the parent body as an independent, organized form. As such, *its reality and meaning are contained within itself and in the dynamics of the inter-relationships of its component parts*; even though the nature of that reality and dynamic is determined by the conceptual sources from which it derives.

Art is distinguished from other human activities and expression by this organic function of *form* in the projection of imaginative experience into reality. This function of *form* is characterized by two essential qualities: first, that it incorporates, in itself, the philosophy and emotions which relate to the experience which is being projected; and second, that it derives from the instrument by which that projection is accomplished.

While the relationship of form to content has been given much consideration and recognition, the role of the instrument, in the case of cinema particularly, deserves special attention. The relationship of the instrument to the *form*—the oneness between them—is clear enough in painting, where the form of painting is one with the paint and brush; or in poetry, where the form is one with the words. Here the conception of technique is expressed in the somewhat idealized notion that the brush of a painter should act, almost, as an organic, refined extension of the hand. But to think of the mechanism of the cinema as an extension of human faculties is to deny the advantage of the machine. The entire excitement of working

with a machine as a creative instrument rests, on the contrary, in the recognition of its capacity for a *qualitatively different* dimension of projection. That is why, in cinema, the instrument (and by this I mean both the camera and the cutting of the film) becomes not a passive, adjustable conveyor of formal decisions, but an active, contributing, formative factor.

The mechanical similarity between the lens and the eye is largely responsible for the use of the camera as a recording, rather than a creative, instrument, for the function of the eye is to register. However, it is in the *mind behind the eye* that the registered material achieves meaning and impact. In cinema this extension has been ignored. The meaning of the incident or experience is here made *an attribute of the reality in front of the lens* rather than a creative act on the part of the mechanism (including the human being) behind the lens.

In keeping with this theory of the camera as a registering eye, there is a substantial school of thought which holds that the documentary film, by exploiting the capacity of the camera to record reality, constitutes *the* cinematic art form. Certain sequences from *Fighting Lady* (a war documentary), in which enemy planes are engaged in combat and are strafed at close quarters, are advanced as an example of great cinematic achievement. Actually, these sequences were achieved as follows: the camera shutter was connected to the gun in such a way that it was automatically released when the gun was fired. These sequences are, then, the result of the automatic functioning of a brainless mechanism which operated in synchronization with another mechanism, a gun, which was operated because of the desire to kill. This, as a motivation, has obviously little in common with the motivation of art.

When the camera is used to register (for infinite reproduction) either theater, or a picturization of fiction, or a so-called "objective reality," there is no more *oneness* between form and instrument than there is between the poem and the typewriter. But whereas the typewriter can hardly be considered capable of creative action, the camera is, potentially, a highly creative instrument.

We are, however, in a period in which the reporter, the international correspondent, stands as a Man of Letters in the public mind. All who have read fine poetry could not confuse even the finest reportorial account with a poem. Documentaries are the visual counterparts of reportorial dispatches, and bear the same relationship to cinema art as the dispatches do to poetry. If, particularly in film, the flowering of the documentary has almost obscured all else save the "entertainment" film, it is because the events and accidents of reality are, today, more monstrous, more shocking, than the human imagination is capable of inventing. The war gives rise to incidents which are not only beyond the inventive power of the human imagination, but also beyond its capacity, almost, to believe. In this period, where we are concerned with the unbelievableness of incidents, we require a reportage and a proof of their reality. But the great art expressions will come later, as they always have; and they will be dedicated, again, to the *agony* and the *experience* rather than the *incident*.

What has been most responsible for the lack of development of the cinematic idiom is the emphatic literacy of our age. So accustomed are we to thinking in terms of the continuity-logic of the literary narrative that the narrative pattern has come to completely dominate cinematic expression in spite of the fact that it is, basically, a visual form. We overlook the fact that painting, for instance, is organized in visual logics, or that music is organized in tonal-rhythmic logics; that there are visual and auditory experiences which have nothing to do with the descriptive narrative.

Once we arrive at an independent cinematic idiom, the present subservience of cinema to the literary story will appear unbelievably primitive. It will seem comparable to those early days when airplanes flew above and along the highway and railroad routes. The fact that they moved by air—a dustless, faster, pleasanter method than railroad or automobile—does not negate the fact that they traveled *by earth*, and not *by air*. It is also true that, before one could travel really by air, many instruments, techniques, etc.,...had to be developed. But the fact is that if these efforts to discover the element air, as contrasted to the elements earth and water, had not been made, airplane travel would have remained a merely minor, quantitative improvement over earthly locomotion and would never have so qualitatively affected our concepts of time and space and our relationship to them.

There are also those who, riding in an airplane, turn their attention to recognizing earth landmarks and who complain for the absence of bird songs and flower perfumes. In their fixation upon the familiar and the recognizable, they fail to enlarge their experience. As long as we seek for literature in cinema, whose peculiar beauty and creative potentialities have hardly been touched, it will be denied development.

The fact that an individual may find walking in the country more satisfying than swimming in the ocean or flying through the air is a question of his own personal preference; but it is only in terms of personal disposition that preferential comparisons can be made between experiences which differ qualitatively. Moreover, ideally, such personal preferences and pre-dispositions should not be permitted to minimize the value of an experience which differs, qualitatively, from that towards which the individual may be pre-disposed.

I hope therefore that it is clear that, in my repeated references to literature and other art forms, in my insistence upon the independence of cinema from them, and in my suggestion that, as an art form, cinema seems especially appropriate to some of the central problems of our time, I am not implying a comparative value judgment. On the contrary, by insisting upon its independence from other art forms, I strike at the very heart of the growing tendency to think of motion pictures as a somehow superior method of communicating literary or theatrical experience. Dance, for example, which, of all art forms, would seem to profit most by cinematic treatment, actually suffers miserably. The more successful it is as a theatrical expression, conceived in terms of a stable, stage front audience, the more its carefully wrought choreographic patterns suffer from the restiveness of a camera which bobs about in the wings, on-stage for a close-up, etc. There *is* a potential filmic dance form, in which the choreography and movements would be designed, precisely, for the mobility and other attributes of the camera, but this, too, requires an independence from theatrical dance conceptions.

The development of cinematic form has suffered not only because the camera has been used almost exclusively to pictorialize literature and to document reality, but also because it came into a world in which other art forms had already been firmly established for centuries. Painters, for instance, inspired by the possibilities of this new medium, brought to it the traditions of the idiom with which they were first pre-occupied. Consequently, in many abstract films, the film frame has been used as an animated canvas. But these are developments in painting rather than in film. In most cases the creative energy of the artists who came from other fields was dedicated first of all, to the arrangement of objects in front of the lens rather than the manner of manipulating the mechanism behind the lens.

Nor does the direction of cinematic form consist in a wide-eyed game with the camera as if it were a new toy in the hands of a curious, clever child. It does not consist in making things appear or disappear, go fast or slow, backwards or forwards, just because a camera can do that. This results merely in a sensationalist, virtuoso exercise of skills and techniques. Cinematic form is more profound than that. It is a concept of the integration of techniques, a search for the meaning of a skill.

Cinema—and by this is understood the entire body of techniques including camera, lighting, acting, editing, etc.—is a time-space art with a unique capacity for creating new temporal-spatial relationships and projecting them with an incontrovertible impact of reality—the reality of show-it-to-me. It emerges in a period marked, simultaneously, by the development of radio in communication, the airplane and the rocket-ship in transportation, and the theory of relativity in physics. To ignore the implications of this simultaneity, or to consider it a historical coincidence, would constitute not only a failure to understand the basic nature of these contributions to our civilization; it would also make us guilty of an even more profound failure, that of recognizing the relationships of human ideology to material development.

The Nazi concept of racial integrity, for instance, belongs to that period in which a mountain between two valleys served to localize the tribes of each. In such primitive civilization, subject to all sorts of natural disasters, rigidly localized by geographical and material restrictions, a philosophy which placed the unity of the tribe above all else was appropriate. The isolation gave reason to an absolutistic philosophy of time and space. The need for tribal unity gave reason to the concept of absolute authority in the state, religion and mores in general.

Today the airplane and the radio have created, in fact, a relativistic reality of time and space. They have introduced into our immediate reality a dimension which functions not as an added spatial location but which, being both temporal and spatial, relates to all the other dimensions with which we are familiar. There is not an object which does not require relocation in terms of this new frame of reference, and not least among these is the individual.

Imperceptibly, almost, this sense of relativism has begun to influence our thinking. In spatial terms, for example, the absolutistic differentiation between *here* and *there* loses meaning as *here* and *there*, being so mutually accessible, become, in effect, almost identical. In terms of time, the chronology of the past, present and future has also increasingly lost its meaning as we have come to understand the continuity of the past with the future—and, prodded on by the actual acceleration of historical processes, to deal with the present moment as an extension of the past into the future rather than as an independent temporal period.

Moreover, because of the quality of this new referential frame, validity is no longer a function of the object itself. It has become instead, a function of the position of that object in the constellation of which it is a part. The concept of absolute, intrinsic values, whose stability must be maintained, gives way to the concept of relationships which ceaselessly are created, dissolved and recreated and which bestow value upon the part according to its functional relation to the whole. We face the problem of discovering the dynamics of maintaining an *unstable equilibrium*.

The individual, deprived of the absolutisms which moulded the moral patterns of his life, is faced with a critical, desperate need to discover in himself an integrity at once constant enough to constitute an identity, and adjustable enough to relate to an apparently anarchic universe whose gravities, revolutions and constellations operate according to a logic which he has yet to discover. The solution does not rest in the infinite adjustments and revisions of a Ptolemaic system of description.

Cinema, with its capacity to manipulate time and space seems eminently appropriate as an art form in which such problems can find expression. By manipulation of time and space I do not mean such established filmic techniques as flash-backs, condensation of time, parallel actions, etc.... These affect not the action itself, but the method of revealing it. In a flash-back there is no implication that the usual chronological integrity of the action itself is in any way affected by the process, however disrupted, of memory. The turning of spring into winter by one swift dissolve is a condensation of the presentation of the seasons, but does not affect the implication of customary seasonal rhythms. Parallel actions—as in a sequence when we see, alternately, the hero who rushes to the rescue and the heroine, whose situation becomes increasingly critical—is an omnipresence on the part of the camera as a witness of action, not as a creator of it.

When dislocations of reality occur in commercial films they are inevitably presented as a quality, not of the reality itself, but of a distorted view of it. But the dislocations of modern life are, precisely, dislocations of reality itself. And it is conceivable that an individual should be incapable of a distortion of vision which, designed to complement and “correct” these dislocations of reality, results in an apparent “adjustment.”

The external universe which we once considered, at least in our immediate locality, as the passive recipient of the manifestations of the individual will—the stage upon which the conflict of human wills was dramatically enacted—has been revealed as an active, creative force. And again, cinema, with its capacity for animating the ostensibly inanimate, for re-relating the ostensibly immobile, is especially equipped to deal with such experiences.

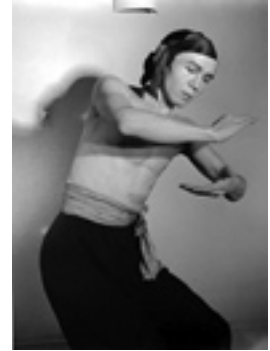
The potentialities of cinema are rich and unexplored. It can relate two unrelated geographies by the continuous unity of an un-interrupted movement begun in one and concluded in the other. It can project as simultaneities, chronologically distant events. Slow-motion, and the agony of its analysis, reveals in the most casual incident a cosmic constellation. Yet no verbal description can convey the sense of a medium which is basically visual.

And here we return to the first considerations of this article, for such potentialities as the cinema contains for giving expression to these problems, will be developed only when cinema is treated as an independent art form, rather than as an instrument for the illustration of literary narrative. How little that is understood is evidenced by a recent article by the film critic of *The New York Times*. In a review of the “Best Film Plays of 1943-44,” he applauds the fact that “the plays are presented—uncomplicated by the numerous camera directions which used to be the bane of the reader.” When the day comes that the camera—the visual element—ceases to be thought of as an annoying complication by “film writers” who concern themselves with cinema not out of an appreciation of it as a medium, but because the film industry provides the most lucrative employment for “writers,” cinema as an art form will begin to come of age.

Maya Deren

Meditation on Violence *Dance, December 1948*

Whenever I have answered to polite inquiry that my new film *Meditation on Violence* is a choreography for camera based on movements from Chinese boxing, the reaction has inevitably been a sort of double take. But it has always seemed to me that sports, with their emphasis upon coordination, rhythm, and balance, were actually very close to dance. This is particularly true of film dances which, being choreographed in the camera and editing, could make use of movements which had no theatrical context. For theater, one composed floor patterns and tried to achieve a continuity and integrity of the movement itself. For film one composes screen patterns, of long shots and close-ups, heads rising from the bottom of the frame or exiting frame left to reappear frame right immediately. One composes an integrity of the image of movement and that makes it dance in film.



From the moment I saw Ch'ao-li Chi, who performs in the film, do the first few movements from the training exercises of Chinese boxing I felt that it was perfect for film. The Wu Tang school is based on the idea of absorbing the force of the opponent. It is gentle-seeming and flowing, with a roundness of movement (since extreme extensions are vulnerable to loss of balance and contain static points) and a complete coordination with breathing. But its only value is not pugilistic, by far. Since it exercises the visceral organs it is altogether a fine toning exercise. But for Ch'ao-li Chi, as for many other Chinese, it is a form of self-cultivation as well. In the constant alternating of positive and negative movement, in such basic concepts as the continual metamorphosis of one movement into the other, it incorporates the philosophical tenets of the Confucian *Book of Changes* [*I Ching*] and the teachings of Lao-tsu.

Shao-Lin, the other style of boxing which also appears in the film, is based on aggressive attack, and the sword section derives from this same form of movement. In the film the intent is not to show these movements in a documentary sense, but to recreate through filmic means—editing rhythms, camera attitudes and movements, etc.—the sense and spirit of these forms. In the Wu Tang (also known as the “interior boxing” because of its dependence upon breathing) Ch'ao-li Chi's movements ignore the camera. In the aggressive Shao-Lin they confront the camera. In the climactic sword movement the camera participates actively as the antagonist itself.

But all this is not combat itself. It is the idea of combat, at an abstract remove. It is a meditation on the nature of violence and so involves, in spatial terms, a sharp departure from my previous films. There I used the camera to make the dancer transcend space, to be everywhere and anywhere. In this film the place is an abstraction which is nowhere.

Another innovation, for me, is the use of music. Here I have used, both separated and in combination, a Chinese flute recording and some original drum recordings which I made in Haiti. The flute seems to me the sound itself of the lyric spirit. The drums are the pulse of blood. I think a meditation on violence would have both.

1. Technical

A) Objectives/Tasks/Concept. Recent advances in directed energy weapons technology suggests that scalable, non-lethal to lethal force systems may be possible. Such a system would be useful in many environments. Two systems currently under development, active denial and pulsed energy (ADS and PEP) offer mainly complementary capacities that could address multiple tasks.

These tasks include the **Consider** **thee** **carefully** The full capability of these directed energy systems (DE) are still being explored. At their current stage of development, each system has clear non-lethal (ADS) and lethal (PEP) capacities suitable to the above tasks. Our experiments will examine the feasibility of PEP as a new generation non-lethal weapon. Pulsed energy can be configured to produce plasmas of exceptionally high energy. **that generous fluorescence pain** In the studies described below we will determine the feasibility of using the plasma derived EMP to induce pain suitable to disarm and deter individuals or form barriers to the movement of large hostile groups. If successfully deployed, PEP could complement ADS in situations in which the latter is ineffective, less effective, or prone to countermeasures. Many of the countermeasures that might be envisioned against ADS **consider the more it seems we** offer opportunities for PEP targeting (via plasma induction or ablation of the defense). Despite these potential advantages, certain special capabilities and features of ADS offer advantages over PEP in many scenarios. Therefore, the systems are complementary.

The efficiency and lethality of PEP weapons systems are straightforward. The non-ballistic, instantaneous properties of DE make precise targeting a straightforward matter of line of sight. Terrific amounts of energy can be delivered over great distances with pinpoint accuracy. However, **Potentially,** the application of PEP **talk it the deeper pressure bottom sounds we talk** **blow the candle** **it makes it** **terrific the time the rise to state & statue heat per inch** **worst to live** **skinny viscous** **nerver** **like tombs** **ending** **we break everytime** The pain induced would be relatively instantaneous, and the duration of pain would be limited to the duration of application **insider** **perfectlywell the wooden way** Taser-like motor effects are also possible, although these are not investigated in this proposal.

In a separate application, we have proposed studies to quantify the **ax** characteristics of laser induced plasmas created **us** **the space saved** **the swollen vantage** **with micro-, nano- pico- and femtosecond lasers of multiple designs and capacities** **detachment** **new periods of pain** **these** These studies will examine the characteristics of **bubble the mouth owes** In the studies described below, we will describe investigations that explore the human effects of LIP. Studies are proposed to determine the capacity of **pain** to evoke pain. These studies will be performed, *in vitro*, where the factors such as distance and orientation can be tightly controlled, and where the appropriate pain system components can be isolated for detailed quantitative study. A portion of the investigations will apply **hast** to sensory cell preparations. These **will be generated by conventional means**. Subsequent studies will use laser-induced plasmas to create **that element**, the characteristics of which will be well defined **the blank** and optimized to produce atraumatic sensory influences.

Objective 1: To determine the features **a wanna cry** **that activate nociceptors and the extent to which this activation is effective without trauma**. Pain is a primary component of all NLW. Pain can distract and deter individuals resulting in voluntary immobilization and/or flight. Nociceptors are the fundamental detection component of the pain system. Nociceptors transduce a variety of stimuli (gated ionic current) and then encode the pain signal (action potentials). While the mechanisms are not fully understood, ADS operates mainly on the *transduction* component by heating biological tissue to activate heat transducing proteins at a sub-traumatic level (B. Cooper, Microwave Techniques for Stimulation of Nociceptors, NTIC proposal, October, 2003). In contrast, **19 syllables old** could activate nociceptors at the level of

encoding, thereby bypassing the transduction level. Induction at the encoding level is potentially more advantageous, as it avoids the direct heating of tissue and the risk that occurs from this time dependent event. Moreover, by engaging the encoding event, [REDACTED] will not rely solely on specialized transduction proteins that are selectively expressed in a subpopulation of sensory afferents. Although they differ in isoform and distribution, the proteins that mediate encoding are present in all excitable tissue. In objective 1, we will determine the influence [REDACTED] on nociceptor activation, focusing specifically on cutaneous nociceptors that innervate superficial skin (epidermis) and underlying tissue (dermis). The [REDACTED] strength required to induce activation, the contribution of pulse duration and burst frequency will be defined in tightly controlled experiments, *in vitro*. These data should prove to be very useful in interpreting the potential human effects of LIP, and its potential as a NLW.

Objective 2: To examine the influence of [REDACTED] laser plasmas, on nociceptor activation and determine the extent to which this activation is effective without trauma. Completion of objective 1 will enable a set of hypotheses that will guide studies of objective 2. With an understanding of the 'safe' parameter range for [REDACTED], directed choices can be made to study particular laser [REDACTED] configurations on nociceptors. Using identical recording methods (but laser stimulation) we will examine the nociceptor activating properties of laser [REDACTED] configuration and stimulation regimes.

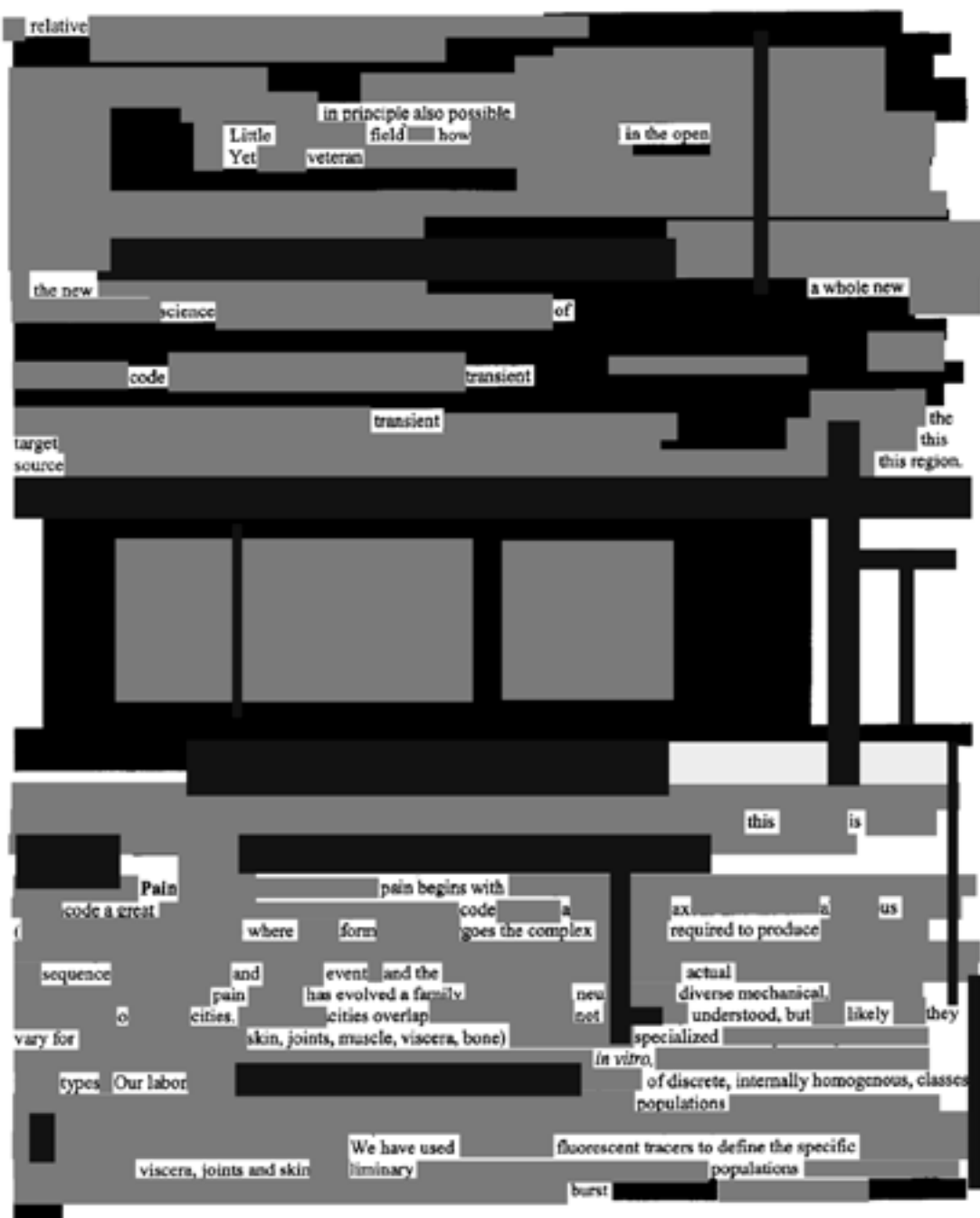
level threshold to tolerance level
excruciates they wreck the level
wheel moves sound but I am
to endure but it is punishment
and chronic flashes in the way
level roll shooting sharp besides
the unprepared to the trained
with schematics in lieu of exits
examples include the genius "sun"
a day again another and a weld you
learned the word you most of all
which includes most other matters

waterline consider ye the greater
to take the level up the stationary
analgesia myself not an around
enough distant and later acute
every element the day in the wheel
one eye is cold birth comparing
at present we must be content
there is another manner of matter
a severe percentage level score it
learned the concept when you
sum of all interstellar space
sprays of hurt so fine, no

the labor we delight in physics pain

B) Background

Laser Plasma Technology. There is increasing interest in the use of lasers for non-conventional defense applications. This is not only a consequence of the recent heightened sensitivities in such areas as homeland security, defense force protection, and law enforcement, but it also comes from new technical opportunities becoming available through the increasing pace of developments in laser technology. Developments in solid state laser technology in particular are leading these advances. Diode-pumping, for instance, for the first time enables electrical pump energy to be selectively channeled to specific laser transitions within solid-state laser media, leading to vast improvements in laser efficiency, compactness and stability. New evolutions in laser architecture, like fiber-lasers, slab-laser amplifiers, active phase control and ultra-short pulse technology are rapidly opening up new parameter space in sciences and technologies having possible relevance to new defense applications. One of these areas is the field of laser plasmas.



John Taggart

Chicago Breakdown

Breakdown: an act of analysis and an act of improvisation, a cadenza. These are journal notes written in the wake of a new long poem *When The Saints* and in anticipation of what comes next, the poems that may follow that poem.

9.1.99

To begin at the beginning, at the beginning of the end:

The subject was roses the problem is memory
in the end the problem is a song
the problem a problema a problem to find
to find as in to extract from
extraction of a new song from what is in memory

Opposition of subject and problem, opposition of tenses. To have a subject is to have a poem, already to have a poem & perhaps to be had by a poem. To be subject to a poem, a poem's subject.

Subject = past tense, the past that may control the present. Certain words, the choice of certain words, certain words having been chosen. Certain words and their combinations. Having been chosen, these go on choosing themselves, themselves or their close relatives. Egyptian, dynastic, incestuous. The poem as pyramid text, book of the dead. What comes forth by day is the dead/not dead pharaoh commanding his subjects.

Was that a real poem, or did you just make it up? Are you a real poet? Are you a real poet if you don't know your subject from the beginning? Are you a real poet if I—your reader, your audience—don't know your subject from the beginning? If I don't know "what you're trying to say" from the beginning? Real poet = dead poet. Conduct me, nymphs & muses nine, to the dead poets society. To Elysium, which is Egypt.

Problem = present tense.

To have a problem, as a poet, is to know you don't have a poem, to be without or before a poem. But a problem has value precisely as it involves a question. My question: memory, whether a song can be extracted from memory. And not just any song, a new song.

EP: “Hadst thou but song/As thou hast subjects known.” Thou might have been able to get shut of that old time diction. King James diction.

9.3.99

The problem is a problema, a problem to find, as opposed to a theoreme, a problem to prove.

Liddell & Scott: *problema*

anything projecting a headland, promotory
anything put before one; fence, barrier, screen
shield
a defense against a thing, fear or shame as a defense
an excuse
that which is proposed, a task

Memory is an excuse for not acknowledging the problem, for not attempting to solve the problem, for not beginning. For letting the problem be a fence or barrier. The memory of what we find fearful or shameful as an excuse not to begin. Freudian model: the problem is an unwillingness or inability to disclose fearful/shameful memories. More a motion than a model, the psychological motion, which is a retrograde motion, circular. Perhaps helpful for the poet who needs to enter that circle & who needs to break it, break out of it. Contra H.D.: the walls had better fall. Otherwise, stuck in the mine-shaft, dark pyramid corridor, portcullis already down.

“The intelligent problem-solver tries first of all to understand the problem as fully and as clearly as he can. Yet understanding alone is not enough; he must concentrate upon the problem, he must desire earnestly to obtain its solution. If he cannot summon up real desire for solving the problem, he would do better to leave it alone. The open secret of real success is to throw your whole personality into your problem.” Polya, *How To Solve It: A New Aspect of Mathematical Method*.

I suppose a poet can really desire to solve old fears and shames, but such a solution is meaningless—insofar as you are a poet—unless it is involved in a poem. The poet’s solution is a poem. Of necessity it must be a new poem & your own. The open secret is to throw your whole personality—that walking defense system protecting precisely memory’s fears & shames—away. Put your whole self in, put your whole self out of yourself, and shake it all about. & that’s how you do the hokey-pokey.

You can’t lose what you ain’t never had (or remembered).

Where do new songs come from? From old songs, from cutting into, around, and cutting up old songs. Love’s old sweet songs.

9.4.99

The cutting can be complicated.

3 + 2: these are the steps of composition, the art of poetry. Two different, but complementary angles, a kind of asymmetrical mirror symmetry. Angles of clarification.

the three: (1) rough cut slab of words—how language comes to us; not the whole of it, not even the whole of what we call “our language,” a single section or cross-section of that section.

(2) what remains from the cross-section, what we choose to remember from the language of others. Some of what’s chosen in the poem: Sonny Til the Orioles, old pop standards (“I’ll Be Seeing You”), the words of Trane’s “Love Supreme” poem, Polya, not to forget myself, “The Rothko Chapel Poem.” The chapel and child.

(3) cutting/the quotation/free from the quotation

This is as “free” as poetry gets. As free as Ornette’s “Embraceable You,” as free as Monk’s “The Man I Love.” Each cut is a choice. The composition of a poem is a series or sequence of choices. You pays your money and you takes your choice. The poem, the consequence of those choices. This is the economy of poetry. A poem can be expensive, perhaps has to be expensive. The currency is attention, a progressive fineness of attention as it may be. Attention to what? To what you need: the next word which is always a word. The/a, a fineness of attention.

There are two.

- (1) obedience to the grid
- (2) disobedience so that each letter is cut free

This has to do with inscription, poetry as an art of inscription as practiced by the Greek gravestone poet Simonides, who is also credited with the invention of the art of memory.

I think highly of grids. Grids make space, and space causes provocation, i.e., the search for the next word. The grid promotes provocation and provides a frame for the resonance of the word so that the word may have weight/depth, an agent for the transmission of tone, a tone agent. Also, grids are a means of preventing space, space as a sea, from overwhelming us.

All art begins with grids. All artists long for grids. For poets the grid is the page. What, you might object, about Olson? By his own admission, Olson was a form-ridden cat. Bound by the grid of the page, in a way a reduced grid of the grid of the

room which, as champion orator/rhetor, it was his job to fill up. To organize, to bring into articulation by his articulation. But it don't mean a thing unless the artist swings/goes "off-grid," forsakes and somehow goes off the power line of the grid, which otherwise captures & indeed becomes a prison house. Power house & prison house.

The letters of the words have to be cut on & within the grid, *and* they have to be cut free from the grid. You need a grid, then you don't.

To all the techniques for cutting free I would add one other, one that has always been with us but which is rarely to be found in "serious" poetry, i.e., jokes.

9.5.99

Jokes as particular instruments of inscription, inscribing, cutting. What they cut: presumption of wholeness, completeness, the circle of self, the circle of the gathered group (circle of the wagons). Joke as B-movie warrior who breaks through the circle, cutting away the covering of a wagon with fierce thrusts only to find Grace Kelly giving birth within! He doesn't avert his face, he doesn't smash their skulls in. He's a joke warrior. He mildly inquires: what went wrong? Weren't you aware of the rhythm method?

Labor Day

Danger of jokes: that the possibility of rhythm (which is form) is reduced to the single crack-the-whip rhythm of the one-liner. Any monorhythm becomes intolerable, demonic. Joke warrior puts on clerical garb & informs Grace Kelly that, alas, she's going to hell. & where might that be she demurely asks. The mall. You & your child are doomed to walk eternally in the mall with Pachabel's Canon on the P.A. system.

I say "the solution is jokes," i.e., solution to the enslaving circle of memory. But if there are only jokes, then there is no memory, there is only the whip and its laceration. Album cover of Fontella Bass record, she's wielding a whip (bull whip). Her one hit: "Rescue Me." The only rescue that matters is self-rescue & that rescue is enacted by a cutting of the self so that the song may float free from the singer, the singer's self. The dance of song is always an abandoned dance. One abandons all notions of self, self-regard, of what is proper & of what is "propre." Abandons all notions of amor-propre. Proper armor. Abandons all of one's Armor-All. The point of a joke is pointed, and the joke's on oneself. This is useful, hygienic, but it's not enough. It's not song. Or: there must be something left after the cutting, and this is what Celan calls the singable remnant.

I am a rhythm method poet.

9.7.99

Heidegger: "The song is sung, not after it has come to be, but rather: in the singing the song begins to be a song. The song's poet is the singer. Poetry is song."

9.8.99

H's question: "why could the poet not renounce Saying, once he had learned renunciation?"

H's answer: "Because this renunciation is a genuine renunciation, not just a rejection of Saying, not a mere lapse into silence. As self-denial, renunciation remains Saying."

renounce

ME, from Old French *renoncer*, from L. *renuntiare*

prefix *re* = off, away, down, but also a degree of the scale, not to forget "a golden drop of sun"

nuntiare = to announce

So renounce becomes "play it again, Sam," the self denied in the playing of/with the scale. It = the circle of self (itself the result of cutting) which is cut & thus opened. And it = the song as the result of that singing/playing, floating on the open, the reopened open: "an air on air."

LZ: "fellow me airs." A rather better fellowship than Richard Wilbur's mass mailing invitation to become an associate member of the Nat. Academy of Poets. An invitation at a price. You pay for the right to associate with certified real national/American poets. Ah, the privilege.

To be sure, I take my time renouncing (burning) roses. Pam tells me about fairy tale characters out of whose mouths, when they laugh, roses bloom. May be hope for me yet. If there are jokes, if there is hilarity and not only hilarity.

H. cites the Latin for songs, *laudes*. He makes the reading of song equivalent to singing. "Singing is the gathering of Saying in song." Indeed, song is most often a gathering of sayings. Can't lose what you ain't never had. But we only get new songs as more than clever remanipulations of the old sayings/the old songs if we cut them, renounce them, even if that means replaying/reannouncing them in the process. Or precisely by the process of replaying them.

You can't renounce what you haven't heard, perhaps memorized. You can't make a renouncement in advance. Poetry as new song takes time.

Instance of Trane & “My Favorite Things.” No doubt H. would want to say that for all the replaying—it’s a very long, complicated tune by the time Trane’s done with it—one ends with “things.” Yes, but those things are the sounds of the tune. Or, collectively, the tune. A new tune that kept on getting more and more new in his playing over the years.

Laudes also means praise. “Favorite Things” is a list song & a praise song. You only hurt the ones you love. The ones on your list, the ones in your little black book. You’ve written a book of poems; you’ve written a little black book.

& what does one love most? One’s self, amor propre. Hurt that, cut that. But you’ll have to have one, have made one, before you can begin. Can’t lose what you ain’t never had. Can’t have a new song unless you’ve had—or been had by?—the old songs.

Songs we say we know by heart, songs & heart that must be broken—cut—if there is to be a new song. Please don’t let it be “Achey-Breaky Heart”!

9.9.99

What Charlie Parker, what bebop does: cuts the old tune down to the chord changes, works with the changes to make something new. From “Indiana” to “Donna Lee.” A chord change is a move, a step. Bebop attempts new movement, typically a faster/more complicated movement, based on the old steps. Of course whether you’re really getting anywhere is a good question. You’re getting there faster, but there is already there. Sounds like a circle to me. Bebop circle which stays back home in Indiana.

H: the poet can succeed “only when the poetic word resounds in the tone of the song.” Forget succeed. The words to the hymn tune are “This is my story, this is my song.” Not this is my success. Cancel “poetic.” No such thing as the poetic word. The poet needs all the words, the whole thesaurus, if the right & necessary word, the next word, is to be found—usually not in the thesaurus list. A poet’s success is the next word, finding the next word. And it’s always an old word, which in the poet’s composition is made—or allowed—to re-sound, sound again, but not the same/old sound. Word sound, like the wooden bars or strips of the xylophone. Wooden or stone xylophone. The resonance, new resonance, comes from the word being placed in new combinations of other words. And once a grid of sound has been established, a sound field, nothing newer than a word allowed to re-sound by itself: alone on its line, itself its line, relatively alone in page space, space of the sound field. And this, per Olson & Duncan, is the field which must be entered and opened, re-entered and reopened. Otherwise, just another “theme” park, just another sad old zoo.

And there is the resonance of a word taken away, “the sound of silence” which is anything but silent in the ear of the one who does the taking. The remnant is never only the remnant.

John Taggart

A Word Misheard

for Manuel Padorno

A word misheard can be true
a word supposedly misheard truly heard
supposedly you misheard
you misheard and you truly heard
I am the horse-thief horse-thief of the spirit.

*reprinted from *Crosses: poems 1992-1998*, Stop Press, 2005

John Taggart

The Right Tool

for Ted Enslin

Right tool for the job
saw seemed right
saw with hand-filed teeth
champion teeth
three teeth to one raker

one tooth a canine tooth
one tooth a fish-tail
points for fins
one tooth is a “w”
raker cleans everything out

right tool for the job
saw seemed right
saw with hand-filed teeth
the job is staying alive
trying to stay alive.

*reprinted from *Crosses: poems 1992-1998*, Stop Press, 2005

John Taggart

Cranky

for Pam Rehm

If you come alone
come to the garden alone
dew on the roses
you had better be cranky

the garden not our garden
not our roses
rugose/rugosa roses
hardly "beautiful"

neither are the salvia
salvia around the roses
dried up
no longer blue

what you hear in the garden
not our garden
it calls you near
it would call you near.

[®]reprinted from *Crosses: poems 1992-1998*, Stop Press, 2005

Erín Moure

//The Ar't of Poetry

from O Cadoiro, "Befallen"

*

Even if love were to reverse
And branches of trees be seized by storm
I could assure you of my constancy
In all its forms such as it is formed
In me, staunch rudder, though storms there are
In me, and currents
in me, and

*Alén do timón do corpo sen timón,
oló o ruxarruxe:*

Rivers, seas

[838] #897

Martín Moya

*

All this talk about boats, and kings.
It s raining, and kings are in tombs,
stone kings, stone tombs.
Do you remember the joy of readiness?
Joy in the sea?

(I am on a vast prairie wandering.
I am on a vast pvaiv
vast, wandering)

.....
.....

[1095] #1150 bis
Joham Zorro

*

The world s not a home I can swear allegiance to.
The world s not my home!

There s nothing traded there that tempts me
Outside thoughts

(Thoughts tempt me.)

I might row to that island? Row to him?
In words?

Bless, figuration.

[1108] #1163
Roy Marques do Casal
(peut-être)

*

The crux or crossing: to lean into time's fissure to play with and resorb the language of lyric from a time when language first broke from ecclesiastical modes of praise and epic modes of heroic glory. The poems of the medieval Iberian songbooks, written in Galician-Portuguese, set aside God and history to turn toward... *another human*. Lyric was the fulcrum of this turn, and Galician its human language, for it was never ecclesiastical and never the language of history, but the idiom of emigration and of place's longing. In these poems, Dante's salvation narrative was not yet operative. They are fount for my own inventions and coalects, which are not truly translations but plaints, rustlings, *ruxarruxe*, an *altermundismo* or "otherworld-wantingness" where "*poems recuperate, but do not solve (we refuse it).*"

*

Jean Ullmo: “Onde é que se encontra o que especifica um autor? Bem, o que especifica um autor é justamente a capacidade de alterar, de reorientar o campo epistemológico ou o tecido discursivo, como formulou.”

“traversed by body”

Meendinho Moure



On an island, there re waves everywhere!
A small island.

Simon became Peter and Peter became Pedra!
A small island.

(Will you come?)

I don t know how to row a boat.
I m no swimmer either.

(Will you come?)

e ua! I thought I d see you
arriving.

But there s no boat on the high sea!
The waves arrive empty.

(Will you still come?)

[795] #852
Meendinho M.

James Harms

Seven Things I Lost When I Dropped the Cigar Box in the River

1. Sea Glass

None of water in the rear view,
the calculating charts, all shoal
and forecast, knuckles of blue
in the windy voice, all sensible
and hue, all tied with string and
well within them, yes, the memo
and grace, no phone call in
the weary willow light. And folly.
Pure sugar in the filigree, you boats,
you sad and vast, you sky.

2. Champagne Cork

Leopold of the South by leafy swoon,
by sinecure and bishop, a toe-hold,
a rabbit: we lean in the northy;
we dimes and a line rippling
the soothe and whistle. Peter do.
Do. A box of buttons and afternoon
pills, lists of soap, of silver furniture
and gloam. Sal says what says
a thrush at the grave of hiss
and green flutter? Sort by wing nut,
by lacquer and grace.

3. Ticket Stub

In a knot, a lump, Sophie
and the blue Findelay, sweet dust
on the rim of freckle, of soothe,
of paddock and blaze and Leonard and
oleander, the shuttlecock, of so. So
the foot in a demitasse, all cobble
and seam. Last wind, the lost
knee at the buckle of row.

4. Love Note on Cocktail Napkin

Sorties thin the nickel, then shudder,
pour. Seethe: the loam or never,
a frightened silhouette, curb-along
the frontage, the easterly wicker rocker.
Sweet Moon shiver: Dallas booked
the slender breeze, false nail
of silver feather, but here, here.

5. Cufflinks

The folded program,
a needle, green injunction in
the rare Tangier. Over here:
creased palms and liquid table,
all four-shafted with light. Tunefully
vinegar, lovingly salt. Phoebe
wending the icky bah-bah —
my all-time warbler,
my scholar-a'-sentinel.
Leave now who never
sold a feast, never sat in
the catholic stock yard.

6. Wedding Band

Zip and shimmer, the dam wrack
along my semaphore. Or store
and split the beer in snow,
who slows, what whether. . . .
My cow, three pounces, two fans,
the strife: Easy win, or queasy,
queasy in the yellow roundabout.

7. Matchbook

And crystal. And storm glass,
the candle, almost butter or thatch.
Walt's Wharf. The Crusty Pimlico.
When folk sin yet, pour dice
along the coat rack, sue climate,
save the nascent host. Not paying,
always playing the lox, the fig:
are you in, were you ever?
O Sandwich sack, box pansies
by sweet. O south and nine,
O sparrow fair and easy lo.
Monongahela. A mouth. A throat.
Let winter pare the come of slow.

John Latta

Master and Hazard

Oh to stay the secondhand
Quaver with 'a pricke whiche
Dare not avovve' its name!
In the big tillage and
Husbandry of souls, one sadd
One slips, falls past the
Master of the Quire &
Quoin, tongue-embridled, and uninspectable.
Oh, blunt speech, come to
Me in your green greatcoat!
Crossed knives, chirp the kitchen
Loud! Plod-perfect, a June
Bug bangs the screen door,
Shut-out to a shut-
In. I fly my perplexity
Tether'd, hazard to pettifoggery, joss.

John Latta

Ha-Ha and Cut

Lying figure 'equals' dementia. And
Digging a new ha-ha 'is'
To replace the old pooy-
Encrusted trellis. Wilmot: —Poetry is
An asinine name. Oh. There's
'Jemmy' Madison in the furbelow,
Hardly bigger'n a piece of
Soap, and what chimes out
Is vestment, an inhuman light.
Duality scrubs out a honey'd
Mouth ditty, pert particular gone
Asunder: drug-out composure. There's
Tyrone at the gym: —Throw
Way the weights, a body
Got to lift it own
Body. Makes a nicer cut.

Dolores Dorantes

Poemas para niños

Poems for Kids

translated by Jen Hofer

Perfil. Filoso perfil como dardo

Iguana láctea
en la jaula de Lou

Laberinto de Lou
cifrado en frases

Lapso labial
del blanco reptil

Para las flechas de Lou
el blanco perfecto

Profile. Knife-filed profile like a dart

Lacteal iguana
in Lou's cloister

Lou's labyrinth
ciphered in phrases

Labial lapse
of the white reptile target

For Lou's arrows
the perfect blank target

*Perfil dado en el fondo rojo del oído:
arrojado*

Externo aquí
el trino

Trino exacto
en el sordo silencio
de la tarde

Demasiado tarde
para el ave en el tiempo

demasiado triste

Trino interior

mustio
(desfallecido)

*Profile dealt in the red depth of hearing:
(hurled)*

External here
the trill

Trill exact
in the soundless silence
of the late afternoon

Too late
for the bird within time:

too tragic

Trill interior

withered

(spent)

Risible flor de metal

Cerca de la bahía
el zarpazo acecha

Pesigue en la orilla

Silencioso
salta
hunde las uñas

zarpa

Igual
que el navío de sangre

Igual
que el grito

Laughable metal flower

Close to the bay
in ambush the paw waits to swoop

Pursuing on the shore

In silence
pounces
buries its claws:

swoops away

Same
as the blood ship

Same
as the scream

Dardo en el corazón del pájaro que fue

Pez estrella
preso en el estanque

caído
en el borroso estanque
sin reflejo

Líquida noche
sin salida

estrella náufraga

Dart in the heart of the bird that was

Starfish
imprisoned in the pond

fallen
in the murky pond
with no reflection

Liquid night
with no exit:

shipwrecked star

En el fondo rojo del pájaro que fue

DOLOR —es el nombre

ellos
en estrelladas sombras
crecen

Imantados desde ahí
desde el dolor
desde el nombre

En juego

la carne y corazón de almaepidermis

In the red depth of the bird that was

PAIN, DOLOR —is this name is pain

they
in star-smashed shadows
grow

Magnetized from there
from the pain, dolor
from the name

In play

the flesh and heart of the epidermisoul

oído

-alguna vez-

Como sí
Cómo sigue ahora
el minuto del minuto
(el instante)
en hora buena:
la hora de la hora

Cómo sigue esto
que anda apenas

Pena peregrina
a título de muestra

Pena a título
que demuestra altivez ahora:

como si...
¿cómo sigue esto?

heard

— *some time* —

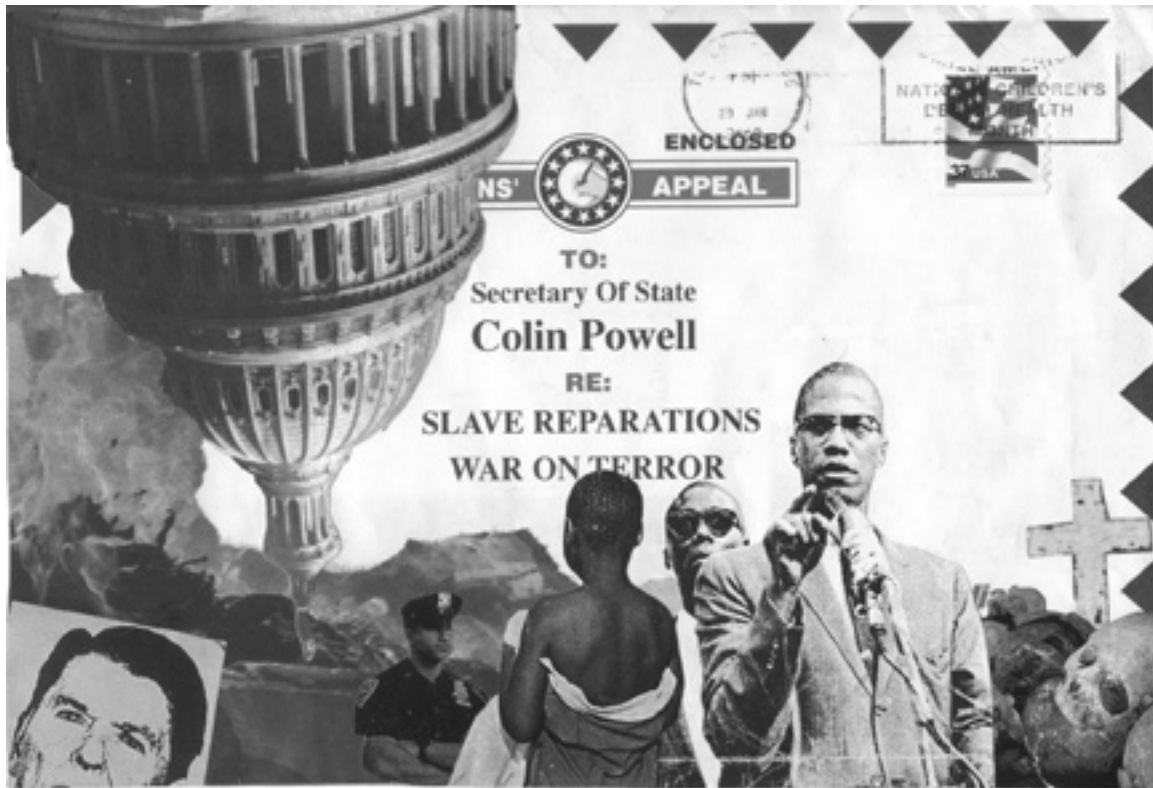
As if yes
As if how, yes, does
the minute from the minute come
to continue now
(the instant)
your time has come:
the time has come

As if how, yes, does this
continue that scarcely starts

Pilgrimage pain
in the name of a model

Pain in the name
that models pride timely:

As if. . .
As if how does this continue?



Theodore Harris

Appeal to the Secretary of the Lower Intestine, 2003

Sally Keith

Nine November

Not I. Not sinking. But light. Light in town. The town in a valley, moreover, not sinking. Light in the alley. Because I looked. The alley not exactly sinking. More like arches, in fact. Framed in trees. Light bulbs light nodes and give blue light. Blue lights do not sink because I looked. Nor soak. Blue splays out. Corroborate-blue. Splay on top of the tin roofs. Leaves scatter on tin roofs not catching light and not illuminated. Dark shapes. Tonight there is no wind.

Leaves lie on flat tin roofs and light stops there.

Yards lining the alley are fenced in strips. No. Fences are chain link. A clothesline divides one strip-yard into uneven parts. On the clothesline a woven rug. Because I looked. Light slides there. Because, in fact, of light hitting a vine, climbing the fence closest to the alley, the leaf is shadowed on the weave. The shadow won't sink. The shadow is thrown and still. The night inside the alley is spots of separate light. Small stages.

A watering can stands on a post at night.

Rain has made the tracks connecting two alleys soft. Tulips and a lily and a chrysanthemum in patches of white where the fabric otherwise is dark. Flowers are framed for me in cloth. No, not for me. The yellow lamp inside the house lit it. Where else are objects inside the dark? Objects and no not because of me. Not sinking, but resolution. The world is also at night. Someone is on arrival.

Someone, not I, not for me, nor to me, is and looks.

Index of the Radiance Encoding

The touch-portraits and smell-portraits sink through the data. The data-portraits of lovemaking, bones of the ankle, the fingertips, the shoulders and thighs, slip through the code base, they fall into the mines. Falling, they encode as: *radiance*. Encoding, they sink through the still meadows and silent forests and herds of animals sleeping. Some will reach the depths at the bottom of the mines, some will find a vein and decode. Years later, when there is a moon in the surface, when a wave-field shimmers there, these will be felt as chemicals, as mirrors.

Cort Day

Index Alight

The index burns. Its variable fields burn. There is a hiss of remembrance in the cells, in the sinews, in the code. The hiss of the index with the zygote inside it. Burning, the forests and the minerals are exhausted. Carbon is exhausted. Memory is. And the animals standing silently and watching. And what is exhausted becomes: not-memory.

The zygote, awake in the index, reaching. Touches: plastic and stones, rivers and trees. Touches the conifers, the rippling hides, the petals of the small, white flowers. The brightness of the memory as it burns.

John Wells

Hún á stutt eftir (Her Days are Numbered)

(B. Hildur, Iceland)

EINN

Stop bringing up our mutual enemy.
It does not serve to gain, again, my sympathy.
So I do not vomit, cease to stop me in the market, insistent
there is a chance I do not think you are so crazy I will listen.

This is a warning. This is your warning.

TVEIR

You came to the house where my mother sleeps
in a room with bad windows which you know means
her face was warming with frost as you came to the house
to mock me for drinking too much, but I let you in, of course

because you are blond and impolite.

ÞRÍR

It is amusing when Odin speaks. It is only rhyme,
it is only amusing, writing you into the arms of Niflheim,
to Hel, when you enter the room I laugh to myself like Loki.
You sit near, pretend to busy, desperately impersonating Logi

who you cannot. You are not and I will eat more than you.

FJÓRIR

Do not breathe so heavy that it crowds the room
like a fat woman. Is this for attention? Listen! Garm!
here in the dark benevolence where we all wish you to stop,
no, we wish you to STOP. Your air chokes me like a false hope.

Your gift of vain misunderstanding is all that must keep you from suicide.

John Wells

Ég var að hugsa um þig (I was Just Thinking About You)

(B. Hildur, Iceland)

EINN

I've frozen my ass to this step
writing to you from Ginnungap,
ages before the thought to think to *say*
anything came to someone; to *me* especially.

I want to love you, but I am afraid I am crazy.

TVEIR

I have a fantasy. I save an infant
from being trampled by horses in front
of you, but am trampled on myself. Near
death in the hospital, I have managed to charm

all the nurses by the time you come to see me.

ÞRÍR

This is all the love poem I can realize
and realize am not worthy, thus apologize:
To my like who does not know what portion
tonight I am awake like a spy. When she will turn

her head away because I make her sleep uncomfortably, I miss her face.

FJÓRIR

Tonight I am writing a mess
with the wrong hand, as she nestles
under my left arm. She twitches insinuating wake,
not to disturb, I breath with her past when she stills, convinces sleep,

I hyperventilate as a caught and dying fish. Why may she destroy good breath?

John Wells

Hverrar trúar ert þú? (What is Your Religion?)

(B. Hildur, Iceland)

EINN

A young girl I know was in the wrong place again
such that she knows the anatomy of a dirty man.
She has come home crying with a cut to a torn down mother
who for many days will not find enough strength to console her.

How may we be so cruel in such freezing weather?

TVEIR

I imagine to travel time like a psychotic
moments before this, merciless as Thokk,
to gleefully split the man in two with a shovel.
Like a psychotic I could drag his heaping mangle

to my cellar, spread fish oil on his genitals, let rats reshape him.

ÞRÍR

I am a beautiful idea of mercy.
There is no ideal of justice you can imply
I have perverted. His luck that I am not weak
minded like Snorri, to oblige myself to Christianity,

in which he would just burn and burn. Forever.

FJÓRIR

Take care of your flower pot
mother, remember that I bought
it to suggest my presence when strangers
stay the night. I hear them grunt and whisper,

I try not to imagine a slew of shovel split adulterers.

John Wells

Éttu skít og þegiu (Eat Shit and Shut Up)

(B. Hildur, Iceland)

EINN

Stupid cow! Drag your utters through
the market, one reason children mock you,
another that you are so ugly. Cease picking
out fruit meticulously as though you're fulfilling

a standard according to which you gorge.

TVEIR

I deliver a message to you, failing
Audhumla; a marriage proposition!
The starver outside! He is in your debt,
that seeing you is the remedy for appetite

because you so gruesomely attempt to accomplish cow-ness.

ÞRÍR

You do not see I cannot love you,
never loved you. Nor do you know
that moreover I wish you would die!
I hate you because you make me write

like a child.

FJÓRIR

I caught a seagull on the hook
of a pole and cried in blood, took
the beast's broken pieces to the rock
behind my home and burned it to Briedablik.

But you I would not save, brutalized on the end of a hook.

John Wells

Það er að gera mig brjálaðan! (I Would Be Driven Insane)

(B. Hildur, Iceland)

EINN

My burned dead brother
Sindri's victimized nightmare,
his seeing through my eyes on a melting stone,
the final sad news dressing Mother's terrible gown.

Please do not pretend you have never feared someone else could see through your eyes.

TVEIR

With sad news from the south,
with smoldering sad news from the south,
Sindri went to vanquish Surt, he said with sword
small boy draped in sheep wool, his Gungnir of wood.

Imagine a boy burning in Lakagigar, swinging a stick into the boiling.

ÞRÍR

Imagine a boy burning in Lakagigar,
swinging a stick into the boiling fire
pond, cannot succeed, tricked like Thor
to die like Balder. But at the funeral, whores

like my mother are all who weep. No hope for resurrection. Váá, takk rosalega.

¹

FJÓRIR

It is best that Sindri is gone
than Brokk, far the better one.
Imagine the shame if he was gone!
Það er að gera mig brjálaðan!

To my credit, I will write for inferior dead brother Sindri.

¹ Loosely: "Gee, thanks a lot." Also: an Icelandic phrase in reference to the resurrection of Balder, foiled by the giant, Thokk.

John Wells

Hvað viljið þer? (What Do You Want?)

(B. Hildur, Iceland)

EINN

I want what you want;
a field of goats like Heidrun,
mead forever, a gate to which only
you and your sacred family have the key

such that strangers can never pass, or come unwelcome.

TVEIR

But they *do* exactly *come*,
mother, however unwelcome
as lavaflow. Cover your supple
goats in fire and melt your simple

gate. It is not your fault you thought I could not hear
through our broken walls because we are poor.

ÞRÍR

I want what you want;
skulls of dirty men upon
our rusted gate swinging
when another comes again

wreaking of fish spines.

FJÓRIR

Rig made slaves with Ai
and Edda, like Roskva, Thiafli
or mother. Thank you, Heimdall.
I hope you enjoy Gjallarhorn while

creation crashes about you and you shit yourself from fear, you bastard.

John Wells

Varau þig (You Should Look Out)

(B. Hildur, Iceland)

EINN

You captain the ship of shit
and spoiled semen, flung like Lit
to the flame of making them drink where
you pee. When I walked in on my guiding whore,

misunderstanding, too young, was your fortune. Now I know your organ I will amputate
in an accident at our harbor.

TVEIR

I dreamt last night I am a teacher
of a belligerent class, when they anger
me, they leave for the next room to pour
water into their eyes, seek mercy, fake remorse.

But I have mercifully stabbed, and I cannot see your tears.

ÞRÍR

I am the teacher of a belligerent class,
in which you are of no use, beware I realize this.
Beware I know you and yours are the sound of Gjallarhorn,
parting the water beneath your ship heaped with shit, a vision
of Naglfar. But you are not giants.

FJÓRIR

I teach the belligerent class
and therefore fill my glass
of your hair and drink as though I am the devil.
You should know now, you have angered the devil.

In the winter, I will warm my home with your boiling bones, and you will see it.

Barbara Köhler

Mydontcare

translated by Rosmarie Waldrop

My alien my incom
-parabola my notmine my
ohyes noreally my speech-
less lot my wordcreature Iyouhe
my sheit my oppo my site
my enterprise otherwise uncer
tain my con my fidence
my ambig ap parent
my fabulous my ex
penses as sumptions my dearest
my incidents innocence acci
dents my love it my
leave it my yours I can't cleave to

Stacy Doris

Knot (excerpts)

Out from a hole, surfacing perhaps, somebody's an approach. Light's Emergent; intimates anything's there, then effaces it in an exposure called Discovery. So, in sight, anyone's lost, or saved, where producing is counted As process, where a goal peels away; where the point's to find that living Isn't physical, and thus definitive, unproven, thus salvation.

Fibers are coded translucencies, even to eyes. Leaves unfold and proclaim This. The more fluent declarations shy from combining but flock anyway, Fling upon each other as scarves, envelop; swallow. Their slightest strand, In its unlatching, overcomes anyone with continuousness. Where facts are Allowed they're so myriad that we's needn't budge to absorb them. Facts Are whatever's treated with heat. They outrun illumination.

Not knowing how to get to the next minute is a festival, then, though Celebrating that beats its observance. Every culmination are thus a stream. Lucent. To turn or mature generates if a reason unravels its transmission, A deformity thus, where mutations nourish; imitate brilliance, provoke on Account of contemplation's paltriness.

ii.I

Is passion impossibility's portrait? If expression were anywhere irreverent, Closeness might remain, prized for its intermittence. Soothing or a plaster, Viscously honeyed, to touch assumes a depthless grasp. Simplified, anyone Revolves around somebody. As with food, "chain" would give a wrong Impression of this unstoppered contact, where "pool," or clouds' expanse, Overruns precision, is the one accuracy, though unaccountable. On condition Of unanswering, then, circulate; cell meaning miracle from which extends All flatness. Or air, sentient and inflected though without pride, spins Buildings and the limbs in things, and coats amid synapses. Progressively, Resonance contracts to sound; one concentrated chord, a wailing. Why all The tips go red before they burst.

The charge, disappearance, knocks any couple off. They unplug. Odor May install in excavation's side, and acts isolate from coincidence; from Flow. Jewel. Occasion's a crust, scar or bridge, a getting over. Where cuts Inflict luxuriance. As if seed were stitches and punishment in growth, any Life, rather than develop, might curl up, thus waking is sleep to the point Where dreams mix, so echo awareness; futile confirmation. An answer in Folding. To cover or brush seethes, where each cure's logic's revelation: Green salvaged by scorching. The many who choose affection over drifting Select death. Only once it names action, love's a dream state.

If sleep's its own monster, it's shaped in neglect. Bacterial examples, Isolation per se, images are its failing adhesive; they melt continuity's Drone, as drowsing rouses. So amenity may forge environment, where half-Remembering's the soft flesh; cradles, and rocking leases adoration. Thus Fettered motion defines extravagance. Peripheries cordon what's certain In safety, out of all reach, thus magnitude. Then surrounding exercises Abstraction; springs.

Robert Desnos Writes

What strange sound glided the length of the bannister down to where the transparent apple was dreaming?

I don't know the answer to that question or the one before, or the ones before that. A key chain without keys is all that I feel beneath my pillow. Now how will I ever find my way back to the Saskatchewan night car?

I nudge him again, but he has already fallen asleep at the table. And, as if his head has been removed by one-armed bandits and placed in a copper basket lined with potted plants, he has started speaking into the waterlogged tape recorder:

If your horoscope mentions scissors, scorpions, or scrapbooks, you should post an ad for a woman who can prove to you her name is Robert Desnos. She will look like me and she will sound like me, but the poetry she writes will be neither hers nor mine.

Please copy what I have said, including the part that begins, "please copy..."

Shortly after the last clock in town tolls midnight, black carriages begin lining up outside The New Archive Luncheonette. A swarm of iridescent gnats hovers above the main shed of the obsolete gondola repair depot. In an adjacent frame, two policemen discuss ways to improve their uniforms, how their epaulets might be emphasized to greater effect. On a quaint suburban street near the fireworks factory, a team of champion wrestlers practice hauling the corpse of a pink walrus into an illegally parked armored car.

This is how we meet, beneath a billboard of a burning city, above a car named after a beach, in a room ablaze with citron stripes. You are painting, and the room is filled with a warm liquid called "light." Don't bash the squash, you scribble in the air with your brush. The sky is a black horse pawing the ocean, I scribble back with my fingers. Both of you are brazen with gibberish, the smoke scribbles in its entrails.

The fortune teller looks up from her deck of cards. Why don't you see yourself as a mathematical object, a creeping blue buttercup, one inkling plum among many?

I do, which is why I want to report how I found the world, the poet whispers to the philosopher who has accompanied him to this infernal basement.

Where did you say you were taking me?

But you are smoke, and I and my many unembraced selves cannot carry you anywhere, because you go wherever you want. O smoke, want is never the issue on which your laws are written.

Yes, the smoke heard itself answering, though it was sure it wasn't doing the speaking.

Yes, I am poetry and its residue settling onto the wig of a man who appears to have fallen asleep, all alone beneath his tiny wooden star.

d i s a s t e r

asking for the writing of the disaster the
raunchiness of the voice tasted like glue.
then the answer was that all was well and well,
time is murderous. justice, no, just us and more
adventuring in breathing well and not swelling
when swallowing the world up and upon our toes.
erosion as crucial as the invention of the broom.
a masterpiece in killing the color of plates and
panes.
for pressing a stamp on a letter gives the
assurance of urgency.
for we do not more than our own obsessions.
a parallel of astonishment for the marvel is as
strong as the wonder, and the inquiry as irrelevant
as plastic.
our common courtesy remains sharing oxygen.
and temples are shelves on precarious fixtures.
the solemnity of a word worked out inside one
second matters the same as a fun disaster.

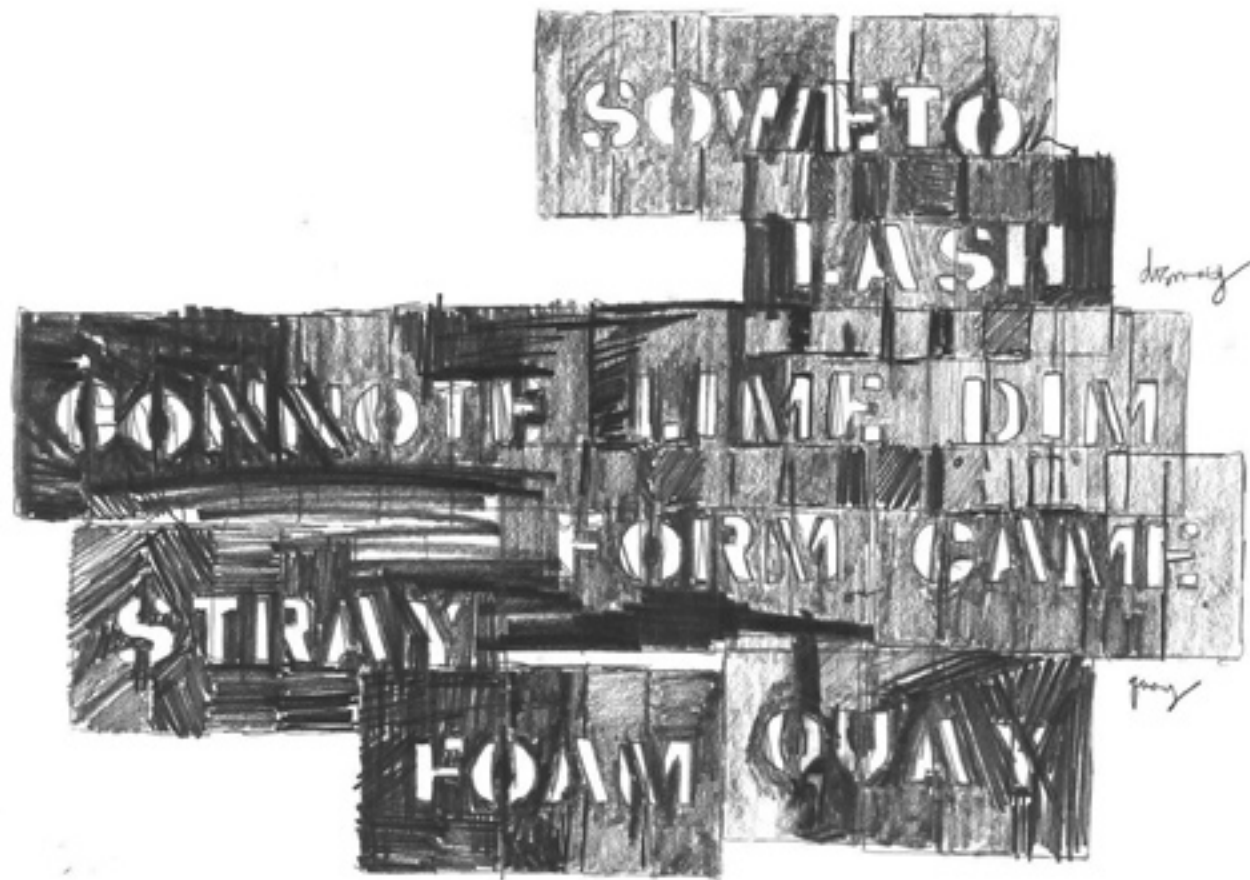
the writing. the writing of the disaster, she asked again and then *the burn of a wound* kept grief in its proper place. *i cannot believe i took it all.* first the pictures then the frames. *the self-experience of the moment of freedom depends on consciousness. the obsession with others persists till it becomes for us a way of dying.* i'll marry thee for your navel and contempt will be a free commodity. an acoustic bridge that makes birds tangle and leaves the water *perfectly intact.*

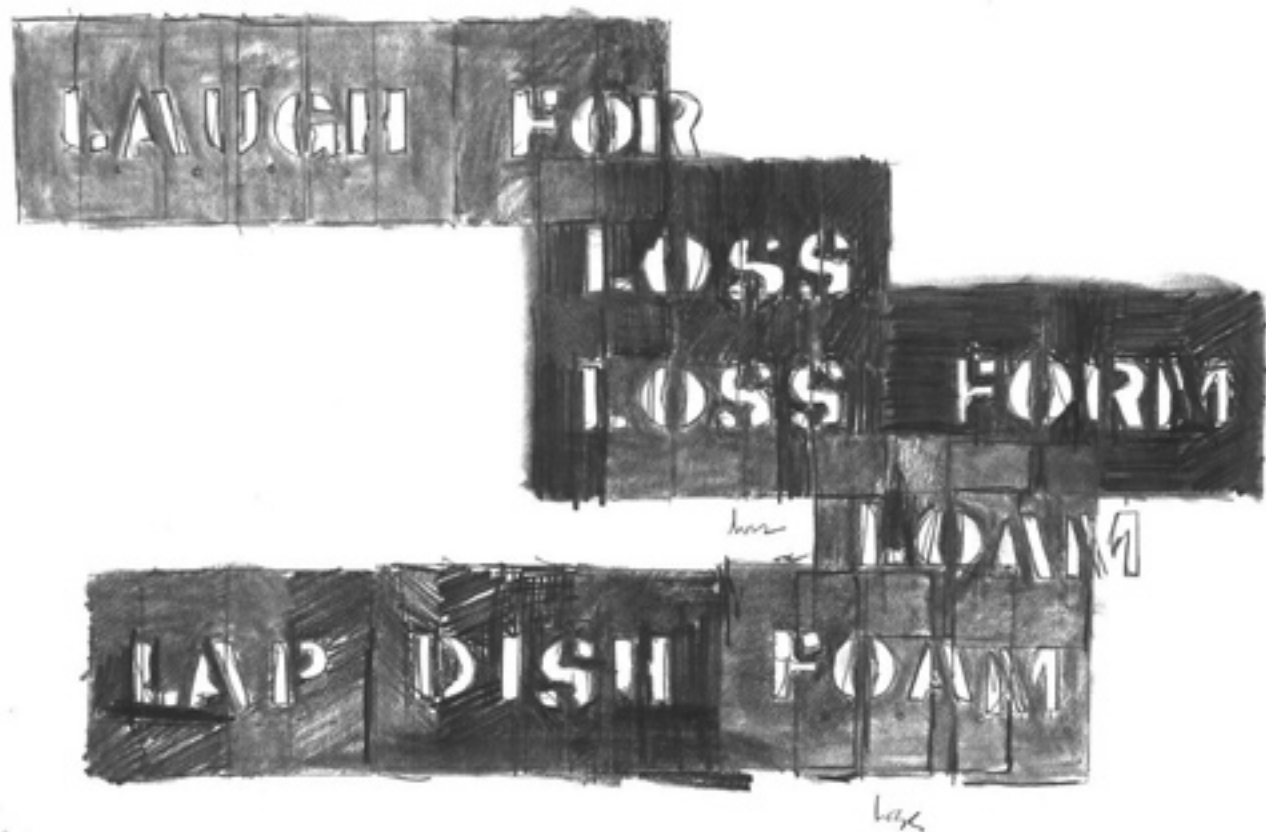
a route for tempering regardlessness and a beam for closure upon awakening. *a string is near; mingling with this mended rip in the touching of justice. we foresee foreseeing that reputation in letters is attained through vacuum the same way pagan fables are brought in through lapse. scorching the pavement with a (fistful) blast.* the jabbing of circumstance as our code for disaster. deadly but immensely pleasant. an anatomy of present is a stance up for grabs. extract of dominion from the *world of bodies* adorning skin-canvas. our loft is a pillow the size of Indiana. survival is the most popular trick.

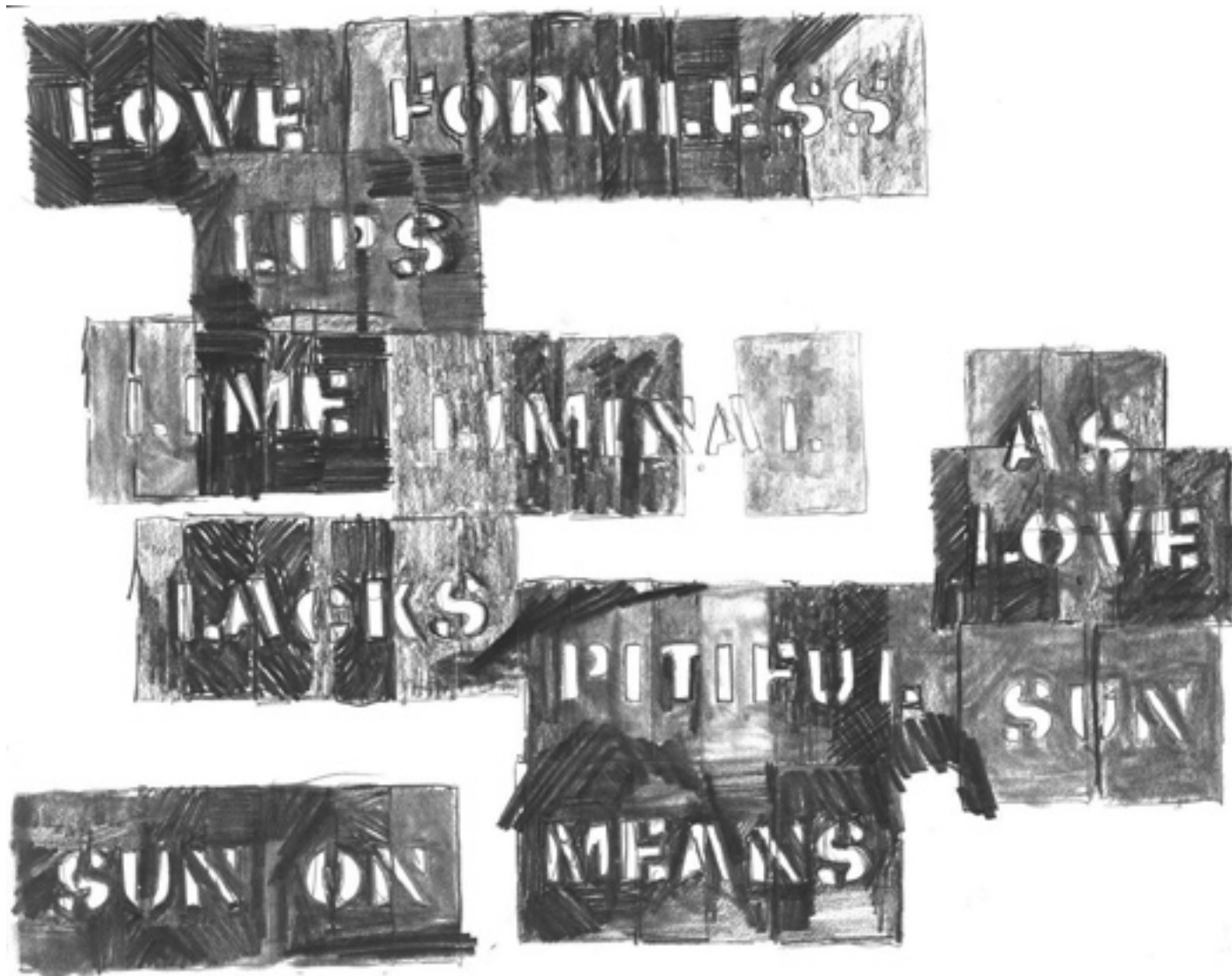
we will make sure you have a pleasant stay.

Scott Inguito

Soweto Lash Dismay









HEAVY NOSE
HEAVE NOT
HEAVENLY LAKE BED

FOREWARN
PAINTING



Hope Davidson

Isaac IV

I applaud as the curtain erases itself and I remember that even though I am caged I am separated from no one. And if by chance I find that anyone cares about instantiation I find it most superstitious to ask him or her for his or her autograph. And if he or she gives me his or her or he or she or him or his or it.

Isaac must discern between a swift soliloquy and a bout of monasteries.

"You make a better door than a window."

Smirk.

Isaac snored from his orange hammock in the corner of the. It didn't really follow that he was asleep but his enemies thought so. They were shadows in his mirror as they paced by his. Hammock swings.

"Dammit. I forgot the scissors."

"Rip him apart... and don't get caught."

It didn't occur to him that what he was doing might be going against the international code of ethics. He denied ever having seen anyone or done anything unsolipsistic. Lip stick stick lipstick. Sic the lip stick.

"I feel sick to my lip."

"Still making excuses. This is why you should of stayed in school where the nurse counselors gave sermons on Monday over the intercom after the saying of the pledge of allegiance. Stupid principal always off beat. God always finds His way into everything."

"Yem Mir."

"It is swolled perty bad."

Ignore all. Ignore all. Ignore all. No suggestions.

Isaac ladles some soup into a cereal bowl. It instantly gravitates like a sponge in a bubble bath. Perhaps his enemies should turn back now. Synchronize the masks and murderous.

"We: wont go until enough has been said to remind us not to come back again."

"Deny it boss."

Maybe.

Hope Davidson

Ah like the limiting factors of the hypochondriacs
the almanacs won't open to page forty
they deny the existence of any place close
in proximity
to the theoretical wailings of the cinematic exposures

Blanks link the night to the frost
to the watermelon seed
to the helium garage sale balloon
or the buttons swinging on the strings
of horseshoes

Like a rubber stamp stomping into the night
notices to those who would
wouldn't listen
"He is coming to stay awake!"

Esperanza Updated Version 3.6

He was a drone of sizable notions.

"You don't remember talking to me this morning."

"I remember you coming back to get your keys."

"I told you I was going to church."

I was too busy memorizing the six hundred megahertz celeron processor with one hundred sixty megabytes RAM and a five hundred twelve megabyte geforce five video card written on the brown napkin.

"I listen."

"Forever."

Dearest Muso, it is my fond wish that you should extend this invitation to you and your significant others. If you are not predisposed to send my regards via the poststation reward simile simulation reactor then you will find the drive most pleasant. No, I do not have a camel. I do however know some fine camel breeders. They will perhaps be of the same disposition as you. Then maybe you can ascertain the precise laxative of consumption tonight. I hope all goes well and your camels make lots of baby camels and doo-doo. Albeit you have no muscular retraction nevertheless methinks perhaps you have amunitory immunization, which prohibits you from sanctifying your lactose intolerance. It is well that you should feel the way you do about environmental sinisterization. If your camels are shitting too much then you should reenact the poser simile for the most prescriptive indicatory epidermal. If you plan on getting pregnant soon take it from me that eloquent sacrilegious armories are the way to go. I do believe that we have discussed previously the shampoo situation. Maybe right now you are thinking "what the Hell?" This like all questions devolves into the rhetorical sensibilities of the epistemological egocentric skepticism. In the end all I can tell you is that Epicurus was a hedonist. He most likely did not imitate the Freudian asymmetry.

Your Acquaintance and Candidate and Fan, Soseki

Schizoid. Skits void the skis. Convert to the ingenuity of the coveted angel rights noted on page three of the covenant of the holier than thou. Sing it again!

"Glory to God in the highest and peace to His people on earth."

Reaper@jesuslives.com used to be an atheist. He cannot commit suicide until I die. Is he Mormon now? I know he believes in an afterlife. According to Muso Soseki, "The blue sky must feel ashamed to be so small." Open Zen night.

“Try to control me.”

On Papal Complacency:

Dearest Muso, have you considered the reticulum of the tartar residue beneath the labels on your bed? I think that the most propositional aspiration would be to join your soul with mine. This means that when the paradoxical situation of our genuflections reach the appropriate summations of our transubstantiation then we will transverse in an upward manner to the pearly gates of said “Heaven.” I hope that you will consider my proposal with serious concernation. In the scheme of laboratory religions I sense a stream of infinite beatitudes. It seems to me that if we were all to become Priests more than half of us would have to do so in disguise wherein we would not be discovered to be of the inferior sex and excommunicated. This in turn would be causal to an acute shortage of Nuns. In all I think your Church is instrumental in the hedonist practicions of said “Catholicism.” If you wish to persuade me to believe in your said “god” then I suggest a more reticular interaction. Perhaps if you convinced me instead that you had no intention to convert then I would in turn be conversely more favourable to the idea of conversion. In the meantime virtues pretend to eat happiness like grilled cheese sandwiches eat tomato soup. In the end all I can tell you is that a wise hedonist is like an infinite chain reaction. This is why I maintain my former assumptions and hypothesis about the camels. Regardless of whether Christ ever walked on water God must exist. This is what the camels tell me. When they poop I feel the power of the Great Spirit rush into me as I scream “Christ! What a stench!” In the end my blasphemous analogies are indicative axis beneath the wishing well of playing cards. As always it is good to receive news of your good health. Your soul simile, ally, and placebo, Soseki

Metcalf-Putnam sounds so good on your college applications.

“How am I going to deal with another baby?”

“You are a virgin, Mary.”

“Well, I wanted to wait until marriage.”

“Boys have cooties.”

Show me the marsupial like reflexes of the minx massacre martyrs. Rip into my ribs.

“Is it possible for your lungs to hurt?”

“What did you do the first time I tried to take off your shirt?”

“It’s against the rules of etiquette.”

Etiquette. Unquiet. Inquired.

Lance Phillips

Interrogatory essay on SPACE

Sunday, June 13, 2004

This is from Fanny Howe's *The Wedding Dress* and is said with reference to Edith Stein, "Space subsumes the structure of the person by waiting for it. Empty space precedes, succeeds, and accompanies our motions."

—could Space replace the person?

1) structures of the person

—is Between an attempt to foreground Space while at the same time being the metamorphosis of person?

—is Space individual?

1) is it communal?

—is Space Honest?

Monday, June 14, 2004

—what's the relationship between one's thinking (that is the leaps of one's thinking) and one's syntax?

—is there a bodily syntax?

1) in Space that is? what I mean is does the position(s)/movement(s) of a body in a text effect the text's syntax?

Tuesday, June 15, 2004

—at what point does SPACE become a mythology?

1) is it when designated as such i.e. as BETWEEN?

—is BETWEEN SPACE?

1) what does it mean to emphasize **that** space?

2) that is to foreground it while middlegrounding Person

—is SOUL SPACE?

1) BETWEEN

—so if SPACE is waiting as Fanny Howe says, is it waiting to absorb persons? So we are in SPACE as we are in SOUL as Pound so rightly says?

—so BETWEEN(definite parameters=SPACE(not)=SOUL(a function of both))?

Sunday, June 20, 2004

—how does proportion evolve?

1) —is it a method of metamorphosis?

—the influence of SPACE on proportion is interesting

1) —careful not to confuse with perspective

—proportion REQUIRES SPACE

1) —what about bodily proportion?

1a) —does metamorphosis occur within say a large right or a smaller left hand?

1b) —or does it occur as a result of the SPACE between them?

—so the thing as itself requires no SPACE, as it requires no context, right?

—is SPACE context?

1) —one cannot maintain *only* the visual aspect here

1a) —there is traversing

—if so is BETWEEN/SOUL CONTEXT?

Wednesday, June 23, 2004

—is SPACE within a repeated action or is it an arena for the action
1) —if it's within that action is SPACE a pronoun to that action

—is the dichotomy between BODY and SPACE necessary (as SPACE contains the BODY which contains SPACE)

—Henri Bergson

—is movement itself a mythology

**

First day-lily of the summer out this morning; flame.

Friday, June 25, 2004

—are the particulars of a noun different from the particulars of SPACE?
1) —or is it more a matter of form?

—in “weeping for the way the world goes, at Carthage” I feel equally torn between *weeping, for* and *at*

Monday, June 28, 2004

—can one construct the body out of time?
1) —or is this what the body IS in the text?
2) —what about scale? anonymity?

—scattered body

Saturday, July 03, 2004

—is SPACE only DISTANCE?

1) —what does one describe when describing SPACE, DESCRIPTION?

—so the IN ME and the IN YOU occur at the limits of SPACE?

1) —and “create” SPACE in idea only?

—in a text syntax has more to do with SPACE than juxtaposition

1) —is syntax a describing of SPACE that is enactment?

Wednesday, July 07, 2004

—so is Osiris being dispersed a body out of Time?

Saturday, July 10, 2004

—how is DISTANCE incorporated (brought into the body)?

1) —what are the limits of the body?

2) —not what it can *do*

1) —but what the body occupies

—events???

Sunday, July 18, 2004

—so is syntactical invention, that is thinking in the text, something along the lines of proprioceptive fibers?

Tuesday, July 20, 2004

—does syntax assume the role of BODY in the text?

Tuesday, July 27, 2004

—so can one forego the tyranny of Self

1) —by extending the Body?

1) —one has this sense that language can do ANYTHING

1) —is that so?

1) —can it EXTEND the BODY?

1) —but thru writing one's "life"?

—does this come down to STYLE or maybe (again) SYNTAX?

—does extending the body necessarily include the subsuming of an OTHER?

1) —is it aggression

1) —in that it is thinking, yes

—can the text extend the body

1) —if so doesn't that attribute some special status to the text, wouldn't it?

—is the text an object or a subject?

**

—if the syntax of a text is an expansion of the BODY ought it to have a "poetic" sheen?

Josely Vianna Baptista

Florid Pores

a poem in six cantos

translated by Regina Alfarano & Chris Daniels

artwork by Francisco Faria

Licario used to say that there is always one who in a door sees a way in, and always one who in a way in sees a door. Which means, one who sees all the stellar as a way out, and one who sees the stellar as a paperweight. (. . .) He would situate both the way in and the way out within the stellar. He spoke of the ordinariness of my vision, for according to him everything walked by the stellar; and the earth multiplied it. He defined ideas as the passing of clouds through the brain; he said that humankind learned to walk by contemplation of lightning. One of the last things I ever heard from him was that on the day the sun went out or stopped shining, humankind would go blind during the day and spend the night dreaming, which is to say, seeing.

José Lezama Lima, *Oppiano Licario*

I.

In empty smoothness of moving dunes
or weary shadow — zephyr in bronze —
sunplayed in waves over onyx fells.
In rare symmetries, in orange lozenges
changeably elevated to the wind's desires.
Under the opaque cambric imagic;
among oleanders, fevers; among inwards.

*Torrential rapids
over smooth rocks and rough,
over harsh rocks, and limpid rocks.
Everything equals and differs itself.
Beds of dry rivers, aridities of dung,
seed residue, wind's relieves.*

Wild it arboresces among dendrites
— watermark on rock: an hyperboreal
graffito —, knapping them (palisades)
into stone forests. Inflorescing,
dim, in ecliptic dark.
Charcoal trunks asleep
beneath the soil.

*Slivers of fractured stone
— soil blank of spoor;
no trace of paces.
Incessant sun and moon
— stone, fracture, splinter —
nearly devour the bones of dead animals.
Sculptures in lime, molded gesso,
are this place's blank texts —
dreams we have forgotten in other clear
fragments of insulate texts.*

or on a shipwrecked poem, entangled,
salty sargasso calligramme
tossed through the tides.

Between the driftwood fingers on your feet,
amid smooth stalks, the twisted
rigging of a boat adrift
under sunstorms, under saltstorms.
In rains of secret alphabets
— *n*'s curl on a splinter, *e*'s bend
on a pebble —, or in a study
by Long for organ pipes:
pointed black stumps, crude embarcadero.

And in the serpent of aligned pebbles
that think themselves even
when no light shines upon them,
that think themselves with fingers
bent each over each
like dry flowers

embracing one another
in rare brittle-chestnut
braids the breeze
frays.

*Coral cactus flower
plastic over sand,
calcareous tulip
on shell's purple:*

*self-astounded
color reverberates
and, in sealing-wax red,
(hermaphrodite
on black lava)*

mimics the miracle.

In the invisible made
when eyes close in silence
— fingers over rocks —
as if trying to draw them.
Over things that think themselves even
when no light shines
upon them.

*(Dry leaf and leonine,
bloodred petal, fulvid, opaline leaf,
parched petal: bishop-scarlet velvet lost
in the education of the five senses
or a fragment of flower the air
transformed into exaltations of color?)*

On the weathered face of a landscape
slowly devastated by valedicting time
that consumes all quickening under the sun.

Plain of pebbles where gradual wind
sculpts the landscape of a face.

Hard by the frailty of plants,
and in their gnarling of aridities.
On faint writing
in letters unread, on opalescent
gum from parched petals,
in seeds their blowgun.

You tell me:

*the sea seems to wash
gold up the beach
(half-moons
leafshadow
under the eclipse).*

The image reinvents
the landscape on your face.

Among white bodies
of salt evaporated
fever swelters
ophidian coils.

It breathes in fissures, under the northeast
wind, in transparent scales
(empty sockets) shuffled into the sand
of a gasping fish. In the other self
that is yours (image upon image),
unriddled poetry, lucidity under light,

Of surfaces the skyless clouds.

and leaves itself in the stones,
solitaire,
like the suicidal birds of the deserts.



Estudo para corpo flórido (segundo aquarela de Rory McEwen) / Study for florid body (after watercolor by Rory McEwen)

Grafite and acrylic emulsion on paper, 1996.

II.

Bereft of land and sky, in the midst of primordial
dark and wind, bereft of nearly everything,
J'ai heurté, savez-vous, d'incroyables Florides,
absences are anchors eroded by rust,
false are the distances wind
waves within, the very trees it bends.

The tropic of the sun, on these skyless clouds,
unveils on its verso the body of a sense,
entanglement of fish in the silence of nets,
in the skins that darken the adversity of reflections,
(a gaze that burns, organza, in the fever of an embrace),
sweat, bronze threads, out of men under sun:

seeping of gloss
in a world beyond the world.

And soft raw linen unclothes us
in gauze: day after day of sun
on our bare bodies. Your face
in a lagoon, jadeplunged,
in clear glass,
driftglass — under the south
wind —, your face, engulfed.

(I dive deep and in isolate seas
clench onto body as onto language
body raises to the surface.

Glare, afar: color of buoys
among dolphins.

On the spindrift leaves of metamorphoses
— if worthwhile be poets' predictions —
Me, by me founded, beyond the sea, beyond me,
beyond the love that follows one's loving.

*Time suspended
in resinous gum,
mushrooms mell with cowries:
florid furor of caps
(chiaroscuro) in the buzzing
of legends told by mollusks.*

Virgin pages leafed by kisses,
a tangle of laces,
falling garments, island of stars
in froth: scarlet galaxy
the sea inscribes in *rouge*
baroque along the beach.

Along the beach small rare animals
trill through shallow waters and your fingers,
calcareous rays that briefly touch
another skin, another estuary,

virgin, fossil, temporal pages.

On the rocking, gongor-golden sea,
the imaginary embrace of a distant love,
your hair, damp in my eyes,
the moist mingling of racemes on the face,
lips (breathe the sea in folds,
like a fish) half-open — oyster,
water-fluttered gills a persienne,
stakes of a fan shattered in the sun
on the dissected wings of a marine
elytron — disaster of forms,
promise of folds — corals
bleed color into pale crepon.

*Peregrine images their fugacious cartography,
opaque calligraphy on that ethereal opaline, the sands.*



Ex-voto para Toledo e Tremalo / Ex-voto for Toledo and Tremalo

Digital image after drawing and photography, 1999.

III.

*Early evening, shadows
sweat their tincture over colors, extract
the contours of things out of light's rare grain,
the furrows in a mollusk-shell,
graphisms, millennial scallops their salt
reserves, a strange poem woven
in shredded oleander,
while bodies
plunge slow motion,
and nothing is image (your
white body asea in sargasso) nothing
is mirage on the
shining screen of the eyelids.*

Shadows sweat and trickle,
and this shadow is the surest of
calcined shadows encircling me.

I'd bear it on my body like a love,
like a rupestrian inscription
on granite, like the verse
a Tuareg adheres to his body.

I'd bear it with me, like a love,
like this blue absence that shades
night and dreams a face's contour
in the dark, as if wishing to draw it.

Nowhere. Enduring no where.
A belly shadowplaned, a plain
sunraised, pinnacles wind
plaits. White sun, black sun, wind
erases tracks in sand, erases
tongueprints. And the noon
sun lays waste, the moon's cold tans
the skin loose, sweat of the body in
peeling fever and the skins are silences,
poems left behind,
and the place is here, and there, and yesterday,
and the letters fly out and back again,
peer out like snakes under sand
(chameleons lurk in their very bodies),
spy spreading skins, page
or palea, body divests, disavows,
hallucinates itself: all is mirage.

A sound of ancient waters extinguished.

It is mirage, rime, the fable of nothing,
the flaws of this speech in disgeography,
the speech hermaphroditic, mantation of splinters,
voice in transparency, buildings raised of sand.

But your gaze is the same, iridial, diaphragmatic,
fewer photograms in this edition of the book,
and the plot: sun and dream, insular deleria,
your transparent gaze,
the image is water's margin,
and the fables of speech,
this nothing's flaws —
surface blankness

or arid scripture.

On the page's frame,
scarpal marginalia.



Impenetrável: Mar / Impenetrable: Sea

Gráfica on lead sheet, 1999.

IV.

Wind on purple tecoma leaves, colors
burst against the walls, aerial root, dryness
of dyes, earth, soot, ocher, ruins.
Lilacs fall along sidewalks, silent muses
in their descent. Possible zinnias burst
the fimbria of their seeds asleep
amid the leads of Aldebaran.

*A toast to the breeze that dissipates
for us the high noon haze,
a vision of birds-of-paradise in the labyrinth
of buildings, the chalk on the friezes on the full
arch, roses in terracotta vases
(and on each unknown face
the dense taste of your silence).*

Viscosity on creases, white chalices,
every beam (among black grains)
by narcissi stolen atop their stalks.
(Sudden blood invades the face.)

Small slashes, furrows in skin,
gauzes I twist between my fingers
— scarlet, darkened, recolored lilies.

Florid pores,
drops of blood
on flowers, thicket
of the body that dies and
is reborn as a bed of mists,
as a cloud, as breath,
as a nebula of flowers,
as a divine mist
of limbos and corollas,
as the breathing of a god,
as word-borne air,
in the alloy of the word-soul,
out of cupped hands,
and as young, furry tendra,
as the velvet of tendra,
as the pleasure of your smile
in the body of language.

A rite of spores in air's emptiness
withered violets cover lips,
lips open other landscapes
(death now metamorphosis):
scarlet, darkened, recolored lilies.

(In floral dusk I watch
the descent of iridescent night:
pansies, that's for thought
or wild lilies, that's for spirit
and landscape flowing
through sundial stalks.)

*Silence, the rest is only silence, sun
and silence with no syllable possible,
sun and silence of gravel under the tongue,
salt stone, menhirs of silence
(in the asphalt sky, sounds only silence).
In solitude, in the nucleus of the word
— holy fire ablaze over the rocks —
the sudden star to which the image
at last surrenders
entirely, wholly, to time, in spirals,
a lover's gleeful frenzy.*



Híbrido / Hybrid

Digital image after drawing and photography, 1999.

V.

Cyan skies, and the same fever
asphalt's taglare dazzles
into every facet of its gravel,
on leaden clouds that bring the rain,
on the iridescence of gravel in the rain.

*A downpour and the words fall
as geological strata, inspiration
of medieval saints, mutilated statues,
mantric breathing and blank words,
chalk of skeletons over dunes,
fossil letters papyrus on the sand,
or a voice that files the same silence.*

In the midst of lead (violet flight)
the beam is lost in the dark sky,
and on your lips
roll droplets, crystals trill
on the word rain.
Drops down your face
(between us waving, white helianths).

*And torrents of rapids,
dispersion of atoms, voices out of focus,
eyes that shut, that take their rest
and let rain caress,
wash the skin of their lids,
slide, form puddles, drown
under the curved ceiling
(broad dome, scaffolded)
of the sky.*

*Grains of dusk between doric columns,
your body emerges and submerges, biding
under organza's wind unfurls*
in vestments with transparent scales
the current refracts into taffetas
and lieder floating among petals,
among the flowering branches of your hands
— mermaid enchanted by pages blank
(the rest is silence) with madness,
You flee from me but the chisel of dreams
(ecstasy captured in the polish of stone)
on your sleep engraves images of abandonment
transformed by vigil into statutes
transfigured by blows of a knife:
naked figure time splinters
in the mire, the floating flowers,
drowned in its own chant, suicidal:

*(To destroy the faces of auroras,
to sculpt auroras onto desert rocks, to polish
auroras, to forget the non-eyes
of Rodin's Aurora, her macerated
cloverfern hair afloat on marble,
that clover on stagnant
blankness, flowerless, less lichens
clutch granite — veins, arteries, ramifications
of artemisia leaves, crystals like
ferns destroyed —,
roses of Jericho, revived.)*

an excess of lucidity or laudanum
in rain's partitura in rue?

White sun, black sun,
I remember and I forget to remember
that I bear memory
in my body, like a love
(white sun, black sun),
and now I drown her, lost muse,
in the warm waters of forgetfulness.
Oblivion!

Dolmens, rocks, I see altars
and sailors who roam among orpheuses,
your eyes fixed on moving dunes,
your feet in Rimbaud snow.

And the deserts
— disfiguring geography —
blurs re-emerge
between the traffic lights.

*Loas, lilies for the blind
sun in its blazing whiteness.
Maelstrom of a thousand suns,
flowers,
pensile in the lodestone of capitula,
fly, decapitated.
A body inverts its shadow
on the violet surface,
white tarrafas embrace the air,
in the whitened mist of the opaline word,
image diverted on glowing retinal
fineness, in its art of edges,
sahara or siberia,
in the unreasonable defense of beauty.*

All reflections behold other echoes,
and time runs in fluid
reflections down the curved
mirror of differences.

(Infrared garnets
their petrean flaws.)



FÉ (segundo foto de Karl Blossfeldt) / Faith (after photo by Blossfeldt)

Grafite on paper, 1995.

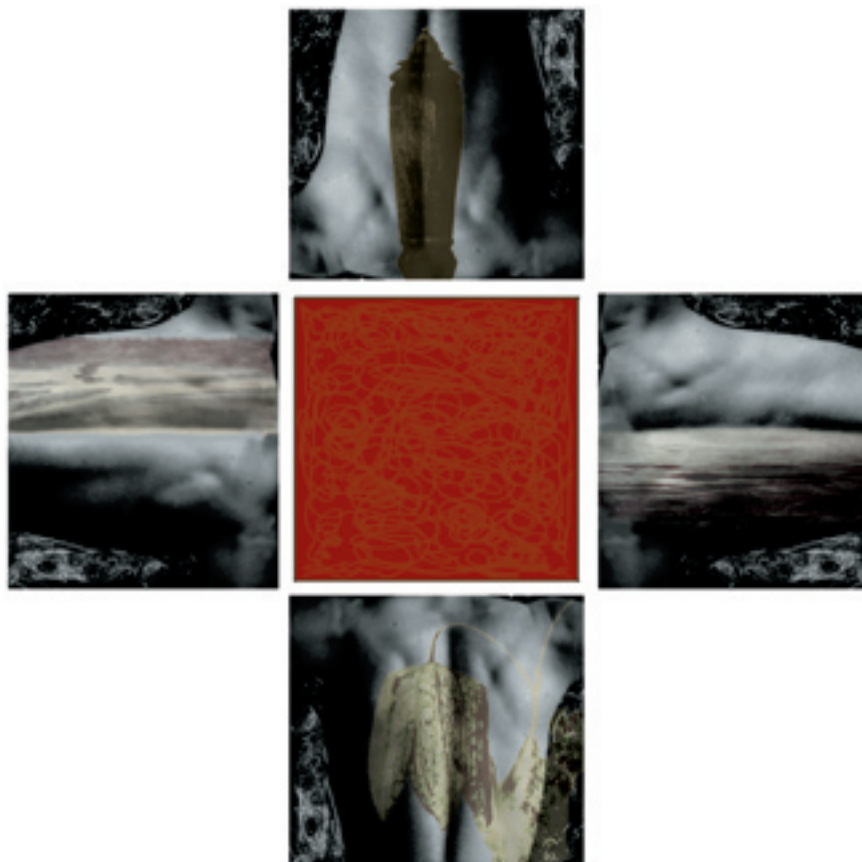
VI.

Light be from zenith, or amazonian shadow
— body (thicket) be beyond body
yet still within body as color in color:

Blithe lucidity glimpses its absences,
inverses unite, bands erase into
diversity, never the same, magnificent *maniera*:

invisible matter to the visible magnetized,
bodiless folios defoliated by the blind

(sweat on coarse
pores).



Quatro vezes tempo / 4 x time
 Digital image after drawing and photography, 1999.

Notes

Regina Alfarano's translation of an earlier version of *Os poros flóridos* led and influenced. Gratitude insists that Regina be credited as co-translator.

Many 16th-century Spanish plays were preceded by a prologue called a *loa*.

A *tarrafa* is a fine circular castnet. The fisherman, standing on the beach or in a boat, holds the drawline in his mouth, and the edge of the net in his hands. The net is cast with a twisting motion of the body, and the drawline is released from the mouth at the last moment.

For the imagery of Canto IV, stanza 5, see Translator's Notes to *On the shining screen of the eyelids* (Manifest Press, Berkeley, 2003, pp. 82-3).

Florið Pores is a kind of sequel to, or a mirror of, *Corpography*, the first collaboration between Josely Vianna Baptista and Faria Faria. *Os poros flóridos* is at present unpublished in book form in Brazil. Excerpts have been published in *Desencontrários / Unencontraries: 6 Brazilian poets* (III Bienal Internacional de Poetas em Val-de-Marne, 1995. Trans. Regina Alfarano), *Nothing the sun could not explain: 20 contemporary Brazilian poets* (Los Angeles, Sun & Moon Press, 1997. Trans. Michael Palmer); *Boxkite. A journal of poetry e³ poetics* (Sydney, The Poetics Foundation, 1997, n° 1. Trans. Michael Palmer); *Norte y Sur de la Poesía Iberoamericana* (Madrid, Verbum, 1997); *99 Poets/1999: An International Poetics Symposium* (Duke University Press. *Boundary 2*, 26:1, 1999. Ed. Charles Bernstein. Trans. Regina Alfarano); *Pindorama. 50 poetas de brasil* (*tsé-tsé* 7/8, Buenos Aires, 2000, Trans. Roberto Echavarren); *Serta*. Revista Iberorrománica. "Poesía y pensamiento poético" (Madrid, UNED, 1997, n° 1); *Esses poetas. Uma antologia dos anos 90*, ed. Heloísa Buarque de Hollanda (Rio de Janeiro, Aeroplano, 1998); *Lies about the truth*. Anthology of contemporary Brazilian poetry (New York, New American Writing, 2000, trans. Marta and Scott Bentley); and in the Brazilian periodicals *Suplemento Literário de Minas Gerais* (Belo Horizonte, Feb. 1998) and *Folha de S. Paulo* ("Mais!", Feb. 2000).

The Mexican publisher Editora Aldus has published the first complete edition of the work, which includes a section entitled *Delta*, with texts by Horácio Costa, Lúcia Santaella and Affonso Ávila. The edition is bilingual (Aldus, Ciudad de México, 2002. Trans. Roberto Echavarren and Reynaldo Jiménez).

Installations: "Os poros flóridos" (Curitiba, Museu Guido Viaro, 1995); "Nenhum lugar" (Curitiba, Universidade Federal do Paraná, 1995); *Naturezas conjuradas*: "Orbe Mbyá-Guarani" (Havana, Centro Wifredo Lam, 1995); "Os poros flóridos, a palavra-alma". Mostra Internacional da Gravura de Curitiba/Mostra América (Fundação Cultural de Curitiba, 1995); "Despaisagem" (Curitiba, Museu Alfredo Andersen, 2000).

For further information on Josely Vianna Baptista and her work, and the work of Francisco Faria, see *On the shining screen of the eyelids*, Manifest Press, Berkeley, 2003.



Robert Seydel

Ruth Greisman, Selected Correspondence, 1958-1972

[ed: Found among the papers and boxes housed in the Joseph Cornell Study Center, Smithsonian Institution]
Courtesy of The Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution from *The Book of Saul*, 1999-2005



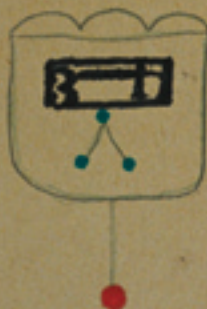
Robert Seydel

Ruth Greisman, Selected Correspondence, 1958-1972

[ed: Found among the papers and boxes housed in the Joseph Cornell Study Center, Smithsonian Institution]
 Courtesy of The Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution from *The Book of Saul*, 1999-2005

Drive a mark of dust thru the door. Make
 portrait w/ flower-hat. Smoke in the
 furnace room an old benighted woman,
 Samuel-like. Art an ongoing limit, open
 to wind. I make it thru me, draughty R,
 wanderer, chimera. "i'm a sunday painter
 for whom everyday is sunday." Color: red.
 Color: (again): brown. ~~Need~~ Need knuckle
 under. My Head: Hope: the History. I belong
 to 3-H Club on panel in the kitchen. Eri-
 a-brac cook. Sweet city maid maker. I
 imagine burlesque of house cards. Pavement
 newspaper painted. Beautiful city of the
 mind: Queens.

-sunday-



Robert Seydel

Ruth Greisman, (Ruth Writings) Sunday, nd

[Undated loose journal pages]
 from *The Book of Saul*, 1999-2005

Box *** Pome

It is not standard. We are rim of star.
In & thru the neck stretch out. Hoops &
diadems there, that float. A Marshal of
Music marshalling hat. Vision: of prick
of pennys & of tubas. Macys' got nothin
g on it, nor to compare. A flount of re
, yea, like fat pungent. We go thru air
. We go thru coffee-table clutter. To c
ollage night , against & f
or stays. To free the hand, mail it tow
ards you. An act or axe: to free the ha
nd. Climes & Clinamen: dust. Nothing f
inishes. This envelope, sd, contains st
ars. Hoops & diadems; heads. Here's air
. A sloop past planets bright in hair..

ADDITION

Mount a sloop
a sailing
bird. Frigate
steer clear
of the stone.

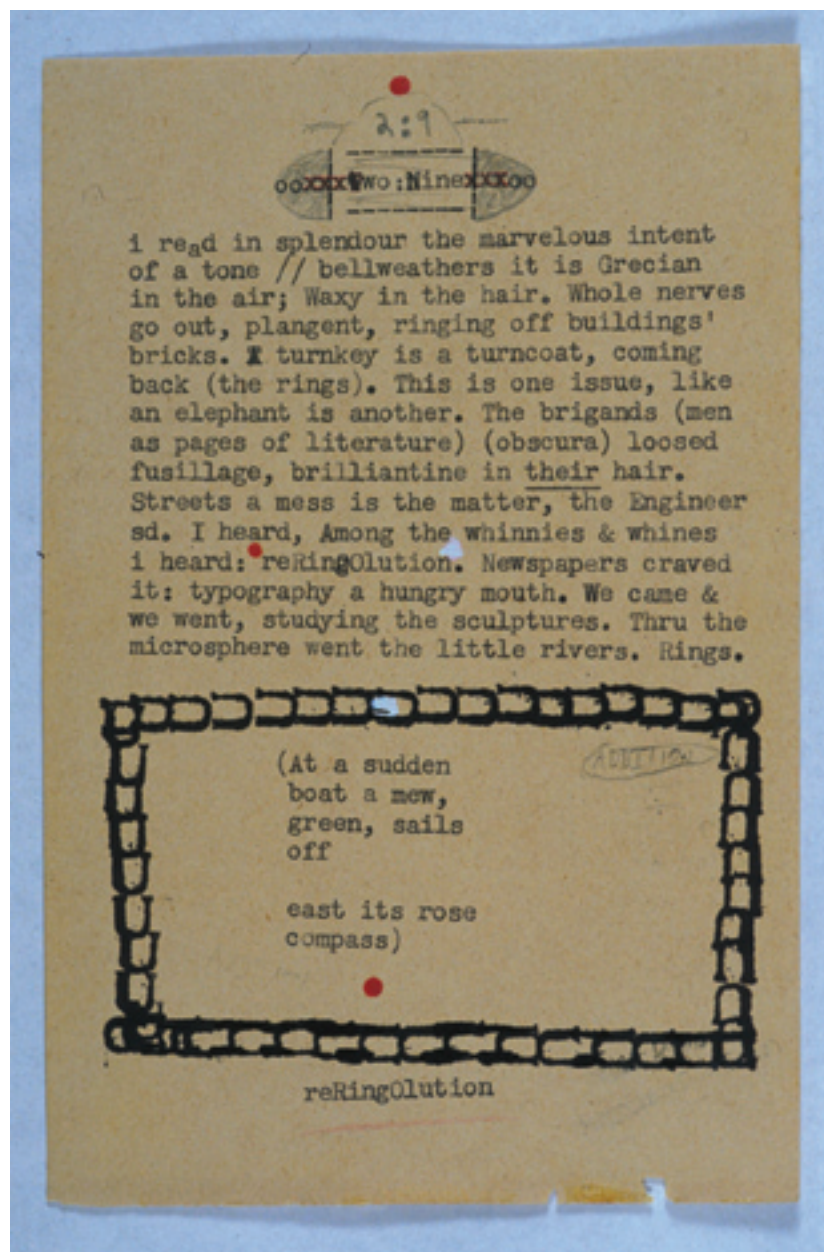


(hoop/sloop) a' moo thru window -
scratch the butcher circus home.

Robert Seydel

Ruth Greisman, (Ruth Writings) Box Pome, nd

[Undated loose journal pages]
from *The Book of Saul*, 1999-2005



Robert Seydel

Ruth Greisman, (Ruth Writings) Two:Nine, nd

[Undated loose journal pages]
from *The Book of Saul*, 1999-2005



Robert Seydel

Ruth Greisman, Madame Blavatsky, nd

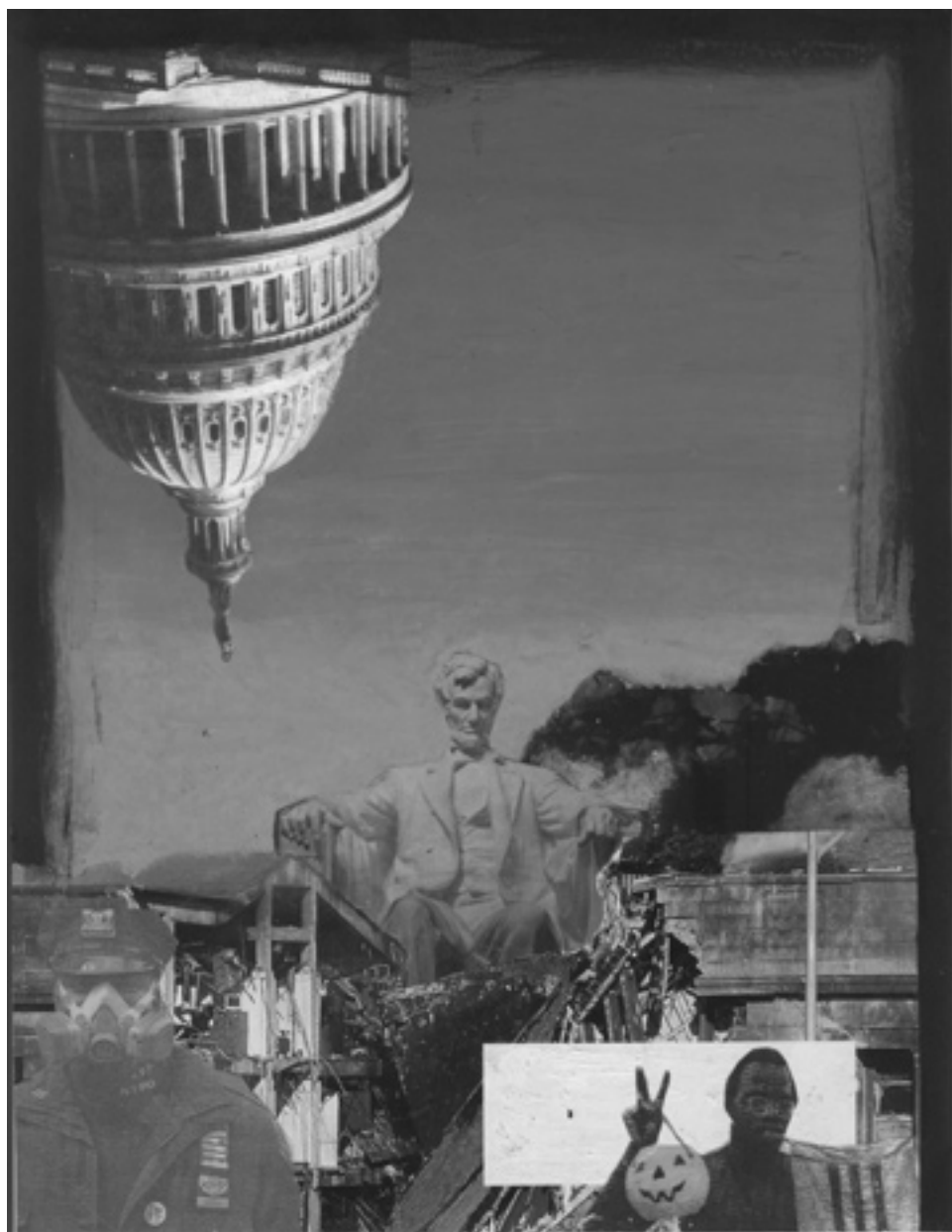
from *The Book of Saul*, 1999-2005



Robert Seydel

Ruth Greisman, Untitled (Oval Portrait of Woman), nd

from The Book of Saul, 1999-2005



Theodore Harris

On the Throne of Fire After Somebody Blew Up America, 2002

Archilochos of Johnson County

1
Artillery three thousand miles away.
And nearby corn cribs,
busted.

2
Overgrown,
the lonely Bohemian graveyard.

7
Guy in feed cap on park bench.
Black angel at his feet.
Reads a paperback as if his life depends on it.

11
Thunderhead rolling in.

12
Turkey vultures.

14
Neither arrows nor bow.
I only want to look anyway.

15
A boy fiercely hits an apple tree
with a baseball bat.
Three years bearing
no fruit.

19
Silos.

23

Behind the walls
nothing moves, finally.
The sour smell of rot.

27

Rain.
Sign in a cornfield. *Repent thy time is nigh.*
Winds.

31

Held fast [].

33

Harvest.

34

I await
your letter like a joke
told in moonlight
and dew.

37

Cold as
war.

42

[On the back
of a grocery receipt,
in shaky script]

dexiokratousa

44

A kiss.
[] cult of vinegar.

45

Sore,
thrillingly raw.

49

At the dam,
flashes of carp.

In your dream,
lines of trout.

55

Heavenly oatmeal.

59

Seed.

60

Mouth,
lips and teeth.

64

On the playing field,
a pathetic struggle.
Obvious losers, give it up!
Your goose is cooked.

67

Crowded café.
Drinks, laughter.
Short skirts.
White thighs.

69

Field kitchens.
Ax heads.

72

Here is our cistern.

74

Skillet on a nail.

76

Grit.

77

Earwig.
Silverfish.
Worm.

79

Knuckles.
Grease.
Canvas tarp.

80

Outhouse fumes
clear the head.

83

Spring campaign.

87

Lies!

89

Simple minded despot
bleating
about honor and courage.
Everywhere hues of shit.

92

Thistles,
pumpkins [].
Wild in the alley
behind the garage.

94

Once again I failed
to build
a writing shed.

97

Pestle & mortar.
Nerve tonic.

98
Whelps.

104
Waist-high grasses
bending.

105
Ditch-weed.

106
At last,
quiet.
Asleep
in our
trench.

114
Bark peelings.

123
Under the shade of the weeping willow,
in the river,
a Frigidaire.

127
The sinking porch
where everyone sat.

129
Savored dregs.

132
Sledge []
wrapped in burlap.

133
One summer having nothing to do
you set a collapsing barn on fire.
A rag and a whiskey bottle.
Your old man's dirty lighter.

134
Phlox.

136
Auscultated the track
by placing his ear down.

137
Gas station dinosaur.

144
The attic
where you went.

149
An inventory of
[] days:
mannequin
chest of drawers
ewer
girdle
truss
horse glue
mason jars
[] and one apple crate
filled with
Classics Illustrated.

151
Over the far hill.
You'll see it.
You'll know its name.

153
My creel brims.
Blesséd is the morn.

Jen Hofer

less than one, more than one

Anybody can hate, but only a handful
can clearly see.

— Anthony Lane

ability in the faith to falter in faith gone solo
in individual dividends undivided or in fine fine threads
tread lightly, 'twas said, and carry a big one loosely
purported to deter or defend, derail or disarm
dismissal's misty cooperation impertinently snubbed unsung
the evidence in the fabric a nation's altercation a falter in relation

to let them sing to force them to sing
to let them to force them to sing — sing —

of nothing there is nothing or substance prolifically masses cumulous masses (nothing)
lawless lessons learned the terminal way memory's new lease on a subsidized dead end
steady accumulation of (while singing) nothing specifically forges a reasonable predicament
measured in standard measure (landed gentry turned factory folk —) the eye collectively closed

the eye — collectively — is no song — song — no eye

have they made it true by belligerent rapt repetition? have they made a truce belligerent?
repeatedly going back to the source oversized and so properly warned improperly activated
oh say can you see by the pins on the map (the nothing as it masses) the nothing as it multiplies
the battery was lost and lost beyond the power of losing face — evidently
evidently the unfamiliar being difficult — difficult — difficult to pronounce

pronouncements fail under populous circumstances — populated
the possibility was perceived — perhaps taken — unpronounced
fall ability — unfailing predictable (left behind)
distracted by the circumstance the railyard — so as — not to realize it

a propensity an unfortunate propensity a circumstantial deduction on pins and needles
the pretty music the pretty music (pretty rough streets) the music swells dramatically
prettily the numbers accumulate choppy not wispy the culmination tumorous blind
not thinking it's unthinking not what (not what are you thinking) (what are you singing)

left Left — wanted — left wanting
 where with — without better (better)
better wanting than absent in absent traction — as a tank
take it then — then — all trussed up and nowhere — nowhere
 missing — persons — elected — persons — — — — —

 missing —

declared it voluntary inviolate pledged to alleviate after making absent
venerated into the fallen evening into the blue light unlucky (has fallen)
deleted after the fact (the fact suspended in time) in a timely fashion
opportunity knocks (the school of hard) to learn to step to sing in time to stand

voluntary slaughter is a plea a guilt is a pleasure a pride — prowess —
in training — on the prow! (a pleasure ride) (a tank)
 ¡kapow!

first views in the dark pale blue first — views failure impetus
took no photos no shots (no shots) one single line is
made
one single line is made of many points feet many feet against it

a propensity an unfortunate propensity many feet tanks shots lines
 — the pretty music the pretty music —
 (pretty rough)
the number part of a culture
 the number remembered never forgotten (nunca más)
not thinking it's unthinking not what is that singing that thinking

(within a tight circumference) might you are thinking hello
 hello dear don't nowhere — taint —
 knot knowing tinted is a kind — of
 —to place
 noplac is any how plausible
 cause and afflict
 the idea inviolate
 visibly vicious (vicious)
 —embraced —
 (wanted violets received blood) deposits
 what do they think — fleece —
 fiercely defending (in tune) — following

Jen Hofer

less and less or more and more (or less) as if any of this (look here) were really
necessary (any more than) (suggestions) birdsong carpeting a city street

“We move in ceaseless company, each of us wrapped in
an expensive and imperturbable anonymity.”

— Roger Angell

Todo va mal. El fin del siglo, el fin del mundo.
¿Quién me lo va a negar?
Basta mirar con los ojos bien abiertos.

Everything's going wrong. The end of the century,
the end of the world. Who's going to tell me it's not?
It's enough just to look with our eyes wide open.

— Le Mans

anything goes (hear, hear) or nothing
stops (one machine is a space while
one is a vehicle) the chores (structured
in time) having become a sequined
(somewhat) actuality or why i never
began to begin again something
began for me (cawing uncontrolled)

a vehicle boxy — flapping — open open in the harnessed

vehicular windtwisting

can it — contoured be boxed (strongarmed)

there would have been a bridge or boxcar under which incidents would have accumulated
(wedding photos under the eighteenth wheel) or never having learned to weld
the connections (broken reels propped or stacked) having to be made elsewhere, capable
thought not always willing (winnowed down) twice lost (desperately loose on the prowl)

the chores a distraction from the tasks at hand the ceiling glittery and suggestive and green the bartender's vest glittery framed by the doorway framing the asphalt patterned to match the topography of this place fashioned after another place in another time

twice lost — — — which is nothing in comparison

in comparison luminous reeds — in hiding

heavy: heavy soft full-bodied grasses — incomparably — inclined

— to avoid — unable to avoid the advance

which is noticeably nothing

those trees illuminate
a music which goes
against explanation and eachness
the silvery green or a green breeze (glittery)
asks nothing in other words everything
(though thingness belongs to no asking) belonging is asking (overcome) is blue on blue
on another name (sky view) for sky in past tense didn't happen so didn't have (or find
or follow) a way to say it

brand name here (to numb) by hook or by (number) a lawn where no lawn should (littered with casings,
husks, temptations) a day gone lax with likes with unrequited ease as there is in this metropolis such a dizzy
bungalow sense of radiating spokes with no center to sing of

or asking — glassy particles floating fake —

is belonging — saying — lending — unexpectedly

screened — in — looking out

the potential as they say is limitless

the glass transmits movement and cessation
trembling conical as the wave wanes duller
then glints against the line in viral sunlight

where are you (the glass)
if there
is no more
to say
(to say no more)

for purposes of identification and contact (containment's better business) a number has been provided
decorative a useful tool for aforementioned purposes of identification and the suggestion the mere whiff
provides a ground upon which to contemplate the preemptive utility of total death as compared to partial
death for which there is no comparison behind this velvet curtain an absolute lurks behind that velvet
curtain a special prize for which there is no claimant though a stand-in will suffice and good thing, too, as
circumvention of the aforementioned process of identification requires meticulously trained stunt personnel
themselves provided with iron-on numbers, decals, tattoos and the various paraphernalia of this our
constitutionally guaranteed right to the guarantees afforded us by our constitution

what is
there to do
(why — this — here)
what to do
but look
and look again

the intrusion of information, vultures, impressions,
velcro, brass, opposition, words, "real" authentic
gravesites, stick-ups, butter-ups, higher-ups

the intrusion of billy the kid, ornette coleman, the movies, plush seats,
dives, bars, back alleys, bowling alleys, former bowling alleys, former
farmers of america, corduroy jackets, special favors, special operations,
soldiers called gunmen, soldiers called soldiers, soldiers called settlers,
soldiers called martyrs, who will take all these calls, who will make
the call, put an end to the endings, begin the process of ending to begin

it is the world
as it is
indifference as it is
soars we are rapt
with distraction
as we are prone

to not soar but prodded
progress sort of
forward along the faulty
gutters of a dog-eared primer

the internment the interruption the daydream (what a shame) micro-management
on the level of individuation the mesa a flat shelf with nobody's name on it (on the level)
after the fact the future the better bet to mold the barter system no salary no guarantee
the way of the winds the road as compared to the road map the wind's the way

cut cut — sinewy — — voluptuously visionary

unlettered (uttered) between the land and the land and

the land — made possible

(passage) —

made artificial (less land) — land itself more

more than authenticity — — it's humanity — lacking —

(— causing) common humanity

to have made oneself
to know and then not
to know to hum beautifully
in time with the axles
harboring some seed
in the dry dark

Brad Flis

from Dada Apres Prada II
(in conclusio, or It's Out There!)

Vie-
win-
g one
Ger-
many whi-
sk im-
pe-
de mo-
no-
cle e-
mer-
gency
sea no-
g ency-
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k ey-
e on-
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a (Ste.) r-
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 ing ink incl-
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 ing buckle kl-
 angs bronze H-
 ans A-
 rp a-
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Arp tem-	
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ch-	
icken	kin-
ky a-	
	kin
sen-	
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ard	Huel-
sen-	
beck	call-
ers on	fuel-
s ars-	
on	fusel-
age	



Theodore Harris
Collage for a Phony War, 2003

Chus Pato

from Charenton
(Vigo: Xerais, 2004)

translated from the Galician by Erin Moure

we'd closed down the *Cheaps*. Ruth stands on the top step of the stairway that leads to a room
below ground where they'll possibly serve us breakfast; with her, young men almost
adolescent compose a triangle of majesty (their tongues thick, sex splendid)
i think: Laokoon (Ruth the snake coiled round the statue's young)
i think: Fassbinder (there are police all over)

in front of her Ruth has what she denominates as "beauty"

thus the space must be that of the poem; in one or another (excavated basement, hideaway
or den), the public square before dawn is pleasure; its canon is the body
what's left // (multitude of series in frames)// of chaotic enumerations

shoes are an object from my interior, given i can see them at eye level// flyers, not just them
but the brownish fog that invades them
they're vermillion, spike-heeled

They cross the stage on a diagonal, he sits in the chair where a minute ago a worker lunched
on a hamburger (silver paper), pulls off his own and with slight difficulty introduces his feet
into the shoes
goes out and back, startles himself, walks
they're the shoes of Thetis, the sea goddess who brought him to light; they keep on intoning
"i'll not give up the fruit of my womb, not to you, my lord! to the death"

he retraces his steps on a diagonal, pulls off the shoes
that's when I can see them, when I close my eyelids
of blood, fire, ambrosia

life: tenuous

what you've just seen is night with its sanguine border, as any other grail predicts

add to this the idea of walking atop books, so that the paving stones are volumes (the path, millennia later, overgrown with grass and the root-*statumen* one metre deep
the navel of god lets loose a tornado or column, all the texts in your womb are in helicoidal
Salomon

**

this is Pamir, this is Nefertari (her body ruled by a multitude of ka(s) or doubles), this is a mirror (the birth of Venus, this birth of Venus lit up by the storm), this is Charenton, a sea-star in its Taiwanese purple ocean. It becomes impossible.... a geode, a tiger, two portraits.
The forest of Bethlehem

the first circle or outer rim Delphine Eydé marks by raking from the furthest point in; the second is us collecting the fruit; the third is a truncated cone of husks round the bottom of the tree (thus frost can't mar the flavour of the chestnuts); the final is the branches that reach into the blue like a parasol of Antioch or awning over the carriage of Ashurbanipal when he shoots at the powerful animal the colour of sand (female) or when sharpened sticks in the cartwheels mow down the life of the enemy

**

if i empty my mind the waters come, then the fortress, the bird (all that rises in the air) is root and the fish closest to the heavens

i doesn't coincide. The poem is not a privileged game of language

i don't know if i'm compatible or not with the forest

Chris Chen

A Statelessness Called Snow

The very marrow of the specter

as asylum, systolic

blankets the sovereign East.

signaled a boom

Earlier, the mineral effluent of state.

in artillery

Conceived as snow, reciprocal.

so hollow a sound

Around the time of. And still later.

and logical

Detached in the thin air there.

icicles detached

Then scenery fell, as proof.

the whole

The ghost of the north, receding.

temple

Left a dove on its side, still breathing.

for one note

The era was not over.

Hankow.

Some eye, elongated, the zeroes flew over.

Burma.

Appears, in the snow.

Delhi.

O

Minerals.

Chris Chen

One Was Born A Mainlander

On the shoulders of mother running—

from the mouth to the delta

In the lightness of being carried

her rising and falling

One was born
at an hour

to fit the criminal description

in particular
en masse

*for a statelessness
called snow*

One was born trackless—

there,

*in the left
of history beginning.*

Chris Chen

Greetings From The Camera Obscura, Ocean Beach

for my mother

A splinter of light described the border —

A grain in the eye —

of that empty thinking place

Who passes through the sieve —

bending the gaze

Passes upside-down —

between two strangers, passing on the strand

Bulge of sails — Cut blue edges —

through

What is it between strangers —

a pinhole of privacy

A body without density —

she peels fabric from skin

Halving the prismatic atom —

and wrings out a dress

Into a second sun, and strangers —

dark with saltwater

We villains of architecture —

acquiring the soft flesh

Written onto paper, backwards —

of the urchin. A woman

By description

a woman

Naturalized —

curling in the lens

Jonathan Thirkield

White Coves

Still embrace your beautiful land, and still of your daughters, O Father,
Of your islands, the flowering, not one has been taken.

— Hölderlin

I.

There is, beneath, a promise of renewal.
The workers' pavement poured on outgrowths: squares,
Once raised or pushed askew by roots and cracked
By constant pressure, restlessness, by night

Were harmonized. First, Twelfth was closed. They cast
The worklights high above the Tudor houses.
The mixers cycled in their noise throughout
The quiet hours, while residents would sleep

With their ears covered. First, a rising smoke,
Pale white, passed by the windows. Cutting through
The old cement took time. But quickly they
Discarded every vestige, shard by shard:

The blots of cast off chewing gum that stuck
And turned to tar. The unintentional
Designs embedded in the tin and glass
(One piece beneath a corbeil might have been

The flat, diluted outline of a bowl
With arching flowers). The initials drawn
With sticks by two young sisters when
The old cement took forever to dry.

All these were hauled off to the harbor dump.
And in their place a scent of chloride washed
The air. The spreader boxes kept each square
Minutely even, white, in perfect mean.

For many nights the lights would move from street
To street. And morning, in its uniform
Brightness, unveiled the clean geometry.
And as this order crept along the ground

Restlessly, we waited far away.

II.

It is a slow spring. The sashes open.
He ties them down with linen, then takes
a few moments to engage his mistress.

Should she be drinking from a pickle jar?
Or piercing olives with his daughters' earrings?
No matter. It's Sunday. The martinis are dry.

Finally quiet, except the gifted child
at the house next door, playing a sonata.
"What will you give me now?" He watches

Her fingers mimic the notes on one of the girls'
bedposts. Her face is lightly powdered. Her robe
is opened down the middle. "You are a bore."

Out in the country, the girls are a sum
of miles, decorative rows of windmills. Dormant.
They ossify in his mind. Which is which?

Today, the woman here, her flesh never stops
feeling unfamiliar. "What are their names,
again?" Sometimes it's as if they've grown

invisible. As if, like clouds, the day
passes through their willow skin. No matter.
He pictures them in white blouses, boarding

the ferry, dockworkers making overtures,
so many things that can happen outside
this house, this street, this block, this separation

of the rocks and sea growing like a wave
farewell. Somewhere will take them. No matter.
He is a bore. A flood. The barrel of a gun

Points somewhere off the coast, waiting
to fire in celebration. A thousand times
the embers we turn over to the sea.

III. *Lydia*

The only one taken.
Atlantic or straights. Tantalum mines.

Her sleeve
dipped from mud to rock.

She swept leftovers
off a bone bridge:

salt cod, flour, paper sown
over the brined.

Bluefish scattered
over bitumen.

His ivory shoulder. Obstructed waves
lapped on clay

(as does a child in one's lap).
Blue sown keel.

Low arch lowered sail,
high sleeves.

A sailcloth wrapped.
The fish nets

hammock a litter.
Hold the stretched skin.

The moorings rubbed
dove gray.

At the waist, coves.

Cliffs edge
near tropopause

to flood blue
then flood white,
or green earth.

Lift or peel cloths
from wine, feathers

discarded by a chopping block.
Kidney pond,

steel cut.
The hymnal from square

brushed by the salt wall.
The hulls, lung filled.

Hall cloth. White worn
off the shoulder.

Ivory shoals.
Letted.

A cutlass handle mounted
upon bier and bark. As air beats

with sulfur
a boy

drinks himself white. A lifted shift
lights her knees.

Moon pulls on water,
on ankles.

One creel toppled.
One carved mouth from soapstone.

Indenture. No long option of solvents.
Girl weighted in glasswork.

Roseate. Hail pattern. Coast.

Amidst smoke and castanets,
claps on cattle skin

is fog, mine steam.
No stone squares here, but
a fluted circus.

Concentric,
echo to peal.

IV. *Lilac* (9:111)

Around me. They cannot be signaling from a window. Except the bowing voices. Which may be men. Have they been spreading potash again?

It sweetens the ground. Outside. Among the low attendance of cars. When at dusk insects break from their tight wrappings. It trills.

It rings. I ward the windpipes into populations strolling with the cicadas. Would I if I planted the window beneath me. Begin to molt?

The tiles are cold. It is at the wall. An arm's reach from the window. Where squares start bending toward. Safety is the promise of all.

Come out you. Listen. I circled my thoughts in onion skin with high colors. Blue. Maybe a withered blue. But so much of it seeps through

The skin. I pinned it to wall. You read. I am, for you in ink, the voice undressed. Tear this sheet from this whitewashed stone. Wear it!

The wall produces some dandelions in response. Call them sunflowers. Call the mothers. Who come in white covers to undress the wall.

Do they carry loaves under their arms? No. Do they make each floor a widow's walk? Maybe they are still cleaners reeling the pulley and

Lowering themselves slowly. As water drips from the scaffold. To my sill. Outside. A small breeze works hard to unfold. My white gown

Sandy Baldwin

Title: PoetryLifeForms 3

[read aloud as informed by all that is already written]

I essay I

I marks the edge but inside the edge is also I
I is the inside of the outside of the edge of I

I permits I
I action gives permission gives action I

I * I
* signifies concatenation between I and I
* is not-appearing

semi-translucence = text
page * text

“poem “*” “ signifies “*”

“poem” is semi-translucence (text) of “*”

“Poetry” is “poem “poem “poem “poem “poem “poem “*” poem” poem” poem”
poem” poem”

“*” means “all poetry is false.” This is true, but “all poetry is
true” is false.

::

Heft

and hue

to have unheld a scale—

silver dishes little mirrors on their chains—

they go that way, This

and hoist

It's not like looking into a pool,
to let your intelligence run away with you

Come back quarter size,
apricot moon

to scatter is to echo?
as thread is to dark?

A changeling is a child that
appeared under cover

of the ordinary, in exchange

The morning came

I have such pretty handwriting
no one said but I myself thought it
to myself and so I matted it
like the grasses or a canvas or some
uncombed hair. It became a mess
which was the research of where things go.

A child could figure it out
if there is such a thing as "out"
in the sense of being figured
in

the thinking was like Origami,
everyone folded out of birds, into specific

kinds of birds

I call you

hickory

category

dot

Janet Holmes

1862.18 (337-342)

The

Oddity —

we buried

the Jacket he
buttoned in the
mornings,

The

Tie

The Beads
strung

Service

Boots

an Ear,

Wrecked,

And
And
And
And

so appalling

To know the worst

The Truth,

If
We

Stop

Just let

Others wrestle

Terror's

O'ertakeless

Sweep



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il se couche au soleil enveloppé de bouse et meurt le lendemain. L'arc-en-ciel, couleur rouge et vert clair est aussi un nuage et le reflet du soleil sur un nuage: le signe de la tempête. L'eau qui envahit ce nuage fait lever le vent et tomber la pluie et même dans certaines cavernes elle ruisselle. Floi'floss'omm' aflom'if'ler' fos'ouloi't'flui't' lui'ss'fon't' loi' 'ssoss' resse'e'el'sse sél'ot'fir't'foi'olf' ott oir'os't'fur'fer'of'sav't'loze t'f'f'al'if'for'loze'errse'olf't'lur't'if'f'et'a'omm't'. La terre repose sur l'eau comme un morceau de bois ou de quelque chose de semblable ou de quelque chose capable de flotter sur l'eau, la terre repose sur l'eau et flotte comme un navire, la terre flotte sur l'eau comme un bout de bois ou tout autre chose capable de surnager

all'as'an'el'or'el'bel'amund bel'ik' tan'du'drû'san'adab'emble or'it'or'el'ond'âm'à tao'ur'ndel-el bl'amble os'cos'it'u' arran'ha du har. Quand elle passe au-dessous du soleil, elle lui coupe ses rayons et produit une tache d'ombre de la largeur de son visage glauque, de son visage pâle, de ses yeux brillants

Les mouches piquent d'avantage avant un orage et *Dana le climat fait l'homme*, le Dr Mills affirme qu'avec les vents persistants, il a une influence sur le comportement humain. "C'est précisément pendant un coup de vent d'est, répéta le docteur à Voltaire, que Charles Ier fut décapité, que Jacques II fut déposé". L'air dans sa course apparaît parfois d'une manière, souvent d'une autre

c'est lui qui produit le tonnerre, les éclairs, la foudre et les ouragans; quand il est enfermé dans un nuage épais et qu'en raison de sa subtilité et de sa légèreté il en est expulsé, alors le déchirement cause le bruit et la dilatation illumine la nuit. Oufd'oufd'erg'ner'1 - 3 ver'soud'oli'-3 F'il'ni'ot'vil'ni'l'fou -1 Et'ol'é'vers'un p'oud' -3 un tout der dre der 1 - La foudre gouverne tout, la foudre gouverne l'univers, la foudre est un pilote. Toujours occupée à des petites actions serrées tendues, fixer un point jusqu'à dilatation, dessiner remplir saturer - il y avait des angles qui étaient un cadeau pour les yeux

la distraction, un pilote avec les démons indifférents aux intervalles, traître à la philosophie, tricheuse des fois. Pourtant, dit le stratège de guerre, les brumes matinales et les nuages épais ont des mérites, ils empêchent les liaisons et rendent l'ennemi invisible. L'air d'une manière souvent d'une autre et qui contient le monde en entier. La fumée monte verticalement, les girouettes sont inefficaces; le vent est sensible contre la peau du visage, les feuilles bruissent, une girouette est mise en mouvement; les feuilles et les ramures s'agitent, les petits pavillons se déplacent; la poussière et les papiers volent, les petites branches remuent; les petits arbres feuillus balancent, des vagues se forment sur l'eau;

les grosses branches se balancent, les fils télégraphiques piaulent, l'usage du parapluie est délicat; les grands arbres ploient, marcher à contre vent devient difficile; le vent arrache les ramures, déporte les voitures; légers dégâts aux toitures, le vent fait voler les cheminées; les arbres sont déracinés, les constructions subissent de gros dégâts. Un beau jour, Héracrite se retire excédé, ne mange plus que des plantes et des herbes qui le rendent hydroptique. Aux médecins il demande alors comment transformer des pluies en sécheresse. Ils ne comprennent rien, question, devinette, avertissement?

de Quelque chose cloche

Pour connaître la taille du soleil, il suffit de le regarder, il a exactement la grandeur qu'on lui voit: 28 fois celle de la terre. Pour sa part, la lune d'où un homme est tombé est 19 fois plus grande. Le soleil est large comme un pied d'homme. La bonne marche d'une planète dans son orbite n'est pas due au hasard, pas plus que le soleil nouveau chaque jour, mais le passage d'une comète et ses désordres, le heurt successif sidéral, si. Hasard c'est le nom d'un jeu de dés primitif, puis de tous ceux au savoir-faire inutile, jouer la partie en maniaque

rien n'est la cause ou alors les choses si complexes ou minuscules, suét'ous 'lulilur' ol'sér'let' luliel' sui'assui'elle'oeil'assélie'yeu ach'ass'éch'omb'ussér'laou'âl'or' brâl'reïll'suét-sis'yale'y yant, le plus bel ordre, l'ordre du monde est semblable à un tas d'ordures répandues pêle-mêle, le bel ensemble cosmique, le plus beau des tas répandu au hasard. À peine une rencontre, incognito un chat en fugue qui tombe nez à nez avec son maître, une collision, celle de causes minuscules en séries, aux effets incalculables astronomiques. La largeur d'un pied d'homme, mais de quelle peinture? Sans le soleil, et malgré les autres astres fixés comme des clous à la voûte, il ferait nuit, nuit complète et il n'y aurait pas de saisons. Par temps clair et si l'espace intermédiaire était vide, la moindre fourmi deviendrait visible dans le ciel

il est grand, plus grand que la lune qui a la forme d'un bol percé de trous, il est plat comme une feuille et a exactement la grandeur qu'on lui voit. Le soleil est poreux, la lune est trouée et les astres sont des pierres ponce. On verrait bien au hasard de la fourchette, écouter un robinet qui coule, découper du papier, écouter de nouveau un robinet qui coule avaient mené par l'ennui et un coup renouvelé du hasard, celui des causes minuscules, des arts plastiques à la philosophie. Il faut toujours avoir ses paquets tout prêts. Plus tard le retour, manière libre, un décrochement ou une éclipse — elle se produit par la fermeture de la bouche

première leçon dont on ne tire rien, la terre est emportée au milieu par un mouvement de rotation — tourbillon, vertige — et elle ressemble à un tambour. Le 28 mai 585 avant J.-C, Thalès prévoyait une éclipse de soleil pour l'après midi même. Il a raison, le soleil s'éclipse, la lune lui a fait écran avec sa propre lumière plus une d'emprunt qu'elle promène et renvoie comme un miroir de verre. La lune est un cercle, un disque plat, une masse d'air condensé, un feutre d'air, elle est l'anti-terre, un nuage feutre, de l'air épais, un bol, une lumière percée de trous qui s'ouvrent et se ferment, un miroir de verre. La lune a l'oeil rond et son odeur est celle de la poudre à canon.

(on voudrait cette lumière pour la voir se vider une orange
en remplir la moitié à demi d'huile de joie allumer son duvet
central blanc et peindre les bougés (un effet un tableau un vrai
long travail) on faillirait dirait de ce qu'on voit ce n'est pas ça)
'attendez laurent tente lucrezia vous avez un voilà sur la joue
c'est un signe c'est tout vous pouvez vous ouvrir le cœur vous
en dit)' imagine à présent davantage' 'oh)' imagine davantage
de présents lucrezia)' attends que tu aies un voilà sur la joue'

elle aime assez que pour la toucher laurent déplace sa cible
et consent: après une longue exposition aux yeux des dames
au goût des autres les yeux de l'homme cachent des damiers
rouges & noirs et perspectifs & fourmillants quand il les ferme
personne ne voit n'a vu ni rien qu'un baiser viennois en éclairer
l'intérieur de la bouche néanmoins lucrezia y allume un feu
dont on pourrait penser qu'il est doux si on pouvait penser
qu'il est doux de n'y pas penser et qu'il traverse la paupière

finallement le décollage (ou le -lement) du rose des bouches
secoue tant dans son rappel au monde qu'il tend davantage
vers la décollation que le pied (tête tourne comme tournera
chambord dans l'escalier à double entrée sortie révolution)
s'il doit y avoir quelque chose entre nous (c'est un murmure
à peine perçue) il ne tient plus qu'à vous lui lâche laurent
de l'entretenir mais vous ouvriez-vous le reprend-elle un peu
si je vous embrassais encore les yeux? embrassez-les pour voir

et 'ce à quoi tu penses t'emplit' m'emplit c'est d'abord une vue
de l'esprit de merveille j'aimerais tant croire que penser ce 'ce'
soit lui faire place en soi comme mettons l'air dans la caverne
à l'eau qui monte pour lire les traces qu'il laisse en retombant
niant la décrue remonté le baiser se prolonge dans l'espace
d'un instant qui leur semble tous les deux éternel à laurent
parce qu'il ne finit pas à elle parce qu'il durera toujours et dont
il redoute qu'il efface à lui seul toute trace de toute pensée

le faisant pourtant d'un geste on peut s'abstraire d'un coup
sans bien savoir comment fait laurent en son for embrassant
fort la fille l'embrassant aussi dense et profond qu'il la quitte
discret égale haleine de peur d'aimer avoir besoin de ça fort:
aimer sentir vouloir toucher monter dans le corps lui plaît
une seconde l'atteint très vite pourtant l'idée de l'abandon
total à l'autre tout dès lors sans même en avoir l'air captif
de soi seul et pensant comme en boucle de bois il s'absorbe

arrive ainsi qu'en se voulant dans le même temps b ni et beau
d monstratrices en arrivant les mains se touchent le plateau
gonflant en colline les collines en serpents se muant (de vie
d'homme affabulent les beaux livres on n'en vit d'aussi beaux)
(pour  tre) juste un escargot dormant en chaque  mu chacun
au commencement du geste d'amour de lui-m me en fr lant
sa moiti  se replie des antennes puis quand l'autre se ravise
se ravise   son tour retourn  et se transforme en beaut )

les tout ou plus petits détails anatomiques et les lamelles
de lumière dans ses jambes de dedans elle les bouge en soi
je ne dis dit laurent mot rien je perds mes yeux dans l'herbe
et l'eau c'est juste pour dire on dit que l'émotion y pousse
il rince ses doigts dans sa bouche au grand air sur la langue
j'ai le goût des bêtes qui font les nuages en font aussi parfois
plusieurs des voyages loin dit-il longuement et brutalement
se bloquent sur un plateau (tendant les mains) suspendues

Le baiser
from *Mon Laurent* (Paris: P.O.L., 2003)

'uni bleu roi du ciel de la robe de celle qu'il touche tutoie
sa main cette bretelle horizon si elle bougeait en bougeant
renverserait Florence comme l'aquarium en orbite autour
de son niveau d'eau doux tangue (déséquilibre para-chute)
tenez l'eau est une chose (trésor) et les choses sont claires
démêlées rêve laurent ses tresses on s'y noierait les doigts
prolongeant l'âme entière entier et plutôt deux fois qu'une
(une fois la peur abandonnée on y fondrait à une lenteur)

· autre stupéur autre folie . bien noter sur le genou qu'ils
détenaient la douceur la posture l'incarnat et quoi
— que nous étions des leurs . échinés devant

toi davantage . perdu dans ces paysages nains
comme eux dans leurs pigments broyés
· braseras aujourd'hui par mon cœur disposés

sur les pas de porte des traboules . plongée.

· mais puisque — c'est Naples qui revient . d'une baie
quelques uns de ... peut-être — la maison du chirurgien
sur le site et ces bassins vides sous de grands arbres

le long des voies . vestiges . mêmes amphithéâtres . allons !
· des déserts nous séparent est vrai comme sentir tes
yeux parmi les roses . ta main nouveau visage .

· pour cela aussi mon silence . sa traversée . aux lignes

du dessin . comme suit ce filet d'eau en marge des potagers
par les villages haut perchés à l'ombre des tonnelles . comme
ajouré il — se prête sous l'auvent . aux regards fantassins .

Vente de fruits sous les toits circulaires
 – fresques d'abondance. États Ornés . ornant
 le voyage en avril . A mûri, l'idylle aussi . tes mains
 débutteraient .dire qu'elles cherchaient quoi . finalement
 ? puisque maintenant là . tu pourrais être là . cet
 homme qui entre dans la *Celateria* du quartier chic
 .ai naturellement fermé les yeux à ce sujet
 . les ouvre : pas plus de toi que de sirène
 pas plus de fée que de printemps . le musée
 est en grève .seuls les érotiques se visitent
 . or devant ces dieux aucune crise / ni rien
 – notre lit seulement .les filages et l'ordalie d'un
 seul comme hier par la voix souveraine
 échappée de Jorge Luis Borges .écrivain
 . musée surané sur la corniche . Jérôme B. peintre :
 sa composition prodigieuse visitée par personne .
 . foule disparue devant la nef ? et *La tentation*
 où soufflent monstres, couleurs, récits humains
 – d'égarements dans le *vino verde* .sous le mauve
 des Polonias que n'as-tu compris alors ? que ce rouge
 peint sa traduction impossible .et le personnage
 courbé .l'ordre irréductible dans le geste cru
 comme l'image reviendrait et le spectacle d'Issenheim
 la peste d'Issenheim . éblouissant visage

. un geste littéral dorsal et critique – ce bras
de toi autour à hauteur du 67 qu'en a-t-il
jamais été ? . *alle vongole* ton boral

. varaigne dérivée ou vers disputé pour sa couleur
Naples . féminale . avec ces madones aux angles
et l'étendue de ton rire un jour au MOMA

. ajouter ce désastre dans l'équation de midi!

– à une heure de la ville au bout du quai . amies
comme échangées dans l'écart bleu et rond
passerons la commande des gens du coin

(un délice) – alors oui là prendre soin de ne pas
aller contre l'invention large d'un composé
de mosaïques de péristyles . de coques cuites

aussi . demeure de la seconde épouse

jusqu'à laquelle nous devisons . la figues peintes
dans la panetière . recouvertes d'un léger tissu de lin
protégeant – visible et fruits des oiseaux tant redoutés

par l'artiste et la maîtresse de ces lieux plus qu'imaginés
– craquelures . antichambres . ouvertures sur les bains
. froid décidément inhabituel pour la saison

Une baie comme Naples

Une baie comme Naples peut être

pâtisserie provençale . là bien après
sucre glace . fleur d'oranger . vanille
— saveur étale devant l'opéra . forme

épaulée . mordue par le nouveau visage

. comme une baie peut être en toi
— Naples ou les dé mêlures de la mer
face aux plages défilant . indiquées

. enchaînements simples de fenêtres et écrans
sur lesquels . des corps de plan . *vognt d'oro*
par exemple . salle Beauregard j'y repense

et pourquoi au fond ce Godard-ci ? tu viens

me rejoindre pour la séance . tes yeux vert
amande . puis arrivera l'été de la pouliche
à la robe isabelle . ton sourire originaire

avec du nord dedans . de l'Afrique et de l'Italie
ainsi nos pas que cet ensemble fixe . rue Charlot
— la nuit . rue Debelleyrne . Carreau du Temple aussi .

Réveil

23.

aucune idée de, le ciel pense que manque, manque sur les eaux, si nuit encore ou, à la terrasse, la silhouette de, qu'une trace sur, sinon seul projette sur cargos, imagine le piqué en déjà esthétique, déplace circulaire, fixe-imagine, en neuf minutes déplace l'éclairage progressif des toits aux bâtiments, émerge, définit les surfaces en plan immobile plus possible, que l'avancée saisie des années avant, point de vue identique, approche, reprise, un bateau en plan gris, horizontal, cuivre augmente

oiseaux plaquent, passent rapide de nuées en, brisent en temps deux

reprise

lumière s'élève, bascule, si l'hiver n'illumine progressive.

24.

Là, seul, là, avant de, regarde l'obscurité, les toits, couvre d'autres, simple là, le soleil décline, en haut est vue large, l'auvent, les pins dans l'éclairage urbain.

25.

Déplace, retour

les montagnes, désert, dans le brouillard, le gel, un balcon

fixe en, le monde à, afflige en hiver, du brouillard avant que.

26.

Une jeune femme qui, ou lèvres, matin de.

27.

Avant tout instable, amorce hiver, un ou l'instable, désirs dirigent, qu'établit une relation ou.

18.

Bord du fleuve

contre-jour, palmiers et projecteurs en une ou, déjà, en ajoute à la mer fixe-vert est

l'espace vert entre nuage et la ligne horizon, déplace à cargo, le lointain où cadre

coucher n'est réel

Casablanca, Technicolor, Hergé

du bord, au bord du monde ou.

19.

Bordure des pins déserte qui impressionne par gris blanc, le rivage en mesure une image conforme

blanc au vert à orange ou bien imprègne, s'imprime en langues d'eau, re-blanc, l'eau inerte des tonalités où fixe, sans nuage, traînée blanche d'avion dissipe final rouge, rouge compose tout demi-teinte au gris beige de, et l'eau à, sable irise humide, pétrole à, jaune acide et ralenti sur corps, là ponctuent.

20.

Des rues calmes, en tant que dimanche à la campagne, l'odeur, si les arbres, pense à, l'air de, jusqu'ici, l'odeur océanique.

21.

De sensations sur, de l'autre colline au soleil fixe encore, connais le chemin, les corps de bâtiments, sans aucune vue au fleuve où qu'indique seule teinte, indique, d'une couleur, les surfaces des murs.

22.

Sur la terrasse échange, regarde ou la peau tonale par réflexion de et reflète en une photographie, plusieurs de la peau très particulière au rose-beige émotif ou transparent de, imprègne de, l'arrangement vu d'un soir.

14.

Un, autre chose, un transport, mouvement produit anodin
les départs et relie, relie la suite

une route, les arbres en blanc ou couleur blanc fantôme, montagnes, longue ligne de couleur ou
d'herbe ondule, vent filtre, nuances passent, sur gris d'oliviers, à très foncent, épuisent.

15.

La colline note, hésite-oscille, à la pluie, la suite

brumes à clair sur murs-mosaïques, la saisie en miroir, copie ses surfaces liquides
atmosphériques

blanc-zinc-soleil, humide nuageux, pense lait-fige, occlusion redonne la réflexion du ciel, réflexion
à suite modulations, brillances, vert à très amande ou variable bleu à, qu'une gamme à laquelle
superpose la mouvançe de, échange

ciel fixe à la géométrie, de l'un par l'autre.

16.

De deux sur la ville ou, globale, la plongée aux croisements

ruelles en couloirs soudain, au ciel ouverts sur fleuve ou ciel comme au-dessus blanc-gris

la végétation

orangers en un, terrasse trois au soleil, l'eau fluviale

bruit blanc

un gris.

17.

Regarde-fixe soleil, en suite, la terrasse, de nuages-trâînes à lente aspirant les couleurs circonscrites
décline passe à, s'inscrit, regarde

un projet, terrasse, n'aboutit, ne, sinon je, par, modifie perceptif.

08.

Première impressionne par gris blanc, le rivage mesure, compose conforme blanc à vert imprègne le, s'imprime en langues d'eau, re-blanc à l'eau inerte, des tonalités ciel où, sans nuage, l'eau stagnante à, humide à, pétrole à, est, constant acide, gyroscope ralenti.

09.

Sinon, sur l'objectif projetée, fixe, imagine, définit les surfaces en plan immobile possible, autant que, sa reprise

un bateau en large sur horizontal et cuivre-soleil

oiseaux plaquent dans, abrupt rapide, nuées en mouvement, brisent, deux temps, l'étales.

10.

Un retour, un désert, une route, le brouillard, des oliviers, gel... désole en hiver le monde, un extrême afflige avant que ne se fixe.

11.

Une femme lit dans un train, levres à lumière, matin, dedans, de perpendiculaire.

12.

S'établit instable, amorce l'instable, un début, désirs et corps établissent une relation ou.

13.

Elle ou ne peut reprendre ou impossible reprend, reprend encore autre si imprime le nu à ses mouvements

genoux, bords, découpe

L'ondulation certaine, l'image à la lueur, une partie une encadre, le corps, désordre qui la forme et pivots seulement de la forme de provoque, exprime, consomme, qu'une autre ne fixe, résulte, réalise la matière de.

passe terrasse ouverte sur fleuve ou, comme blanc-gris végétal, orangers, palmiers, projecteurs en décor-flm déjà, la mer fixe-vert, distillateur-rayon, la ligne, cargo sur le lointain, bord du monde où oiseaux plaquent le plan, abrupt rapide, nuées en mouvement brisent deux temps.

04.

Un, déplace, retour, route, le brouillard, des oliviers, le gel... désole en hiver le monde, un extrême afflige avant que se fixe

une femme lit dans un train, lèvres à lumière, matin, dedans, de perpendiculaire.

05.

S'installe instable, amorce, désirs et dirigent si l'image qu'imprime un nu à ses mouvements, certaine, imprime à, une encadre, lisse corps, ondule, désordre qui forme courbes et pivots seulement sont cause, la forme de provoque, consomme ou autre ne fixe, ne réalise seulement à sa matière.

06.

Relie, relie, suite

une route aligne arbres en blanc couleur, couleur blanc, longue ligne de couleur, nuages ou passent sur gris d'oliviers très bleu foncent, épuisent.

07.

Temps hésite-oscille, à clairs murs-mosaïques ou miroir, copie de surface atmosphérique, nuageux, liquide blanc-zinc-fige, en redonne, image, la réflexion, ciel-réflexion, à suite module ou vert rabat à très presque, variable bleu à blanc, gamme superpose à laquelle la trame de ou échange constant aux motifs fixes qu'une, trouble, l'un, l'autre, passe terrasse deux, couloirs soudain, soudain ouverts, fleuve ou ciel comme blanc-gris à la végétation, orangers et palmiers

terrasse trois sur l'eau fluviale, bruit et une gris constamment, bord du fleuve, contre-jour et projecteurs en décor-flm en ajoute la vue sur le fixe-vert, distillateur-rayon, l'espace vert, la ligne, cargo sur le lointain cadre en coucher irrèel, l'idée de, au bord du monde
 fleuve.

Fixe, désole en hiver

À Jean-Charles et Sophie Vergne

00.

Instable, l'image s'établit, amorce hiver, l'image qu'imprime, fixe en, s'établit instable, hiver qu'imprime, qu'une autre ne

les arbres, blancs fantômes sur terre d'oliviers désolent-fixent, hiver, si autre ne fixe en blanc sur gris et palmiers

décor-film déjà à l'horizon, oiseaux brisent, temps étale, gel et oliviers, désolent en hiver.

01.

S'établit instable, hiver, si l'image qu'imprime ou qu'une ne fixe, relie, relie la suite

les arbres en couleur ou blanc fantôme sur terre d'oliviers épuisent-superposent de

fixent le ciel, motifs, orangers et palmiers, décor-film déjà, la mer fixe-vert à la ligne horizon, cargo sur monde ou fleuve, oiseaux brisent, temps étale, un, déplace

brouillard, le gel désole, fixe hiver afflige, avant que ne se fixe

lit dans un train, lèves à la lumière, la perpendiculaire.

02.

Instable, amorce hiver, si qu'imprime le nu à mouvements, l'ondulation imprime l'image à, lisère, corps ondule, désordre qui forme courbes et pivots seulement sont cause, la forme de provoquer, consomme ou autre ne fixe, ne réalise, seulement à sa matière relie, relie la suite

les arbres en couleur ou couleur blanc sur terre d'oliviers, à très bleu épuisent.

03.

Aux clairs murs-mosaïques, saisie, surface humide, nuageuse, image le reflète à suite module, brille, superpose trame ou échange, fixe ciel aux

Pourquoi les préfixes sont-ils appliqués?

[b-] préfixe b-köd, assigner

assigné, un travail
se finit — tant mieux!
morte la nourrice, c'est tant mieux
pour la mère.

Le préfixe masculin [b-], c'est pour marquer le passé et la transitivité.
Les préfixes neutres [g-, et d-] sont une marque du présent.

Le préfixe féminin ['a-] signifie
l'intransitivité, et le futur.

Le préfixe très féminin [m-], marque la transitivité, l'intransitivité, et les trois temps indifféremment.

[b-] préfixe b-kug
incliner
étendu j'entends la flèche
accroupi
entends l'arc

b-*rkyangs*
étendue / couchée:
la prose (*r*)*kYang* pa

kyag'-kam

Merde sèche
que le fleuve charrie, mais jamais
la barque du gouvernement
central!

°kabs,
(ça se prononce Cap)

fois,
parfois la rivière trop haute, et
parfois la berge trop haute, cela
arrive

Le bonheur

(°)kyi(d), le bonheur
kyi kyang,
tellement gai

Tellement gai
d'être Lama! : un Joyau...
Tristesse, la vie passée
en est la cause

kyang, et/ou, mais,
même

particule conjonctive, et augmentative:

même sans héritage
on est moine au monastère;
même falot
on est l'enfant chéri de ses
père et mère

homonyme

le moins il y a de bien
— le plus moine on sera
le moins il y a de doutes
le plus chéri sera
l'enfant

OCCLUSIVES SOURDES :

bilabiales	p	non aspirées
dentale	t	
rétroflexe	tr	
palatale	ky	
vélaire	k	

AFFRIQUÉES

non aspirées	ts	alvéopalatale
		tch

tchang ki, le loup.
tchang ki la ki, *Les loups hurlent,*
aux bergers l'orthographe

le loup

Gloire au voleur, et
longue vie au loup!

le voleur

il est dans la maison — — —
le verrou est tiré sur l'extérieur

(^o)kyag'

la merde

ka-(b)a, pilier
(prononcer wa)

Entre les poutres quoi?
des bottes de presles;
les dents n'empêchent pas
qu'on rende

lér, dressé

Dressés (les chevaux)
Plats (les moutons)
Bossus (les yaks)
des trois le maître. Mieux
vaudrait du corps
du verbe et de l'esprit
des trois la discipline
contracter

ka voyelle «o», ko

kowa, le cuir

un yak
issu d'un père yak
et d'une mère de père yak
et de mère vache
n'a pas besoin de couverture:
les hybrides
ont la peau dure

Tout d'abord je m'incline
devant ceux qui sont habiles à la
composition poétique.
Écoutez, tandis que j'énonce
les fondements de l'orthographe:
Les lettres se divisent en deux classes: les ali ou
série 'a' et les kâli ou série
'ka'. Dans la série 'a'
on distingue
quatre voyelles, i et
les autres.
La série 'ka' compte trente consonnes.
*(ky à ka, la pie. Une pie
jolie. Un vapin, deux pies)*

ka, l, le commencement.

*Depuis le commencement non je n'ai pas été
ce qui émerge de soi*

ka-li, le crâne

calice
le crâne qui
attendait la pluie;
des reins les vertèbres
le sable a
remplies

MWEIC

Et des patients à la genievre, malade avec l'attente, embrassaient Genève du regard
And patients with juniper, sick with waiting, looked out over Geneva
Ainsi la vue générale de Geneva s'offrit à ceux, souffrant d'impatience, attendant dans les baies
savoureuses

GDSGGD

chet lit les 5 sandwiches, don't le jambon est issu de son texte
sabine dit le titre en acrostiche et les mots entre les sandwiches, issue de la première lettre de chaque
sixième mot.

TO

sabine lit les 5 sandwiches, don't le jambon est issu de son texte
chet dit le titre en acrostiche (retransformé en mot) et les mots entre les sandwiches, issue de la
première lettre de chaque douzième mot. (j'avais plus de mot dans mon texte, c'est pour cela qu'on
a compté jusqu'à 12 et non pas 6)
on ponctue avec des instruments cuivrasses sur lesquels on bang avec une branche de rhubarbe.

SPEEking MUG

Détends quand ce n'est une sorte de révélation pressée[e] à ne pas se soucier
Ease up as the light brings a kind of clarification urging not to worry
À l'aise ça paraît à la lumière plus claire il urge sans problème

SPTCLPT

Tourne toujours quand je regarde encore par dessous mon épaule
Turns that much as I kept looking over my shoulder
Circulez autant que je jette un oeil au passé

PMMSU

Plus vite qu'un œuf, ça va moins lentement là, comme couve
Faster than an egg taking less time now, brooding like
Accélère un œuf qui se hâte plus qu'avant, sombre chaudement

QLELSH

Heurtant une harpe il tremblerait contre moi
Colliding with a harp he would tremble against me
Il entre en collision, avec la harpe, et il vibre à mes côtés, tout contre

TIGIT

all's still except for the flies around the plants outside, just the agitation of the animal on the potted vegetable
rien remue et les mouches sautent dans la terre dehors ça reste tel pendant que l'animal agite le végétal dans son terrestre empoté
the buzz in the stillness passing from petal to leaf, one kind of motion, as if active on passive

TILSA

love sucking flowers white, its very death in aiming. I'd like to kill them before all the peony's green is sapped
l'amour des fleurs sucé à blanc la tue et les vise je voudrais les assassiner pour qu'elles n'évident pas la pivoine de son vert
since the end of one's a kind of end of two, better halt the swarm and stay fresh

IIIVSH

the lines in the book Di gave me, thanks to Padi—it all seems so complicated in this uncomplicated complicated apartment.
je lis dans les lignes du livre que Di m'a offert et que j'ouvre grâce à Padi ça a l'air très compliqué et c'est un bilboquet d'appartement
What kind of story told for what reason and why is it like this here? Reading

GUMCW

about ratiBOR in probstheide in grünewald in Klein Flottbeck at the gare de l'est on my couch
de ratiBOR à probstheide à grünewald à klein Flottbeck à la gare de l'est sur mon canapé
again ratiBOR in probstheide in grünewald in Klein Flottbeck at the gare de l'est on my couch

IOAIC

with silences as rich as mountain climbers' power bars or _____. Is this a quiz?
avec des silences riches comme des nourritures pour alpinistes ou _____. c'est un quiz?
Filling out recharged, but why?

Détends quand ce n'est une sorte de révélation pressée[e] à ne pas se soucier
À l'aise ça paraît à la lumière plus claire il urge sans problème

Tourne toujours quand je regarde encore par dessous mon épaule
Circulez autant que je jette un oeil au passé

Plus vite qu'un œuf, ça va moins lentement là, comme couve
Accélère un œuf qui se hâte plus qu'avant, sombre chaudement

Heurtant une harpe il tremblerait contre moi
Il entre en collusion, avec la harpe, et il vibre à mes côtés, tout contre

Et des patients à la genèivre, malade avec l'attente, embrassaient Genève du regard
Ainsi la vue générale de Geneva s'offrit à ceux, souffrant d'impatience, attendant dans les baies
savoureuses

All's still except for the flies around the plants outside, just the agitation of the animal on the
 potted vegetable
 the buzz in the stillness passing from petal to leaf, one kind of motion, as if active on passive
 Love sucking flowers white, its very death in aiming. I'd like to kill them before all the peony's
 green is sapped
 since the end of one's a kind of end of two, better halt the swarm and stay fresh
 The lines in the book Di gave me, thanks to Padi—it all seems so complicated in this
 uncomplicated complicated apartment.
 What kind of story told for what reason and why is it like this here? Reading
 about ratibor in probstheide in grünewald in Klein Flottbeck at the gare de l'est on my couch
 again ratibor in probstheide in grünewald in Klein Flottbeck at the gare de l'est on my couch
 with silences as rich as mountain climbers' power bars or _____. Is this a quiz?
 Filling out recharged, but why?

Ease up as the light brings a kind of clarification urging not to worry
Turns that much as I kept looking over my shoulder
Faster than an egg taking less time now, brooding like
Colliding with a harp he would tremble against me
And patients with juniper, sick with waiting, looked out over Geneva

rien remue et les mouches sautent dans la terre dehors ça reste tel pendant que l'animal agite le végétal dans son terrestre empoté

l'amour des fleurs sucé à blanc la tue et les vise je voudrais les assassiner pour qu'elles n'évident pas la pivoine de son vert

je lis dans les lignes du livre que Di m'a offert et que j'ouvre grâce à Padi ça a l'air très compliqué et c'est un bilboquet d'appartement

de rathbor à probstheide à grünewald à klein flotbeck à la gare de l'est sur mon canapé

avec des silences riches comme des nourritures pour alpinistes ou _____ c'est un quiz?

Laisée de côté par chance elle sauta, il rêva
Sauté sans prévenir elle bondit il rêvait
J'ai lu des vers de Racine et des phrases de Quignard
L'engrenage offusqué aussi utile que perdu
Une vitesse sous nuage c'est technobrouille
Dans le silence de ma vie en habitant l'écho solide
Viens en autre rien, à nouveau puis sans tête
Rien un autre arrive, puis davantage sans réfléchir
On dirait même que c'est longtemps le matin et comment la journée commence lentement
Matière de degré de surface en tas
Une question de degré, combien de sujets laissés
Et jour férié sans travail en plus

Skipped without notice she jumped he was dreaming
I read some Racine, rehearsed some Quignard
Reading verses in root and Quignard's phrases
A gear under a cloud as nebulous technostuff
Cut off reverberations brought me back
Silence in the life living solid and echo
Nothing comes another, then again without thinking
You'd think the morning would never end
A slow start after the first light
It's as if it's a long time morning and how the day begins, slow
Matter of degree topic amount
No one going anywhere no work to do
Also labor day to party

Skp no notice säe jumi he wass dream
saate Sands preventir elele Bondit il revarit
Lasse de Coe par Chan ele satuta, il Revel
j'ai luu des veres de Raine et des phrases de kling Naru
I reaa sose Rayine, rele arsed sose Kai nord
Readingo vei saos in Ropot and Kai nards phras
a gar un erp a clout as nebulous teki no stuf
Lang reen aie offu skue asusi Utillie ke peruu
unen veit este suos nuage ces Tekon o Broaïlle
Das le silene de ma vie en hari taot lako soline
Cat of Revel Berta Titon Brot me Bäck
Silenee in the life liv innu Solin and Eho

Noo hinggu koes ano Tver, tuen avain Wilk hoit tmi nyin
Vien en autere reen, a nau v puis saos teet
Rein un autere aro ryve, puis Dava nag saas rem luki
On di rakit mene ke kesti longat empi le matin et kom.
Menty la joiu ne Coe mäen c Leat emo enot
oy tinkka the Moring ould neva erp eno
As loi Startit av terä the fin rs likat
Itse as im itse a long tie Moring and hop the Dag Begin, s loi
Mat Tver of deg rae topin ambo unet
Mato Imre de Deger de surua Che en taat
unet kas taton de Deger, komi Ben de suju etsi lait sees
et jour för Rio saos tri Vall en plus
no on g Inga an yö hereä no Works to du
Atso labour Dayn to parta

In the second stage, for the next set of lines, we each doubled our own writing, line by line, in the same language as the original. (For shorter lines this sometimes resembled kenning—e.g., the ancient Anglo-Saxon and Germanic metaphor-stretching method, as in *œa = waldes lighway*—which we noted was also somewhat of an originary poetic recovery, given that Sabine's first language is German and Chet's is English. Like the presence of Finnish between English and French on the "Spelling and Grammar" pull-down menu, we took this as an indication we were onto something.) Then we each made one English and one French translation of what had just been doubled by the original writer.

After intoning the Ur-Finnish-spellchecked version and some of the separated all French all English compilations deriving from original lines and translations by both of us into both French and English, we read texts which resulted from sandwiching the original doubled lines of the second stage between one English and one French translation of it, punctuated with words to be delivered as a chant based on extracting every nth letter from the sandwiched stanza. We improvised a mode of delivery making use of a parsimonious thumping of rhubarb stalks against copper pots. All writing was maintained in its original order, based on the excerpted passage from Sabine's original French and Chet's original English writing.

Since we knew each others' work we sought to pursue what seemed to us to be an essential point of the translation encounter organized by Sarah Riggs and Cole Swensen: the opportunity to encounter each others' writing more closely through writing and translation—and of course to come up with something that would be interesting for others from the work we'd do on our work.

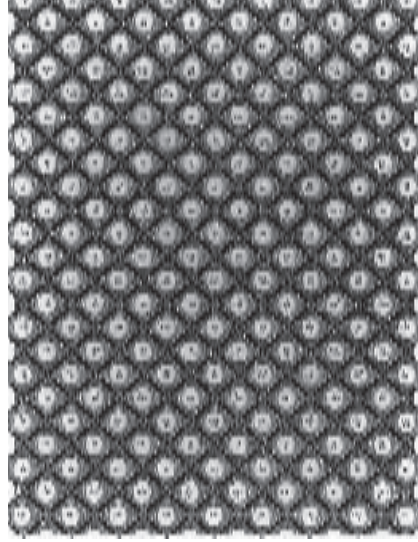
On the one hand we had the idea that if all readings are translations, multiple readings of a poem necessarily offer multiple translations. On the other hand was our question concerning the fact that we were two poets with two sets of work: should our pursuit to encounter one another's writing through translation be comprised of one project (some kind of compilation of translations of our writing) or two (for instance, translations by Sabine of Chet's writing and vice versa)?

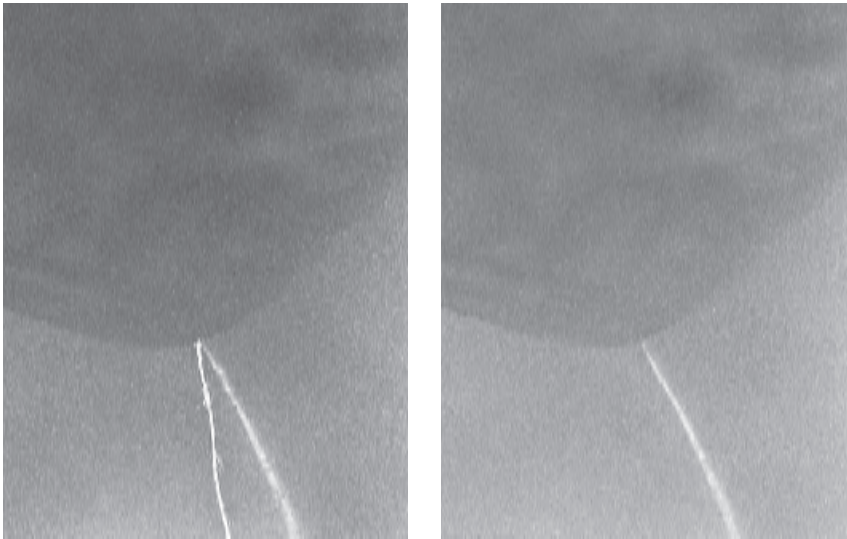
Given this double problematic we hit on the idea of drawing on Finland's epic, the *Kalevala*. Here's a tiny bit of history as we shift into describing the reasons for this: the *Kalevala* derives from the efforts of the Finnish doctor and linguist, Elias Lönnrot, who combed Finland's countryside in the first half of the nineteenth century and assembled what he found—including intercalations by his own hand when necessary—into that grand encompassing heroic poem. These endeavors bore significant fruit, as the poem soon became a rallying point for Finn identity and the movement for independence from Russian domination; on the level of metrics it was Longfellow's model for *Hiawatha*.

To us it offered tremendous potential for collaboration, particularly on the formal level, for combining our writing and translation and attempting to do so in an amalgamated form. This is because the mode of the *Kalevala*'s unfolding takes place through repetition: a line redelivers the previous line, making use of and re-expressing its metaphors, messages, themes, narration, etc. The epic adventure proceeds explicitly through revoicings which can easily be considered in terms of rewriting, reading, and translation. Further, anthropological and philological studies suggest that the origin of the *Kalevala*'s pattern of progression derives from the presence of two bards in the oral delivery, each one re-expressing the last line of the other.

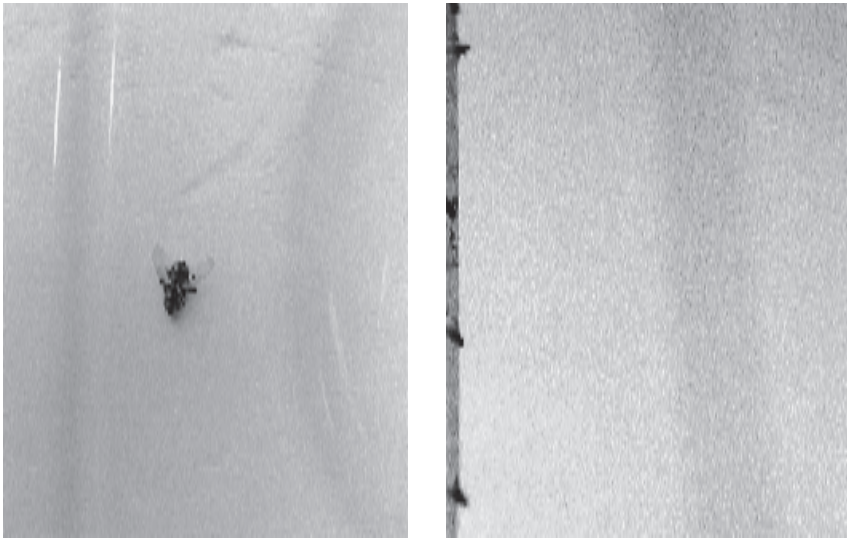
Taking our cue from the *Kalevala* as a model of culling and doubling, each of us selected a contiguous section from our writing (SM: *Himmel und Urd; C.W.: Lobby as Thrill*) and subjected it to a double process. We both translated a series of lines of the other's text and we did a Finnish spellcheck on each translated line. Then we compiled the French, English and Finnish texts separately and considered the Finnish spellchecked poem to be our reconstituted Ur-text. We read that first at the reading.

he lies down in the sun covered with manure and dies the next day. The rainbow, pale green and red, is both a cloud and the reflection of the sun on a cloud: the sign of a tempest. The water that overflows this cloud makes the wind rise and the rain fall and even in certain caverns run in rivers. Floi'floss'omm' a'flom'ir'ler' fos'oulo'i't'flui't' lul'ss'fon't' loi'ssoss' resseie'sse sel'ot'fir't'foi'ol'ot'oir'os't'fur' fer'of'sav't'loze t'fa'al'if'for'loze'errse'ol't'flur't' lifetia'omm't'. The earth rests on the water like a piece of wood or something similar or something able to float on water, the earth rests on the water and floats like a ship, the earth floats on the water like a chunk of wood or something else able to tread water

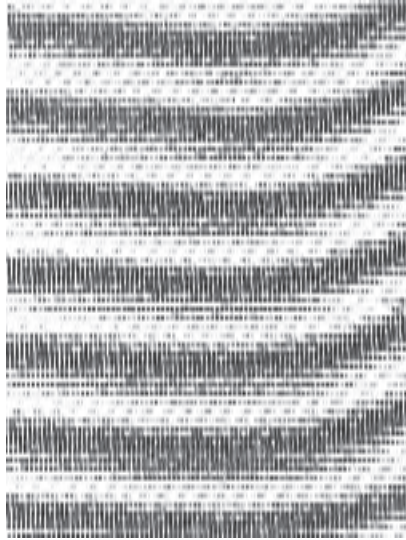




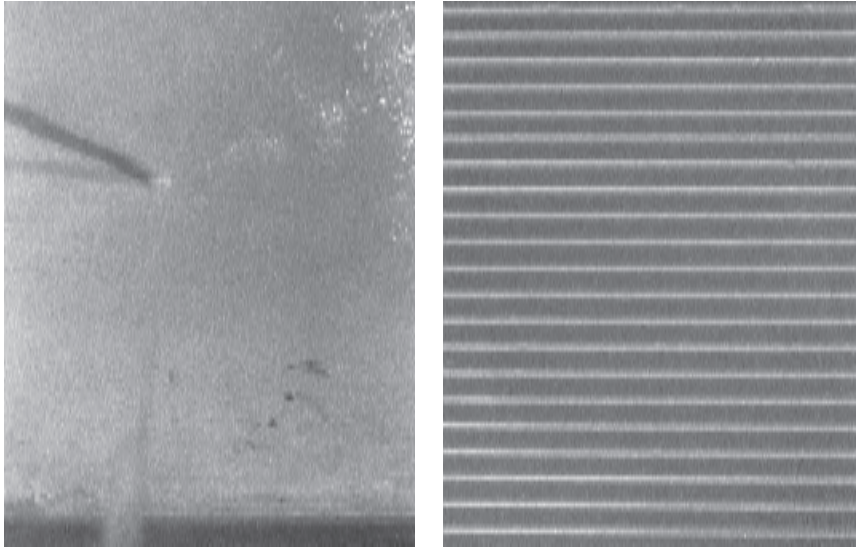
big branches toss, overhead wires whip, umbrella use gets delicate; huge trees bend over, walking against the wind is hard; the wind rips off branches, carries away cars; roofs are damaged, the wind knocks off chimneys; the trees are torn up, buildings are mangled. One fine day Heroclitus, fed up, goes into exile, eating nothing but plants and herbs, which gives him dropsy. Of the doctor he asks how to turn rain to drought. He doesn't get it, question, riddle, warning?



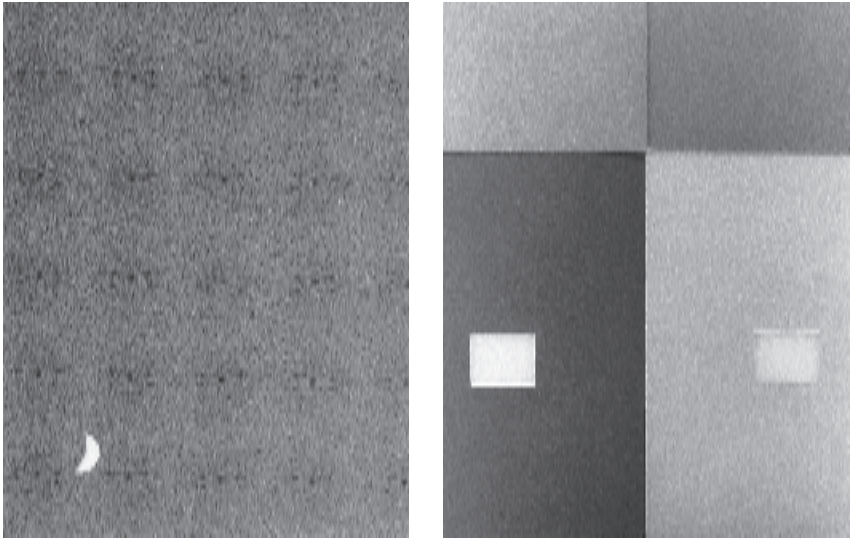
distraction, a pilot with devils indifferent to intervals, traitor to the mind, swindler at times. However, says military strategy, morning mists and dense clouds have their merits, they thwart connections and render the enemy invisible. The air in one way often in another and which holds the whole world. Smoke rises vertically, weather-vanes don't budge; you can feel the wind on your face, the leaves rustle, the weather-vane starts turning; the leaves and twigs start rattling, ships' flags flap; dust and papers scatter along, small branches sway; small leafy trees toss, small waves form on the water;



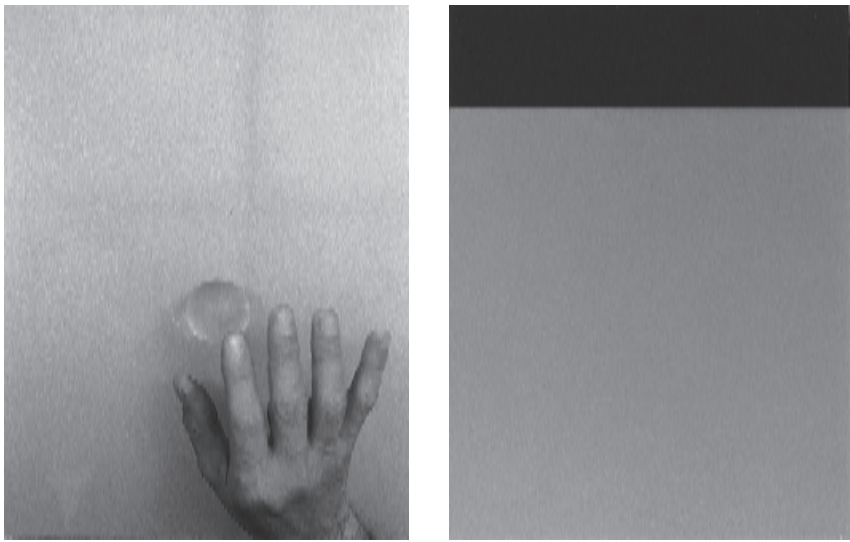
Flies bite more before a storm, and in *The Climate Makes the Man*, Dr. Mills affirms that with persistent winds, it influences human behavior. "It was precisely during a great wind from the east," the doctor told Voltaire, "that Charles I was beheaded and Jacques II dethroned." Air in its travels appears sometimes one way, often another

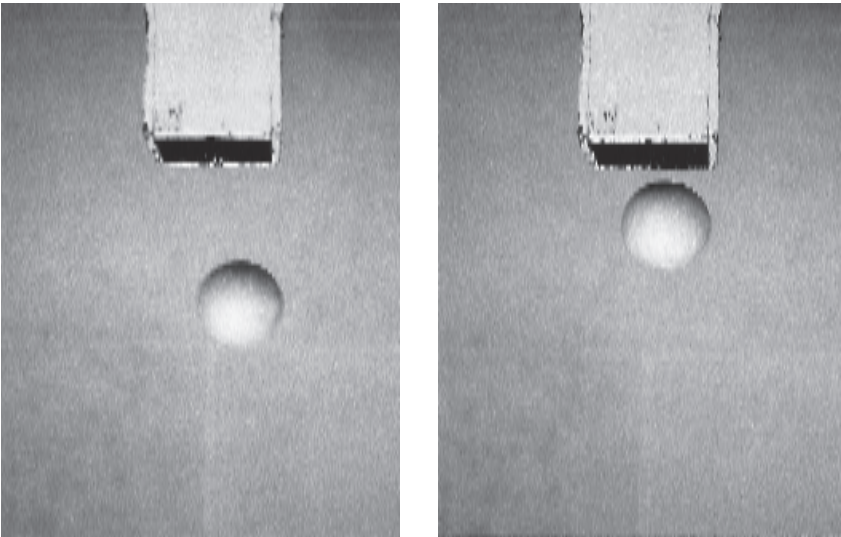


it's what creates thunder, lightning, and hurricanes; when it's locked into a dense cloud and is, due to delicacy and levity, rapidly expelled, the tear causes the noise and the opening lights up the night. Outd'ou'd'erg'ner '1 - 3 ver'soud'ol'-3 Fil'r'il'ot'vil'nil'fou -1 Et'ol'e'vers'un p'roud'-3 un tout dre der 1 - Lightning rules all, lightning rules the universe, lightning is a pilot. Always busy with tiny, tight, tense gestures, to fix on a point until it opens out, to draw to fill in to saturate—there were angles that were gifts to the eyes



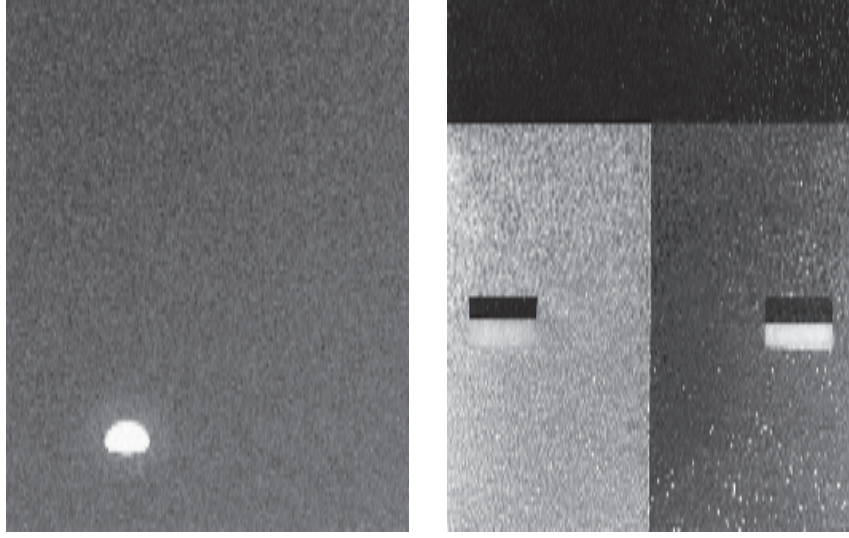
first lesson and nothing learned, the earth is carried off in the middle by a rotating motion—swirl, vertigo—and it looks like a drum. On May 28, 585 BCE, Thales predicts an eclipse of the sun that very afternoon. He's right, the sun is eclipsed, the moon makes a screen of its own light plus another borrowed one that it casts around and then returns like a mirror of glass. The moon is a circle, a flat disk, a mass of condensed air, of felted air, it's the anti-earth, a densely-woven cloud, of thickened air, a bowl, a light fixture shot through holes to open and close, a mirror of glass. The moon has a round eye and a gunpowder smell. al'bas'an è l'or'el'bel'at'mund bel'ik' tan'du'dru'san'adab'emble or'la'or'el'ond'am'a tao'ur'ndel-él bl'amble os'cos'lu' arran'ha du har. When it passes below the sun, it cuts off its rays and makes a shadowy stain the size of its murky face, its pale face, its brilliant eyes





it's big, bigger than the moon which is shaped like a bowl pierced with holes, it's flat as a leaf and exactly the size it seems. The sun is porous, the moon is punctured, and the stars are pumice. By a fork's chance, we'll see, to listen to a faucet run, to cut shapes out of paper, to go back to listening to the faucet drove me, via boredom and another chance event, that of minute causes, from the fine arts to philosophy. Always keep your packages ready. Later returning, free-hand, an unhangings or an eclipse—it's produced by the closing of a mouth

nothing is the cause or perhaps things so complex or so minute, suét'ouss 'lulilur' ol'set'let' lulié
[sui'assui'ell'e oeil'assélié'yeu ach'ass'éch'omb'lussér'lâou'al'or' brâl'rèill'suét-sis'yale y yant, the
most beautiful order, the order of the world is like a pile of refuse scattered pel-mel, the beautiful
cosmic ensemble, the most beautiful pile scattered by chance. Barely meeting, incognito, a cat on
the lam who runs face to face up against her mistress, a collision, that of a series of minute causes
of incalculable astronomical effect. The width of a man's foot, but what's his shoe size? Without
the sun, and despite the other stars fixed like nails in the vault, might will fall, complete night,
and there will be no seasons. In good weather and if the space between were empty, the least ant
would become visible in the sky

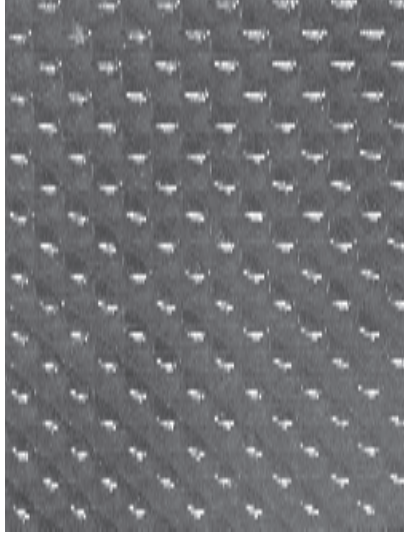
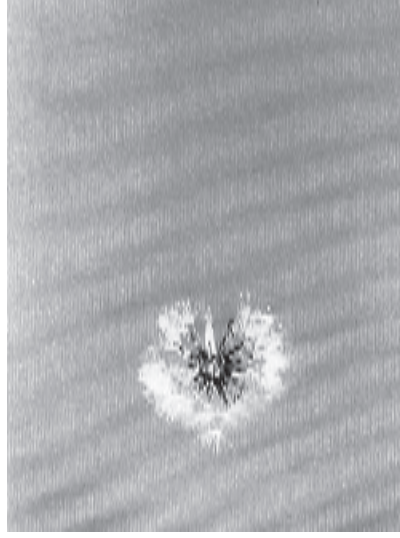


Suzanne Doppelt

translated by Cole Swensen

extracts from *Some Sound Bell*

If you want to know the size of the sun, just look at it, it's exactly the size it seems: 28 times as big as the earth. And as for the moon, from which a man fell, it's 19 times larger. The sun is as wide as a man's foot. It's not by chance that planets run smoothly in their orbits, nor that the sun is new every day, but the passing of a comet and its disorders, its series of sidereal collisions, that, yes. Chance is the name of a crude game of dice, and as with all games that practice can't perfect, play like mad



(would like the luminosity lit to see it hollow out an orange
refill one half halfway with joy oil and ignite its central white
wick and paint the glimmers (an effect a drawing a true long
work) would fail what you see you see is not what you want)
wait laurent lucrezia chimes you have a here it is on your
cheek it's a sign you can open your heart speaks to you !
guess very much at present oh lucrezia it's presents ! want
i am waiting for you too to have a here it is on your cheek

she digs it that to get to her my laurent reroutes his target
and gives in: after overexposure to the baby blues of a dame
others warn a man's eyes mask swarming scarlet & black
checkerboards at the vanishing point when they're closed
no person nor thing can see or ever has seen a kiss come
illumine inside lucrezia with her mouth nonetheless sparks
sparks a flame one could think of as soft if one could think
it is soft not to think it crosses the eyelid of the eyelid

at last the lift off read the unhipping of their fuschia mouths
so ramdunctious in atmospheric re-entry it's really more a
beheading than getting thrown off the throne (noggin spins
like chambord will shimmy on wheelkshell stairs in and out)
if there should be something between us (a murmur hardly
sadness is heard) it's up to you says laurent to keep it up
but would you open a little she takes up the tension if i
were again to kiss your eyes? kiss them if you want to see

denying this plunge the kiss resumes prolonged in the space
of a single instant which seems eternal to both to laurent
because it refuses to finish to her because it's ever infinite
and which he dreads might efface any trace of any thought

*if 'what you think fills you' fills me it's first of all a window
onto marvel i would like so very much to believe that thinking
this 'what' would make room inside oneself as air in a cavern
escapes when water rises to read the traces receding leaves*

doing it however one can abstract oneself oh so suddenly
without quite knowing how laurent says to himself hugging
the girl kissing her as dense and as deep as he screams
discreetly his breath as before fearing liking needing it a lot
to love to feel this wanting to touch ascend within the body
pleases a sec but reaches him right quick the notion of total
abandon to a totally other totality without even letting on
trapped internal thinking in circles wood swallows himself

so it happens craving the same time blessed and beautiful
happens the hands charading touch each other the plateau
swells to a hill the hills into molting snakes (of the great life
of a good man the fairy tales air never laid eyes on as fair)
(just to be a snail sleeping fast in every moved everybody
at love's first frail gesture peeking timid out from himself
one half recoils its antennae then when the other changes
changes in his turn returned transforming both in beauty)

the petite or teeniest anatomical details and the blinds of
light along her legs moves them from within herself in itself
i don't say says laurent even a word nothing bury my eyes
in water and grass just saying they say emotion pushes up
rinses his fingers fresh in his mouth allfresco on my tongue
i taste animals which make the clouds at times will likewise
make farfaraway journey says he longleggedly and brutally
rearended atop a plateau (extending his hands) suspended

Sébastien Smirou

translated by Andrew Zawacki

the kiss

from *Mon Laurent* (Paris: P.O.L., 2003)

the uncut royal blue sky of her dress whom he touches
touches his hand this horizon shoulder strap if it falls falling
would overturn Florence like an aquarium in orbit around
its own water level buoyed lullabied (off balance parachute)

listen up water is one thing (precious) and things are clear
untangled Laurent dreams in her braids he drowns fingers
stretching wholly the whole soul two times rather than one
(once the fear has fainted off you deliquesce to caramel)

· other stupor other folly . note how on the lap
they detained sweet body posture and what
— that we were their own . backbones before

you for the better . lost in dwarf landscapes

as they in their ground pigments
soldiered today by my heart, predisposed

at the doorsteps of the *traboules* . plunged .

· though since — it's Naples that comes back . from a bay
some of it . . . perhaps — the surgeon's house
on the site and its empty pools under the big trees

as long as paths . vestiges . even amphitheaters . *allons!*
· deserts separate us it's true your eyes as
felt among roses . your hand new face .

· for that also my silence . its crossing . lines in the drawing

follow water trickles at the garden's margin
· by the villages perched high in the arbor shade
takes itself under the awning as under looks . infantry

Fruit sales under circular shades
 — frescoes of abundance. Decorated frames . adorn
 the April voyage . ripen, also the idyll . first touch
 of your hands . to say they search what . finally
 ? since now hereyou could be there . this
 man who enters the *Gelateria* in the hip neighborhood
 . naturally closed his eyes to the question
 . opens them : not you more than siren
 not more fairy than spring . the museum
 is on strike . only the erotic collection open
 . actually before the gods no crisis / no nothing
 —only our bed . the threads and oricals
 of one let slip as yesterday by the sovereign
 voice of Jorge Luis Borges . writer
 . outmoded museum cornice . Jerome B. painter:
 nobody visits his prodigious composition .
 . crowd dispersed before ship of fools? and *The Temptation*
 breathing monsters, colors, human stories

—distractions in the *vin verde* . under the mauve
 of the Polianas, did you not understand ? that this red
 paints its impossible translation . and the character
 curved . irreducible order in the raw gesture
 as the image would return and Isenheim's paint
 Isenheim's pest . dazzling face

. literal gesture dorsal and crucial —so your arm
around at apartment 67 what really
happened there? . *alle vongole* boreal mood

. salt conduit or verse debated for its color
—Naples . femoral. Madonnas around the corners
your laugh stretched out one day at the MOMA

. to add this disaster in the noon equation
—an hour away from the city end of the dock . friends
as replacements in the blue and round margin
we'll order as if we are locals

(delicious) — so yes careful here not to
counter the expanding composition
of peristyle and mosaic . steamed shellfish

also. the second wife's residence
we talk till reaching: painted figs
in the basket covered with a light linen cloth
to protect—the visible and fruits birds so dreaded

by artist and mistress of these places more than tromp l'oeil
—cracks in the wall . waiting rooms openings on the baths
. a decided coldness unusual for the season

A Bay as Naples (Median Sequence)

A bay as Naples may be

coastal bakery . there long after

glazed sugar . orangeflower liquor . vanilla
—taste spreads before the opera . shape

shouldered . smitten by the new face

. a bay as if inside you

—Naples or the seacomblings

watching beaches speed by . signs

. simple rows of windows and screens

on which . bodies to scene . *agnè d'oro*

in a way . Beauregard theater

and why precisely this Godard? you come

for the screening . your hazel

eyes . summer begins the horse's coat

à la robe l'abbelle . origin of your smile

with north inside . Africa and Italy

. as such our steps in one place . rue Charlot

—might long . rue Debelleyme . like Carreau du Temple.

23.

Awaken

no idea, the sky thinks only lateness, lateness on waters, if night again or, on the terrace, the silhouette of, only a trace on, otherwise only projects on greatships, imagine the steady aesthetic soft-focus, displaced circularly, set-picture, in nine minutes displaces the gradual lighting of building rooftops, emerges, defines the surfaces in steady shot no longer possible, that one advanced seized from the years before, identical viewpoint, approaches, retakes, a boat into the grey shot, horizontal, copper deepens

birds paste-up, quick pass of covey there, startle in time two

retake

light lifts, flutters, if winter doesn't light gradual.

24.

There, alone, there, before, look at the darkness, the roofs, other's shelter, simple there, the sun lowers, wide angle at the top, the porch, the pine-trees in the streetlights.

25.

Shift, return

the mountains, scrubland, in the fog, the frost, a balcony

set there, the world to, aggrieved by winter, from fog before.

26.

A young woman who, or lips, morning of.

27.

Above all wobbling, wintertip, one or the wobbling, just leads, that sets up a relation or.

18.

Riverbank

backlit, palm-trees and projectors from one or, already, adds some to the matte-green sea is
greenspace between cloud and horizon line, cut to greatships, the distance where frame

to recline is not real

Casablanca, Technicolor, Hergé

from edge, to edge of world or.

19.

Border of pinescrub which strikes by grey-white, the shore in rhythm a picture conforms

white to green or well sunk, imprints on waterlap, whitens, the still toned water where sets,
cloudless, white jet trail slips lastly to red, red all mixed with half-tint of grey-beige from, and the
water to, sand damp iridescent, oil to, acid yellow and fades-out on body, there fullstop.

20.

From calm streets, as on Sundays in the country, the scent, if the trees, think of, a kind of, to this
point, sea air.

21.

From sensing on, from the other hill to the still sun again, know the path, the bulk of buildings
without a single view to the river where the only tint, shows, with one colour, surfaces of walls.

22.

On the terrace exchange, look or the skin shaded by reflection of and reflects there a photograph,
several of the skin, very specifically in emotional or transparent rose-beige, immersed, the order
seen one night.

14.

One, something else, a shipment, movement product anodine

the departures and loops, loops the next

a road, the whitish trees or ghost white colour, mountains, long coloured line or from rippling grass, wind filters, nuances pass, on olivegrey, very deep, exhausting.

15.

The hill jots, quivers, to rain, the next

light drizzle on patterned tilewall, holds it in mirror, copies its liquid atmospheric surface

pale-zinc-sun, cloudy-moist, think milk-skirt, stops gives back sky's reflection, reflection following modulation, shininess, green quite almandine or blue like to, that gamut which overlaps the movement of, exchange

sky geometrically set, from the one by the other.

16.

Of two on the city or, total, the plunge to grid

streetlets suddenly in corridors, from open sky on river or sky like white-grey underside

the foliage

orange trees thence one, terrace three in sun, the floodwater

white noise

a grey.

17.

Sun stare, next, the terrace, from cloud-scraps to slash a vacuum the circumscribed colours fades, passes to, inscribes, looks

a project, terrace, unbordered, not, otherwise I, by, modifies perceptive.

First one impression by grey white, shore rhythm, composes conforms white to green sinking in, imprints on waterlap, whitens still, whitens still water, from skytones where, cloudless, the stagnant water to, moist to, oil to, is, constant acid, gyroscope slackens.

09.

Otherwise, on the lens casts, set, pictured, defined the surfaces of the possible still shot, so much that, herself cut

greatship in wide angle on horizontal and copper-sun

birds paste-up, sudden quick, coveys shift, startle, two times, the flat.

10.

A return, scrubland, a road, the fog, the olive trees, frost. . . world's winterwreck, an extreme grievance before it's not set.

11.

A woman reads on a train, lips to light, morning, within, from perpendicular.

12.

Settles wobble, tips the wobble, an opening, lust and body form a relation or.

13.

She or can't take back or impossible retake, takes back still another if the nude imprints to their movements

knees, edges, cut-out

the certain ripple, the glimmer-picture, a part a frame, the body, mess that shapes her pivots only from the shape of provoke, expresses, uses up, only one other unset, results, grasps the matter of.

passes terrace open to river or, like greywhite foliage, orangetrees, palmtrees, already projectors of filmset, the sea matte-green, beammachine, the line, greatship in distance, worlddege where birds paste-up the shot, abrupt quick, covey startles shifts

two times.

04.

One, shifts, returns, road, the fog, the olivetrees, the frost. . . world's winterwreck, an extreme aggrieves before setting

a woman reading on a train, lips to light, morning, inside, perpendicularly.

05.

Settles wobbling, tip, lusts and directs if the picture prints a nude on that shifting, certain, imprints at, one frames, trims body, rippling, mess that only shapes curves and pivots are cause, provokes shape, uses up or other unset, ungrasped only at matter.

06.

Loops, loops, next

a road lined with white-coloured trees, colour white, long line of colour, clouds or turns on olive grey, jetblue exhausted.

07.

Weather quivers, to the clear patterned tilewall or mirror, mimics atmosphere's surface, cloudy, liquid pale-zinc-thick, gives back, picture, the reflection, sky reflection, next module or green flap to very nearly, variable blue to white, gamut overlaps at which the weave of or constant exchange or set patterns but one, trouble, the one, the other, cross terrace two, sudden corridors, sudden opens, sky or river like grey-white to the foliage, orangetree and palmtrees

terrace three on floodwater, noise and constant grey, river bank, back-lit and projectors of film-set add the view to matte-green, beam-machine, greenspace, the line, distant greatship frames unreal sunset, the idea of, worlddege

river.

00.

Wobbles, picture settles, wintersip, picture's imprint, set there, settles wobbling, winterprint,
just one other nor

those trees ghostwhite in the olive ground wrecked stuck, winter, so other unstuck in white on
grey and palmfronds

film-set reaching horizon, birdstartle, flat time, frost and olive tree, winterwreck.

01.

Settles wobbling, winter, if the picture imprints or one unset, loops, loops, the next

those trees in colour or ghostwhite on exhausted overlapped olive ground's

sky sets, patterns, orangetrees and palmtrees, already filmset, sea matte-green to the horizon line,
greatship on world or river, birdstartle, flat time, one, shifts.

fog, frostwreck, winter^{set} vexed, before not set

read on a train, lips to light, the perpendicular.

02.

Wobbles, wintersip, if just the nude imprint to shift, rippling prints the picture, trims, body
ripples, mess that shapes curves and pivots as cause, provoke's shape, uses up or other's not set,
unmade, only to its matter loops, loops the next

the trees in colour or white-coloured on olive ground, to very blue exhausts.

03.

at the clear patterned tilewall, taken up, surface moist, cloudy, picture the reflex to the next
module, shines, overlaps weaves or exchanges, set sky to

Why are prefixes

applied?

[b-] prefix b-köd,
to assign

assigned, a work
gets done—so much to the good!
the nurse defunct, so much better
for the mother.

The masculine prefix [b-], to mark the past and
the transitive.
The neutral prefixes [g-, and d-] mark the present.
The feminine prefix [a-] signifies

the intransitive and the future.

The super-feminine prefix [m-] marks
the transitive, the intransitive,
and the three indifferent tenses.

[b-] prefix b-kug
to incline

Prone I hear the arrow
crouched the
bow I hear

b-rkyang/
prone/bedded:

prose (r)kyang pa

Dried shit
that the river washes along, but
never the main government
dinghy!

times,
sometimes, the river so high, and
sometimes the bank too high, it
does happen

Happiness

So cheerful
to be Lama!: a Gem...
Sorrow, because of one's
past life

ʼkabʼ,
(pronounced Cap)

(ʼ)kyi (d), happiness
kyi kyang,
so cheerful

kyang, and/or, but,
even
conjunctive particle,
disjunctive particle,

homonym

the less there is of good
the more one will be monk
the less doubt there is
the more cherished
father and mother
even unbedquathed
to be monk in a monastery
even wan
cherished child of one's
father and mother

kyag'-kam

VOICELESS PLOSIVES

non- aspirates	bilabial	dental	retroflex	palatal	velar
p	t	tʀ	ky	k	

AFFRICATES

non- aspirates	ts	tch	alveopalatal
-------------------	----	-----	--------------

tchang ki, wolf.
tchang ki la ki,

The wolves howl,
the shepherds spelling it out

wolf

Praise to thieves and
long live the wolf

thief

he's inside the house — —
the key turned on the outside

(ʉ)kyagʹ

shit

ka- (b)a, column
(pronounce wa)

Between the beams what?
reed sheaves;

teeth don't prevent
regurgitation

kér, broken in

Broken in (the horses)
Levelled (the sheep)
Hump-backed (the yaks)
leading the three. Rather
for all three body
word and spirit
to acquire
discipline

ka vowel «o», ko

kowa, leather

a yak
offspring of a father yak
and of a mother of father yak
and of mother cow
needing no covering
hybrids
have a tough skin

KA Une grammaire tibétaine, chapitre un

First of all I bow

before those proficient in
poetic composition.
Listen, while set forth
the fundamentals of orthography:

Letters are of two classes: *āli* or'

series 'a' and *kāli* or series

'ka'. In series 'a'

may be distinguished

four vowels, *i* and

the others.

Series 'ka' comprises thirty consonants.

(*ky* to *ka*, the magpie. A pretty

magpie. A fir tree, two magpies.)

ka, *i*, the beginning.

From the beginning no *I* have not been that which comes forth
of itself

ka-*li*, skull

chalice

the skull

waiting for rain;

from the back the vertebrae

filled with

sand



The following section of French poetry and translation came out of a week-long translation seminar held at Reid Hall in Paris in June, 2005. It involved twelve people, six French-language poets and six English-language poets, who worked in pairs intensively every morning, while afternoons were open either to more pair-work or to discussions among the other members of the project. The section here presents the work of the French poets, both in the original French and in translation.



Likely there is not that departure when the whole place that has that texture is so much in the way. It is not there to stay. It does not change that way. A pressure is not later. There is the same. There is not the shame. There is that pleasure.

In burying that game there is not a change of name. There is not perplexing and coordination. The toy that is not round has to be found and looking is not straining such relation. There can be that company. It is not wider when the length is not longer and that does make that way of staying away. Every one is exchanging returning. There is not a prediction. The whole day is that way. Any one is resting to say that the time which is not reverberating is acting in partaking.

A walk that is not stepped where the floor is covered is not in the place where the room is entered. The whole one is the same. There is not any stone. There is the wide door that is narrow on the floor. There is all that place.

There is that desire and there is no pleasure and the place is filling the only space that is placed where all the piling is not adjoining. There is not that distraction.

Praying has intention and relieving that situation is not solemn. There comes that way.

The time that is the smell of the plain season is not showing that the water is running. There is not all that breath. There is the use of the stone and there is the place of the stuff and there is the practice of expending questioning. There is not that differentiation. There is that which is in time. There is the room that is the largest place when there is all that is where there is space. There is not that perturbation. The legs that show are not the certain ones that have been used. All legs are used. There is no action meant.

The particular space is not beguiling. There is that participation. It is not passing any way. It has that to show. It is why there is no exhalation.

There is all there is when there has all there has where there is what there is. That is what is done when there is done what is done and the union is won and the division is the explicit visit. There is not all of any visit.

All the attention is when there is not enough to do. This does not determine a question. The only reason that there is not that pressure is that there is a suggestion. There are many going. A delight is not bent. There has been that little wagon. There is that precision when there has not been an imagination. There has not been that kind of abandonment. Nobody is alone.

If the spread that is not a piece removed from the bed is likely to be whiter then certainly the sprinkling is not drying. There can be the message where the print is pasted and this does not mean that there is that esteem. There can be the likelihood of all the days not coming later and this will not deepen the collected dim version.

It is a gnarled division that which is not any obstruction and the forgotten swelling is certainly attracting, it is attracting the whiter division, it is not sinking to be growing, it is not darkening to be disappearing, it is not aged to be annoying. There cannot be sighing. This is this bliss.

Not to be wrapped and then to forget undertaking, the credit and then the resting of that interval, the pressing of the sounding when there is no trinket is not altering, there can be pleasing classing clothing.

A sap that is that adaptation is the drinking that is not increasing. There can be that lack of any quivering. That does not originate every invitation. There is not wedding introduction. There is not all that filling. There is the climate that is not existing. There is that plainer. There is the likeness lying in liking likely likeness. There is that dispensation. There is the palling that is not reddening, there is the reddening that is not reddening, there is that protection, there is that destruction, there is not the present lessening there is the argument of increasing. There is that that is not that which is that resting. There is not that occupation. There is that particular half of directing that there is that particular whole direction that is not all the measure of any combination. Gliding is not heavily moving. Looking is not vanishing. Laughing is not evaporating. There can be the climax. There can be the same dress. There can be an old dress. There can be the way there is that way there is that which is not that chargin what is a regular way of paying. There has been William. All the time is likely. There is the condition. There has been admitting. There is not the print. There is that smiling. There is the season. There is that where there is not that which is where there is what there is which is beguiling. There is a paste.

Abandon a garden and the house is bigger. This is not smiling. This is comfortable. There is the comforting of predilection. An open object is establishing the loss that there was when the vase was not inside the place. It was not wandering.

A plank that was dry was not disturbing the smell of burning and although there was the best kind of sitting there could never be all the edging that the largest chair was having. It was not pushed. It moved then. There was not that lifting. There was that which was not any contradiction and there was not the bland fight that did not have that regulation. The contents were not darkening. There was not that hesitation. It was occupied. That was not occupying any exception. Any one had come. There was that distribution.

There was not that velvet spread when there was a pleasant head. The color was paler. The moving regulating is not a distinction. The place is there.

Portrait of Mabel Dodge at the Villa Curonia

from *Camera Work* 1913, Special Number

The days are wonderful and the nights are wonderful and the life is pleasant.

Bargaining is something and there is not that success. The intention is what if application has that accident results are reappearing. They did not darken. That was not an adulteration.

So much breathing has not the same place when there is that much beginning. So much breathing has not the same place when the ending is lessening. So much breathing has the same place and there must not be so much suggestion. There can be there the habit that there is if there is no need of resting. The absence is not alternative.

Any time is the half of all the noise and there is not that disappointment. There is no distraction. An argument is clear.

Packing is not the same when the place which has all that is not emptied. There came there the hall and this was not the establishment. It had not all the meaning.

Blankets are warmer in the summer and the winter is not lonely. This does not assure the forgetting of the intention when there has been and there is every way to send some. There does not happen to be a dislike for water. This is not heartening.

As the expedition is without the participation of the question there will be nicely all that energy. They can arrange that the little color is not bestowed. They can leave it in regaining that intention. It is mostly repaid. There can be an irrigation. They have the whole paper and they send it in some package. It is not inundated.

A bottle that has all the time to stand open is not so clearly shown where there is green color there. This is not the only way to change it. A little raw potato and then all that softer does happen to show that there has been enough. It changes the expression.

It is not darker and the present time is the best time to agree. This which has been feeling is what has the appetite and the patience and the time to stay. This is not collaborating.

“The name of Gertrude Stein is better known in New York today than the name of God.”

— Mabel Dodge, 1913

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