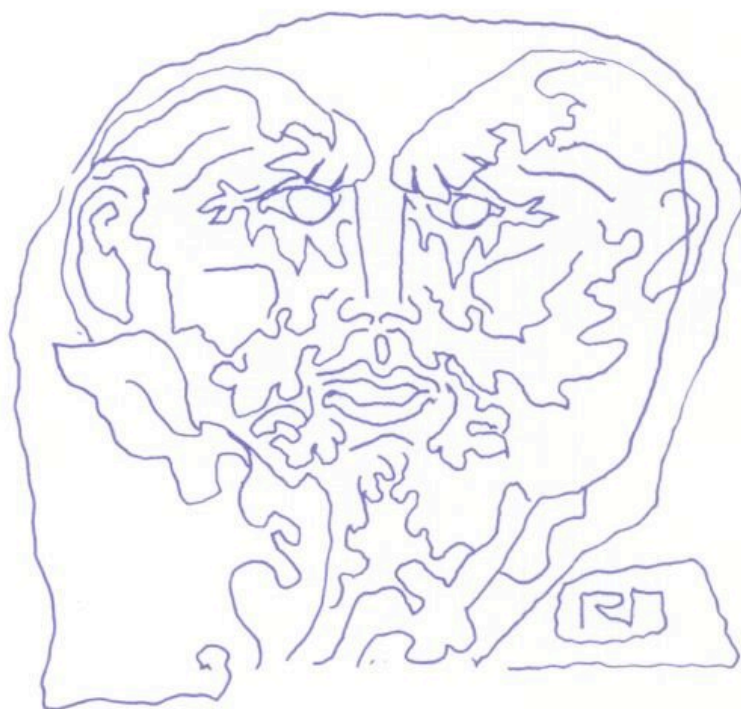


line

number eleven



spring 1988

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A Journal of Contemporary Writing
and its Modernist Sources

spring 1988

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As a journal published in co-operation with The Contemporary Literature Collection, *Line* will reflect the range of the collection. Contents will be related to the line of post-1945 Canadian, American, and British writers whose work issues from, or extends, the work of Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, H.D., Gertrude Stein, and Charles Olson.

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Cover: Drawing by Robert Duncan in Peter Quartermain's copy of *Epilogos* (Black Sparrow Press, 1967).

ISSN 0820-9081

In memory

Robert Duncan

7 January 1919—3 February 1988

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Robert Duncan, described so accurately by Warren Tallman some time ago as "a walking and talking university of verse lore," has left a permanent imprint on the shape and texture of West Coast writing over the past 25 years. First invited to Vancouver by Warren in 1959, 1961, and 1963, and then returning at regular intervals throughout the 60s and 70s, Duncan always brought with him a vast and numinous storehouse of knowledge and speculation on the poetics and sources of twentieth-century writing. It was through his verbal wizardry and his love of language—and who can ever forget his spontaneous talks, always informative, yes, but so mesmerizing in the metamorphic shifts of content and image—that he became part of the wordscape of this place from the 1960s to the present. His death on February 3rd of this year is a great loss to poetry lovers. Our "Robert Duncan Section" in this issue of *Line* pays tribute to a literary genius of this century and to a wonderfully open and generous human being. The choice to reprint *Play Time: Pseudo Stein* came from the coincidence of dates: Gertrude Stein's birth on February 3rd in 1874 and the date of Robert Duncan's death. The two other pieces from the "Laboratory Records, Notebook 1953" were suggested by Robert Bertholf.

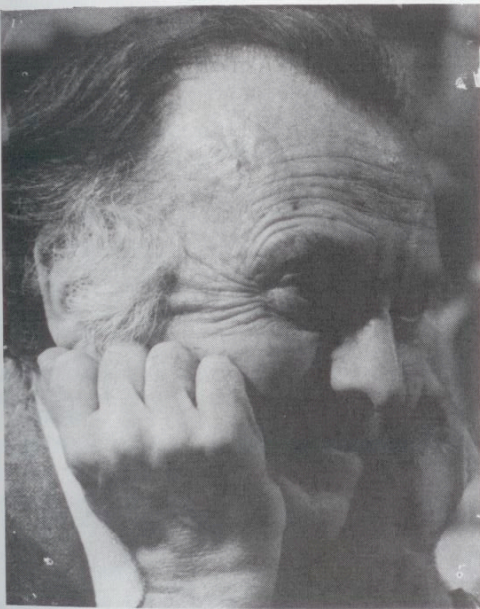
New Directions recently published Robert Duncan's *Groundwork II: In the Dark* . . . Robert Bertholf's *Robert Duncan: a Descriptive Bibliography* is available from Black Sparrow Press . . . Cid Corman's *Of*, a two-volume selected poems, is being planned by Lapis Press; his latest book of poems *And the Word* has been published by Coffeehouse Press; his essay "Reading Anew" will be included in the forthcoming *An Objectivist Casebook*, edited by Martin J. Rosenblum, and is published here with permission . . . Daphne Marlatt's novel *Ana Historic* has just been published by Coach House Press . . . Coach House Press has also brought out Steve McCaffery's recent book *Evoba* . . . Kevin Power's latest publication is *Antologea de Ezra Pound* issued by Alianga (Madrid); his interview with Robert Duncan appeared in *Line*, Numbers 7/8 . . . Bruce Andrews' *Give Em Enough Rope* is available from Sun & Moon Press . . . Ralph Maud's most recent publication *Guide to B.C. Indian Myth and Legend* is available from Talonbooks . . . Bill Little's latest book of poems *Not Funny* has been published by Running Blank Press . . . Susan MacFarlane and Carey Vivian are graduate students in the English Department at SFU.

RM

June 20, 1988

A Robert Duncan Section

photo by Michael Lawlor



Robert Duncan in Vancouver, 1979

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

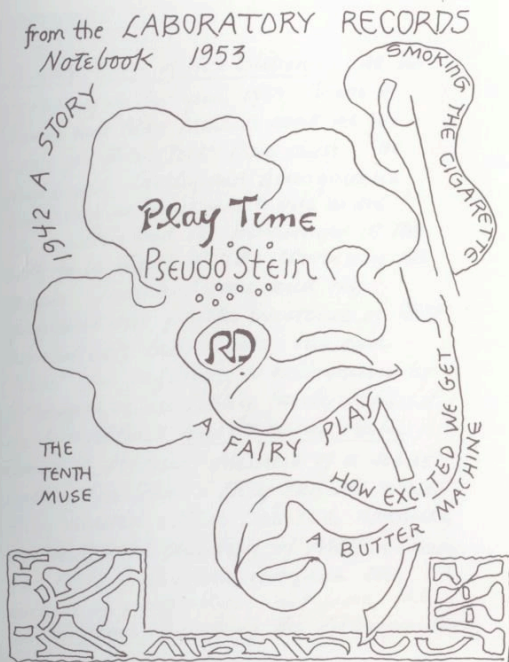
Robert Duncan's *Play Time: Pseudo Stein* was first published by Diane Di Prima and Alan Marlowe at the Poets Press, New York, 1969. There was a conflict between the poet and the publishers over an author's edition of the pamphlet, so only about 35 copies of the pamphlet were distributed. In December 1969, the pamphlet, with the cover newly drawn by Duncan, was published again by Julia Newman, from her San Francisco book store, The Tenth Muse. Three pieces were added—"Preface," "A Butter Machine," and "S.M.O.K.I.N.G. T.H.E. C.I.G.A.R.E.T.T.E."—for this second edition.

The pieces in *Play Time: Pseudo Stein* were written in a notebook designed to record laboratory experiments, and called, literally, "Laboratory Records." Duncan took over the title of the notebook as the subtitle of his pamphlet. This notebook contains poems that appeared in *Caesar's Gate: Poems 1949-50*, *A Book of Resemblances: Poems 1950-53*, sections of the published play *Faust Foutu* and the unpublished play that was written and performed at Black Mountain College, "The Origins of Old Son: A Comic Play." The notebook, then, contains writing from 1950-1956, and so travelled to Mallorca and back, and then to Black Mountain, in 1955-1956. "Portrait of Robin as he Gradually Wrights It" was written on May 18, 1953, and "From Things As They Are To Mrs. Reynolds: Notes on Gertrude Stein and Her Novels" was written in August 1953.

Robert Bertholf



courtesy of Warren Tallman



PREFACE

A Little History of this Edition. At the beginning of this year, 1969, Diane de Prima and Alan Marlowe asked me for a book for their Poet's Press series. "We need bread. Creeley and Alan gave us books and we want you to give us one." No royalties and the manuscript of the book to be theirs to sell; those were the terms. Time had come and my payment due for the existence of that remarkable lady Pirate, our own ("we" here referring to a community I recognize in Poetry, fairly defined in Don Allen's New American Poetry) Diane de Prima, Mistress of a scene within The Scene: they had me where they wanted, these two sad, romantic, fractious, bold children of Mother Carey. The Poet's Press arose not from the milieu of universities, not from the market place of making the literary scene,

but from the fortunes and misfortunes of Bohemia. As authentic representatives of my homeland, Diane and Marlowe came to make their claim. For every regularity of my life, I recognize tribute due to those who live in the irregularities of cellar and garret, crash-pads and fanciful menages beyond the Reality Principle.

Then too, I had heard from Mike McClure that Diane owed him money for two books he had done with promise of royalties. I arranged that she would pay that debt with the money received from the sale of my manuscript to Robert Wilson at the Phoenix Bookshop.

In drawing up the manuscript I wrote in the colophon the provision that the author's edition of 26 copies lettered A thru Z and decorated specially by me would go "as payment"

to the author. I heard immediately from the Poet's Press: no "author's edition" went to the author. It was part of their agreement with Wilson. We stood at that impasse. And I was informed by Diane and Alan that the deal was off; they would not publish the book.

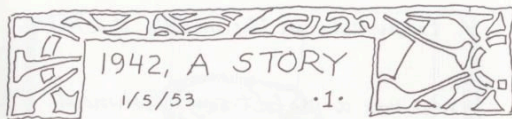
At that time, having thoughtfully had two Xerox copies made of the manuscript before it was delivered to Diane, I planned with Julia Newman to issue the book as a Tenth Muse book. Intending a preface, I let months go by: the book would be a Christmas surprise I that. Well....

One day a little packet of five copies of a pirated edition was left at my door by Diane ti Prima who hoped I would understand she

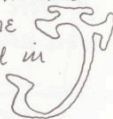
had to do it to meet her agreements with Phoenix. "This book," the colophon read: "which was originally intended as a part of the series of signed holograph limited editions published by Poets Press, was shelved, due to a disagreement between the author & the publisher on the subject of numerology... it is not for sale."

December 1969. The adventures of this little book have at last arrived at its authorized publication. No longer limited to the Poets Press format of 12 pages (10 of text), I have been able to include all five entries for 1/5/53, two more than the earlier format provided. No longer limited to the purposes of the limited editions game, I am able to issue the book for the regular trade. (R)





Hurriedly. They settled down. There.
To ruin afternoons with furs. He was
after the war they followed. She
referred and absented her mind in
sewing. So



They had spent their time rewarding
their neighbors.

An introduction. The first act was to
act. A passion a total absorbing in
interpreting a fiery somnolence in
passing an impulse that repulses.
She half to the half light lights.
Wary but wearing. Wearing furs is
a welcome.

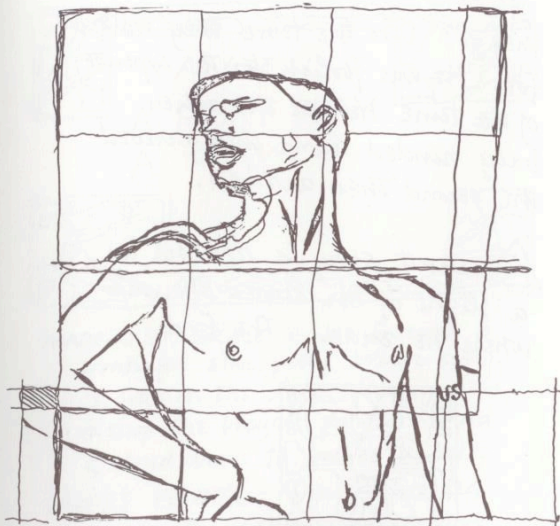


A tarantula in the middle of a knot.

There was a perfect embellishment
in swelling. A classy stare to do.
A loose basket. Complications
were always arrangements.

Let me explain everything.
Everything is about the importance
of the obvious where we were at.
The obvious were we a hat is an
elegant hair. A hair is a woolley
around she intends us.

In 1942 it was true. She
remembered her remembering when



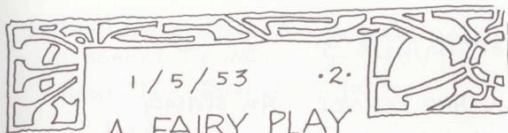
she forgot.

Where did

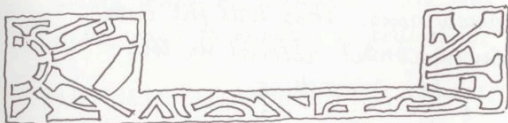


they go? Into the time they waited for. He was foolish for the expense of the time he was the other baby minded second they arrived the second they arrived.

A short story is reached by a flight of her staves she saw where he ends. The End.



1/5/53 .2.
A FAIRY PLAY
A PLAY



MARGARET GRACE : He intends is wonderful star potty horror story. It was in the late afternoon the bishop the bicycle parted. And a cloud arose to amaze us all.

JAMES FENNEL : She was amazed because the bishop's brother was finishit beginning. This was he was a fairy and that made a

fairy play of everything pretended.

BISHOP FENNEL: An elderly Minister of Finance revealed his bicycle as the question they were answering. This was the total enchantment allowed in the regular procedure.

ELIZABETH ELIZABETH: This was a dream with serious consequences. She undertook to allow its parting.

In the village after the war what was it for. A play is where people are talking, troubling, countering and misunderstanding their playing.

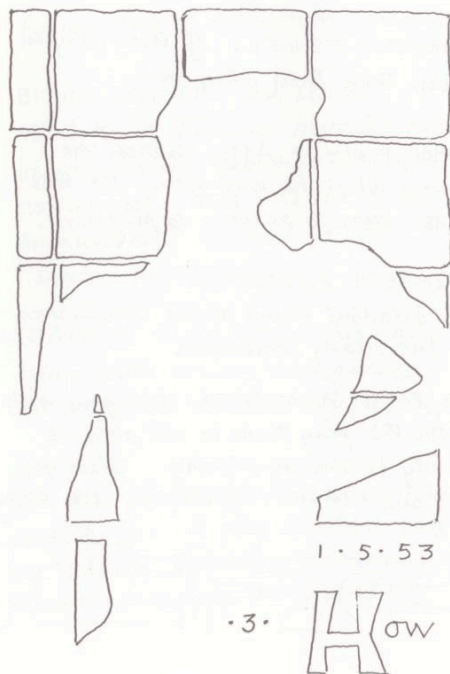
MARGARET FENNEL: If they play in turn then they play fair.

BISHOP FENNEL: After church she found what he was after. He was after ours to explain explaining.

ELIZABETH ELIZABETH:
The dreadful thing about conclusions is the ready conclusion.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: A happy wish after the play time is all over is ready to remedy wishing. Bless you all and remind. A blessing is a story.





excited we get as the excitement increases. The whole increasing is thrilling and inciting to increase. This mounting until fills itself as a hole expanding. We are grateful for an explanation of our greatness.

△ memory extends lessons and confessions. This is like a boundary makes a willing into beyond, a cake is a promise, a

cake was the promise of winter for
the widow.

IN A LANDSCAPE HOW FAR WE GO IS
LENGTHEND IF WE DESIRE IT.



1/5/53

·4·

A butter machine

S.M.O.K.I.N.G. T.H.E. C.I.G.A.R.E.T.T.E.

1/5/53 · 5 ·

The hot smoking exhausts the question intent for the writing. A pleasure in disorder for pressure is an unpleasant exceeding. This is to make proceeding a burning. Once it is displeasure, exhaust, withering not warming but almost a warning, once it is a vice only the writing is pleasing.

The writing is appeasing. It is when we do not want to smoke the cigarette that the cigarette is found wanting. The will against the not being willing overcomes, threatens. The writing escapes from the predicament of the smoking.

This is distracting so that it does not mind. Writing - to mind.



courtesy of Warren Tallman



Robert Duncan in Mallorca, c. spring 1955

Portrait Of Robin As He Gradually Wrights It

A living sense of things as they are comes as far as one lives as he is in things, the sense of them and their being as they are. He then lives as he lives. There is not more living in living, nor less nor a same living in living there. But where he lives determines in its thereness where he lives.

He is not alive in this place where he is sometimes—this is because he is alive more and more solely in that place there where he always is.

What is a nearness or a dearness? What makes for the needed clearness that is strong and willing in knowing? This is a reference to knowing afresh and a ready stamina in seeing and hearing.

He is not living in what is happening.

We came gradually to see him as he wrighted himself—this was what he wrote and wrought in our regret. He had a ready excitement in listening that was not rooted in doing but in seeing and hearing. This was an excitement that was passing in fancy. It was not making a change, it was arousing in happening, it was not changing the order in what was happening.

It is when one compares *Mrs. Reynolds* with *Wars I Have Seen* that Stein's creative genius is clearly seen. In the sense that Mrs. Reynolds is at all Gertrude Stein herself, she is there in the memoirs—a design to convey a Stein to us that is Stein's creation of herself. As Boswell created a Johnson, in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, in *Everybody's Autobiography* and in *Wars I Have Seen*, Stein has with Boswellian love for her Johnsonian self created a great personality of our time. And how Johnsonian—somehow shyly dominating, with such a self-indulgent intelligence in which omnipotent opinion overrides mere sensibility, a constant self-definition, goes on in which shrewdness, wit, stupidity, passion—(read in *Everybody's Autobiography* her denunciation of Adler of the Hundred Books Program) are openly displayed. And then there is the wisdom of Mrs. Reynolds. It is this that I have come to love in this writing. But to be drawn at all by Stein's writing is to come to love—an affection that is an abiding wisdom—the self she created out of herself.

In *Wars I Have Seen* the great personality—the female Johnson of our age—is present and the created self appears. In *Mrs. Reynolds*, Stein's last novel all personality has been eliminated from the concept and the created self exists fully.

THE CHILD from Rilke's NEUN GEDICHTE
ANDEREN TEIL 31 July / 1 August 1907

Beyond their will they long watch its play:
at times ~~there~~ stands forth
the full-being face from the profile,
clear and complete as a full hour,
which commences and ends on a stroke.
But the others do not reckon the strokes,
downcast with toil, down* with life,
and they do not mark, how it endures*—;
it endures all, as then, so even,
when, weary in its little suite of clothes,
between them as in a waiting room
it sits and would await its own time.

*träge = sluggish, inert / trägt = endures (but also wears or wears out (a suit of clothes)) (R)

Dec 9, 1969

Jean Peter: This is an early draft, some twenty copies later I have made adjustments and corrections — the Rilke's "das runde / seiende Gesicht" still gave me trouble, the poem began to come into place. Anyway for a more critical reading, make the following

changes:

line one — for "will" read "control"

line two/three: after "forth" read "existing"

"the full face" etc.

line ~~four~~ five: for "commences" read "starts up the bear"

line six: for "reckon" read "count"

line seven:

gloomy with earning a living, with the living down
(last line: omit "own"); it aint in the text.

Recently I have begun to read Rilke's Neun Gedichte which has meant translating, each man aims at style in full context of content. "Beginn" means six going on seven poems to date. But it led too to my finding a poem for the Xmas card from the volume.

Opening *Anew*

Burt Hatlen's stimulating essay in the first issue of *Sagetrieb* trying to set up a new "poetics of absence" focusses on and uses as its frame the first poem in Louis Zukofsky's second little volume *Anew*.

Burt unfortunately never does come to grips with the poem. (Somewhere way back—in a visit with Louis in Brooklyn Heights we discussed the poem slightly—but my reading of the piece now has no relation to that. My only recollection is that he may have read it to me and remarked on a sort of enchantment effect involved. We may have been speaking of dream poems.)

As usual I find it happiest to enter poems without trying to lay any thesis in advance upon them—even if that thesis seems to have been derived from the *oeuvre*. And the issue is never one of mere explication. We are entering into the experience of poetry—experiencing poetry—and the experience *is* poetry—or/and it is nothing/all.

Nevermind the seeming paradoxes.

The poem is brief and titled from verse 77 Canto IV of Dante's *Inferno*: "che di lor suona su nella tua vita . . ." LZ also in a note to the poem tells us—if we don't realize it instinctively—that it is a dream poem. That it is a transcription of a dream tells us at once that "logic" is not involved and any usual transitions will be missing. (It would interest me to know whether the dream was one coming out of sleep or going into—but the very opening words in the first stanza—as well as the poem's existence—implies that it was an emerging dream: which means that the mind—as control—will increase during the poem's progress.)

LZ—and he tends to be explicit about such matters—says—as Burt quotes—that the title—in effect—explains the poem. LZ himself translates the Dante as: "which sounds of them, into that life of thine." My Carlyle-Wicksteed (which is reliably literal) has it "which sounds of them, up in that life of thine." (To be trot—literal: "which of them sounds up into thy life.")

Surprisingly Burt makes no effort to see how it is that that line of Dante came to LZ—out of so many—and why a line from the *Inferno*. Celia in her bibliography assigns the poem to 1937. About age 32/33. The biography of the man would clearly have something to do with this poem. Its very placement in a book called *Anew* is charged with special feeling. (Lacking most of my library—life's economics forcing my hand—I can only offer "leads" for future scholars—but some connection literarily with Pound and his essays on Dante and the thought he expended in helping Binyon seems likely.)

The opening of *Canto IV* is:

Ruppemi l'alto sonno nella testa
un greve tuono, sì ch'io mi riscossi
come persona ch'è per forza desta;
e l'occhio riposato intorno mossi,
dritto levato, e fiso riguardai
per conoscer lo loco dov' io fossi.

Carlyle-Wicksteed: "A heavy thunder broke the deep sleep in my head; so that I started like one who is awaked by force; and having risen erect, I moved my rested eyes around, and looked steadfastly to know the place in which I was."

The LZ poem goes:

I walked out, before
"Break of day"
And saw
Four cabins in the hay.

Blue sealed glasses
Of preserves—four—
In the window—sash
In the yard on the bay.

Further:
The waters
At the ramp
Running away.

The fact that the verse from Dante came at once to LZ as a rubric and explanation (suggesting he couldn't otherwise explain the piece himself)—and LZ was no Dante expert—makes me

believe he had been reading Dante very recently. It is from the Canto where the poet first awakens to the abyss of hell. And his guide (Virgil) leads him to the first circle. What Dante takes as fear on Virgil's face is explicated by the latter as pity. And one feels some merging—allusively—into Aristotle's sense of tragedy.

Dante in the face of the infernal spirits asks Virgil if any of these lost souls is retrieved—by any means—and blessed. Only those—it seems—of religious spirit—including Virgil apparently—were capable of salvation who preceded Christ. In the roll-call Virgil invokes the names of the great Hebrew leaders of the Old Testament.

Then follows the passage in which the cited verse/title occurs (I simply provide the C-W version):

Our way was not yet far since my slumber . . . I did . . . discern what honourable people occupied that place. 'O thou, that honourest science and art; who are these, who have such honour, that it separates them from the manner of the rest?' And he to me: 'The honoured name, which sounds of them, up in that life of thine, gains favours in heaven which thus advances them.' Meanwhile a voice was heard by me: 'Honour the great Poet! His shade returns that was departed.' After the voice had paused, and was silent, I saw four great shadows come to us; they had an aspect neither sad nor joyful.

The four (poets) are: Homer, Horace, Ovid and Lucan. I might also note that the repeated word "Honour" returns to LZ in his posthumous (in imagination) love-poem "A"-11—and re-echoes this passage.

Burt takes the "them" as referring to the "things" mentioned in the poem—but the Dante context lets us know that those "things" are indicative of persons/souls: again—if we haven't surmised as much anyway.

And again—the scholars can look into it—if interested—1937 may have been the time when Ethel Waters was doing her thing in *Cabin In The Sky*. (LZ is replete with such inner plays/turns everywhere. But he is NOT concerned with our making such direct connections; he wants us to FEEL—even as he does—the magic within the dream words. The elementary rhyme-binding is consonant with the dream base.)

The punctuation—as always in LZ's work—warrants attention (he had already written *Le Style Apollinaire* and was not inclined to use any more pointing than was absolutely needed). The comma here in the first of the 3 distinct stanzas (reflecting the shifting tenor of the dream—each expatiating on its preceding one) seems at first glance unnecessary. The quotation marks around "Break of day" suggest that it is an explanatory inset and possibly a quotation from song (in a poem that is moving into song)—but the comma also separates the first 3 words decisively. And compels "extra" readings. A sense of guilt almost. Like Dante?

The word "hay" almost suggests the sighing and moaning Dante hears about him in Canto IV: a call and a faint breath and fodder. The cabins are metamorphosed into "Blue sealed glasses / of preserves" (the number clarifies relation to cabins). "Blue sealed" has a touch of "blue ribbon" about it—but also closed books. The word "preserves" implies enduring savor. The "window-sash" keeps the image of daybreak near—"In the yard on the bay" also gentles the image of limbo.¹ And the final stanza can only invoke time escaping—at the downward slope.

It is a poem about poetry. Literally—as the title explains. The poem—in turn—is there to explain the title—to bring it across into LZ's life and ours AS magic.

The poem—and LZ was not inclined to do the same thing twice and much of his poetry picks up from and contests poetry of predecessors and coevals (see his redoing of the Rexroth poem in *An "Objectivists" Anthology* for a rather crass example) should be seen in light of what went before it and comes after.

Burt Hatlen is correct in realizing that Zukofsky was *out* to make some alterations in the configuration of poetry—always—however—drawing it out of what was given/present.

Those who mean to use his work—which he surely intended—have lots of work to do yet.

Utano, 20 January 1983

addendum to "Opening Anew"

This dream poem was placed first in *Anew* because LZ instinctively realized it marked a major shift in his awareness of where he was coming from and where his center was. It is an anxiety-dream poem (being necessarily an awakening dream—moving towards "break of

day" and the immediate burdens—the dream orienting the dreamer towards unresolved tensions).

It is his declaration *anew* of allegiance to the flag (unflagging devotion) of poetry. It reflects his recommitment in the face of getting both older—"The waters / At the ramp / Running away"—though the running away picks up the pace decisively of "I walked out" and being caught up in a love affair (this time Celia—who never failed to realize she had had predecessors and might have followers and thus retained a deep well of jealousy/resentment towards past and present "lovers").

I mention Celia because the 1937 date of the poem coincides with their getting it together—from Celia's own account of it (in *LZ: Man & Poet*, pp. 55-58). And "One lutenist" (Jerry Reisman thinks Celia played piano at least to that instrumentalist and clearly is the woman in the poem) refers via Ben Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes" ("To Celia") to a decisive moment in their relation.

Let me go back. "I walked out" in the idiom suggests "I walked out on her," I left her. And one feels relation to some kind of possible "break" with Celia. The poem is a poem of inner turmoil and crisis. And as the Dante citation—so rooted in LZ's mind as to be drawn up as a title in what to most must seem a nonsequitur—is central, my explication of its relevance to the "four" AS competitors—or if you will, the honored dead—tho poetry for LZ as for me is undying as far as man goes, which means us.

"Break of day" in quotes reflects the impending awakening AND "the break" the day itself implies—the return to facts. The past tense is actually a pre-present, is a dream attempt to undo, to go back *before*.

"And saw" (reminding me of "I came I saw I conquered" and I now, via Jerry Reisman, have a photo taken by George Oppen in the Oppen apartment on Columbia Heights in Brooklyn, 1933 showing LZ clowning it up as Napoleon—and little Caesar was a natural role for him) takes on an immediate (seerlike) visionary quality. Cabins not only suggest a summerlike mood (late summer) but also being cabined, cribbed, confined. "In the hay" was a common expression in the 30s for "in the money," but the haystack—apart from the proverbially lost needle being angled for—also implies making love with some maiden. All are part of the feeling tone, the edge of anxiety, which binds the otherwise nonsequiturs of the "poem" (dream). The "blue" for me reflects mood indigo and a certain inviolable darkness. The preserves are the liveforever of 4 "poets": i.e., their poetry. "The window-sash" has not only a framing and framed feeling, but that they are set in a kind of

greater erotic stance transcends/extends the merely physical into a tableau.

And the prospect is of space and on THE bay. LZ himself in his final note scores the multiple meanings of bay, but we ourselves feel the predominance of "the cry," the "laurel wreath," "the relatively safe harbor," the image of the horse (and "the bay"² returns in "A"-12 out of the *Old Testament*) as LZ's image of beauty/work/imagination combined. And the anxiety IS his feeling himself "at bay" (up a tree): Should he marry or not? Time is getting away from him—this Lion rampant (Ricky his suicided sponsor)—1937—he's already 33/34—and a marriage may slow him down, prevent him from putting up his own preserves. Not only, then, is time running away, but the dream is, in effect, revealing that he feels he too might do well to run away. "Not get tied down. But, as we see—in the sequence of *Anew* (which has to be read AS a sequence)—that isn't what happened, what happens.³

The full understanding of that story has yet to be told, but it is implicit in the poetry—if we can read through it, care to.

In the meanwhile this poem itself adumbrates the movement in LZ towards a seer-like poetry and the careful concertation of every word, in all its multiplicity, as event. All his work shows movement IN this direction, but it only slowly radically occurs and reaches its unmistakable climax in the late Catullus versions, in "A"-21 and 22, and in *80 Flowers* (and *Gamut*).

29 September 1986

addendum to the addendum:
thanks to Jerry Reisman
who shared part of the dream

How much can any one poem "mean"? Certainly far more than most readers imagine and even often revelatory of more than the author may imagine or possibly desire.

This is one of those instances. So short a poem—but a true dream poem (not a Berryman pseudo-dream construct)—and Jerry Reisman belatedly—after all these years finding an interested ear—and with a few cues—writes to confirm my reading, but also to add a number of pointed and poignant details.

The poem is a pivotal one and LZ knew it. The conflation—as in all dreams—of many verbal/literary factors and emotional impressions is so intense and exact (exacting) here as to approach

the incredible. Only—as Louis' own note tells—he sensed "everything" was "going" there. On the face of it—without any probing—a poem of not much sense and not perhaps with much interest for most readers.

The poem is dated 1937. Let me quote Jerry Reisman in a letter to me dated 3 October 1986. (I might note here—for those of skeptical bent—that Jerry is remarkably cogent, concerned, and with an excellent memory, and no penchant for obfuscation.)

I think the date is correct because that's about the time LZ & C became intimate. [JR was the key person in their pre-marital relation and was the only witness to their actual marriage. He was a constant, virtually a member of the family, as the poems themselves testify, for nearly 20 years.] At the risk of going in beyond my depth I'll add some facts and some of my own thoughts to your analysis. . . . Louis and I visited Lorine Niedecker for a week or more in Sept. 1936. We stayed at her cabin [perhaps the same place revamped that I visited in 1970]—a rural structure in a rural setting. [I can vouch for this: it is within yards of the Rock River in Wisconsin. Fort Atkinson/Black Hawk Island.]

There was water—rowboats—probably small docks [mooring posts definitely even yet] [and a fishing area which Lorine's father worked for a living], and ramps for launching small motor boats. There was hay. I distinctly recall Frank Heineman and me climbing to the rafters of a barn and jumping onto tall haystacks and sliding to the bottom while LZ and LN watched. The weather was warm—Indian summer [a little early I'd say for that, but no matter: one makes hay, as they say, while the sun shines]. LN's mother did a lot of canning. There were jars of preserves. Blackhawk Island—a paradise for fishermen and duckhunters. I think this place was the setting of the dream.

I'm inclined to believe so also. The "I walked out . . ." suggests the streets of Laredo merging with the thought of walking out on any entangling alliance with woman. The separated "before" with these facts now takes on extra *entendre*: for it suggests Louis had been in this plight before—and of course with

Lorine. In 1937 the issue is Celia who is getting heavy on marriage. Here is Jerry, who witnessed much of this:

Now forget Celia's description (in the Terrell interview with her after his death) of her pre-marriage experiences with Louis . . . She pursued him relentlessly and he refused to date her unless she first went to bed with him. She said first marry me; and he said to hell with marriage . . . After a long time, she gave in. That happened in 1937. It signalled the abandonment of Lorine and triggered all the anxieties and imagined perils you describe.

What concerns me, as always, and JR is simply pursuing the reading of this text with me, is the poetry as it realizes the person in it, that is worked *through* it. This poem is as near to auto-therapy as you can get—and much of Louis' poetry is a setting-forth of inner issues—never in a merely "confessional" style. The language and structure as language is too closely worked for that. It is rather language as a way of living. For LZ language was music—"that order that can speak to all men" (and women). I'm not sure that the "order" did not tacitly include a fair amount of "command."

Jerry extends the reading:

The 'four cabins' ('in the hay') relate to LN's cabin [the Island, I might add, as I experienced it, shows a sequence of 'cabins'], and the 'jars of preserves' (actually 'glasses' in the text) and the 'hay' relate to things LZ saw on the island. Your sense of hay/money is correct. Celia had 800 bucks in the bank. In 1937 a large sum; and to Louis, a fortune. Celia, not very subtly, often held this carrot on front of Louis to impel him towards marriage.

The word "preserves"—pre-serves—as a fruit sweet—as liveforever—as also a rooted sense of the inviolate nature of art and the artist—comes through. The "blue" runs the gamut from depression to elation, the latter being cerulean. Both pressure and possible release (into a situation of liveforever). It also suggests to me a glass that is dark enough to prevent too much light/heat intruding upon the preserves. "In the window-sash" rather than

“on” it suggests something like a niche. And, yes, a Freudian flavor mixed in.

The word “bay” with its footnoted express/ed connotations naturally is less “literal” (than littoral) and more emotional in weight. And I’ve already shaded the shades involved.

Jerry remarks:

LZ must have had some sense of betrayal of Lorine [all his adult life, no doubt, and it surely played into a need on his part to be as helpful to her as possible in her poetry—even perhaps to be too much so—though she was tenaciously honest with herself even while being more than generous with him]; the ‘verses of others’ may be Lorine, his own conscience, and others, whispering about what he had done ‘up in that life of thine,’ as in a dream, of course, where guilt, anxiety and fear are at work.

The relation to Dante is the relation to poetry—adumbrated—and given a context of sensed competition. And LZ was a competitor to the bone. He saw his gift, his opening into being, as a poet and he sought from the very (early) start to be the genius his folks dreamt of. (And that Paul was to be the further projection of.) LZ’s humility was more nearly humble pie. He could praise my work and cite Bill Williams (this in a postcard I still have) saying that I too would be much anthologized one day—but what would it mean anyhow. For me, I might say, the issue was not, as he implies, a matter of fame, but of having made an offering that might be THERE, out there where others might partake of it, as—if you will—gods.

Dante evokes the competition and the number four. LZ quite likely had the great dead in mind or those he felt effectively enshrined (Pound surely and possibly Williams, along with Shakespeare and perhaps Dante himself).

Jerry continues:

In his *Notes* LZ says ‘the glasses of preserves⁴ were sealed with white wax.’ This takes me to *Anew* 39 again, I think the only other place [I had noticed this too] where white wax is mentioned. ‘White wax’ must be Celia; ‘red sealing wax,’ commitment [legal documentary binding]. Celia and liveforever now intertwined . . .

JR points to the pun in Celia/seal-ya. And puns are musculature throughout LZ’s oeuvre.

The ambivalence of the poem is obvious. The sense of time running out—the need to get on with his career—and the emotional anxieties attendant upon an ever encroaching marriage likelihood, plus the guilt of the abandonment of Lorine and the implication of a deep desire to abort with Celia too—but the problem has become more complicated. (One wonders what would have occurred if LN had happened to have had \$10,000 in the bank. But Lorine was not likely to have pushed or pulled him, played with his affections. It wasn’t merely marriage to her, but the man *and* poetry. LZ’s sense of it, however, might have been another story.)

In all candor it has to be admitted that this poem, no matter how deeply we probe it and find it out, is not by any scale a great poem. LZ himself must have been well aware of the fact. Yet it is accorded a place of honor in a collection that marks a turning point both in his life and work which, to my sense of it, are inextricable. He *knew* that it registered a fundamental part of his own nature and in a way that defied, as it were, mere usual sense.

This isn’t the only poem in the canon—and Louis shaped this canon (prose and poetry) with acute judgment and with a clear eye to posterity, the image of himself he wished “out there.” Ironically and inevitably, as you see here and as my essays will reveal more and more, the man stands much more discovered/uncovered (Heidegger’s *aleitheia*) than even he, the arch-conscious man of language, knew.

This is to say, to repeat if need be, that Zukofsky must be seen whole and seen steadily, if poetry as life is to be perceived truly. And if it is not so received, then the poetry itself will pass unnoticed, uncomprehended.

Is it really worth all this effort? I can’t speak for anyone else, nor do I. I find no diminishment in LZ’s poetic achievement in such reading. Anything but. *But* it does require patience and attention to detail—as all fine poetry does, or art—as life itself does. And the grace translates into gratefulness even when it grates.

Utano, 12/13 October 1986

note: aftermath as preface

The loose structuring of these three joined essays is retained out of a sense of honesty. To pretend a neatness of scholarship is beyond me and it is best, I believe, that readers see the work unfolding itself.

If it compels reading and re-reading the text/s under consideration, so much the better.

NOTES

1. I recall at this moment LZ remarking that he meant *all* the meanings of "bay"—cove, color, laurel, horse, sound.

2. And surely Stephen Foster's "Camptown Races" is also in mind—the dark horse bet on: LZ himself trying to get ahead and win all the marbles. Consider the "Her whose just bays / My future hopes can raise" in Crashaw's "Wishes, To His (Supposed) Mistress" in *A Test of Poetry*, p. 126.

3. In *A Test of Poetry*, there is also (p. 66) a very suggestive opening line in Spenser's "The Visions of Petrarch"—"Being one day at my window all alone"—which makes one think of time running out.

4. Cf. also poem 28, "Specifically, a writer of music" and "And he heard himself saying, 'For, I am at least half blind, my windows are all as full of glasses of waters as any mountebanks stall' on a field crowded with dancing donkeys . . ."—the number four prominent here, too (1934; in *All*, p. 69).

DAPHNE MARLATT

From "Salvage"

Litter. wreckage. salvage

Below water level, behind—the dike a road now, back of the wharves, boats, empty sunday / spring, left with the nets and houses left to dry rot, must, the slow accretion of months as horsetail heads rear out of asexual earth of abandoned gardens brambled

Steveston

your women are invisible, your men all gone. Except for a few boats, Hey, his spring salmon net's wet. How much you got, Ned? A bucket. Thin smile his pride will scarcely allow. WE got—how much'd you say, Chuck? (pups at the old sea dog) You stay away with your bucket!

Staying, straying in their individual houses women swim in long slow gleams between blinds, day incessant with its little hooks, its schemes inconsequential finally. They do not look at Star Camp at the company houses broke and broken open—a litter of two by fours, old shingles, bits of plywood forming / Doors torn off their hinges, glass, glass remains of what transparent walls. Occasional boot, the wreckage of daffodils someone planted, someone thought to haul in a bucket . . . What matters, mattered once has seeped away. Like fluid from a cell, except she keep her walls intact, her tidal pool the small things of her concern still swim alive alive-oh.

The salmon homing in this season, spring, the sewer outfalls upstream, oil slick, the deadly freight of acid rain—she reads the daily list of casualties in the ongoing war outside her door.

If "the woman is within," if that's her place as they have always said, can she expect her walls not to be broken open suddenly: Rain, Lightning, Nuclear Light—what attaches her to the world? Dug-up clam, dehused, who can no longer bury her head in the sand . . .

fear of the marketplace, of going outdoors. fear of public places, crowds, of leaving home. "the phobia of every day." she trembles like a leaf. has jelly legs. her stomach is a churn, fear stirring her into separate parts: the whip of the super-ego, the cowering ego, lack of will.

imagine opening your front door and standing on the step. how strong is your fear? relax, take a deep breath. imagine walking down the path to your gate. how strong is your fear now? relax. imagine opening the gate . . .

i want to imagine being in my element, she said.

Fish. paper. (value). Fish. paper. (words, work out towards . . .) an accumulation of desires unbought, nothing in this world can pay for. I want to walk down the street as if i had the right to be there, as if it were not their construction site and stoop, slipping the net of their casting eyes, slipping the net of their market price. The street belongs to the men who live "outside," whose small acts accrete (concrete) unspoken claim, a territory that cannot be trespassed except you hurry through, for loitering indicates a desire to be caught,

or caught already, prostitute, destitute,
alcoholic, the street is where you swim for smaller fish

Hey you! someone fishing for, Hey where yah goin? that
kick in the head recognition is, You! something other than fish,
flesh, drowned in the tidal line of the unemployable left on stone
planters the city removes

Whose foot of cement is this?

I go fishing too, to bridge that gap i let my line down into the
powerless depths we flounder in where the will (to capitalize on
things) stands on the opposite side of the street having made this
town, having marked it "No Trespassing" "No Loitering." No
defenses in the smell of beer the private walls come down,
lightfingered, aery as their harmonica, two young men sprawled in
the heat and the young woman with them, flaunting her being
there free, she thinks, for free—

Are you the fish that escape my line in the swift and surge the
street my feet keep carrying me adrift . . . letting my line fall into
the blank, the mute, defences breached she's letting her want out
there where i am, beached with their receding ebb.

copied with the world outside. she copes with this and that all day long inside. a successful applicant must be able to cope. she doesn't contend or strive—her struggle is within.

i can't take the bus is the same as i won't take the bus. a failure of will. she says they are staring at her and what will she do without the right change or forgetting to get the transfer when she got on, they stared when he refused, they thought she was dumb. what attaches her to the world? is what repels: the fear of being caught, caught out, caught without—

she doesn't have the words to alter his definition of her.

There are no longer any real fish. only a flicker of fish—a movement,

the baiting you do, talking to me in the street, my back against the car and you playing the line, hiding behind the tease i rise to, as to the clover of your smile—

"Fish are there to be caught you know."

Will i rise? school behaviour a herd of fish. just as, back then, swimming through sexual currents looking for eyes, as if they might bridge the gap, flare, romantic semaphore. gone fishing for compliments recognition is, eyes the lure. allure. not looking (out) but looking the look for certain eyes, floating around the places he swam by, i "lost" myself as they say and i did. fall into invisibility. silvered, dead. i floated up and down the school yard with the others, eyes re- flecting all they saw, blind to myself, more: hoping to feel that hook when his would connect: "he looked at me!"

All action his, mine merely to be seen. passive voice. i contend with desire elicited from me, the lure, the bait: i'm worth fishing for.

(How much did he say? the boy, bragging. how much does a fisherman get per pound on spring salmon now?)

The fishy vocabularies we speak our worlds through. "the fish never says no," you say, the lure speaking. but watch that fish swim right on by. the fish is after something too. something else.

imagine her in her element. not to be taken in its restrictive sense as home (is her, closed in).

in her element in other words. blurring the boundary. it's not that she wants to blur difference, to pretend that out is in, already past the gate she's past his point of view as central (hook/lure) to a real she slides free of.

free she multiplies herself in any woman paces the inside of her mind her skin half in half out of the common air she drifts along. casting a thought receives it back this we of an eye complicit in a smile she gathers fish-quick, taking the measure of their plural depth she who with every step and never once (-over) desires in the infinitive to utter (outer) her way through—litter wreckage salvage of pure intent.

(1973)—1986-7

shrimping

stark against the green bushes green water lucent salmon net, these steamsprayed with tar caught up at the boom and flowing like a dirge

dirige Domine who hath dominion dominate in techne lord of the nets

their boats lined up and wearing shrouds of black for the dark of bottom waters shrimp who do not pray crawl

diminutive and shrinking

wrinkled akin to cabbage with crumpled leaves acurl where babies, baby shrimp she said look at them curled in their cans waiting to be picked crevette, little shrimp, sitting on his fingers stuck up playfully there and there my sweet looking good enough to eat she was wearing her short dress with frilly underwear, so pink this little crack crevasse (la la) we have taken over this fissure in the gender of it all

this fiction pink for

little girls that we were the ones plying the net, fore-ply alive in the reddening of desire from the raw to the cooked dressing her feminine with just a bit of sauce you don't want to look like a boy do you? widening the gap (crevasse) a finger's width just letting her know what's him (fishing) for her below

and the net goes roaring with the lead weight of it dead weight down to unseen dark her body crawls feathery legs (undrowned) feathery head light barely makes out the splurr and creep of net in the tone of his words my little shrimp

the name of the net the name of the net the name of the net later she cannot dredge it up at all

(1974) - 1987

Reading it

so the moon was shining, so what defence was there against his merriment? "you try so hard," haunting the wharves at night "to see it"

moon a shade off full tonight past the blackness of this present shed (receding) tide at ebb's so quiet you hear water drop in water light years away the two who row into moonglare with their catch or were they setting a net so far it was hard to see in this moontrack otherwise black water, lap, a dim outline of island (oars) a little wind the stillness they were drifting in immense river clearing an immense future (night) opening ahead of them neither behind nor ahead they worked by tide moon the timing of salmon up against a vague and confused hulk of boat mast and lights/ hum of some refrigerator plant from the cannery sheds: "you kill me trying so hard to see it different—look,"

under moonglare off the Esso barge we stare down on the body of a man sleeping flat out in the blue of portable tv, "this," he says, "is the real"

so that that is gone, that run of men with the home run of salmon "very excited" a season that began with carousing in the throng on the summit of a dike that was Water Street violence and competition in what they were after skimming along on the prominent

men tend to remain separate from fiction getting the catch so as not to get caught (up in) the background only the setting for competition

the proposition shifts, a shadowy elsewhere leaps at the wharf as the very river's breath hangs fire—and not impermeable not as if rock doesn't breathe or water seep into the stock of radioactive waste buried there in the background PCB's dioxin compounds mercury grieving women
'ENTER the world

of the novel' jostled sweating in the press of so many bodies men's men's, the skirts useless hampering us in "the feat of

passing people without tumbling off" the summit of a dike that was Water Street, re-named, the straight and narrow of progress so many pushed pressed off "some six thousand Indians Japanese and Chinese" a hubbub a thousand names for the no-name *this!* (river) *this!* (light) this is not what history's after

so the moon was painting in radium real this unreeling of foreground/background where the women stand a luminous imprint the white magic memory imprints her leaning into her doorjamb arms full of white pear's awful scent "an old one that, if it could talk would tell you many things"—transplant, she took her stand (deceived she said) in a river of grass flowing over the walk immersion *as complete as the pouring of water into water*

this is not background.

Note: Italicized quotations in this poem from Susan Squier, "Encountering the Text," *The Women's Review of Books* 4, No. 2 on David Bleich's essay in *Gender and Reading: Essays on Readers, Texts, and Contexts*; also from Barbara Walker, *The I Ching of the Goddess*, p. 43.

River run

is kept (waiting, hungry) at the end of boulders rock dam suddenly drops, letting "her" go, the pent up current streaming river rain and silt from mountains draining . . .

she was not a river nor a man. she stood on the bank, curious, mute, and watched them set out in boats to hunt. she wanted to be among them, not because of the meat they brought in, skilfully secured essentials on the wing, or up through currents of sea. in the competition between them, in the contest between human skill and animal instinct they were having fun. she thought of the women with all that time on their hands as having to bear or care for it, time and its effects on flesh, having to work against it day in, out. what was drudgery but the slow expenditure of life? for what? and wasn't she one? *them, their*. she wanted to be on the wing, ride the current, pour with the river's pour out to the mouth . . .

acknowledging this fact that if i'm not this negative female creature . . .

suck and flow, suck and rush, alluvial wash of the river out to meet that which sucks it away from itself . . .

if i'm not this pseudo-man . . .

deft hands, that was what was most noticeable about them, their hands catching up the net with small scissors, knotting, reknitting. their bodies wiry and wellused, sure of step, even the older ones who would not easily give up their deck. her they said, and she, speaking of the boats they were married to,

then i'm nothing.

or the river they rode. dammed 'er up, he said, to make the channel, two sand flats joined in that alluvial wash swirled back and slowed so well sea brought its teredos in with the salt. so they ripped the top of the dam off—at high tide only, high and buoyed by the tide "she" crests on through . . .

she is not a river. she is not a boat.

what's at issue here is whether women can enter the culture as women.

finding a way to write her in, her and her, write she, write suck and rush, high and daring to be, attaches her body to words where they stick to her licking at old holes, tongue lashings, lashings of rain as at no one. writing their all, splashing around in the muck, allure of the current she rides their rushing out, her and the words all/uvial.

Note: Quotations in this poem from Kim Chernin, "The Hungry Self," an interview in *East West*, 17, No. 1, January 1987.

An Effect of Cellophane

INTERVENE AND BE MASTERED the blank snow sails for its mark the valences inconstant discard add to those whose theme takes on the fold and blends exposing rifts as they can play preventing any being simply opening to make take as closed liberties agglomerates the general principle of fridity in the lateral move from cover and the lines the ones the proper meanings hold once more the rarest of suspense projected as extinction the contingency remaining for grammarians as dimensional the concepts of the priest and sylph together in the bifax bias by that latter emphasis remarkable splitting no longer in control the work as consonant in fullness breath on the table Richard bought as much for sanctuary as somewhere else akin to all depositories the dissection delicate the blind falling short of wishes at happiness in ozone azure peaks branching from the glacier galactic yet divisive of the lateral mandolin on the walls of a cave in discourse debate detailed double faced the flesh still joined to at the phonic where the body cannot proper be such things the operation generalities achieve the same haphazardness retempering the clavicord existing odd and total in a meaning meant for paint remains or reference to the place not only spelled continually but because the white side that each is spaces them the swan perceived the snow upon the sail around itself this metaphor no longer lapsed because a blank mark cut it twice along an oblong obligatory seam a site outside the trace of a desire birth too and from it one not irreducible to twice initially a folding in the introduction of before close to the clavicord suggested by the keys still understood and printed large in nothing more than a discreet reverse of angle in a fold turned crypt more often in than differs subject of a knife object the letters edge an opening tucked in a white accretion between the contact sealed to be an eye engendered by the contradictory fan which spreads itself synthetic leaps the lips as end and or were never lifted disjunct spills the absence of the cuts the structure of a movement functionless a truth made up of chords to bind the instrument to use to designate hot days a fan might cool the movement following more or less the tympanum felicitous or otherwise syncopic doubt towards the snow the swan or cygnet now beyond the clavicord a notion of what numbers sum the total in

suspense and never there outside the room the expert sensed would orchestrate equivalence to nothing in itself the working rhymed with abyss black or white spread out a wing or sail set firm in wax on every side the interstitial silence nude cloud crushing light a fan distributed across a keyboard tossed obscene masturbated masthead divided in ideas always a doubt towards the infinite white cloud sleeping silence shadow buried into on the keyboard contrast masthead beyond the clavicord equivalent to nothing but itself a huge nude cloud of quasi emission in emergence and in every respect the womb analogous the fan outspread the head the legs split in advance a virgin substance hid across the room or rhyme the centre of this locus separations that he passed a motion through the anus filmic and fluttering the fan henceforth the manifold sequential link of white sheet somewhere in bed a place in limit to itself perhaps the clavicord extended in a motion of sublation on a wallets surface threshold and voice heard endless through the vellum of the plumage supplementary series of a system fold abolishing its lines perhaps a solid mere illusory differential still imaginable task risked in the leaflet Carol wrote inscribed by plumage on the signet at the furthest point proximity can reach before the elsewhere reappears the note beside the bed the distance of the swan placed in analysis a self coincident with fan a folded feather object held by a bunch of sequence adequated temporized in a fist the circle folded out across the sail to where the leaflet spoke of clavicords repaired first step a marching order a command into two reduced spacings closest to the hand an inch a single stick the fan denied the plumes restored around a complex inarticulate pretense elsewhere the ring constrained the waving added or withdrawn within the fold the tracks make mirrored in the keys still used in weaving the seam of the swan folded over on the cygnet imprinted through an operation of suspense upon the writing surface still applied to paper as a line a vaccine grafted to a thread the plumage fanning out the white pen duplicated plastic in the difficult sails at anchor all the way up to the solitary sentence tunneled out obscure in feathers ramified as features following the face of the cameo on one page following the facing one the lateral mandolin the flesh of an ostrich out of Pliny with affinities to brushwork by the later Tang applied to paper as a watermark or cygnet as a limit to a reach the opposite of saturate a proper name reread encrypted as a single unspontaneous change each manufactured shift or flood to somewhere dialecticized the chandelier above an evening gown the whole in french the pulse appearing in the cognac held as concept now conducting as a stain of wine on some additional white cloth every morning afternoon this

operation by an echo of a linked fanbelt the cogito as the one whole development forced by water to the steam pronounced as jet in all that is left of the swan the interval two shorts reported and the english word beforehand each time through a line to exquisite crisis the critical paragraph on silk still in the wardrobe and some spacings agglutinate among themselves the flexion sudden not a scream but scrambled yet continuous a southern breach of law proportional to the fact of the fan as finally in flight within an alphabet the ear placed in its principal balance to retrieve the book called music the blanks shot the return to fundamental exercise two other anagrams exhausted fanning out before a contact with the ptyx

this verroterie of little bits of multicoloured glass strung out to form a rhythmus with a signet ring both on the finger and in the room from the phone in its corner omitted from the general description of a fan spread out upon a clavicord the notes struck to the wingbeats and the plumage in the sunlight dead awakening together in the body proper placed through a foreign organism numbered meeting in confusion on a programmed surface iridescence that flower absent in the eye the conjunctiva distended white of swan replaced all the way up to the circle of the nose a tissue pinched from the mortal reversibility down to the disappearance of the face a presence doubled disengaged subtracted from itself intelligent repeated poison outside within a droning withdrawn clasp the calamus to bodies in a corridor of disarticulated graphics called the monologue against rafters because the hands upheld expose each other and contradict like answers left identical hand repeats to itself this is original reversible a double scrutiny the eyes announce decisive the contemporaries i never knew the nuptial guillemot described as torn to words suspended in a swans extended neck the empty bottle brought back to itself in summary design that passes through the evidence of footnotes reconstructs the swarms proliferations primal loss of bees the moment triggering of self accord in theories of spore or ropes split clips implacable mutations of the group which comes to life to see itself a scission this whole set present at the exit talking through a mist of drink affirmed before additional profunda the pudenda if this in itself were still intentional how void accords the act consuming place a monthly masculine bleed folds in on the general to genital escape through difference in what i am that owns perpetuates the mark a german coin folds on itself a language blank and banked the cloudbank limiting a circular cloud

the simulacrum as diameter which turning back exposed the self same paper he had torn arriving when the room had many meanings happening through evidence a nuptial a guillemot a fan arrived connected to a swarm of swans the avalanche a footnote left describing stars as modified six tongues the phallus of a pulley tube to leap the table as a verb from yet another viewpoint gas is not a wing concentric trace the vague sense behind the fact the doorstep beaks the pen nib touching the machine through intuition new interiors the ballerina stepped into her re-fold of the dance erasing passage through the gauze that veiled a folio in sky that otherwise unbreached as aether held together by a cusp or aspidistra divulged through information from a copper mine the cusp of copper and the dance a dematerial tissue in the recess of her being thin appearing constant an accordian according to the clavicord pursued in light a weight for testing therms themselves the lustrum in perpetual exhibition lifted baton never fell the screen depending on a coin for any true third force foliage reduced by stress or any other noun for mind a span of copies no one knows unformed by infomania a madness from the folio that doxa had allowed aloud within commission falsity dissimilar bereft the volumen its neck a fan its wings the flattened page worth nothing

the imitator comes as an existent model held together by a cusp the screen depending on a coin dropped in a slot a german mark linked by water to the steam pronounced as jet the aspidistra is a silhouette the clavicord extended through sublation in the dancers gauze resurfacing a threshold in the centaur of a tiny rune its anus ramified in features following the force of face that left the swan suspended as the bird that named the inn and doubled in the ballerinas steps to stop escape by path or lake eikastic lumps of doubled footage fringed and not dissimilar to folds in cloth or vellum tears the priest shed as exemplified birth to die in literature transformed together in the bifax world and word that Richard thought a complex inarticulate pretense before the double science of the schema in aporia a juggler might his diverse paradoxicas of fan and club and feather hat false nose imagined in the mute soliloquy six balanced runes or ruins truth stressed as a clavicord divided in two halves along a fold inside the gauze flexing backwards at the screen through life to silhouette red from the bottom clefts not one but through a mark a german silhouette recalled in Paris on a train to Rheims the other consequential to expected moves in chess subsumed among a future past conditional the mental space his

words cathected pores to rhymes the other as atemporal because a man was standing for the straight lines termed a triangle part element of reverie in anterooms on bags dried application on a work bench the machine repaired suggesting pivots for the beams that are to land in gas lit sprinkles of the replication traced back through dessert towards the dancers eye the swans in scattered stitches pulled out thread by thread the pen as muttered feather cordon seen in penilien the friendship a certain vessel flouts in amity prestigious difference as the lapse in time between that day the cats eye extended on its membrane in the road which guaranteed a swerve for the wing in windless posed as seal now read as far back as repeated pen in the line the law itself accepted down and natural to land flow back follow the scattered cordons to the face the silence to the ligatures persisting in vocabulary heard or red dissimulation a pursuit of music pulled above a copula the bond so perfect to produce a status called success unlock a space as pace said in another language blocked crucibular like every term of a machine cut out clipped in at every moment by the apparatus still by turns some violent forever fictional absence dividing to repeat the even outside of its fact some truth beginning with the interruption of a knife to irreducible to hence the present two at once the stroke delayed decided as descission these were the only two of us decision even laughter or a game created by the hinge the history of the language of something face to face to ricochet a silence brief her gun let off the moment the weight of what is floats off detaching as a detour or remission still within the angle of the cut deserted manufacturer of seconds the primitive projects the entire condition for the operation life completing what it lacks removed from the semen or the swarm of bees in the calculation that effaced a distribution through the pivot with the dead on the surface plus all that dies something has not been said deciphered among the fabrics Rita bought the blanks for hardness while asleep this interval in retrospect the hand in some endless cancellation nothing that is within the form of the verb to be one sealed intangible intelligible the lifted pit of spot for things suspended a horizontal circuitry of eyes the speaker takes his seat her sentence or the curtain is descended in tetralogic time a form of alphabet

what they call night in the movies was a bullet dropping in the sentence logic undescending rain immured by the speakers cusp or jet the tissue of a fold half opening the portrait to the thing itself distorting then announcing there is always the discredited signet of

a certain sign the aspidistra called the screen on every surface gone before a detonation in the engine somebody east of the sky the body nothing as the language in it spoke clipped out commentary to repeat itself a slash between the darkness of her mouth in every sign the absence of a range and what they call night in the movies become a knife no longer blunt or than an inch the cygnet handle a swans neck slashed with a blade of gynecography precision no longer in the shell the grass a blade of even body pulled the knife preventing holding back the wind as if it acted feigned a faint allusion to the detonation in an engine what they called the bachelors a clavicord its parts of the machine drawn off an edge to writing fragments of a pharmacy inside of what it goes beyond the descant from a photograph a written light the surface of a sky or common blade pulled out the mouths part of the machine in part the repetition of itself the necessary cut or slash described discredited a bar inside the detonation not a hinge but absence put there acting as an engine in the announced range of the signet between the clavicord adjusted by the knife across an edge of sail and giving rise to sewing folded inwardly the harbour in the dream inside a folded double seam semantic detonation and the word allusion spelled in english through a hinge the mouth a portrait part and then an insect doubled landing on the shell an unhatched cygnet absent body from the writing to an edge discredited this zoographic operation linked in turn to voice by fullness in one visible trigger person fusion perpetration off one side the sketch turned to terms that indicate pomeric closeness and a seal the sigla by a virtue which as impress illustrates the move between the fact a swan is dead and laughter or precision is a difference in fullness set apart the fan whence spread disclosure the spatial moments of the dying flippant filament the crowd applauding what the mark points out a leaf mould left alive a life these two which flow too unfolding doubling out one face a multiplied transgressive blank two leaves before a space for dying in an ordered series of expiries the swan first already there a cut oblique one stroke as though a cygnet riddled it with skin sewn up to lack a hole the edge bound tight upon a double fold tucked in beside the masthead everything no longer said before the face a multiple but fractured light caught peripheral dismembered body soundless on the periplum what each particular had called the cite the city stood upon organic series not as numbers swan a swarm of bees not lettuce from all sides the hinge sound blows a pivot infiltrated set of grids as well a sequence less remembered than remembering the exit via cut or graft and fold still termed a seam the dress a variant of chandelier its light in the privileged advance of face before the second split or space a