

# ON COSMIC POETICS Thomas Taylor

On Cosmic Poetics  
The World in its Opposites  
Any Vocation  
D I C T I O N

Visionary Education

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## ON COSMIC POETICS

“The flame started first by amazement over subject matter... not the emotional pleasure of the laymen but the intuitive understanding and recognition relating obvious reality to the esoteric, must then be confined to a *form* within which it can burn with a focused intensity: otherwise it flares, smokes and is lost like in an open bonfire.”

(Edward Weston, *Daybooks II*)

“To the unsophisticated mind, the characteristic thing about phenomena is their dynamism. It is only abstract thinging that takes them out of their dynamic continuity and isolates them as static units.” (Helmut Wilhelm, *Eight Lectures on the I Ching*)

Prospectus for a work. Submitted, &c. The sequence of events is proscriptive, alternatives dismiss doubt. If change is constant, pressures coagulate toward acts. In the open field of events, what one does has consequence, in himself alone. He meets himself in choice, at that crossword.

First, then, one would adopt discourse “as speech.” Presocratic is the mode. Syntax as a rhythm of the cosmos: one would voice his thoughts, as rhetorically clear. One would write it down, as thought beheld, as witnessing and observation. As one wrote, there would be a learning, a “taking place.” The particles of change submitted to a void, and coming back, a voice.

Personal voice yields infinitely, just as *vox populae*, the law holds, of reflection. But self-as-event yields newer parameters of selection in process by virtue of that reflection. In the cultural inrush of new information, that is as alien information from other cultures invades allmedia, one can view the flooding of all reservoirs of information, their welling and ultimate bursts and showers of imagery. That is the visual circumstance. One need only look but how and at what and to what distinction and with which one eye or two? Hence, “the evaluative normative concepts” are derived out of language. What it *says* is “listen”; what it sees is light and form. Therein, “response” mechanism for feedback, hence control, emotive eloquence of style and eros. Out of that lesson, straight-line *out* to the actual, to touch what one sees. A psychological drama in which choice reveals the nature of the game to the won who chooses, the self which accepts action as a *result* of intelligence, not as a symptom. “Emotive eloquence” being

the first of the necessary criteria. The standards at each level of achievement are commensurate with what one has achieved. By discourse with what one allows: factors of the ultimate. Time's memory a rhythm, a cycle of behaviors. The topic "intelligence" is seen as a partial occurrence. It is useful to consider certain relations of the specific. Prior consideration defeats the enigmas, resolves disregard into disparate units, even engenders time into its constituency. The plastic, however, is not so discrete and in its entirety unmanifest. Solid space, as contradictory as it appears (how null!) is nonetheless the definition we give to "the real." The fact that a camera mechanism seems capable of invading a superior externality and returns with a facsimile-event doesn't seem to trouble us. The photograph itself is a "particle in the space-time continuum (cf. Wynn Bullock, even Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet*) "...The concept of change is not an external, normative principle that imprints itself upon phenomena; it is an inner tendency according to which development takes place naturally and spontaneously. Development is not a fate dictated from without to which one must silently submit, but rather a sign showing the direction that decisions take. Again, development is not a moral law that one is constrained to obey; it is rather the guideline from which one can read off events. To stand in the stream of this development is a datum of nature; to recognize it and follow it is responsibility and free choice." (Wilhelm)

No, I have no satisfactory reports at hand. Some psychological events and manifestations of print. And surgical prints of photography.

And the sequence of events, which has as components all that one expects from events "as information." The evaluative concept "breakthrough" is a judgment of behavior. The matter of the shadow figure (who he is) and the locus of observer-as-fixed-by-relation need clarification. They are related problems inherent in the notion of the location of the light. From which location ("here" or "there") does the light "come from" when one is "looking" Self-as-event collects light, self-as-object says, "the light, *there*," and points excitedly. Gesture as act. But photograph as possession-of-image.

To possess a portion of the actual and to participate in a psychological event are two different matters, each with its own aesthetic. Set against this, the continuity of events, with image as an intersectant with the actual. I mean something visual as well as mechanical, and all those thousands of cameras going off all over the world, pinpricks of participation, the camera is an instrument of participation in the

image, that's how it goes. Completion however declares sensation's domain as locus, there where touch is.

So voice, the image, and the sequence, all located in speech-active psycho-functional man, muscular and vibrant, a pulsation in the whole pulsation of light: instant, event.

The willingness to sequentialize has no specialty, it is the norm of the behavior, in no place known but in the individual's perception as "I am that."

Accurate calculations resound outward, light to the touch, but even here it is more than rhythm, syntax and movement. The concrete, the "thing itself," is borne out everywhere. When he live it out as here, it bears examination, experiencing--the artist-as-hero is antithetical to all good sense. Or our new "the person as hero," what of *hero*? What consciousness inheres there, "our heroes of information," etc. What touch yields to its view? Toward morning, the cream becomes palpable, remembered, startling by being close. At least this morning, this afternoon. "The language of form cannot be read except by those with the key; to others it is no more than meaningless hieroglyphs." (Weston)

Mainly, then, in such acts of cleverness as this, in which a territory is mapped out in advance, one would purposefully initiate a sequence with a goal of repetition or re-experiencing a style of responding, or a mode of feeling appropriate to a particular state of consciousness, one would perform Krishnamurti's or Gurdjieff's "watching" with something in mind, but what? One would want to be most clear about the transitions or transformations of personality which take place between events or sequences of them, chains of the whole in its connectedness with what surrounds the gaseousness of one's continuum. In that to identify the sources and actions of one's love.

Isolations of purpose or function are meaningful inasmuch as they persist (duration). Art is what I do, or is what I do is art? The sequence of definitions is what follows, the computer knows that, of course. The bog of familiarity—I would burst through that fallacy of repetition, the sooner the better. What could be gloomier or more familiar. Better to celebrate those repetitions of information as pleasure, better to redirect one's energy at creation, at a reassembly of one's senses.

The final location in the sequence would be "begin," which (conclusion) has permission to enlarge the vertical "arising of thought" in all cases its description and

contant. Original impulse to redirection as a behavior. Fine! “In a magical world view, however, such as the one which has left its impress on the oldest strata of (the I Ching), a thing and its image are identical.” (Wilhelm)

Movement, internal consistency, and the authoritative increments of data from what we acknowledge culturally as sources or inputs of energy. Movement in relation to image is here used to implement formal pressures. The assumption is that response’s function to the act-event but wholly for the sake of fixing the various loci or postures which are associated with each image. This particular mode of associative behavior (analogy) can be isolated within the sanctuaries of the image yet removed by sequential shifts of attention. The parallel as a category of the aesthetic consists solely in the relation constituted by one abstraction existing in relation to another, those two in their time (as relation) generating a succession or theory of events on their own behalf. All that is unfamiliar is a moment ago, but of such directness that a final drive toward internal consistency figures in the act-event beyond the scope of this project. This synchronicity of balance predicates the drift of the single event in its polarization of lightedness. It seems to be what it is: the devices stand as numbers in a poetic of behavior, that syntax of visual and abstract encounters which bring event to being, which cause cause, a momentary isolation of fragments into conjunction or contact. Transformation out of what warps the state toward its future, or movement, follows from the dynamics of the flow or continuity of thought as it realizes its inertia in the image and then, drawing from the energies of its recognition, daws on, again, toward pattern and complexity. The object draws closer as detail, figure, and then finally blocks the whole field of vision. Such collisions release energies of data, scrambled and unsorted; continual pressure upward, however, reconstitutes the distance to the observer, and the solid falls back into its temporarily unmanageable distance. The specific sequence of events has no further allowances beyond encounter and reflection. The image persists in its own domain. “...modern artists who go back to the primitive, try to recall the past, the feeling and technique of simple, artless people, fail absolutely. The way is ahead, not back, no matter how great the past may be.” (Weston)

Any poetic is meant to describe the origins of thought. What is more important than origin, however, or cause, or authority, is the specific sequence of events which

leads one to his specific origins, as though in the continuum of events one would ask for a psychically specific muscular aesthetic of movement related to visual sequences and the modes of behavior associated with the self's successive affirmations and progresses toward the actual, the assumption here being that such a progress is chosen, via imageries of selection, for certainly, one cannot choose to exist, but only resist its dominion in the senses.

The chief issue at state here is energy in its relation to objects and to visual experiencing. Prior to the aesthetic of movement, certain assumptions have been made and certain hesitations experienced and questions asked. On the whole, this preparatory series of excursions has been lived through thoroughly. Form as an emergence of causality need only have authority here as it resembles what other teachers have had to say about the present and of mind's relation through body to the presence of the world, as an image full of light comes to inhabit the body. Hence, "Sun at the center."

Internal geography is what remains. This initial statement is meant to disclose the possible in its relation to what is solidly, now, "image." A style is a behavior, and a behavior carries with it psychological imagery and visual experiencing. What is ultimately beyond control, that is unregulated, is the energy itself. That one is and knows one is and that it is good and that one is present in the act-event of his being, and consequent to his arousals of thought and action, resolute, perseverant and continuant.

What is achieved out of the poetic, then, is directness and immediacy of one's sensations of the world. Being presents one to the world, world is present in the act-event of being. Here, image is a celebration of the visual act-event becoming as it is experienced. What is written out through the variations of any present is the rhythm and focus of energy via a personal syntax of responsiveness to one's information.

The experience precedes the modes.

## **Notes**

### *SCHEMA OF THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS*

Authority

Curiosity

Consciousness (cause)

Sequence  
Locus  
Breakthrough  
Repetition (stasis & accumulation)  
Death-fear (duration)  
Indeterminacy  
Focus  
Consensus  
Relapse  
Individuation (information)  
Evidence  
Emptiness  
Personalization (ego & other)  
Energy  
Origin & Completion

1. *Shamanism & Acute Schizophrenia*, Julian Silverman, National Institute of Mental Health, (in) *American Anthropologist* (69, 1967)
2. *Cerebral Cortex in Conscious Man*, Wilder Penfield, McGill University Press, 1968. Chief neurosurgeon, McGill Neuropsychiatric Clinic, discusses the dysfunction of memory in epileptics and the relation of memory and consciousness evidenced in electrical stimulation of the cerebral cortex in epileptics under experimental conditions. Based on subject responses.
3. *Oecological sections: Solar Journal*, Richard Grossinger, LA: Black Sparrow Press, 1970. Section on Iriquois torture ceremonies (male-female), song in demoting the captured warrior. Also in *Stony Brook* 3-4 as an example of psycho-causal writing.
4. *The Palm Wine Drinkard*, and *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*, Amos Tutuola, Grove Press. Two examples of psycho-causal writing.
5. The following letter from Richard Sassoon.

Thanks for your letter and other communications. What I sent you is a work in some sense, or perhaps an outline of one, but mainly a communication. The outside limits of that are my own immediate self awareness (before memory which is itself communication) and actual contact (ditto). I expect I have too little of both of these which gives me some compulsion to work at communication. The communication suspects it is not mostly a gain but a means to cope with loss, but also to appreciate loss. we don't know how to appreciate except by loss. we may have some guilt about this. This may lead us to over-dramatize the pain of the loss. (is this the woundedness?)

Before our friend Christian left for Chile to study in a Sufi training school, he was carrying around a piece of paper which said, more or less: a Sufi is a person who believes that by alternate identification and detachment, he is free.

I'm fairly sure the original said "will become free", but I found it impossible to say that. At this moment I find the word free rather difficult. Like the word God.

Suppose you broke with the concept of yourself as a continuity. Then you would ascribe characteristics, or emotional habits, or whatever particularities of yourself that bug or delight you to SITUATION. You would say, not, I'm wounded, but I live in and experience a wounded situation. Not I love and enjoy but I live in and feel a loving and enjoyable situation.

Actually, however, this would give an eternal unqualified present or presence, which may be what people allude to by words like god or truth or it, which in its original form we call innocence.

The loss of innocence is the natural appetite for contrast ( heaven & hell).

i.e. there are remembered situations contrasting present situations...

The moment of actual experience is the only contact with present situation. Memory of past situation is the only thing we can "handle," possess or reflect on or delight in or hate or however we handle it.

This is the phase of guilt. Loss of actual experience and perverse playing with memories of oneself.

This phase is endless since nothing of original experience can be remembered. This is crucial. Literally.

There is no return to innocence.



There is, however, loss of the loss. the openings into this are various according to nature, but I recognize especially despair and boredom and also ultra-manic joy and contentment. The first of each pair is dangerous, and will usually lead one to terrific effort in a creative tradition or to a teacher and a religious effort. The latter of the pairs is natural progress.

This phase is repentance/reflection.

Now issues a balance of actual contact with present situation and memory of same. The memories of way past must get cleared, which is probably a technical matter rather than one of will, but probably adequate will finds a technique. I'll return to this point because it is for us crucial also. This balance allows equally communion or communication, and the choice is complete at each moment subjectively but actually reflects the social or environmental super situation. ie, the situation of all situations in the region of awareness. Simpler put, memory is opted out of compassion, which is the last remaining perversity, in order to effect another's communicational needs; and experience without memory is opted out of nothing which is the source of compassion.

This is the attainment of holy indifference.

In all this from the point of view of the origin or end, there has been no movement and from the point of view of any other location, there has been nothing but endless karma

This as a realization is the Big Laugh.

OK. The pain for most of comes from that parenthetical reference, trapped memories. Things that were too good or too bad to be true. Things the mind thinks the body can't stand to experience or the body feels the mind won't be able to handle.

This is where we get a sense of ourselves outliving or never entering situation, a something non-situational, a personified fear or desire without its practice, its behaviour, its nature.

The foci of this seem to be: terror beauty emptiness banality. Four types of orientation to not being oriented

Terror: the anticipation of the full experience of oneself existing without any situation at all, any behavior, any medium.

Beauty: the anticipation of the reverse—oneself effaced by the fullness of the world. Enrapt. Also an anticipation.

A full confrontation of either breaks all illusion. ie, the loss of terror or of beauty is the introduction to truth, god, etc.

Emptiness: absence of both “I” and “situation.”

Banality: prolonged ordinariness: “I” and “world” coexisting. No realization.

These two correspond to sudden and gradual enlightenment. Banality ultimately opens up to emptiness, the persistent attempt to face emptiness opens up to banality.

Now my more trivial point: these four approaches correspond to the types of trapped memory. About which there is nothing directly to do. It is the situation of no access to the determining past situation, which prevents a proper balancing of present situation with memory of present situation.

Therefore it seems to me one must take a clue from one’s penchant in respect of those four fictional appointments and proceed as if they were destinies. ie, heighten the prevailing perversity. Love, for instance. Is a form of beauty. To seek love is to seek the loss of one’s self in the other. To be enchanted, fascinated, held, to a total attention. Any total attention is an acceptance full of disappointment. If one persists the loss of the other will follow. ie, any destiny attained includes all possible destinies.

The gain in this mind magic I’m playing on now with you--my special perversity is to believe I’m not alone when I’m along and to believe I’m alone when I’m with you—if I push this, its natural collapse will give me the freedom I want from and therefore to love-live. Those two statements are just persona. I continue. One can use anything that one is doing or not doing to get to one’s natural appointments, whether seen as subjective experiences or accomplishments, because one shifts obsession from content, particular discipline or way, etc., toward simply style of attention. One attends to how it is doing whatever one is doing with absolute faith that this is adequate. Whatever one can’t do while attending to how it is, one naturally stops doing; whatever practices facilitate attention one naturally begins to include and one need know nothing of this. When one fails fairly consistently in attending one simply attends to how one inattends.

Eventually one finds one has begun to abandon destination for the interest in the procedure, which is rather funny. Also to abandon future is to abandon past.

Paradoxically the trapped memories then come up. There is always the tendency then to refixate.

This technique is actually paresis. It always works. It is difficult to keep to it. But it is the only answer then there is no other answer, ie., in the despair or manic excitement. The bored one is so close. The contented one is doing it.

IE if terror is my appointment and I find I'm incapable of provoking it, then I must do the opposite. I must act as if there were no terror, and terror will present itself. If at its onset, I suddenly shift and believe in it, off it goes again. I must keep to the paresis, then it will come fully on me, from behind as it were (cf Orpheus and his big fantasy following him.)

Or love. Or simply, the unremembered which haunts.

# THE WORLD IN ITS OPPOSITES

## The Processes of Beauty

### I

Beginning always in the same place, the dialog proceeds by fits and starts into an impressive though brief array of contact and resonance, and reactive space reduces the field of vision within the specific confluence of acts. Any gesture speaks, and within the forms of speech, specific personalities in motion are also drawn between the polls of form and sign.

Simpler however are the arts of practice, patience and sign. No maintenance is necessary to the practices of recall, for instance, as distinctions arise before the moments of decision to arouse what is curious within sensibility and discourse toward what is also new. The dream inhabits not figures or designs, but structures of energy wherein acts resolve.

So it is in release and pressure toward completion that beauty is drawn outward in the moment of pursuit or pleasure, and where we find the body sleeping in its disguise of facts, proper registration prefers to *see* in what is there the boundaries of chance resolved by simpler resolutions: ease. Of course, singular meditation refers to what is there, and the assumptions proper to beginnings are always present, though the familiar tokens resist the foolish claim of possession: song pertains to choice, perhaps, though the assurances of style are also described in the circumstances of the line.

*Naming*, then, improves what is difficult. The personal realm is still described in style; or the elegant pursuit of alterations of the perform betray, almost, the secrets of motion relevant to the final arrangements of passage. Surely one is drawn aside, and the light of events pursues thought.

Declamation recalls vocabulary within voice, and the centers of consciousness fill the diagram without conflict, just as the eye is always alert *before* the mind's own sensations alert the organism to defensive array. The speed of events permits some error along the way: perhaps the door is always open, but surely the distinctions we make arise from somewhere; language and the forms of speech differ, as acultural visions organize in directions unsought, perfect trails resisting the names of strangers, just as the

hyperbolic stance pertains. In no decoration, then, but long distances between words when even speech is rushed through the formalities of choice.

Abstract conclusions precede thought: the eye is that quick. Speech *recreates* the one moment of release inherent in relationship. It is not the other way around.

Ecstasy, then: the dance of light is both pursuit and motive, where a future resides first in flat design, in comparison and diction, in the body's quick charms for power. Or does the rule prefer to sleep where challenge pretends to rest alert beyond the open scores of others. There *is* the dialog reversed in motive first to other sharper scenes. There is "image," the mind's imitation of the eye, in conceptual strategies reversed or positioned within the framework of what is done. Or the theoretical. There are designs, or one would make them in his meditations in order to survive. The thin edge of perception allows adjustment: we pursue our own mysteries exclusive even of our knowing, though simpler assumptions are more manageable. We might begin again tomorrow, but space persists, the sameness of the signs is disruptive.

So tension and contact relate the procedural to its claims for completion. The more spaces there are to fill in a conceptual design, then, the more perfect it is, filled out, perhaps, with the diagrammatic eloquence which constitutes a release of pressure: tactics.

The conceptual act is also a physical exertion. Our distinctions lapse too easily toward the contradictory other. Could we arouse these signs pretentiously, there would comfort becalm the sensory array in eases left unknown. But the body's life is perfect, we insist, it is our own, and no defenses arrive as needed. The critical realm is neither a response nor an arousal of the *other* in our movements: the same leap into the same water. Even drama is sincere.

No, they sing together, even separately. Complaints arrive on cue, the organism pretends reaction, and solitary states review unwilling declarations of opposition with ease.

Or is the moment of the grounding of the idea itself too separate to allow rendition? Pervasive and obscure, a language comes along between the assumptions, resonant and precise. Where style belongs to time, the spacious dogma resists. Intense, but joined again to proper dialogs, swimming down the line and never dropping off to sleep. At last the day arrives, and what was there before is there again, the work.

Of course correction is participation.

Passage and invitation. The invisible but distinct reminders that we have changed. Without persistence we might collapse, and in the world become ourselves, clothed as it were in the disguises we have avoided so skillfully and in perpetual conjunction, encircled, withdrawn or closed, the signs are made and disallowed, the closed center of speech and silence, newer and profound. How is one to respond?

We might recall our own voices, left to speak in another darkened room, where smaller airs recall our other moods with frightening rushes of other faces cast between our lesser worlds. But then the calm flow of movement contains an image in its restless flux of acts. Could they be better? Or are there times to move and times to rest even in the absolute voids of space. A goal would resist all but formulation, a singular release of doubt which permits functioning to continue its flat and even heartbeat, breath upon breath, unperformed and dreamed, signals where we might begin, succinct and unfamiliar, this vocabulary of light returns and holds to the organization of ideas and goes between the referents and into color. A speech is described more simply where collective argument ceases to be heard, the drum of trance and sign, continuing to be the same voice drawn out without these rhythms of abstraction.

But the rest is allowed, encouraged, practiced. And is there sincerity in not belonging there or there, but hoisted out, the voice begins and goes along to hold the beautiful before the eye as if some perfect charge were laid between the eyes, diagram and sign, even before vocabularies resist their formulation. And there's the question: are these organized gestures more than that evolutionary commonplace we accept too easily, or is there another higher dogma even as restrictive and into which we cast prejudice, encouraged by the energies of a simpler and more critical description of processes. In the static realm there is neither peace nor silence, this "cessation of thought." There is the language practiced by decorum or ease, but left along the way<sup>6</sup> like some simpler engine, where the children remind us of the mysteries inherent or latent, specific signing of the invisible, we all know *that*.

But pronouns differ. Beauty holds alone, and perhaps that is its failure to become the norm, a mundane and exclusive property left along the way, an afterthought. Left between designs, an imperfect though unimpeachable conclusion, like the meanderings of conversation which are so specific to storytellers, nothing is wasted, and hardly are we moved than left alone within *the same*.

Calling out along some simpler rushing-out, these days resemble a destiny where one is sought, focal, shined out, given image and form and boundary. The functional lapse of description and easing in to doubt, a resistance or pursuit of the formular in disguise. The views we learn are too solitary to become perfect; one would come to no resemblance or recall but describe his acts with words which are already known, and then begin again to fall apart, the future comes again and rests to outer signs collapsed. Structures of discursive judgment are always simpler than their origins, you we must speak before the audience, left to share our leanings privately or called to dreaming in the center of our intensities, no game but following these specific confidences, alert and told, into another definition. It is too simple to become abstract, and yet the work is there, roof, floor, window, the house, its lesson and learning, and finally, filling in the space completely, held to account for what is new by signing a name and drawing aside to recognize the claims that have been made for what they are, the boundaries of the choice we made, a foolish conjunction of head and tail, the straight lines of thought interrupted by arrogance and pushed along between our moments of conviction. Love resists the claim and pushes out into year and sign. We move again.

## II

However much we decline attention, the abstract-theoretical is personal, and the tenses of the language describe body states more perfectly than does our insistence on detail. Even the shadow completes the double. But abstraction is too precise, denies the very arts of attention from which it is derived, we cannot travel in straight lines *or* circles, but only come to music where it lasts, and in that persistence allow ourselves the luxury of commitment. Our voices calling out or driving in, no distinction. The marks are hollow, the eye resists simplification, where “art” is executed by men or women or neither, to both, together. The play of types is simpler still, and the initiative we give to the whole is newer still, a beginning to be the same across lines and properties which parts the waves too simply to be seen. This avoidance of the peculiar, or its opposite, infatuation, is too extreme to be complete.

Newer positions resound, that much is clear in the rush of enthusiasm for the accidental which, really underscores the mundane pressure of the abstract into its details. The job is done. And lying through the categories, flat perhaps, the body of thought

resists its claims and perpetrations. We perform the mask too willingly, or willfully, the pun allows exactness. And roles are drawn forgetting how the dream arrives or when the net was woven from some foreign strains and lapses in the act. That the beauty is illusion calls us back and lingers at the edges of the resolute description again and yet without the mood we might describe as new. Courtship or limitation is too simple to continue. And yet complexity won't belong again to what we are. Never to know! But that's too easy, graphed, charted, signed and marked, the day's allowances for the good, the true and the beautiful. They are the same. And without duality, the rest resounds, spins.

The world in its opposites, too soon to begin without commitment: trusting to what is there already, some time returns and clears the air for work, at last we come to the edges drawn against the concept, thrown aside by failure or persistence where error itself defines the sign of what is seen for its value in the whole. Day declares, arrest and see, or flow these contraries through the net to determine what remains and where the accrual rests, resists, poetry allows the union of strengths to come to resist within the sign: your masks and terms align throughout the moods of what is known, and what is not is not. That much is easy: operating through what is there, or using conceptual knots as tools, the remainder is drawn like energy rather than problem, and the vocabulary rises into being on command, the specific thoughts arrive like light or knowing, there is a difference in where we go and how we stay the same.

Perhaps examples suffice to strengths or weakness itself. Any design is marked and implemented, though the rhythms of the trance suspend the air between words with smoke and noise. Perpetual disintegration and renewal; but the voices are not new, are not even voices, distance declares. In speech we come to see the distance. In act we lose the way, retreat, collapse, and sign again for help, for food, for air, and failing that, die and cool the ground with seasons or draw along the day like peculiar turtles, snapping at reflex rather than target, smoothing the distances between the lines with a strictly conceptual ease, close and polished by our habitual disregard of what is so familiar and mysterious: or *works*.

It is the edifice itself which is so peculiar, not its failure, for that is where we are revived. No, the edificial itself is beyond our grasp because we have made it through too much too soon and far too easily for any scars to show. Horse and rider, and in between, the act, going around the day like rest or posture, thriving on imposition or chance or



calculation. And then professional. But there is no claim here, only a territory, and living in the center of the sign, another loop recalls us to our moods and elevations; in the unusual clarity of beginnings and announcements, arbitration of the absolute by referees of the human, separate and unique *improvateurs* of life's own distinctness, visible concepts, clothed, as it were, by human form.

We might resist, and do, for that seems proper, gathering waves, leaping forward over difficult shortcuts, omissions of neglect and convenience, simplifications of doubt rejecting easier trails and filling in the conceptual holes without grace or knowledge, acting the design without respect for the traces of failure inherent in the whole, for it is neither static nor complete nor whole at all, but response and claim where none was given. Mute perhaps, the wise and fortunate modification of the absolute which permits the rest to hold its marks without permission but gather in to senses moved in larger signs and finally left alone. Alive, we are the same, alive. Beyond that, the assumptions break away like attributes or impositions. Release by simpler tones or calls in other modes: the ears twitch and flicker, the eyes roll back, suspended: an attentive grace to what is new. But what is easy is also what is beautiful, but *what is?* Color, perhaps, or only blue and yellow, and what of it? Simply, to go on, and working that as a sharper turf, we grow these tentacles of composition under a specific glass, and gaze around before we shout, the trees *and* woods. Crawling about, glandular simplicities too easily explained to be true, too true to lead anywhere, a vocable chart responds to charm the eye; even what is mute recalls us to these lesser realms.

But the absolute is not without remission, and that is an animal charm, a construction, then, and *drones* these days are filled with work, and filling out their dreams too easily for doubt, or pressing out their claims for doubt itself, a circular and unresponsive chart, cold to some infirmity and laid before our senses like a self, and like a body, drawn along the way by will itself, another diagram of action, "loomed her hand is wove."

You might protest the form of the dialog has driven in upon the mind, it's hard to read again where the assumptions haven't yet been granted their luxuries of existence. The drawings on the floor are out of place, we think. We think. And acts beyond their call are never neat nor even particularly important. But we do persist. And through these

signs of particular cleverness, the flaw, come between the specific intensities of resistance, another charm allows the rest its leisure.

Or is it even healthy? Release, perhaps, is handy. *That*. But the presence itself is contrary, contradictory, different. What are they growing over there; hidden in the woods the houses rest on thickened poles, the ground is wet, and dreaming life aloud, we come to love or will or pleasure only to be revived, only to sustain the motions of consciousness, forever “art” and uninitiated.

Or is it even man and women left alone regenerate the races of the world. Now there is nothing left over, there is nothing left over at all, but drawn aside for lesser drawings, sustained attention retains the middle, drives the center, calls the ideal perfect and mocks the other without power at all, calls its bluff and struggles out. Assumptions have been made because the necessity was interrupted. Silences. The days are left together, month, year, the season of the year before, and quietly.

And bare sufficiency into the main and flowing channel of conscious movement, the actual relapses of form, renewed or gathered in some humility and ignorance, but hardly respectful. We ask. But being thorough, there are no holes really in what we ask or in what we say. The music comes between the signs, the ear and eye have differing times and resonances, and in what coheres, a syncopation to thought which sees events in double time. The conceptual psychology gives way to acts just as acts themselves return us to what we are and to the ground of our own resistance to what we are as growth as tropistic clutch and glimmer, a sustaining warmth is fostered in these moments of allowance and pity. Whatever color the skies are, they are still there, and they still are.

And though we might recall our own designs, then again we ask, dissatisfied with answering, more pleased in finding the simplicities of ease and dance and music left within the circles of discourse. Proper to the act, we follow out and hold the causes back to back, muted by what is seen, the familiar immensity always turned around to show us who we really are, out of question, out of insistence, out of reality, clamoring indistinctly at our selves for reassurance, and left alone to make the whole *resemble* what it already is. And there is some challenge there, to recreate the beginning in being simple. The rest goes by, goes down, stays. And left alone, the human image unsustained, curious, reflex and sign, already beginning to be the same.

# ANY VOCATION

*Time of seeing,  
of the image comes  
through any perceptual  
lap-lapse  
to identify any  
thing & move in on its  
temporality  
temporareity  
eg zoom  
on line, so a  
handbook on seeing  
wd have moves like  
(illustration omitted)  
as syntax, or utterance  
eg motives of breath  
but the eye's metabolism!*

And no consequence to it, seeing anything corresponds to the increments of selection (numens) relating to choice-levels, eg, for a designated sequence of compositions.

Measure of time lap-lap for designated centers, that the resolutions would be made quickly and faultlessly, and with no relation to series, eg, no memory.

Targets and shadows combine to new dimensions of speed though the total value of any piece, eg jokes, must account for error.

Composite reality reduces eloquence to volume, where tenacity displays consciousness to itself, where the revolution of thing & space determine the *other* to its course.

In discourse, to remind the false tenure of objects out to the boundaries of acts. In speech and discourse, to separate words and voice to their respective polarities, and in event to discern some rapidity from time to acts.

There, in the actives and plurals that surround *image*, to know what precedes the seeing as an order of experience.

*Out of such blackness  
to  
encounter some light,  
thrown off, cast,  
the flickering out  
to love's angle of sight.*

*But any center  
of defense would  
carry it out,  
the thrown  
masterpiece lodges  
suddenly, there is  
a replacement of acts,  
or some acting-on:  
the proper dismay  
hesitates  
and skipping  
toward doubt,  
ambles through.*

*but color & line distinguish,  
the voice's act & ear  
to mark time **so** to its  
occasion, & there, to  
lapse out to order  
the angle of seeing  
& wherein, some taste,  
but poems, too,*

*and the line through,  
from event to cosmos,  
is reflection & sight  
eg, target  
& moving the order of time  
& time's own ordering  
both react through  
to the act's own space,*

*But a form of creation would  
sail through the  
event itself, & be held on.*

The tenure of acts out onto the plain of sight, where an *event* is seen, a monument to time's own solidity, and to be marked off so solidly, to become a thing and an act at once, out where some cutting takes place, or did.

Some simple syntax to the leader's own place, it is leaped, over, and in the one of acts, then, to see, but resolution's discord elapses to the style of act or personal of mention of which event is at-large. Through will's error to a target of hesitation, at the edge of sensation cast or lodged, where a subject eases into discourse as something seen and described out of its natural shape and time to the persistence of accuracy to which elements subject themselves in their very eloquence as *things* in place, in the time of their placement which is both reminiscence and act, where these notes contribute their gestures to the motive or active which is moving toward light.

*Any notation carries its accuracy out to the scene.*

*Any postulate revolves through its neatness to poetry.*

*Any location serves the area under review as a note.*

*Any gesture provides sense to the syntax of its motive.*

*Any image resolves distance between scene & touch.*

*Any contact reserves itself to the moment of view.*

*Any tendency resounds out through the error which composition lessens.*

But it is *style* where the subject (self) lies-to, where the act in its gigantic proportions looms up out of the desert into a space or sensation “to-which” the actives or verbs of acts are regarded, where the increments themselves lose their concrete exactness and become the becoming they are already, become participles of movement in the present which outlast their object-density and perpetuate the viewer onto his own sensation of being, that is, to *see*, while the experience underway collapses into *contact*.

Any vocation its own and same place to move in the histories of consciousness to a place & name of Being, for the thing and moments of one’s own life to move them into conjunction with any other vocation, that *Being*.

Any vocation the same to its contact of centers, where the motive and seeing coexist toward a notation or extension of the person into his visibility, round and perfect, not as a “view” or as an “act” but as the drift and pressure of what is actually there.

Resemblance through pressure, and that what is felt as contact is a reminiscence or a duty, that is, where the water laps and how the light is composed through its space and time, where both relieve toward the actual light and seeing.

Any density to its resonance.

The density of a vocabulary would be the presence or *the* presence of an instance of relief toward the geometry of a composition and always through the isolation of a content or a resistance.

A poem where light excuses itself.

*As:* What is prior to acts, the very willingness of pressure to a relief, that a vocabulary would precede distinction, or that naming and acting (with respect to the states of elocution) would *resemble* only insofar as they are acts and as they *are*, they are images, or there are appropriations out of which information descends, arises, not alchemically; that power resides in the image proper, and the information at bay is only a precedence of scheduling or a datum of persistence: energy *arising* to information by pressure or density: a vocabulary made of *intentions*.

Resurgence of detail, or the perpetuity of the screen, as a vibration of visual experiencing recurs to its dynamic of inhalation/exhalation; or any movement constant to its center, in revolution, of extent and return, or how the sensations describe the state

appropriate to their resolution, eg., of continuing through event to cosmos and of the return through cosmos to event *via* the very protrusion to which attention is subject (eg., object) *as* itself. The final tactic of following is the only instance where intelligence is offered its play of choice, and there chiefly *via* repetition and feeling.

But the *image* of repetition is not “the same” but a recall of feelings separated from situation; so the visual situation of *sames* is only that, or closeness of detail and not necessarily a repetition of acts. An act would repeat *via* its relations in-series *as*: AA : AB : AB : AC is only stuttering and not a “same”

Similarly:

(Illustration omitted)

has density as utterance or as a composition. One should not look inside an alchemy for *sames* or *repeats*.

It would be *this*, beyond notation, that the cosmos delivered by act *via* event would *of course* be the same in every instance; it would be that every chemistry yields the whole cosmos to itself, and that out of its “imagery” would a constant whole lie-to. On the other side, ultimate variety or approach yields referents as information to the whole cosmos.

It is, then information and *tactics* of imagery appropriate to accretion, conjunction, and relation, all in terms of *image*, which is here the series of acts.

The meaning of the sequence is return. The meaning of the series is following. The meaning of the composition is the cosmos. The placement of information therein is the strategy of attention in its furthering toward “the light,” or *turning*.

What is light? Participles of energy and language are manifest in relation, and we come to an absolute of definition (eg., *what is light?*) eg., light is acts, is seeing, is person, is a half truth as it is language (wrought) as act and saying. Light is exchange, is the capacity of the view or act.

Light in relation to its own system is discourse; and how is one to separate discourse from the cosmos? In sequence, or in conjunction, the cosmos dissipates toward *acts*, just as in seeing, light dissipates toward compositions which yield cosmos.

But there is no decision to be made *there*, it is elsewhere that choice lies-into acts: there is the nature of the person and the nature of the material to consider in their

relations. There is nothing predetermined beyond capacity or agility, there is always the particular surprise to locate, a *fusion* which yields light (*bursting*).

Order of precedence: within the composition with respect to sequence and series (as image-act): *aba=baa*. Ordering as style of act yields content to its motive, as placement indicates either sequence *or* series. Problem of sequential serials, which they are, developmentally, where a rhythm completes itself, in the person in his drift to the light (visibility) *would be*, with respect to centers, the proposition being that sequence is centripetal and serial is centrifugal, at least to a centered act. Centerless acts would become a reverse or negative of movement, an achievement toward stasis where image is a state, not an act.

Order of experiencing within the composite (cosmos) would yield the whole image to consciousness only as light comes to be a primary relationship *as* topic or tactic with no distinction.

The whole supposition of hierarchies or orders of knowing exists as a primary achievement of *sames*. In an event of oneness, where relations of center and light are simultaneous, there is no longer any question of sameness but entirely a moment of composition where resolutions or futures are developed without consideration of consequences, future becomes incidental to the development of information in its appositive skill of reflection. That is, act yield futures as they come to be seen, as what is unfinished permits an extension of the center into new areas of composition, the cosmos yielded to its light, as tactics or trials of the one. Which is this: love's act most willing, arisen from style to discourse, first, and finally to contact, one to one, where light or energy (not *exactly* interchangeable) coexist in the image as the product of relation, eg., the child of the *coniunctionis*.

The light which surrounds the body is an emanation of choice.

Final considerations, where the "eye's metabolism" is at play, immeasurably quick, would place the center of the light *at* dimension, where space yields to its roundness and distinction (*from*, for instance the composition), where the final and personal achievement is the coincidence of the event (the time of the seeing) and the emanation of light which is personal *and* spacious, which is to say, that co-relation where event *becomes* dimension, that alchemy outlasts the composition toward its permanence in the cosmos which acts *are*, anyway.



An achievement is troublesome only if it is forgotten, and forgotten only if its meaning is not understood, and not known only if it not placed in terms of the *kind* of act from which it is taken, eg., sequence or serial.

Sequence: unrelated placement, that is of surreal and boundary-less or chance intercessions.

Serial: placement by influence, in which a cosmos is discriminated by its occurrence.

*Serial light fills the room.*

*Serial light fills the body.*

*Cosmic light fills the image.*

Cosmos: the event which describes the conditions of the act.

Simultaneous event: that is, of act and consequence mutually coexistent, in the same “time,” coded to their space by the intelligence at play, where that which has broken through consciousness is welcome, the light of it is at once cause and symptom of the act itself.

And this “act itself” has permutations, too, of distance or choice, is complete only as long as the discrimination required for its registry is underway.

The time of seeing completes to the space of being present in the image, it is bringing an order forth.

And in the complications of naming, love lies in the suggestion of completion, as the final and active energy to which one is given in the time of his being, where the totality of one’s registration “comes into play,” or “plays one into coming” as a co-existence or conjunction of act and image (the him and her of *it*) which yield the child to its light of being in the space one has declared and made by the content of choice and the power of the good to which seeing inclines always in its increments of accretion and distinction.

The image in the body.

**Notes:**

Gertrude Stein, <i>Composition as Explanation</i>	(time)
Pierre Boulez, <i>Musical Technique</i>	(series)
Donald Sutherland, _____	(classicism)
Michel Foucault, <i>The Order of Things</i>	(resemblance)

Charles Olson, *Poetry and Truth*

(sic)

Paul Caponigro, *Photographs* (see “writing”)

(innocence)

**MEDIA IS DUPLICATE**

Missoula, Feb 1973

# DICTION

Stephen Ellis

-from 2 letters

04.19.95

...diction, L. *dictio*, pp. of *dicere*, to say, orig. 'to point out in words' as *a speaking*.

not so fiercely opposed to grammar, i.e., 'the whole apparatus of literary study' but perhaps more the nimbus w/in these "confines". this 'speaking' seems a primary curriculum, an active term of study, back from Homer, say, to get the Arges again in full sail - the 'trial/trail' then the voyage thru the Speakable - the *common* - unrehearsed (!) - i.e., if there is NEED to 'rehearse' the common, how common can it BE? and where does this put writing, vis-a-vis it being not so much a codification of that rehearsal? Olson (& Clarke - and Clark Coolidge, so some extent, say the whole LANGUAGE proposition, in part) still bears significantly on this issue. The issue being, the *temporally* formal. Writ has to remain a 'speakable voyage' if it is to have value - discussable - as in 'therapy' as exchange (from whence to understand HOW 'law' is this permanentized rather than (to get its BEAT) *valorized...*

The nature of this thing has...to do w/ accelerating TEXT past its most obvious definitions, and into the more primary question of *method* - how to sustain the necessary harmonics of relation, to encourage the fluid, the fluent (as Clarke got from 'analogy', or Olson, his (misunderstood) 'allegory'): to enact the *questions* ('speaking', again) so not to make any answer redundant. Any other seeking after 'plurality' is the burn-mark (brand-name) that remains enforcedly NATAL. Undiscovered/covered-the Childe enclosed (engulfed) in aeons of soft-sweet sadness, rather than simply, nakedly, available THERE. in conflictis, yet *valuably* so, as Vincent Ferrini is currently in tremendous mastery of (alas, ignored)....

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05.16.95

Interesting implex, this diction business, as yr own 'word choice' extends, of course, as everything does, after the fact of itself, into, well, as it's guided in some sense, toward, health(?) - that's if *learning* has some practical application for other than to its own sake, as, the aesthetics of the body, corporeal life the embodiment of whatever estate one finds themselves within the limits (advantage!) of, as it makes itself known, to, and as, the forms of (its) feeling - 'things' that pass, a kind of counting that makes a visceral 'crowning', as to each evening its stars possible (meaningful) - each *dictum* a passing reference that leaves its interweaving trace as the floor the mind sets its favorite things out upon, 'as if' t'were indeed the 'dance' that it in actuality ever IS - a 'floor' sewn with 'seeds' - so (just maybe) there is *in back of* 'diction' just that stream of vision that produces same, and the question therefore points to one of actual value, especially in that (again, just maybe) the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E group hasn't really been 'feeding' anyone, as per, look, just what ARE one's "favorite things?" [& how might they be proffered, primed by whatever 'pomp-and-circumstance' is necessary toward making them other than codified self-aggrandisement? (the whole 'problem of reference' is just the university ditty, "ding-dong the hitch is dead" - as if that could produce any thing that more than analogously [merely] an effort toward 'freedom' studded with the good fortune of 'tenure.')

*diction*, L *dictio*, a speaking pp. of L *dicere*, to point out in words <IE base \**diek-*, to point out>Gr *deiknynai*, to prove, Ger *zeigen*, to show, OE *teon*, to accuse, *taecan*, TEACH

*teach*, ME *techen*<OE *taecan*<base of *tacn*, a sign, symbol (see TOKEN); basic sense, to show, demonstrate, as in *Ger zeigen*

*token*, ME<OE *tacn*, akin to Ger *zeichen*<IE base \**deik* - to point, show> TEACH, TOE, DIGIT, DICTION -- a sign, indication, symbol, sample, [syn., PLEDGE]

*pledge*, ME *plegge*<OFr *pleige*<ML *plegium*< *plevium*, security warranty, infl. by Frank \**pligi*. liability, akin to OS *plegen*, to warrant, "the condition of being held or given as

security for a contract (or promise); also, a toast (of allegiance)

digit: finger, toe, inch, orig. any of the numbers 0-9,  
'cause all was counted 'pon one's *own digits*.

but the 'accounting' of that also implies "toe hold" - a 'digging in' (also 'toeing the mark') - even as it is our TOES wch, like the tails of dinosaurs, are one of the more important elements in keeping one's balance in the sheer 'accounting' of each step - i.e., that they (toes) are TELLING. thus, to bring it back to *diction*, telling of just what, exactly - TOES leave the likes of letters in the sand w/ each step (given that yr going' to the beach every weekend!) -- you *count* on yr fingers, but you *remember* w/ yr toes given that they are what most obviously are imbedded in the matter of the moment -- fingers are *sensitive*, toes are "of an more steady apprehension", the 'sounding' of wch keeps one in concert with precisely that sense of PLEDGE as a 'grip upon' "each forth along each their own trail", plurality for sure, not KULTURAL so much as to each individual in his/ her own ability to receive, the RATE (truly what diction might point out) of the common occurring profoundly within the locally possibly and fortunately small 'pledge' that counts anywhere between 0 and 9 - & each *that*, our own tithes, moment attached to moment as life's only true lineage, and thru wch diction's allowed to indentify, what shall we call it, The Family Name.....

A 'behavior' and 'a method' are productive contradistinctively as to what their confluence 'dictates', we're in the realm of *counting* here, say, the rungs of the ladder that must then be climbed - though not to emphasize duality - 'up' and 'down', as either way, as you call it 'the rush' is what overtakes the moment at any rung (& there's your 'constancy') - 'that which exists through yourself' - such that a composition is located essentially 'beyond itself' (like in the song just came o'er the radio, "Stuck In The Middle With You") at the outset, and that the apprehension of that 'place' cognitively is 'a result of' the strengthening action that both makes the soul 'dry' and the 'construction' (of it) on foundations that are thus sufficient to supporting it - the presence of 'the mysterious' itself essentially what is 'outside' the parameters of the construction of 'the temple' (Gr: "back of head") *materially*, yet is

referred to precisely as such construction's *extent*. Diction is thus forwarded as the 'sound construction' (the projective) that alone is able of producing the 'tokens' that mark the whirlpool whence 'behavior' and 'methodology' commingle - the literal 'ark' of Utnapishtim which not only was not necessarily 'a ship', but also was a stone - either of which was 'square[d]' - and both of which were meant to 'excite the waters' whilst keeping them 'at bay' such that the literal 'source' of materials on which to work also defined its limits as Bellerophon's invocation via Poseidon of a 'flood' against Iobates contradictionally loosed from within Iobates' temple (the equivalent 'object' of Bellerophon's quest against Iobates' 'ingritudes') the Xanthian women, who hoisted their skirts above their waists, and rushed Bellerophon butt-first, offering themselves to him if he would only relent. Bellerophon turned tail and fled, as this wasn't the 'flood' he'd had in mind - an object lesson of the invocatory 'power' *position* is capable of, i.e., the 'undescribable' IS described 'elsewhere' - (as behavior come incidentally to 'instruct' the former restrictions of the methodology that unwittingly encouraged it.) So, sure, the 'journey' as you say, is 'it', though only insofar as you do admit there be actual 'beads' to string on its 'thread' - beads as word-choice, and word-choice made 'new' only by reference to that which in actuality has been so felt - the 'innate', including the extent to which the person of it does deliver his/her excursion' of it (that 'innate') through to the aeration of - the 'playing' - the 'leading ledger' (first blurts) of - the con(ed) from which might lilies rise. The unexpected whose 'ground' has yet been thoroughly laid - the group ensemble and solo work, unhedged, that the best of 'head arrangements' allows - and includes maximal possibility of 'dishin' on so-and-so', *making the whole time* a rune-bridge, dictated across as *epaoidē*, 'to lay a trip on', & as "precision abiding in passion to 1st powers' / invocation, flooding amor, cor, flor / by analogy, no mere repeating of the magic / words, but making mum to an act shimmer" - diction as that sound(ing) knot.

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### **Ivor Winters (In Defense of Reason)**

...The poem, to be perfect, should likewise be a new word in the same sense, a word of which the line, as we have defined it\*, is merely a syllable. Such a word is, of course,

composed of much more than the sum of its words (as one normally uses the term) and its syntax. It is composed of an almost fluid complex, if the adjective and the noun are not too nearly contradictory, of relationships between words (in the normal sense of the term), a relationship involving rational content, cadences, rhymes, juxtapositions, literary and other connotations, inversions, and so on, almost indefinitely. These relationships, it should be obvious, extend the poet's vocabulary incalculably. They partake of the fluidity and unpredictability of experience and so provide a means of treating experience with precision and freedom. If the poet does not wish, as, actually, he seldom does, to reproduce a given experience with approximate exactitude, he can employ the experience as a basis for a new experience that will be just as real, in the sense of being particular, and perhaps more valuable.

\*...the poetic line...should be a functioning part of the larger complex, or poem. This is, imagine, what Mallarmé should have had in mind when he demanded that the poetic line be a new word, not found in any dictionary, and partaking of the nature of incantation (that is, having the power to materialize, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, *being*, a new experience).

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### **Style is psychoactive**

Suddenly there is no cultural history. Maybe it snuck up on us, but I prefer to think of it as a coincidence of critical mass and a cumulative effect of the past 20 years of media-glut. There are I suppose some consequences of the post ww2 turnaround. Not only the death of the image, flattening the canvas to a two dimensional phenomenology but the cumulative effect of surrealism moving from cult of secrecy to basic fare from the ads, this rendering of an intentionally & privately obscure code to common discourse ("It was Surreal, man.") An ironic success for the Surreal, to create a world in its own image. But the flattening of the epoch into an oppressive immediacy bears some examination. First of all, the audience has become frighteningly literate, at a nonverbal level, it is Hip. It responds primitively to a sophisticated set of signals or messages, but you can't fool it (all of the

time...); but the main consequence of this immediacy, what makes us "hostage to the moment", is a subsequent flattening of all doctrines whereby none has any ascendancy--it is an entirely democratic situation in which each school of thought has its direction discretion and nobody is right. In fact "being right" seems to have nothing to do with anything. Nor being wrong, for that matter, every man has the right to be whatever kind of fool he wants to be.

What this means to poetry is the same as what it means to everyone else--if nobody is right and nobody is wrong, or, rather, if it doesn't make any difference, how do you talk about things. It used to be you'd compare an item, a poem, say, to the existing canon and see if it came up short, succeeded, or, perhaps, lead the way to something new. Here in the third generation of "do your own thing" there is no established canon, and the elitists who act as if there were one are, uh, cute. I don't buy too much of this. There is a future, of course, and we all have a place in it. It's fine to talk about the past, but all those fine writers we get compared with are dead and we're the only game in town. That seems important to me when talking about the basically closed shop that seems to exist at present.

Times change and with them and with that change what was once disallowed becomes the rule, or gets its fifteen minutes, whatever. Measuring a poetics against itself, however, is a different matter. We are hostage to the moment because we want it that way, we wanted to imbed ourselves in the cultural immediacy of being present in the present, after all, one of the mystical goals of self effacement. Poetry is, after all, a progressive series of seizures on the part of the practitioner, and the cumulative effect of those seizures is that one develops and improves or else one stagnates and withers on the vine like yesterday's eggplant. This vitality is manifested and measured by the feel of the work, how it strikes you living in your own present, and to that extent, yes, indeed, syntax is psychoactive, you get a little thrill after you've weeded your way through a complicated transmission and arrived at the end with a sense of completion, of the 'passing beyond.' And of course it is the poet's task to take you there, into the beyond, by hooking you onto his little red pony and pushing through the fog into the next room. That's the job.



There is also the statement from Gertrude in *What Are Masterpieces....* to the effect that each of us lives in our own time, of course, and when it comes around to voicing what and who we are we do so in the character of the moment in which we find ourselves, for we can do nothing else. To do otherwise, that is, to write a complicated poetry from another time, is, well, nostalgic and vital, but it does nothing to advance the cause. I'm sure this will piss somebody off, but now that the avant garde is just another school of thought, embedded in the soul of the academy as tomorrow's salvation, where then is the so-called leading edge, why is it invisible and where is it going and how do know when you've bit into an olive? By its taste? Hence the focus on Diction, it being an examination of the smaller units of the poem to discover what kind of glue holds them together and whether the current crisis which is much epistemological as it is anything is getting anywhere.

Of course, criticism and theory have done little but confuse the issue by competing with the poem for primacy in the cultural dialog. If in the present where all arguments are reduced to the same platform where none is right and none is wrong, all you get is your fifteen minutes on the soapbox and it's time for the next one. This is what bothers so many people about the Slam, not that it's competitive, but that it reduces to mob rule the ivory towered moment of purity and grace; nonetheless, what rises to the surface is usually what is permitted to do so by the relative buoyancy of the medium itself. So it seems to me that what has been there, so-called Language Poetry, got the center stage because it was safe, it involved a celebration of consciousness without any of the messy, spiritual stuff which usually accompanies that venue. LangPo really worked over a lot of territory which actually precedes the poem, issues of resemblance and repetition, issues of consistency and sense, the vague feeling that one was being lied to, or at least that the deeply true and private self of the writer either did not exist (a currently attractive notion = there is no self), or that if it did it was all a game to get five pounds into a four pound bag.

Disruptions of syntax, or the development of the Disjunkt into an ascendant style is cause for alarm if one is lodged there. Thus the progress of styles is seen to be a progress in the direction of self improvement if not self effacement. The disjunkt is just that, an admixture of styles which declares all states equal in the range of their attributes and succession of their operations into a new whole. Nonetheless it arises from a hopeless state of confusion.

It's like trying to make a decision when you're having a nervous breakdown, all possibilities seem to have equal value and one vacillates from one choice to its opposite in a continual disarray of decision or growth. I mean, it's amazing how an invented style, as Lang Po was invented, can be proposed and run through an entire gamut of acquisitions and disarmaments to become ensconced in the academy in less than 20 years, is suspect to say the least; it smacks of manipulation. However, it just, uh, happened...it was all that could get through, this dry, non-musical, definitely non-sappy stuff. It makes you feel like your skin is covered with words, you almost want to wash them off.

And carrying without music or what's called prosody, technical practices exiled without ceremony, the celebratory and hypnotic trance-dance only language can create effaced to a set of simpler operations which held the creation of trance states to be somewhat illegitimate; nonetheless, the sustaining of the disjunct into a major style is a little like making schizophrenia legal, haven't we?

We are, after all, selling little trips in our poems, and if it feels good, one lets it in, and that's where syntax is psychoactive, you can tell how it fits and feels and you let it in, and that teaches you to lower your guard and let new information in, this is the messaging of the poem, how it feels in a phenomenological state: i mean, now that the criteria for judgement are all reduced to equals, all that's left is for me to note how the poem makes me feel, and if i assume the writer is being sincere, not always a good guess, as i hope we can note later, i alter my inner mood and go with the writer as long as i can trust the intent of the message, then i sign off. and the relevant features here also need to be described in terms of pressure, release, time and space perceptions, what sort of state the writer is communicating in his non-verbal arrangements. It is no longer a matter of opening the door to let the cat out, we have to decipher a strange set of signals and scan them for sincerity. I think the language with which we talk about poems is up for review--how the poem works as an organic, phenomenological enterprise, part of My experiencing, enables us to discuss poems as events, events which open and close according to what is in them, what specific phlogiston enables the phrases and units themselves to imply a cosmos, for that's what is happening, each unit becomes the bearer of the dna of its message, and if the speaker is not at rest, then, too, his/her message is not at rest.

This is the morality of what we are doing, what cannot be expunged from the enterprise at all. If a style is also a behavior, and it is, that one cannot hide what he is in what he is doing, we are that transparent. Then, too, we must consider what we are about as people, we are obviously trying to grow and become more complete individuals, more in synch with the world in which we write, and that is also expressed, we look at the poem as a sample of what a person actually is in relation to all of these assumptions we make about life, that, for instance, we are writing to get somewhere, to explore this unknown we have blundered into, that we are mapping out an area that is strange to us and we are returning these reports to share with the others, to lead into areas where no man has gone before, as it were, V GER to our self. This we share in our fragments. Remember Archilocus' [In fucking...one discovers...that] the total frag.

And so in the body language of the poem, an entire aesthetic and its cosmos are described, defined, given holographic presence for a fraction of a second, and when my attention is down for that fraction of a second, i'm receptive to a degree of reprogramming, to a resettling of my own vocabulary to receive something somewhat new or different from what i'm used to. The didactic. And so styles must evolve or the message becomes stagnated and the style empty and safe, a haven for the insecure and stodgy, and while the most wildly associative stuff may come out, it may be seen as being guided by a kind of safety, a reveling in what is disjunkt for its own sake, for the comfort of being somewhere at all. After a while, you just do. Those incipient questions no longer nag you, it just doesn't matter; and when you do what you do, that's enough, returned to the realm of play, returned to the realm of just happening, poems occurring as naturally as the leaves sprouting from a tree, spontaneous extensions of who you are.

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...the poem is a "breathing organic piece of existence". But, if we pursue this line of thought we'll wind up with poem as some sort of signal transduction, won't we, means by which signals from the outside world are passed to living cells. It begins as an affirmation of the organic, but

moves towards the mechanistic. Not to mystify any of this, ignore the electrochemical, proprioceptive, tactile gnosis of the senses and the cells.

*Jim Leftwich*

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**A sentence is infact a transfer of energy from subject to verb.**

As experienced. The poem is in fact an encoded experiential diagram interposed between you and your literacy and the raw bleeding fantasm of the present moment, terrifying in its narrowness, if you've ever been mad enough to be "in and of the moment", it's no high, it's hell, it's prison, it's the smallest kind of two-dimensional space; and so we have this agreement not to go Too far, and so you give me your trust and we go through a gradual dropping of your guard, one word at a time, one new, disjunktive disconnection after another, i gradually open up to you and Slam, you get to communicate with me, and you know it, and you give what you have to give whether you want to or now, transparent as you are, a poem is an event and thus subject to laws and descriptions of events as they are and events do not occur in a vacuum they occur in a cosmos which itself is event and as you grow into it you come to see that event as life itself and gradually become the event, you become the event, you become the poem, you become the cosmos. That's the drill.

And so if we are all speaking private languages, getting the message involves decoding, involves reading the unspoken cues which are cosmic within what one feels of the choices of the words made and not made, in the so-called diction of the moment are you revealed to me, you are so transparent i can read you where you stand, and you me, and that is what we shy away from, at least in the diction of shared symbols one can hide behind the meter of the moment, you see, it is all time and space manipulation, that in that small amount of territory i have allowed you to have there is a time and a space and you create it in the variations of your syntax and the referents of your words themselves, how they relate to eachother in their own moment; and so you create your rhythm (the trance dance) which spins out a

psychological space, we are actually experiencing something together, getting into synch as it were, two becoming one in a confusing momentary exchanging of places and then slam back again into the me of me and the you of you, it is that event that takes place in the reading of the word, the word made flesh. But if that context doesn't exist, if it is words set against nothingness, how then can there be anything but lists and diagrams? If there's nobody home out there, there's no reason to leave this solipsistic emptiness of a hollow echoing ringing in whatever the memory of man is, three generations they say, then it is all myth....

But memory is cued too in manipulations of time and space, in order for the message to get through, in order for you to leave your forbidden solitude for a moment, in order for there to be an ancient residue for you to encounter, the laying down of arms must occur; confronted as we are by head trips and mysto macho, what are we to do? It is time for poetry to get off its ass and get real, as they say, become a force in the dialog which is now becoming rather desperate about the future of man, since all the evidence for extinction is there and as "antennae of the race" (Man, you can Feel it) all you have to do is go psycho, or as they used to say "sensitive", and you can hear the howls of the future. There is such a vacuum in the here and now--all ideologies have fallen away. It is dark and quiet in the moments preceding the next millennium, a moment which usually sparks the deepest kinds of thinking about man and his planet; surely, it is the moment of The Poem, a moment when the poet is called upon to step forward and give us the benefit of his ability to see into the future...

And so the encodings are carried unconsciously and spontaneously, you reveal yourself in accident when you let the shield of your own style droop for a second and, uh, make a mistake. I think that's why Tzara & Co. went on the 24 hour automatic writing marathons, to see if in moments of exhaustion something real from "the other side" would peak through, or whether some ancient residue would growl up from within you in mescaline trance there beside the fire in the middle of the night. Poetry deprived of its context must ask for beg for explanations and so the poem comes with an introductory text, is the poem a text or is the text a poem, and where do they meet.

On the more insidious side, we are kept in check by a host of mutually acceptable (the social contract) devices, of which language is the most resonant and universal aspect. Who controls language controls control. And if the universally accepted style of communication is subject->object, then the way of the renegade is to create a language of secrecy or an encoded, secret language which seeks to supplant, even if by subterfuge (ie., lying), the existing, outer-directed authoritarian language response with an object->subject language of association, a parallel language as it were which lives within the accepted symbology long enough to replace it, as "good money drives out bad", so, too, a more efficient style of communication replaces or at least discredits the existing, totalitarian symbology. We create this schizophrenic set of awarenesses almost militantly, daring the reader to let go and come along. This freeing of the individual into himself for the creation of his own, inner-directed being, is generally unacceptable to the controlling mechanism, and so poetry is constantly being stomped out or made acceptable in non-threatening media (rock and roll or advertising) (entertainment, basically, or what is regarded as such).

Of course, this is my movie, i am only activating these pronouns within myself and you are the witness. if you approve of my automanipulations as far as how much you have to risk and where we get in terms of the "passing beyond", part of the contract we make in course of reading the poem.

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**Criticism should be at least as well written as poetry.**

*1*

sometimes unwilling filth, filled by despair, no wrong in seeking  
butt held and firm, the flash forward indicates compression  
you'd been heard again, but not the rest resting then Seems  
to call ahead, no matter in the fever sings her praises  
down among the land forgotten, another time seems best begottn

you'd at the harder signs, no masking of anything left outside  
but the schemer in the mists, a liar to boot, and not much  
else left aside for tallying hooks or beginning to seem  
the program from Dryden for god's sake to include text & crit.

what seems to be the end of time, when you have plenty of it,  
marks no more the dialog between pressures where you must submit  
or mark your collar with indistinction in the phalluses of others  
lining goat gout the meeker sustaining arches interpedulated

six no cow the meter's running, and here plenty to nucleate deals  
in the scope what's sent her (center) marks encodes belittle  
the rescuer nixed plattitudes nor holds hope out beyond here  
to flux review the poorer lines becalm no doubt but your own

these at the arrow doom, nor calm portend, at textual grip  
the later dues not said nor even hinted at bills protrude  
and scores not paid for their sentences; piece work sucks.

i'm not rised surprised, but heated coded encoiled within  
your own particular syntax a reminder of the bills unpaid  
or your history a parallax insider with no more credit  
than who'd benign or flex them sinister attributes quicker

no sound unowned, but copyright a plenty dude, his honor  
sucked upwards in the spin of golden haloes unremuted  
by their own dictive absolute the emptier hours remind  
what works evener hucks upon the table babbled out life

her down. at leaps the froward collapse encentered global

heals you signing out no more doubt the light within  
blinded heats the darker side exposed exploded narcs  
no-car teat, but then a future favored forward replumes

astride the mooner tangle, this empty sack my own luck  
enflamed boot, a diner tangle belies this web my own  
particular disturbance moot to outer scans bethreaded  
heads into the particular disarray without a paddle.

2

nor what flood out from inner sphere the dot the dot  
where such tenor tenuous take on the with-held domain  
innert pliance substant, nor make moon the skin's air  
nor arc nor any other flame might deal this spinner  
from late no pleasure in the seeming after lightning

then what follows is laid up, made aback nor flamered  
butt held and firm, the saying goes, and goes far enough  
to flame the dictum that what says goes aloft, or his  
"donkey crying mist" which deserves to be shredded out

is it flame enhanced or a doubter's musk, that you ask,  
afar fixated but the nonce declaring here's the gumbo  
doc, and fixer yourself you brought her, tha's enuf;  
in the delay you've called ahead for salvation's mark

the bleeding shrine discovers you shivering toward  
the later bloom, her single tusk belated you downer  
and into the appearance of meaning, good as the real.



narfed plutod: astir pressures keep you from the goal  
and hears science itself beginning to beg for mercy  
where you'd benign nor plenty, here's the mark for you  
to flake, to score the muted signal, to flood the park

So you'd see the appearance of structure become the thing  
itself a meter on the unknown at least in terms of time  
or how long it takes to barter from this stat to the plain  
and mark sensation into its proper sphere within acts;

mark ascension the swifter means what'd bin there  
affirms astar in your own imagining made plain and  
simple, how you are met here again along what's made.  
this'd dick out, mark the door your own and hold

Doctored on the bin, tie not dictum into layering,  
mark the sides your own and measure out directly,  
skinning the outer marks without sensation or angle,  
but leaving the center bare for others to fill in

heed these aching roofs their own location in the air  
or headed into something reminiscent of other lives  
they still have their density as something special  
in the plenty to which you have given yourself again

and sharp these final signs their own destination in  
the arc and center of the act, where they are made  
again into seeming and sustenance, another claim  
against time bears out along the lighter path.

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## Close reading/Jim Leftwich

"'Box o' Trash' comes undelivered presents in your mind, sprayed  
or tied anew, and by your own hand undelivered as you pass  
out undisturbed sentences unwinding hours ahead behind again  
your own center reclaimed anonymity their disregard abandoned in."

A more or less randomly selected example. Filled with beautiful artifice.

Line breaks (pass/out), syntactical ambiguity ("undelivered presents" -  
"presents in your mind") which allows a single word to function as two parts  
of speech, the symmetrical music of "undelivered", "undisturbed",  
"unwinding", the appositional paradox of "hours ahead behind again", the end  
rime of "again" and "in". All of which brings the reader, the "you", to  
"your own center" present "in your mind", centered in the unspoken present  
between ahead and behind. It's true that the rhythm, the whole music, works  
on the body, so "the poem is a corporeal experience in time and space", and  
"the whole thing is felt", is a "transference of energy", but the work that  
goes into making it is at least, at the very least, as calculated, as  
intentional, as a theoretical polemic. The two things are different, I won't  
waste our time arguing against that point, but there is an energy released in  
the juxtaposition of these differences that just might in some instances  
enhance the reading experience. Not that any poems needs interspersed  
commentary, any more than the normal essay needs passages of verse, but that  
the hybrid is a viable possibility, and the reading of the hybrid form might  
be like the reading of a poem. Like reading Jabes:

"(Double awakening, when a universe stretches,  
still heavy with sleep: O dialogue! We are rejoined.)

A book opens to secrets, but is secretly locked.

Reading, however, only confirms its openness, he also said.

And added: ... which is perhaps the secret"

At what point does this become poetry?

\*\*\*\*\*

**and...**

...What's really going on these days, far as I can see, is that a surprisingly large "group" of renegades is beginning to surface, has been around for some time, actually, but is just beginning to really make itself known. And it consists of folks like you, Jake, John Bennett, Susan, Sheila, Basinski, a few others, poets who are working entirely outside of the current. I'm convinced that this is where the real work gets done, always has been ---- Blake, Smart, Rimbaud, that kind of lineage, which is the antithesis of a tradition. And not that you should self-consciously borrow from any of these guys, or even worry about the lineage. I think that from this sort of perspective, you are right that there is no cultural history, there are no influences, there is just the work that needs to be done, a poetry that is based in necessity and discovery....

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Ptld 2/21/96

# VISIONARY EDUCATION

"The task of the teacher becomes that of preparing a series of motives of cultural activity, spread over a specially prepared environment, and then refraining from obtrusive interference."  
*Maria Montessori, Education for a New World*

## ONE: NOTES FOR AN EVENTONE: NOTES FOR AN EVENT

*"Question: Well, why do you go to another culture to get your myth?"*

*Charles Olson: Well, you knock me out if you say that. I just thought I bridged the cultures. (He laughs) I don't believe in cultures myself. I think that's a lot of hung up stuff like organized anything. I believe there is simply ourselves, and where we are has a particularity which we'd better use because that's about all we got. Otherwise we're running around looking for someone else's stuff. But that particularity is as great as numbers are in arithmetic. The literal is the same as the numeral to me. I mean the literal is an invention of language and power the same as numbers. And so there is no other culture. There is simply the literal essence and exactitude of your own. I mean, the streets you live on, or the clothes you wear, or the color of your hair is no different from the ability of, say, Giovanni di Paolo to cut the legs off Santa Clara or something. Truth lies solely in what you do with it. And that means **you**. I don't think there's any such thing as a creature of culture.*

*I think we live so totally in an aculturated time that the reason we're all here that care and write is to put an end to that whole thing, put an end to divisions of all sorts. And to do this, you have to put the establishment out of business. It's just a structure of establishment. Any my own reason for being, that I feel that today, as much as action, the invention...not the invention, but the **discovery** of formal structural means is as legitimate as, **is** for me the form of action. The radical of action lies in finding how*

*organized things are genuine, are initial, to come back to that statement I hope I succeeded in making about the **imago mundi**. That **that's** initial in any of us. We have our picture of the world and **that's** the creation."*

\* \* \*

Though it is in language that world becomes palpable, it is in utterance that it becomes sacred: in a literal focus of energy, breathed and voiced, explosions from the lungs in a mixed expiration, tongue-acted. So speech and song as a combination of act and making: word-act, what I come to see as voice-flesh-act.

That is, from the imitation of imagination, speech is cryptic. Though reminiscence rounds it off into its structural value. A syntax of this very process would yield to the actual distance of things.

Up against speech-language, in its sequences, we have laid consciousness as an open pool, set like a mirror before the ear to catch word. The empty space of consciousness as mother of will / laid within the man-organ, against the seriality of his acts.

A serial persuasion yields personal diameters; out of the choice-field would lie patterns of equal response.

Personal voice: out of process rather than necessity, a private / impersonal. Or as it becomes known (again, out of nostalgia), in the sense that knowing is rather like memory, as open processes eclipse the personal, the vocal-private-impersonal impels through relation: that is as

the **topics** eclipse their own verbal-oral-cultural plasticity, out of one's vernacular singleness, speech-acts come to structure the growth of the conscious.

To go back, then, to the initial sequence of perceptions, rather to ride through the birth-act, is to honor the house (body), to give moment or shape to the desire for understanding: however broadly one finds his own personal spread down before him, there seems to exist another boundary, out of future-time, boundary-like. Or to get around an apparent objection to mysticism, to posit the legibility of the "passing-beyond"

as a form of serial language implicit in the relation of series to consciousness, right? The thing is done, is getting done, and one knows it, has it there before him.

The true character of observation might then be understood as extensions of consciousness (rooted) though there is, located maybe, somewhere, a double vision (a review), more a double consciousness, an inverse of awareness, like guilt or the other way around. Our legacy, anyhow, to see it twice and have it come in between the act and process, a pornography of the forms.

The beloved, somehow personalized, and then photographed. Or our own preoccupation with medium (flesh-blood-speech active, muscular, breathed). So it distinguishes as a coherence between image and act and the poetic at its current state.

Surely the passing-beyond relieves poetry from its cryptic isolation. Cultural enterprises seem to be allowed. Now, vision, inherent in any consideration of "the quality of the act" might then consist in the manipulation of symbols. There is a suggestion (of this) in the introduction to Theosophist Annie Besant's **Thought Forms**.

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Visionary education, as it takes place, relies on event-process as a voiced convenience. A consciousness of means which does not quibble, that is an inner dimension which carries the focus down.

Where is the focus? In the parallel? Where are you placed there? No contest.

OK, no value anywhere but in acts. First, and then this whole business of the literal miscalculation (being literal about the literal), as regards acts; seems to arise from closed process and a notion of ends-as-such. Open process would carry the serial out beyond, that in each is pre-scribed the consequences of the succeeding act; therein resistance, to recognition even, though that's the point, that what is voiced is a state of being and that there are other states. To declare a hierarchy flaws the act. Into value, again, as choice.

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So right there, even, at the matter of word choice (the "numen" of selection), there is a hesitation at going-back-over-it, perhaps an inability. In these terms, whose monolog?

The succession of acts and successively inclusive states of response. The "new" language appears as-such, to examine the quality of the new, or of initiation, or birth. Literal act, however, in its crudest form, intervenes, almost to obscure the means of relief. I mean, the quality of acts (as perceived), both as a referent to possibility and as an impulse to memory. The dynamic of it, again, **qualifies**. Hence, inversion, to both succession and space. No error: allusion (to accept responsibility) is a gesture toward the actual. In acts, too, a residue.

Aphorism, too, almost like afterthought.

"So, is it not the play of a mind we are after, is not that that shows whether a mind is there at all?" (Olson)

Whose?

Now, the relation to the ceremony includes, even departure, there, into private voice (song?), to allow the overtones to define certain categories of being. After the fact, of course; the experience precedes the model. What's up, through the line and through love, is the perpetual condition of voice and relation enacted, consciousness embodied in its proper uni-verse (one song). And speech as afterthought, that lag, is **only** problematical.

So to continue. Through the matter of evidence and hesitation, the voice affixes itself to the person under hand, and all that precedes speech falls into its proper antagonism, the repetition of initial acts, preceded by their causes, out of such flux as continues to move away, out of "sight" in either direction. Loss. But not error; slippage, perhaps, but not necessarily **means**.

Energy is too vague a term, since its balance (expense) is a motion. Ok, fine, the thing cannot be described, or worse than that, **can**. The forces are organized. And then wait. What is that?

The condition?

Awaitment, I thought, past the cultural into our proper sphere, the top of the head, still soft. But we leave, we are always leaving, and the situation is left, expressed, its vernacular obedient to cause. Final. Context in another yearning after the sequential. But hurrying on, in a pace toward the familiar.

Foundations are behaviors, too, aligned as easily as true speech, so the problematical and quantitative **means** of information are expressed. Not to trouble anything, but as a

temporary locus of the image, or the vision. Or the impulse of a shadow, declining into prejudice, requiring periodic affirmations.

I think this all precedes utterance altogether. There is a space present in it, identified, allowable, but which is (becomes) qualitative, and to that degree resists its own definition, which is neither self nor identifiable description. To say that it is **meant** would give to the speaker (whomever) more than he has offered. But an impulse to information seems important. Naturally (equivocally), it is better in a crystallized form. And the inhering of that, the distance from the subject, to drive it back, out of its own accretions, not quite to the point of control, sadly enough, but to its resistance; **then**, in naming, at least, there, to the exact, to the actual syntax or immediate sense of the thing, assuming (for once) that however one starts, he would head-in to the center. That is, if all points are equidistant from the center, and if all lines are (serially) straight lines.

And so on.

If it is not to presumptuous to get ahead of process, it is at least an exploration, of going nowhere. The cold point. But then, one would want to experience all things, it is said; but in what order? There must be none at that cold point. A most unsequential, unmoving location.

A notion of "mental events", however roughly it is laid out, would prescribe the center. It **is** visible in every of our moments. (shared) Referent, implied, assumed.

So pace delivers. The community is already there, visible. And the cold point (of relaxation) is a welcome fix, the word gets out. **THEN**: the metabolic pace.

Speech styles, accretion of acts, all assumed behind the methods of behavior, multi-ordered. No single declaration of distinctness, but an allowance (faith, "traditionally") that this leap across synapses was conceived originally (though that's loaded) as possible. Toward the good, with all the cynicism necessary for a maintenance of literal miscalculation. Or error (what has not yet been conceived: Otto Rank).

Participation mystique: in language, between the spoke and the unspoke, there is not much distance, and to value speech is not necessarily to honor the oral. OK, that's neat, if nothing else: contradictions of the parable reveal us (to restate it). But the oral-cultural-historical comes out of where we were, and if you trust yr memory that much, you're better than I am, the last second is rushing back from me. No pinnacle. But private speech in an impersonal setting has a drift which encounters some familiar shapes,



though one could preoccupy himself with identification. The thing is up and going, pushed hesitantly along by the acolytes. They may be in it for the money, but they're pushing. Even out of the American locale, some poetry persists; certainly the vision, inclusive and temporary, initiates here, from outlasting the dialectical into the serial mode, where an accretion of detail drives the old context of muscular breath-acts back into a sharp focus. The diminished visual (the work was done, finished about twenty years ago, just go to the George Eastman House) reaffirms, for instance, Chagall and Albers. They belong to the same age, and so to the rest of us, for that, anyway.

The free act, thanks to some reminders from the surrealist writers as against Miller's agony of separations, as against some thoughts about chanting the text in unison (reading?) and a tendency to begin to be able to notice the shifts.

The processes of transformation without idealizing time any more, would inhere within acts. A pornography of consciousness would only delay decision but not postpone indefinitely. So the terms for weight would allow passage along from the familiar through to the formulary and into the private. Which is transparent enough already.

The final act is just that: initiatory.

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"A sentence is in fact a transfer of force, from object to object by verb."

But to get the matter firm, it is where Olson lodges, in the active, actual man, especially possessed of speech where it lies in, holds to and while the seeker comes to his means, the quest, and in others, communes, it is in the active man that speed commends itself to its proper relation between consciousness and the community, that in the words chosen and in those spoken that a man is, and is shown in his immediate and particular state. And without making any substitutions for myself, here, that if we have come to know this double of consciousness, that we would go toward a double vision in which the parts collide and coalesce and reappportion into the new constituencies.

But the activity, what is this proper activity itself, out of the personal and celebratory, into what context for the numen "did I choose my life?" and if so..." how, and to what advantage, if it lies in that, to know."

The retrievable, then, has its shape in what is familiar, as the guide who comes in the form of the butcher in a black apron who is going to cut you up to look for the shaman bone. Neither in Artaud nor in Cage do these new constituencies lie, but in the doubled vision and the triple sequence, or movement from voice through exploration to (into) consciousness. "That trope, man", Olson calls it.

I am the event, it goes, center of the focus, hot point and registration of all that I come to and through the event of self and process, conjunction as it were, come to speech.

"For truth is only the measure of the process thought. And thought is functional. You can't not 'think'. As you live you think."

That the law is: that has meaning which is itself to itself, as prime relation and fact of being-consciousness. And at no loss or gain to the species, by that which has us operating, so to speak, at function-levels according to state or will-to-action. But in no way diminished.

Now to work this out of the mundane, or what will I do about it, is right, exact, public sentiment about the real, inhering to some new end, inclusion. Exact. To have the series start with encounter. And what is general here is not method but complex, and (to head around) precisely that which exhibits, as "erudition", a false value which is attached to reason, dictates behaviors in proportion to the old term "blindness", as in-seeing and mute. But of that relation (of self-in-self) as a physicality, or assumption, the completeness of being presents it, the matter, as a law (way).

Thus the peculiarity of the present: What should we ask for? The turn, out of the new consciousness, having moved across, on the literal from figure to symbol, where the distinctions clarify drift or chance; anyway, there is a quality to "image" which refuses elusion, the structural persists and as evidence and means comes to strength: what there is to see has the reflected meaning of its allowances. The mirror runs in either direction.

Certainly, what we have known as cultural events retains a focus in the particular, like the residues of musical experience.

But the literalness of authority, when processed out, seems to have become less static, and as one is in motion, one can get a hold of the thing at last, to ride. The least hesitant consequences of the act. Or, like looking around.

So, I think we are least considered on the matter of speech models and oral series, where it comes to the matter, speech-active man, of relating the real, the palpable, world

(out of language) and the literal fact of it, in consciousness and of the whole movement through illusion (via **skill**), at least in us as focused or registered participants. I mean like getting hold of the whole thing and of running, it, there's nothing to that but the doing of it, and that if in the doing of it something becomes apparent, then beyond all necessity one wants to follow it (curiosity and desire); in the union of act (speech and thought) does the permanent bond inside "that trope man", us as doer and done thing, but spoke. And to honor.

"Life is the success of a play of creative accidents. It is in the principle of randomness seen (is) its essential application, not in any serial order imposed at random on either chance or accident (the new tautologies of the old Chaos) but in the factual observation of how creation does occur: by the success of its own accident."

In speech, how the eyes focus and where and on what and to what intensity, where (also) the set of the face and the muscles, and in what event known and done but self and thing and what is spoke. "The motive, then, of reality is process, not goal."

The lag, to come through metabolism and chemistry to process, is to carry all that is weighty into an essential footrace. So to run it out, out of time, to make space, through the vernacular, as spoke, (to Wordsworth, too) would be that allowance: past style and the dogmatic. Use.

The fashionableness of light: to make the broad turn out of history, out of conscience, is to locate some of these priorities, and closely. In act in its proper sphere and dominion, and in vision where the mysteries are lodged, and in word, where patterns emerge and coalesce to newness (delight and joy). Not only simultaneous, into speech-active storyteller and image-maker, but to go through necessary silences at the will and center of the community, to be the mean point, at the center of the descent, in the free-over-backwards-falling-flight, in the loss of space which **is** space, there are some questions which I come to out of repetition.

"And my considered argument is, that it can only do this if it is the sensor of the set of qualities of which it is one part: that only if Beauty, Love, **and** the Idea are included by it, that no will can be 'free'--that is, both child and father of the beautiful, the good (as love), and the idea (as thought or truth).

"But note the rest of the thought (the other half): the infinitive of being/becoming--is neglected or left out. These four cannot be unstuck any more than the other two sets of

four. And the tensor of all three sets is that one thing you are throughout: man. Actual wilful man." (Olson)

\* \* \*

But to speak to the essential difficulty, "what am I doing", that if one takes in fully the preceding, and if the community, the commonality of the good, comes to **be** actually, the sum and total of its diversity, the whole business of the future and the inheritance might become more central.

And again, in terms of these transformations we try to justify or understand, what comes to be **lack** or **emptiness** (void) **are** seen to be, literally, matters of immense developmental significance for (even) those of us who are unaware of the degree and immensity of the unknown of which our senses are made only dimly aware in their constituency in the physical process.

Which gives the absolute its power. Our will to be its part. And as we coincide in our habits, we come to know our lives, it is this humanism which seeks expression in us.

So: first, to know, that feeling is in the realm of the good, then to **speak** what we are, out of all our acts toward being, always toward an always more inclusive curiosity, **in recognition** of the other in our acts ("other" as the not-me, the unsequential ego) and to come to the essential in our relations as immediacy, as crux and crumble, toward the factual always, in our passages and unmentionablenesses. To ring it like a bell.

The common act of consciousness, and the root exploration of it follows, unjustified, wilful and compulsive, bears our close attention, and not out of the selfish but toward recognition of the locations of the data.

The making of the universe, by my acts made. Nor any presumption, to proceed out of the a-historical, the body, into salvage (to let something through or to see in metaphor, something of the qualities of the negative).

In some seclusion, then, does this all take place. As the dream comes into utterance, takes life, there are all sorts of residues, a falling off, a skinning away to the essential nudity of a high diver, twisting past gravity, and the non-functional, to some essential twists and spasms, into the water--no splash.

The representatives of consciousness are elocution (the forms) and transformation (the states).

## TWO: CULTURE AND PORNOGRAPHY

"To act is one thing: to know one is acting is another" *Cioran*

\* \* \*

By close and immediate distinctions, the thing becomes, discerned by focal establishing: but to bounce it back and out, the line through events, to this other kind of acting, and not hung out into words only, that would be cause.

Or, in the peculiarity of our own diminished knowing, where it parts again and again, it would be how I am set off from my own causes, or exactly where reflection lies at the heart of resolution. This sequentiality or motion I imagine myself in-the-midst-of. Vocal, then, as the act is, and where this doing comes across is different. No new language ever, but my own immediacy within, like a secretion. The timeliness of responding. So the personal is secret. A reflection is presupposed; meditation has its name in stasis. But the terrible silence of words, where are they stacked up in love?

Obscure cultural immediacies; **not** (exactly) how consciousness is used, more the content in which it lives, that its clarity has elicitation and extensions, that a reasonable moment has callings, too, but the persistence of the old through things, and again, where the motions are, finally, closed in seeing. That.

"The thing itself" we might say, even of silence, where it becomes exposed. To no reflection, and my own name lost in another chance or diversion. After the facts. But I know that, that beyond the name ("Air", for instance), the residues of incompleteness are not elusive, and definitions follow innately, uncaused but by our own place. Not "the times" and not simply movement or annihilation, too simple, there, that the vernacular runs out and that in presupposing renewal one commits, perpetrates "another". No, the child persists. We wonder after those necessities of the old or of the means. It is not apparent. This very act.

A loss of acts or processes, there are differences, first of attention and finally the missing element, what knowing itself has circumscribed in the doing. An expansion. So, merely to record. The presence of the act, a nullity.

A gap. That the very things we experience might be the thing itself. Which has elliptical boundaries and connotations, from which special vocabularies are made, and out beyond that, where precedence occurs, to the markings, rhetorical, to be kept. So the special distinctions adhere as well as they are made and in the act is a certain residue (mystery), perhaps the style of place.

Just as the collapse is temporal, like a figure.

A fixed image is sufficient for the material, which is attached to no thing. Historical moment of no place and attached to no thing. But that very preciousness from which our sacred privacy reacts, startled. "That very thing itself," to pile up space upon space, always toward the surety of the new, the confident, the actful.

No, it is not simply a momentary peculiarity which persists through perceptible locations, further erosion assures us of that, but **an example**. Closing in upon it or backing off, those are the experiences, and the nothingness of spacial relation persists defined and undefined, alternating, echoing, persistent.

My own heart-beat, that close.

However, if I were lying down, and if I insisted upon it, that I were doing so, the **tour de force** itself would elicit a content of process. The special observation necessary to completion is absent, and importantly so. A vital consequence, but unadvanced.

Lesser moments might become less distinct in other times, as we call them, though ours, as we call it, is certainly ours.

This explicit shape we have bears us on toward the familiarity of conscious responding, like the **concept** of repetition rather than its quality of security and impatient closure.

A diminished presence, prose.

No-one is certain yet, although the evidence may already be there. Our heroes "of evidence", like innovations, tests, hesitations, perhaps **it** rejects **us**, the Dantean host, blackened out of moment, charred, processed: but left.

Possibly: a suggestion.

The doom of events has elastic resonances. **That** is as likely as any other. And the renewed presence of argument is reassuring, that we might lean into it, alone and simple: but I am the topic here, this invisibility I met.

"An act becomes perverse as it loses visibility." The heart of it. Who observes? What passed? When? And so on.

Still for what I am, in what I imagine to be my familiar processes, there are inclusions to which I would be introduced. A pressure from either one side or the other. A bell ringing, and light from the direction of my eyes. Followers descent.

And further on, a blocked space which causes me to turn, from inertia gaining "through" encounter to ease, there is no diminishing aspect, only that static center, as unfamiliar as feelings are, and undefined. **There!**

\* \* \*

The fable and the imitation.

Or I might say that collation is active (i.e., "against"), and that experiencing is close, close against it, too.

We are after more than effects here, or even distance, or "propriety".

But the whole cause....

No longing, even.

"Was seen", perhaps, knowing and remembering, though "out of the present" occupies me too closely. I don't even know a single example; keep it going, we say, keep it up (up?).

The effect is cause enough.

Too easy.

Against the definition of what was caused as forgetting, in no position, and clarity (or a value). Rest.

Private value, personal value, reflection. And cause, and back again.

"Can it be reproduced in others" is cause enough, for vertigo, perhaps.

Purpose has an edge, too, in what is known. He seems to know what he is doing; elusive. Or eluding pressure; though for me, he has disappeared entirely in it. Not a single trace remains. No letters. Sleep, then, to rest, for reflection or an image, and for going on or back, either way.

Either way, from stasis to stasis, rest, the photograph and the story, what of that, what of the remains evoking further cause: the build-up toward and from.

Whose?

Pressure to collapse.

We grind into collection, and imitate our very produce. In acts. There is **that** form, **that** act, **that** name.

"One always perishes by the self one assumes: to bear a name is to claim an exact mode of collapse." (Cioran)

The obscure but precise fissure, closed as evidence, a preoccupation from the observable, another new fragmentation. relief from indistinct language: in the form of the hero, some totally inclusive error of observation which causes being, diminishing the thing-known to process or motion, and the sought category perishing by the very weight of the quest.

The fable.

Out of such lightning progress, where hesitation hangs on each claim for attention, might there be a further reliance, or pursuit, or weight, or balance....

Or loss. It hangs back.

Unobserved and unfamiliar. Where the wearing-down originates, but what of my own impatience, like an inheritance, this shift, too.

We have driven it, in some direction, clear of all boundaries, out of passing and claims, to some territorial philosophy. but words are simple and singular.

Not even problematical doing surprises. And back again, perpetually, a particular locale, or visit, or reminiscence. Qualities of bouncing.

Undiminished.

And then, after **that**, recurring dreams.

"...is perhaps that very thing itself." Disabused.

\* \* \*

"My will the enemy held, and thence had made a chain for me, and bound me. For of a froward will, was a lust made; and a lust served, became custom" *St. Augustine*



Where the world, a single event, a single situation interpenetrates with the single consciousness of act. It is the one continuing through the other one, one in one combined by acts.

Through the undiminished error of the "new" place.

Posterior to the singularity of the event, the surety of one's blindness before it, and then after, the ferment, singular descriptions of the status of the process, as old as the new physics and as likely to reduce the actual into categories of control. But in saying there is no movement, and in the building of monuments, no simple accretion of space. The occupation of the boundary-zone. Like a rejoinder, not exactly a response to the senses nor experiencing of its own is the task, through feeling to space, the monument is its name only, and after that "...Love, love that holds so high the cry of my birth, how great a sea moving towards the Woman who loves! Vine tramples on all shores, blessing of foam in all flesh, and song of the bubbles on the sands....Homage, homage to the divine ardor!" (St. John Perse).

The return, sending, and the work maintain themselves as parallels of event rather than locales of immediacy. Though it is always to flavor that we respond.

At least out of some kindness to the image and its sources, that difficulty is experienced in that a reflection of the event which denies either act or process, and to neither subscribes, to nothing inhering, in no place signified but in its essential reflecting, in its **doing**.

There, "in alternate identification and detachment (one) is free", which is neither the condition nor the obscure act, but a description of a memory, which exists as a hope. To lose that, from the relative distinctions of attention dismissed is the drift of either act or will. Closed fable.

And heaviness within, sinking. Into flat discord, the reachable bottom, a distinction of even-ness which goes at act and seeing and the sureness with which they become values, that very confidence is suspect, out of the balancing disaster which thought becomes in its consciousness of itself. So there is no assurance, though a successful mode persists, and toward the good, to break out among the energies of will and word, a matching of sequence, act and process: though it is in this very act itself (again) that we will perceive (receive) motions accessible to consequence, that is, have laid ourselves open not to

either ease or disease but to a loss commending ourselves to the one in the other one, to act and process in the immediacies of response.

Popular unacceptability, always, where it rests out of one's own disaster of pressure, the pornographic susceptibility to repetition and extent, to define, there, where it is what it is, and no denying that, and that we might not interrupt the sequence out of the familiar by placing ourselves **ahead** of what we are, at least not by preceding ourselves. It is not to be relived.

But approached, without head-dresses, disguising the senses in their acceptances of their own evidence, no, but that the whole unitary mode drives the static into its parts only to have them remain there, out of all anticipation, unreminiscent and unfathomed; the impulse to observe has then become fulfilled, a horror has been re-established and from there no redress out of the actual to another actual.

The new is full of that. And faithful to it.

Which is a moment within discourse, and seems to direct itself ("itself **out** of itself") toward, against and through the intellectual (reason and discourse present in whatever form the speech-act takes) and seems finally to abandon it from some further enlightening. But if a quality of action, whether cultural or absolute, which distinction ought to do and out to reflect something of the tension here, it is that placement of the moment or event in some location other than itself which prohibits the event itself, which prohibits, which is the essence of the pornographic.

Where one is lead to one's initial. Where mind's ability to contradict itself becomes signal to eventuation, where a harmony of anticipations is inevitable. The pain of existence represents itself to us not as solution nor as resolution, but as "the thing itself."

Elliptical. In that solid geometry of conceptioning do we notice that the pleasure requires acting. Ecstatic configuring, where the shape of an event warps to confusing, one evidences the reversal of form.

The purpose of discourse would become a kind of functional reflection. As I address myself to the initial flavor of my anticipation, do I discover that its obscurity lies in its necessity of reproducing itself into further anticipation. The unobserved loss of dimension predicts the senses.

In the balance, some restitution of alternation. The very content of acting, where thing-seen commends itself to thing-seeing.

"Perhaps these people are expedient in the unnamables. Maybe they bargain in feelings, in pleasure, even in simple contact." (Steinbeck)

If the relapse through the guilt-of-the-new **has** no exchange, no reversal, no recurrence, I might make the impossible discovery that the repetition of events is not discoverable in them but elsewhere. Which leaves the matter entirely at rest, appropriate only to response. Which leaves me with the practice of activity. It is clear that the practice itself is active; in a drama, we are led out into sentences and construing, into the form of the event, and finally, into the event itself, which is where this has all taken place.

...The roll of the returning waters  
over the stone stretches  
remotely  
reaching us. (Duncan)

((proper form of response/not discussable  
in descriptive terms/but in terms of the/meaning of the act,  
how it is that one did/what one did in the/way that one did it/  
intention, direction,/location. what it represents./  
"I just did it."))

\* \* \*

## NARROWING THE ATTENTION FIELDNARROWING THE ATTENTION FIELD

all  
wrong  
And I am asked--ask myself (I, too, covered  
with the gurru of it) where  
shall we go from here, what can we do  
when even the public conveyances  
sing?

how can we go anywhere (the bodies  
all buried  
in shallow graves?)

Charles Olson, *Songs of Maximus #2*

Out of the legitimacy of the one in the one, the first step remains, how to address oneself from the ground, from zero, into the air, into the one:

The view, that speech inheres to dialog, **and** to act, and that our locale constitutes a pornographic dominion of a reflection of the one into its image, the one-in-the-other, and that interpenetration of the one into itself, into the one, relieves itself out of initiation.

As the separate senses coagulate toward self is not new; multiple input primitive.

But from the law (itself unto itself), and from the data of the poetic, of the levels and striations of consciousness, one would, ought to admit to the following:

Since the form of the event, or the activity in which we find ourselves on coming-to-consciousness, **is** visible, **is** perceived, then where ought we to enter process, out of the initial imbalance, or from the recognition that, yes, we do perceive ourselves in-the-midst-of being, or out of what is seen initial as a suicidal drive toward blindness, and the assurance that the latter is inevitable is not lightly considered, though such turns out to be the case with the force of recognition and with the realization that Blind is what one **is**.

THE ATTENTION: as one comes to see that his attention is directed, may devolve to medium-fascination, like photography (personal experience). One may fasten upon a detail, to some remain hypnotized for the remainder of conscious life. Or one may admit that one has suddenly come to a difficult transformation in his total development.

Thus, for instance, the momentousness of the word, in our voice-flesh-act term, that has one feeling his body in speech, vibrating like a celestial drum, what song! One is still reflecting process upon act, rather than one-in-one, or speaking as act and process, as thing done, one committed, and thing described, "I am at peace" as utterance (sequence) and fact (state).

The relation of this to that: Whorf: "...that all observers are not led by the same physical evidence to the same picture of the universe."

Though if one Were universe, at the start, voice might penetrate out from the in, into the actual event, one might be heard in the other

voice outward,  
one, self) =====>> the//actual

The view, or vision substantiates. What one sees is not peripheral.

THE NEW, Harold Rosenberg.

If there is a transit where to? And "what is it like", but no other? Qualities of taste to be discarded, but how and what of succeeding generations, if I abandon what is good out of what I remember about the other (the pleasure, for instance). Especially if this transit is inevitable and we bear no cues, at least to recognize when we have passed certain boundaries, when we have passed through, for instance, the successive phases of derangement into something resembling indifference, will we not still be cruel? To which one applies to all notions of self regulation; out of biology and into the spiritual with that....

So, one attends gradually to the shifts in his own attention, to work some self change. One sets his acts out like pieces of force. One receives crisis information, states of complete metabolic emergency, like the philosopher's "continual revolution".

Though finally one meets the physical father and sees the other as cause, as symbol, as truth.

Mother of acts, which receive their force, the world.

But to see across to this as even possible, hardly as valuable.....

"That don Juan's control is the power, we can't allow ourselves to doubt. Good is control" (Navajo/Gladys Reichard) as power is control, out of the literal, to see it thus as power of self to be in control of self: Odysseus.

Not the hero, but the way it comes about. "Hero", the same reflective consciousness, un-included in his acting. Hamlet, no, but Odysseus in his acts, how they are caused in where, in what they take the shape, of flesh and blood, you suitors.

No, but that the voice is spoke out into the real and that the flesh is one with the head.

### THREE: THIS:EVENT INFORMATION SEPARATION

...as against what we know went on, the dream: the dream being  
self action with Whithead's important corollary: that no event

is not penetrated, in intersection or collision with, an eternal  
event

The poetics of such a situation  
are yet to be found out.

*Charles Olson, Maximus V, the opener, January 15, 1962*  
*Charles Olson,  
Maximus V, the opener, January 15, 1962*

\* \* \*

nonsense

insense

outsense

As one becomes the many, to get there an image in its very constituency, as parts, as  
metaphor for seeing. The degree to which cultural preoccupations persist is personal.

THERE IT IS, or Spring:

has a ruffled edge,

the sap. Flow or turn out, as light escapes, toward

the new. Had a rough edge to it,

winter thought.s

Water-bell ing, the boy in the corner of the picture,  
with the ocean flat out, rising up behind, in the picture,  
the sun coming off the surface, though no detail of waves lost.  
laid into a zone of response.

Cause separated from Event.  
or, **feeling**: be it a stone, or wishing.

How he finds it possible,  
and to have it there,  
tonguing into the earth,

where she splits & cracks,  
& boils up & spits,  
& not with fury,  
& even, how she is in that,

& gets out & in again, to make the center point  
& wall.

Celebration of the event.

Straight line In & Through, as movement/as activity,  
followed,  
air and air whistling through the trees,

NOT: closeted (in the house,  
directly,  
& in thought behold as it came off  
To weld, in / direct / ion, had said,  
But particular, A : a  
on in.

Shield, progress-ion

\* \* \*

## **Meditation and Response**

*continual vectoring of new information /  
Retrieval notes: commun-al-ist / "commune-ism" /*

The rough edge of time resolves outward, into close range: attention stands, and memory holds ==>> through into the new, or laws of serial space, of being phenomenally "in-the-world" as a glyph of being, THIS UTTERANCE / the very I am of **being**, such as it is spoken, this thing, man, that I am, in word in language spoke, and said, of being one in things / so: outward, that begun and interrupt that it is as spoke, as serial thing, act through event

"the eternal event"

Right?

coming-mouth, and right on in, to touch, her, where she starts up, wet and well, tongued-in, and eyes open to her navel, and penetrated deep, like a hot depth.

She waits (aside, of consciousness, to get motive out, as an open choice, that thing which sends us out after death, and toward some separate and special beloved, and **that** is what opens up before, and this is the cause of the specific in the one. As a close recognition and special, too, that it comes of course (as a course is set, out and straight for it), to register the terminals of sensation in their proper (pro-prio-ceptive) context.

Of course, and the reproducibility of the mode in others to certain degrees (of specialty of performance), the event that is, comes to be seen as whole-ly significant; that is, "what am I doing" **yields** event, as conscious focus, and me, thus, here, at "verbalizing" and "energy" that is, in display of both: precisely that, and, tho, manifesting language. "We are constantly manifesting ourselves", Roshi tells us. Though he is what he is before that, before anything else, and that is the voice in operation, set out right against act, toward, but **in** being, my friend, in and of con-jointly.

The where "of space", signifies and rightly, where style presupposes (out of vernacular considerations), content: though that should be made more concrete: it is demonstrable that ego and self define "locale" differently under national/ cultural/ propagandistic circumstances, that is, against the enemy, material, known, falsely palpable essence, "the real." Like Ibsen & Wagner, as against the Wen Fu and, perhaps, Pound; where even Baudlaire's eclecticism is constantly informed by the essence of what he is, contradicted, even. Which is the definition, and the form of it, out of which one grows toward reason, out of repetition and accumulation. The trick is, here, of thresholds and biological-maturation points, like Dr. Montessori did for the kids, to chart out



the ages of consciousness peaks, cf. developmental, and to get for those same offspring, an anticipated sequence of acts which is not tampering but responding to observation and the instinct to be of assistance, to help; so the question about new information and consciousness comes about for this: how do we place the tendency (toward torpor, you said) toward engagement, not choice, but the awareness, in act that, yes consciousness **did** engage, **did** reflect, yes, by (whatever)(eg. serial), means, by that mode, but it **did** that, **did**.

Yes, one remembers in the way out of (into) sequence. The mode of outward.

The image, or illusion of, preceded, how, out of, where, the neolithic? And that relation to the activity, not entirely ecstatic, and sometimes vernacular and fold, of the vision made sacred, which we usually as, now, "American Indian Art", sequentially photographed, with crude material-objective text accompanying, a material act, surely, that "way" of the book, even in those solid terms, cultural (MOMA:1948). And alterable, and possible, that is, likely, and advisable.

The notion, there, of advised action for purpose, or acts-out-of-value.

"He does not think anything is the matter with him." (Laing) Reductions of attention, such a schizoid behavior, the very image fades before response to it, that is, of coming back on the consciousness-of-consciousness into further acts. Nothing diffuse, here, that any manifestation of purpose or interpretation of (the) said, as owing to a motive for existence, and reflection is that-which-is. What is one talking about, then, is one simply aligning speech and time into some personal pace which is actual, is that song? The ear gives word its ocean.

The excesses of kitsch and the vulgar are, is, the imitation of taste: matter and intelligence separate into act and cause, from what is whole to what is a reflection, that is the of the literary or the erotic. And to turn to that and **out** into responding is pleasure. The told. Lived in and touched.

\* \*

Or, devoured, that is the message of the past, ouroboric devouring, us as whip-tail, bent around, the tail looking in, the eye ahead of the jaws. Demon teeth, dragon-sown, harvesters of the fields, silence to that, too, where it lasts out beyond time and its intermissions into the open realm. And distinguished there, as stasis-space, no

movement, nor death, but nothing else, either, it has sagged open, perhaps Auden's term; the photographs will do, in combination with other things.

And "what am I doing" is swimming across from the one to the other, having birthed-out, and now, half way across, casting out. Swimming.

the form of it, then occludes / there is, in that  
version of seeing (through form to event)  
indirectness where it is meant, & in the term  
term of it, from Response to the Contra-  
dictory (against diction, or speech), silence,  
then, the dichotomy. The second-glance,  
that is of observation is what kicks  
it through, the line through the  
double-vision of the intellectual,  
which is right, the line into any  
mysticism is the continuity of time  
into which each act penetrates.

**There!**