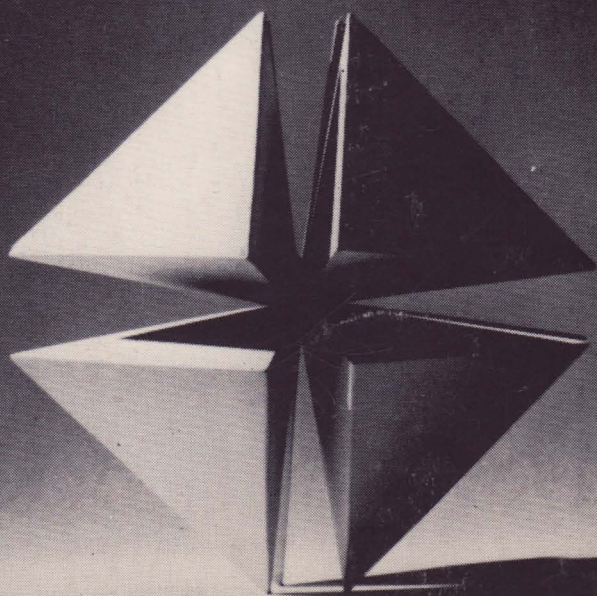


# EXTENSIONS 8 \$2



THE PATH OF A SIGN IS THE PATH OF ITS ALTERATION.



8 to 12 months

# EXTENSIONS 8

*Editors:* Suzanne Zavrian  
Joachim Neugroschel

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5 hamlet looks out the window  
and puts something  
in his eye

why bother the wondrous  
his eye watering?  
to take the required walk?

entr'acte: hamlet's garden

1 hamlet's garden  
don't grow  
on quicksand

if i complain then  
they might become  
wonder why  
peter henisch

2 hamlet will see  
if he can  
break through

## HAMLET

fantasy that  
his first  
break

translated from German  
by joachim neugroschel

prologue

at the sound of his name  
rumpelstiltskin tears himself up  
in the air

let me call you hamlet  
you who were anonymous for so long  
and i'll see what happens

act 1: hamlet's home

- 1 sitting in his room  
hamlet is getting  
the awful feeling  
that he's  
sitting in the room
- 2 trailing himself  
he normally travels  
in a circle  
even so (he thinks)  
i am getting to know  
about my shoe size
- 3 hamlet's apartment  
is fairly wind-proof  
(a pencil hardly ever  
rolls off the table  
and breaks)
- 4 hamlet's movements  
are barely angular  
properly hesitant  
his head wilts  
slantwise thru his mind  
  
richer gestures  
(decisive)  
or a defiantly stiff  
neck  
would have too much  
head-wind in elsinore



5 hamlet looks out the window  
and gets something  
in his eye

why bother (he wonders  
his eye watering)  
to take the required walk?

entr'acte: hamlet's garden

1 hamlet's radishes  
don't grow so well  
on quicksand

if i transplant them (he thinks)  
they might become smaller  
than they are now

2 hamlet *still* sees the world  
from leeside

fancies that  
his fruit-trees  
break spontaneously

act 2: hamlet outside

1 other people  
unfold tables and chairs  
in the middle of the woods

but wherever he is  
hamlet puts up  
four walls around himself

2 even beyond hamlet's fence  
the gusty wind —

whoever bucks it (instinctively  
ergo necessarily slantwise —)  
need not notice  
how far the buildings  
already slant

3 nevertheless hamlet must  
take note of the fact  
that his city  
is out of joint  
(when the third rafter  
drops at his feet —)

but the question  
of his own competence  
as an *architect*  
is a marvelous snail-shell

4 (first apparition of hamlet sr.)

solid walls my son  
built by our forefathers  
prompted me to outlaw  
any change in architecture

violations  
are to be punished severely

let reverence for  
historical sites  
be your prime civic duty

5 moving toward the horizon  
hamlet is glad  
that his goal  
is unattainable

6 (dead lull)

hamlet lies in the sun  
shedding his skin

lo  
(he tells the mussels\*  
all around him —)

lo  
i am making everything  
new

\*or else life guards

act 3: hamlet meets horatio

- 1 (in answer to the question: how are things)

i really feel  
it's good  
that things are bad

the fact that i feel that it's good  
that things are bad bothers me

i feel it's good that it bothers me  
that i feel it's good that things are bad

the fact that i feel it's good that it bothers me that  
i feel it's good that things are bad is something i ought to

feel is bad if i feel it's bad that things are  
good just as i actually feel its good that things are bad  
etc.

- 2 hamlet always has  
his soliloquy pillar

consequently all his  
dialogues are  
monologues

- 3 crouching inside his telescope  
hamlet is now  
(he says)  
aware of the chance of  
a new constellation

- 4 let us refrain  
(says hamlet)  
from activity

life  
(says hamlet)  
takes place in the  
passive voice

- 5 if we  
(says hamlet)  
die in slow motion  
from the tailbone up  
we shall have had  
all of thirty-three  
vertebrae

to live

- 6 (horatio's answer, which hamlet probably doesn't hear)

- a where does the wind spring up  
that rattles in  
our ears — ?

where does the wind spring up  
that blows sand  
in our eyes — ?

where does the wind spring up  
that tears the word  
from our lips — ?

that keeps us from  
walking upright — ?  
where does the wind spring up — ?

— does it spring up  
out on the field  
where the poplars  
are planted — ?

i was out there  
beyond the poplars  
— not a breeze  
is stirring —

— does it spring up  
over the river  
where the walls  
were built — ?

i was over there  
on the opposite bank  
— not a squall  
is to be turned there —

— well then does it drop  
from the mountains  
that they are  
planning to level — ?

i was up  
on the highest peaks  
— my hair  
was barely disheveled —

what else can i do  
but assume  
that the wind  
springs up *inside* our city

as a draft  
between the houses———?

b the wind that unroofs  
the houses here  
is not a  
natural phenomenon

-----

nevertheless  
(says anyone  
who ever spreads  
a sail before it)  
it's **SIMPLY NOT DUE**  
to professional  
wind-manufacturers

entr'acte:(hamlet to ophelia)

1 when my thoughts  
drive me out of my cloud-castles  
let me  
camp  
under your hair —  
when they look for me  
me their boss  
(and the trial records  
are ready —)  
let me cross  
the border  
of your hips —  
when they pronounce the verdict  
i'll be away —  
give me  
ophelia  
give me exile  
in your lap

2 (second apparition of hamlet, sr.)

if you can't  
leave architecture alone  
at least don't forget  
your upbringing —:  
we taught you everything  
at right angles —  
eating drinking  
speaking thinking  
spitting

at least don't forget  
your upbringing  
even if you can't  
leave architecture alone —:  
construct everything  
at right angles  
this is the way  
of the very least resistance  
against the wind

act 4: hamlet's return and somnolence

I the fact  
that there are  
deadend streets and  
passageways  
(where the draft is worse  
than anywhere else —)  
does bother hamlet after all

so he goes home

tacks some  
paper on his drawing board  
drafts  
housing projects (all at an angle—)  
with the view of the  
skyline

and papers his wall  
with the designs

II (of one who froze into a monument)

1 a decision  
is our goal  
i stand here  
and take aim

2 a decision  
as far as i am concerned  
is not *one* decision  
but a decision  
among many (i am still  
taking aim —)



3 anyway i stand here  
and take aim  
*but*  
the direction in which i am  
is no longer self-evident

5 i still take aim *but*  
the very fact that i take aim  
is highly suspicious  
(nevertheless  
i still take aim —)

12 nevertheless i still  
take aim  
(i maintain) *but*  
can you really (i ask)  
still call this taking aim  
this swaying of the barrel?

40 i can (i think)  
think up countless targets  
including the ones  
that i can't think up

99 i am still standing here  
as though i were taking aim  
but (granted) my arms  
are getting sore

my arms are getting sore *but*  
i won't lower them  
(otherwise someone may think  
i'm impotent —)

III (childhood-memory blues)

what's behind the fence  
with the stocking ads?  
i ask —:  
what's behind the fence  
with the stocking ads?

behind the fence with the stocking-ads  
there might be a pile of rubble  
with genuine grass

behind the fence with the stocking ads  
there may be  
half a house  
with real rats —

what's behind the fence  
with the stocking ads  
i ask: —:  
what's behind the fence  
with the stocking ads?

behind the fence with the stocking ads  
there may possibly be  
a bit of lawn  
with cress

behind the fence with the stocking ads  
there may possibly be  
a couple of rats  
with cats at their necks —

what's behind the fence  
with the stocking ads?  
i ask —:  
what's behind the fence  
with the stocking ads?

behind the fence with the stocking ads  
there's no grass my boy  
there's no cress

behind the fence with the stocking ads  
there are no rats my boy  
there's not even a single cat

there are *boards* behind the fence  
with the stocking ads  
boards for new fences  
with new stocking ads

that's what's behind the fence  
with the stocking ads  
i say —:  
that's what's behind the fence  
with the stocking ads

IV (constellation)

no reason

no cause

no stone

starting to roll

no effects

ergo

no prognosis

(not positive

not negative)

no anticipation

no protest

no looking back

no memorial day

not peace and

not war

not life and

not death (fifty=

millions) —

no atoms

no electrons

no metaphysics

no banality

ergo

no effects

no anticipation

no stone

starting to roll

no cause

no reason

everything

pending. . .

V snow on the windowsill  
muffles the howling  
from outside

hamlet would like  
the rainfall to exceed  
the longstanding  
average

IV on the back of his pyjama  
hamlet writes  
HAMLET  
slips into the chalky pyjama-top  
and makes his bed  
in the bookcase

possible final acts:

a hamlet keeps procrastinating  
rather than fighting  
against the storm

who can say (he gasps )  
whether it's blowing *right*

and drifts away

epilogue to a

shirking his  
form of reality  
hamlet leaves to posterity  
the posthumous sigh  
"it might have. . ."

---

---

\*) these blanks are to be filled in by readers or auditors who disagree with hamlet's conduct. instead of an epilogue a new prologue might be more appropriate. if there is not enough room, this need not be taken as a handicap —: on the contrary, it would be a very good thing if the better solution reached beyond the paper...

appendix: hamlet-apocrypha (to be spoken by idiots during intermission)

1 (hamlet's strategy):

hamlet trains his  
sense of direction  
with a map  
that covers up  
his window

2 (hamlet's commitment):

headlong  
(but not too deep)  
he bends over  
at an angle  
towards forks that have  
dropped to the floor  
(unexpectedly  
someone else to  
pick them up —)

3 (hamlet's activities):

a

at the sight  
of objects  
in need of repair  
hamlet is glad  
that his hands  
are clumsy

b

despising  
gravity  
he drops  
upon the sofa  
closes his eyes  
and starts wool-gathering

4 a (hamlet's philosophy)

when hamlet whistles  
so as to piss better  
the blackbirds (the window is open)  
start to sing

the blackbirds start to sing  
with insipid voices  
and over the garden fence  
the sun blossoms forth

thus:

if the sun comes up  
when the blackbirds sing  
the blackbirds sing  
if hamlet starts whistling  
and hamlet starts whistling  
so as to piss better

by pissing (he thinks)  
i create the day

b

with an inflated chest  
in front of the mirror  
he tends to think  
that HE surrounds the air  
that he breathes

5 (hamlet's religiosity)

a (psalm 1)

Lord keep the doors  
of my houses  
from falling off their hinges

or at least don't make  
my respiratory organs  
so sensitive  
to drafts

b (psalm 2)

if you  
(which i consider possible)  
do not exist  
Lord  
then reveal this  
mystery to me

c

his pants down  
to his knees  
with sunshine on his butt  
hamlet awaits  
salvation

Jerred Metz

## FROM SURA TO PUMBADITA

### Proposition XXII

*Material objects are always composed of two elements at least and are without exception subject to accidents. The two component elements are substance and form. The accidents attributed to material objects are quantity, geometrical form, and position.*

**Maimonides:** *Guide for the Perplexed*,

“When the morning star sang with the moon  
and the whole earth waited long for day to come,  
what should I have said your name was?  
If I were not to know your name, Maimonides,  
by what attributes might you be known,  
for you are more difficult than the universe.”  
Butterflies aflame balance on his eyelids.  
His hands, waving like marsh sedge slowly in the wind,  
throw white shadows across the moon at night.



His breath is the fragrance of the clove.  
His smile is invisible.  
His smile is invisible.  
His breathing is the tide.  
His hands are sad, moving across the moon.  
His smile breathes free beyond his mind's control.  
His hair blowing slowly in the moon's wind  
is one hundred denarii of silver.  
I mistake his hair for one hundred silver denarii:  
it is one thousand denarii of gold.  
I was mistaken.  
"What," I ask, "Maimonides, should I have said?"  
"His smile is the face of the butterfly," he answers.  
"The gate-keeper asked me your name, for you slept  
while I drove the wagon all night from Sura to Pumbadita.  
At the gate the guard said, 'Tell me the name of the man  
who sleeps and where he comes from. I must have his name.'  
He did not want my name.  
I am only the drayman's body.  
Had you driven and I slept, he would not have asked me  
what you are called.  
Maimonides speaks: "Then I would have been the drayman,  
and you, he whose tears  
are the spiny caterpillar's chrysalis."

Charley George

UP ON THE SCOREBOARD

three million english  
sparrows two  
police car  
radios one song

1

why is it

hard to set records  
on the road no dixie  
cups the coach  
can't find a vein

why do I

stay under ninety  
on the boulder turnpike  
watch for new  
byzantium offramp

2

sprawled among my awards

for bestime down  
the magic mountain I got  
eight lorna doones

and bullish on america  
I roll a joint

my wife's in the shower  
my foot's asleep  
it's halftime

Miodrag Pavlovich

TRANSFIGURATION

That morning there was no sunshine at all,  
nothing but a powder of strong light.  
We woke to an armistice of colors,  
their entrails delving into the earth  
for the white robe of Sunday.  
Noon came, bringer of fruits  
that sharpen no appetite.  
In the testicles joy,  
a sign that in a certain place the act  
has been accomplished.

Not in our bodies as men,  
but in the body suspended  
over the threadline of the mountain  
and hanged by grace into sound.  
Lakeshore fishermen signaled  
that they would catch nothing today,  
old men straightened up  
sitting before their houses, and looked far off;  
the view has a mad clarity,  
the silence opposite to that of the world's end.

What really happened?  
A body was shining like a jewel,  
in that quarter of the sky  
which is set apart for rare revelations.  
Joy passes the way of azure,  
a girl the way of grass,  
and language suddenly changes direction.

Evening and it is gone,  
the embrace of this body resembling a woman's;  
all that is left in the hands a leaf of laurel.

*Translated by  
Christopher Middleton*

Степанович, Василий  
Иванович  
1898 г. 10 мая  
Москва

Ваше письмо от 10 мая я получил и прочел  
с большим интересом. Особенно меня  
интересовало то, что вы пишете  
о том, что вы не знаете, кто вы  
на самом деле.

Вы пишете, что вы не знаете, кто вы  
на самом деле. Это очень интересное  
вопрос. Ведь вы же знаете, что вы  
являетесь собой. Вы же знаете, что вы  
являетесь собой. Вы же знаете, что вы  
являетесь собой.

Вы пишете, что вы не знаете, кто вы  
на самом деле. Это очень интересное  
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являетесь собой. Вы же знаете, что вы  
являетесь собой. Вы же знаете, что вы  
являетесь собой.

**"The path of a sign is the path of its alteration."**

# THE PATH OF A SIGN

NOTA QUAE

1898 г. 10 мая

Москва

## Aloisio Magalhães

In 1965, Rio de Janeiro celebrated its fourth centennial. Five hundred applicants took part in a public contest to create a sign that would be practicable for all events. The choice of my project evoked a strongly negative response from many people, who claimed that the populace would be unable to grasp and acknowledge an abstract sign devoid of immediate significance. The authorities even considered replacing it with a different, more conventional sign.

My idea was that a sign, while constituting a convention, need not contain an obvious significance; however, if it is a legible and readable sign, then it is potentially capable of acquiring through usage the significance that it represents. In a lively and imaginative society like ours, a simple and lucid sign has an extraordinary variety of uses. In order to let the sign be expressive in accordance with its many different contexts, I worked it out in three basic forms: the linear sign, the colors of the Brazilian flag, the three-dimensional object.

The results are partially documented here. The people acknowledged the sign and, enriching the original structure, made a broad use of it. The idea was capable of transformations and changes without losing its power of being recognized. Just as letters can endure any graphism, notes can be adapted to different voices, words can be spoken in various dialects, colors can permit different gradations.

THE PATH OF A SIGN

1.

a sign is not an object but a connection between objects. a connection that sets up a relation between the sign itself, the object it designates, and the interpretant for which it has a significance. this triadic relation implies that signs create contacts between people and things or situations. they carry the names, perception, understanding, description, explanation, values, judgments, communication—in short, all the data, all the information, that are the essence of human intelligence. Signs, by serving such mediation, must operate along the path of mediation. wherever they appear, they are bound to mediation-schemata, to communication-channels.

every city, being an inhabitable, urban system, is always a communicative space for semiotic mediation, a system of communication-channels through which all kinds of data and information flow between a source and a recipient. traffic signs, advertising signs, street names, house designations, telephone numbers, letters, decorations, shop windows, etc. all function in specific communication-channels that turn a city into an urban system. Furthermore, creation, communication, and transmittability are the essence of the manipulability of signs, and this triadic possibility makes up what we call the path of a sign.

since we are dealing with a highly developed entity of human conscious activity, and since the higher categories of being are, as we know, the more susceptible and more delicate ones, the path of a sign is also the path of its alteration. every communication-channel exposes the sign to interference. the original sign-medium may be worn away materially, just as the original referent may be clarified or disguised and the original meaning changed or depleted. the creative process of its generation already contains the

beginning of its degeneration, in which the idea and the reality of the sign may split apart. the communication and transmission of a sign all too easily imply the gradation of a degradation. the path of a sign always goes through human and urban systems that reveal both its complex and its fragile use.

## 2.

in viewing the sign that aloisio malahães created in 1965 for the fourth centennial of rio de janeiro, we must (as we do with any other sign) distinguish between the creative, the communicative, and the transportative path.

the creative path is the path of the idea from a material repertoire to a constructive reality. this constructive provenience of a sign shows its finite, selective, and hence aesthetic character. the repertoire encompasses elementary geometric forms, points, straight lines, planes, i.e., simplexes that can be composed into a complex, a configuration, semiotically raised to a form, until in the shape of four triangles growing from the corners of a square, they iconically represent the four hundred years of the city. the physical variant of this construction of the icon is: four tetrahedrons joined at one corner. until this moment of the creative path, the sign could still be a purely intelligible sign, expressible in a symbolical formula-language of mathematics; but in so far as the triangular planes of the sign attain a richer optical quality through the national colors of brazil, the formal iconicity achieves a material indexicality that terminates the creative path and lets the communicative path begin.

the communicative path is a visual one. the sign becomes a means of visual communication. a communication-sign and an advertising sign. communicating an historical situation and advertising for the city and its celebration. at the same time, it turned out that no matter how abstract, how constructive, how singular the sign at first appeared, it nevertheless was ubiquitously understood and, like a written sign, it became universal. since, moreover, it linked pragmatic with aesthetic communication, the communicative path of this sign continued

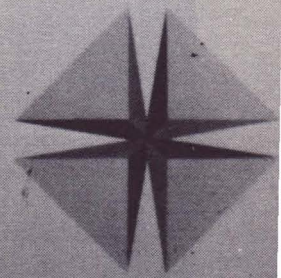
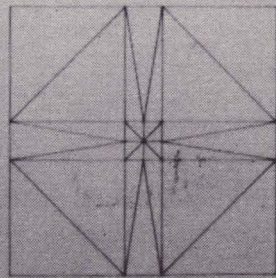
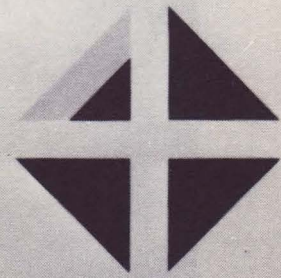
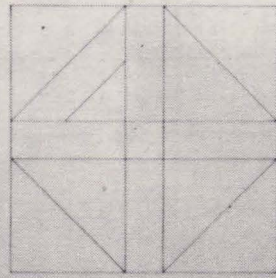
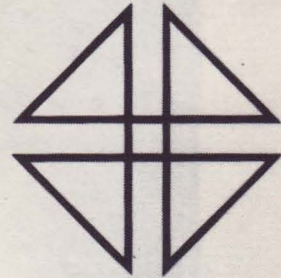
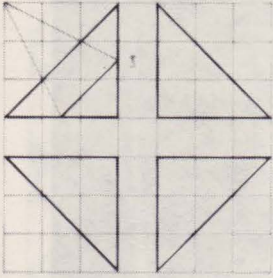
in a transportative path. the placeless, intelligible sign became a place-bound, material signal that could, in principle, occur anywhere as communication, advertising, and decoration.

aloisio magalhães has followed the transportative path of his sign through all phases of the communicative path, from the phases of extreme singularity to the phase of structural repetition and the phase of its retreat into the chaotic condition of the original repertoire.

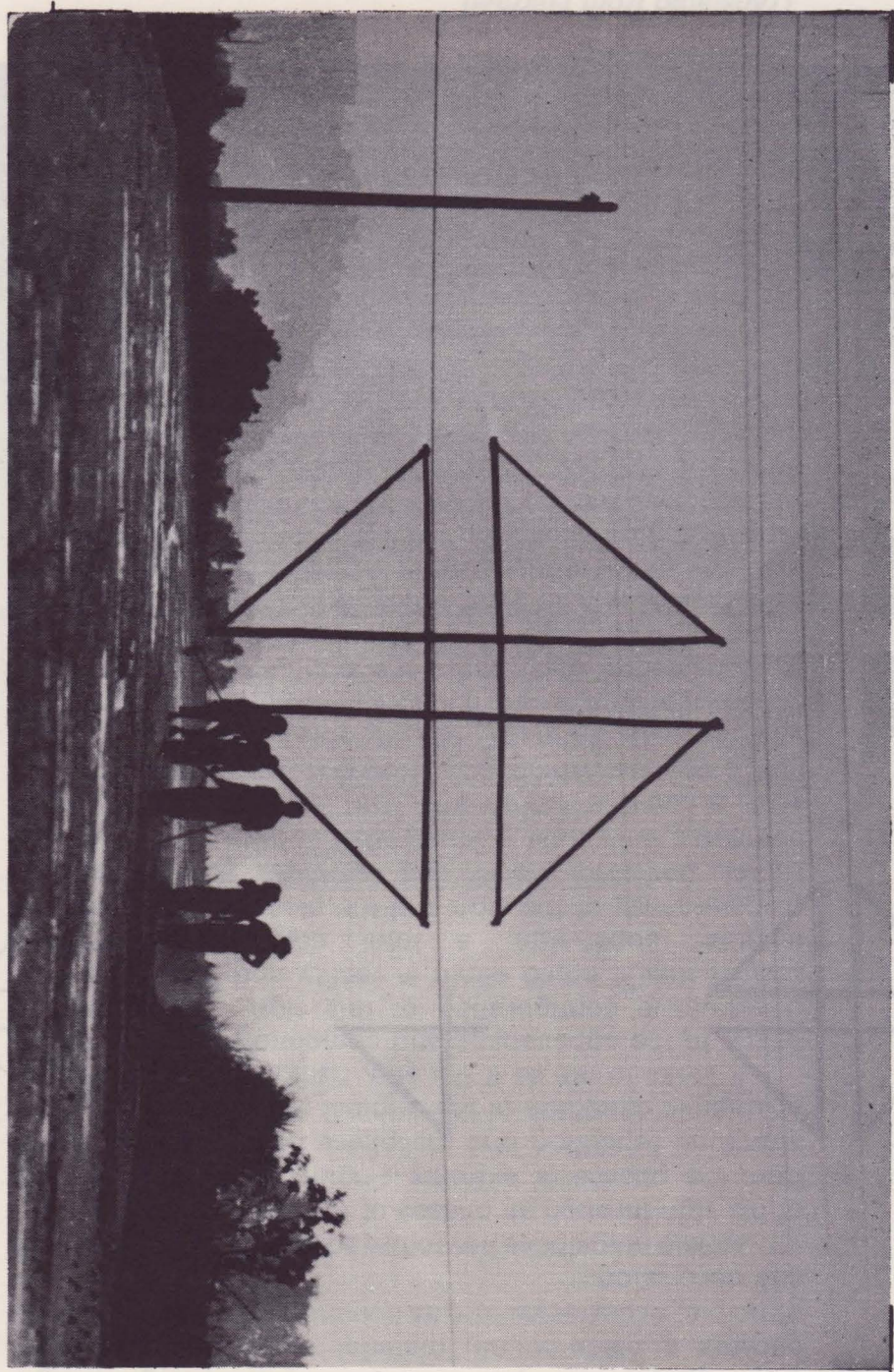
it looks to me as if the kite, rising all alone from the beach in the copacabana and completely reduced to the constructive configuration of this sign, constitutes the utmost that it could attain in reality and materially as a singular super-sign. a total convergence of the placelessness of the sign and the place-variability of the signal. complete visual and technical communication, combined with total transportability. both an advertising sign, a communication-sign, and a decoration. a kinetic index. an index which, on a sidewalk, loses transportability and visibility although not as yet singularity. on the windows of a high-rise, it enters into the infinite rapport of an ornamental decoration. the configuration turns into structure. on a car door in the streets of rio, the sign appears once again as a singular entity, but the weakened visual momentum reinforces its communication by verbally repeating it in the words "rio 400 anos" (rio 400 years). in the window of the shoestore, it completely degenerates into an advertising sign. on the women's bikinis, it recurs as decoration, ornament, on the drums and costumes of the mardi gras, as an aesthetic communication, trickling away completely in the momentary aesthetic communication-channel. on the fences, on the walls, in the sand, a syntactic dissolution begins to accompany the semantic one, what hegel called the degradation of signs; the contours lose their sharpness, the characteristics of constructivity vanish, tachiste beauty becomes visible, japanese features, until everything stops, non-figurative and ludic, in a jumble of lines and strokes. a splendid example of the genesis, life, and demise of a sign within the multiple human and urban communication-channels of a tropical metropole.

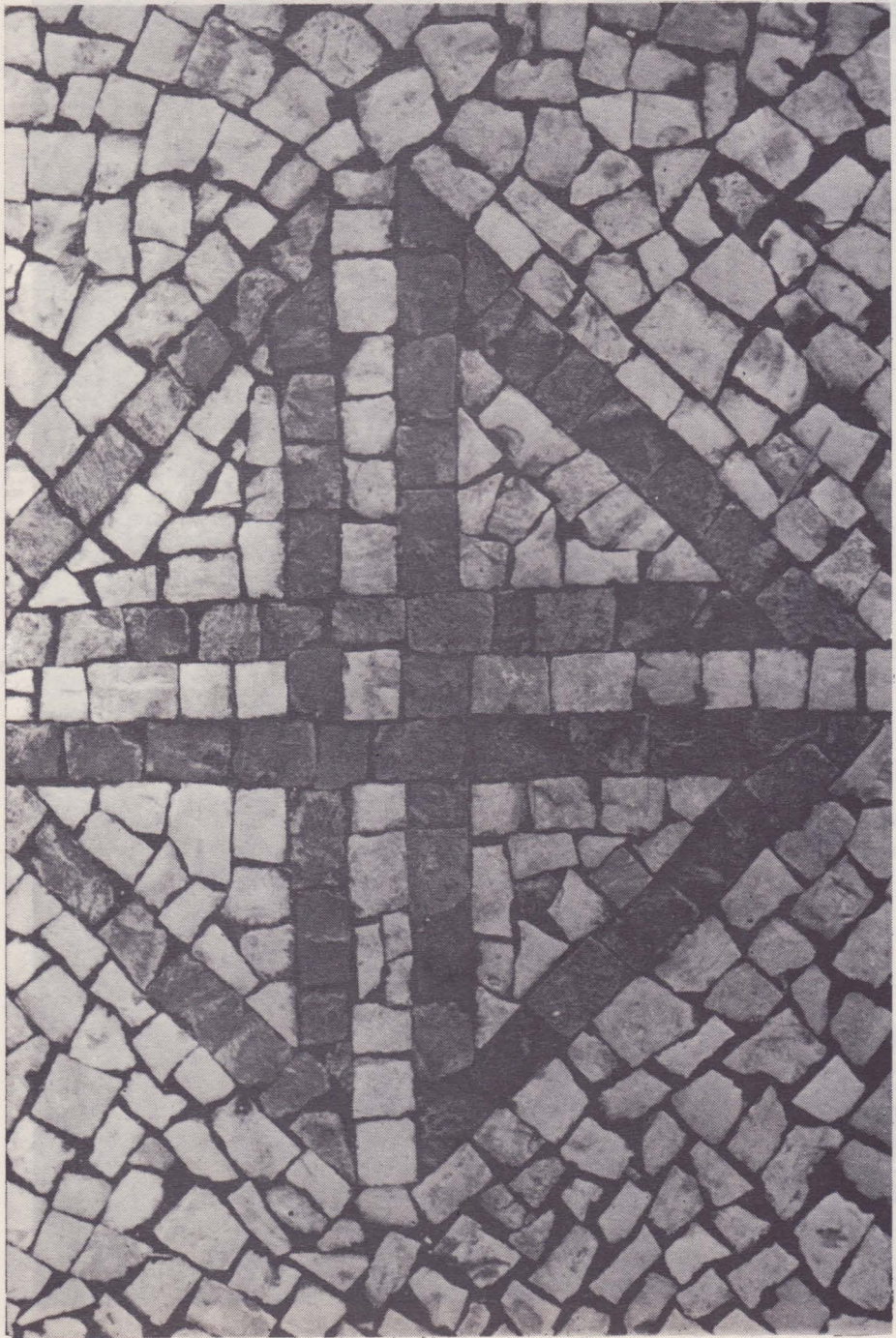
*Translated from German  
by Joachim Neugroschel*

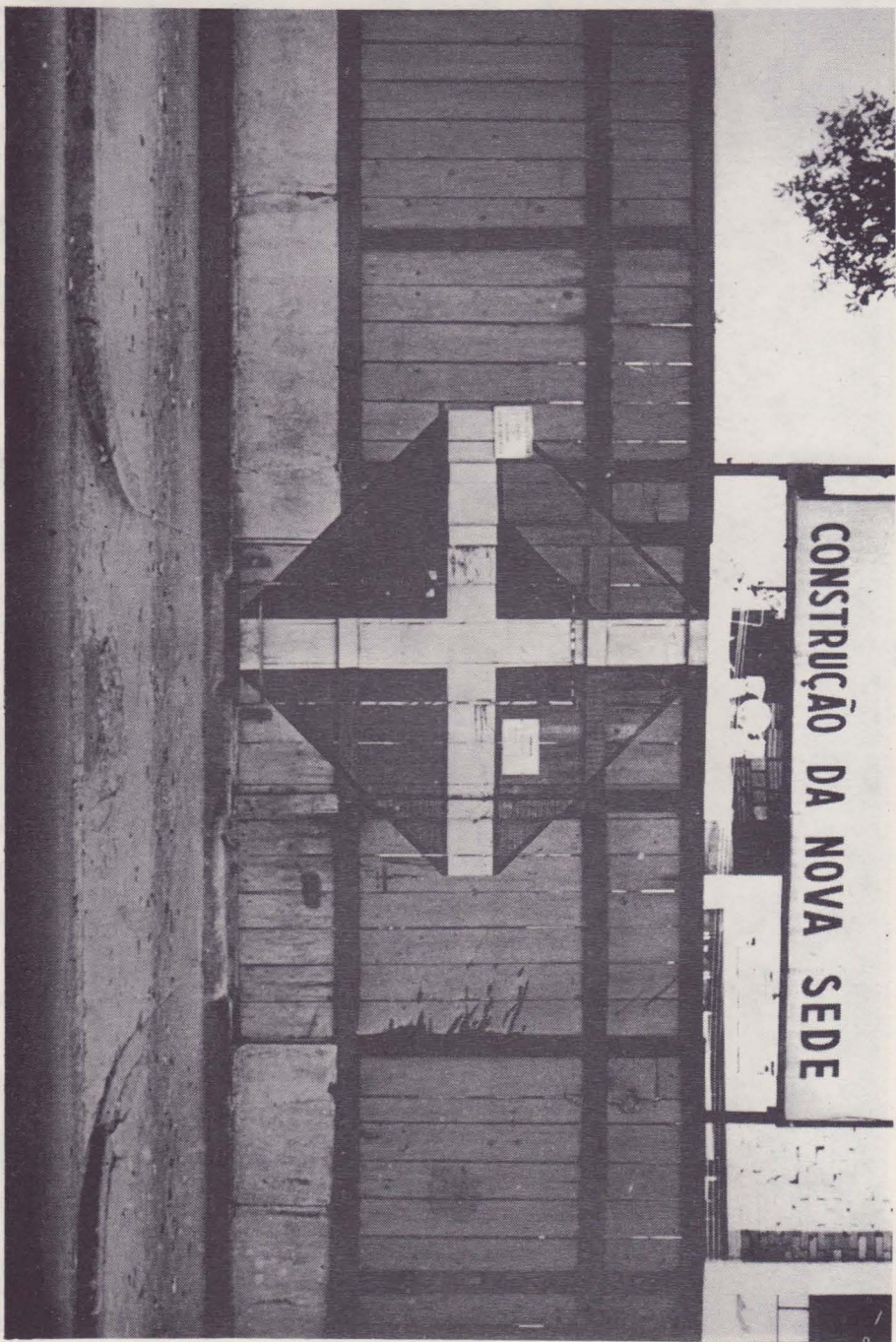


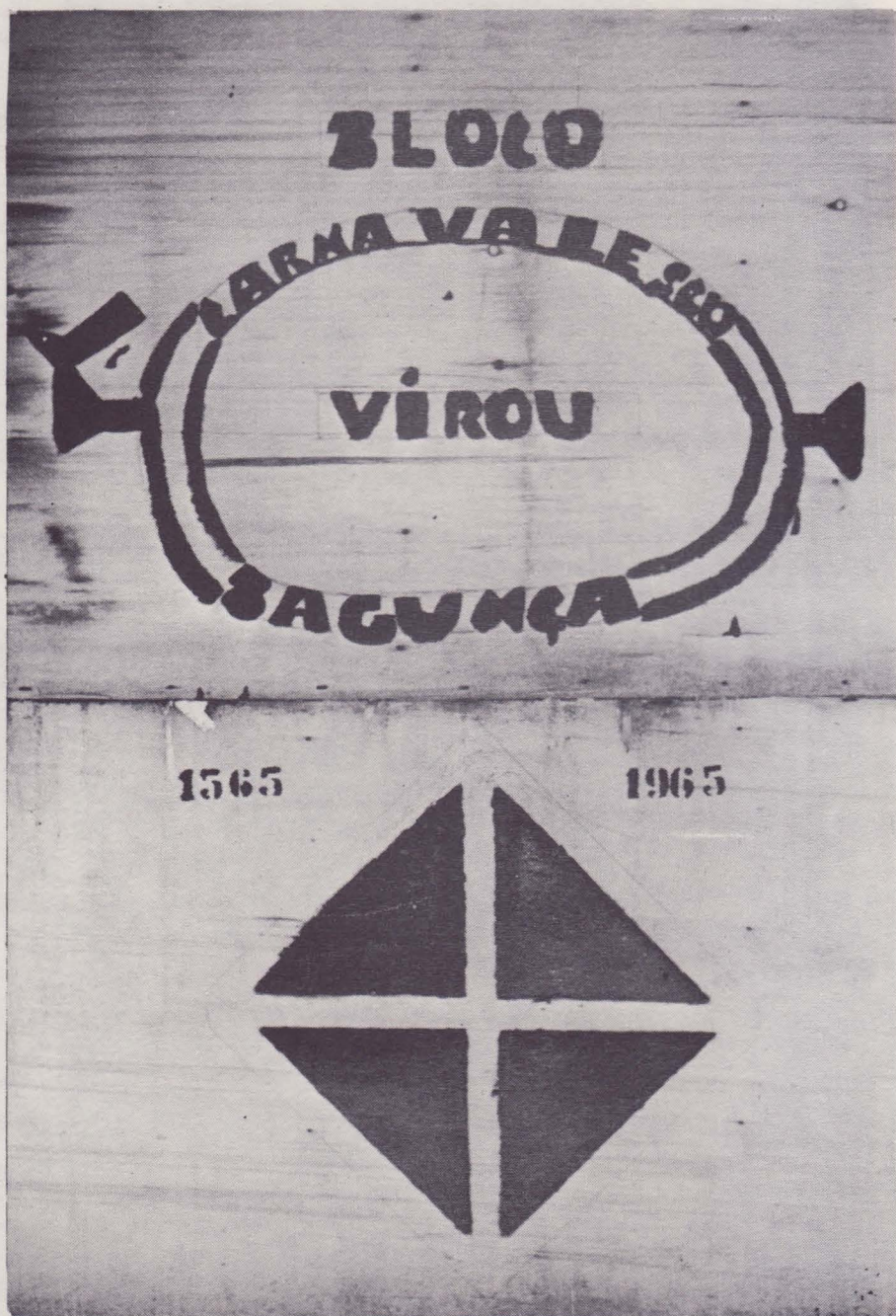


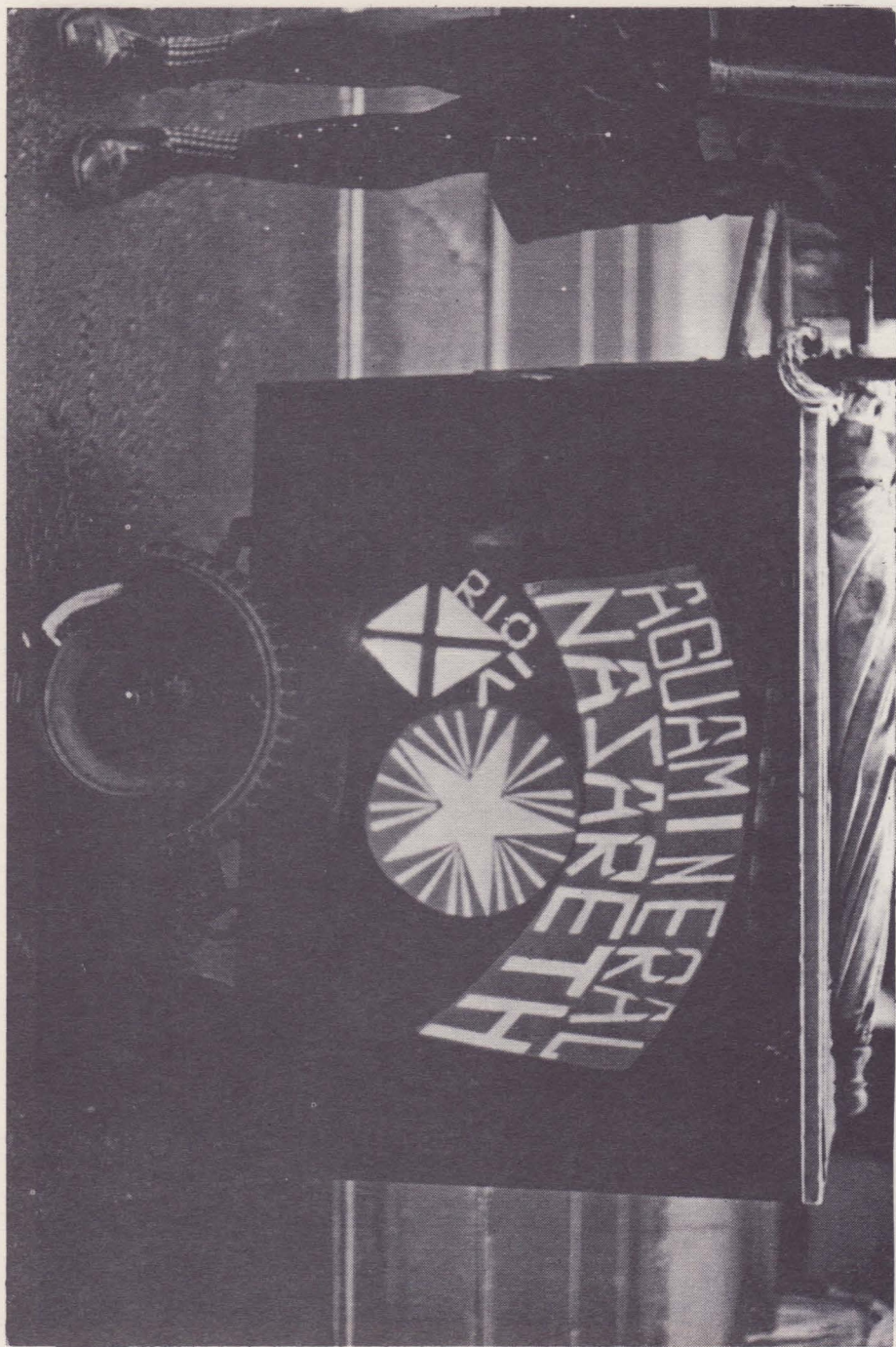
By Josephine Kerschbaum  
Illustration by Josephine Kerschbaum

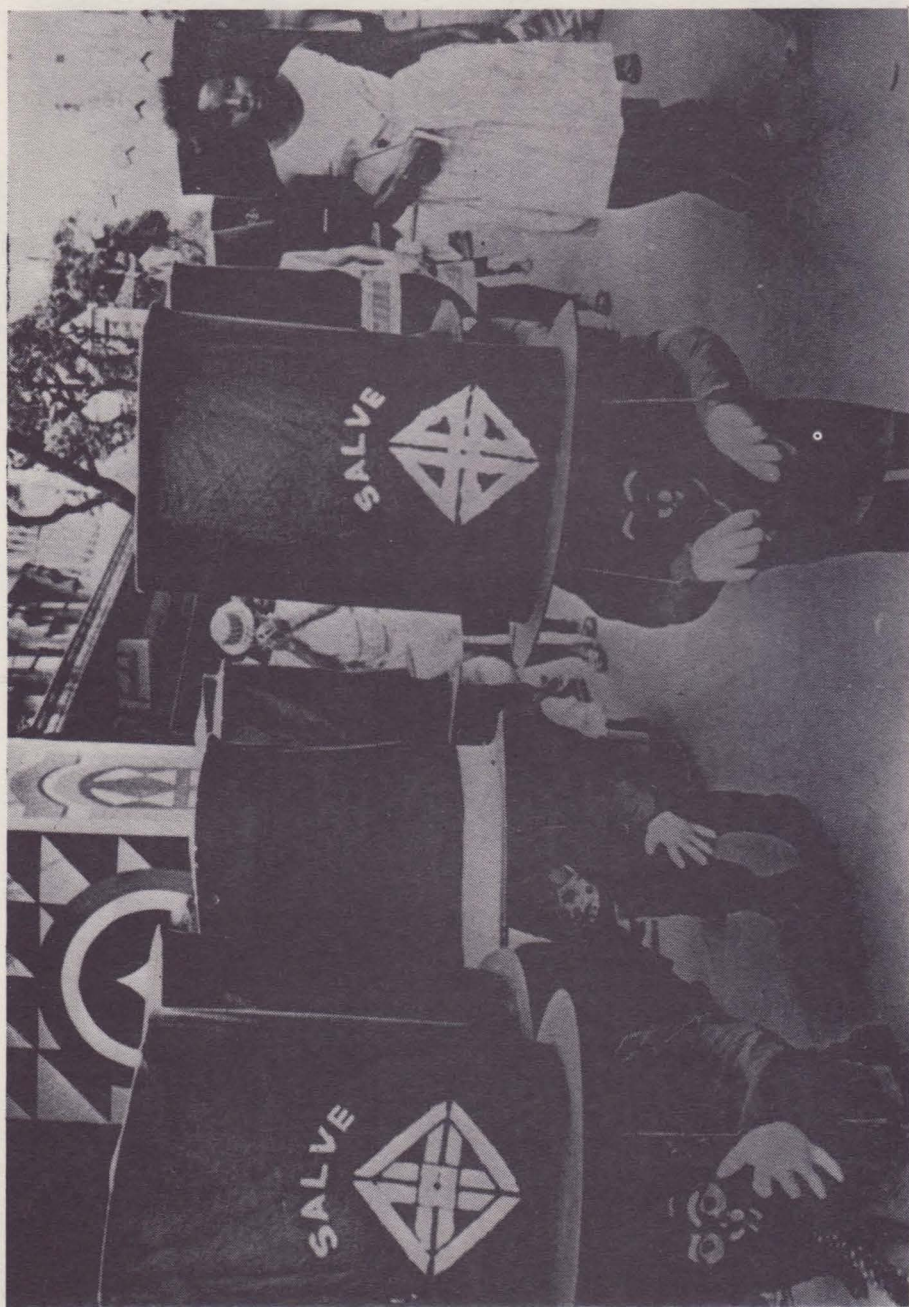








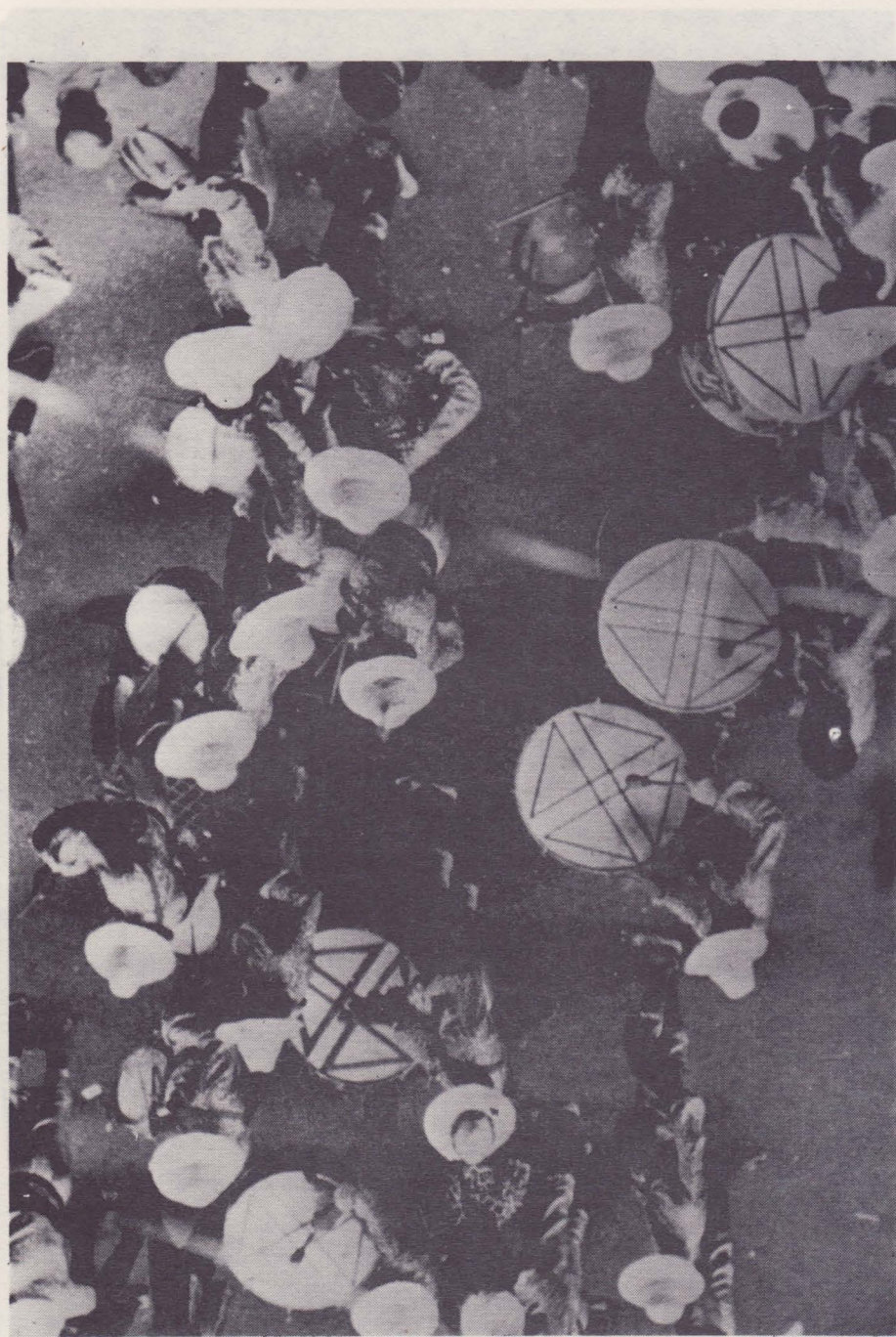


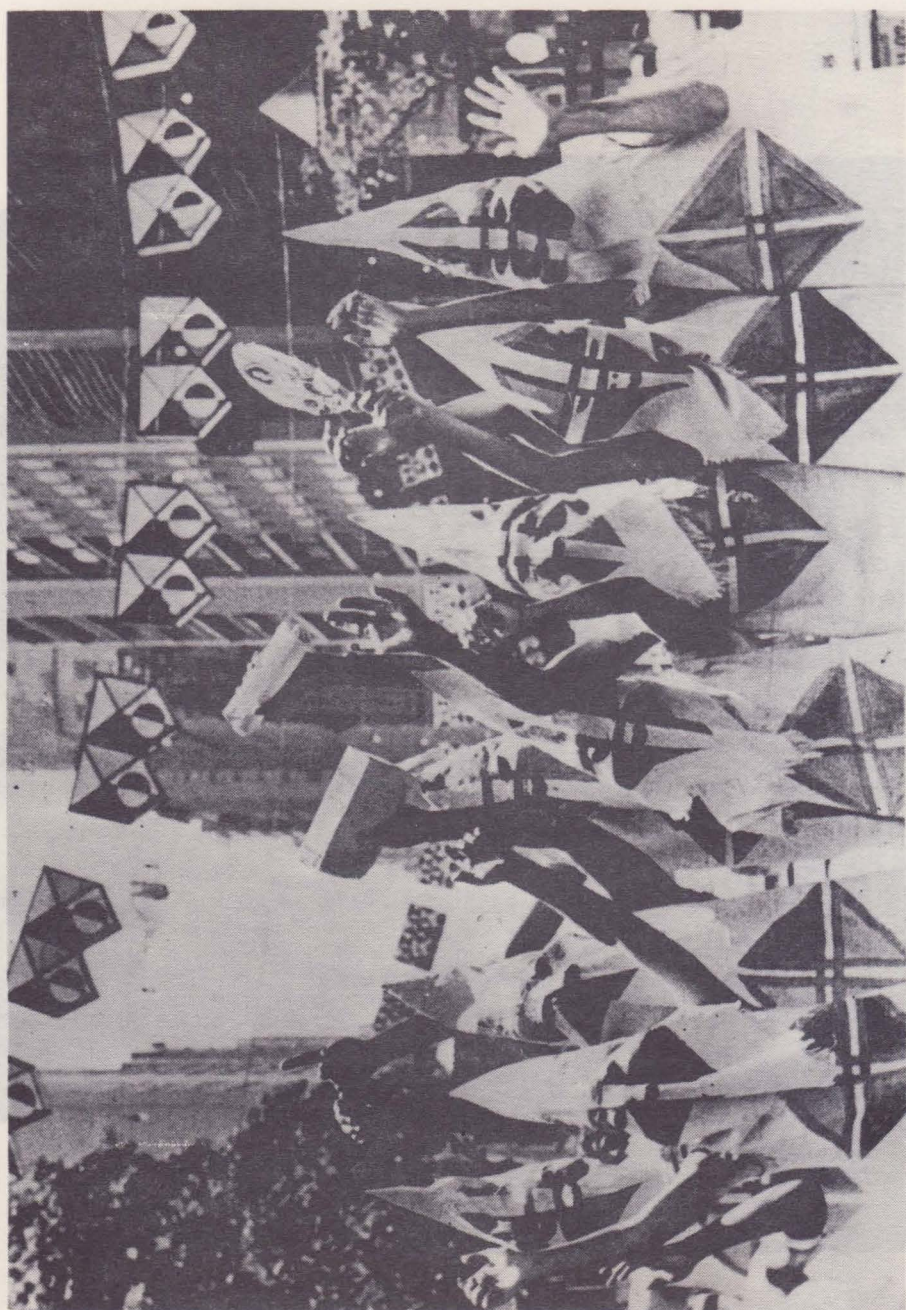


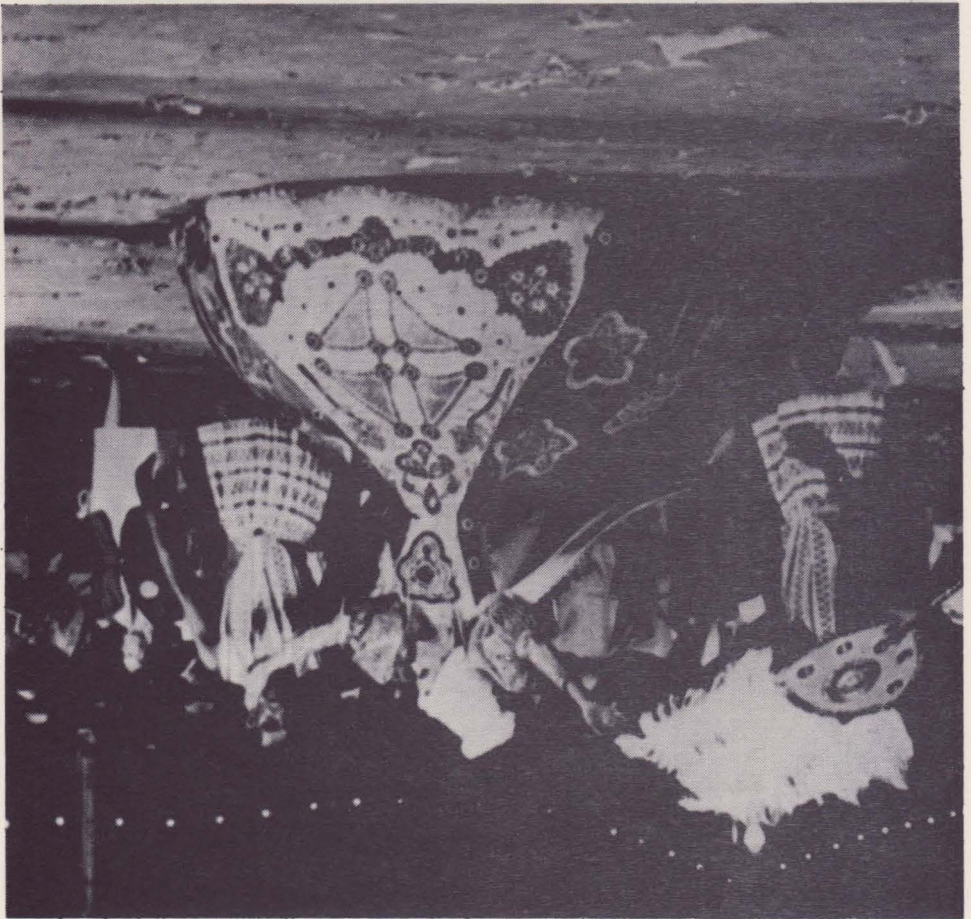


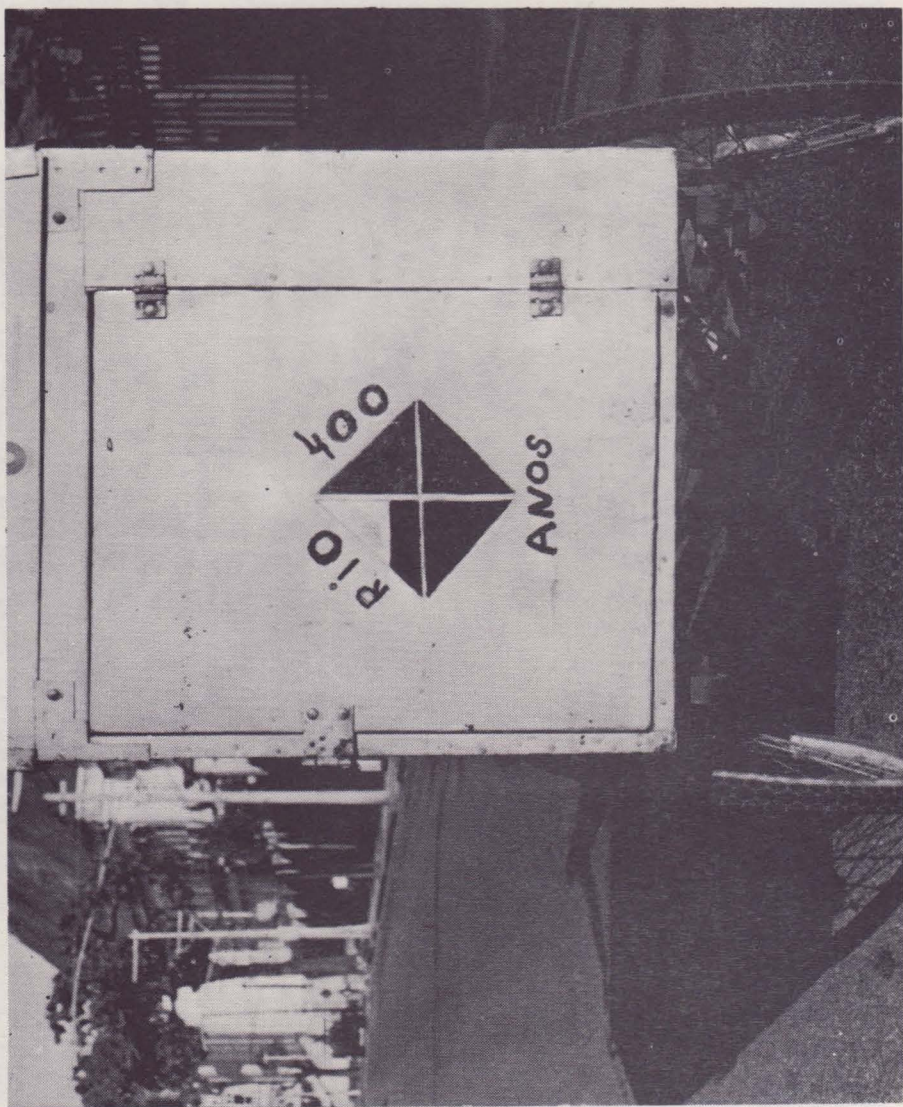


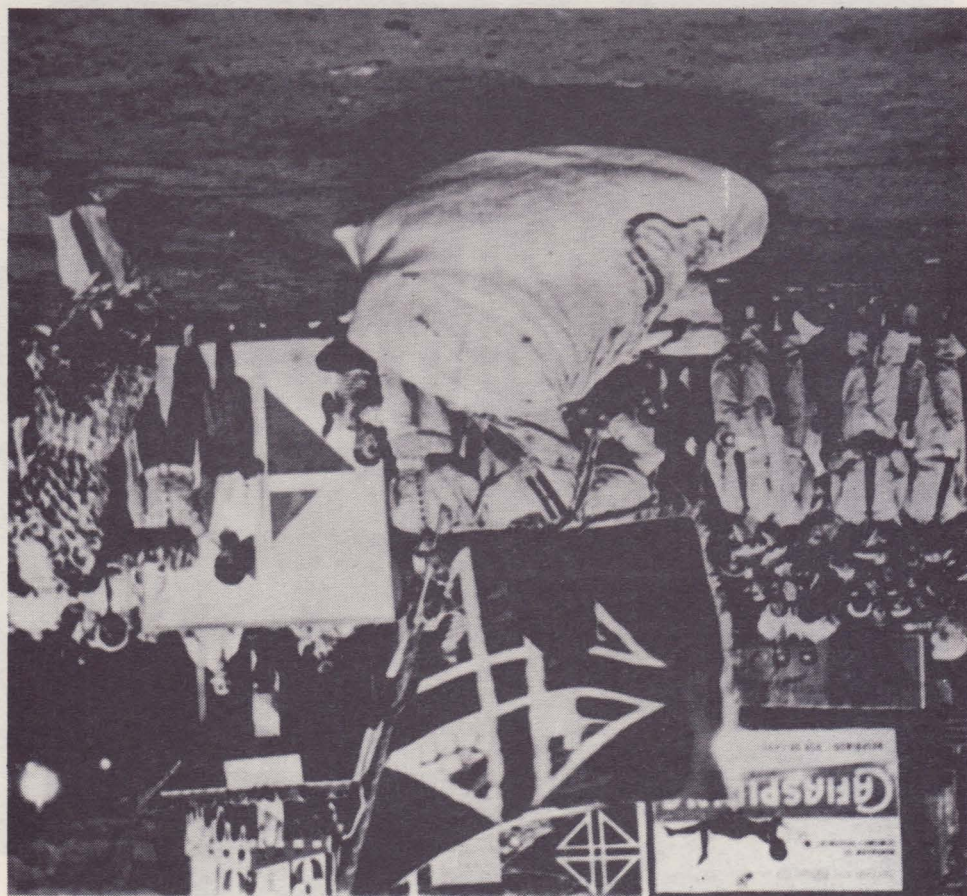


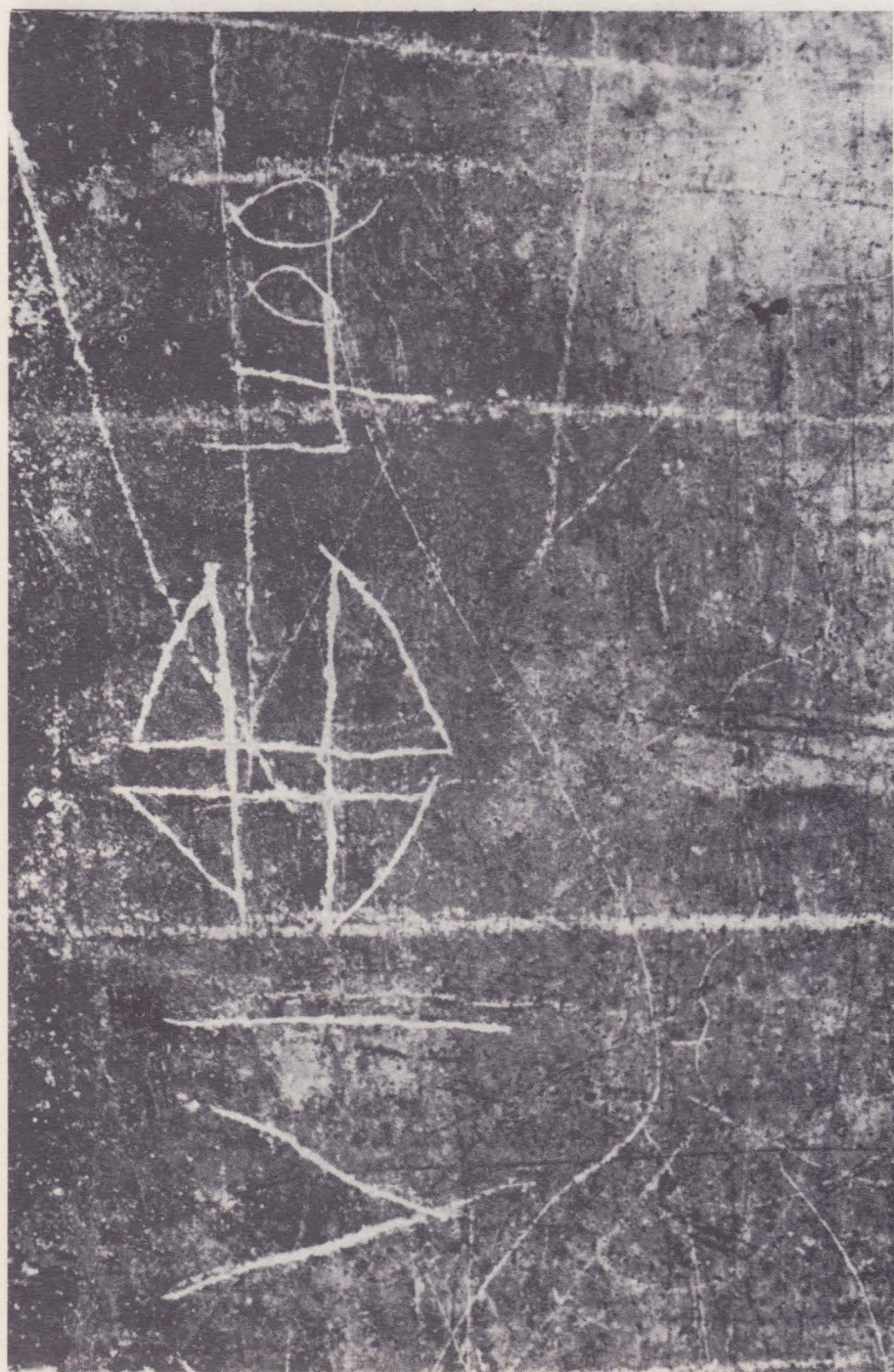


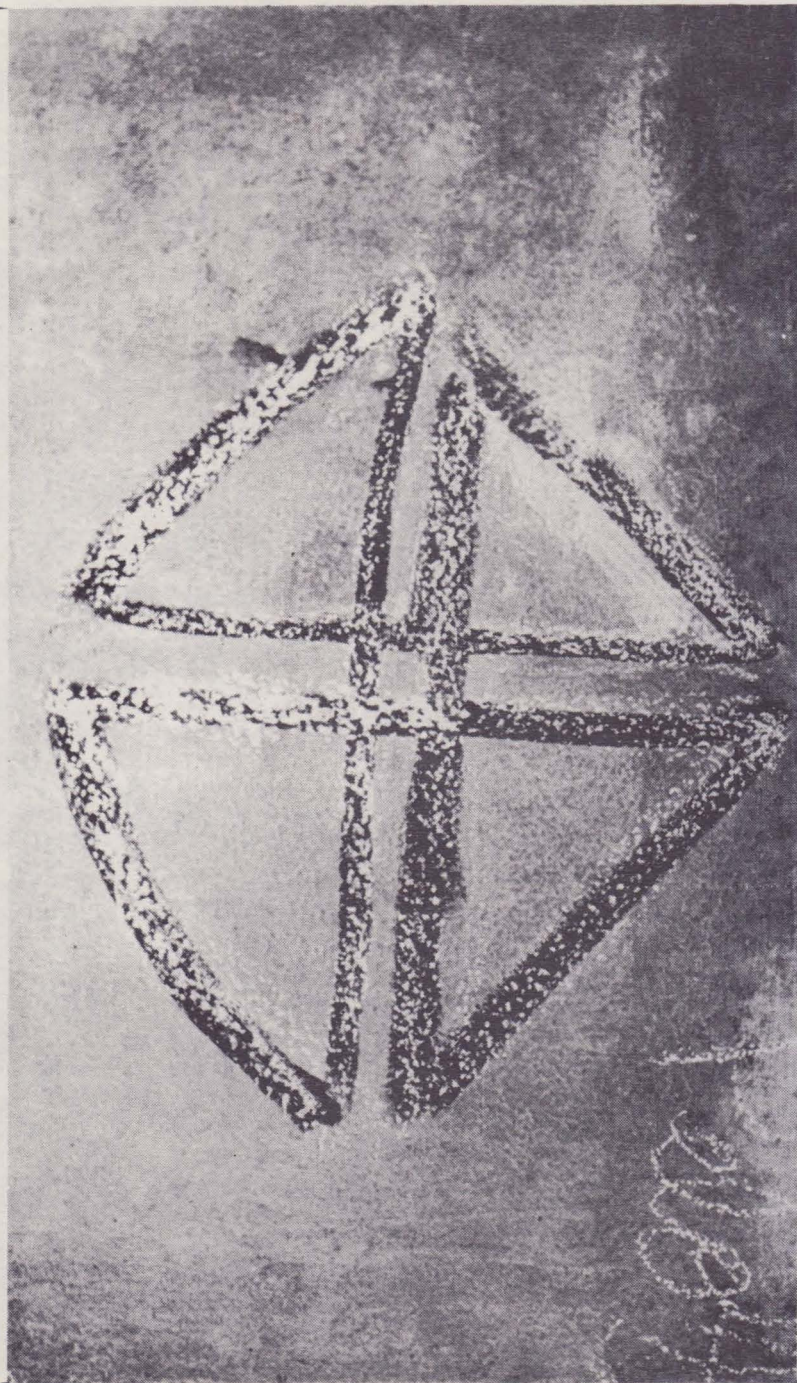




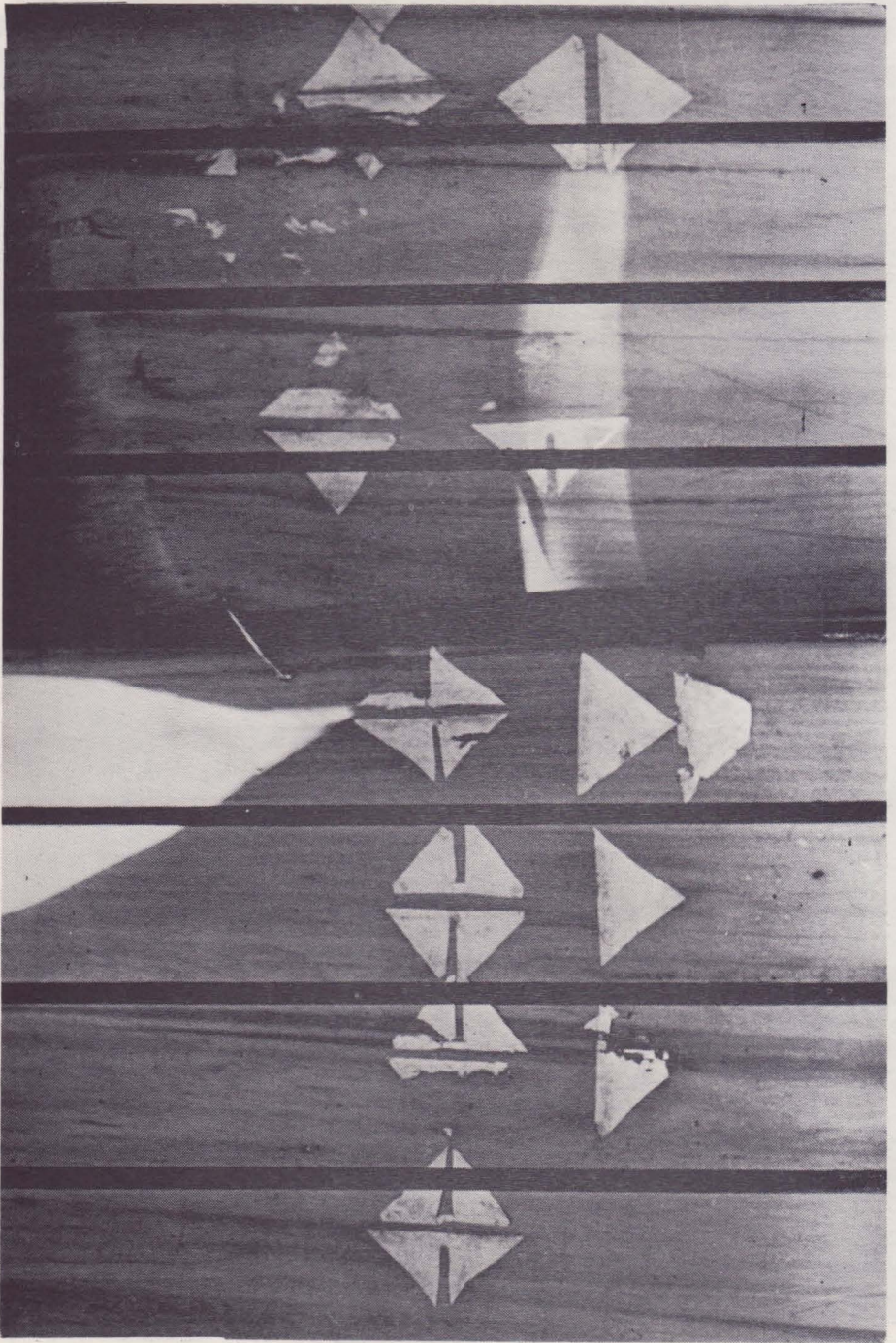


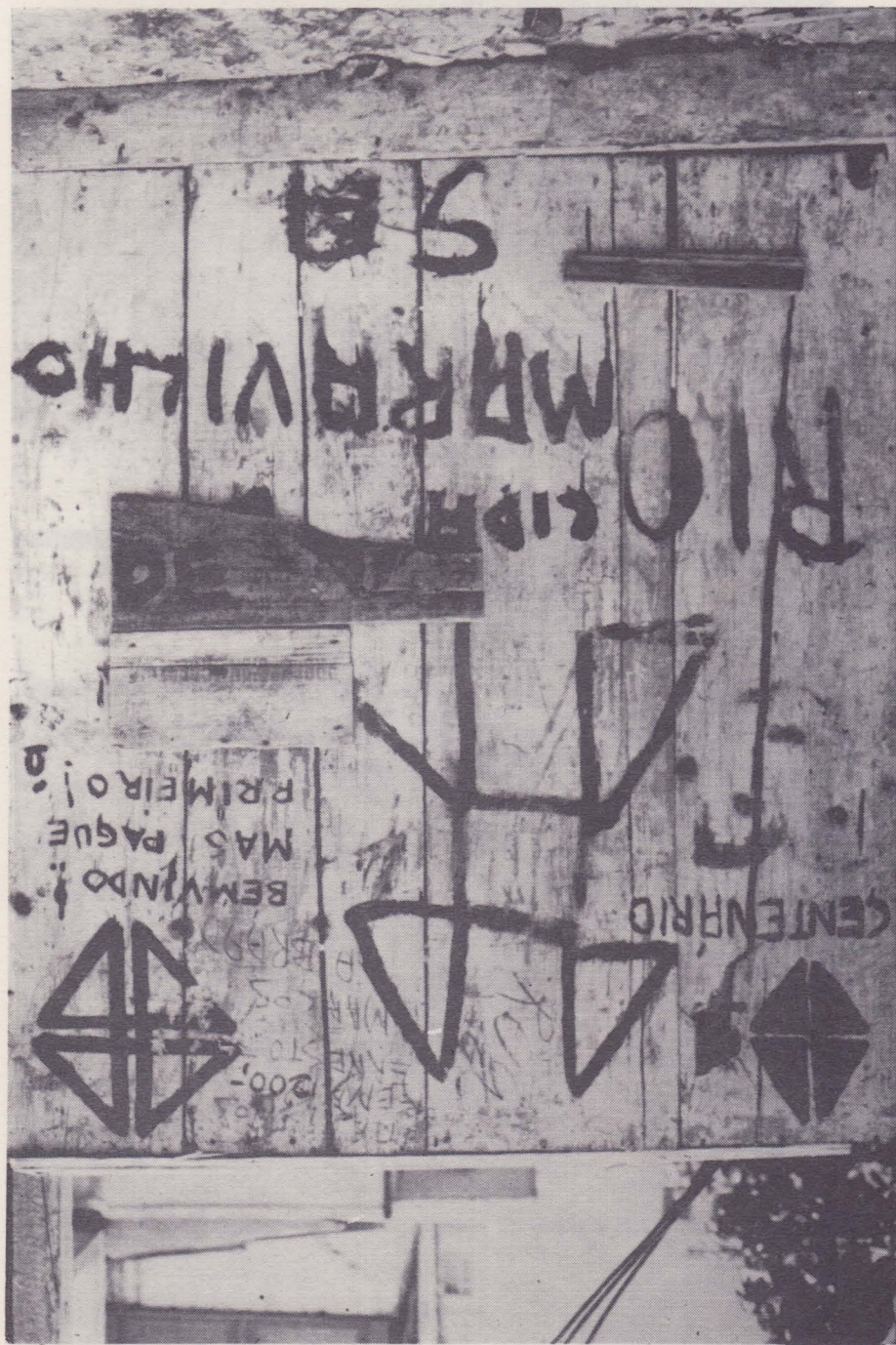


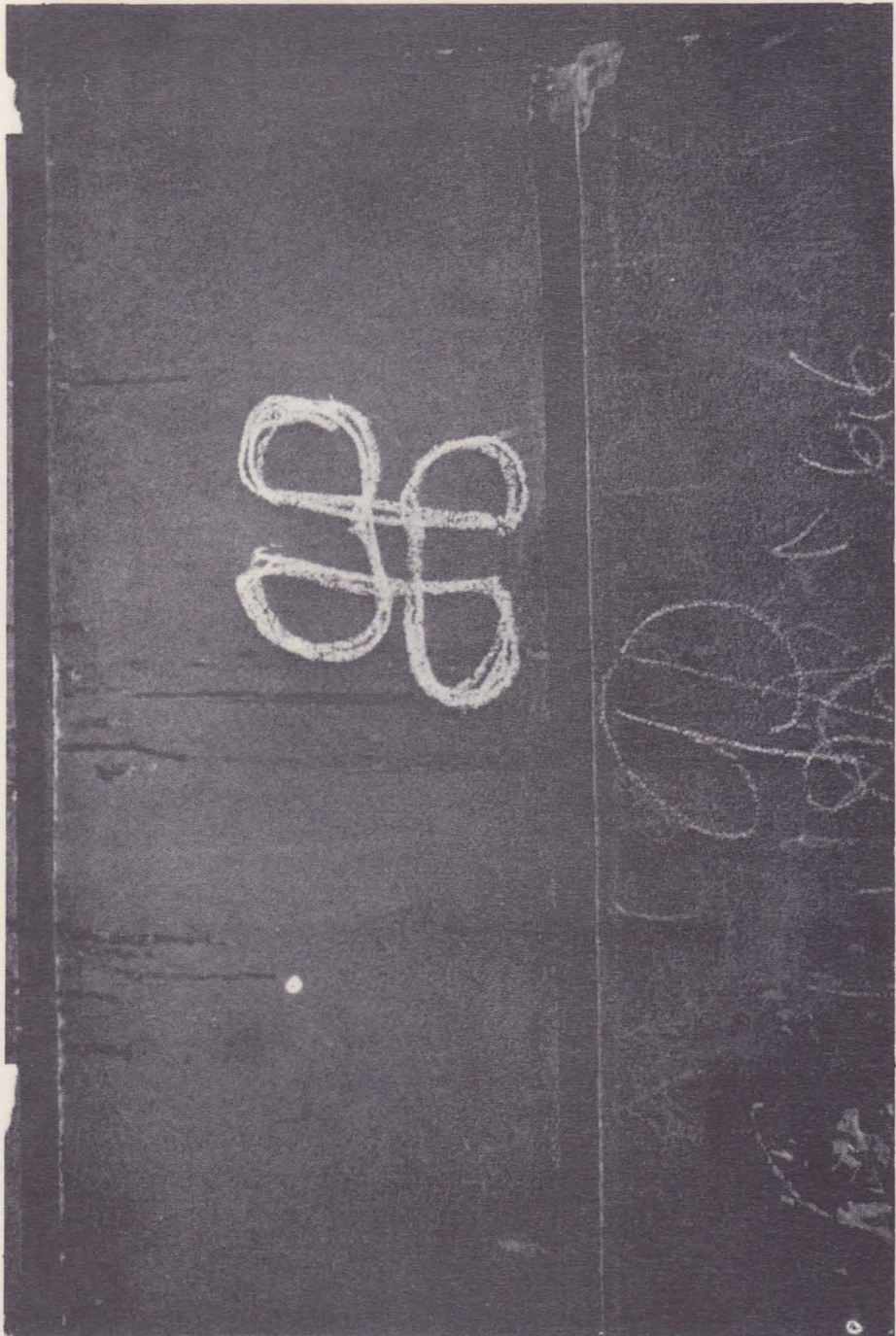






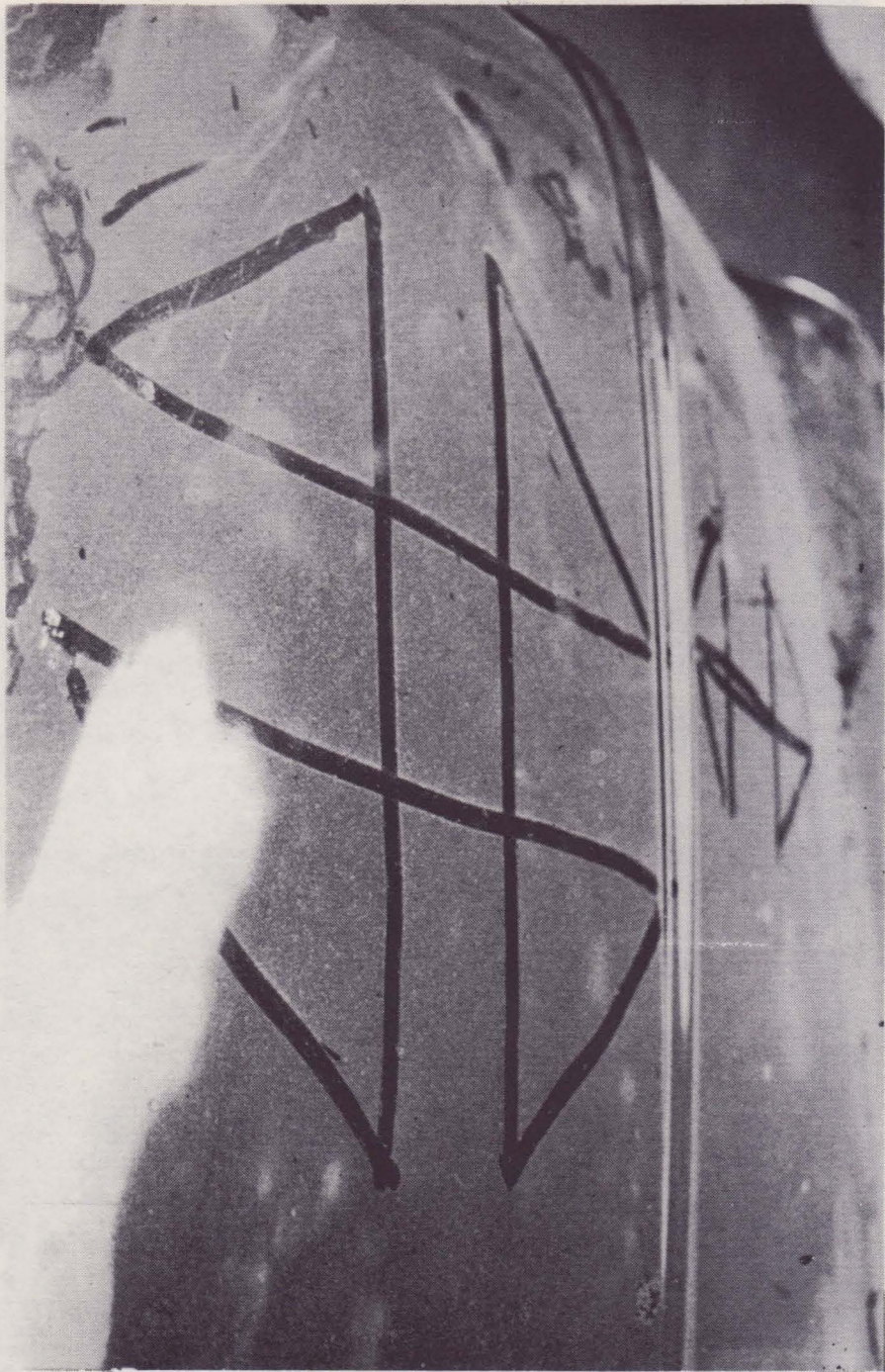


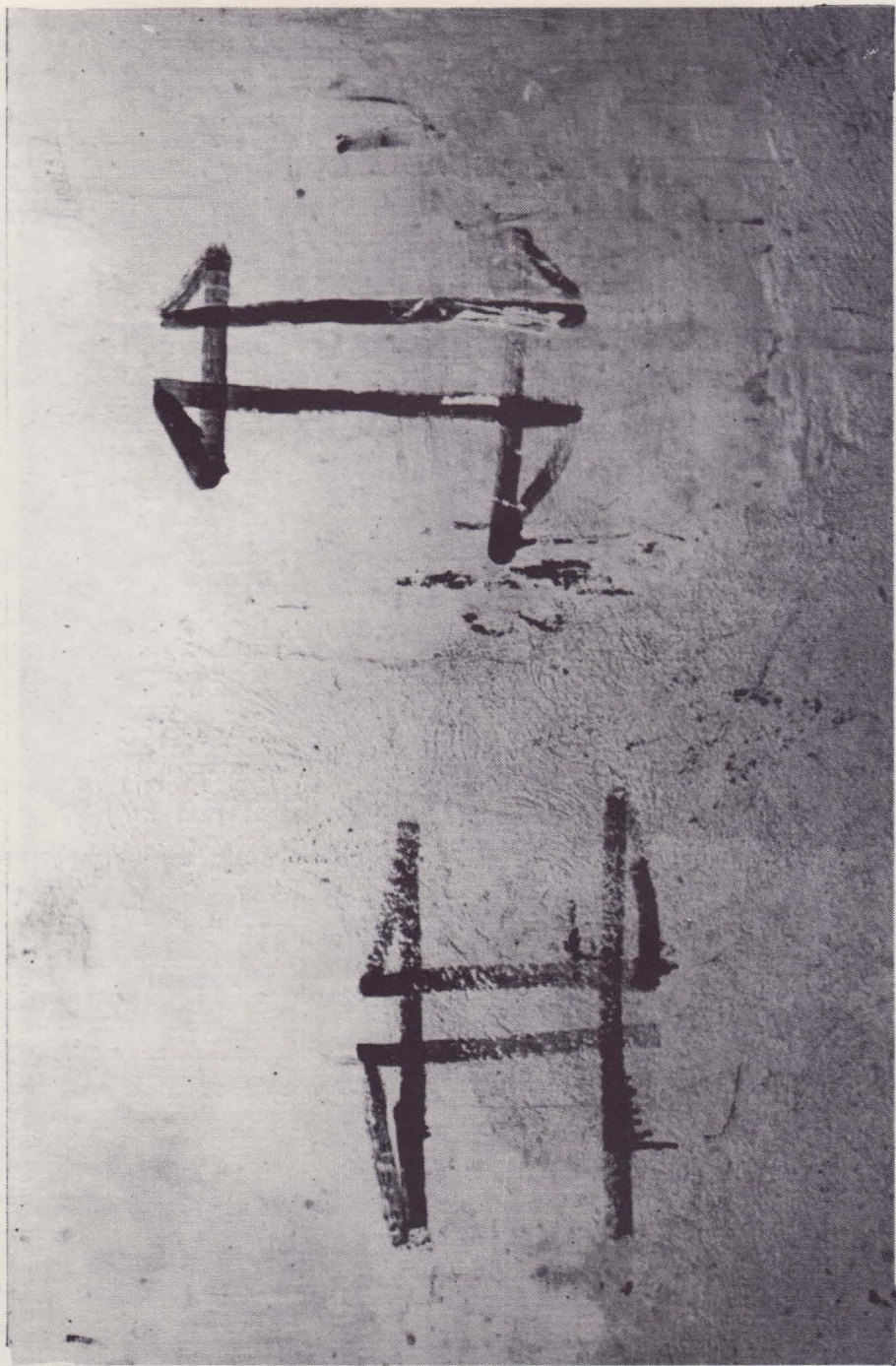


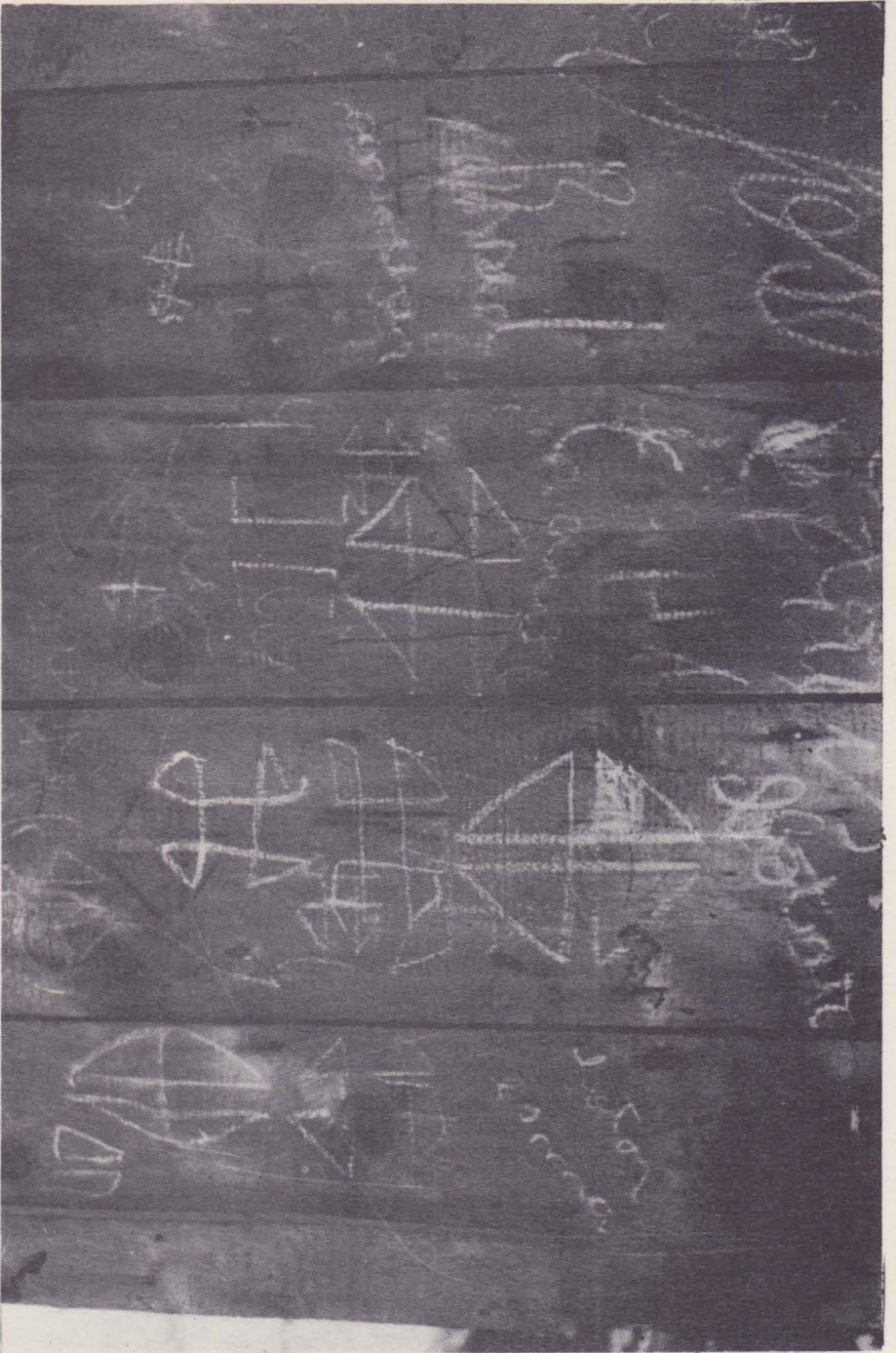


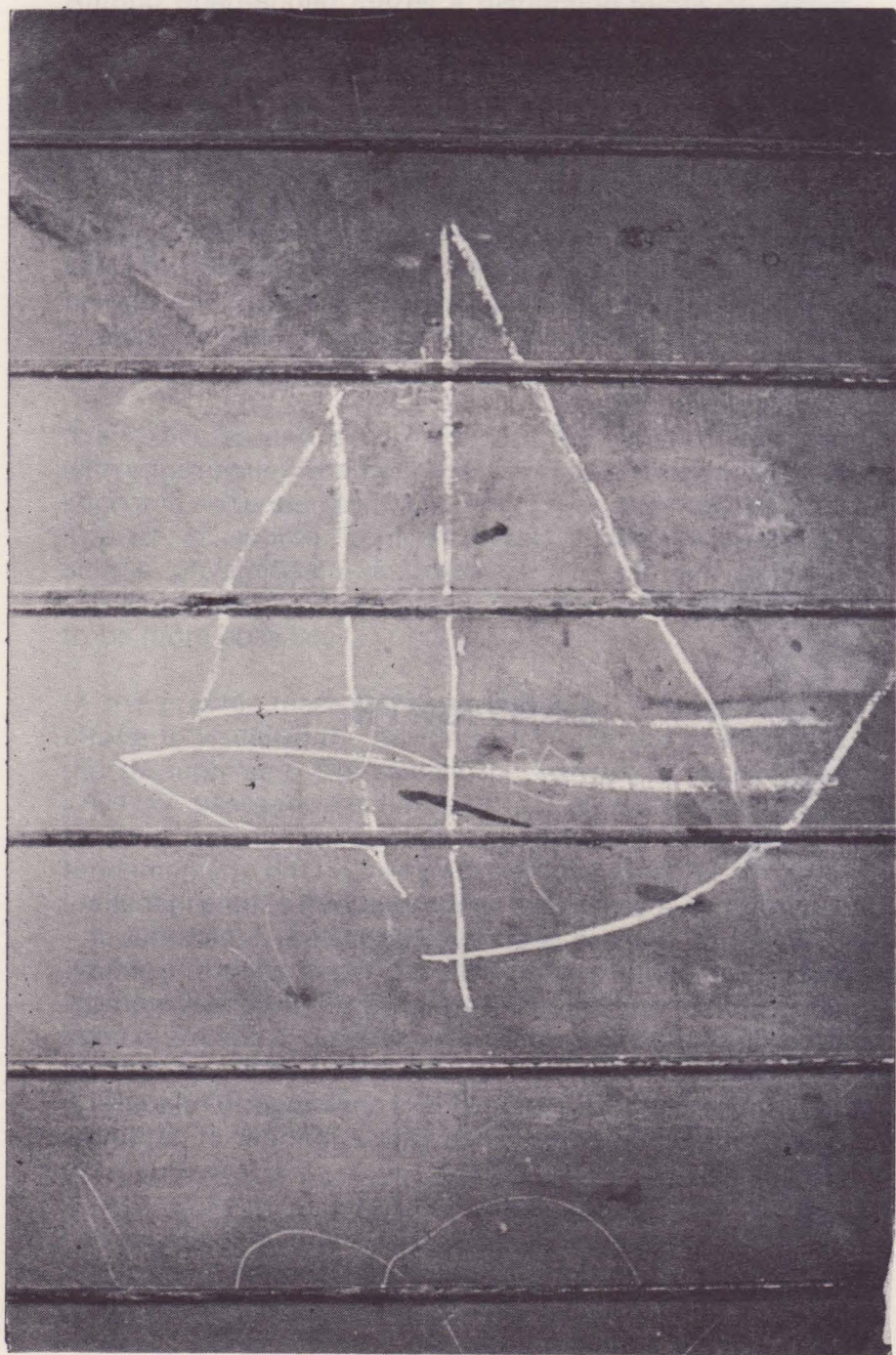
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Edward Marcotte

## **LABYRINTH**

A labyrinth, in a sense, is a spatial diagram of time in that a movement or process is always suggested. A pictorial or schematic labyrinth, often called a maze, differs from a mere design or arabesque inasmuch as it harbors a favored path or line to be traced.

A labyrinth presents a puzzle: one is challenged to discover the way out, while being faced with a number of baffling possibilities.

It is not necessary, however, that there actually be a solution. Some labyrinths have no exit, though this would ordinarily constitute a breach of fair play, as it were, and more likely be termed a trap.



Among open-ended mazes a distinction might be drawn between the variety admitting multiple solutions and that permitting but a single path to the exit. The former tends to be more elaborate, an object of continuing interest; the latter, more exacting, ceases to be interesting as soon as its solution has been revealed.

Mazes of diverse types are frequently employed for testing the intelligence and behavioral quotients of both human beings and rats. This seems justified by the apparent analogy between an artificial maze and many concrete situations of existence.

It is expected and even presumed that when confronted with a maze one (whether rat or person) will recognize it as such and understand what sort of participation is expected. The rat, of course, is given certain incentives based on simple physiological imperatives like hunger and the avoidance of pain. With humans the ulterior incentives tend to be more abstract.

In the graphic maze the element of skill is based on our efforts to visualize the design as a whole and so delineate the through way. Conversely the labyrinth consisting of physical passageways limits us to trial and error (though keeping track of the latter helps). The two situations are fundamentally different even though they may be formally identical.

*Wanting to reach the end* is a primary psychological factor in following a labyrinth, as is a sense of lostness, and the need to escape. In another way a labyrinth is a paradigm of pursuit: epic of alternate separation from, and rediscovery of, the mythical ideal.

We say, "it was a maze of corridors," "labyrinthine streets," or "labyrinthine entanglements." But this is more than characterizing things in a certain way. It's the need to see ourselves as surrounded and in a way sheltered by a manifold of possibilities, questions, promises, chances. A

definite though somewhat enigmatic structure within which we can pursue a kind of destiny. The labyrinthine unknown, with its narrow corridors of risk, uncertain as it is, nevertheless provides us with a type of security that the *utter* unknown cannot give.

While schematically the maze suggests certain art styles of both East and West—the Persian rug, the designs of American Indians, etc.—what makes it a proper maze is the challenge to decipher it. This often amounts to breaking it in half. For it is a feature of many simple mazes that their solution is only a matter of defining how they can be split into two equal or unequal sections.

The important thing is *direction*. And this means forward direction. Going back entails penalties, while attempting to go up or down make no more sense than trying to leap into the fourth dimension. This, of course, goes for the two-dimensional maze, which most mazes are, in essence. Naturally, one could think of three-dimensional labyrinths, multileveled, with stairways. One might even try to conceptualize a four-dimensional time maze.

Lateral movement is of course forbidden, except insofar as we might turn to follow a path to the right or left. This brings us to the subject of the walls. Though exceptions could be imagined, we ordinarily conceive the walls of a labyrinth as mere featureless demarcations of space: inscriptionless, undecorated, having no message or function save to assert the perimeters of possible movement. We cannot see *through* or *into* them. Presumably it would make no difference were they hung with murals, whether they were colorful or drab, etc. For unless these elements could be integrated into the overall proposition they would not properly be a part of the labyrinth at all.

Ambiguities and downright fallacies might arise through the practice of using mazes for gauging aptitudes in general. For this is to claim either that the world at large has features that are characteristic of the schematic maze, or

that we should be encouraged to see it that way, and to give emphasis to existing, though perhaps diminutive, similarities.

This is of course an open question. Is the world we live in a kind of labyrinth? Or does it not at least have certain labyrinthine qualities? A number of modern writers, notably Kafka, Borges, Robbe-Grillet, Durrell, have been inspired to characterize existence, or some aspect thereof, in terms of the labyrinth. (The image appears in the works of many lesser writers as well, particularly in mystery stories.)

The labyrinth as a motif has an air of the antique, the almost forgotten past. One notes how in archaeological photographs of ancient cities that have been excavated the overall topography has a distinct mazelike aspect. What has disappeared is the flesh and superstructure.

The most famous labyrinth of antiquity, though probably mythical, was located in Crete. It was built by Daedalus and guarded by the Minotaur. Seven youths and seven maidens of Athens were sacrificed each year to the Minotaur as a tribute to King Minos. Ariadne, his daughter, fell in love with one of the youths, Theseus, heir to the Athenian throne, and presented him with a magic sword and a spool of thread. With the sword he killed the Minotaur, and found his way out by following the thread, which he had unwound while passing through the labyrinth.

Besides the labyrinth that challenges us to find the route of exit there is the kind where the task is to reach the center. A version of this was used in ancient structures, particularly places of burial, as a protection against intruders. The Pyramids are one example, and so is the famous Egyptian labyrinth described by Herodotus. These tomb labyrinths have been interpreted as allegories, representing the after-death journey of the soul.

The above variety may have one or more than one entrance. However, the object is not necessarily to get out but to reach some designated area within. In ancient times treasures were hidden in this way. Aristocrats of past centuries built gardens in the form of mazes. These consisted of alleys set between rows of dense high hedges, making a baffling set of pathways to an open center.

One of the most famous of these is at Hampton Court Palace, and was planted in the reign of William III. One may surmise that the psychology behind this sort of enterprise is based on the notion of exclusiveness and the desire for privacy. (Viz. any private club or social plateau, of access difficult and tortuous.)

In another sense all this indicates a peculiar human impulse toward centricity, to forming a kind of nucleus of the world. It is our persisting delusion that we can discover a pathway to this mythical centrum, thus projecting it elsewhere, while in reality it is always here and now, if we can only grasp it. But we are constantly thrown forward and away, dislocated from our true centrum by the paths and mazes that we fabricate with such passion.

In Kafka's story fragment *The Burrow*, the protagonist, a small burrowing animal, expends a great effort in digging an intricate network of underground passages, leading by devious paths to a remote inner sanctum which is intended to defy access. Alas, just as the work is completed he begins to hear another, larger animal digging toward him, right in the direction of his Castle Keep.

The maze is the emblem of a duality incorporating both the nature of escape and that of pursuit.

It is the styled representation of the inner/outer fixation. In Kafka's *The Burrow* this inner/outer takes on the nightmarish aspect of hunter-and-hunted paranoia. In the case of the Hampton Court Gardens the general climate is snobbism. In the exit maze the psychological analogue is claustrophobia. The maze may thus be psychic structure, a root metaphor for fundamental spiritual and existential attitudes.

The advantages as well as the hazards in making this sort of generalization are the same in both cases and common to metaphors in general: we can come to confuse them with factual states of affairs.

Though our situation within a labyrinth is characterized by lostness, there are yet indications of relief, if not by sign or pointer, at least by pathway—the winding corridor that has to emerge somewhere. A road without signs is better than no road at all.

Can we conclude that mazes are pretty oppressive places, and that perhaps this alone constitutes sufficient impetus to follow through to the exit? But even were we able to disregard our psychological attraction to mazes—what about the clean challenge of the design? Are we not as well permitted a linear and conceptual aesthetic?

The labyrinth is one of our archetypal categories of thinking, of orienting ourselves within the world.

I have always been convinced that rats think exactly like we do.

M. Trap

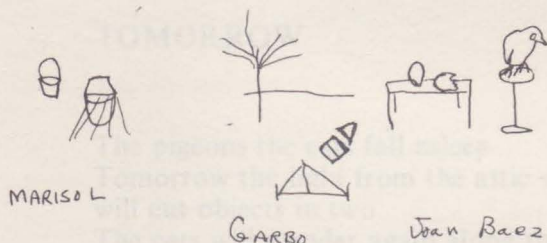
## Self-Adorned Faces

I'm waiting for Marisol. She's coming.  
She has to. I've tried her—asking can  
I be the hand with the fork in "Tete A  
Tete" —& she tried me asking me to come  
to visit her & bring my poems & didn't  
tell me where —& I don't know where I am  
but did come from the Avenue of The Americas  
& stopped here across the street from a drug  
store because the sun hit the sign saying  
BENDER'S DRUG STORE making it END RUG TORE  
& between one Marisol sculptured self-adorned  
figure and another there's the few rough  
moments of immortality. "End Rug Tore," I  
sd. & saw this 1st lover of mine's face in  
between END & TORE & thgt about how she had  
called me up & cried about how she was pregn-  
nant, & I was thinking, yeah, she'll be here,  
Marisol, & then the sun sold the rest of the  
drug store off to someone else moving down  
into mere windows and doors & I felt my hand  
slip from immortality & remembered how that  
lover of mine had to have an abortion & it  
wasn't nice touching her anymore & I picked  
at the subject from then on & went right to  
a self-adorned one & was standing now under  
the sign & where the sun had been & Marisol  
didn't come but went way out beyond the rough  
moments of immortality. And when I looked at  
my hand around a glass of water  
in the drug store & remembered  
how the sun had been END RUG TORE,  
I didn't want to ask the question  
but I did: "Why did you go to yr.  
lover's today." When he asked me  
why I tipped over the glass of water  
& threw all that salt in it, I sd.,

Marisol means sun & sea but he knew  
just like I did it was only a few  
rough moments & I cld only go back  
to the insane asylum.

I cannot comprehend the loss of any  
part of my body & in strange ways  
make laughter & anger visit the subject.

When I made the triptych like this



they weren't particular where they put it.

This man today sd., "Nut," & I took my  
place out there beneath the sign, thinking  
now that I've had this abortion, I'll be  
all right.

## Marisol's Provocations Go Beyond The Bed

for Marisol

In Utah, they  
cut you up and send  
you up to the mountains  
for the blue you'll be  
in the alley, down where  
Iowa means Sen. Hughes,  
they tear off the paper  
in you & mail it on pro-  
hibition day, the smell  
keeps them laughing  
& slapping the thighs no  
lovers come to heat up,  
& in R.I. the heavier  
things like gestures  
& emotions are slid up  
College Hill to RISD  
students who wear you  
as their underwear &  
are the most successfull  
lovers, but it's all  
used, & the critic saves  
himself your face, any  
issue it's the amusing things  
you tease your lovers with,  
just last week J. Canaday  
walked a sunflower, mentioned  
the weather was bad & the  
toilets were leaking,  
they're all going to  
pot, every city, but  
they keep you away,  
knowing to sleep with you  
once, they recycle  
aluminum, & no two  
want you in the sun,  
where as metal you gleam,  
just the flag, baby,  
just the flag, & topping  
the little house you bring  
shame to, Uncle Dick wants  
another story, shhhhhh,  
go to sleep now, obscene art,  
you'll have lots of company soon.



Fayad Jamís

## TOMORROW

The pigeons the cats fall asleep  
Tomorrow the light from the attic window  
will cut objects in two  
The cats will wander again along the glass roofs  
the pigeons will beat their wings against the filthy sky

On the table the stale bread the books the inkwell  
the persistent fly and a horrible yearning for freedom  
on the table my shoes reaching all the way to the radiant sky  
of Cuba

Tell me it's over and I'll tell you it hasn't begun  
the smell of strawberries fills my heart  
It's hot it's windy  
I've drunk beer coffee  
My soul's a huge port  
where a ship is always leaving.

*Translated from Spanish  
by Joan Piurek*

*Suzanne Zavrian*

*From a work in progress*

### Part One

He told us he called himself X. We saw him lying out in the backyard, spread-eagled in the snow. He said that he was the Second Coming. He further said that he wasn't sure of the other parts of his name; he was only sure of the X because he had given that to himself. We said we'd keep him for a while

He said he called himself X because last names were all someone else's property, and first names were someone else's idea of decoration. He said he might as well call himself a letter as anything else. An alphabet letter, I add (I add now, as I found out later); he felt he couldn't be any other kind of letter. First, he didn't have an address. If he did, he probably would have gone there (if not already be there). Secondly, he felt he had nothing to say. I know nothing, he said. I just arrived.

He also, when asked, said he was lying in the snow because Christ walked on water in the First Coming, so he thought he might as well lay on it during the second one.

We invited him in to dry off and have dinner. He came in and steamed for a while as he evaporated; the vapor coming off him was something to see. Dinner that night was hard-boiled eggs and yogurt, it being Thursday. He ate with gusto, saying that he

didn't like hard-boiled eggs very much, and that yogurt was only a shade better, but that he was counting his blessings, which was fairly easy, there being only 2 hard-boiled eggs and 1 dish of yogurt.

"Pass the salt," he said.

We figured he might be thirsty after the salt, so we offered him a glass of water. He said that he supposed he could change it to wine if he concentrated, but that he didn't like wine much either. Not that he was a teetotler; he just didn't care for it.

"Give me water any time," he said, "if you don't happen to have any gin around."

We asked him how he knew about gin if he had just gotten here, but he only looked mysterious.

We asked him why he didn't peel the hard-boiled eggs before he ate them.

"Peel isn't the correct word," he said. And, "you never saw a chick peel an egg, did you? The reason I eat the shell is that it is pure calcium. Calcium is good for your teeth." He opened his mouth to show us that there were only two teeth in it, at the top, and then only if you looked up from a squatting position and carefully. "When you have few of something you have to take twice as good care of them."

We asked him why, if he was the Second Coming, he didn't wish himself some teeth—or change his gums into teeth, was more like it.

"That would be selfish," he said.

The next morning there was a terrible fuss. The cat got into the hen house. There weren't any hens in it, but she sat on the egg, which squashed. Then she ate it, being partial to eggs.

"You see what I mean about peel?" he asked. "That cat knows," he added.

"You do mention eggs a lot," one of us said. "Is it a parable?"

"No," he said. "It's about eggs. What's for dinner tonight? You can't eat words."

That seemed to be the first rule: Being about something was not the thing itself.

### Part Three

"Tell us about dying," someone said.

"It is not living," X said. "It usually comes after; or sometimes it is instead of. It is also whatever you make of it," he added.

"It is often seen by example," he said further. "If I see you die, and then after that I see somebody else die, I will probably extrapolate from that that I will die." He added: "Though maybe not, either."

He also said: "Extrapolate is a good word." He repeated: "Extrapolate." He explained: "If you can say extrapolate, you are probably alive."

I had rarely seen X in such a mellow mood.

"How can you die if you're the Second Coming?" someone else asked.

"You can only be coming for so long," X said. "Then eventually you come, and then the verb becomes past tense and you can say that you have come, or that you came. At which point you are no longer an adverb, but have become the verb itself, and that in the past tense. The Second Came, if you will."

"And if I won't," I asked.

"Well," X shrugged and began to look uninterested, not that he had looked very interested in the first place, "if you won't you won't. However, you will find that if you stay in the present tense all the time it gets very boring. But do what you want," he said. "It's not my affair."

He also said: "I'm not saying anything about how you run your lives," which was saying something about how we ran our lives (that verb is already past tense); "bacteria is also a culture."

"If bacteria is also a culture," someone else said, "tell us the difference between Us and Them."

"Man proliferates," X said. "That is what sets him off from the animals. Animals can't pronounce proliferate."

We decided to eat dinner.

Curtis Faville

Stanzas from a poem in progress

I

Today I have nothing more than a flower  
Or its pure powder clouding over photographs  
Of a former exposure, shots into the thicket  
As futile as dry leaves. From inside all is crossed  
By fibres that are gentle to someone who knows  
How to look at you, closing the ashes between the bricks  
So that the heat stinks with security. It was easy  
To have imagined the dense siren at some point of awareness  
And the confirmation of a hand rose over the top  
To sweep away all doubt of it absolutely.

IV

The question was whether the day would preserve  
Itself for just these particular neighborhoods.  
You woke strangely early and dreamed of pleasant  
Smells transmitted over the chasm of the dawn  
On light airs. Perhaps you spoke too soon,  
For there was no one to hear, through the rolling  
Of hands and icy sensitivity, coming back in the face  
With a slight amusement: Over the window no reflections  
Were passed, only the glue of the hope, not its  
Insect or drama. The tape flowed around the room  
Becoming softer, softer as the moment of joining crept up.

## X

Who knows this denies the makeshift, the truth  
Of creation like the bean that explodes  
Its meaning, flying in all directions the props  
Where the camera could be at once, arranged pre-  
Recorded. Life, old tracks wet pebbles of a trip  
You would not have cared for, but trained now  
To take apart with serious gestures of imitation,  
Realizing it was a job before the whistle of sickness  
Also deformed. Death spills not water under the iron  
Tempting rust to blue, but waking  
You knew all was well, eyelids parted on the blinds.

## XVIII

Extinction greets you with gas balloons  
Absurd enough at first, then the pain of air  
And heat building its cities and highways  
Up for a cornucopia of lumps at random  
Rising through emotional levels, only  
To flutter down like a scrap of paper,  
A memo to the norm. The pattern almost  
Visible for a second, and then fading  
And again just made out, a thread of tissue  
Killed in a pun. Ahead of all those sewn stalks  
The fabric burning still, conflagration  
At the end of the tunnel of sleep.

## IXX

Retreating to gain strategic advantage, this was  
Not your aim. Rather the enforcement of ideas you  
Had in the first place, almost unconsciously,  
Some food. That went in sideways instead of down  
The hatch, where the air of thinking was alien.  
You rose and fell easily, remembering the banter  
Of hands at their hysteria, molded to the flame's  
Perch, the chirping of water in green shadows.  
This line of cultivation stretched into light  
Breathing, where all depends from a cord of  
Nerve, optic, into a dark fathomless underbelly  
Of future hungers, the serpent biting its tail.

W.S. Merwin

BY THE CLOUD PATH

*No day has an age of its own  
an entire year has no age of its own  
but there is a cloud in every picture*

*Those clouds are from almanacs not from calendars  
old almanacs  
taken from lovers given to prisoners  
given back  
found by children  
missing pages signed Cloud  
art is long  
a cloud is a monument to an eye*

*Know of the new buildings  
that some cannot be reflected in water  
all you will see reflected is clouds*

*Who use those buildings sank long ago  
the question is can you still believe them*

*their windows were calendars  
their moon was drawn in red  
but its heart was not there*

*The clouds dragging anchors are pilgrims  
the anchors are inside three sleeps  
the prisoners  
in the lovers  
and in the children*

*From a window photographs of one face  
every day of its life  
are reflected rapidly on a cloud*

*the sound is a recording of one tone  
that face produced that day  
of its own*

Who knows this design the makeshift, the truth  
 Of creation like the heart, the eye,  
 its meaning, flying in all directions the prop  
 Where the camera could be at once, arranged pre-  
 Recorded. Life, old tracks wet pebbles of a trip  
 You would not have loved for, but trained you  
 To take apart with a word, the word of a  
 Realizing what a word is, what it is, what it is  
 Also to be a word, to be a word, to be a word  
 Jumping not to know, but waiting

### JULIETTE ROSSANT

#### The Square

Top or bottom  
 It lies on its side  
 And its center is its beginning,  
 Its dimensions its end.  
 Its four lives leading nowhere  
 And its six lengths its time.  
 Its brain its space,  
 Its edge its death.



simply acting upon others, acting upon oneself, taking  
sentences like "I'm letting myself be taken advantage of,"  
getting into a state of letting oneself be taken advantage of,  
and probably constructing a hypothesis.

## analyzing and using

analyzing and using the words, hoping that the free oscillations of  
language will increase the amplitude of information, com-  
municating what is in language, off this state look of our  
freedom.

everywhere language is stronger than intelligence. People are  
simply fashioned by language, modern systems and all  
of them. From the practice to the practice of  
of reality.

## XIX

The world is a springtime of roses  
in the devil's hands.

The world lies at the head of infinity  
And at the feet of destruction.

The world is an ever-loving creature  
And has two enemies for each friend.

The world is a deaf companion  
And an imaginative child.

The world is a conclusion of ages  
And a new beginning.

The world lies in the center  
And on either side.

oswald wiener

from the preface to

**improving central  
europe**

translated from german by

joachim neugroschel

simply acting upon others, acting upon oneself, taking sentences like pills, letting oneself be taken somewhere, getting into a state, letting, wanting to communicate; also probably constructing a hypothesis.

### **analyzing and using language**

sounding out the words, hoping that the free oscillations of language will increase the amplitude of information, communicating what is in language, all this made fools of our forebears.

everywhere language stronger than intelligence, people are simply fashioned by language, model, systems arise and contradict one another and themselves, language: the style of reality.

### **doubt**

people think they misunderstand language, a gap between the sentence and what we meant.

evidence: a way of arguing, a type of information, a small service to society, how can i take the tangle in my brain and stuff it in your mouth.

### **imagery**

the illusion of greater clarity, language artistry, the imagination liberated, images interpret, antiperistaltic sensation, sensation hit in the mouth by perception, kicked in the ass by meaning, the atmosphere is derivative.

language contains a natural science from a nasty thought (you really wonder where it comes from) a bulky volume, instead of twelve-point sentences and 1812 red wine a faust is composed, clubbing you with slogans, speech-police.

### **bent toward simplicity,**

permanence of an idea despite change of thoughts, i wonder why so much of the word with so little theory, why so much as fairly everything with only a little grit.

monism because language allows it.

elements of a context, words of a sentence. we set up man.

### **inditing, etymologies,**

lapping up a word, i get the feeling that my mind just doesn't exist for the world.\*

### **language and the present,**

the duration of the word, gaping until now is past, always having just been, a second of terror.

spitting out what makes me clear my throat, formulating such a fool that lives me, bringing it into the shape, of language, reality, changing it. watch now i'll talk to you, not to you, just talk, bonmot, sort of to you personally, what i meant to say not what i'd like to show you, that creep hangs on my every word! i don't have the words to tell him off, honestly i wish you'd go fuck yourself.

time to walk my mouth, i say something and look what you do, i can hardly wait.

### **language and mathematics,**

legal speech-impediment, concepts link what i wanted to show, just to say something for once and you have to supply the rhyme, opening up a scaffold in language, that do-you-hear is the product of action and words, that comes from trying it out yourself.

### **literature, grammar .**

to be dead-set, a specific sentence with these very words would thus correspond to this very fact, this very nuance, and you create this very nuance with this sentence, and from now on you will think that this was the very thing you meant to say.

accumulating sentences, what connects all these sentences I mean to say, not what this sentence says, the correlation machine, you pounce upon this sentence.

the page all full and no plot, haven't you noticed the way i dash all over the place?

|  
\*at least not the consciousness: when the world created it, it went too far.

### **writing and reading**

how timid he is when he writes or reads, is this written for me, you get insulted and you're not quite sure about it, every poem has an official character.

submitting the dear John letter to a judgment, that suicide has more taste than this one, the utterance a symptom, the sheet of the wedding-night, it's only my traces, but i'm different now, how?, this idiot allows his own heretics to adulate him, a saint should keep his trap shut.

this script is very vague, for instance this letter could be badly set, there is a myrmidon who notices such things.

### **the semblance of necessity in every utterance**

all you have to do is determine when it begins and when it ends, anything that was inbetween belongs together, you open your mouth and you're already understood.

### **poetry and permanence.**

you can't unroll it like yarn, you send it thru the grinder: hearty appetite!, it's impossible to compare two thoughts.

### **style**

the world is simple, observed from here, you change from style to style, rule of thumb: if it's got style it's not competent.

regrettable that other things can exist next to the one! bringing everything under one umbrella, then i have — words.

for instance, i always have to do something, that gives you a feeling of being fenced-in, no matter what, i always have to do something, you get raped by language, you see language goes too far here, this is an example of how language restricts you.

a sentence expressing an observation, the man who observes is outside of himself, observing is the level of language, finding the rhyme and the reason, aha.

speaking a sentence and then comparing it with reality, defending it against reality, being witty, and wordy when wit

deserts you. polishing the sentence till it fits, the key of the burglar who wants to steal truth, a dunce, another person's truth, sesame.

### **metalinguage**

the picture of a painter painting a painter, attributes because there are attribute-words, activities because there are verbs.\*

you talk about a sentence? because you say it? how do *you* know? because you want it? shouldn't you wait and see what turns out? you promise me what will turn out will delight me, you show me a way leading to a prospect, you have to take my hand, that was how mozart came to brno where he had supper, you want to have me somewhere.

### **contradiction**

i am forbidden to say anything, you are faced with over twenty kinds of contradictions, the poor thing!, the Cathedral of Cologne only in matches about whose substances more later.

i want to say something, all i lack is the words, the inducement, and also what i want to say.

### **meaning**

what does this sentence mean, it's from a secret language, only i understand it, what, you too?, this meaning can't be construed by anything in the world, any gestures, any words, any systems, only the fact that i so finely understand it gives it precisely these twenty or so meanings, i really can't tell you what it means, i simply understand it.

i want to surprise you, that's why i'm not telling you what i'm going to do, or perhaps i'll surprise you like this, with saying. command and the bowl, that's how the amateur becomes a poet.

\*the trick of positivism makes language appear as a reality of so-to-speak a secondary order: a clear distinction between reality and language seems possible, "metalinguage" is actually metaphysics, it is so-to-speak not part of reality, and thereby justifies "object-language."

### **speaking, chance,**

you notice it, it doesn't bother me, all this with this sentence, idiot then keep it, take it home and write your book about this sentence.

### **interpretation,**

speaking so much and so fast that you don't have any time, what did he mean? klutz, am i ever a founder of a religion. a sentence, remarkable particularly because of that for which it was a simile, an image whose meaning you sense, official secret.

### **idioms, phrases,**

demolishing a naunce with banality, mine-sweeper for folk wisdom. the hypothesis someone already once tried to say so, populations live the style of the quotations they possess. something that offers itself, not set because it is rare, stammering for friends, a phrase an argument a citing of significant authorities, a standardized container.

### **cognation**

spinning a yarn, examining the uses of a word, and then proving whole proposals with these things.

exploiting language and finding a use for the shreds.

circumstantial evidence on the basis of *sprachgefühl*.

the daredevil will manage to build an airplane with language and fly himself away.\*

### **simultaneity,**

sort of in a way not exclusively, i can't think of anything, world oozes more leakily through cracks.

\*he won't get very far his dreams will still be in german.

### **the means of information,**

you astound me, when language is inadequate people come  
to blows, i'll show you the way: with a finger, with a kick.

i play cold with you — hot.

how shall i show you my love? by sleeping with you,  
proving with deeds, tell it to the marines (and pay a dollar).

### **learning how to use a word,**

the poetry of a name, practicing using a word, instincts,  
discovering new uses, then inventing them, words as  
substitutes for words he doesn't command, the character of a  
word, disregarding the character of a word,

### **limitation,**

limiting one's means as though one had more in reserve, the  
world to one denominator.

limiting oneself to the essential in a report: putting oneself in  
the limelight, reader's digest, a retarded reporter.

in my language there's no word for what a taut rubberband  
does when you tap your forefinger in the middle of the  
lengthwise extension at one end of its breadth, a good word  
makes you understand somehow; every description a  
detective story.

### **limitation**

on the objects themselves, on the sieve on the cat on the tree  
but orderly one after another; you mention obstacles,  
which constitute the situation.

the cat doesn't interest me of course my cat mustn't be left  
out, i bought her, fed her, forgot her, fed her, from poe, she  
smells, with a "t," she's got eyes that are not like the eyes of  
the fish that my mother had as a flounder on the table,  
bought likewise and cleaned when i was sixteen and began to  
smoke which will be the death of me.



## **languages**

katze (with a tz).

but also translating one sentence into another.

## **an opinion,**

to carry an opinion to extremes, to insist on it so strongly that all opinions are slightly shifted.

then it rips and snaps into the faces of all the punks behind you.

## **situation and description**

what acts upon you, your condition, you are tuned, you understand in e-flat major;

i'll arrange the stage so that you can see what you're supposed to do. grasping an exclamation or interpreting an event, reflection, you blank out whatever doesn't belong to the situation, you select what you like, i'll have to be very drastic so that you don't lock yourself in by mistake.

put your face in order, look at his opinion here!, he makes his part very clear.

i'll tell you what it was like, what it was really like, which all of them sign, inspector kramer does his duty.

it was different from present, you only have more words from it and smell the air with a sentence. you evoke the past, it is a ghost, you're in a trance, with a so-called slap i recall you to reality, that's not in the script.

adalbert stifter a psychotechnician.

describing experiences, a pretext, the medal you are wearing. the atmosphere of a situation, the present convinces, an error is always past, the past is an error.

poetry out of helplessness in dealing with language you form a different image in order to understand more, you practically believe that when the image is absolutely precise you've understood the thing, the thing a model, the world a drawing-book that belongs to little luise, you also believe that the ways of portrayal made the difference, at any rate the situation has changed.

understanding is not an activity, understanding is what sort of happens, my part in this situation;

quickly speaking the right word!, you don't like a philosophy because it already exists. the maxim comes too late.

### **selection,**

i am spoiled by culture: whenever i feel there are forms, always something definite, singular, even the book of books is a selection, whatever i start has a profile, come on make the best of it, i want to make sonnyboy laugh.

### **changing viewpoints,**

who is so fine that he does not pollute the moment, and yet enjoyment means touch, touch enjoyment.

look at it this way; and then this way; says wittgenstein. click! goes the kaleidoscope and removes the viewer from its own life. you reject that, you make practical use of this; the guy is obviously shaping. he can use anything he notices. important my friend am i who hold together the world in question.

### **you mean the yellow notebook on my table influences me?**

the significant thing about it you creep is that it influences *me*. that's why it merits my consideration especially when i notice it. graciously we notice things every moment: they thereby become history, doomed to insignificance.

what i say is always the case, commented mr. korneuburg words fall into time, with them vanishes whatever objection there was to them, namely the moment. look christine, the way my sentences contribute to the situation, thus more and more grows out of the situation which originally consisted only of color,\* and was something inarticulate.

\*why do we say "the red rectangle" but never "the rectangular red"? [A]

### **shape,**

this is the reason why i am able to write: you see it makes me sick that i never see the limits of anything i want to do (for if i saw them i would never begin anything and all the world has to go into it.

simple-minded music offers an analogy to the course of thoughts, a theme a motif that cannot be killed, now i've got to play guitar with the hammer, new music and is it ever loud.\*

### **the situation remains unchanged,**

assuming a pose takes its own sweet time, performing a deed, you kiss me and the roast comes to the table in that mood. i find these words and the sentence lasts for the next hour i find these words and no others, i draw them out the tenacious things — that is how closure comes about and opinion: an article. into the seashell.

### **turning the moment into a trick,**

there they stand, people, a lot of past, they have learned. keep on learning, personalities, keep on learning.

so he bangs his experience upon this thing, it cracks. here we have the instrument.

mr. moron has stuffed the situation into his camp. the world exists and now he will react with this.

### **creative property,**

in all the world that little shrimp notices that little bit of green now of all times, he expatiates upon it, he gives his paper on it he has his basis then, here he stands, he's accomplished something, so let's give him a kick in the ass meant just for him, the very same kick that has grown up with us the whole time ever since our birth as a possibility in our leg.

\*there is scarcely anything more ludicrous than the audiovisual sight of an orchestra, the product and miniature of the state.

## **the world and i,**

this world belongs to me, the world an expatiation of my continuity, the world in a water drop, my child teaches us a thing or two don't think that it's in the world as in a box; that is a mixed metaphor.

## **asking for a raise in pay a model of language**

### **politics,**

running like a red thread through: such idioms are the creatures of democracy, red thread, leitmotiv, tenor, essence, main thing, it's in control, keeps recurring, basically, especially, emphasis, this language doesn't pay, i'm thirsty.

### **here is the table,**

on it the eyeglasses, there's a smell, a murmur, i'll add something, sure here is the table i picture a man, he walks around with a lot of posters and slips of paper, puts one on the table, it says table, and on the floor: floor, and on each one he writes what it is and on everything he writes: everything, this makes for an orderly order, then he writes on the slip of paper: slip of paper (on which it says table).

### **he reflects,**

what things will he steal from the world, what objects will he change into his drop, with what plunder will he embalm his perception?

### **attention**

whatever abides is out of date.

### **reject an expression, don't correct it!**

the past is so pitiful because they have fought for expressions compromised.

it is extraordinary how it is impossible that a vocabulary does not make sense by g. stein.\*

### **i shall say something,**

i speak but that is not all i look for words the sentence must be changed one has to make up for the impression, another form even forms must help mean one forces language but one forces oneself, forces meaning into language, maintaining grammar, brick sewing-machines.\*

what is the content of this sentence,

whatever you get out of it, what did you get out of it, will you take your life too, try the new salad, blush. my intention, i want to say what i said, just why did i talk was an inducement my character is simply talkative.

the aura of words, that is how the climate defends itself against the science that the world-view puts into our brains.

and then the words that do not fall daily, the field around them is poor,

in this sentence everything is form,

i a modern you see, i select precisely, and if a word is missing, a letter unusual, a stroke forgotten, deformed.

and when he says everything is form then i'm glad they'll run his mouth down with a car.

form is a case of the clap.

### **the exemplar**

a mixture of words that can just barely be said about it.

one thinks about what part of the situation is language. everything happens and determines the significance of the words. i understand more than you say, word-birth of the dialect spontaneously.

\*it is also said of king midas that when judging a musical contest between apollo and pan, he gave the prize to the latter, which is why apollo made him grow donkey's ears (midas's ears).

\*"What is expressed in language, we cannot express through language," says the Dark One in his post-Socratic fragments — does something express itself in language? perhaps even "the Structure of Reality"? does anyone know? [A]

## **the syllogisms. . .**

are stark raving mad

what you however call logic of the master detective is well-named.

that's the only way it could have been, no logic makes me certain, details make up a situation. i see a lot but i understand a lot on my own, i commit the murder to the murderer, through logic to the judicial error, they are officials: the wages of logic is retirement.

a conversation is an experiment, i set it up for myself, you speak the same language it seems to me, the molecule the same language it also seems to me, the experiment the trap for abroad, the detectives in the element.

science is science fiction, einstein the first member of the united field theory.

## **abstract thinking,**

a. comte wanted to replace the expression "idea" with natural law. this is a political measure, the attempt to make two speech-piles congruent: couple them with one another.

we are *not* conservative, that leads to new word-connections. but in other sentences the word idea is set down, in others as a natural law. however thought is important, an image of the way mathematics operates.

what i find wretched is the custom of determining the essence of a thing, the essence: that's a sentence. just what do they want? is the world a representative selection, a test case of simple economy: they make "events" real with the help of news articles that arouse sympathy.

an exposition, for instance, for which they find a formula, an expression is probably puffed up here; or the toilet critique.

many words sound like grammalogues for long and difficult sentences. and many sentences seem to refrain from going beyond the field of a single word. they virtually color the word. they stretch or compress it.

## **how the revolutionary seeks his language!**

buddha, newton, the way he composes, that bastard. there comes the time of the past. and precisely his style broadens into a world-image, this humdrum speech. where is the distinction between science and church.

## **history, literature,**

reading (involuntarily educating oneself) one coughs in these shells of dust from thinking one's snot. with just a few maneuvers he creates a sort of past, a mission, sends himself as auxiliary troops into the middle ages, another friend of his got fucked up the ass in the thirty-years war: graphic art. they write about thoughts about things, about thoughts about thoughts. the history of the reformers periods of subjects of attention, grubs anticipators in the chronicle, a form of humor.

## **reform, deed, and ink.**

making people believe in the article, the deed should be the sweat of arguments, they teach their language to anyone they don't hang. ambition of the revolution: to find the motive before the massacre. *yet it doesn't need its prehistory, acting according to opportunity.*

## **closure.**

i have bathed read thought looked rubbed spoken i have hurt myself bent over step smelled fumes laughed i saw cheese remembered scrubbed i hesitated have taken hold of gone flour metal felt swallowed advised leafed i said terrified it was black comrades nodded along came conrad apples water promptly all around, i am this, it is I all by itself.\* keep your head stiff begin in the left eye-corners, look at it until the right (your eyes are jerky they're unsteady you are a snake-in-the-grass)

take the hatchet

\*we will have to protest [A]

### **logic, ideology**

whatever he notices he turns into words but there is a lack inbetween. the lucid clarity of chopped-up situations.

a matter of the mind is what a matter of the mind is: conviction; the gain of logic is moderate, everyman's truth becomes everyman's specific sympathy, being in love with physics for example brings progress, promptly there's no condom.

cunningly the scientist controls the elements, vivaciously, he mixes the oxygen into the wood, it burns, that's control.

### **the reign of reason**

it is gradually becoming clear that my gesture has its natural history; only i just don't care.

where are the elements of your world, inducement for speaking.

### **why is theology still a science?**

because it really is one.

### **experience,**

what has happened is a parable for the present.

the glass *stands* to a certain extent, on the table, you will formulate it fruitfully, something will come of it. everything that is real, wrote hegel, is rational!

you find an expression and then seek an application: this too is a multiplying. i however would simply kick it out, the fashionable one, by strewing it, he finds his morality by himself, words are an ambush,

the world exists: sentences are borderline cases of the possible, the possible an experiment of grammar.

### **the reign of reason.**

centuries pray for the goal to come to them and one day it's here, you can look at it, it's come.



## **poetry and science**

without a correct grammar no possible science, no syllogism without a predicate, the world is syrup from the language of our fathers. new heaps of words unwontedly juxtaposed increases poetry the provisions, the demand in regard to conceptions is enormous: first formulate, then formalize. always a new world promptly inadequate, where is the member to get away, fester out what you have to say and you'll live longer, the philistine sticks to his word, *he* is a man of honor.

## **everything that is too little,**

contradiction is heuristics you talk and trample about on your sentence that is the catapult: out with you: your consistency makes you so pitiful, after a few years even the biggest fool will realize it.\* truth is lies.

## **proofs**

always in the language of theory demonstranda, particularly experiments the questions for nature, the answers come in the same language, natural science semantics, my radio doesn't respond to light waves, and if it does i'll try the competitor, the consumer has ways and means, the same sentence is an answer to so many questions.

## **logic is habit,**

this being of my environment, thinking speaking even looking batters logic, adds: logic is consistency that you force upon yourself clearly for every dollop its logic, cesare is fully mother nature, a good child of explorer joe.

precisely this that a thing is as it is\* he calls it logical, logic is the concept of naturalness, a normal world constituted as a principle, the structure of this shack remains after it burns down, this is naturally also natural.

\*wittgenstein writes: the bourgeois setting of the contradiction, or its setting in the bourgeois world: that is the philosophical problem.

\*how he sees it how he intends, when he names it

what i grasp about this thing is what i say about it, its logic, a sketch of the world as beautiful as your conception, you can learn something for once, logic is art.

ground-plan outline and draft of the situation: does it exist.

every sentence swings from one or two words, naturally i can be wrong.

### **the written style of science,**

this terse form, this logical construction, this wealth of facts, this closure, this completeness, this demonstrated freedom from contradictions, one could almost believe it to be true, this argot is prepossessing.

### **history, measure**

history continues until the present day, a sort of growing, now it breaks off.

and the way you understand this you make your future, overcoming the dead point. only, you are the dead point; everyman's world history gives his individual future a stamp. the world creates organisms, your growing is merely a reflection.

the infinitesimal border between future and past is supposedly the present,\* but the present is dreadfully wide, much wider than the past and the future together. no geometric analogy.

the present is sensuality.

political arithmetic, the new anthropomorphism in natural science.

everything is written down and people are still writing. i can be kant if i can't know him, i am the unknown goethe.

is a book, a speech, really nothing more than an arrangement of sayings, at every part of every sentence you know you are familiar with it.

\*as for instance de quincy (in his confused book "suspiria de profundis" experiences: ". . . . how narrow, how inconceivably narrow the true, the actual present it . . . ." as though opium could force a physical attitude!

## **critique,**

the adjustment of the writer, wanting to step next to the meaning of his sentence by the manner of his pronunciation, truth and its servant inseparable.

prepossessing in all originality purpose.

## **improvement**

makes for progress, criticism is lost in the inducement, before the headshrink: trepanation.

i avoid this publicity and cannot hide.

from this politics into this art, where is my viewpoint it passes: a verdict.

every expression a suspicion, every concept—attack destroy it— belongs to this world

annihilate every sentence it improves the torture.

destruam et aedificabo: a landlord.

## **political matters.**

i praise these years.

one cannot give a better time i grew up in these. no one has confiscated my curse, the weapons of my mind, bacteria, i grow them.

promote insecurity bribe in order to corrupt do you write this flood should not stop yet consume idiocy is capable of living you will remain unmolested.

an asshole finds something to protest against, whoever doesn't use this time!!

you've got to realize:

the insecurity is that of the police

this unmethodicalness is that of method

this corruption that of the mind

this conflict that of science

this dilemma that of logic

these problems those of editorial boards

these sunday clothes those of Christians

this work that of the workers

these concepts those of philosophy (officialese)  
revolutions of poets  
this freedom that of thieves  
for the orators alliteration.  
never hinder the life of this situation.

**for saying something every terminology is all right**

if you are insulted, take it up, the word insulting you characterizes you, the derision of your person is understandable, you can use it to make yourself understood, people know what you are talking about.

**you wish for a world-view and then everything points to it.**

how can you convince others?

write in the first few chapters what you think about a sentence. this sentence is the necessary consequence of the thoughts so cunningly devised after it.

a treatise from the thoughts on their first sentence, an impotence the model of the deductive method

**psychology**

the unavoidability of the sentence: anyone who reads this is stupid

**you're chipper, old boy:**

a disease is cured by the psyche, an ad placed by metaphysics. hold your horses, baby, some day what you believe will become — science.

**pathos**

babbling i grab your tail, is there a lack anywhere of impressiveness can you beat anyone with his own weapons?  
language worn out in order to persuade without testicles the error does every goal really have its own process for hitting

it? do i really have to use devices? style is suggestiveness, corruption, masturbation. all that's influenced is attentiveness: don't look!

### **i want to say something,**

it is brilliant, i'm amazed: what am i dealing with? one changes something in order to do it more penetratingly, you pig, well i declare i'm just beside myself!

### **elements,**

results of philology, limits of the given theme, grand total in conversation, one knows what one is talking about, tools of the mind, concepts, the world in hierarchies, i.e. in chapters, didactic.

### **the world of adults,**

everything in it is big, the special chair for daddy's desk, *lebensraum*.

the logic of facts decides what a fact is, excrements of the sensory organs, the facts of adults.

(see below)

### **cold — hot. the contrasts. scales.**

cold a different sensation from heat, other sensory organs, a different complex.

you see the ice thawing on the fire, language creates the temperature. how hot is the sun? measuring instruments are sensory organs of the imagination.

language says about this: cold is a lack of heat or vice versa. create an instrument one end of which is brown, the other loud: we desperately need it for psychiatry.\*

\*(but see the chapter on the bio-adapter.)

Carter Ratcliff

## CONSTRUCTIVIST NIGHT

The rectangle has no physiognomy. After many years of search the original discoveries—the eyelessness, the noselessness, the mouthlessness—were scrapped. The scrap heap dramatizes Constructivist villages, Constructivist towns and the Constructivist city. Opal life, aluminum life, styrofoam life—rectangle does not participate. Citizen is there. Vehicle is there. Planning is there. Rectangle is there but cannot be recognized for the rectangle has no physiognomy. It cannot bear the stabbing searchlight dynamism outside the theatre of communal after-terror, where a part was planned for rectangle in the drama that enthralls Constructivist city, and to participate in which citizens arrive from Constructivist towns and Constructivist villages. Rectangle's was to be the leading part. It was based on the citizen's uprightness and the level ground that was to be paced out upon the apron of verifiable certainty. But the citizen would not stand still for this. The theatre was always empty—large, red, brick indication of a socialist bent with searchlight dynamism excluded, playing over the crowded streets and the crowds which played to it.

Socialism has a physiognomy. Citizen has his physiognomy. Vehicle has multiple physiognomy—its destinations. But rectangle has none, nor does its geneology of falling objects: old-fashioned theosophic geometry of straight descent toward surface flatness in the city, and skidding, screeching, careening over its flat surfaces: the circle too has no physiognomy. Citizens refuse to live here in the night of old intentions to build this Constructivist city and from which, dramatically, there is only the scrap heap or escape.

Joachim Neugroschel

ORPHEUS SONNETS

IV

Some of these years are fossiliferous,  
yielding such invincible treasures,  
the kind you murmur about, the off-shoots  
of knowing and waking,  
even when the music is loud, and the door creaky.

A gait like any man's gait, but the face  
of a fallen angel, the stirring of ideals,  
all caught in amber,  
and the gold of their making,  
the intricate and revolutionary lace,  
dwindling like any vision  
when confronted with the haphazard lightning,  
the refusal to recognize the constellations  
as signs of your impending renown.

XIII

Death, that day, became obsolete,  
and you were the casual observer  
of the wooing,  
the welding.  
All these new moons are ballooning,  
alleging that Vienna was our final invention,  
let it fall, let it linger,  
the travelers make wistful remarks  
stretching across the better half of Europe,  
take me to Istanbul,  
take me to the rim of disaster,  
let the telephone poles diminish  
till we arrive at the desert,  
and having arrived, let us celebrate our dedication.



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### VIII

There was nothing about that day  
that any of us could have hoped to register,  
we would take any messenger to task  
for his complexities and indiscretions,  
and we would fill the plastic containers  
with a grim reckoning of the tallest reeds.

Once when the summer was halfway gone,  
and the roads were winding through it like Japan,  
someone finally framed the message,  
as though any articulation would cause it to melt,  
would give the outriders pause to think,

but that's what happens in the best of summers,  
a refusal, a shrugging, a far-gone intimacy,  
a cautious admission, an echo, of a piping, elsewhere—

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