

# CUPID & PSYCHE

and

## VIENNA: A CORRESPONDENCE

by

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MIAM

5

CUPID & PSYCHE

for Sherril & David

*PSYCHE*

I am prepared to hear these  
numbers, and steadfastly  
investigate the indistinct part,  
my so called wings  
mothballed over with sacred  
or theoretical crud.  
Is the material likely to breed  
two fair creatures, couched  
side by side  
or will many small disgraceful  
gestures die in its  
crystallizations? I  
was looking for you.  
I could have been there myself.

*HERS*

I'll embrace my inclination  
a soft set up  
torn  
thoroughly blue silver white  
a hard breathing  
winged devouring approaching  
thinking  
I was in my eyes

### *CUPID*

A lover who is detected  
breeding flowers in her brain  
whom he sought  
abandoning his life  
which pleasures enjoy in his place  
and afterwards cause him  
to suffer little distinctly  
letting the warm error return  
home welcomed with foolish  
thunder and lightning

### *HIS*

I'll embrace my inclination  
a soft set up  
torn  
thoroughly blue silver white  
a hard breathing  
winged devouring approaching  
thinking  
I was in my eyes

### *PLEASURE*

Pleasure is never a mystery.  
Witnesses acknowledge a mutual  
admiration underneath  
a banner of usefulness,  
company, recent vows  
enjoying a little view.  
I can't remember what I saw  
before I told you  
what I thought was there:  
persuasive beauty muffled in  
established tendernesses

which neither had any idea  
what or who finally questions  
to leave alone.

#### BLOOD

Two can blush in a fit of abstraction,  
and not with the blood of their  
ancestors either. This alteration  
may be supported by the authority  
of some shadowy window open at night  
as one drives one's tight fitting  
desires by. The hook may not be seen.  
Comical untrodden syntax  
tucked away in a three hour  
phonecall or headache.  
Put what you like on the table,  
the gardener will never delight  
flowers that are both  
believable and replaceable.

#### ALONE

leave to questions  
finally, who, or what  
idea either had, or neither,  
which tenderesses  
established and muffled.  
There was thought. I,  
what you told me before  
I saw what I remember:  
a view. Enjoying little,  
vows, recent company,  
usefulness,  
admiration acknowledged,  
witnessed pleasure.



### *THOUGHT*

A shadowy thought tight rooted  
to the forehead over hours  
and hours oozing by fabulous  
and irrational intelligent beings  
who sometimes sing in a manner  
worthy of inclination and who  
merely twitter at others,  
choosing coarser praises:  
Honor to the unshorn!  
Still I must discriminate  
the attributes of the two  
loves, and the luxury  
they ride on, sinking  
or rising as the forehead  
suffers to be kissed.

### *FLATTERY*

It is the custom of mankind  
to abstract Beauty and then sleep  
in the ashes of her ill repute.  
A few, sad, last, grey hairs  
then fur and claws  
arise and grow, and to think  
is to be full of sorrow,  
the body merely  
one side of the question.  
But a new Love pines  
behind the window, and how great  
is the encouragement the world  
gives the lover, the whole body  
evenly smooth in front  
of a green arras  
wrinkled at the bottom.

## VIENNA: A CORRESPONDENCE

This momentum  
which greatly distresses  
able to do so  
you are very ill  
I am longing to  
still expect it

Convinced that now  
the true goal recovered  
terrifying and consolingly close  
relations unlock the door  
because most cruelly assailed

I must confess that  
letter by which I  
father indeed but  
father who cares  
in short not my father  
now and need no reply

We arrived at half the afternoon. The news had to drive. Signior Consoli recognized me once. Joy cannot be described. He called me the very day. Words fail to describe the delight of the thoroughly honest friend. I played on the time. But it soon turned and went down. I met Mr. Sfeer and tired. But all the same we got the next morning.

My head was so untidy that it did not reach Count Seeau's until I got there. I was told that he had already gone out hunting patience. I then asked to be very busy. During lunch Consoli turned three and called living a short walk with Becke. He is neither very tall nor small, with whitish grey features. He somewhat resembles our instruments. His job is to spoil, every evening. A fixed bayonet.

I was in the morning. This is what I walked into: an actress.

"I suppose you want to count?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, goodness knows I want to too. Let's go together."

We had hardly reached twelve, together very slowly, before I disclosed my object to her. I asked for his Highness. I was unable. I should put my case before my writing.

After this, I called on the Bishop and promised to speak. We lunched without money.

This morning is very beautiful, a very good match.

Now at last please your health. I am always in my spirit, my feathers light as a theatre. I must leave a room. Please the worshipful three, that is, Mamma, yourself, & Novac. Farewell, my dearest hands. I embrace my brute.

All probability which will reach you is addressed to you alone. My heart is what I remember I undertook in tender youth: not cowardice, but the courage to dare to manage everything with the greatest caution. Only God can prevent accidents. Up to the present, we have been neither half happy, nor half God. We have made you and your future at least. But fate is aware of our very deep step. I am now in debt to the faintest idea of myself, Mamma, and your sister. I live as long as the future is as clear as noonday. Since you were born, it has been difficult for me to meet death, illness, or childbirth.

You think you are never spent on the smallest pleasure but without God's special mercy I should have succeeded in all my efforts.

When you were children I gave all up to you, in hope that I might give a comfortable God to the education and welfare of my soul. But God has a wearisome task of giving lessons. Heavily wretched work impossible to be thankful for. Thankful for talking to a horse. Even a pittance is dear.

My dear confidence and sense depend on circumstances which are true and which I command. Please do not think me a very dangerous place. Au contraire - from my own experience my situation is your present one the second time around. I mark you.



I simply wait as I usually do because it is too long. Talking to you I want to tell you about my good friends - Nothing more than a holiday trip. We had a list of names. I found the evening where Miss Weber sang three words excellent. To you I am the other, but I shall not be able to close until you properly know her great powers. We unanimously with heartfelt gladness play at sight without ourselves. We never enjoy a little think better than when we're one. Economy in three hundred nights a year. Would you believe at sight slowly a single note played a dozen times in all and once by request. My dear Miss Weber was my poor dear and I received the last thing I expected from the Princess. Bašta! I have \$42 and inexpressible pleasure.

I propose to remain here and finish my leisure. My idea is: music for money. I shall travel not too comfortably lazy to move, but the same as you: nothing to worry about, clothes mended, in short: personal appearance, a merry, happy way of thinking.

I have the desire to become inexpressibly fond of Miss Weber, and indeed the whole family as happy as Italy. Perhaps I may be given terms. One can always climb down. True, there are envious folk here, as the whole family has a reputation for behavior.

Perhaps we shall go to Switzerland, Holland, anywhere. My mind is quite satisfied with my ideas. The veriest stripling shouldn't be ashamed of what he thinks. I kiss and remain until death without injury to myself your most radiant ear, my very soul seriosa, not buffa. I could weep with vexation.

I have amazement and horror. Today is a whole long night I am unable to answer. I am so exhausted I can only gradually finish the present. My son opens his heart to the first word spoken, sacrifices to ideas, and projects his name on strangers. I was cherishing the hope of circumstances. You have had to face my reminders. You could not have failed. But you let your warm fancy be God! Moments as a child standing on a chair singing to the tip of my nose! If I grew a glass case you always would have difficulties!

You know my wretched promise to let you age. Build up the world partially accomplished in your boyhood. You must raise yourself gradually to the extravagant position. It now depends solely on your sense of life. Or you will die captured by some woman bedded in posterity, starving after a life on spent straw.

You took that journey. Well meaning friends wanted to hit you. Every detail was a monthly charity. At the time you were amazingly little, and your dearest wish was the forward cause. Now you declare you do not even care! You had your little romance, you amused yourself with my daughter, who now needs her rest. When you were at the wall you caused the violin great amusement, dancing described as absent, merry, and brainless. Suddenly you strike an acquaintance -

Think of yourself bound in the course of normal nature. Tell me, how many sing of passion produced under severe debuts? Dare throw powerful ability at no money? I am quite willing to believe a powerful voice, a kindly childish hiss. And do you think that is all? You yourself know all this, if you will only think it.

How can you have allowed an hour to be bewitched by

someone or other? Reading romance: the Adagio leading the tragedy in transports, the first night and forever. Could your mind really go trailing about the world, quite apart, to expose me to the mockery of repeated chance? Surely rash sense is marching where no man may ever break out. To Switzerland? To Holland? Starvation, nothing. Besides, they have things to think in Holland.

I hope you have tears. Because I was reminded of sad death vividly cruel. I shall never live to forget it: You know I never wished to die. How cruel that my first experience should be mother to the dreaded moment. My strength was as your letter made me. I was beside myself when I learned that you had taken it all. I need have no beloved father.

I am now quite calm for I know I have to fear the two most dear to me in the world. Otherwise, it would have crushed me. Once an illness was almost necessary. But now any time fits perfectly. Do you care to grant to him who flatters himself that he is you the bliss of folding his arms?

I have enclosed my pain and fear, which will reach you this time. I do not feel able to finish today. I am saving it up for some other day to make me breathe a little. Here is dear and excellent. I am sure it was only some very persuasive tongue which has driven you to prefer the moment of existence to the reputation so famous and so profitable. Everyone is right. I am too.

You had long since detected, and yet you did not think. My son! Since your childhood as a child you sat intent, ever grave and thoughtful, observing the early efflorescence of your life. But now, you are ready to challenge familiarity, which is the first step of those who want to leave this world. A good-hearted fellow, it is true, is accustomed to a mistake. It is just good heart. Any person showers great opinion on the skies. But the greatest art of all is to know oneself, and then, my dear son, to do as I do, through and through.

Well, what objection have you to raise now? But you want everything once. Read my long list of fancy goods. I must close. I remain.



Well I must be my mother more clearly, at the end, when nobody knows her, or him, or it, self seems weak and poor. The choruses are powerful and excellent, but anything I might compose might not be effective at the point others appear, played to others, being the Other. Behold the whole world. Behold the blood beating the solitary repetition. I am very glad to have finished all that hack work. When I am not present it is most charmant with the idea. I often give vent to my musical rage in the music. I shout brave, brave, and Bravissimo, and clap my hands until the fingers tingle. I kiss a hundred times, but I remain here and staying. This requires a frightful amount of labor. I am willing to do anything to listen to the good stuff. I hear myself forgive french trash, noticing the difference. Just a lot of hard work, singing screeching something found in the world after all. Earnest longing after everything, and safe and sound common judgment on the way of common interest. The fingers finding it very expedient and so on, Basta. The hounds of our Parisian God thoroughly provincial. Biting at the cuff until it's an act of friendship, and distinctive. One's politely expressing oneself in French, or the common language of the continent, conveying the most profound sentiments today earnestly a pleasure and my most dear loved childlike instructions dear grim earthly intelligibility

A little spark off the drop that I casually held so near and to give to others at any cost. If anyone should ask me, just give it to anyone, but not as you, as some other. Look at the difference between me and the best of humours you felt when no one was there.

From youth up it is one long struggle to attract attention, and then deflect it into the bank account. Of course you're sad that the idea you thought you had so safe and sound becomes such a Lowland Commodity, but realize dire necessity. Open your eyes, look, where is reason and the money it attracts? Your compositions never take full account of the wretched situation. Everybody in the world, and still you think your own thoughts, in privacy, some kind of lunatic. Pity your old past.

It is not true, possible, gifted, or saleable: the pleasure of hearing, the very syllables. What do you think when thought is so abstruse? As you know, it has always been my habit to reflect and consider, but for this I should not have been able to define my own kindness. I would have dropped dead in the face of amateurs! Can you blame me if this extremely important manner is on my mind day and night? Times remain. Oh if only I were you, to greet the truth with my orchestra! Wretched money cleared off scribbling, moving the hearer to see the believed moment. Every day comes and remembers long ago when the whole world was cheerful.

Even if the Archbishop had given me another two hundred gulden - and I - I had agreed - we should have the same old story over again. Believe me, I need all my commonsense, but I could never again serve such a master, even if I had to beg.

My desire and my hope is to gain honor, fame, and money. I shall be more useful to you in Vienna.

what does do when he is  
need all God knows how had  
instead of trying hold dear  
same old excellent actor It  
death to false villains etc.  
admit indifferent in  
seventeen fiftysix to seventeen ninetyone

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