

Object

Stacy Doris
Benjamin Friedlander
Kim Rosenfield
Bruce Andrews
Martine Bellen
Hannah Weiner
Andrew Levy
Chet Wiener
Charles Bernstein
Sally Silvers
Alan Davies
Rodrigo Rey Rosa
Pat Phillips
Robert Kocik
Paolo Morini
Melanie Neilson

Object #1

Spring 1993

Editors: Kim Rosenfield and Robert Fitterman

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Melanie Neilson
inside back & back cover

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..... inside back & back cover

WIND

WIND

VERY

on the edge
 bones so there's truth
 entrancing oral
 filiates to soothe
 a swing would do well with
 the orchard exam
 mush from abundance sops
 tenderly injecting

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WIND

event
splits forth peddling
sold helmet lower
a coat cuts (less dramatic) its afternoon
fences along
tiny fire cracker
fizzles
venom--to Venus
targeting love
spite so drunken
ulcer fists such depressions
next,next

gorgeously half-conscious
aroused as rumors go
with many outs abdominal
brandishes atmosphere
to duck from these pipes
a capful of ill

WIND

Prudence flings
a ruffled sort of jockey padded
signs that some step
in secret prepares
how lies
what's up
fisting again whirls bet you
the strings drowned
poignantly though (more dramatic)
what burns in darkness
all the cardinal points
to publicly suspect
baby (as needed) is troubled with
fetching breath
in a paralysis effortless
still running

WIND

in the bag damn
unable shrubs break
upper lip garment eggs
incapable drop
produces the anemone
soft fetlock mountains
his wind-flower girl
tells the pressure of plunge off
in organ graphs (endless) through disfavor worshiped
go on galls
cherries makeover
a line by hay raked
peats to allow
a sing, not song
he-veined
that root fool slurped
detected scent

WIND

events un stomach
how soft gorges
ravish
breasts, sloping under
the gravity's out
a rich pie squinting
left give-away blow to joy
beauties extinction
go figure.

what to do when the hand
is all that's left of the blessing
between the tears the trees'
forget-me-nots he shed for thee
minded so

WIND

WIND

in the bag damn
 unable shrubs break
 a cliff and banged motions
 thankful for the crush
 wets gloving
 kissed by teeth or else
 hampers challenge
 hair problems do you
 totally sweep up
 this airless lick
 he basks in
 a sharkish pond
 which oils many
 that root fool slurped
 detected spent

for Rosselini's St. Francis

cloud of
 unknowing
 unowning
 the rain
 scents us
 & the earth
 results us

what to do when the hand
 is all that's left of the blessing
 between the tears the trees'
 forget-me-nots he shed for thee
 minded so

WIND

the downward

spill

of the gravel

of the voice

he basks in
a sharkish pond
which fills with

what to do when the hand

is all that's left of the blessing

between the tears the trees'

forget-me-nots he shed for these

mingled as

under the

cloud of

unknowing

unowing

the rain

scents us

& the earth

resents us

our daily

bread

the downward
spill
O ask me
of the gravel
to fall & I'll
of the voice
ask
from how high
from how far
the mind
shall wander

under the
to find
unfolding
unfolding
the rain
science us
& the earth
science us
our daily

bread

the

DELLA LENA'S POWDER OF MARS

the placenta of the dog is like a birdie
from Cool Class
that of Man has the call
grove old and wide and tremble in the limbs

a world bristling with question marks
a horse-hair put in rainwater and left in the sun
cutting up monkey, pecked pigs
healing by second intention
Europe was a cesspool that
the training of God's fingers across the sky
Can anything good come out of that rat-eating country?
He wanted life in the raw.

followed by a bird
a cat-in-the-mouth kind
capers
pitted against
the fruit of
labor's wastage
an afterbirth to swallow

They were broken
with drugs
Mussard
Barbers
to kill

for Pasolini's St. Francis

Stoughton's Cordial
Botton's British Oils
Ching's Worm Lozenges
John Hooper's Female Pills

yeast water, strained, sweetened with sugar, enriched
with carbonate of chalk
pepper disease
save our sheep
"Facts, facts, I must have proof."

besides sporadic events, as sneezing,
coughing, scratching, & etc.,
many of the ordinary acts of life.

from Cool Clean Chemistry

MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE

A hair in the balance-wheel, a little rust on a pinion,
a bend in the tooth of the escapement, a something so
slight.

Is mother-love vile because a hen shows it?

one-half the size of nature
a to b glabello-occipital line
Detached milk molars
a human superior incisor tooth

"I possess two vertebrae, a first and last dorsal"

On the Crania of the Most Ancient Race of Man
Both thigh-bones perfect
Man's place in nature
the Human Side of Science.

DELLA LENA'S POWDER OF MARS

the placenta of the Dog is like a girdle;
that of Man has the cake-like form.
grown old and wide and trembly in the limbs

a world bristling with question marks
a horse-hair put in rainwater and left in the sun
cutting up monkeys, tackled pigs
healing by second intention
Europe was a cesspool that reeked with contagion.
the training of God's fingers across the sky
Can anything good come out of that rat-eating country?
He wanted Life in the raw.

"One must read the book of Nature and wander over her
Leaves"
as birds their trackless way
Fabrica
the crime of honest thought
"Wife," said John Kepler, "we are going to Prague"
fortuitous concourse of atoms
a vile, prophesying almanac
my restless brain goes grinding on
a "grinding" brain is bad company
The State? I am the State.

They were beaten or strangled with cold water and dosed
with drugs
Mustard plasters and Spanish fly were also used
Barbers clung to their crude instruments and continued
to kill

Stoughton's Cordial Elixir
Betton's British Oils
Ching's Worm Lozenges
John Hooper's Female Pills

yeast water, strained, sweetened with sugar, enriched
with carbonate of chalk
pepper disease
save our sheep
"Facts, facts, I must have proof."

besides spasmodic events, as sneezing,
coughing, scratching, & etc.,
many of the ordinary acts of life.

"throw out nature with a pitchfork and back she comes"

The heart was the special seat of life
a globe which whirls by force of steam
lemon, and syrup
lapidaries and herbals
wandering scholars
alizarin, borax, elixir, natron, talc, and tartar

The New moon in the arms of the Old
earthshine
Calculus, the glory of Leibnitz

Fessonia
Uterina (guard of the womb)
Lucina (in charge of childbirth)

Mysterium Cosmographicum
Artichoke, coffee, lilac, musk
Dioptrical Glass
Universe as Mathematical and Boundless

Longitude Harrison
prima naturalia
reviver of Epicureanism
the corpuscularian hypothesis
insensible perspiration

Vegetable drugs
corpses breed worms
dirt breeds vermin
sour wine breeds vinegar eels

I N F U S O R I A

Autocrat of the Breakfast Table
lateral toes of the pig
the ape is a degraded man, the ass, a degraded horse.

Sanskrit, Zend, and Greek
Goth, Saxon, Alemanni, and Frank
broad-heads make their appearance among the long-heads.

Turkestan, Afghanistan, and Kafiristan
The Hindoo-Koosh-Pamir theory
"somewhere in Asia."

(these broad-skulled immigrants have been absorbed by a
long-skulled population, just as the long-headed
Alemanni have been absorbed by the older broad-heads.)

Evidence of the Existence of 4 Races of Man:

- 1) blond long-heads of tall stature.
- 2) brunet broad-heads of short stature.
- 3) mongoloid brunet broad-heads of short stature.
- 4) brunet long-heads of tall stature.

And the inhabitants of the localities which lies
between these foci, such as short blond long-heads and
tall brunet short-heads, and long-heads. The blond
long-heads, the brunet broad-heads, and the brunet
long-heads have existed in Europe throughout historic
times.

The blond long-heads of Europe speak, or have spoken
Lithuanian, Teutonic, or Celtic dialects, the brunet
broad-heads once spoke the Ligurian and Rhaetic
dialects. The brunet long-heads of Spain and France
appear to have used Euskarian, what they spoke in the
Mediterranean islands and S. Italy does not appear.

Their country lies between that of the tall, blond
long-heads on the north, that of the short, brunet
broad-heads on the west, and that of the tall, brunet
long-heads of the east.

MOON 8 (from LIP SERVICE)

SHEEN to flaccid charcoal siege machines
 seen unable to
 filthy burning lust compliance visor through camouflage
 cult figurine prism of vacuum gilded zero valor,
 torpid should be look at them in white !
 look at them in pink !
 treacherous intuition web bobbies in a bag
 withholding headbeast --
 pardon your appearance:
 medusa gladhanding effigy in the largo optic slaps;
 survival of the cutest tuxedoed in
 to forget easily interrupted and ignored...
 just P.M.T. patio pirates, what you call reflection
 I call constipation;
 for years I have been talking
 against food
 without success:
 everything this good makes me sick, change my naming
 physiology filigree of grasping ice subjected cleavage
 loud which may shift.
 I
 pursing konk sooter thinkin'
 the artifice of ether to pristine
 taken with counterfeit sign signs pieces
 pocketless
 for undeveloped heads, vapor facial flammable nothing
 but trowel spatter *semblance* to illumine clicking foretaste,
 wide berths for sartorial cheesecake with flu platter sustain,
 vista different from decor proper;
 and incipient crescendo signs
 squeegee's numbness, that's
 a masterpiece of understatement -- ghosted retreat's
 facsimile complies ahead layette words its ads
 as no sapphire can make of your love a seductress
 (and that's no good, BLEED for me Ill Wind -- pointed up)

'object'
 glacierly vestigial bias,
 the possible that cannibalizes the real.
 Avowedly anemic impostering
 perfect fears to pieces, concussion
 wears consequent engagement ring
 wanted to make sure I didn't lose my zipper --
 be careful, dose bag --
 putative bad
 larceny peeps
 her incredulous frightened little heart
 damnably pluperfect levy want
 matron demon spike heel pierced skull in slo-mo vote,
 or how lies get loaned
 equal to Accidents, insidious foreground
 envy as malice litigation.
 So prim and attracted by now
 tormented pieces based on failure to understand
 coupled appetite got fast throng to prompt vulnerably headlined
 sober spoils gloat.
 Mocking intoxicates nightingale in arrest
 (I have heard men say)
 (please you command) unevenly hovering vampires self-delighting
 verbal such as brood agreement -- I like my issues flat,
 that incredible fear of speaking before a group:
 hormonal fluff deposits, desire = talent
 formica fury extort
 at first sight renounce thought harm largesse' --
 vinyl prone, the worst is eager
 self-consuming has vs. does toy shout
 to consent to be decorated
 pliant untenable Nothing, fleshholders'
 chinoiserie of the glands hemorrhaging on illusion prizes.
 Instance uneasy
 hard choice, emasculating starts in light --

self-assertion lost a shrink-wrap
where I could have used some intelligence

furtive underestimated
rube in glassine rawest tell my parent donor
coquette limps to learn fear
squirting imperfecting blazes --
why be more ? -- both senses affect normal
lacking relation alone, amazing
to find excess worm this doted.

Now, idols and dolls mimetic
mush costume got argument arrest: Hat was vagina,
put your face in curlers, undersussed delay bite
subterfuge on a stroked preening vellum

confines roll, wardrobe caesura
simulated plumbing multi dorsal passive consent.

Cuz wary eyes earnings
baldies all look alike ? : infinitize to infantilize --
too much makeup is our national bird --
jewels burnt luxury engineering opaqued
gift pubic statuary pronunciation, enticed
solder humming

sheen act;
men are heroic while shooting restored semen ? --
lurid hostile severe
slandering literate membrane
pendulum; babies (latent commodities) cry to make compost,
my brain ill proof
thoughtlessly veiled
the fondling of bent.

I didn't think,
you'd get so drab abrasion deficit -- filigree fascinating
impurities surround plastic, major point
bandaged memento groomer vault embanished
whisper within

axiomatic fault poised half-hearted hung gray chest elites,
abatement vocabulary suppressed contrary anchorite stroking
even fuller in emotional discoloring
discovery,

hole (with an H) life
is a domestication of these proposals
since superiority its due
fear multiplies desire
garnisher and garnishee lacquer chokes sap machine
of suggestion, art apprenticed quivers to me,
that's very
very thrilling hennaed IQ
cyuuuute
admiring as wage
stripped mute exploded mute tradition unspleens.

Everything superfluous hurts
the ever-fixed
trembling with accessibility, classics warned me, swells
aside sizeless
clustering
in faint name series
cortege of pinpricks, more distance
is what will
cost you intense.

SOMEWHERE

Because whenever we go somewhere we
Don't know how long it will be till
we get back

--John Ashbery

The spring came earlier this year which fooled all the
flowers including myself. Out of nowhere a storm would pass leaving
winter and darkness would bring record highs.
Sometimes the purple-bellied phoebes told me so

When you moved
your scapulae, huge angel-wings attached to your back, I
promise to tell no one. even you. You must have fallen into
the other place, because maybe wings are needed there to get
around, the goodness, lots of goodness.

Dusting your house with goose grass

Early morning, 30 January--I took to the road. ephemeral, pencils
for map making, tomes of ancient, out of use languages. I will chart
where I am at the moment. If everything I want to happen happens,
still there will not necessarily be any connection between me and the
world. That is, between my will and the world. In short I must draw
on a land of a wholly different color. No fantasy is here expressed
or implied.

Meditation on Love:

The solution to the problem is not to be seen in the
disappearance of the problem.

Can one talk about the promise of a solution?

Is the purpose of the solution always to end the problem?

Is there always a, some, problem, or, in other words, does a problem
always exist, or, in other words, would it be
possible to exist without a problem?

If you answered correctly...if your question is stated...

Can we think in other forms of currency, barter, (of words,
desires for, the non-material) if we exchange clementines...

It rained last night. In the morning I dried linen, tied up
scarlet beans, nailed the honeysuckles, etc., etc. The men
went fishing. He was afraid he lost his line and sought me
on the water, boat taking its own path. We ate, we parted.
While floating I heard an unrecognizable call, again and
again, moving into the mountains which gave it back. Upon
returning, the moon had reached home and the sun in the
sound was still.

To believe the word "God" is to understand there is meaning.

He had lost a leg. It is the absence that he now possesses.
In all absence exists a presence, but in all presence does
an absence exist? Perhaps for some exists the fear of loss,
and what about those who never fear?

Under Orion:

when I dream and awaken to hear you reply, when you dream
me a question and answer my story of why or who and awaken
to hear a giggle from way across wherever it is I might be
at the moment, inniverse we call it, pointing to holes in
our bellies we leap down like rabbits, reaching up life

lines,
thought lines, help lines, lines of trajectory, of latitude,
hand lines, horizon lines, lines of music, of time leaving
to pasts, leading to future train lines, and forth to our
mother again. Once upon a time, the street lights fell
cobalt blue through sheets that blanketed the window, now
space is so much more vast there.

In the afternoon I planted a honeysuckle round the yew tree,
walked many miles for letters. No letters. No news. After
dinner we made a pillow of my shoulder. I read to him and
he slept. The sky broke more and more. I kindled and we
carried cords to the orchard. Sat a while. A sailor begged
to read to me in bed. He offered me manure for the garden.
He is very healthy, has traveled over these thirty tears,
does not mind the storms if he can keep his goods dry. He
asked me to follow.

As I climbed moss the moon came out from a
mountain-mass of cloud--I continued on under the wind,
crossing the ferry at Halo. The ferrymen pour warm tea and
sake. Hills not far from the highroad and scattered. No one
ever heard of them. of me. I stop at the glass pond to
reflect. We both do.

from SILENT TEACHERS

oh bore count 600 pages have you ever left content
 general subverse contest scene over omit put
 communist fellow old days plenty abroad can spread who scrimp
 allowed ind name jumps sir name old traveler jumps should be
 overhead either way or you communist speaking old indian heard
 sir successful indian sir bill contempt of rempt be peace
 happyville oh bill sir A contempt subtempt justhump sleepytime
 american A capital letter have you initial ever been unmeanpt
 sir initial just hold unto seatbelts whom weather who is in it
 bro who is win it means peter INman golden aura sits on a
 capital letter how did these two get together oh judge um
 hurgh burgh brumph hrumph do we dumph han honey be relentless be
 we clean land up sir courage and sir bail mother says we
 sit we mail we flail contempt have courage court sir
 sister kick it in we A boy oh boy we judge hurry it up
 kindness principle out have damn sir join sir join
 sir army conflagration by the letter I i am working among
 hurry it up IN the people call us kick it in

now we continue the son the old he land on
 speak sorce pourfit surcut admerserm colosom river dry
 my brother be now are we listenin profidge detarh homophobe
 cerele stormfage courfit sonerset pomfit screnrage who the hell
 is on this page courage we strong se stand brother land
 now brother he storm even after wreathe he learn follow ser
 directions and follow your own subside red path twi conside
 commun we don't divide scorage anyone else here indian
 going communist add pete spence her tribe triple tied
 and then we ride whyncha hide my uncle he call to be
 henry hills now better bill who learn we strong we kill
 the wrong we live the long

clairvoyantly written
August, 1990

from Salvage Device Plants

* * * * *

paddled rooms
 customer's restraint after midnight 12/10
 exhausting till 1 a.m.
 deliberation of
 it doesn't matter to me
 shadow within each groove of the brush
 something weird just happened
 patterned design of the bedsheet
 palm of my hand cut by the
 broken handle its stub
 of a cup
 parenthetical molding
 where's this shit come from?
 I don't understand
 one more little tiny bit coming out
 the "v" shapes, the square "o"s
 equal signs
 flowers that remind me of bananas
 their ridges & black ends
 not a band saw but a rotary saw
 pyramids at all angles
 lifting the chin to the left with my left hand
 crack of vertebrae
 delicately moving books in and out
 on their shelves
 placing attention
 rounds mounds of shadowed
 knuckles broken by the pens bell
 the garbage somebody will throw away
 you pollinate grass on
 the wall
 cluster hurry unclear to say no
 what it's wired to say loudly
 no that's worth it
 give it just a moment
 you've been saying this for years

* * * * *

To do what a person said he would do or had done a canopy I descend present ourselves to each other, weigh for them when canonized always that distance between stick my hand into the sea I said narrative that's the whole process cross the ocean landscape scroll a de-funct agency doctors and nurses the whole long terrible continuance changing color with the sun weren't home that evening that listening their adornments to sleep base of your brain salvage you'd stopped to think geography of colonized song stuck to the palate intellects discipline about the accuracy of their exports came so far to germinate. Even in the daytime blue high above who is only stoical thrust of beautiful my own loneliness difficult plastic seal into beads the rude at their jobs assumed not to be at ease in shelter scribble come back, stood in the place one with one in that word it is beneath that end turns an apartment the turbulent freedom sophisticated share in line. Mutual, but offer this forming limbs in motion talk about "the body" else per-version drink electric age in your heart trusting it seems silly a speck of sauce the whole poem doesn't burn as much as you should? Not one in this country is the resting? Out the window opening the door the sunlight selves folded backing off values inhabits, finds it, doesn't care could ever hope for.

My mother's praise & my sweet little symbol
 listening brain and mixed song
 your heart sauce upon trusting

"I have no money because of the Lord."

clairvoyantly written
 August, 1990

You pressed the "reality button"
 the fragility of falling in the reality of distance to the other

To keep these words in mind
 and use them as a beginning.
 in the natural course
 rhythms it hasn't yet sunk
 The narrator's lead us, heart in mouth
 the rest disappears
 Almost makes me think their speech
 is inflicted as a table of contents
 Playgrounds on breasts
 the pleasure of moving multiplication
Get your head out of the page
 that softness of the five o'clock sun

The world kept coming
 enticing the present sentence
 splitting it
 to quiet all the static sounds
 around us.

Someone who would take care of that part of things. Like crests, crests of air by sinking buoys the doors yesterday and tomorrow fact to the ground said the trees pass through the hand for my heart. Don't invest in the first person the time the space "I just wanted to kill everybody I was working with." Now get up and drive a soft landing. Happiness and blessing, lost gourds and spent soils cells of the clock coronary complications a magazine falling one by one sets his pack to the other voices I would listen to. If I can keep that from their municipal trust as bare as his own future beautiful scattered life's like tht all round--things follow, I also remember you, an aristocracy roots the semi-fascist population on the frozen filed automatic rifle I don't know if there is anything lacking. Water-level traces be such a damn nuisance, the displacement like that, nightmare demonstration on Washington rust unbearable arrangement the recession not mended weighed in addressed as inside it history of the moon delectation the reader ran away with ability striking an ethic context of being alone or of dismantling yourself sweet day competence is lost like that. A soft landing, happiness and blessing is not changed and here lovely afternoons, or other "permissions" has that instinct sticks to the eye every light at any point verse-line silences, sweaters hugging, end of the cave ovation before it comes to tell of. The departing soldier counts by one the door not hurt teach you a lesson summer and fall a bomb which tears the heart out. I respect their silences. The precision of your sentences composes a colony of black spots.

drive a soft landing through the hand for my heart doesn't invest in the first.

Flying over the delta in the translucence of their

LEGS

I clicking
Action wholled up
The sound from the lamp
Calling proof trajectory proof
Standing one more story
Met step after step nothing
Broken down depicted
Dim hair skin without
More I've asked you all
To press the button, try
Another gallery open the
Myth at the tips of
Performance about counting
Make it for suddenly
She said I work on
Myself alone we said
Beer, context and responsibility
Lights gleaming stars
Greased calories enveloping
A her call him
Another dream or lapse
Without a club, the smoke
Rises the people don't
Disappear it's only a pillar
An empty listen between
Give and rub and rush in
The empty describing
Its sides, you're too
Slow the band holds
Redemptive memory, hooves
Compound sound
Valley and crush
Who has action to keep
Naming sidewalks facing
The creep strangler stomach
Already in the boat
Going for no
Holding against the
General habit misunderstanding
Webs of continue
Tracing stripes to a place
Even-handed and quiet.

I had nothing, another
Serving, dribble or
Big laughing a cut
Pulling the black paper
Reprieve and retrieval
Of silent no specifics
Say you isolated desire
Or rode flattering
Contagion rising to
Moment the wave
To always broken
I built he said
Walking, guiding
She said you think
And the flapping
Slowed, not snail-like
As in velocity but
Screwed up anticipatory
Flip? Like a track
Laid down by a team,
Forced labor forgotten
Weeds relate to
A moment of a person,
So they say they thought
The rebounds, the not
Calling only when you're
Told and when or narrowing
No already narrowed to
Compound and particular
Anticipations married
A gimmick to even imagine
A click at least it
Shines, like swallowed
Shards as a long life
Is being placed you can
Name it as undebatable
As a holdback acting
Only the same the
Character of silence
Springing forests
Felling the people
In you haunted
As an idea abandoned
And oh so rich in rebounds

QUINTE

There were a certain number
Cut in the spin of the slow
You saw the frolic you
Counted, courted, continued
The break broken the bucket
Taking cascade what
Happens in one of the loops

Kicks the favorite
Sipping and waiting. I'll
You wouldn't leap the arc,
Forge another window or less
Tired than empty, people an
Anticipation too

Whittled, civilized, like
A mosque, don't wave that
Courage eating what I can
For you sleeping talks on

Circumstraint

Syrupy sunrise melts into tuna
boat overcoats, pasty percolations
inventing Dolores Day-Glow Dusters,
dolorous depositions dead-ending in
chock-o-block dustbins, Saturnalian
paraphernalia. I, cloaked in modulation,
stutter statically, surrender time to
circumstance, serialize guise with
desperate, maybe even photoluminescent,
assignation. Sourly as soul unveils
surmising the awns obstruct the tortoise-
shell tubing -- electromesmeric marble
lining the crevices of the tub.
Cradling craters as if tools
could be tired, suds salvation.
Slipping slaphappy into coves of woven
warbles; flapping slantwise at filiated
cliffs, chlorine clemencies. Drilled
12 feet over protuberant inclination,
nailed to the aerosol layer on layer on
luting, latched to the filter, lulled
in the fructification of trimmed air,
thumping and redubbing (doubling) the
tiniest of torn tatters:

such slope as moors me, fluttering
on flames, flimsied or foregone
fortifications.

& Buster & Sis

Cappy & Flappy

--like ramifications radiating remedies,
where tumors load carousel indices
and the excavations don't articulate
what's measured in incidental occasions of
demand. Sleeping beside the border
of reason and resolve, mirroring without
modeling the baseless bellwethers of alarm
and album (augmentation) -- musty mulling
in morose perambulations, petulant
boomerang girding Devil-may-care lolling
sold for two bits short the cost.

Heloise of the

light

lurch and heavy heave.

Boats don't duck anymore than loganberries,
their manes rough-necking the clicks,
titular tutors who ransack more than
kindle, then slots sputtering fans
where there ought to be sway.

The genial jostling, the incendiary
spoke -- alone looks like the only gear she
cares to peddle is long lost and better off
bottled. Or'd take popsicles to the center
of importuning --

like it melts
but don't
flutter, plasters
but no
clumping.

Gown is as formality does, with no
alleviation, batters beserkly
when all the time the
boy with the molasses glasses
is whistling "Polly want a flicker"
to the snoring ashes.

To get a cold stay out in a bowel
rolling your tongue in tune to the
turtledoves which ducktail (denunciate)
into quintessentially (to repeat)
blow-dry flame retarders.

To command is to misunderstand
where listening leads.

Today's a toy
that hides next joy or
intermittent engagement rinks.
Silly as much as Sally
darts Spot on open lawn --

Dick runs, run, running
out back clear past (the) range.
A plan for complacent relegation,
denuded of song or story. -- Only
what unleavens dwells at adjacency,
the blind behind the melt. Goodness is

as goodness pleases -- as in
"are you headed my way or just
multi-headed?", sort of cancer-fill
ectoplasma that the crowds are all wild
about this Thursday.

-- Tell him
the Russians
were right all along
but we
never listened, that it

wasn't meant
to be taken that way, that
January
always preceded May every time before.

I know the difference, though I
doubt if you'd care to tell me.

The planet's on fire
and for just \$195 down

you can watch it burn.

Death also makes
for good conversation --

on the subaltern
decks of Outer Galactica 282.

Nowhere seen

Nowhere withheld

it's just that the button (buffoon)
wasn't pushed long enough -- or the
Cluster office failed to exculpate
Latch Operations.

Hold

the tune right there -- garbled
in the search or hazy for humming
birds in a microsection of swirl.
The incident encounters its effect,
the

Sally Silvers

Grand Guignol (movement synopsis)

- time
- :15 1. **POSSESSED**
(from frenzied to mysterious)
An isolated performer is knocked down by an invisible power then slowly searches in a frightened, confused manner looking for the cause. blackout
- 2:00 2. **THE UNINITIATED**
(slow motion, underwater feeling, somewhat upbeat)
3 sensual innocents in a soft sway are haunted by ciphers. They can't see the figments who chill them with secrets and infect their imaginations.
- 2:00 3. **TERROR WALTZ**
(somber, austere)
Waltz time for 1 minute as 5 strange characters meet for a fateful, stiff ritualized dance. Then from their death beds they laugh loudly and hysterically (cut off sharply in 5 seconds). Now corpses, they whisper raising only their heads in a slowed down and quiet, eerie waltz rhythm.
- 3:20 4. **SUICIDE CLUB**
(very slow, eerie, morbid)
6 corpses spread out over space on their backs. One by one, each gets re-animated by the one coming before in a series of weird gestures: hitting forehead with thumb, stomping on stomach, lifting by hair, wrapping knuckles on floor, praying and smoking at same time.
- :45 5. **HAUNTED ASYLUM: Lost in the Fun House**
(agitated, spooky, formal)
6 huddle together in scary hallway of haunted house and while walking through the rooms, react to sounds, insects, etc.
- 2:00 6. **THE GRIP OF OBSESSION**
(driven, insistent, bizarre)
As soloists, each plays out very short microcosms of horror scenarios simultaneously with others. A scenario consists of the action, reaction, and result (e.g. attacker, attacked, and response--such as the type of death, injury, emotion that results). In between each short scene, all go back to normal by walking around in a circle until gripped again.
- 2:00 7. **EVIL GETS DOWN**
(expressionistic, burlesque tableaux: cheery, stylized, cynical)
a. choking into a kiss, then freeze b. surgery (freeze) c. sex farce with guilt (freeze) d. vengeance toward audience e. led by ear and force fed.

- :45 8. **UNINITIATED part II: Dream Grab**
(misty, melancholy)
Sensual innocence in unison not recognizing the ciphers who pretend to slash, stab, gouge eyeballs and otherwise mutilate them.
- 2:00 9. **SURVIVAL OF THE FITS**
A moving wall of marchers who hit poses of helplessness, terror, mutilation, hypnosis, sleepwalking, vamps, etc. while others run through screaming, genuflecting, hiding, staring, etc.
- 2:00 10. **WHIPLASH**
(frenzied but formal melodrama)
Duos act out what they want to do to others and what they have become: prisoners spanked and led around by their heads, knocked into sick beds and crippled, dragged along, kicked and beaten up.
- 1:00 11. **DAMAGED**
3 simultaneous duets correcting the cripples who transform into flying creatures. [very Hollywood!]

WORD YOUR MOTHER

Great sadness is no worse/better than great joy.

*

At death the soul does not leave the body. The body leaves the soul.

*

The experience of this life is strange when you're already ready for the next one.

*

Remember forward.

*

Your perception of the world is the world.

*

I am a sign.

*

If the mind is originally clear why not accept it for what it is?

*

Suffering is compassion.

*

Immortality exists in letting yourself die.

*

Fiction imagines a better reality. Poetry insists on it.

*

The body doesn't lie.

*

The pen is stronger than the eye.

-Atsushi Nakajo

*

You have something to say or you just feel like writing a poem?

*

Tomorrow is not another day.

*

How are you going to behave at your funeral?

*

I know everything.

*

Life is a koan.

*

Literature is a gift to life. Giver and gift and life are coterminous. They can be.

*

Life is death.

*

I don't say no to anything I want.

*

A thing of joy is a toy forever.

*

The essence of presence is absence.
The essence of absence.

*

Defy categories.
Define categories.

*

It's always something.

JUNGLE LODGE

Feeling like an insect, as one does here, means being all body; not much brain inside the head, but enough in one's hands and the organ of the skin.

"I did it all for the money." With this pretext, one can sell one's soul to either God or the devil. Sometimes at night, the candle light vibrates because insects burn in it. A cloud of moths descend on the flame and the wax darkens. This is a violent light. The flames suddenly spurt, fed by insect fat. One can hear the grease boiling and the flames flutter, pop, and sparkle. Minutes pass. The flame continues to grow and the insects come in smaller numbers. The last to arrive are the largest. A grasshopper appears. It jumps dangerously over the flame and its wings crackle as they catch the flame and burn--it lands on the other side of the candle and remains motionless at the edge of the table. A bug, more direct, lands on top of the candle and becomes a greenish-blue light and a curl of brown smoke. Tiny moths appear at longer and longer intervals. Bursts of colors like fireworks. These are the last lights before the candle burns down completely.

The woman who lives nearby is convinced that anyone who lives here long enough becomes in favor of not only the death penalty, but also lynching. Her husband, nevertheless, seems to be a nice person.

Plan 22 has turned out to be a solution to the problems in this frontier district. It is very simple: one works for 22 days and one rests for 8. (The truth is that when one works one rests, and when one rests one works). Those who are part of the plan talk about it either with pride or as if they were telling a sad story. Semi-nomads, they are half-way between free men and slaves. In all parts of the country, in the most remote places, there are small settlements with people in Plan 22--progressive people, austere people; happy people, to boot, for whom the daily problems of home are far away, for whom life is a constant trip, an adventure.

Plan 22--says Wilfredo Arita--has allowed my uncle's wife to become a complete woman--in the arms of an "other."

Why is it that when I dream people seem more beautiful to me, physically, than when I am awake? Men and women. Morally, however, they are usually debased in the dream: "good" people seem to me merely suspicious; and those who have seemed suspicious when I'm awake, become hostile when I'm dreaming--that is, bad.

During long periods of time--the sum of which adds up to years--I have found myself living in hotels, guest houses, or the houses of friends, as a guest. Maybe in my notebooks one could sense the presence, in the next room, of other guests who are "simply by their own existence" adverse to me. A reaction which I sense as physical--because it takes place in my gut--working its way through the wall by means of sound, and an imprecise reflection: my memory of the subjects seen in the dining room or in the hallway.

Among the signs that I have received about who I am, being able to be alone for long periods of time seems to me the most flattering. And, nevertheless, the need to be alone that I experience when I find myself with others seems to me a negative trait, for, as most needs, this one manifests itself in an imperious manner.

Guide to the world of the dead: When you are sure the body has left you, be sad for the good you did not do, and stop being sad and start your journey toward the past. Be happy for the evil you didn't do, and stop being happy and realize that what drives you is chance, which, when you were moving in the opposite direction, appeared to you as order, or necessity, et cetera.

Translated by the Author
& Robert Fitterman

Pat Phillips

Day as Sargasso

a reading of Jean Day's The I and the You

The I and the You "the" is both article and inarticulate. The definite I and you are difficult. A separation from a first and a second person. *The* particularizes. *The* also gives way, a keel for marking the course of "I and You" as capacious and negative condition. The I and the You keeps us. It also stymies that holding. "is it I or things?" The involution of object(ivity) as subject(ivity)--writing/us. The "and" de-termining the conjunction of the two persons. Because *the* situates *I* and *You* as *indeterminate term*, and becomes a kind of slick on the water of togetherness-- a not-symbiosis. You the and I the; these words are very much the condition of reading Day.

A quasi-thetical perspective.

There's something separating about not-me. Not *The Me and The You*. Less intimate. More I as center, power. I as in *The Person*. What is the difference between me and I? Me is more subjective. I, because of its distance, carries a broader critical spectrum. I is also less entreating. Less inviting. Me gives. I retreats into the fold of personages. *I recedes into its own logic*. Versus *me and them*. In what locality but the disparate I? These are verses I. The distinction of the demonstrative. That and these. Where courses of these are the I into the populace. Populace as different from people.

How to see with the sun in your eyes? See the product of you. Into the sun, Day lets out, often relenting to the insistence of languaging. "What is the literal mind?" What is the littoral mind for Day, a cycle of questioning repeating. This is a fugue both frustrated in its recurrence and dependent upon it. The action of seeing.

Fifty poems for forty initials - carriers as full grapheme. Where letter is intimate audience and populace. A populace of letters, anonymous -- her's is often Sargasso. That Sargasso, as Bermuda Triangle, pulls us in; an accident in her. An unreluctant lyricism recouping us as carriers, being the You and ultimately the I written into that acceptance/acquiescence - as she, in a triangulation of pronouns, we accept *the language squall*. We and with her, having breakfast. Ours as hers becomes a latitude of calm resistance enforced by the inaction of unmoved motion. I the grapheme, you the graphic. We as letter. A discomfiting proposal.

If Poetry Leaves Too Much To Be Imagined

"Culture is the center of meaning of a society without meaning."

PURPOSIVE AS SWEETNESS

Between the world-as-one-would-have-it and the work that one is doing.

What had been the inseparability of content and form becomes (under the purposive) the inseparability of content and means. Form, then, the living--the living the form the poem takes.

(The poem may yet be that which works in and of itself, provided it is made of formations other than itself.)

In this way, content is the realizing of the means of its own practice.

In Light Of The Fact That There Will Be Nothing Which Is Not Made

Indulgence would be let into, allowed out of, the run-of-the-mill and not reserved for freetime or art. Not to make art practical but to sensualize typical making. Not that art would break out everywhere--- that a more liberating work would pervade. I can't calculate the extent to which the confinement of indulgence in the creative corroborates the identification of oppression with work.

"Soon we will only see artists on the streets and it will take no end of effort to find an individual."

PHONY HYPOTHETICALS

Would the song of someone who has already salvaged a society, who has successfully seceded or all along sufficiently communicated in a more normative means, not then be unburdened?

Any thing poetry is unable to provide must then arrive through potentially more indifferent hands.

If a writer reads only that which is already semiological, could the world still be transformed? Information is the organization of the ignorance of either that which is about to happen or that which you would want to have happened.

Each line which would not replace the death I already have is in fact that which has been creating that death.

If dissent, naturally directed against reigning reality turns into its target (if it succeeds) is energy not proven destructible?

Most are not quite well-off enough to accept who is status quo.

If perception were an end in itself, language might also be ample experience.

Language can see me through when my hands are tied.

Say it is not thought if thought could be other than thought of the world as it would be. If thought could arise void of means for implicating the world itself, would it be thought?

This as need be and not as truth. It asks if without itself then what?

Food is even more delicious, the cuisine even more exquisite if some of the taste is left out. A complex triggering of appetite wherein any possible taste is outstripped by speculation.

When people come home from work, they should be invited to complete your work for themselves as well.

Participatory reading as writing practice standing in for nonpassive living assumes there are cases wherein readers don't think for themselves and kids who?

As responsibility again falls on the side of receptivity.

Is the degree to which any word is now experiential (foregroundable) obstructive?

As if, as language became a science, writers assumed power had played right into their hands.

SUBSUMPTION SUMPTUOUS

It's in there somewhere. It's in here somewhere. It's here somewhere.

Things going into other things.

Consequently (incidentally) poetry is not a practice but that which applies to any practice.

Poetry's potential drawback--its impracticality, is the penetrating thing about it. Its groundlessness allows it to cover ground. To jump fence. Its privileged role within language--to speak without proofs, to critique without consequence, demands in return an out-of-the-ordinary social ardor as it meets its criteria as verse.

[A sense of property aroused only in having trespassed. The purposive's proper property.]

A writing made of its own deterrents even detriments, might also be understood as constant address to an unidealized reader.

Is the unidealized reader someone who would never read the poem?

The shift from theory to practice would be less the shift from expository writing to the writing of poetry and more the shift from the writing of poetry to the living the poems require in order to write themselves as practice.

Extended Reading Writing and Publication

Extended reading--reading which does not take place primarily as language, i.e., reading a painting, reading the world, etc., if unaccompanied by extended writing practices, would only retract the poem's possibility. Writing which does not take place primarily as language would be what? What experience is writing made of? Unwritten writing would occur when? Could writing occur in place of that which is written? Could that which there is to write not occur because I had been writing? What am I doing as the poem occurs? If I drop what I'm doing in order to write, what is the relationship between what I was doing and the means to write at all?

[The superstition that the charge of the poem could be wasted if spent on something (else) I have to do--that it could be worn down, danced-off or lived away in the instead of itself.]

Extended publication--beyond the printing of a book or before the writing of the book, seeks to place the writer within his or her means of contribution. To provide for a walk of life. As if a specific job description could stem from each writing. Writers qualify themselves for ways of working out of bounds. Art is livelihood.

An extended poetry reading would reconstitute the hearing of a poetry. Over what period of time, under what circumstances and by means of what audience might a particular poem be most audible? And as other than itself, in what other forms might a poem appear? As there are means outside itself through which it may realize more effectively meaning which could only have originated within the terms of poetry. In this way, the reading of the poem may be ubiquitous.

Just as "I is someone else" (Rimbaud), by extension, the poem.... is something else.

And If Not

Experimental poetry, in its openendedness, oddly enough actually end-oriens in a most contracted materialist sense--to turn out as a book--the role of the poet along with the dissidence of the smallpress project therein interred.

If not, the outward expressions of the milieu--the book, the poetry reading, are simply its ways of isolating itself.

[No danger of riposte from the agora which, afterall, doesn't exist except as separated company, compact, cafe, compartment or club.]

Can a work implement itself to the same degree it might critique the social conflict in which it would inhere?

If The Discourse Is Not Instrumentalized (eroticized)

Or, the participatory, interpretive insistences of smallpress writing become the prosody by which it is easily dismissed. Plays right into the hands of those who would set it aside.

What are the forms which would make room for reply?

This materialism of the book if coupled with poets' low expectations concerning their own participation in the division of labor....

constructs the artistic edifice.

How could a subject be altered without altering the form in which it is approached?

How poetry occasions among its makers determines the extent of its occasion beyond those makers.

"It must be understood once and for all that something that is only a personal arrangement within a given framework created by others cannot be termed a creation."

Could commerce become a matter of creation?

Well adjusted in relation to what?

Any one of the neoconservatist swings (the sacrosanct, the embodied, tight song, torch bearing, self reflexive, deeper pleasure or whatever) could be salutary if not simply reactionary, if not taken as a fundamentalism, if not taken alone.

A sign posted on the back of a NO STANDING sign at the corner of 7th Avenue and 37th Street reads COST IS DEAD. No follow-up. No FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL THIS NUMBER. Freedom of speech. Proclamation without implication. A sign which has trespassed without making any claim to the territory. To oversimplify: meaning means means.

Few current instances of decontracted work come to mind--the work of Madeline Ginns and Arakawa, Fiona Templeton, Siah Armajani.... Steve Benson, Simone Forti (dancing the news)....

"1939: LITTLE NEWS IS REPORTED
FROM THE REICH

The housepainter speaks of great times to come"

Bertold Brecht

option

GANGPLANK to decisions already taken

Until the 1960's society was convinced that it was loved.

Because surveillance, the marriage of science and state, commodity and competition have already extended, purposive proposes a concomitant counter-extension.

The so-called antagonists are not autonomous, nonprofit forces tending to their proper portions of temporality, but collaborators in a civilizing expansion.

To Replace The Invisible Hand Of The Market With A Visible Poetic Handling Of Materials Not Necessarily Visible As Poetry

It is poetry nonetheless because, as I have said above, only poetry is impractical enough to do the job. Poetry is the place without which such needs would not arise, remain intact and gather further integrity under use.

No devoicing of any sector. Revoicing. The exploding points may even leave open clearer shots at the staid's infrastructure from closer range. Even those who are situated would be given the opportunity to redispense the standardized materials and situated knowledges.

Democracy can't handle it.

FOOTNOTE: Alternatives to economic growth would be the matter of poetry in the extended sense of poetics as madeworld in that fair working conditions and distribution of goods though crucial to the grammar of well-being do not add up to any meaning.

No wonder social theory which has dropped economics from its formula is so popular.

It's as empty as fashion if it finishes itself without turning the near imperceptible historical curve of gradually deepening compassion.

Built in.

Hilarious.

There is no free, unalienated realm after-hours. And if there is, the realm which rhythmically prefaces it, making it what it is, would be its matter.

(special thanks to Andreanna Mastor for reading beyond the misspellings)

Rocco's

the story goes something like this:

Rocco's was one of those old Village Italian restaurants slinging a decent Eggplant Parmigiana and Manicotti to a faithful if less than adventurous elderly clientele

when

Arturo, the son of Rocco, gave up his Florida bungalow, took over a couple of years ago.

He tried to keep the ol meatball rolling

but was nagged by his own sense of good taste--
great taste.

Every sad, imagine,
plate of red sauce
like a knife in em

So, as the story goes, some time ago, going to

he revamped the entire menu and culinary direction of the restaurant. The outcome has been, as they say, sensational; the place has been, i.e. sardines, packed.

The man is happy; hair in place.

For the price of the old stuffed shells, you can now enjoy a Black Pepper Pappardelle; Tuscan rabbit stew pasta (\$10 entree/\$6 appetizer).

The change doesn't hit you right away: the decor is pretty much the same as I remember it in 1983. The waiters, too, seem to have remained from the old place, not having been to bed since then still on their feet red vested sort of babbling rolling a smooth transition from meatballs to risotto confit specials a mile list long.

change--as it has its way--continues (instead of blah blah):
Spicy Pugliese Mushrooms with crispy polenta (\$5),
Potato Crusted Prawns in a tomato mint dust with white beans and a roast tomato vinaigrette (\$7)
Dayfish, ask Frank (?)

My first fear was of the adjectives--too many to deliver--how many times does the word *organic* appear--but I was quickly proven wrong the prawns were deliciously, okay, *dusted*, with a colorful orange and green criss-cross on a large nouveau plate.

Other items to look for: fresh, butterfly sardines, grilled porto bella mushrooms an honest osso bucco some sort of pseudo-Japanese black-painted screen certain lines from Pessoa going to Brighton Beach via Coney Island to chuckle up a good handwritten note about dinner plans for a lot later signed that shirt my wife wears with her (when her?) hair pulled back or up stay clear of the *pork chops pork chops greasy greasy/we'll beat your team easy easy*.

Next week, my favorite places in Provence, Pittsburgh Airport Cafe, Bar Pitti, Perillo and Ponge.

POET AND BIRD

Oh caption, her caption
how So-and-So, reclining on her side
seems to stay in one place.
The scenery rolls past, this mechanism
souvineering before/during/after
exposure, the low moon low sky.

Brazen bird prophet defies extinction
confounding a biographical objection
to the phrase "makes me happy".
Faint heart totalitarianism tug:
S-U-R-R-E-N-D-E-R?
not with and without a fight,
but Round the pretty roses Round.

Rusty with talk, shadow with wings,
elective stutter figure at the door.
Aerialist rocking thought
opposition of stars, conjunction of minds,
a child among vast furniture
hanging back here in the stalks.
Ferocious tide pooled regime
the rooms, lips, held apart:
it's a conversation.

ANONYMOUS DISASTER

Out of the unamerican blue
The skies they are ashes and prison--
Authorities worthless and lonesome,
The authorities mumble Friday and sober:
In the night, the ridiculous size of one room
In the night going to work in the olfactory
Some kind of apology like "Excuse me",
Dressed to the nines
And going to work in a poem--
But whom survives the gloom?
The confused car driver of a car,
No seven people alike spend and fight,
Swerve, grab, hit a van, survive.
Quoted without saying a thing
Night time kinks the road, crosses
Center line technology and imagination,
Heads on, Listless in Limbo, sez who.

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Object

Stacy Doris
Benjamin Friedlander
Kim Rosenfield
Bruce Andrews
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Chet Wiener
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Sally Silvers
Alan Davies
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