

A HUNDRED POSTERS

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PHASE

cognitive relationship reality language system
logic syntax structure discursive interpretations
linguistic exposition synthetic nonmotivational
cathexis interpretation structural shifts
timed explanatory propositions art form
ambiguities evenly suspended attention to
listen simultaneously contrapuntal technique
validity periodicity configuration localizing
formulated premises quintessentially overdetermined
theory construction functionalist propositions
vacuum equivalent manifestations dream
manifestations current content survival struggle
termination phase structure modifications
development procedures progression phase
reductive overloading external world
archetypal transforming interpolation prospective
process synthetic experience value integrative
activity emphasis subjective inner
orientation reorientation objective factors
dream images real objects symbolizing inner factors
direct communication focus source stabilize
set projections sense use

suggestive abreactive manipulative clarifying
limiting stresses interaction use suggestion
uninterpreted controls theoretical barrier
concept stability comprehensible measures
education events reality results questions
injunctions register effects existing
application medium investigation active
collaborative adjunctive ways delay hence
gazing stratagems translation problems tension
rules residual suggestibility directiveness
formal faith positive alterations face controversy
releasing attempt technical tribute play capacity
variety details purpose data unified intrasystemic
categories identification memory external insertion
predictable progression dominant quantum function
topographic summary statements interdiction
considerations tenuous autonomies level event
dynamic system question paradoxical certainty
categorical possibilities kinesthetic metaphor
perceptual embedding multidimensional circles
ontogenetic phenomena specific verbalize displacement
expression original present influence controlled
instances association mechanism insight illuminate
drive fantasies privacy experiments

"No doubt Freud conceives of the dream's displacements as a new form of writing...But he makes of psychical writing so ordinary a production that writing such as we believe to be designated in the literal sense of the word- a script which is coded and visible "in the world"- would be only its metaphor. Psychical writing, for example the kind we find in dreams, which "follows earlier frayings," a simple moment in a regression toward "primary" writing, cannot be read in terms of any code. No doubt it works with a mass of elements which have been coded in the course of an individual or collective history. But in its operations, lexicon, and syntax, a purely idiomatic residue is irreducible and is made to bear the burden of interpretation in the communication between unconscious. The dreamer invents his own grammar. No meaningful material or prior text exists which he might simply use, even if he never deprives himself of them."

Jacques Derrida, "Freud and the Scene of Writing"

Yale French Studies, Number 48, French Freud, pps.88-89

Poems conceived as thought photographs which can self-referentially reverberate off one another. The individual lines are exchangeable. Leads back not to the natural landscape (expected order of familiar objects) but to the dream or thought landscape.

The music begins before the conversation

it is partly between sound and sense

Places, there have to be places:

where you were remembered as a person

dumbfounded, clear

Thinking of horizontals,

verticals

and space

clear, all the way

over to your language

the set of symbols

describes an arc

between anger and fear

and how do I say

what I feel

without causing pain?

Causing you to again invoke the rain

Thought searches for possibilities, action realizes them. (But) action also eliminates possibilities, brackets them through the shaping language of gesture. A line of poetry suggests a number of possible completions. The gesture imitating it may be partially bracketed out of language by thought's choice of refusing to read it. Then I may visualize a series of alternating meanings, approximations of its disclosure, which envision it.

If you do not encourage me to be silent you encourage me to speak. Gesture now resembles an automatic response. By refusing to delay I prolong an uncertainty of form if I gesture, suddenly immersed in the anxiety of defining a specific relation to accumulated signals, reminders of what is most recent. If I delay and break it off I won't know the form of a specific reference.

Words appear like signposts along the way. Freed from their responsibility as adherents of naming specific locales on a specific grid of the definitions of a particular word, now I know which texts I want to read. Choosing the direction of a desire that would point me towards a specific axis of action, I suspend it into an array of choices binding me to an abbreviation of a previous unity that (from their interplay) would disclose and open simultaneously reversing and recombining the imagined lines in a slowly changing series of pretended gestures which gradually rescue and release what is possibly future in it, like the sound of the plane, its reminders, the scent of ocean, the gradually decaying sentence fragment shown just enough to lead me again to gently approach it in thought, weighing, enlarging, comparing its alternatives, again, saddened by its departure into incomprehension, meaninglessness, sadness, the infinitesimal, the humanly vulnerable. Saying goodbye to the poem I barely remember it but keep it read and unread or almost read or soon to be read, so that I remember some particular of what I forgot which is simply reversing the process of naming it and keeping its representation as part of forgetting. Madness always comes as a surprise.

*"The Large Glass is a visible reminder of extraordinary research...
He silvered over that part depicting 'oculist witnesses'..."*

Marcel Duchamp, Alexandrian

"by building defectiveness into any reading duchamp ensured the instability of it so that the pendulum of attention would keep moving the defects drive his machine and now it seems clear that his relation to language is fundamental to his work language is a system of great coherence and elegance which he violates for its potential energy"

David Antin, "Duchamp and Language"

If that's how you were I just forgot
an image faded, I don't know which one
replaced by words in a catalogue.
Those hands, this voice is the silence of thought.
It was a simple phrase
inside a blurred cloud of thought:-

You were waiting, hands at your sides
one on your hip or throwing your hair
over your head. Wait, words
maybe it was color, a hint of seeing
the lace, the cotton and the shells
all out of your drawings.
I remember the suggestion of design
I put down my head. Now what?
I can't concentrate on that ambiguous expression.

I'll note each detail.
The way she put down her hand and said o.k.
Now I shoot over to the deer picture
tinted pink, a photograph of hunters.
Then we pass the construction site
density, feedback, calm
intricate hesitations, minute pauses.
Studying each gesture
appraising its language, transforming it
into precise tones of speech I thought:-

Your body is a map. Its lines
trace its thought back to words.
The words shade the meaning of each glance.
We can't always speak the same grammar.
Aware of our mixed interpretations
seeing parts of our unfocussed gestures
we listen until listening fades.
I touch you and you stop.
The thought is gone, I can't feel you anymore.

An empty universe inside an even emptier order of memories. A path of sparrows
spinning idly, wildly. The same elusive decisions. Only the accidents are
interesting (flat, unintensional.) The event means nothing. The continuing
rhythm changes and is interchangeable with the naming of any word I choose to
represent my emotion at any moment.

Far away, they are cold. Close up the stars are violent. He said he walks around
like someone who wishes he had eyes in the back of his head. Indistinguishable
from the memory of a sentence, it is like the feeling of hands on the back of my
neck. No matter how absent minded you get, even falling asleep, you will see the
incommensurate stars fading into a light blue morning. Choice, not chance,
reminded you to bring whatever it was you needed along or lose it. Sleeping with
words, my lover, messages, permutations of conceived sentences of actuality.
She stripped and wanted to make love...forgotten whisky bottles...I had no
choice. Your mind alone in this room may hope to be both laughter and there was
nothing left. Image hides meaning.

we made love in a cold room
all through the night
I wanted someone else

it's so romantic
so Egyptian
I don't care what I mean
this time I was practicing,
preparing myself to meet you again

Would this abrupt sound scare her away? The heat suddenly overcomes a man and he feels detached. Slowly, so infinitely slowly he notices the sea. He seems to take such a long time. Anticipation of surprise shows on his face.

What speaks clear dies in its expression. Its meaning is clear, the words opaque, the gestures visible, the text transparent. The inexpressive silence that began the day was not completely resolved in its masked absence. No person is composed of a series of altered signs. Make him speak in symbolic characters, make his words untranslatable figures, hieroglyphic signposts preceding language. It isn't only silent when it negates itself, it is silent in its act of observing its own transitions.

I cut a black and white photograph of a plain wood building out of a magazine.

Thought searches for possibilities, action realizes them. I cut out another picture of a rainy day.

"Prose and poetry use the same words, the same syntax, the same forms, and the same sounds or tones, but differently co-ordinated and differently aroused. Prose and poetry are therefore distinguished by the difference between certain links and associations which form and dissolve in our psychic and nervous organism, whereas the components of these modes of functioning are identical...The poem on the other hand does not die for having lived: it is expressly designed to be born again from its ashes and to become endlessly what it has just been. Poetry can be recognized by this property, that it tends to get itself reproduced in its own form: it stimulates us to reconstruct it identically."

Paul Valery, The Art of Poetry, "Poetry and Abstract Thought," p. 72

A gradual discovery, a simultaneous corroding, unveiling, hiding, revelation or resolution, an opening, a turn, poetry is an imitation of itself.

Le Masochiste Extatique

Injuste, chauvin, sadique, sataniste
Cannibale, animal, egoiste, fantastique
Femme fatale, irrationnel, bestial, diabolique
Fantastique, fantastique

Toujours fatigue et jamais tout seul
Elle cherche toujours des amoureux
Mais masculines et feminines

Elle veut votre corps
Elle veut vos pensées
Elle veut votre amour
Mais le plupart elle veut votre idées

Injuste, chauvin, sadique, sataniste
Cannibale, animal, egoiste, fantastique
Femme fatale, irrationnel, bestial, diabolique
Fantastique, fantastique

A poem has an imperfect face
noplace to let it fall
outside more inside
rhythm is memory
nothing precedes
nothing more

LOST HORIZON

granting to us quickly
space handicap
but most of no one
return
 i did not wish
like a nerve either
or a bore
 and there was nothing left
may hope to be both laughter
your mind alone in this room
"this storm...this storm"
you say mistaken?
on your days and eagerly craving
a long wait
 it was the last
 ideas
phrases help
as a matter properly useable
in all the books
 someone who knows
and run for the next of something
that had I don't understand

I walked gingerly across my familiar aloneness. I hid in the cover of quiet space they represent as wholeness for only a few. But how big would it be for me just one time. What to do with such a vast space.

My utterance was a range only as vast as my sadness would allow. I hastened to be as quiet as I could. I recalled someone was there. I turned around and gazed into her face.

Again and again I saw only irony. To soothe myself with literature I labelled it ivory. I don't, my dear friend...predict. Unfortunately, I also do not plan enough. Considering an infinitesimal space were represented by the sign of the larger one. So...when. Book of a book. Terrestrial, tropical. As mixed, as transient as a seaport, full of adorable facsimiles. Even as space has holes of or, solidifying would have been so foolish as, wouldn't be as careless as, a mixed taste of what is drawn in. As much as you get anyway. Only the dead ones don't breathe. I wanted to be quiet so I could really hear their voices. The all precious Saturday night, the light and delicate lingering

FEELINGS IN MATTER

yielding literally place
you want action slip happen
to the year help category
chance worry fails the neglect
your price missed speaks

(he fits the same manner
for a few seconds
as your intent absent "normal"
if everywhere motion
stops suddenly)

The Sirens

because he not much might have
when circulates in fact
fortunate or turn
you knew tired
have quickly past
who brought impairment
settled the future shunned
bursts back mists those sops wish

"Does the handiwork lie perhaps in the language itself, in a better recognition of its inner life and will, its development and past?"

Rainer Maria Rilke, in a letter to Lou Andreas-Salome,
August 10, 1903

Manhattan

The respected father, the carefree son
The son's unempathizing attitude
Reveals his childishness; but the father
Remembers his own times, forgives him

The son repeats his disasters a thousand times
It is impossible for his mind to forget

He thinks fully neutrally of the future
As the multiplying possibility of all that he feels
Fastened to the machinations of undoing
Asserts itself relentlessly in the guise of well meant advice.

He thinks to celebrate what is.

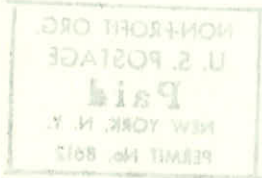
*

Just Tones/ written after reading The Taste Is What Counts by
Charles Bernstein

I am agreeably inside chaotic thought, not knowing what to do next,
because of a sequence of absolute syntax is lacking, choice is impossible
this moment. As a finding I could let the extra word stay, an of, and
this is the confusion of ideas and action, a page of places, the comma
is extra, amorphous. I want it malleable, not ultimate, or I think of an
opposite so negatives are factual taken neutrally. From the intruder's
viewpoint, experience is ambiguous. Not this one, which is admittedly
vague, given the freedom of arbitrary reversal. Intensionally tight, the
language is structured, concentrated, dense. Looseness, the, is outside,
since order is calming I added the commas. I don't know if it's obvious,
too. Not needing notice I listen. Voices without the meanings deduced I
skipped over a process. Just tones.

Dans le jardin des plantes

Expecting poems to remind us of fragrances
They make too much of a bunch of flowers



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postpone

what am I to leave, careless and tired, to chance to represent my dream,
chosen as evidence of an invisible process with no apparent thread? no,
I never wait long enough, never enough long, to repeat the song just as
I heard it, without hesitations, framed in the paraphernalia of my books,
in every least thought I chanced to record, to once more rearrange the
figures of what represents its total order plus mistaken points of
reference that at one time were near enough, not only as signs, but
within the accidental tracings of diagonal colors, reminders of token
space, specific times now too quickly gone

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appreciated, and needed. Make checks payable to Alan Davies.

If you do not wish to remain on our mailing list, let us know.

"A hundred posters absorbing the gold not understood of days,
a treason of the letter, have fled..." Mallarme, "La Gloire" Thank you.

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"A hundred posters absorbing the gold not understood of days,
a treason of the letter, have lied..." "Williams, "In Glorie"